

## SUNSHINE-SHADDER

known that the much-loved man of the hillside was dead.

Limpy, who had donned his broadcloth suit for the first time since his marriage, was early at the church. The day was one of the days in the middle of June when the air is soft and warm, and although the church was filled, as many again stood outside the door.

Limpy, in accordance with his promise, ascended the steps of the little worn pulpit, and, scarcely raising his tear-dimmed eyes, commenced the twenty-third Psalm, which he read brokenly to the end. A neighboring clergyman offered a simple prayer, after which the sobbing voices of the congregation closed the service with a few lines of Peter Paul's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Then it was that the last look was taken of the man who had, during his years among them, made his secret mark, leaving at his departure a pleasant impress upon almost every heart.

The casket, covered with garden and wild flowers, was sealed, and loving hands bore it from the church and laid it beside the small grave of his nearest and dearest, to be guarded over by the wide branches of the red-berried rowan tree planted there by himself many years before. The groups under the trees and about the grave stole silently and tearfully away to their homes, thinking, many of them, as to who would carry the banner he had laid down after a well-fought fight in the hills and dales of Sunshine-Shadder.