

shook hands with us at home and started off alone, to make a home for yourself in the wilderness. We all stood at the gate and watched you till you got over the hill and we could see you no more. We all felt badly. But mother took it harder than the rest of us. She went into the house to hide her tears.

“When we all went in, father said to her, ‘We have always tried to teach our boy manliness and self-reliance. Now we should not complain at his first grand exhibition of those qualities that we have so often extolled in his presence.’

“‘I know it,’ said mother, ‘but it is hard for me to get my feelings to harmonize with our teachings in this respect. I am so much afraid he will get hopelessly lost in his wanderings among the forest trees.’”

