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"It was a patient show," I observed
to Cuby, conducting her home; "the
poor fellow was patient, and he had a
gift of language."
"Capitaine Belcher could do a more
bettairre show than heem," said Cuby.
She would have regretted deeply leav-
ing the sprightly scene at this incon-
clusive hour, had not her mind been full
of the supreme adventure on which we
were to embark on the morrow.

I kissed her good-night, and turned to
my long tramp towards the steeps, and
up them, to fulfill my last watch in
Power Lot, God Help Us. The moon
was almost at its full, and the brooding
of it over ocean, hill and plain was like a
voice falling infinitely peaceful and ten-
der—one knew not from where. It was
more than moonlight on the quiet earth;
it was a plain speaking, though I knew
not the language of it.

Down below, they opened all the
windows where the show was in pro-
gress, therefore I heard; the magician
had struck up an air, the sweet old
melody of which reached me faintly in
the distance, "Nearer My God, to
Thee." The faint, far echo of that
strain was like a pervading spirit, con-
sonant with the moonlight, flooding
with compassion all poor human jug-
gery and endeavor, even as the moon
flooded the earth with tender glory.

I don't know what God has got for a
man up yonder—that, through a
thought or a strain of music some
times, the sense comes to him that
nothing matters very much, that
there's nothing on earth but what is
easy to put by, since the voice that he
hears, less than a whisper now, may
speak to him at last in full tones that he
understands.

I had forgotten the habit of caution
and watchfulness to which I had been
schooling myself of late, so absorbed
was I in the wonder that fell on my
heart; when, from over on the summit,
by the old church—"Spook House"—a
scream of terror and agony came to me,
piercing my very soul. I knew it for
Mary's voice.

I ran madly. I saw the figure of a
man flying across to the bluffs. Re-
tribution, swift and sure, should find
him out, but now my one purpose was to
reach her. I leaped all obstacles and
rushed up the hill, a horrible fear pos-
sessing me. The door of the church
was open and I sprang in.

Bate Stingaree lay on the floor, gib-
bering and writhing. Mary had slipped
fainting, by the window from which she
had screamed for aid.

"Jim's dead, too," raved Bate,
shriveling white before my eyes.
"Mary's dead—all come to torment
me." The room reeked with vile odors
and with the fumes of alcohol. "Why,
ain't you got white clothes on, Jim?
For you're dead, you and Ma'y are
dead, I know it. Come somebody that's
alive. Help! Help! Where's the stuff?
Give me something that'll shut my
eyes. I can't stand this." With oaths
and cries of terror, his ghastly hand
crept over the floor, seeking for his
bottle.

I lifted Mary. It wrung my heart to
see the poor white dress, in which she
had been so happy and girlish a little
while before—she, to whom so little
happiness had come, whose cup had
ever been turned to bitterness. I
lifted her and carried her outside; and
as the strong wind smote her face, she
gasped once and again, and opened her
great, desolate, dark eyes and knew me.

"Jim," she said, and seized my hand
convulsively, as though she feared that
I would move from her side.

"Why, yes, it's old Jim," I soothed
her. "It's old Jim, sure, in the flesh."
Leaning heavily on my arm, so that
I almost carried her, as soon as she was
able she drew me back into the church.

"Bate," she gasped; "Bate," and
pointed pitifully to where he lay.
Bate's writhing had ceased.

"It was I frightened him," she
gasped. "I never dreamed—I wanted
to see him—I never dreamed he was so
—ill—I never thought of the white
dress. Look, he is not dead? My poor
brother! My poor brother!"

I did not know. "He is asleep," I
said; "in a drunken sleep. Come! I
must take you home, and bring help."

On the way, still hanging weakly,
faintly, to my arm, she told me:

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