

I do not know exactly how he did it, but I know that once again I was a member in good standing in the human family, and more than that, he made me feel that I was one of the standard-bearers of the race, pledged to its protection and continuance. Any little inconvenience suffered by me would be small dues for me to pay for membership in this greatest of all societies.

There began one of the enriching friendships of my life, which, happily, has continued to this day.

When I came out of his office the sun had gone down, but its last rays made violet and rose edges on the clouds above the town, mellowing the stern reality of the unpainted houses. There was a hint of winter in the air, bracing and cheering. I went up the covered stairway with one driving desire. I wanted to eat. I'd had nothing since morning, less than nothing. I lighted a fire in the square, black stove and cooked myself a good meal of bacon and eggs, and fried two slices of bread in the bacon fat, with a gay disregard of the evils of fried food. I made a good brew of coffee too, with thick cream and opened a jar of strawberries.

Before I went to bed I went out on the back verandah to have a look at the night. (This nightly observation came of being farm-bred, and accustomed to that nightly round of the stables to see that all was well with the stock.) On that night I could only look up at the stars shining bright in a chill October sky. Very pleased I was to see them smiling down on me, with a new friendliness, and I knew what it was. The stars in their courses, were not more a part of God's great plan of creation than I.

As I listened to the faint night sounds, the distant bark of dogs, the rumble of wagons, women calling in their children, I could hear again over and above it all, the honking of wild geese, but their cry now was not one