

among the tree-trunks in front; then the woman came in sight, running, a lantern swinging in her hand.

"Here I am, Ma," called Bobby. "Uncle Bill found me."

For a second she held the lantern to the child's face; then, letting it fall to the ground, dropped on her knees and caught him to her breast.

Bill stooped quickly and recovered the discarded lantern; then he stood and waited, gazing down at the woman and child. The tooting of the horn drew nearer from the right, and again the gun roared on the left. It was evident that the mother had strayed from the others.

At last the woman looked up at Bill, got swiftly to her feet and placed her thin, toil-hardened hands on his shoulders.

"Bill," she whispered. "Bill—now I beg your pardon!"

"And I beg yours, Agnes," he replied. He stooped quickly and touched his lips to her forehead. There was a sheen of tears in his eyes; but behind it flickered that light of whimsical humour for which he was famous in the settlement.

"Now we'll all live comfortable," he said. "But I guess I don't owe Tom a darn cent's worth of gratitude, after all!"

## THE LOST GARDEN OF THE SAHARA\*

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SAID the great King: "What have I on my throne  
Worthy my kingship? I have dreamed a dream  
Of waving branches, of the pleasant tone  
Of water falling from a hidden stream,  
Of air so pure that breathing it would seem  
A joy more keen than kingdoms overthrown!  
Find me this place; I weary of the gleam  
Of sun on armour: I would be alone!"

Great was the King. And swift his word took form—  
A miracle! For in the desert's glare  
A vale of silent, secret peace was born,  
A place of shadows, perfect and most fair.  
Even a king might lose his kingship there,  
Sleep the night through and wake to greet the morn  
With simple gladness, undisturbed by care,  
And quite forgetting his high place forlorn.

Dead the great King! To that safe-hidden stream  
Man's eager steps, long-seeking, are denied.  
The way to it is lost. The gods esteem  
This treasure by the desert fortified  
So dear that not till many men have died  
One man, perchance, may catch its green-gold gleam  
And see the vision—evermore to hide  
In his glad heart the King's lost place of dream!

\*There is a legend that once a great king planted an oasis in the midst of the Sahara. The secret of it was lost, but, watered by never-failing streams, the garden still flourishes. Once in many lifetimes some fortunate traveller sees it, but is never able to find it again.