

brown, against the Summer blue of the eastern sky. She can see the cleft of the cañon — Emigration Cañon — through whose rocky gorge her father came, with a wagon train of pioneers, into the grassy slopes of the huge valley. She can see, far in the west, the waters of the Great Salt Lake gleaming under a moist haze of sunlight. She can see, near at hand, among the tree-tops, the six gray spires of the Mormon Temple that flies the angel Moroni on its highest finial, on a gilded ball, to trumpet the gospel of the Saints to all the world.

But if she looks up from her book at any of these — to rest her sight — she gazes listlessly, with reluctant eyes, as if she were unwilling to return to her own life from the fictions to which she has escaped. If she turns her head to watch her little children playing on the lawn, she regards them with a sort of sorrowful tenderness, brooding and sweet, but with a pity in her love. Her face is delicate,