

he says, 'I'm glad yer come. She's been a lookin' fur ye, an' she'll be right glad to see ye, fur she canna last long.' I looked at him an' shook my head. 'Come in, John Bedson,' says he, and I looked. I didna ken what to say. That was the first time fur many long years that I'd heard my name. I had almost forgotten it myself. I went into the house. It was none o' yer shanties, but a fine big house; an', as I went in, the old man took me to the bed, an' he says, 'He's come! Didna I tell ye that yer dreams an' prayers would all come true?'

"'Johnnie! Johnnie!'"

Broncho Jake stopped. The tears were coursing down his cheeks, and his lips were quivering with emotion.

"It was my mother, Jim. I hadna been back since I ran away when I was a wee fellow, an' I had forgotten all about them, an' I didna' ken which way to find them, an' here I was at last! That voice at the river brought me to her bedside. She took my hands in hers an' says,

"'Johnnie, He'll be a true friend to ye.'

"'He's too old, mither,' I said, 'to be any use to me. He wouldna make a cowboy; he's too old.'

"'O Johnnie,' says she, 'dinna talk in that way. I ha' trusted in Him since I was a wee lassie, and

He'll no leave me noo when I'm crossin' the Jordan.'

"'Mother, I'll take ye across the Jordan if it's no too deep. Many a time I hae crossed the Kootenay an' the Saskatchewan, an' if the Jordan's no wider an' deeper 'an them, I can take ye across. He's too old to take ye o'er the water.'

"'Johnnie, Johnnie! my laddie! hae ye forgotten all I taught ye at my knee?'" says my mother to me.

"Wall, Jim, she talked to me till I couldna see, fur my eyes were fu' of tears. The dear old body took me by the hand as she prayed for me wi' her dying breath, and afore she went away she says, 'Ye'll serve Him, Johnnie?' an' I put my hand in hers, and I couldna say anything, but jist kissed her old cheek afore she died.

"'Meet me yonder, Johnnie,' she said, 'and then she closed her eyes. I got a fine stone an' put it at her grave, an' I got the fellow who made it to cut out on it a saddle and a pair o' spurs, and above them the words, 'Meet me Yonder.'

"Late one night I went to her grave an' got down beside it, an' wud ye believe it I prayed and I says, 'Maister, Maister, I'll serve ye! I'm no happy here, an' I'll gang back to the ranch and serve ye.'

"I went again next morning to take a last look at the grave, and then I said: 'I'm off to the mountains to serve Him.'

Our other years have slipped away, as slips the flower its sheath,
Once more with hands held out we grasp a gift the Father sends,
And gave Him thanks for length of days, for joy that comes with breath,
For home and books and happy work, for children and for friends.

All in the midnight and the frost we sped the old year out;
All in the dawnlight and the glow we bid the new year in!
The King is dead! Long live the King!—'tis aye the clamorous shout;
And ever 'tis with mirth and hope the new-born reigns begin.

What yet may wait of care or grief to-day we cannot tell,
Another year, another start, another chance to do
What lieth closest to our hand: God loves us, all is well;
Disdaining fear, we greet the year, whose first white leaves are new.
—Margaret E. Sangster.