

though already the stars and the fireflies had lighted Cathedral Grove, and the great river like an organ crooned the first deep notes of nature's evensong. An awed expectant silence came to us.

"Lighten our darkness," said the grave old tree  
"we beseech Thee."

"By Thy great mercy," pleaded the little flowers  
"Defend us from all perils," the small birds twittered.

"And dangers of the night," the aspens quavered  
"For the love of Thy only Son," cried the South  
Wind.

"Our Saviour Jesus Christ," a woman's voice responded.

"Amen," the cliffs were breathing.

"Amen," the high clouds echoed.

"Amen," said the organ river.

And from the reverent woodlands came:

"Amen. Amen."