

"Glad an proud to do that same, and let by-gones be by-gones, Mr Stanhope."

There was a moistness in Dr Mountain's eyes as he said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law. May the Good Shepherd, who has sheep in every flock, bless you both, and in His own time gather you into His heavenly fold."

"Amen," I said with all my heart. "Dr Mountain, I have learned something in this island of horrors—that goodness is not bounded by creed, for I have seen you and your clergy nurse the sick and feed the hungry day after day although not one in a score of them are of your church. The thanks that have been in my heart for your kindness to my countrymen I am not ashamed now to speak."

He clasped my hand. "My dear Mr Keegan, say not another word; when a man comes to die the most painful reflection he can have is, that he did not embrace every opportunity he had during his lifetime of doing good. You and I have simply done our duty, and, after all, have to confess we are unprofitable servants of the one God whom we worship at different altars." Having said this he turned away to resume his visitation of the sick elsewhere.

26.—The weather has been steaming hot for a week, with heavy showers, and fog at night, making our situation worse and spreading infection. There is a stench both in and out of doors.