

as he grasped the hand which was extended in welcome.

"Not very well. I've a bad pain in my chist, but I'm a-thinkin' it'll go away soon."

"We will do all we can to help you, Pete, never forget that."

"I don't mean that, laddie, fer an army of doctors couldn't help me now. I guess it's only the good Lord who will give me any relief."

"Pete, Pete, don't say that!" cried Constance. "We can't spare you yet. What will we do without you?"

"It's the good^d Lord's will, lassie, an' though I'd like to stay wid yez a while longer, still when He calls I must be a-goin'. An' yit I wonner," he continued after a pause, "what He wants the likes of me up yon fer anyway."

"He wants you, perhaps," replied Keith softly, "for the same reason that we want you here, because He loves you."

"Loves me! Loves me! What is thar in me to love? an' what have I ever done that He should love me?"

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat," quoted Constance, "'I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in.' That is what you did to us at Siwash Creek, and I am sure Christ won't forget that."