

"I have it, dear, quite safe," she called, joyfully. "I have been over it and not a page is missing. The conductor picked it up just after I got out and——"

"Oh, mother! That wretched poem—why did you bother?" exclaimed her son, anger and remorse and overwhelming tenderness struggling in his voice.

"She is not well," said Bessie, sharply. And he had barely time to put his arms about her when she sank quite limply against him.

They carried her to a drug-store, and she was soon looking up at them weakly, while Bessie rubbed her hands and the young woman cashier fanned her with a magazine and her son hovered over her with brandy. Suddenly tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, Howard, if I had lost it!" she murmured.

"Mother, dearest!" he pleaded. "It wouldn't have mattered. I am ashamed that you cared so much about the thing—it wasn't worth it. I never dreamed how much you—you make me feel like a beast. Now I am going to telephone for a carriage and take you home."

"The club," she began, starting up. Bessie pressed her back again.

"Dear Mrs. Weatherby, I will see to the club: don't worry about it," she said, with unwonted gentleness. When Weatherby's back was turned, she stooped and kissed the older woman's cheek.

When Weatherby came back he found the cashier still fanning with the magazine and cheering his mother with conversation, while Bessie stood by looking pale and tired. Mrs. Weatherby, with returning brightness, glanced up at the brown cover fluttering before her.

"Is that the new March number?" he heard her say. "My son has a poem on the first page—you may have noticed it. It has been very highly praised." The cashier turned to the first page and was pleasingly impressed.

Weatherby glanced at Bessie, and she smiled at him with sudden tremulousness. He smiled back with misty eyes, and his hand closed over hers for a long moment.

"It was we who had to be taught," he said, vaguely; but she seemed to understand.

## TILL WE MEET AGAIN

By Caroline Duer

ALTHOUGH my feet may never walk your ways,  
No other eyes will follow you so far;  
No voice rise readier to ring your praise,  
Till the swift coming of those future days  
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind.  
We may not fare together, you and I.  
But, though the path to Fame be steep and blind,  
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before mankind,  
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorning mean success.  
Lenient to others—to yourself severe.  
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness.  
God knows all other failure I could bless  
That sent you back to find your welcome here.

# THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

## IV



WHILE the corn grew, school went on and, like the corn, Chad's schooling put forth leaves and bore fruit rapidly. The boy's mind was as clear as his eye and, like a mountain-pool, gave back every image that passed before it. Not a word dropped from the master's lips that he failed to hear and couldn't repeat, and, in a month, he had put Dolph and Rube, who, big as they were, had little more than learned the alphabet, to open shame: and he won immunity with his fists from gibe and insult from every boy within his inches in school—including Tad Dillon, who came in time to know that it was good to let the boy alone. He worked like a little slave about the house and, like Jack, won his way into the hearts of old Joel and his wife, and even of Dolph and Rube, in spite of their soreness over Chad spelling them both down before the whole school. As for Tall Tom, he took as much pride as the school-master in the boy, and in town, at the grist-mill, the cross-roads, or blacksmith shop, never failed to tell the story of the dog and the boy, whenever there was a soul to listen. And as for Melissa, while she ruled him like a queen and Chad paid sturdy and uncomplaining homage, she would have scratched out the eyes of one of her own brothers had he dared to lay a finger on the boy. For Chad had God's own gift—to win love from all but enemies and nothing but respect and fear from them. Every morning, soon after daybreak, he stalked ahead of the little girl to school, with Dolph and Rube lounging along behind, and, an hour before sunset, stalked back in the same way home again. When

not at school, the two fished and played together—inseparable.

Corn was ripe now and school closed and Chad went with the men into the fields and did his part, stripping the gray blades from the yellow stalks, binding them into sheaves, stowing them away under the low roof of the big barn, or stacking them tent-like in the fields—leaving each ear perched like a big roosting bird on each lone stalk. And when the autumn came, there were husking parties and dances and much merriment; and, night after night, Chad saw Sintha and the school-master in front of the fire—"settin' up"—close together with their arms about each other's necks and whispering. And there were quilting parties and house-warmings and house-raising—one that was of great importance to Caleb Hazel and to Chad. For, one morning, Sintha disappeared and came back with the tall young hunter in the deerskin leggings—blushing furiously—a bride. And old Joel gave them some cleared land at the head of a creek, and the neighbors came in to build them a cabin. And among them all, none worked harder than the school-master, and no one but Chad guessed how sorely hit he was.

Meanwhile, the woods were ringing with the mellow echoes of axes, high and low, and the thundering crash of big trees along the mountain-side; for already the hillsmen were felling trees while the sap was in the roots, so that they could lie all winter, dry better and float better in the spring, when the rafts were taken down the river to the little capital in the Blue-grass. And Caleb Hazel said that he would go down on a raft in the spring and perhaps Chad could go with him—who knew? For the school-master had now made up his mind finally—he would