

is taking me back to the city to make me his wife. Try to forgive me, and forget me if you can. LIZZIE."

Old Monty stood for a moment, as still as the mountains behind Merrywell, then he staggered and fell upon the bed. "Good God!" he moaned, at length, "my Lizzie gone! my Lizzie gone! gone with that infernal villain;" and Monty put up his hands to his face, as if to keep out the dread thought which was stilling the blood in his veins, and turning his heart to ice. Suddenly he sprang from the bed, uttering awful imprecations, and rushed to his own room. His eyes were wild, and his face was white to ghastliness. Instinctively he drew a pistol from under his pillow and thrust it into his pocket; then, hardly knowing what he did, he sank upon his knees and prayed his first prayer since childhood. "Oh, God," he pleaded in his madness, "save my poor Lizzie's soul, and damn eternally the soul of Merwin Gray!" With the bitterness of this petition in his heart, he rose from his knees and rushed from the house. "Curse him! curse him!" he muttered as he hurried down the mountain path, "I'll follow him to the end of time. I'll scatter his brains to the wind."

Away out beyond the foothills, two fugitives are flying on horseback towards the distant city. The sun is just rising, and to one of them it seems a symbol of the life she is about to enter. Alas! there is no one to warn her of the fast approaching sunset, and of the dark shadows that lie beyond.

Back in the mountain an old man is hurrying down the path that leads from the canyon to the outer world, and his face is drawn with anguish. "Curse him! curse him!" he reiterates; "I'll follow him to the end of time; I'll scatter his brains to the wind!" And the morning sun seems to shine with an equal warmth upon all three.

Years of darkness are in store for Old Monty; years of lone wandering and vain search; years of pain and doubt and passionate longing; years full of the laughter and derision of the unkind world. Through all these years must Old Monty pass with but one prayer

upon his lips: "God save my poor Lizzie's soul, and damn eternally the soul of Merwin Gray."

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Six years later, on a beautiful day in early October, an old man enters the Salvation Army Rescue Rooms in Winnipeg. He is bent with age, and his hair and beard are white as wool. He is a wreck, mentally and physically. One hand is in his pocket—a poor, old, trembling hand, too weak to hold a toy gun steady—and the nerveless fingers are clutched mechanically upon the handle of a pistol. As if impelled by habit, he glances searchingly about the room, then hobbles up to the first man he sees, and addresses him in broken accents: "Stranger, you haven't seen my Lizzie, have you? She left me six years ago, and I have never seen her since. I am getting to be an old man now, but I must see my Lizzie once more before I die. I have been asking God all these years to save her soul, and to damn the soul of her destroyer—and I believe he will. She is in some big city, stranger, and I must see her before I die. Perhaps you've seen her; 'tain't hard to know her, for there ain't another girl in the whole world like her." Then Old Monty describes his daughter—his Lizzie—in the same way in which he has described her a thousand times before, in a hundred different cities. He frequently breaks in upon the details of description with the sweeping assertion: "'Tain't hard to know her, stranger, for there ain't another girl in the whole world like her."

A sweet faced woman, who had been listening eagerly to the old man's narrative, steps forward and touches him upon the arm. He turns in a dazed sort of way and looks at her. "Come with me," she says, gently: "I'll take you to your Lizzie."

He has been disappointed often during the past six years. Often his hopes have been raised up only to be dashed down again, and, instinctively he feels that he can bear no more.

"Are you sure it's my Lizzie?" he asks, falteringly.

"Almost sure," the lady answers, confidently.