

## Waiting!

for he would rather be late than go without me. When I got the message I could not think of anything but the loneliness of the world, for a few days; but after a while I realized what it meant. . . . Alex had passed . . . the willow was down . . . but he'll wait for me some place . . . nothing is surer than that! I am not lonely now. . . . Alex and I are closer together than plenty of people who are living side by side. Distance is a matter of spirit . . . like everything else that counts.

"I am getting on well. The children are at school now, both of them, — they sit in the same seats we sat in, — the crops are in good shape — did you ever see a finer stand of wild hay? I can manage the farm, with one extra hired man in harvest-time. Alex went out on the crest of the wave — he had just been recommended for promotion — the children will always have a proud memory.

"This is a great country, is n't it? Where can you find such abundance, and such a climate, with its sunshine and its cool nights, and such a chance to make good? . . . I suppose