

faith and planted in their stead a greed for gold behind which I saw the smiling face of Helen. The mail brought me no tidings, though I sent letter after letter down to the coast. Sleep forsook me. I resorted to opiates. My luck deserted me and this increased my fury. I was soon known as the mad miner. I laughed at the taunts. Was not a priceless reward before me? Helen ever beckoning me on. I saw her face in every nugget, her form in the little smoke clouds as they rolled away from the candle in my miner's cap, her smile in the water running over the ripples. I could endure the torment no longer. With my treasure I started for the coast. I watched it by day and slept beside it at night. A thousand times I woke with a horrible start believing that it was gone. How much opium I used on that journey I shall never know. I landed at Larges Bay and hurried into Adelaide. The green belt which girds the city, the blue sky above, the camelias bursting into bloom made no appeal to me, I had burned up my capacity for enjoyment. I was no longer a man but a husk, a mere cinder, a bit of scoria sucked up by a mighty tempest and driven forward. At the Bank of Australia I drew up and as I did so Helen came tripping down the steps and smiling as only Helen could smile. I rushed forward and caught her in my arms, the next instant I was hurled half senseless into the gutter. The bishop, my bishop, stood towering over me in a rage.

"How dare you sir, how dare you affront my wife in such a manner, you hair-brained?" he exclaimed. He raised his hand to strike me, but Helen interposed. "Your grace, my dear, forgive him, we both know that he is not always responsible for his actions."

Then they entered a carriage and drove away. When I turned and saw my box of gold how I cursed it. Once to-night I saw it again, pardon me if I shocked you. The box lies in the bank vaults at Adelaide, it has been there for five years, I shall never touch it again, never, never.

"How have I lived?"

As the birds live, on the crumbs. I have begged, the opium fiend has me, you know it, sir, but here take this and he thrust into my hand a sealed paper. He lived for a week after, I went out daily to see him at the Alfred Hospital, St. Kilda Road.

The Lilburn wing of the new Adelaide Hospital was built with the treasure and the Lord Bishop delivered a most eloquent address upon the occasion of the laying of the corner stone, but that was many years before the present bishop arrived in the colony.