

the young color glowed and in their eyes a fire burned. Life challenged them. Their spirits were eager to take up the gage.

On Red Hill the mountain-ash thicket that gave the place its name, was in its full glory. Its carmine flame called defiance at the disappearing sun. The old white church caught the fiery light of the sun in the small panes of its windows and sent back a message too, across the valleys and over the hills, but there was no defiance in it — only a cry to the world that the old church still stood.

Night fell on the Hill. The stars came out and with them a glow of light and warmth lit up the windows of Maple House, Elm House and The Firs. A smell of hot biscuit lingered in the still air. The soft voices of women hushing children to sleep came like the breath of life from the quiet houses.

Here a song, sifting softly through the rustle of many trees, there the crying, quickly hushed, of a frightened, wakened baby, and far up the road, the trailing whistle of a boy signaling good-night, passed into the silence. Lastly the moon burst over the ridge of East Mountain and in the path of its soft light the old church stole back into the picture.