

as if they were my own. They should never miss their natural protector, as far as providing for their material comforts went; but I would have the wages of sin paid and not by the innocent. There is no punishment of crime but brings with it its own train of sorrow to the innocent, yet we know it also brings its warning. It is the most forcible sermon on the impossibility of escaping God's justice ever preached."

In the partial light he could not see the glow that over-spread the parchment-like face of his listener nor how the deep-sunk eyes turned on him with an admiration that made them almost beautiful in their intensity.

"When you come to see your duty you will do it, no odds what the consequences are," he said, half-aloud.

"I did not understand you," said the minister, thinking the muttered words had been addressed to him.

"You know Father Williams?" asked the peddler.

"Slightly," replied Mr. Gray. "We are both engaged in work among the prisoners and so meet occasionally."

"You must never," said the peddler, in his slow tone, "in any way interfere with his work there, even if it should cross your own in a manner you naturally object to."

Mr. Gray was taken back by the words. He half-lifted his head to make the reply that might have been expected from one under the circumstances when there suddenly flashed through his mind the remembrance of a line he had read that morning in his Testament, "For he spoke not as the Scribes and the Pharisees but as one having authority," and the suddenness of its recalling chained his tongue.

"And you must," continued the peddler, "act with caution while you are in this neighborhood. We may

sometimes ourselves be held, before a higher tribunal, as accessories to the evil men do to us."

The next morning as the peddler was about to start, his host asked him concerning his route.

"I ought to start direct to Mount Olivet," replied he, "as I need to buy some things for a customer of mine, but the last time I was around here I promised to bring Mrs. Burns a book she wanted, so I must first go around to her place."

"Why don't you send the book by Brother Gray and save yourself that long tramp?" asked Dave. "He stays at the Springs and it is not so far from there to her house."

"Well, now, I never thought of it," said the peddler.

The minister hastened to express the pleasure it would give him to be of any service, while Dave gave a few explicit directions how he was to find Mrs. Burns' place. The minister placed the little paper-bound volume in his pocket, then he and Mr. Daly shook hands, and after bidding the little family farewell, both left the old house and turned their faces in different directions.

CHAPTER IX.

As Bluebell dragged her feet over the stony road that Sunday, on Judith's brain, with that dull mechanism on the will seems paralyzed and could no longer direct the thoughts, surged the words: "Short years pass away and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return." Reaching the stile, she dismounted and led the horse around to the stable. She sat down on its doorway, fashioned from a narrow log, and while Bluebell crunched her corn in the stall behind, Judith's benumbed