

times at the old cabin instead of passing on to the patent gates of the big houses farther on.

In the young days there was a great deal of intimacy between the two. The world was not in such a hurry in those days, and friends could learn to know each other better. Early one morning the cabin called out,

"What do you think has happened over night while you slept?"

And the road said,

"Tell it to me quickly, that I may not delay; and then to-night I will stop and talk with you."

And the other said, seeing his impatience,

"Let them know in the North that we have a son born to the place; no stranger from elsewhere, mind, but our own child born here last night. I think this should be the first" he continued, fearful lest it were not so.

"It is the first," said the road.

Then the years passed and the boy grew amazingly, and all the time the house and the road talked of his doings. In the end the house became reproachful,

"I ought to tell you that there is unhappiness here. That boy goes off with you too often, leaving us anxious. Yesterday he came home saying, 'Mother, I must go to the countries beyond the lake, where the bright lands are.' And his mother wept, being shocked and pained. Then he told how he had seen the lake and the ships moving upon its bosom, and he longed to know the force of the winds and to feel the sway of the white sails."

"It was yesterday he saw them," returned the road. "He was tired of the fields and the wood, and came with me down to the stream between the hills. 'This water is always running,' he said. 'and where does it go to?' And I told

him it goes to the lake, even as I do, but not straight. Then he said 'I too must go to the lake.' So he came with me to the top of the hill beyond, and there I left him standing looking towards the lake."

Then a couple of years passed eventless, until one night the house said,

"Have you heard the news? There is to be a wedding from here. Our daughter is to be married in a week."

"Now there is something to tell," said the road.

"Very well for you to be pleased over it," said the house. "You will pass every day by her new home, but I, perhaps I shall not see her again. But one may not growl at happiness. I think I am getting old."

Long afterwards in their nightly talks the house would confide to the road the opinion that the woman who had come over the waters was getting old.

"I do not see how she can last out the winter;" and the next night

"Will the priest be able to come? She calls for the priest and for the boy."

"The priest will come, never fear. I learned in the town that he had not yet returned from a sick call. It will be a bad journey to-night. The lake was angry when I came away, pitching the water high up on the ice mounds; there is a field of ice a mile below here and the hills are like glass."

Then after three more days,

"Will the priest be able to come to-night?"

"No, the priest is dead. He came away three nights ago without waiting for food. His horse was badly shod and going home slipped on the field of ice I told