

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

fortable easy chair, in whose depths Peter Paul was reclining on the Sunday evening when Limpy's knock sounded through the quiet house.

Margaret Jenkins, who had undisputed charge of the small household, had opened the door to him, and ushering him into the presence of Peter, returned to her immaculate kingdom at the end of the narrow hall.

"I'm right glad to see you; sit ye down, old friend," Peter exclaimed as he drew a chair to the fire.

"I was just napping while Margaret was making my tea, and now you must join me in a cup and tell me all the news, for I have not been extra the last few days, and have neglected even the weekly paper."

"The rough drives and long tramps are using ye up; ye must go a bit slower," Limpy gently remonstrated as he rested his eyes half ruefully on the small thin man, the whiteness of whose hair and closely cropped beard enhanced the pallor of his face, but did not rob the large grey eyes of the sunlight and shadow reflected in their depths.

"Well, maybe; you know even the horse is bound to give out after years of steady service; and really, after all, it's about time I was slipping off the harness and letting someone fresh and bristling with activity slip into my place. You know, Limpy, the congregation is increasing, and in all likelihood seventh line will be annexed next year, and with a long drive between, you will need a younger man."

"Tut, tut, man, it's a pipe dream ye air havin' when ye think like that, fer ye know that we on this