

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHEPHERD OF SUNSHINE-SHADDER.

THE evening service in the red-brick church was drawing to a close. A large congregation had greeted Peter Paul that evening, and an attentive silence had attended his closing words.

"My brethren, would you be as stars shining high and bright in the firmament of glory? Would you receive the ten talents recompense? Oh, then, be not weary in well-doing. Let the world take knowledge that you are a follower of Christ, that you are wearing Christ's livery, bearing Christ's spirit, sharing Christ's cross. Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"Yon was a gran' discoorse, but the more'n I look at him, Limpy, the more'n I think he's failin'," Billy Batterson remarked as they wended their way home that night.

"Wall, I don't like even ter think o' it," Limpy replied.

"No, nor me, but I hev' had it more or less in my min' last few weeks, 'n' more so sin' Jim Stead be a-tellin' me that his heart most kinked other day as he sat be the bed o' little Nellie Cameron on third line."