

Let us wait.

Then, while she waits their pleasure, the words grown strong and tender, the stranger eyes will hold such greeting, the stranger heart such understanding, as she may live before them unafraid.

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To the East of the clapboard ranch house, the ground rose, broken by great rocks and covered by fine timber, the beginning of many acres of British Columbia forest land, which stretched as far as the eye could see, and lost itself in the purple of the coming night

The house itself stood on a level bit of land, two or three acres cleared sufficiently to make room for the buildings, for a couple of meadows to the North, a young orchard to the South. To the West, the ground fell abruptly. The creek ran here, holding just sufficient water during the rainless summer months to keep the soil moist. It is here, in the rich, black loam, that the kitchen garden had been planted.

It was a pretty, small house, compact, made entirely of wood, stained a dull brown, which fell in well with the brown and green of the surrounding landscape.

Now, it being evening, its windows up, the doors wide open, the veranda brightened by some red geraniums, a gaily-striped hammock, and some restful chairs, its cheerful homeliness dispelled the too great severity of the masses of gray rock, the sombre green of the fir woods; and through its comforting presence