

sending the smoke of peaceful hearts across those radiant skies. Not much he saw ; but it was enough to make him say in his soul with the man of ancient days : " The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground ; yea, I have a goodly heritage." A goodly heritage indeed, O Dick, as we of later generation know. Though you knew it not, the unloved toil you faced so well went to the building of a nation. In a fair ground the lot had fallen unto you, and, standing there in the darkness, you realised the possibilities of that lot for the first time. You realised that the beauty of the wilderness must give way, and rightfully, before the wants of man ; that the splendour of freedom is less than the splendour of toil ; and that it lay in your hands to do your part towards the building of a future for that fair country, which hitherto you had loved ignorantly.

Yet, standing there beneath the still, bright stars, Dick did no more than say to himself, " It's a fine land ! A fine land ! And I'm glad I'm in a new country, and not in an old one."

Behind him, the door of the homestead banged open. " Dick ! Dick !" called Mrs. Collinson, " where are you ?"

" Dick !" echoed Stephanie, lovingly and a little anxiously.

" Coming, dear lady," he answered, " coming, Steenie." Yet he lingered a little, while they waited for him. But it was Nonie O'Brien of the soft speech and the shining eyes who ran down the long path and caught him laughingly by the hand, and drew him away from his dreams into the light and cheer again.