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13

SYNOPSIS.

Bill Cannon, the bonanza king, and his daughter, Rose, who had passed up Mrs. Cornelius Ryan's ball at San Francisco to accompany her father, arrive at Antelope. Dominick Ryan calls on his mother to beg a ball invitation for his wife, and is refused. The determined old lady refuses to recognize her daughter-in-law. Dominick had been trapped into a marriage with Bernice Iverson, a stenographer, several years his senior. She squanders his money, they have frequent quarrels, and he slips away. Cannon and his daughter are snowed in at Antelope. Dominick Ryan is rescued from storm in unconscious condition and brought to Antelope hotel. Antelope is cut off by storm. Rose Cannon nurses Dominick back to life. Two weeks later Bernice discovers in a paper where husband is and writes letter trying to smooth over difficulties between them. Dominick at last is able to join fellow snowbound prisoners in hotel parlor. He loses temper over talk of Buford, an actor. After three weeks, end of imprisonment is seen. Telegrams and mail arrive. Dominick gets letter from wife. Tells Rose he doesn't love wife, and never did. Stormbound people begin to depart. Rose and Dominick embrace, father sees them and demands an explanation. Rose's brother Gene is made manager of ranch, and is to get it if he stays sober a year. Cannon expresses sympathy for Dominick's position in talk with Rose. Dominick returns home. Berny exerts herself to please him, but he is indifferent. Cannon calls on Mrs. Ryan. They discuss Dominick's marriage difficulties, and Cannon suggests buying off Berny. Dominick goes to park on Sunday with Berny and family, sees Miss Cannon, bows to her and starts uneasiness in Berny. In Mrs. Ryan's name Cannon offers Berny $50,000 to leave her husband and permit divorce. She refuses. Dominick sees Rose. Cornelia Ryan engaged to Jack Duffy. Cannon offers Berny $100,000 and is turned down.

CHAPTER XV.

A Confession.

Of late Berny had not been sleeping well and the fear that this would react upon her looks had spurred her to the unwonted exertion of walking. The route she had chosen was one of those thoughfares which radiate from Market Street, and though not yet slums, are far removed from the calm, wide gentility of the city's more dignified highways. With all her cleverness, she had never shaken off the tastes and instincts of the class she had come from.

Walking loiteringly forward, she crossed Powell Street, and approached the entrance of that home of vaudeville, the Granada Theater. There had been a recent change of bill, and as she drew near she looked over the posters standing by the entrance on which the program for the coming week was printed in large letters. Midway down one of these, her eye was caught by a name and she paused and stood reading the words:

"JAMES DEFAY BUFORD
The Witty, Brilliant and Incomparable Monologist
In His Unrivaled Monologue
Entitled
KLONDIKE MEMORIES."

She remembered at once that this was the actor Dominick had spoken of as having been snowed in with them at Antelope. Dominick had evidently not expected he would come to San Francisco. He had said the man had been going to act in Sacramento.

As she walked down the street she saw that she was approaching the car line which passed close to her old home. A clock in a window showed her it was nearly five. Hannah would have been home for some time, and Hazel might be expected within an hour. Without more thought she hailed an up-town car.

She found them both at home, Hazel having been allowed to leave her work an hour earlier than usual. Sitting in a small room in the back of the house, they were surrounded by the outward signs of dressmaking. Yards of material lay over the chairs, and on a small wooden table, which fitted close to her body and upon which portions of the material lay neatly smoothed out, Hannah was cutting with a large pair of shears.

If Berny wanted to surprise her sisters, she certainly now had the satisfaction of realizing her hopes. For a moment after she told her news they stared at her, too amazed to speak, even Hannah, who had scented difficulties, being completely unprepared—after the way of human nature—for the particular difficulty that had cropped up. It was Hazel who first spoke.

"Buy you off to leave Dominick? Give you money to go away from him, do you mean?"

"That's what I said," returned her sister with dry grimness. "She's made me two offers to leave my husband, wants me to get out and, after I've gone for a year, ask him to bring suit for desertion."

"My Lord!" murmured Hannah in a hushed voice of horror.

"How much did she offer you?" said Hazel.

The was a crucial question. Berny knew its importance and sat up, pushing back her disarranged hat.

"One hundred thousand dollars," she said calmly.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" gasped Hazel. "Why—why—Berny!"

She stopped, almost trembling in the excitement of her stunned incredulity.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" Hannah echoed, each word pronounced with a slow, aghast unbelief. "Oh, it can't be that much!"

"It's that much now," said Berny, her calmness accentuated to the point of nonchalance, "and if I want I can make them double it, raise it to a quarter of a million. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars isn't so much when you've got millions in trunks. What's that to the Ryans?"

She rose abruptly from her seat, pushing it back and feeling that she had better go before she said too much.

As she rose, Hazel rose too, her face full of suspicious concern.

"It's not another woman, is it, Berny?" she almost whispered.

Berny had told so many lies that she did not bother about a few more. Moreover, she was determined not to let her sisters know about Rose Cannon—not yet, anyway.

"No," she said with short scorn, turning to pick up her feather boa. "Of course it's not. He's not that kind of a man. He's too much of a sissy. Another woman! I'd like to tell him that."

When she reached home, she found on the hall table a note which the Chinaman told her had been left by a messenger. It was from Bill Cannon and contained but a few lines. These, of a businesslike brevity, expressed the writer's desire to see her again, and politely suggested that, if she could come to his office on any one of the three specified afternoons, between the hours of two and four, he would be deeply honored and obliged.

In his "Klondike Monologue" at the Orpheum, Buford, the actor, made a sudden and unexpected hit. The morning after his first appearance, both Dominick and Berny read in the paper eulogistic notices of the new star. Dominick was particularly interested. He remembered Buford's state of worry while at Antelope and was glad to see that the unlucky player was, in the parlance of his own world, "making good."

Now, from what he heard, Buford's hard times should be at an end. Such a hit as he had made should give him the required impetus. Men Dominick knew, who had theatrical affiliations, told him that Buford was "made." The actor could now command a good salary on any of the vaudeville circuits in the country, and if "he had it in him" he might ascend the ladder toward the heights of legitimate comedy. His humorous talent was unique and brilliant. It was odd, considering his age, that it had not been discovered sooner.

Berny was very anxious to see him. Hazel and Josh had seen him on one of the first evenings and pronounced him "simply great." She extorted a promise from Dominick that, at the earliest opportunity, he would buy tickets for her, and, if he could not accompany her himself, she could go with one of her sisters.

He stopped to buy the tickets one midday on his way to lunch. He made up his mind to buy three, then Berny could either take her two sisters, or Hazel and Josh, whose craving for the theater was an unassuageable passion. He was turning from the ticket office window when a sonorous voice at his elbow arrested him:

"Mr. Ryan," it boomed out, "do I see you at last?"

It was Buford, but a rejuvenated and prosperous Buford, the reflection of his good fortune shining from his beaming face and fashionable figure. The red rasped look had left his features and the hollows beneath his high cheek-bones were filled out.

It Was Buford, but a Rejuvenated and Prosperous Buford.

"Glad to see you, Buford," he said, "and glad to hear you've made such a success of it."

Buford acknowledged these compliments with cool, acquiescent complacence.

"I have struck my gait," he said, nodding his head in condescending acceptance. "I have at last won my spurs. The ways of fate—or let me say Providence—are truly inscrutable. I turned my face to the North in a bitter hour, and it was in a bitter hour that I adopted the stage."

"Then you went on the stage up there? You've only been on a few years?"

"Nearly four," said the actor. He looked down at his shoe for a moment as if considering, and repeated without looking up, "It will be four next September. Trouble drove me to those far distant lands and hard luck drove me on the stage. I'd never had anything to do with it till then; I hadn't a stage game about me. There'd even been a time when I had a strong prejudice against the theater and never went to one. But a man must live and—"

He stopped, his attention arrested by a hand laid softly on his sleeve. A youth of Hebraic countenance had issued from a door behind him, and, touching his arm with a hesitating, unclean finger, began to speak in a low tone.

"Duty calls," said Buford. "I am sorry, but they want me inside. I hope later to be able to place a box at your disposal. Madame, you say, is very desirous of seeing me. Well, I'll see to it that she does so under the most favorable conditions."

He bowed impressively as though saluting Berny in person, and then, with a last dignified farewell to Dominick, turned toward the door which opened at his approach.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rose's Point of View.

The following Sunday, at ten o'clock in the morning, Dominick noiselessly descended the stairs of the flat and let himself out into the street. He would spend the morning walking, anywhere where there was quiet and a view. He would take his lunch at any little joint—country hotel, city chophouse—he happened to pass, and in the afternoon he would walk again.

He ascended the hill by one of the streets on its southern slope, violently steep, the upward leaps of its sidewalk here and there bridged by flights of steps. Every little house was disgorging its inmates, garbed in the light Sunday attire of the Californian on pleasure bent.

Dominick went up the hill in the clear, golden sunlight, and in his revolt he pushed Berny from his mind, and let Rose come in her place. His thoughts, always held from her, sprang at her, encircled her, seemed to draw her toward him as once his arms had done.

Standing on the summit of the hill, where the wall of the quarry drops down to the water front and the wharves, he relinquished himself to his dream of her.

As if called, he turned sharply and saw Rose standing a few yards away from him, looking at him with an expression of affrighted indecision.

"I wasn't sure it was you," she said. "And then when I saw it was, I was going to steal away before you saw me. But you turned suddenly as if you heard me."

"I felt you there," he answered. "I walked up here this morning to have a think. I don't know where the think was going to take me when you came round that corner and stopped it. What brought you here?"

"Nothing in particular. It was such a fine morning I thought I'd just ramble about, and I came this way without thinking. My feet brought me without my knowledge."

"Sit down and talk to me," he said quietly. "No one can hear you. It's like being all alone in the world up here on the hilltop. We can sit on this stone."

There was a broken boulder behind them, close to the narrow foot-way, and she sat on it, motioning him to a flat piece of rock beside her.

"Tell me the whole thing," she said. "You and I have never talked much about your affairs. And what concerns you concerns me."

"It's just what you know," he began slowly. "Only as every day goes by it seems to get worse. I've never told you much about my marriage. I've never told anybody.

"I knew all about her when I married her. I was young, but I wasn't a green fool. Only I didn't seem to realize, I didn't guess, I didn't dream, that she was going to stay the way she was."

"Does she want to leave you?"

The question seemed to touch a nerve that startled and then stiffened him. He answered it with his head turned toward her, the eyebrows lifted, a combative note in his voice:

"I don't know whether she does or not." He stopped and then said, with his face flushing, "No, I don't think she does."

"How can you leave her, then?"

"You expect too much of weak human nature," he said.

"No," she answered, "I don't. I only expect what you can do."

He turned and looked at her.

"Then I'm to live for the rest of my life with a wife I don't care for, separated from the woman I love? What is there in that to keep a man's heart alive?"

"The knowledge that we love each other. That's a good deal, I think."

It was the first time she had said in words that she loved him. There was no trace of embarrassment or consciousness on her face; instead she seemed singularly calm and steadfast, much less moved than he. Her words shook him to the soul. He turned his eyes from her face and grasping for her hand, clasped it, and pressed it to his heart, and to his lips, then loosed it and rose to his feet, saying to himself:

"Yes, that's a good deal."

Her eyes followed him, and then brought up on the schooner bearing away on its long tack, strained and careening in the breeze that, down there in the open, blew fresh and strong from the great Pacific.

"It's a schooner," she said absently. "Where do you suppose it's going?"

"I don't know. Somewhere a long way off, I hope. My devils are sailing away on it."

They stood side by side, gazing down at it till she moved away with a sudden "Good-by."

"Good-by," he answered, and stretched out his hand.

Berny had been turning over in her mind the advantages of accepting the money—had been letting herself dwell upon the delights of possible possession—when at the Sunday dinner that afternoon Josh McCrae threw her back into the state of incensed rejection with which she had met the first offer. With his face wreathed in joyous grins, he had apprised her of the fact that only an hour earlier, while walking on Telegraph Hill, he had seen Dominick there talking with Miss Cannon.

She was quiet for the rest of the afternoon, but it was not till she had reached her own home, silent in its untenanted desertion, that she had an opportunity to turn the full vigor of her mind on what she had heard.

She put from her mind all intention of ever taking the money. She wanted it desperately, terribly.

She knew that the interview for which Bill Cannon had asked was for a last, deciding conversation. He was to make his final offer. It was a moment of torture to her when she wondered what it would be, and her mind hovered in distracted temptation over the certain two hundred thousand dollars and the possible quarter of a million.

She was in this state of feverish distractedness when she went to Bill Cannon's office.

Nothing could be more disarmingly friendly than the old man's greeting.

"What I asked you to come here for to-day was to talk about this matter, to talk further, to thresh it out some more. I've seen Mrs. Ryan since our last meeting. She doubles her offer to you. She'll give you two hundred thousand dollars to leave her son."

"Well, I won't," said Berny, drawing herself to the edge of the chair. "She can keep her two hundred thousand dollars."

"Don't be in such a hurry; I've not finished yet. This is just between you and me," he went on slowly, his voice lowered, dropped to the key of confidences. "I'll give you another hundred thousand. I'll put it with Mrs. Ryan's pile, and it'll run your fortune up well past a quarter of a million."

"You think that I don't know why you're offering me this money. Well, old man, I do. You want to get my husband for your own daughter, Rose Cannon."

It was Cannon's turn to be speechless. He had not for years received so unexpected and violent a blow. He sat in the same attitude, not moving or uttering a sound, and looking at Berny with a pair of eyes that each second grew colder and more steely.

"Come," he said with sudden authority, "I can't waste my time this way. Are you going to take the money or not?"

His manner, as if by magic, had changed. Every suggestion of deference or consideration had gone from it.

"Will you take the money?"

"No!" she said loudly. "Don't ask me that again!"

"All right," he answered quietly, "that ends our business. Do you know your way out, or shall I ring for Granger to see you to the door?"

It was late, almost dark, that evening when Cannon left his office. As he walked down Montgomery Street to the car, he pondered on Berny, wonderingly and with a sort of begrudging, astonished admiration of a courage that he could not but admire.

How she had found out about Rose he could not imagine, only it was very enraging that she should have done so. It was the last, and most detestable fact in the whole disagreeable business.

It was the first of May. By the morning's mail he had received a letter from Gene announcing, with the playful blitheness which marked all the young man's allusions to the transfer of the Santa Trinidad ranch, that the year of probation was up and he would shortly arrive in San Francisco to claim his own.

Gene's father had read this missive in grim-visaged silence. The sense of self-approval that he might have experienced was not his; he only felt that he had been "done." Two months before, thinking that the ranch was slipping too easily from his grasp, that he was making too little effort to retain his own, he had hired a detective to go to San Luis Obispo and watch the career of Gene for signs of his old waywardness. On the thirtieth of April the man had reported that Gene's course had been marked by an abstinence as genuine and complete as the most exacting father could wish.

His mood was unusually black when he entered the house. The servant, who came forward to help him off with his coat, knew it the moment he saw the heavy, scowling face. The piece of intelligence the man had to convey—that Mr. Gene Cannon had arrived half an hour earlier from San Luis Obispo—was not calculated to abate the Bonanza King's irritation.

Gene, however, was not at all abashed by any lack of cordiality. At the best of times, he was not a sensitive person, and as this had been his portion since his early manhood, he was now used to it. Moreover, tonight he was in high spirits. In his year of exile he had learned to love the outdoor life for which he was fitted, and had conceived a passionate desire to own the splendid tract of land for which he felt the love and pride of a proprietor.

Always a loquacious person, a stream of talk flowed from him to which the old man offered no interruption, and in which even Rose found it difficult to insert an occasional, arresting question. Gene had a number of new plans.

The old man listened without speaking, his chin on his collar, his eyes fixed in a wide, dull stare on his happy boy. At intervals—Gene almost clamoring for a response—he emitted one of those inarticulate sounds with which it was his custom to greet information that he did not like or the exact purport of which he did not fathom.

"Then I'm to Live for the Rest of My Life With a Wife I Don't Care For."

The only thing which would have sweetened his mood would have been a conversation, peaceful and uninterrupted, with his daughter. He had not seen as much of her as usual during the last few days, as she had been confined to her room with a cold. This was the first evening she had been at dinner for four days, and the old man had looked forward to one of their slow, enjoyable meals together, with a long, comfortable chat over the black coffee, as was their wont.

When dinner was over, and she rose from her seat, he asked her to play on the piano in the sitting-room near by.

Neither of the men spoke for a space while the music crept in softly from the sitting room. The old man gazed for a while maliciously at his son.

"Well, you've got it!" said the father at last, in a loud, pugnacious tone. "You've got it, haven't you?"

"Well, I guess I have," said Gene, his triumph tempered by an air of modesty, "and I guess I earned it fair. I stuck to the bargain and there were times when I can tell you it was a struggle. I never once slipped up. If you don't believe my word, I can bring you men from down there that know me well, and they'll testify that I speak the truth.

"It was Rose who really put me up to it," he went on. "She'd say to me I could do it, I only had to try; any one could do anything they really made their minds up to. If you said you couldn't do a thing, why, then you couldn't, but if you said you could, you got your mind into that attitude, and it wasn't hard any more. And she was right. When I got my mind round to looking at it that way, it came quite easily. Rose's always right."

"Then, why the hell," said the old man, "do you go on talking about yourself and your damned concerns, bothering the life out of her when she's got troubles of her own?"

"Troubles of her own? What troubles has she got?"

"She's got a cold," said Cannon.

He spoke sharply and looked at Gene with a sidelong eye full of observant malice. The young man gazed back at him, confused, for a moment half inclined to laugh, thinking his father, in a sudden unaccustomed playfulness, was joking with him.

"Well, if it's only a cold," he stammered, "it's nothing to tear up the ground about. I thought it was something serious, that Rose was unhappy about something. But a cold—"

After all, it was a good thing the boy did not know; he was of the kind who could not be trusted with any information of importance. He did not want Gene or anybody else to interfere. He, Rose's father, and he alone, without any outside assistance, would reach up and pick out for her any star that sparkled in the heavens, any moon for which she might choose to cry. She wanted Dominick Ryan for her husband. She should have him and it would be her father who would get him for her. He would give her Dominick Ryan, as he would a pearl necklace or a new automobile to which she had taken a fancy.

CHAPTER XVII.

Out of the Fullness of the Heart.

That night it was Berny's turn to be wakeful. In the silence of the sleeping house and the warm darkness of her curtained room, she lay tossing on her bed, hearing the clear, musical striking of the parlor clock as it marked the hours. When the first thin streak of gray painted a pale line between the window curtains she rose and took a sleeping powder and soon after fell into a heavy slumber.

This held her in the dead, motionless unconsciousness that a drug brings, through the long morning hours. Dominick's noiseless departure hardly disturbed the hushed quiet of the little flat. The Chinaman, trained by his exacting mistress to make no sound while she slept, went about his work with a stealthy step and cautious touch, even in the kitchen, shut off by space and muffling doors, continuing his care. He had had more than one experience with the wrath of Mrs. Ryan when she had been roused from late slumbers by a banged door or a dropped pan.

It was nearly lunch-time when she awoke, slowly emerging from the black, unbroken deadness of her sleep to a momentarily augmenting sense of depression. She rose, her body seeming to participate in the oppressed discomfort of her mind, and, going to the bedroom window, drew the curtain and looked out.

The day promised little in the way of cheering influences. Fog hung heavy in the air, a gray veil depending from a gray haze of sky. That portion of her neighbor's garden which the window commanded was drenched with it, the flowers drooping moistly as if it weighed on them like a heavy substance under the pressure of which they bent and dripped. The stretch of wall that she could see gleamed with dampness. A corner of stone, on which a drop regularly formed, hung and then fell, held her eyes for a few vacantly-staring moments. Then she turned away, muttering to herself:

"Good Lord, what a day!"

She was at her lunch when the telephone bell rang. She dropped her napkin and ran to the instrument which was in the hall. She did not know what she expected—or rather she did not expect anything in particular—but she was in that state of feverish tension when she seemed the focus of portentous happenings, the point upon which events of sinister menace might, at any moment, bear down. Bill Cannon might be calling her up, for what purpose she could not guess, only for something that would be disagreeable and perturbing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Makes a Nation.

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles, light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there of the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.—John Bright

How the Revival Came

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Dean of Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT—Now for a long season Israel had been without the true God. II Chron. 15:3.

The condition of Israel calling for a revival at the time is set before us in the words, "Now for a long season Israel had been without the true God." To be without the true God is certainly a call for a revival. But what is it for a nation, or a church, or an individual, to be without the true God? In the present case it meant three things: (1) They were without the ordinances of religion. "They were without a teaching priest, and without law." (2) They were without the inner experiences of religion. "In those times there was no peace to him that went out, nor to him that came in." (3) They were without the outward blessings of religion. "And nation was destroyed of nation, and city of city; for God did vex them with all adversity."

Is not this the picture of a church or an individual professing Christianity who is without God? The gospel may be preached in that church, the ordinances administered, and the prayer meeting regularly announced, but the whole round of exercises, while possessing the form of godliness, is without the power. There is no real power in the lives of Christians existing in this way, no realization of their standing in Christ, and no joy or gladness in their testimony and service. They come into church and go out of it again, as it is said of these Israelites, without "peace." Theirs is a state of moral and spiritual "adversity."

Now how did the revival come? There are ten steps of progress indicated to the finish:

(1) "The spirit of God came upon Azariah, the son of Oded," verse 1. The source of every true revival is divine. It can not be worked up or preached up, but it may be prayed up. "Ask and ye shall receive." It began in this instance in a single individual, a prophet, like an ordinary minister or evangelist of our own day. The spirit of God fell on him, anointing him for service.

(2) He went out and said, "hear ye me, the Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you," verse 2. What a simple thing to say, how almost childish, and yet what results it produced! Ah, it makes a great deal of difference in a message whether it comes from anointed lips or not. Now what are we told here? Only this self-evident truth, that we can not be revived unless the Lord is with us. But we are told something else also, viz., that the Lord is with us while we are with him. And what is it for us to be with him? Only to be living in obedience to him, that is all.

(3) "When Asa (the king) heard these words . . . he took courage," verse 8. The first thing the minister or pastor wants in the work of a revival is courage. He must believe that God is with him and that something is possible, nay, likely, to be accomplished. The steps of the revival now follow in regular order.

(4) He "put away the abominable idols out of all the land."

(5) He "renewed the altar of the Lord," same verse.

(6) He "gathered all" the people together; "for they fell to him out of Israel in abundance when they saw that the Lord his God was with him." The revival is now on. The crowds are coming. The church has renounced her worldliness; entertainments and euchre parties have given place to the prayer meeting. "The altar of the Lord" has been substituted for "the abominable idols," and it has proved "a drawing card." The news are filling up. The world is cold and the people are gathering around the fire of the Lord.

(7) "They offered unto the Lord the same time, of the spoil which they had brought," verse 11. Here is a further evidence of the revival. When the spirit of God stirs up a people the coffers of the treasury begin to show it. The people offer willingly when the spirit of God prompts them to do it, and he so prompts them through the ministration of his word.

(8) "They entered into a covenant to seek the Lord . . . with all their heart and with all their soul," verse 12.

(9) "And all Judah rejoiced," verse 15.

(10) "And he (the Lord) was found of them; and the Lord gave them rest round about," same verse. Thus the revival came. The preaching of the word was with power. The commandments of God were obeyed. The assurance of personal salvation was a living strength. Peace with God was accompanied by the peace of God. There was boldness of testimony, separation from the ungodly and ungodliness, power in prayer, flocking assemblies of the people, liberal giving, earnest consecration and great rejoicing because of the people, liberal rejoicing because of the rest and the presence of the Lord. This is supernatural. It began by the spirit of God coming on one man, and the God of Azariah still lives! Why, then, shouldst we not ask him to help us as he helped them? Why not search him for the holy spirit to fall on us? Why not seek his blessing for our pastor? Remember the promise, "If two of you are agreed as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of my father which is in heaven" (M. 18:19).