

SUNSHINE-SHADDER

denly been overshadowed by the grim and sombre cloud of death.

Just a week ago, in the grey dawn of the Sunday morning, he had rattled down the same hill and along the village street and up the winding road to the little tumble-down manse. He had been out all night and away into the early morning on various calls from the sick, and the sleepy hillside was just opening its eyes as the sound of his horse's hoofs were heard. Several winked their eyes to wakefulness and rushed to the window or door to catch a glimpse of the passerby. The picture that met their eyes was of the dapper little doctor of the soul and body who sat as erect as a trooper in his battered, mud-stained buggy drawn by Bess, the old bay mare who had carried him through the storm and sunshine of many a year.

Many of the villagers had seen him again at the morning service, and many of the kiddies had felt the warm pressure of his friendly hand when he had dropped in their midst for a little talk at the closing of the Sunday School. Then at the evening service they had listened to his last message, and throughout that week up to Friday he had flitted among them and past their homes out into the country to heal the sick or comfort the hopeless or bereaved.

Now he had been summoned to give an account of his long stewardship, and the grey dawn of that Sabbath morning stole into every home in Sunshine-Shadder and lingered in the hearts of the simple lives within for many a day.

The morning of the afternoon he had passed away