

during which he would call piteously for 'just one match,' and cry out for help for a man down a shaft, or 'a little lass.'

"Meanwhile the man had been rescued from his perilous position, though almost mad with fright and want of water. He was taken to the hospital, and as soon as he gathered strength, he told his story.

"His name was Jim Firth, and he had been out prospecting with two mates, new

crying 'Daddy, Daddy, you didn't come home to Christmas!'

"She soon understood what had befallen him, and then asked to be taken to the 'good, good man who had saved her daddy.' When Ralph had sufficiently recovered, this request was granted, and little 'karaka blossom,' as Jim called her, came with her wooden doll in her arms to see him. She looked at him, her sweet face quivering with



Hes, Photo., HE EMPLOYED HANDS TO PUT IN A DRIVE AND TEST ITS VALUE, *Auckland.*
AND A GOOD FIND WAS THE RESULT.

arrivals on the field of whom he knew nothing. They had made a lucky hit, and it seems the two scoundrels had determined to make off with the gold, disposing of him as we have seen.

"The meeting between him and his little lass was very pathetic, the child being brought to the hospital to see him. He held her like a recovered treasure in his arms, while she flung her arms round his neck,

emotion, her large brown eyes filling with tears; then, unable to control her feelings, she cried out, 'You are good, you are good; I love you, and I will ask my Jesus to love you always.'

"There was silence, as Ralph held the little creature fast, and kissed her brow, cheek, and lips reverently, as if some holy thought were in his mind, and ever after they were firm friends.