

other days of my life till then.

The occasion was a drive of some ten miles to the Cascades, the one really romantic spot of all our countryside.

A little rivulet starting on the very mountain top was fed by innumerable springs along the course as it turned down a deep gorge in the cliffs, until it was soon a dashing, furious torrent as it rushed on to the quiet valley below. All along its tortuous course was cascade after cascade, and no two alike. Some sheer leaps of a hundred feet to the rocks below, others of lesser fall, but all full of wondrous beauty. Here and there were deep pools hollowed out by the endless ages through which the stream had flowed, and in these pools sported the beautiful mountain trout.

Never before had the Cascades seemed so full of grandeur as on that day. The rhythm of the falling water seemed to be in perfect harmony with the music in my heart. There was music in my heart, and yet I dared not analyze it. I was happy because Helen was near me. She might not be for long, but her presence numbed the future and for the time I was content.

After the picnic dinner, spread on a smooth plateau half-way up the mountain side, we wandered off from the rest of the party, Helen and I, "to gather ferns and wild flowers," but soon forgot our mission as we seated ourselves in the shade of a great overhanging oak in one of the few quiet spots along the water course.

"How like one's life," said I, "is this stream! It begins small and uneventful, runs along on a high plane, gathers strength as it goes, but ere long it begins to ruffle and break into little ripples, swirls over obstructions, falls away and dashes itself on the rocks below, only to gather itself together for more precipitous plunges further on!"