

## THE SHEPHERD OF SUNSHINE-SHADDER

he had sent Margaret Jenkins for Limpy Beggs, who had hobbled up to the little manse troubled at heart that his old-time friend had not been able to bear his own message.

He was resting in bed, looking very pale and worn, when Limpy entered the room, and when he reluctantly left him, an hour later, Peter grasped the rugged brown hand and feebly said:

“I’m not long for Sunshine-Shadder now. As I told you before, you will find among my papers in the study the will I made some time ago. Everything I have goes to faithful Margaret, with the exception of a few hundreds for my poor little church. My books, instruments, go to the young doctor who has agreed to take up the work after I’m gone. Just a simple burial, Limpy. No long-winded sermon. Let me rest in the church one night, and before I’m laid away read aloud yourself my favorite twenty-third Psalm.”

The call came about five that afternoon. Limpy and Billy Batterson and Margaret and the young doctor, who had been sent for, were in the room.

“Good-bye—boys—Margaret. I hope the valley and the journey-end will be pleasant. Mind, I’ll be waitin’ sort o’ lonesome for you all from Sunshine-Shadder.”

He was carried in a very plain casket to the church, where he rested until Sunday. The news of his death spread very quickly the country round, and many a tear was shed and many a sob was heard when it was