

itself a monument more durable than granite.

What a halo of beauty it casts over the scenes in which its first sight was breathed, its first vows fondly whispered, making the desert and solitary places to blossom as the rose.

Even those bleak salt marshes bordering the sea, over which the sea-gull flapped her heavy grey wings, and which resounded to the pewitt's melancholy monotonous cry, possessed a charm for Dorothy.

From those marshes Gilbert and Dorothy drove up the cows to be milked.

On the banks of that sluggish river that lay like a dead thing between its slimy mud banks until filled by the tide, in which few persons could discover anything to interest the imagination, the twain, when boy and girl, used to fish for crabs with a small hooped net, after the tide had retired.

Those were happy times, full of sport and