

mission-house describing the lost one. Over and over again he repeats the description, and the burden of the refrain is this, "Taint hard to know her, stranger, for there ain't another girl in the whole world like her." Then he comes to his meeting with the woman who had rescued his daughter, and he whispers fervently, "God bless her, God bless her."

After a brief pause, during which time the watchers think he has slept, he opens his eyes wide, and asks:

"Are you there still, Lizzie?"

"Yes, father," she answers.

"Are you holding my hand?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad. I thought you had left me. Hold my hand tight in yours, Lizzie, so I can feel it, and don't leave me again. I'm an old man now, and 'twould kill me if you left me. I have no strength to search for you more."

After another pause he goes on:

"Do you know, Lizzie, what I'm going to do, if I can, after I die? I'll thank God for saving your soul, and damning the soul of him who deceived you."

The poor girl, seeing that remonstrance was in vain, only weeps and prays in silence, asking God to find and bless him, as He has found and blessed her. At length the old man sinks into quiet slumber. The sun dips below the prairie, night creeps down over the city, the stars peep out, and still the girl watches and prays, and holds her father's hand in hers. The night wears on, and the first faint fires of dawn are kindling in the east, when Lizzie is roused by her father's voice, strong and clear as of old.

"Lizzie?"

"Well, father?"

"I'm dying."

Whether it is the unnatural strength of his voice, or whether it is the coldness of the hand she holds in hers which convinces her, she knows not, but she feels that he has spoken the truth. She knows he is dying. She wishes to speak to him, and there is no time to be lost.

"Father," she says, "I have one request to make of you before we part. If you grant it I shall be happy through life; if you do not I shall be miserable."

"What is it, Lizzie?"

"Say that you forgive Merwin Gray."

There is a moment's silence and a brief struggle, but the approach of death has softened the old man, and he replies, slowly but decisively: "I do forgive him, Lizzie."

She kisses him, and Monty says: "Do you think God can forgive me, Lizzie? I know I have done wrong in praying that Merwin Gray might be damned, but I was only a rough old miner, and you were all I had; so, maybe God will make allowance for me in the reckoning up. Oh, I am so thankful that you are saved, and so thankful to the woman who saved you. Do you know what I want you to do when I am gone? I want you to ask God every day to bless Canada and Canadian women, for 'twas a Canadian woman gave you back to me. I was never much of a hand at praying for myself, but I hope God has forgiven me my trespasses as I have forgiven him that trespassed against me. Do you know all that prayer, Lizzie?"

"Yes."

"Will you say it for me?"

"I will."

And that divine prayer, taught long years ago upon an eastern mountain, rises in tender supplication, from a prairie city of the Far West:

"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispers Old Monty.

Surely the God who had heard and answered Old Monty's prayer, had heard and answered the prayer of his daughter.

The morning sun rays touched the white hair into silver, and fell aslant of the worn old face upon the pillow. It was the face of a corpse. Old Monty had gone to join his partner in the goldfields of Eternity, that lie beyond the foothills of Time.

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