

golby." As the distance grew between them, he said sadly: "These are the men who change the West, who seize it, and divide it, and make it their own——"

"*"I will rejoice, and divide Sichem: and mete out the valley of Succoth."*

"Hush! Hush!" he said to himself in reproach. "These things must be. The country must be opened up. That is why I came—to bring the Truth before the trader."

Now another traveller came riding out of Lebanon towards him, galloping his horse up-hill and down.

He also was young, but nothing about him suggested power, only self-indulgence. He, too, raised his hat, or rather swung it from his head in a devil-may-care way, and overdid his salutation. He did not speak.

The priest's face was very grave, if not a little resentful. His salutation was reserved.

"The tyranny of gold," he murmured, "and without the mind or energy that created it. *Felix* was no name for him. Ingolby is a builder, perhaps a jerry-builder; but he builds."

He looked across the prairie towards the young man in the buggy.

"Sure, he is a builder. He has the Cortez eye. He sees far off, and plans big things. But *Felix Marchand* there——"

He stopped short.

"Such men must be, perhaps," he added. Then, after a moment, as he gazed round again upon the land of promise which he had loved so long, he murmured as one murmurs a prayer:

"*Thou sufferedst men to ride over our heads: we went through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place."*