

notes than those of seraph song; our hearts were attuned to love, and it was little wonder that we should forget all about the Captain and Pierre, and sit there with hands clasped and hearts overflowing with happiness. Why should those sacred, rapturous moments be shortened? If they could only be prolonged into years, what glory! if to eternity, what bliss! Everything about us seemed responsive to our love; the water rippled as if for joy; the soft wind fanned our faces so gently that we fancied it meant to lull us into the belief that our happy estate would be perpetual; the stars blinked as if they wished to let us know that they were happy because we were; and I noticed that the old moon occasionally disappeared behind a cloud-let to allow me to kiss my modest Ruth. But there is an end to all bliss on earth; if it is different in heaven, let us look with fond expectancy for the change.

"Lachlan! Lachlan! Ruth! Ruth!" we heard the anxious voice of the Captain calling, and we were brought down again to earth from the clouds in which we had been soaring for hours. Hastily I answered the call, and in a moment the Captain and the guide were by our side.

"Why, where on earth have you been all this time?" said the Captain, reproachfully. "We feared you had met foul play and came in search of you."

Every one knows how impossible it is to refrain from telling of one's happiness. I believed the whole world must be interested in mine, and I could, figuratively speaking, have opened my window and proclaimed my happiness to the earth.