

would completely unravel, and, flinging aside all regret, would set happiness upon its throne. For Bill it was the great desire of his life fulfilled. His friend, the one man above all others he regarded, had finally stepped upon the path he had always craved for him. For himself? His years were passing. There was still work to be done in the unsavory purlieus of Leaping Horse.

For John Kars it was a moment of the profoundest, unalloyed joy. No searching of his emotions could have revealed anything but the wholesome feelings of a man who has achieved his destiny in those things which the God of All has set out for human desire. The world lay all before him. Wealth was his, and, in his frail barque, setting out upon the waters of destiny, was the wife he had won for himself from the bosom of the desolate north.

Father José, gray headed, aged in the long years of a life of sacrifice, stood at the forefront of the landing as the procession glided out on to the bosom of the stream. Simple in spirit, single in purpose, he regarded the going with the calmness which long years of trial had imposed upon him. His farewell was smiling. It was deep with truth and feeling. He knew it was the close of a long chapter in the book of his life's effort. He accepted it, and turned the page.

But for all the great gathering of his Mission about him he was a lonely little figure, and the sigh which followed his voiceless blessing came from a loyal heart which knew no other purpose than to continue to the end its work of patient, unremitting mercy.