

to this man, no matter what his name might be—all other things seemed usual and in the common way.

It must be remembered that Esther had thought very little of love or marriage; she had read few novels, and these of the old-fashioned kind; she knew Walter Scott and Miss Austen by heart. Love in her eyes was a spiritual and sacred thing, and also a romantic thing, untouched by those practical considerations of which the modern novel is full. It can be no longer said that the fashionable novelist encourages romance; for his pessimism has killed both sentiment and sentimentalism—the wheat and the tare.

John Longworthy had given her his heart, and she had given him hers. When he had told her the truth about himself she almost wondered why he thought it necessary to do so. Adelaide Procter's words had run through her mind before he spoke:

"Nay, answer not—I dare not hear;
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my Fate,
Whatever on my heart may fall,—
Remember I would risk it all."

Nevertheless, John Longworthy had gone on with his story; and as he continued it Esther recognized more and more the face whose photograph she had seen in Miles' room. There was the high, broad forehead, the kind blue eyes—the long beard and mustache were gone. John Longworthy, without his beard and mustache, and with his hair somewhat closely cropped, was not a handsome man, but he looked like one who might be trusted. There was a gleam of humour in his eyes occasionally, and he laughed a little now and then, as some of the thoughts suggested by his story rose in his mind. The low hat he wore and the rough sack coat disguised him even more than the cutting off of his beard; he ceased to trill his r's as he spoke to Esther, and listening to him as they walked along, with her fingers just touching his arm, she wondered how she could ever have disliked him. It was remarkable, too, that, anxious as she was to have Mary's opinion on all subjects interesting to her, she did not think of Mary at this epoch in her life.

John Longworthy hurried through his story, determined to be done with it as soon as possible. He did not doubt Esther's sympathy with what the world would call an unparalleled eccentricity. It did not occur to her or to him that he had done a foolish thing; indeed, ever afterward they both considered it the wisest thing he had ever done.

Longworthy had, it might be said, been born an orphan. His father and mother had quarreled shortly after he came into the world; his father had left Florence, where he was living, and started for America. The ship had been wrecked on the way, and the elder John Longworthy had gone down with it. His mother, who bitterly repented her part in the quarrel the moment after her husband had gone, died of the shock of the news of his death, and the rich little orphan was left to the care of his uncle in Liverpool. The uncle sent him to Munich and then alternately to Florence, and New Haven, in Connecticut, for his education, which was singularly diversified. He learned German and Italian well, and, having a certain fastidiousness, which he had inherited from his New England parents, he avoided the grosser temptations of life. He had acquired a hobby, which is a great safeguard for a young man; and he observed and wrote a great deal.

This hobby was the solution of the great social questions which seem to demand immediate answers—of how to adjust the relations between the rich and the poor. But riches and leisure are not conducive to hard work. He knew Italy well, and he lounged within the fascinating precincts for several years. He fell in love with Bianca Rinaldi; but he would not accept her faith, and she would not marry a Protestant. After that he had a slight Byronic attack; he read "Locksley Hall" and "Maud," and fancied that he was done with the world. And yet the world interested him, and the time came when it grew so interesting that he sought earnestly for some means of accounting for its existence. But, above all, the miseries of the poor—growing more intolerable in Italy, the country which he knew the best—oppressed and tortured him. He had come long ago to know that Virgil's prediction of the

new era to follow the birth of our Lord did not mean that the poor were to have all the luxuries typified by the Syrian roses on every bush. And, very hastily, he set down Christianity as a failure. But if Christianity had failed to make the poor rich, he saw that no power on earth had done anything for them.

He turned in a kind of despair from one philosophy to another—he found all inadequate; and he found them so, not because he was very logical or philosophical himself, but because he led a pure life, and he had got into the habit of comparing theories with their effect on life. He early found out that no religion was possible for him but the Christian religion. He had been born, as it were, a New England Congregationalist; he was logical enough to see that, though part of this opinion touched on the mainland of Christianity, there were other parts which were only quicksands over the very soft clay of Unitarianism.

He found no rest, and as he verged toward forty he did some hard thinking and some fair literary work. He returned to New York, feeling like a stranger; he began to regret that he had ever gone abroad. His long sojourn among foreigners had made him a foreigner in his own country and perverted his point of view. He saw in New York more chances for the study of social questions than in any city of Europe; he saw in that wonderful city a microcosm, full of the warring elements he wanted to study; he found, too, that he could study them through microscopes focused for other people. Talk and written words in the clubs and in the reviews seemed only to puzzle him. He often asked himself why he should not go and be poor himself—live in a tenement house, and get near to the hearts of those whose hearts and minds he wanted most to understand.

(To be continued.)

VINDICATION OF FATHER DAMIEN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the well-known author, has addressed the following crushing reply to Doctor Hyde, a Protestant clergyman of Honolulu, who recently wrote a shameless letter about the heroic Father Damien. Hyde's letter is given below. Mr. Stephenson writes from Sydney, Australia, under date of February 25:—

SIR,—It may probably occur to you that we have met and visited and conversed, on my side with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more than acquaintances. Your letter to Rev. H. B. Gage is a document which in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he laying a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonization to be aware that a hundred years after the death of Damien there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the devil's advocate. After that noble brother of mine (Father Damien) and of all frail clay shall have lain a century at rest one shall accuse, one defend him. That circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I had at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length in their true colours to the public eye."

Mr. Stephenson then quotes Hyde's letter to Rev. H. R. Gago:

HONOLULU, August 2, 1889.

REV. H. B. GAGE:—

DEAR BROTHER,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who know the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was