

Christine met him at his door. "You will tell mother first," she said. Lead-colored, weary lids were over her eyes.

"Never," he groaned, "never, I cannot tell anyone; think for a moment of what I stand for." He was unable to exorcise his demon and Christine seemed to feel it.

"I am in the right," she said; "by noon you must do it." Then she mentioned the Rev. Mr. Birchlake's name.

"If you cannot tell mother, tell Mr. Birchlake; go at once."

He felt so little control that he left the house. He wandered on the streets. He wandered far. For long periods he forgot himself. He did not know where he was. Suddenly he found himself without his hat. Persons he did not know were staring at him. He found a shop and bought a new hat. It was half after twelve when he came to his office. Christine was there. He spoke wild angry words. Would she never leave him alone. She went away without a word. He spent all the afternoon looking at his desk. He would not see anyone. He could not tell of what he was thinking.

Suddenly he felt that it was late; it was growing dark. He drove home in a cab. He feared to meet Christine. He found a letter on his writing table. He read it, and for some time did not comprehend.

"Dear Father:—I have decided to leave this house and never enter it again until I know you have confessed. When I see an advertisement, worded as follows, in the Buffalo papers, I will give mother my address and she will write to me: 'Christie. There's a divin-

ity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.' Do not try to find me, it is useless. Christine."

He fell back in his chair. No! no! he could not stand this. What explanation could he give of Christine's absence? This would kill his wife. No, rather than do that he would call on Mr. Birchlake. He went out at once. He had not far to go, but he seemed unconscious of the way. A wave rose in his breast and tossed to his brain and rolled back again: to confess and not to confess; to save Christine or to let her go; he would get her back before anyone knew. No, she had gone, and she could stay. The wave rolled and tossed. He found himself in Mr. Birchlake's study. He must do something now. The wave commenced to beat him wearily and blind him; it was full of light. He felt Mr. Birchlake's step. The whole deep ocean was upon him. He did not see his pastor's extended arm. His hands were like two bats fluttering over his head. His nerveless jaw fell to chattering. He tried to speak. He was going to say, "I am a guilty soul." But he cried out in a loud, ungoverned voice, "Christine! Christine! There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." And these (unexplained, until Christine's note was found) were the only words that moved his lips until they were forever covered with silence.

Strange! sometimes our resolves come too late; sometimes when we would drink the cup of expiation, the bright power which has so long, so patiently held it to our lips snatches it away, and hides his face darkly.

*Duncan Campbell Scott.*

