

thrilling, tale-telling is the human voice ! As Patsy used the brush on the horse, he talked to himself in this wise : " I guess my occupation's gone ; I'll never see her like again, but I don't know a man anywhere worthy of her but the missionary."

The days roll round—they never stop, and two afternoons later Mr. Holt was riding towards the city on his broncho when his thoughts were interrupted by the neighing of " White Stockings" alongside, and the horses slowed down to a walk naturally. Miss Martin was as radiant as ever, a bantering smile on her face ; but the missionary looked as if he had tried to bring a reform bill into Parliament, and had been defeated.

" What is the matter with the man who holds the destiny of a nation in his hands ?" asked Miss Martin.

" I have never slept since we parted," he said. " I have had wideawake visions of a little home, a home of poverty, within hearing of the breakers of the Pacific, and in that little home a vacant chair for a princess that never came ; and conscience has said that it served me right, some people want the whole earth." /

" Well," replied Miss Martin, " I have had visions also, asleep and awake, and in every one of them I saw myself the helpmate of one man, and he a missionary, and the poverty that you dread so much never entered into my dreams. I have wealth in my own right ; I am ready to be the