

Christ to the Unfaithful Soul.

The following is a new translation of the famous lines traced on the walls of the Cathedral of Lubek:

A STORY OF THE FAR WEST.

Gold City they had called it in its palmy days, though even then it was a city in name only. It was known as Gomorrah now; and its few inhabitants gloried in the title, for Edwinton had struck a vein of gold there in the first flush of the mining fever, and a crowd of fortune hunters flocked to the place, only to discover, when it was too late, that the first "lucky find" was the last. Then the tide of population ebbed away, leaving behind it the refuse—those who were too poor, too discouraged, too sunk in idleness or sin, to try for anything better.

hooded it, Spies stole out of his presence with a sense of shame such as he had never felt before, leaving the Doctor to give the almost heart-broken fellow the only reason for courage that he knew how to give him—to bear up bravely for his wife's sake.

It was but too easy to grasp the sad story. Armstrong had been well to do, a gardener, with a pleasant little house and a snug sum of money in the bank; but as the Doctor inferred even then, he had married a woman much his superior in character and station, whose friends looked down upon him, and thought he could never be anything worthy of her. When the lawyer told his plain-story and showed his well-planned map—when he described his possessions, to be sold at a very low figure, because, as the evil owner dared to affirm, he must be with his aged parents in Nottinghamshire during their declining years—Reuben was only ready to drop into the net.

engaged in her to care much personally for what passed about them; but the Doctor judged by what the piece had been said to him, even in his degraded life. Fallen as he was, he lested it from the very bottom of his heart; still, with every gentlemanly instinct that was left him, he shrank from the outcasts whom he lived with daily, though knowing himself to be fallen yet lower than they. By his own suffering, from which he did not try to escape; by his own horror of the pit whose vilesten sickened him while still his choice was even deeper in it, he knew something of what it must be to Esther's pure heart to live in Gomorrah. Something—that was all.

He and Reuben strove to keep sight and sound of evil from her; yet all their care could not banish at times strange visitors from her bedside—beggard women, flouting women, all of them with evil tongues; no care could keep the children away from door or window, and often she saw, from dawn or at high noon or in the early twilight, wild, wolfish eyes staring at her, gaunt fingers pointing, and heard children's voices speak of a "Frist" whose name she could not escape from her mind, though she would, but because they knew no other way.

humily and in tears. When there was silence, and they dared to look at her, she was lying back among her pillows, whispering, "Forgiven, forgiven!"

A poor, weak soul was Reuben's truly, in man's sight. But God and the angels must have loved it with a special love, God knew how earnestly that sorrowful heart implored that the light of his eyes might be turned to him, for he would not escape from suffering and enter into peace; and when night shut him in with her alone, the angels heard how he strove to drown the next door by prayers and litanies beside her, till often he slept exhausted on the hard floor by her bed.

looked like a vision of the Holy Mother herself, and when she spoke her voice had a tone in it which seemed divinely sweet. "Listen, Reuben. This place is God's. He wants it. You must live and not die—for Him."

He had lost all interest in temporal matters, and he should abide at home, and mind some babies for "ant to keep 'em out of harm's way; and he might teach the five-year-olds their letters, too—big fit for naught else," she adored in a tone as clear as that she used for the other words; but Reuben did not mind.

was there; no one else must be exposed to the danger he had to meet. But the room where they had watched the mysterious joy of Esther's Christmas feast saw far other sights and echoed to far other sounds than angel music as the winter wore away. There were mornings when no children came to Reuben's house, when some woman more pitiful, some man more brave than the other, crept near and laid food on the threshold, then fled away to tell in trembling of the cries they had heard as of some wild beast mad with fear, or some lost soul shrieking in the torment of despair. Sometimes, too, they told of blows or noises like a heavy fall; and often, when Reuben came among them again, he bore marks that proved the stories true, but he never learned the cause from him.

At length the winter passed, the only truly happy days that Gomorrah saw were Reuben Armstrong's and little children's. By and by they heard him sing sweet carols and hymns and chants; he taught the children to sing with him, and used to lead them down the street, and into the snowy fields, and to visit Esther's grave, to the sound of his holiest song. In people stopped in many an evil deed or word to listen; then left the word unaided, the deed undone. It came to be a fashion in Gomorrah to stroll to Reuben's cabin of a Sunday to see how joyfully the children kept the day. Nay, it was even known that once a while party at the tavern had left their drinking cups to stand for an hour at the next day, listening to the music. Truly, good and evil were in strange contrast; that winter in the almost forgotten place which had no intercourse with the outer world. There was a wild, unseemly, in which it was remembered night and day.

Then once more, like a child, even the children just begun seemed to know in part:

Strange how calmly they let him! Reuben never asked came there; he had looked for prayed for a long while, there at last. G. d., of course him. One by one he brought to speak with him, and to have notice on his face, to be children and the tears stood in eyes as he listened to their answers, that witnessed to work of faith had been. When gone away to their homes, who less homes to them than Reuben's, Reuben never forgot them had come to be allowed to make confession. "You'll stay here and be good he said routinely. "I shall the other room, and I've locked hard."

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