

with bitter struggle and sorrow and tears. But when it comes, it will come securely. It may be in years, in many years, but I am willing to wait—I am ready to labour. And, meantime, she who was worthy of my highest honour will share my lowest degradation. That is the way of all women—God love and keep them !”

The exaltation of his tones infected everybody.

“It may be that you think I am to be pitied. There have been hours of my life when I have been deserving of pity. But they have been the hours, the dark hours, when, in the prodigality of your gratitude, you have loaded me with distinctions, and a shadow has haunted me, saying, ‘Philip Christian, they think you a just judge—you are not a just judge ; they think you an upright man—you are not an upright man.’ Do not pity me now, when the dark hours are passed, when the new life has begun, when I am listening at length to the voice of my heart, which has all along been the voice of God.”

His eyes shone, his mouth was smiling.

“If you think how narrowly I escaped the danger of letting things go on as they were going, of covering up my fault, of concealing my true character, of living as a sham and dying as a hypocrite, you will consider me worthy of envy instead. Good-bye ! good-bye ! God bless you !”

Before any one appeared to be aware that his voice had ceased he was gone from the bench, and the Deemster’s chair stood empty. Then the people turned and looked into each other’s stricken faces. They were still standing, for nobody had thought of sitting down.

There was no further speaking that day. Without a word or a sign the Governor descended from his seat and the proceedings came to an end. Every one moved towards the door. “A great price to pay for it, though,” thought the men. “How he must have loved her, after all,” thought the women.

At that moment the big Queen Elizabeth clock of the Castle was striking twelve, and the fishermen on Irish waters were raising a cheer for their friend at home. A loud detonation rang out over the town. It was the report of a gun. There was another, and then a third. The shots were from a steamer that was passing the bay.

Philip remembered—it was Pete’s last farewell.