

of oaks and elms and lindens, resounding with the deathless music of life and love.

All the folk of the neighbourhood were there—the freighters, the passing emigrants, the townsmen, and the pioneer husbandmen, standing about in a smiling throng, sharing in his happiness.

“I, Dorothy, take thee, Mark—” So much he heard, and then what followed became to him like a dream until the people gathered about and he felt the kindly pressure of their toil-hardened hands, read what was in their homely, sun-browned faces, and watched while they went away, in merry groups, down the hillside through the trees.

Forrester was the last to go, lingering although held by subtle chains. But there was upon him no outward show of emotion; his lips were smiling, his eyes full of light, his lithe shoulders squared. Without a word he lifted Dorothy's hand and touched it reverently with his lips, before giving his hand to Mark, holding the strong fingers with a clinging, affection-