

traitor to the boys, I will leave your worthless carcass here one moment after your answer is spoken !”

“Unlucky day that I ever knew the boys !” came from the trembling man who crouched nearer to the friendly tree. “Strike if you will ! And may the God whom you call to witness your deed, accept my death in atonement for the evil I have committed amongst you !”

Before the last word had died away, a pistol shot rang clearly through the silent wondering forest, and a moment later a man lay prostrate upon the ground. At once the priest came forward. The murderer, hitherto unaware of any witness, was terrified at the possibility of discovery, and sought safety in immediate flight. Father Antone bent tenderly over the helpless form, and staunched the wound from which blood freely flowed. Then placing the dying man in a more comfortable position, he strove to make him realize that the God to whom he had offered his life, was willing to accept his atonement. Slowly the idea formed itself in his mind, and between gasping breaths he told as best he might, the story of his life, up to the moment when he had finally listened to the reproaches of conscience, and decided, at any cost, to break with his evil associates.

Antone Winston, as a priest of God, listened to the sorrowful recital, then spoke the words of absolving peace to this singularly favored penitent. With overpowering emotion, he told him of the Sacred Host which Providence had permitted him to have in his care at this moment; and it was here, in the vast silence of the forest, that this prodigal received the pledge of pardon and peace from the hand of the wondering priest.

The last moments of life were upon the sufferer when he feebly asked the name of his rescuer. Antone Winston bent affectionately over the prostrate form, and in that instant a new light came into the face of the dying man.

With a sudden energy he grasped the priest's hand and exclaimed in a clear voice : “I am—the—other—Antone! —Forgive—me! We have—kept—our—tryst in—the—shadow—of—King Eon! ”

