Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1889.

FROM THE DAILY COLONIST, Jan. 9.

CHRISTMAS AT HOPE.

[Correspondence of THE COLONIST].

You will now doubt be interested with a description of the Christmas decorations of Hope church, which was a magnificent sight, got up entirely by the Indians at their own expense.

Precisely at 10:45 p. m. on Christmas eve as the church bell rang, the road from one end to the other of the Indian Reserve was lighted up on both sides with basket lanterns, representing all the colors of the rainbow. These baskets were attached to small spruce trees placed in the ground about twelve feet apart, each one of the baskets holding a candle; four flag-staffs were erected, two at each end of the village, also decorated with variegated colored lights; where the road turned off to go to the church was also illuminated in the same manner, and another flag-staff, sixty feet long, was erected; these five flag-staffs were flying the church flag bearing the church motto, "Religion, Temperance, Civilization." At the further end of the road beyond the church on the bank of the Fraser river, another flagstaff was erected, also beautifully decorated and illuminated, flying "The Union Jack of Old England." Just as the clock struck 11 p. m. the cannon fired seven salutes in honor of our most graciousst Majesty the Queen, and as the clock told the hour of midnight a general salute was fired by the Indians to announce and welcome the nativity of our Saviour. As the church doors were thrown open every one was struck with the beauty and taste of the decorations of artificial flowers around the building; above the altar was printed in large golden letters "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*" The midnight mass was conducted by the Rev. Father Peytavin, O. M. I., and lasted for two hours, the Indians all taking the Holy Communion. The singing was splendid, especially the "Adeste Fideles," which was rendered in good style, Pierre, the Hope chief, leading the choir. Every one seemed to enter heart and soul in celebrating the birth of Our Saviour Christ. Too much praise and credit cannot be given to the Indians for the taste they displayed in their decorations, and for the quiet, orderly manner that they conducted themselves throughout the whole of their Christmas celebration.

H. H. D.S.

Hope, B. C., December 26, 1888.

CITY POLICE COURT.

(Before Hon. A. N. Richards, P. M.)

William Barry, on remand from the 4th inst., charged with wanton cruelty to a little dog, was the first case called.

Mr. Yates, for the prosecution, stated that the boy who saw the prisoners run after striking the dog were not to be found, but two witnesses would be produced who would testify that the prisoners came to their house instead of running down the street.

Mrs. Barnswell sworn, deposed to knowing the prisoner. He called at her house on Sunday, the 28th, somewhere between three and four o'clock, she thought. I told the police officer and Mr. Ellis that I could not tell the exact time. Prisoner and another young man stayed at the house for about an hour. He was on business. A man whom I think was named Whitcombe was with the prisoner. The young man did not mention anything about Mr. Ellis' dog. The men did not appear hurried at all when they called. I know the defendant well; know his whole family. He introduced his friend Whitcombe. It was still daylight when he left the house.

James Barnswell said: I know the man Barry. I remember seeing him in my house on Sunday, December 30th. He came to tell me what time he would go to work with me at Cedar Hill in the morning. When he called on me I should say it was between three and four. He had been at the house quite a while, it might have been an hour or more before the children came home from Sunday school. He might have stayed an hour or two, I could not say. I went to the door with him when he went out. It was broad daylight. I have known Barry since he was a child. I have not seen him since Sunday. Oh, yes, I saw him on the street yesterday, but did not talk to him. Have not spoken to him since the Sunday he called on me. I have not talked to anyone about this case since.

Mrs. Lane called—I saw Mr. Ellis on the street on Sunday afternoon. I heard a little boy, Willie Barnswell, say that the two men, Barry and Whitcombe, were at Mr. Barnswell's house a few minutes after I saw Mr. Ellis on the street. I saw Mr. Ellis again going home. Did not see him speak to any little boys. I should say it was two o'clock or a little after when I saw Mr. Ellis.

Mr. Yates here rested the case for the prosecution. He said he had had considerable difficulty to contend against in the fact that the principal witnesses were old friends of the prisoner. Barry said the three boys in court saw him coming over the hill. He did not see the necessity of calling them, however.

His honor thought it would be better to call evidence.

Frank Hipper sworn, said he did not see the prisoner carrying any bone when passing Mr. Ellis' house. He did not walk any quicker when passing than before.

To his honor—When I heard the dog yelp, the defendant was ten or twenty yards ahead of the dog; he had passed the dog. The defendant did not pass close to Mr. Ellis' house. I was standing in front of Rev. Mr. Fraser's house when I first saw the two men. I went to see what was the matter with the dog about five minutes after the two men passed.

To Mr. Yates—These men came over the hill. I could just see the tops of their hats over a rock. I recognized them when they were on top of the hill. Did not pay particular notice to them. Only after I heard the dog yelp I looked round. I could not see the dog at first. When I got up where I could see it, it was at Mr. Ellis' fence lying down. The dog couldn't have run a hundred yards from the time I heard it yell till I saw it. When I saw the defendant he was about ten yards from the dog. Did not notice anything in his hands.

Mr. Yates suggested that Officer Levin be put in the box, to disprove a portion of Mrs. Barnswell's statements.

Officer Levin sworn: I went in company with Mr. Ellis, Jr., to see Mrs. Barnswell. I found out from the children that the defendant had called on her. I then asked her and she said Barry and his companion called at about two o'clock and stayed one hour or an hour and a half.

His honor enquired on what grounds Mr. Yates based his prosecution.

Mr. Yates replied that it was a case of wanton cruelty, thoughtless perhaps; but still all that had been charged in the information had been fully proved.

His honor remarked that as far as he could understand, the defendant bore neither Mr. Ellis nor his dog any enmity. He probably never saw the dog before. It was very likely that they were passing and the puppy ran out and jumped about them to be petted, as a little dog will, and the defendant struck him or kicked him, not intending to break his leg.

Mr. Yates remarked that he thought the case as recited by the magistrate had been completely proved. The act was one of wanton cruelty, and that was all that was charged.

His honor, after looking over the evidence of the witness. Whitcombe, commented upon it. This witness, said he, says that he and the defendant were walking along and heard the dog whine, and they went over and Barry turned the dog over gently with his foot. Continuing, his honor said that he would have to decide the case on the evidence submitted.

Mr. Yates—On *all* the evidence, your honor, not on that of the one witness, which we have proved to be false in the most important particulars.

His honor—Well, I will have to go by the evidence before me. I dismiss the case.

Mr. Yates—Very well, your honor will remember, the charge alleged of wanton cruelty, has, I think, been fully proven.

Birdie Jones, charged with prostitution, failed to put in an appearance, and a warrant was issued for her arrest.

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

TO THE EDITOR:—The item in your issue of December 28th, taken from the Nanaimo *Free Press*, was a gross exaggeration. Instead of the late flood being "unprecedented," it was only what happens every winter.

The part of the Courtenay River bridge reported washed away was some piles driven last winter to support that tottering structure. The bridge itself still hangs, no worse in appearance than it was before, though that was bad enough. It has been twice declared unsafe for traffic, and the Government has shaken itself clear of responsibility in case of accidents, but it is the only bridge over the river, and people must and will cross till some unlucky team pays the penalty. The bridge should certainly have been renewed last summer.

As for the road being "entirely destroyed," it only cost ten dollars to put it in better repair than it was when "placed in good order last summer." The gravel is swept clean off the roadbed of stones at the junction of the rivers every winter, and last summer (surely to save expense) it was not replaced, consequently when people crossed that portion of the road they were fain to alight, and they did not bless the ruling powers as their vehicles jolted over. But since the freshet, the gravel has been replaced, and so the road is now in better condition than last summer. If the government would, once for all; raise that small piece of road four feet higher than it is, it would save the steady annual expense of re-gravelling.

RESIDENT.

Comox, Jan. 3rd.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—In this question I uphold, substantially, the views of Rev. P. F. Macleod, and will try now to answer H. J. H.'s questions.

1. Was not this Sabbath observance a part of the Mosaic law.

A. Yes and no. The Sabbath was instituted at the creation. "And on the seventh day God ended his work, which He had made, and He rested on the seventh day from all the work which He had made, and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, etc.—Gen. II., 2 and 3 v.

At Sinai—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," etc. For "In six days the Lord made Heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Ex. xx., 8 and 11 v.

The Mosaic law abrogated by Christ was the *ceremonial* law; the 4th commandment forms part of the *moral* law; and to show that it was not special to the Jews, nor a new law, it commences, "Remember the Sabbath day." As well abolish the law of murder, of adultery, the whole decalogue in fact.

2. Was this law given to any other than the Jewish nation?

A. Were any of the other commandments so given?

3 and 4.—Was not the Mosiac law the schoolmaster, etc., and was not the mission of Christ to make an end of the law?

Yes, the ceremonial not the moral law, the law of bulls and goats, the types and shadows, not the reality. What did our Saviour say: "Think not I am come to destroy the law of the prophets; I am come not to destroy, but to fulfil." (Matth. v. 17.)

5. Seeing there was no penalty attached to non-observance of the seventh day before it became a part of Mosiac law, what reason would you give, etc. Was there any penalty for robbery, adultery, or false witness? Is there now?

6. Did not the Christian Jews who sought to bring the Mosiac law into force meet the disapproval, etc.? That was the ceremonial not the moral law, and related to circumcision. (Acts xv., 5 v. and 24 v.)

7. We observe days and months and times and years, etc, A. All relating to fasts, feasts and new mooons.

"Let no man judge you in meat and drink, or in respect of the Sabbath." Certainly, our Saviour said, the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. He did not say it is henceforth the done away with. He himself observed Sabbath day, "and He was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath (St. Luke XII. 10 v.)" and as His custom was He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day and stood up to read, (St. Luke X. 16 v.

9. Seeing that the penalty for non-observance of the Sabbath was to be stoned to death, is it not folly to talk of Sabbath-keeping? Read on—"The man that committeth adultery with another man's wife, the adulterer and the adulteress shall be surely put to death, (Lev. XX. 10 v.)" Is it not folly to observe the 7th Commandment? Again—and "Moses spake to the children of Israel that they should bring forth him that had cursed, out of the camp and stone him with stones; and the children of Israel did so." Is it not folly to talk of observing the 3rd Commandment?

No, undoubtedly the observance of the Sabbath is of moral obligation and applies to the Jews no more than to any other nation before or since. It is a privilege both physically and morally. To this practice has been attributed much of England's greatness. Those who will sneer at this will probably sneer also at the Bible. Let H. J. H. ponder the following text and perhaps he will find that the Sabbath has a peculiar sanctity and its observance a peculiar blessing: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable; and shalt honour Him not doing thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth," etc. Is. LVIII. 13, 14 vv.

E. M.

Victoria, January 7, 1889.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR:—A slight mistake has been made in the setting up of my letter on the Sabbath question, which affects the argument. Will you kindly say in tomorrow's paper, by way of correction, that the quotation in connection with question No. 7, should read: "Let no man *judge you*," etc., instead of, "Let no man *grudge you*," etc., and oblige yours, respectfully?

H. J. H.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I will endeavor to answer the questions of your correspondent, "H. J. H.," as briefly as possible.

First, was the 4th commandment not a part of the Mosiac law? I answer that depends on what you mean by the term "Mosiac." The moral law contained in the ten commandments was given by Moses, but was in no other sense Mosiac; that law containing the eternal principles of justice lying at the foundation of all human laws and giving them authority. The civil law of the Jews was Mosiac and has passed away with their national existence, and the religious or ceremonial law has passed away, for Christ has fulfilled it; but the moral law as contained in the ten commandments can never pass away.

2nd.—Was this law given to any other but the Jewish nation; if so, what other? The answer here is very simple. Did God reveal Himself at all to any other people as to the Jews, and would your correspondent think the sixth or seventh commandment was invalidated by the fact that they also were only revealed to the Jews? But the Sabbath was given from the beginning of the history of the race, and if I had space I could give some interesting facts with regard to its having been known in Egypt. This much is certain, the division of time by periods of seven days was known to other nations.

3rd. Was not the Mosaic law the schoolmaster to bring the Jews to Christ? Yes, the moral law, as well as the ceremonial law, served this purpose, and the moral law is still doing the work of the schoolmaster. It is quite evident that this schoolmaster has been abroad in Victoria, and that he is much needed among us yet. When we leave school we do not abolish the schoolmaster or forget his teaching, we make room for new pupils and go out into the world to carry out the principles he has instilled into us. By the law is the knowledge of sin, and the law must exist as long as sinners exist. I never knew nor heard of a follower of Christ who was a Sabbath breaker, for whatever his views of the moral law may be, he is sure to delight in a day devoted to Christ's worship and service.

4th. Was it not the mission of Christ to make an end of the law, to fulfil the law, make it honorable, and take it out of the way, nailing it to His cross? It was the missson of Christ to make an end of the law, as a means of justification, "for by the deeds of the law could no flesh be justified." It was His mission to fulfil the law and make it honorable, and this He accomplished by His perfect obedience, but He *did not* take it out of the way, nor nail it to His cross. The passage your correspondent quotes reads thus: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross," (Col. 2 and 14.) The moral law cannot be put out of the way.

5th. Seeing that there was no penalty attached to the non-observance of the seventh day before it became part of the Mosaic law, what reason would you give that its non-observance now is displeasing to God, it being clear that the law was removed as a curse, which it was, to all that had to do with it? There are two extraordinary statements here—First, that there was no penalty attached to the non-observance of the Sabbath before the law was given from Mount Sinai. Where did your correspondent get this information? If God gave the Sabbath law before the Mosaic law which your correspondent admits very inconsistently, that law could not be broken without bringing suffering and loss on those who were guilty, simply because the law was necessary for the welfare of mankind. The second statement is, "that the Sabbath law proved a curse to all that had to do with it." How any man with his Bible in his hand could make such a statement is astonishing indeed; why the curse that fell upon the Jews is declared again and again to have come through breaking the Sabbath law, and God's blessing is over and over again promised to them if they will keep his Sabbaths, (see Isa. 58 and 13, Amos 8. 4 to 10.

6th. Did not the Christian Jews who sought to bring the Mosaic law into force again, meet the disapproval of God? Yes, meaning by the Mosaic law the ceremonial law, the apostle never sought to abolish the moral law.

7th. Do not the following passages from the inspired letters of St. Paul show that the Judaizing was in the matter of the Sabbath as well as other things on the law? See Gal. 4 and 10 and 6. Certainly the Jews had made the law of God of none effect by their traditions, and the apostles and Christ Himself found it needful to correct their false views about the Sabbath law. See Mark II., 27 and 28. But warning against an abuse of the Sabbath law is not abolishing, but upholding it. And here let me ask why Christ accepts the Lordship of the Sabbath, if he came into the world to abolish it. He surely would not call Himself Lord of an institution that "had proved a curse to all who had anything to do with it."

8th. Was not the first day of the week called the Lord's day, because it was His resurrection day? Certainly, and for the reason given above also, and as I have stated before the change of day does not touch the principle of the Sabbath law, which is a seventh portion of time for rest and worship.

9th. Seeing that the details of the Sabbath law prohibited even the gathering of an armful of wood and the penalty was to be stoned to death is it not folly to talk of Sabbath-keeping? I answer, the penalty in the Jewish state of breaking the seventh commandment was stoning to death, it is not folly to speak of keeping the seventh commandment. Such reasoning will not satisfy me. The penalties attached to the breach of the Sabbath law were meant for the Jews and have no bearing whatever on the permanence of the law itself. In the fourth commandment there is no statement of a penalty, and these details as to what might be done or not done on the Sabbath have no bearing on the question.

10th.—In view of the foregoing, are you not incorrect in saying that God has ordained one day in seven as a day of rest and worship, according to the law and the gospel, and having a present application to the Christians among the Gentiles? I need scarcely say that I do not think "H.J.H." will ask me to change my views on the ground of his having proved me incorrect, but I would fain hope we may come yet to see eye to eye in this matter. If he admits that the Lord's day is of service to His people and that a day's rest in seven is beneficial to mankind, he may abrogate the 4th commandment, but he practically re-enacts it. I prefer to take my day of rest and worship as God's good gift and to prize it accordingly.

I have known many denounce the God-given Sabbath, who proceeded in the same breath to announce a Sabbath of their own devising; but, unfortunately, none of us have the right to impose laws upon our neighbors. That is God's prerogative alone.

P. McF. MACLEOD.

MARINE.

The schooners Pathfinder, Viva and Ariel are fitting out for sealing at Janion's wharf. They expect to get out toward the last of next week.

The steamer Rainbow is tied up at the Rice Mills dock, waiting for a chance to go on the ways at the Star shipyard.

Gutman & Frank's schooner Black Diamond is on the ways at Clark & Turple's shipyard, having a new mainmast put in and her upper works repaired.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

Particulars of the Fearful Crime at Gilman, W. T.—A Fiend Who Deserved Lynching.

The following particulars of the tragedy at Gilman, W. T., resulting in the murder of three persons, the wounding of four others, and the lynching of the assassin, have been received: It appears that some months ago Alfred Shoffard assaulted the wife of George Bodayla, for which offence he was jailed for seven days. After being released, Shoffard returned to Gilman and swore to have revenge, if he had to kill Bodayla's entire family. For this threat he was again sent to jail for ninety days, and on his release he renewed his threat against Bodayla. Shoffard at length became so offensive that Bodayla decided to leave the village and made preparations for his departure. When Shoffard learned of Bodayla's intention he grew more abusive and outspoken as to what he was going to do, and fearing an attack Bodayla got two friends, John and Michael Surlock to sleep in his house as guards. On Christmas night an attempt was made to blow up the house and its occupants with a keg of powder, but the explosive used being ordinary blasting powder, its force was expended on the ground beneath the house. Bodayla was counselled to have the man arrested, but he declared it useless as he intended to leave in a few days. He therefore remained in the house with his family and the two guards as protection. On Monday morning about 4:30 o'clock the neighbors were aroused and startled by a terrific explosion, and on hastening in the direction whence the explosion proceeded, they were horrified to find Bodayla's house had been demolished, not enough being left to show what it had been. Groans were heard among the *debris*, when lanterns were hastily procured and a search instituted. The first victims found were the two brothers, John and Michael Surlock, both dead and frightfully mangled. The little nine-year old girl of Bodayla had been instantly killed, but her body was not torn or disfigured. George Bodayla was found with his left leg hanging by the muscles, while his wife was removed from the ruins in an unconscious condition. The two younger children were terribly bruised, though not dangerously hurt. After the first excitement had cooled down, the miners made a rush for Shoffard's cabin. He was found feigning sleep; but a search revealed the fact that he had but just returned, the mud on his boots being still wet. He was handed over to the authorities, but later in the day the citizens took him from the sheriff and lynched him, stringing his body up to a convenient tree.

TOWN TOPICS TERSELY TOLD.

Local and General Happenings Gathered Up and Presented in a Readable Shape.

J. B. Harrison is in the field as a candidate for aldermanic honors in James Bay ward.

The ladies of Esquimalt will give a ball in the Blue Ribbon hall, on Thursday evening.

The Victoria Choral Society meet at Waitt's music rooms this evening for rehearsal.

John Hendry, manager of the Royal City Planing Mills, has accepted nomination for the mayoralty at Westminster.

"The Family and the Church" will form the subject of the Rev. Donald Fraser's address in the Y. M. C. A. hall this evening.

Dog poisoners are at work in the city. Mr. Geo. Riley now mourns the loss of a very fine spaniel, poisoned by some malicious wretch.

At the second drawing of the Nanaimo building society, Mr. Munro Miller of Victoria, proved to be the winner of the $2,000 appropriation.

Telegrams from Maple Ridge state that up to yesterday there had been five deaths from diphtheria, and about fifteen are at present down with the disease.

The weather at Hope is reported to be beautifully mild. There has been very little frost and no snow, and the outlook for an ice crop is poor.

A corner of the Manitoba blizzard—minus the cold—struck the city last evening, removing one or two signboards and handling a few chimneys rather roughly.

A. A. Green, president of the Protestant Orphans' Home, acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a donation of $25 from the Shipwrights' Association of Victoria.

W. H. Jones, the murderer of Durant, will be hanged at Westminster this morning. The execution will take place in the jail-yard and will be private. All the arrangements for carrying out the sentence of the law were completed last evening.

Rev. J. E. Starr will deliver the special sermon to the Garrison Artillery men on Sunday next in the Pandora street Methodist church. A special musical programme is being prepared by the choir of the church under the able leadership of Prof. Sharpe.

Mr. R. P. Rithet's steam launch which carries the mails and newspapers daily to the Premier, now in quarantine, started out for the steamer at noon yesterday but encountered such rough weather just outside of the harbor that it was compelled to put back to port.

It is reported that a number of Westminster sporting men have been victimized of a considerable sum of money. It is said they arranged with some wrestlers to "do up" the Port Townsend people, but when the match came off the Westminster favorite was defeated, the "double crosscut" having been played.

A tea service of six pieces, water cooler and goblet, all of solid silver, which were presented to Mr. John Weiler by his brother Oddfellows on Monday night, are now on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Pennock & Clayton's establishment. Each piece bears the triple link symbol of the craft, and the monogram "J. W." The engraving is the most chaste and elegant, and the gold lining of each article adds to the rich appearance of the beautiful service.

PERSONAL.

E. L. Shannon, of Seattle, is in the city.

J. E. Stanton, Winnipeg, is at the Driard.

H. H. McDonald and Geo. Byrnes are at Vancouver.

David Ferguson and daughter of Seattle, are at the Driard.

Roderick Ross, of the H. B. Co., Vancouver, is at the Driard.

Alex. McPherson, an old Victorian now of Seattle, is at the Driard.

Leonard G. Little, of Ross, McLaren & Co., Montreal, is at the Driard.

John Hendry, of the Royal City Mills, Westminster, is a guest at the Driard.

R. D. Mather and James Dalgardo, of Port Townsend, are at the Oriental.

A. Haslam, of Nanaimo, came down by rail yesterday to spend a few days in Victoria.

T. A. Quirk, of Melbourne, Australia, is spending a few days in Victoria, a guest at the Driard.

Geo. C. Watts, a Chicago tourist, is spending a few days in Victoria before going on to California.

C. R. Chapin, city editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, arrived in the city yesterday, and will spend a few days in getting acquainted with Victoria and Victorians.

Mrs. Moran, wife of Mayor Moran of Seattle, arrived in the city yesterday to attend the wedding of her neice, Miss Copeland, to Mr. A. F. Reid; which takes place in St. Andrew's church this evening.

A GILDED SIN.

[A SERIAL STORY BY BERTHA M. CLAY.]

(Concluded.)

He had freed Veronica from her bondage—of that he was pleased to think. No one could frighten her now. She was quite safe, and the terrible secret was dead and buried. He locked away the charred fragments; he did not destroy them—he could never tell why; and that one simple proceeding altered the whole destiny of his life. Had there been a fire in his room when he reached home, he would have tossed the little packet into the flames; as it was, the door of his iron safe was open, and he flung the packet into it.

Then he set about making arrangements for going abroad; but he found that it would be impossible—that he could not leave England until after Christmas without neglecting duties that his conscience would not allow him to neglect. He said to himself that he must be content. There was no help for it. He must shut himself up in the old Manor house, where Veronica's sweet face would never shine. Time would pass when once he was over the seas—he would live on excitement. Anything would be better than staying in England. Yet by night and by day—despite all his stern resolve to forget Veronica—he was always asking himself why she had burned the will—what her motive was—what she had gained by it? Was it possible that the will took from her some legacy or gift?

"I never thought that she even cared for money," he said to himself over and over again. "She seemed so free from all mercenary taint. Why did she destroy the will?"

The more he thought about it the more he was puzzled, the greater grew the mystery. He drove himself almost mad with conjecturing; and he never even faintly guessed the truth, it never dawned across him.

So the time wore away; he bore patiently all comments and remarks. It was supposed by the world in general that he had been dismissed by Miss di Cynthia; no one had even an inkling of the truth. He grew pale and thin during those few months; but they passed at last.

Two days before Christmas day all his arrangements were made and he was ready to sail.

He bethought himself then that it would be only right to destroy the charred fragments of the will, for if they fell into other hands there would be danger; and one wild day in December, when the wind was wailing and roaring round the house, he went to the safe and took from it the little parcel. The snow was beating furiously against the window, great masses of cloud darkened the heavy skies; then came a lull in the storm. Never until the day he dies will Sir Marc forget the hour and the scene. With some curiosity he went to the window to examine the charred fragments; quite distinctly he saw the words—"The last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon."

"Poor child!" he murmured to himself. "What could have prompted her to do this most evil deed?"

A little robin-redbreast fell with fluttering wings on the window-sill, beaten down by the snow and wind; it lay there fluttering, gasping, with its little life almost gone. He was tender of heart, this man so stern in morals; he could not endure the sight of the little bird's agony. He dropped the parchment and opened the window. He took the little, helpless creature in, he warmed it and fed it, and then bethought himself of the will. He hastened to pick it up; it had opened as it fell, and as he raised it he saw words that he had not seen before. He took it to the window, and as he examined it his face grew white, great dark shadows came into his eyes, and he cried:

"Great Heaven! How is it that I have never even thought of this before?"

CHAPTER XI.

Great had been the consternation at Queen's Chace when Lady Brandon, in few cut words, said that Miss di Cyntha's wedding was postponed indefinitely. The worst of it was there came no solution to the mystery—whether there had been a quarrel or not no one could say. All that was known was that Sir Marc had left quite suddenly one day, and that two or three days afterward those interested had been told to cease all preparations for the wedding.

No one was more astonished than Katherine when her mother told her the news; and at first she refused to believe it.

"There is some mistake, mamma," she cried; "I would more readily believe that Alton did not care for me."

"Unfortunately there is no mistake, said Lady Brandon sadly.

"Whose fault is it?" inquired Katherine. "Not Veronica's? I am quite sure that Veronica loved Sir Marc more dearly than I can tell. It always seemed to me that her love was her life. It cannot be Sir Marc's, for he loved the very ground she stood on. I cannot understand it, mamma. What does Veronica say?"

"Nothing. She only looks unutterably sad and miserable, and begs of me not to talk about it."

"I will go to her myself," said Katherine impulsively.

"It is useless, Katherine," returned Lady Brandon. She will only be more miserable than ever."

But Katherine would not be controlled. She hastened up to Veronica's room and found her favorite standing by the window.

"My darling, you have been ill," she cried. "Mamma says that you fainted."

Then she started, for Veronica had turned round to greet her, and the change that had come over her was so terrible that the young heiress was shocked. Veronica's face was pale and worn, the dark eyes were tearless, but there was in them a look of fathomless woe.

"Veronica," cried the girl, "it is true then! I can see from your face that it is true; there is no need to ask a question. You and Sir Marc have parted!"

"Yes," she said drearily, "we have parted, Katharine—not for an hour, a day, or a year but forever."

"I will not believe it! What has come between you who loved each other so well?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Veronica, with a long, low sigh.

"You must tell me," declared Katherine. "I want to help you. I could not live and know that you were unhappy, Veronica. I must follow Sir Marc and bring him back."

"I cannot tell you anything about it, Katherine," said Veronica. "And yet I may tell you this. He asked me to do something for him, and I refused; he placed the alternative of parting before me, and I took it. You will ask me nothing more?"

"No," she replied musingly—"that is, unless you like to trust me more fully."

"I cannot," said Veronica, with a shudder; "he has gone, and we shall not meet again in this world; yet I was worthy of his love. To me it seems that I have stood by him dead and kissed him for the last time."

Her voice had in it a ring of weary despondency, her eyes were fixed with a strange, dazed expression, her hands were folded and lay on her knees. She looked up at Katherine.

"Kate, give me one promise," she said—"just one. Tell me that you will never renew this subject. To renew it will be simply to give me bitter pain. Promise me that you will never do so."

Her face had such an imploring look that the young heiress could not resist.

"I do promise," she said; and then for one minute the dreary calmness of the beautiful face was broken.

"Kate, come and sit by me," she requested; "let us talk of you—not of me—of you and your bright life, your happy love." She took the young heiress caressingly into her arms. "Come and tell me, dear, how happy you are—it will comfort me a little. You are all the world to me—it will comfort me so much to hear that you are really happy; talk to me about it." It seemed to the lonely, desolate soul and the aching heart that there would be some little support, some little comfort, in hearing that her great sacrifice had not been in vain—in knowing that Katherine would gain from her—Veronica's—sorrow.

"It seems so selfish for me to talk of happiness while you are so sad, Veronica."

"It will comfort me," she pleaded—"you do not know why, but it will comfort me."

"Then," said the young heiress, "I am happy, Veronica. My life is so bright, so beautiful, that I would not change it for any other life." She paused.

"Go on," requested Veronica.

"I am rich," said the young girl, "and—I am like a child—I love my position. I love my grand, beautiful inheritance."

Then Veronica raised her head, and a faint smile came over her white, troubled face.

"You are sure of that," she questioned eagerly—"quite sure?"

"Yes, indeed I am," replied Katherine. "No one could even guess how dearly I love the Chace."

"Now tell me about your love," said Veronica.

"What can I tell you, dear, save that my love and my life are one—that I have no thought, or wish, or desire that does not begin and end in Alton? Now, has that comforted you?"

"Yes, more than anything you could have said. You could have thought of nothing that would comfort me one-half so much. You will leave me now, Kate—I am the better for your coming, dear—and when we meet again all will be forgotten, except that we love each other."

It had not been all in vain then; the sun of her life had set in darkness and gloom, but she had made one at least happy. So the past was mentioned no more. She tried to bear her life. She never complained. She was like a devoted daughter to Lady Brandon. She was the most loving of sisters to the young heiress. But day by day she grew more and sad; she grew pale and thin; she began to hope that Heaven would take pity on her and let her die soon. So the winter months came round, and at Christmas preparations were begun for the marriage of the young heiress. Lady Brandon had invited a large circle of guests, and one of them, not knowing of the recent *contretemps*, having just returned from Spain, spoke of Sir Marc Caryll, and said that he was going to take up his residence abroad.

Veronica overheard it. She did not speak; the lovely face grew paler, and a mist of unshed tears dimmed the beautiful eyes; but soon afterward she went to Lady Brandon's room, her marvellous self-control gone at last. She stood before her with a look that Lady Brandon never forgot.

"You must let me go away," she said; "I cannot remain here. I cannot bear it. You must let me go home to Venice to die."

Then she wept as she had never wept in her life before, as one who had no hope—wept until Lady Brandon was alarmed, and she herself was exhausted. Then Lady Brandon said to her:

"You shall go; I will take you. You shall go to Venice, or where you will; only wait—wait, for my sake, until the wedding is over."

So for the sake of the woman who had influenced her so strongly she waited, but it seemed to her and to every one else that those days brought her nearer death.

"Do people ever die of a broken heart?" she thought. "A year ago I was strong and well. I had color in my face and light in my eyes; I had strength in my limbs and joy in my heart. Now my strength has left me; people look grave when their eyes rest on me; life is a heavy burden that I would fain lay down—and why? What has happened? I have lost my love! The man who took my heart from me has left me, and—I may hide it as I may—I am pining for one look at his face before I die. Oh, Marc, my sweetheart, could you not have trusted me even ever so little? I shall send for him when I am dying, and ask him to hold me in his strong arms. Oh, Marc, you might have trusted me, for you were all I had in the world!"

So she wore her heart and her life away, longing only for death, that, dying, she might see him again.

CHAPTER XII.

"Peace on earth," rang the Christmas bells—"Peace on earth, good-will toward men!" The music came pealing over the snow, stirring men's hearts with the warmth of love. It was such a Christmas as had not been seen for years, so bright, so clear, so frosty. The country people said strange things must happen, for the holly was so full of berries.

Queen's Chace was unusually gay. Outside in the deep woods the snow lay thick and white, the evergreens stood out like huge sentinels, the dainty laurel leaves held little nests of snow, the fir raised its head with a stately air, for King Christmas never came in without it. The world was so fair and so bright; great icicles hung like huge diamonds from the trees and the hedges.

Lord Alton had arrived, and was so engrossed with his fair young love that Lady Brandon had ceased to expect anything from him. He had been, like every one else, alarmed when he saw Veronica. Her pale, shadowly loveliness had startled him, and many of the whispered words between Katherine and himself were about her. On that Christmas night she looked more beautiful than ever. By Lady Brandon's desire she wore a dress of costly black velvet, with a suite of suberb rubies; but the white rounded arms had grown thin, and there was a shadow over her beauty. She was sitting watching Katherine's bright face, flushed into greater brightness by her lover's words, when one of the footmen coming to her said, in a mysterious undertone—

"You are wanted, Miss di Cyntha."

"Wanted?" she repeated. "Where? Who wants me?"

"I cannot say, miss—some one who has a message for you; some one who is waiting for you in the library."

Veronica had some poor pensioners to whom on this Christmas Day she had been most liberal; it was one of those come to thank her, no doubt. It was not a nice time to choose; and she wondered just a little why the servants should show such a one into the library.

She rose and quitted the room; as she passed through the broad corridor she stopped for a moment and looked through the windows at the lovely Christmas night—at the moon shining on the white snow, and the shadows of the great swaying boughs. In the faint far distance she heard the bells of Hurstwood church. "Peace on earth," they were chiming—"good-will toward men." Then she remembered the poor pensioner waiting, and went on to the library.

She was surprised to find the room badly lighted. There was a ruddy glow of firelight, and one lamp was burning dimly; but it was a large, long room, and the other half of it was full of soft, dark shadows. She entered and stood for some minutes in silent expectation; there was no sound, no movement, and she never glanced to where the soft dark shadows lay. The red firelight fell full upon her fragile beauty, on the slender figure and the white, wasted arms; on the beautiful, passionate, restless face, and the rubies that gleamed on her white throat. Presently from where the dark, soft shadows lay came a sigh. She looked up.

"Who is that?" she demanded. "Is anyone here—anyone who wants to see me?"

Then she stopped abruptly and stood rooted to the ground, a low cry on her lips and a pain as bitter as death in her heart—surely a figure she knew was coming to her from out of the soft, dark shadows! She held up her hands as though to ward off an evil presence, and then they fell by her side as she uttered a low, passionate cry.

It was he—she had made no mistake—it was Marc Caryll, the man she loved better than her life, the man whose stern decision was killing her. They stood in the red glow of the firelight looking at each other, but she saw there was no sternness in his face now—nothing but passionate love, passionate pity, and blinding tears.

"My darling, my beautiful sweetheart, have I been the cause of this?" he said, touching the wasted arms. "Have I been the cause of this, Veronica?"

"I thought I was never to see you again," she said faintly. "Are you sorry that you were quite so hard? Have you come to tell me so?"

Her words seemed to recall him to himself.

"I have to tell you that I was a madman—a blind madman!" he cried. "I hate myself so utterly for my folly, Veronica. My darling, my noble, generous darling, I know why you burned the will."

She clasped her hands with a murmured word he did not hear.

"I know why it was, and I blame myself for my great folly," he continued. "I ought to have understood—I ought to have known that you were incapable of anything wicked. I deserve to lose you for not having understood you better."

She raised her face to his.

"You cannot know why I destroyed it," she said. "Even the wicked woman who saw me burn it did not know the reason."

"She did not, but I do. Are you surprised? Veronica, see what this has told me."

He came nearer, and, taking a paper from his pocket, unfolded it; and then she saw the charred fragments of the will.

"Look on this side first," he said. "Here are the words—'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon.' The woman read those."

She looked at them with some curiosity, the words that had cost her so dear. Then Sir Marc opened the parchment.

"Now look," he said, "at what is written here."

She bent over him and read:

"My beloved daughter, Veronica Brandon, hitherto known as Veronica di Cyntha!"

She cried out as she read the words. It seemed to her as though Heaven itself had cleared her.

"Those are the words that the woman did not read," he said. "They are clear to me. The moment my eyes fell upon them I understood it all. I know, just as well as if you told me, that Sir Jasper married your mother long years ago—in Venice, I should imagine—and that she died quite young, leaving you. Why he gave you up I cannot even imagine—perhaps you will tell me; but it seems to me that he kept the fact of his marriage a profound secret—why I cannot say. Then," he continued, "I believe that on his death-bed he gave you this will, leaving, as was right, his estates to you, his eldest daughter, and that you, in your noble generosity, your great self-sacrifice, rather than disinherit your sister, burned the will and never mentioned it. It is so?"

"I cannot answer you," she said. "I will tell you why. I took an oath of silence with my hands upon my dead father's heart." Then she stopped with a cry of dismay. She had betrayed herself!

"He was your father then," said Sir Marc. "I knew it." He took her hands in his. "Sweetheart," he said, "my life has been a curse to me since I lost you. Forgive me—forgive my absurd folly, my miserable suspicion, my unjust thoughts. Give me the great treasure of your love again and I will promise on my part the most inviolable secrecy—I will never betray the secret of your birth or the secret of the will. I do not deserve such pardon, but——"

The answer was certainly not given in words. There was silence in the room after that—silence full of happiness. How long had it lasted? Veronica started in alarm. Lady Brandon was standing near her with a most alarmed expression on her face.

"My dear Veronica," she was saying, "where are you? Who is this with you?"

She looked still more alarmed when Veronica raised her happy tear-stained face, saying:

"Lady Brandon, this is Sir Marc. He has come back, and we are friends again."

"We are more than friends, Lady Brandon," broke in Sir Marc; "we are lovers—and I hope we shall soon be husband and wife."

Then Lady Brandon went to seek for Katherine; and while she was gone Veronica turned to her lover, saying;

"