

HERMIT THRUSH SINGS 15

through a cloud of dust: "Mind you don't let that snake come any o' his monkey-shines over you, John! Good-night!"

The wagon rattled away down the lilac road, the driver's voice rising gaily, if jerkily, above its clatter:

*"O-o-o-o-o-o-o! They broke the jam on the Garry Rocks,
And met a wat-ery grave!"*

The other man was still smiling as he turned and made his way along the edge of the wood. Good old Martin! Where was there another such a friend as he? When John McIntyre's spirit rose in thankfulness to his Maker for the many temporal blessings lavished upon him, he never forgot to say, "And I thank thee, Lord, most of all, for Martin Heaslip!"

The fiery ball had sunk beyond the rim of the sea; the earth was still darkly radiant, pulsating with the thought of his departed glory. The great rose on the eastern horizon was fading to a tender mauve. The wooded glen was dark and silent. From its warm depths arose the perfume of the young, green earth. John McIntyre stood for a moment on the pathway, where its shadows met the lights of the open fields. He threw back his head and looked up