

THE SOWING OF ALDERSON CREE

was his master passion. Therefore he went down the mountain, his head held high, the night's dark bewilderment already appearing like an indistinct dream, and he at last his own strong determined self. His love was in the circle of his arm and in front the way lay homeward before them; the calm, the quiet way of their every-day existence, so sweet and so desirable now as compared to the storm-tossed and passion-racked paths of the night. And if in this new tranquillity there was also a certain arrogance, it was bred of the belief that at last he knew himself, and in the knowledge was secure.

The world seemed water-soaked that morning with the high wind blowing through the trees, and with the remembrance of the night's heavy storm. Confronted by the drenched outlook of wet blown trees and thick sky, Mary and David, after the deluge of their own emotions, felt a little as perhaps Noah and his small company felt when they came down from Mount Ararat to the clean new world below them. In her present tranquillity and sense of security, something of this thought occurred to Mary, and looking up at David she whispered, "I feel jest like I'd been 'most drowned, an' then somehow come back ter life ergin, an' found everything was all right."

David looked down at her in answer, and after a moment would have spoken, but in that instant the storekeeper behind them broke suddenly off in his whistle with a low ejaculation of dismay. David raised his head with a quick jerk, and there in the road,