

clover meadow a clear "cling-cling" floated up, young Donald McKitterick stood sharpening his scythe. Some subtle influence seemed to have transported him into the past. He looked at the deepening purple of the woods, on one side, and at the undulations of the fields on the other, and the feeling of familiarity grew stronger. This strange sense of peace, this sense of tender associations, what was causing it? Then a little breeze, laden with the scent of running water, came dancing through the long grass, and all at once John McIntyre stood. In his blindness, he had not noticed it before—it was his old home come back to him! His side ran the river that passed his farm, then the strip of woodland; and yonder, on the horizon, not Lake Simcoe, but the dazzling stretches of the Bay of Fundy! And how wondrously like it all was this evening, to that last peaceful night he remembered so well, just before the shadows of distress began to gather.

Over there, to the west, the sun was slipping down to the earth, a great fiery ball dropping from the empty sky. It touched the earth, and kindled the fields to a glory of color; the woods took on a deep purple tone, and the little river ran into its delta a stream of molten gold. Just at John McIntyre