

"Is—is Merwin Gray with her?" and the nerveless fingers make a vain attempt to close more tightly upon the handle of the pistol.

"No; I know nothing of him. But come with me, and see your Lizzie." With childlike obedience he places his hand in hers, and together they leave the room.

In a neat, plainly furnished parlor in a small cottage on — Street, sits Lizzie, Old Monty's daughter. There are some marks of suffering on her face, but it is more beautiful than ever. A chastened and purified spirit has given it an added grace. Christianity has rescued her from sin. She hears the outer door open and close; then, footsteps along the hall. The footsteps stop at her door. The door opens, and her lady friend stands there supporting an old man whose hair and beard are as white as wool.

"Lizzie!"

"Father!"

And Old Monty's wanderings are ended. He has found his Lizzie. All the miseries of the past six years are nothing to him now; they are like vanished dreams at the break of day. The pain, the grief, the bitter disappointments, the hopes awakened only to be destroyed again, the heart hungerings are all forgotten, all blotted out, for Lizzie's arms are about him, and Lizzie's kiss is on his forehead. The old man's joy is too great, and he is fainting in his daughter's arms. "Put me to bed," he whispers, wearily. "Put me to bed, Lizzie, for I'm tired. I've walked very far to find you, my girl, and I'll need a good long rest. Put me to bed, and put your hand in mine while I sleep, so it will be there when I wake again."

Tenderly he is carried to bed, lovingly they watch beside him. Lizzie's tears are falling like rain. The sight of her grief seems to rouse him, and he tries to soothe her. "Don't cry, Lizzie, don't cry, little one. We have had a hard time of it, both of us, but it's all over and we can rest now. All these years I have been praying for you, praying that God might save your soul, and damn the soul of your deceiver."

"Hush, father, hush!"

"But I have, Lizzie, I have. There

was never a night that I did not pray for you; never a morning that I did not ask God to bless you. Out on the prairie, or up on the mountain, or down in the city my thoughts were always of you. I never forgot my prayer, and God has heard it; he has saved your soul, and damned the soul who led you astray."

"Oh, don't, father; don't say that."

"But I will, I will, I must—Lizzie, where is he? Where is Merwin Gray? Give me my pistol! Give it here, quick! and show me where he is—the villain who wronged you—and I'll scatter—"

"Hush, father, hush!"

"But I won't hush, I won't, I tell you! Show me where he is, be quick! for I must do what I've sworn to do before I die. I'm dying now, Lizzie, I'm dying now!" he adds, as his head falls back upon the pillow, from which, in his excitement, he had tried to raise it.

"Be quiet, father; rest now, and when you are strong enough I shall tell you my story. As for Merwin Gray, I do not know where he is. We must only forgive him, as we hope to obtain forgiveness."

"Forgive him," cried the old man, struggling to raise himself again from the bed. "Listen to me, Lizzie. Though hell should gather me to its bosom, and hide me there forever, I'll never forgive him, so help me God."

"Oh, father, don't say that! I know you have suffered a great deal through my folly. It was all my fault, and I ask you to forgive me, as well as to forgive him."

The light of an unquenchable love creeps into the old man's eyes as he answers fondly: "Forgive you, Lizzie, yes, I forgive you a thousand times—but him, never. Don't tell me it was your fault; it was not. You were a good girl always, until that damned villain—"

"Hush, father, hush!"

—"Crossed your life and mine, and you're a good girl yet, Lizzie, a good girl yet."

Thus the old man wanders on, appealing, in the same breath, to Heaven for blessings and for curses—blessings for Lizzie, curses for her deceiver. Now he speaks of his wanderings over the mountain and prairie; now he is in the city