

## Clive Forrester's Gold

Afterwards she told me that it was a beautiful letter, full of loving, helpful words, and cheering her with hopes of their union, after he had got things into a little better order for the teaching and religious assistance of the poor gold-diggers at Klondike. He assured her, too, that the climate, though severe, was not unhealthy, and that he had never felt in better health than he was at that moment. Finally, he confessed to her that it was her own advice, not to make gold his chief consideration and goal, which had, in the first instance, led to the change of his own heart and life. He was sure she would not blame him, he said, or imagine for one moment that his staying out there betokened in the slightest degree, a failure of love towards her. On the contrary, he assured her that the fierce and keen had been the conflict between inclination and duty, which by God's grace ended in his deciding to remain at Klondike another year, or if necessary two or three. She would pray for him, he knew, and he promised to pray for her night and day.

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They were over at last, the long, long years of waiting, and Clive Forrester left Klondike under the happier conditions brought about by the development of transportation lines on