

swinging the crane with a pot of potatoes over the open fire. Without turning her head she called, "James bring some chips to hurry up the fire, I am a bit late with my dinner." To the day of her death she never said, "James, I heard you preach your first sermon," although she never missed a sermon I preached if she could help it.

I'm going home.

I hear my mother calling, "Get up dear it's time to go for the cow, Willie and Florence Early have gone by with theirs."

I get up and hurry out in the fresh morning air, up Baker Street, past the LePan's house. I see Mr. LePan walking down to the gate, he calls to me.

"When you drive back the cow, bring your pail and Ringo will give you some asparagus. I want your mother to have some of the first cuttings."

As I enter the Brown's meadow, calling "Co-boss, Co-boss, Co-boss," Ringo's black head comes over the high board fence, "Doan you forget dat pail chile, I has your mammy's sparrow grass under that rhubarb leaf. I cut it when the dew was on the ground."

"Thank you Ringo, I'll bring the pail, Co-boss."

Will I see that mischievous black face over the top of the fence when I go home? Will I see Mr. LePan in gay berlin woollen slippers walking in his