

fast. At first he thought he must have dreamed it all, but Dan's serious face at the breakfast table overthrew that idea when his aunt entering with a plate of hot smoking biscuits informed him that the Indian who had brought him the night before was waiting to speak to him,

"Bring him in here," said Father William, "perhaps the girl is worse."

"Well, how is little Juanita?"

"The young fellow's face looked very grave as he slowly muttered:

"Him gone, Fader, gone to God, and me left all alone with old grandmother."

"Dead!" exclaimed the priest; "Why she was not near death last night," and then as if struck by a sudden thought, he asked, "what time was it when she died?"

"I tink, Fader, it must have been just 'bout two o'clock."

All this happened twenty years ago, but the story had always impressed me very much and yesterday in the blaze of a glorious August day I got the cherished wish of my heart and rode over the very scene of this manifest miracle of God's love for his lonely children of the forest. Over hills and into beautiful sheltered valleys where the fields of fast ripening grain were waving like little emerald oceans in the soft breeze, snug little farms nestling at the foot of the big hills, and over all God's beautiful blue sky and golden sunlight, made it difficult to realize how pitilessly the winds would roar over those delightful hills, and how mercilessly the snow would drift in those smiling valleys. But when we reached the little grey farm-house, and were shown the very room where the light was seen, and beyond the green fields stretched the dark forest of pine and fir once the home of the pure and simple Juanita I saw in imagination the whole scene enacted again, and tried to pen, though very imperfectly, the simple story of Father William's Forest Flower.

MARIE DE MARIE.