happiness, a union of two lovers, with no Douglas Marr between.

He awoke suddenly, as if a voice had called his name, but there was only the utter loneliness of the bush. He started up, looking around for his horse. It was gone! It had slipped the bridle and bolted. He searched all around, but there was no sign of it, and, fearing to lose himself, he made his way back to the track. In front of him, in a tangle of brushwood, lay a long dark shape. At first he thought it was the horse that had stumbled, but, coming closer, he saw that it was a man's figure lying prone.

Then, all at once, something strangely familiar in the outline of the man's head, the thick black hair, struck him. He was in clerical dress, that gave a sense of incongruity with his surroundings. The coat was torn as if in a struggle. Paul felt as if he were still dreaming, but the dream had changed its character.

He raised the man's head, looking into the ashen face.

Then he knew who it was, and the knowledge stabbed his heart with intolerable pain. It was the last man he would have wished to meet under any circumstances. Not the wildest imagination could have foreshadowed that he should come upon him here. For it was Douglas Marr, the husband of Alice!

By what strange fate had he come there, Paul did not stop to question. It seemed to him that the world held but two men at that moment—himself, Paul Lindsay, and Douglas Marr. Was he dead? For one second a wild, unholy joy surged through him; then he fell on his knees, with a voiceless cry for pardon. He put his hand on Marr's heart, he could feel it throb. No, he was not dead, but he had been roughly handled, and unless help came, he might die.

The man who had taken from him home and love lay there before him; he was powerless to save him, even if——

But, yes, he must save him. He would stop at nothing to restore him to Alice. It was useless to go back to Warralong, there was no doctor there; the nearest was at Penwhelli, more than twenty-five miles away. His horse was gone. What was he to do?

He rose from his knees, staring down at the unconscious figure, the pallid, handsome face. It was a moment of direst temptation; he quailed under its fierce assault. Why not go his way, leaving him there? Who would be the wiser? But it was only a moment. The austere purity of Paul Lindsay soared above the suggestion.

He was sinewy, spare, and athletic; he had been a champion runner at the college sports, his open-air life in Australia had inured him to fatigue. He would run all the way to Penwhelli, and bring the doctor back to Marr.

He raised him to an easier posture, covering him with his coat, and then he started for the race. On he plunged through brushwood and scrub, stumbling sometimes into hidden pitfalls, recovering, leaping over obstacles, sprinting on with fresh energy.

Thoughts swarmed thick upon him; in the awful monotony of the bush they grew into Apollyon shapes of evil that barred his way. They were jeering at him for his quixotic folly. Why should he run this mad race for Alice's husband, the man that had robbed him of everything?

But he closed his ears to them. He was running for greater stakes than the life of Douglas Marr. It was for his own soul. For well he knew that the death of this man would leave it smirched for ever.

Then the face of Alice came between him and the shapes of evil, and they fled. His limbs no longer answered to the brain's volition; they went on automatically like a piece of mechanism wearing down. His heart throbbed in his throat, he stumbled and fell again and again, picking himself up by a scarcely conscious effort of dogged will, and bore on till the first houses of the township came in sight.

Dr. Cathcart, standing at the door of his surgery, saw to his surprise a hatless, coatless figure, with tense face thrown back, and arms locked to its sides, bearing down upon him with a stiff, wooden stride. The figure fell, spent and lifeless, at his feet.

"Eh, what, what?" cried the doctor. "Why, if it isn't the parson!" He raised him and laid him on a couch in the surgery, applying restoratives. Then, coming to himself, Paul panted out his errand.

"A man dying in the bush? Your horse bolted? And you ran all the way? Why, man, you're a hero! Not one in a million would have done it," said the doctor warmly. "I'll yoke Spanker to the waggon, and we'll drive to the rescue."

Douglas Marr was still unconscious when they reached him.

"A nasty blow on the head," said the doctor. "A case of assault and robbery, I should say, and he has made a fight for it. We must get him into the waggon."

He was taken to the doctor's house. It was some days before he regained his senses, and Paul remained in Penwhelli till he was on the way to recovery.

The story of Paul's race flew from Penwhelli to Warralong. The settlers had regarded the young missionary as something of a saint till then; now he had proved himself the hero of an athletic feat. He had shown himself capable of a deed that stirred them to pride in his pluck. He had run his Marathon race, and that not as a sporting event, cheered on his way by crowds, but through the paralyzing loneliness of the bush, and to save the life of another. Henceforth he was their ideal of Christian manhood, bringing them nearer to God.

But Paul disclaimed their praise. He would be a humbler man all his days for those moments of dire temptation that had assailed him.

"I dare say it was a foolish notion of mine to think of riding through the bush to Wilson's station," said Douglas Marr. "At least, it proved so. Two men accompanied me from the town I started from. They were friendly at first, offering themselves as guides, and I suspected nothing. Then they set upon to rob me. I didn't give in without a struggle, but it was two against one. They rode off with the horse and my watch and money. I wandered on till I lost consciousness, and I remember no more till I awoke here.

"What a surprise you must have got, Lindsay, when you came across your old room-mate in the bush! And what a mercy it was for me that you did! I came here to look after the property of my wife's uncle. He has left her twenty thousand pounds."

"So Wright told me," said Paul. "How is your——. How is Mrs. Marr?"

"My wife? Oh, she's all right. Why not, since she has became an heiress? It's quite an unlooked-for windfall. Kate had not heard of this uncle for years——"

"Kate!" The blood surged to Paul's brow and retreated. "But—but you married Alice Barnett?"

A queer expression crossed Douglas Marr's face.

"No, I didn't!" he said, shortly. "I married Kate West, Professor Rennie's niece."

Paul's heart leapt with one wild throb of joy. Not Alice, but Kate West! He remembered the professor's niece, a modern young woman of advanced opinions and some money.

In sudden anger he turned on Marr. "You were to marry Alice! You left her for the professor's niece?"

Marr smiled wryly.

"Don't excite yourself, Lindsay. I'm not to blame. Somebody deserted Alice, but not I. I shall make a confession to you that a man does not usually care to make. But you saved my life, and there may have been some mistake. I did ask Alice Barnett—indeed, I was so sure of her that I told some of the fellows that I meant to marry her at once—but she refused me. I thought it was because she had given her heart to you, and I think so still. I know she wanted to go out on the mission. She has not been the same girl since you left."

The words threw Paul into a tumult of emotion. Had Alice loved him after all? Was that the meaning of the wistful eyes that had haunted him? Had he, in his dour, stupid pride forsaken her? Had it seemed to her that he had scorned her love?

. . . .

It was four years since the spring afternoon when Alice Barnett and Paul Lindsay had talked together in Prince's Gardens. She had seen his name in missionary reports, and now, as she sat on a bench under a budding thorn, she was thinking of him; wondering, in her tender woman's way, if he were happy, well-cared for on that other side of the world to which he had gone, bidding her scarcely a farewell. The Castle heights were grey, the daffodils shivered in the east wind.

Someone was coming along the path, as Paul had come that day. He was stopping in front. She raised her eyes, then, with a cry of joy, she started up, flinging out both hands to grasp the hands outstretched to hers. There was no doubt as to Paul's welcome. He sat down beside her, keeping her hands in his, and told her why he had come, and why he had gone as he had gone.

"You asked me about Marr's prospects, and you advised me to go on the mission," he said. "I thought you did not care."

"It was because I cared for—for you, that I talked of Mr. Marr," she smiled. "That is a woman's way. Did I not say the mission was the noblest work? You never guessed how I longed to go with you?"

"No," he said humbly, "I did not understand. But I thought if I got called to Orraburn I might win you. Then Marr stepped in there. I had a letter from Wright saying Marr was going to marry you."

"So that was why you wished that my life might be all sunshine, and went, taking the sunshine with you?" she asked naively.

"All these four years you have been with me, Alice," he said. "I tried to thrust you away, thinking it a deadly sin. But you would not go."

"Small wonder, Paul," she said gently. "I was thinking of you all the time."

It was from Douglas Marr that Alice first heard of Paul's Marathon, and, later on, from the settlers who were building the new church and house for the missionary and his bride.

But not even she ever guessed what a momentous crisis in a soul's history that race had been.

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