

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

ple of Liberty for the worship of freemen—the Kingdom Come for the oppressed of the earth—and, himself the unconscious Shepherd of that Spirit, he was going to help carry its ideals across a continent Westward to another sea and on—who knows—to the gates of the rising sun. An eagle swept over his head, as he rose, and the soft patter of feet sounded behind him. It was Jack trotting after him. He stooped and took the old dog in his arms.

“Go back home, Jack!” he said.

Without a whimper, old Jack slowly wheeled, but he stopped and turned again and sat on his haunches—looking back.

“Go home, Jack!” Again the old dog trotted down the path and once more he turned.

“Home, Jack!” said Chad.

The eagle was a dim, black speck in the band of yellow that lay over the rim of the sinking sun, and after its flight, horse and rider took the westward way.