

let the red sun, in his splendor, through! The twitter of innumerable sleepy bird-voices changed in that instant to a rapturous burst of melody; linnet and thrush and lark poured out their hearts in praises to the morn, as if they had never before beheld the miracle of dawn and sunrise!

John was calling us. He would only stand, and beckon us to come where he was, and when we had obeyed his summons, he showed us, around at the west side of the camp, a smooth grassy spot set about with a little grove of the quivering aspen. And here we saw what Danny and his friends had been working at, through the night. They had built a little woodland chapel of leafy pines, and there was a white-draped altar, banked with the tall spikes of the snowy Yucca-bells. There was incense in the air, the spicy breath of pine and cedar; the soft sighing of the quivering aspens was like a whispered prayer; and above and beyond, reaching high up into the heavens, were the everlasting hills of God. It was Sunday morning, — the morning of our wedding-day.

There were no words that we could say, no words that we needed to say. Ernst drew me to him, and in his eyes, — his clear blue eyes, — I read the vow whereby he gave his heart, his soul, into my keeping, forever, and forever! And in my heart I asked my