

The SKY PILOT

By RALPH CONNOR

Author of "The Man From Glengarry" "Glengarry School Days" and "Black Rock"

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CHAPTER XIX.

THROUGH GWEN'S WINDOW. WHEN I told the Pilot of Lady Charlotte's purpose to visit Gwen he was not too well pleased. "What does she want with Gwen?" he said impatiently. "She will just put notions into her head and make the child discontented."

"Why should she?" said I. "She won't mean to, but she belongs to another world, and Gwen cannot talk to her without getting glimpses of a life that will make her long for what she can never have," said the Pilot.

"But suppose it is not like curiosity in Lady Charlotte," I suggested. "I don't say it is quite that," he answered, "but these people love a sensation."

"I don't think you know Lady Charlotte," I replied. "I hardly think from her tone the other night that she is a sensation hunter."

"At any rate," he answered decidedly, "she is not to worry poor Gwen." I was a little surprised at his attitude and felt that he was unfair to Lady Charlotte, but I forbore to argue with him on the matter. He could not bear to think of any person or thing threatening the peace of his beloved Gwen.

The very first Saturday after my promise was given we were surprised to see Lady Charlotte ride up to the door of our shack in the early morning.

"You see, I am not going to let you off," she said as I greeted her. "And the day is so very fine for a ride." I hesitated to apologize for not going to her, and then to get out of my difficulty rather neatly turned toward the Pilot and said:

"The Pilot doesn't approve of our visit."

"And why not, may I ask?" said Lady Charlotte, lifting her eyebrows. The Pilot's face burned, partly with wrath at me and partly with embarrassment, for Lady Charlotte had put on her grand air. But he stood to his guns.

"I was saying, Lady Charlotte," he said, looking straight into her eyes, "that you and Gwen have little in common—and"—He hesitated.

"Little in common?" said Lady Charlotte quietly. "She has suffered greatly."

The Pilot was quick to catch the note of sadness in her voice. "Yes," he said, wondering at her tone. "She has suffered greatly."

"And," continued Lady Charlotte, "she is bright as the morning, the Duke says." There was a look of pain in her face.

The Pilot's face lit up, and he came nearer and laid his hand caressingly upon her beautiful horse. "Yes, thank God," he said quickly; "bright as the morning."

angle of interlacing boughs and shimmering leaves, all glowing in yellow light, then Lady Charlotte broke the silence in tones soft and reverent as if she stood in a great cathedral.

"And this is Gwen's canyon?" "Yes, but she never sees it now," I said, for I could never ride through without thinking of the child to whose heart this was so dear, but whose eyes never rested upon it. Lady Charlotte made no reply, and we took the trail that wound down into this maze of mingling colors and lights and shadows. Everywhere lay the fallen leaves, brown and yellow and gold—everywhere on our trail, on the green mosses and among the dead ferns.

As we began to climb up into the open I glanced into my companion's face. The canyon had done its work with her as with all who loved it. The touch of pride that was the habit of her face was gone, and in its place rested the earnest wonder of a little child, while in her eyes lay the canyon's tender glow. And with this face she looked in upon Gwen.

And Gwen, who had been waiting for her, forgot all her nervous fear, and with hands outstretched, cried out in welcome: "Oh, I'm so glad! You have seen it and I know you love it! My canyon, you know," she went on, answering Lady Charlotte's mystified look.

"Yes, dear child," said Lady Charlotte, bending over the pale face with its halo of golden hair, "I love it." But she could get no further, for her eyes were full of tears. Gwen gazed up into the beautiful face, wondering at her silence, and then said gently:

"Tell me how it looks today! The Pilot always shows it to me. Do you know," she added thoughtfully, "the Pilot looks like it himself. He makes me think of it, and—and"—she went on shyly, "you do, too."

By this time Lady Charlotte was kneeling by the couch, smoothing the beautiful hair and gently touching the face so pale and lined with pain. "That is a great honor, truly," she said brightly through her tears—"to be like your canyon and like your Pilot too."

Gwen nodded, but she was not to be denied. "Tell me how it looks today," she said. "I want to see it. Oh, I want to see it!"

Lady Charlotte was greatly moved by the yearning in the voice, but, controlling herself, she said gently: "Oh, I can't show it to you as your Pilot can, but I'll tell you what I saw."

"Turn me where I can see," said Gwen to me, and I wheeled her toward the window and raised her up so that she could look down the trail toward the canyon's mouth.

"Now," she said, after the pain of the lifting had passed, "tell me, please." Then Lady Charlotte set the canyon before her in rich and radiant coloring, while Gwen listened, gazing down upon the trail to where the elm tops could be seen, rusty and sear.

"Oh, it is lovely!" said Gwen. "And I see it so well. It is all there before me when I look through my window."

But Lady Charlotte looked at her, wondering to see her bright smile, and at last she could not help the question: "But don't you weary to see it with your own eyes?"

"Yes," said Gwen gently; "often I want and want it, oh, so much!" "And then, Gwen, dear, how can you bear it?" Her voice was eager and earnest. "Tell me, Gwen, I have heard all about your canyon flowers, but I can't understand how the fretting and the pain went away."

Gwen looked at her first in amazement and then in dawning understanding. "Have you a canyon, too?" she asked gravely.

Lady Charlotte paused a moment, then nodded. It did appear strange to me that she should break down her proud reserve and open her heart to this child.

"How many come to see me! You make five." Then she added softly, "You will write your letter." But Lady Charlotte shook her head.

"I can't do that, I fear," she said, "but I shall think of it." It was a bright face that looked out upon us through the open window as we rode down the trail. Just before we took the dip into the canyon I turned to wave my hand.

"Gwen's friends always wave from here," I said, wheeling my bronco. Again and again Lady Charlotte waved her handkerchief.

"How beautiful, but how wonderful!" she said as if to herself. "Truly, her canyon is full of flowers." "It is quite beyond me," I answered. "The Pilot may explain."

"Is there anything your Pilot can't do?" said Lady Charlotte. "Try him," I ventured. "I mean to," she replied, "but I cannot bring any one to my canyon. I fear," she added in an uncertain voice

As she spoke she wheeled her horse and centered off, for her own tears were not far away. I followed her in thought up the trail winding through the round topped hills and down through the golden lights of the canyon and into Gwen's room. I could see the pale face with its golden aureole light up and glow as they sat before the window while Lady Charlotte would tell her how Gwen's canyon looked today and how in her own bleak canyon there was the sign of flowers.

To be continued.



"Yes, dear child," said Charlotte, "I love it."

As I left her at her door she thanked me with courteous grace. "You have done a great deal for me," she said, giving me her hand. "It has been a beautiful, a wonderful, day."

When I told the Pilot all the day's doings he burst out: "What a stupid and self righteous fool I have been! I never thought there could be any canyon in her life. How short our sight is! and all that night I could get almost no words from him."

That was the first of many visits to Gwen. Not a week passed but Lady Charlotte took the trail to the Meredith ranch and spent an hour at Gwen's window. Often the Pilot found her there. But though they were always pleasant hours to him he would come home in great trouble about Lady Charlotte.

"She is perfectly charming and doing Gwen no end of good, but she is proud as an archangel. Has had an awful break with her family at home, and it is spoiling her life. She told me so much, but she will allow no one to touch the affair."

But one day we met her riding toward the village. As we drew near she drew up her horse and held up a letter.

"Home!" she said. "I wrote it today, and I must get it off immediately." The Pilot understood her at once, but he only said: "Good!" but with such emphasis that we both laughed.

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Jesus Teaching How to Pray

Sunday School Lesson for July 22, 1906

Specialy Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 11:1-13. Memory verses, 3 and 13. GOLDEN TEXT.—"Lord, teach us to pray."—Luke 11:1.

PICTURE REFERENCES.—Examples as to prayer: Prayers in secret, Matt. 6:6-7; in public, Matt. 23:15-16; Luke 11:1-13; John 11:41-42; Grace before meat, Matt. 14:19; 26:26; Mark 6:41; Long prayers, in public and in private, John 17; Mark 1:35; Luke 4:12; Short, ejaculatory prayers, Matt. 27:46; Luke 22:34; John 11:41; 12:27; Prayer for friends, Matt. 19:13; Luke 22:32; John 17; Prayer for sinners, Luke 17:34; Prayer for himself that always with the thought of others, Matt. 26:39; 27:46; Christ's teachings about prayer: Group 1, Matt. 6:5-6; Group 2, Matt. 6:7-8; Group 3, Matt. 6:9-13; Group 4, Luke 11:2-4; Group 5, Mark 11:25; Luke 11:6; Matt. 23:37; Mark 11:25; Matt. 17:20; Mark 11:24; Matt. 21:22; Group 6, Luke 11:15-17; Group 7, Luke 11:18-19; Group 8, Matt. 18:18, 19, 20; Luke 10:17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23.

It was now late in the year A. D. 29, or possibly early in 30. Jesus was probably still in Perea, though the exact locality is unknown. Jesus, in these teachings about prayer, repeats the several petitions of that prayer first given in his Sermon on the Mount. He doubtless found it necessary more than once to teach thus particularly on the all-important subject of earnest prayer, and also would naturally give a form of prayer; but the differences noticeable in the two reports—Matt. 6:9-13, and verses 2-4 before us—show that he placed no emphasis upon the exact words. He sought rather, by this model, to show in what spirit we should approach God and what petitions we may bring to him with assurance of being heard. Not yet did he teach the disciples to pray "in his name." That came later. At this date they could not have understood it. They needed first to learn to pray in a filial spirit, with and for others, and to continue praying if the answer were delayed.

The Lord's Prayer.—We somewhat inappropriately style the prayer which Jesus taught "the Lord's Prayer." It is our prayer—the prayer for every child of God. "Its distinctive characteristics—the filial spirit and the fraternal spirit. The Lord's Prayer is thus nothing else than the summary of the law put into practice; and this summary so realized in the secrecy of the heart will naturally pass thence into the entire life."—Godet. "I used to think the Lord's Prayer was a short prayer; but as I live longer, and see more of life, I begin to believe there is no such thing as getting through it."

Our Heavenly Father knows no favoritism; he is just as willing to answer the prayer of his humblest child as that of the most mature saint. But it is true that we need to be taught to pray. Now the same Teacher who taught the apostles and early disciples has been the Teacher of every one who has been "mighty in prayer" since their day. And he has not yet closed his school, nor ever turned away one willing to be a scholar. To him we too may come and with sincere hearts offer the prayer which is our Golden Text: "Lord, teach us to pray." Jesus will not give us some magic formula, for saying prayers is not praying, but through his own words of teaching, such as we have to-day before us, and through practice drill, he will teach and train us, so that we too may be able to offer "the effectual, fervent prayer" which "avails much."

Jesus' example, as well as his words, taught those who were associated with him that it is man's high privilege to pray to the great God. At one time they asked Jesus, "Teach us to pray." In replying he taught that we may come to God as loving children to a kind father, and that we may pray for others as well as ourselves. Our first petitions should be for the honoring of our Father's name, the coming of Christ's kingdom, and the accomplish-

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ment of God's blessed will among men. The Dead-Prayer Office.—What becomes of all the unanswered letters? Thousands of them find their way to the dead letter office. Some never reach the person to whom they are addressed, because of the postage not being paid; some fall because they are directed to the wrong office; some cannot be sent because the address is illegible; and some because the matter inclosed is illegible. These float through the mails, are examined at different offices, marked "Misent," and finally they fall into the dead letter office. There they are opened and read, and if valuable, are forwarded; if not, they are given to the flames. Such is the accuracy and skill of the post office department, that very few fail to reach their destination. Some prayers never reach God because they are not addressed to his office. They are directed to the audience. God's office is not in our neighbor's care, and if we direct our prayers to that point, they will certainly go to the dead letter office. Each of the reasons why letters go astray will hold good of unanswered prayers.—Advocate.

Practical Points. V. 1. Only under the tuition of a divine teacher can we learn to pray aright.—Rom. 8:26 (Rev. Ver.) V. 2. We should recognize God as our loving Father and come to him with bold confidence.—Ps. 103:13. V. 3. We shall have our own and the best way when we suffer the Spirit to conform our wills to God's will.—1 John 5:14, 15. V. 4. The divine plan is to feed only the hungry.—Matt. 5:6. V. 5. The earnestness which displeases man pleases God.—1 Thess. 5:17.

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