

name!—I saw him!—he flew up the steep cliff—he followed me; the glory about his head shone dreadful through the night. Holy Virgin, I implore thee, protect me, pardon thy sinful child!"

Nino in vain strove to pacify and sooth her. "No," she screamed and thrust him from her, when he attempted to raise her from the ground. "I was wrong, very wrong to follow thee, Nino; the saint has warned us, and is going to punish us. Didst thou not hear how he shut the door behind us? Nino, Nino! there is only one atonement possible—acknowledge me as thy lawful wife before this altar?"

Nino was sore afraid. The form of the saint stood yet before his eyes, and do what he would he could not get rid of it. A tremor ran through his whole soul; for, no matter how careless and sceptical he wished to appear, in the inmost recesses of his heart there dwelt the old, innate fear of the unknown, of those powers of heaven and hell which, at times, manifest themselves to us in ways so strange and awful, and this feeling knocked at the door of his awakened conscience in each significant, audible beat of his heart.

A close sultry atmosphere began to fill the little chapel. Through the small round and only window behind the altar a weird gloomy light made its way scarcely distinguishable from the all-surrounding darkness. Nino groped his way to the door. He wished to open it, he desired to let the fresh night air enter: he also wished to get rid of those horrible fancies which were slowly overmastering him. But the door resisted his utmost efforts! Secure and fast it lay in lock and hinge, and after groping with his fingers for a considerable time for the keyhole, he discovered that the key had been turned and withdrawn from the lock.

"*Santo Diavolo!*" exclaimed he, and an icy shiver ran through his limbs.

"*Santo Diavolo*, the door is locked!"

"Locked, yes, locked!" screamed Carmela, and springing up from her knees threw herself again upon the earth at the threshold. "I saw him, as with threatening gesture and uplifted hand he followed our footsteps; and I heard him, and I saw him, and it is he who has locked us in his sanctuary until our offence be atoned for!"

Thus the poor girl raved in a very delirium of terror and remorse. Nino listened to her perfectly helpless. What should he do? What would become of them? Escape was not to be thought of. Firmly were the hewn stones jointed together, and just as firmly the stout old oaken door hung on its hinges, and in the morning they would come from Roccastretta to replace the saint upon his pedestal; for the rain had already come! Nino could hear it patter upon the chapel roof, and as the wind blew ever more strongly through the olive trees the big drops splashed upon the broad moulding of the altar window—and they would find him here with Carmela, alone with Carmela in the chapel! and then?—when Don Cesare crossed the threshold and found his sister here alone with him? Nino was well acquainted with Don Cesare, and knew right well what he had to expect from him! There would be a fight, a fierce fight, a fight for life and death, and Don Cesare would have upon his side all the men and all the women too, and Padre Atanasio, and Signor Sindaco, all of them would side with the insulted and outraged brother of Carmela. He had not, in all likelihood, when he wheedled little Carmela into consenting to accompany him to his farm reckoned upon such a termination to his adventure.

Ever darker the night gathered about them, ever deeper the clouds seemed to be hanging over the earth, and ever more heavily fell the rain. And as Nino heard the heavy splash of the rain upon the roof, and as the moist breath of the rain-absorbing earth penetrated into the chapel through the open window, it was as if something called out to him from the depths of his heart: "Each drop of rain now falling from heaven proclaims the wondrous power of the saint; and canst thou have any doubt as to the miracle which he has wrought in thy case?"

On the following morning when the band, headed by Padre Atanasio, halted before the chapel door with the mutilated body of the saint, and when the key was placed in the lock, and the lock grated heavily, and the door, swollen by the rain, began to move slowly and painfully upon its hinges, there was one whose heart beat fast and anxiously, one whose blood coursed like molten metal in his veins, one whose hand played, as if absently, but feverishly withal, with the haft of his knife, for who could foresee what might now happen? But Don Cesare breathed more freely and let go his clutch upon his knife, and it was only after a mighty effort that he succeeded in maintaining his self-possession, and in performing decently and with dignity the part he had determined upon playing. When Padre Atanasio, with an exclamation of astonishment, remained standing upon the threshold, and when out from the darkness of the chapel from the foot of the altar two forms stepped forward, knelt down before the Padre with clasped hands, and through the deep silence which had come upon the wondering spectators, Nino's voice reached him saying slowly:

"The saint has not merely wrought a miracle upon our fields and gardens; upon me and Carmela also a wondrous miracle has been wrought this night. How it happened ask me not. Into this chapel the saint has led us with his own hand; with his own hand he has locked the door, and with his own hand he has removed the key; and at the foot of his altar we have plighted our troth; and at the foot of his altar we pray you Padre Atanasio, to bless our union!"

Then little Don Cesare shouted loud in jubilation. "Ha!" cried he, and flourished his hand enthusiastically above his head—"it was this that I asked for yesterday for myself from good, dear, only Evolino. It was this, Padre Atanasio! To you he has given the rain—to me he has given a brother-in-law. Long live Evolino!" And in his heart he added something else which, however, he did not give audible expression to.

"Evolino!" thought he, "thou wast indeed wiser than I, and whilst I was seeking for my asses, thou was bringing me to my kingdom. Thy ships

will yet of their own accord enter our harbour; but, of his own accord, would this scamp of a Nino never have taken my little sister as his wife!"

When a few weeks later the marriage of Carmela and Nino was celebrated with great splendour in the chapel of Evolo, there was standing upon the altar a new statue of the saint, a gaily painted brandnew image which Don Cesare had purchased along with other things from the foreign ship which was lying at anchor in the harbour of Roccastretta, and which he had presented in commemoration of that day of miracles to the chapel. Don Cesare, however, had requested for himself the old Evolino, and how could anyone find it in their heart to refuse him this worm-eaten, shattered image?

At the foot of the cliff of Evolo, in the cool and fragrant arbour of the farmhouse in which Carmela and Nino had taken up their abode, Don Cesare had set up the image, repaired and carefully restored by his own hand. It was standing in a stone niche, beneath the shade of the fragrant orange trees, near the ivy-mantled Greek basin, into which flowed the crystal stream of Evolo: and it would almost seem as if old Evolino felt more comfortable in this neighbourhood, in the company of the beautiful, delicately carved bas-reliefs of his former temple, here, amidst the gently murmuring winds, than up yonder in his damp, dull chapel; for a peculiar expression of calm had settled upon his old head, stripped, as it was, of the halo, beard and hair which had disfigured it. With an olympian smile he regarded the lively young couple, who on the evening after their marriage were beginning a joyous, happy existence under his care and protection; and a gleam seemed to play over his features as Nino, who had perhaps learned something of old classic lore, taking a goblet of fragrant wine poured forth a libation upon the ground before his feet, and called out: "To the gods belong the first drops; to the gods and saints be honour and glory!"

When they had all withdrawn, and when Don Cesare also had taken leave of the good Evolino, with a friendly and grateful gesture, and when the latter was standing all alone in the quiet moonlight, a soft whisper seemed to issue from his lips:

"To the old heathen god thou feelest thyself drawn, in spite of everything, thou beloved, happy heathen people; and although new names may have taken the place of the old ones in you, ye light-hearted, good-humoured, grown children, I still recognize my former worshippers, who in sunny porticoes were wont to lay fragrant garlands on the altars of the old gods, and singing, laughing, and rejoicing, spent a joyous, happy, and innocent life!"

The everlasting stars shining in silent beauty, nodded a response, and the splashing spring as it flowed onwards to the sea murmured its comforting and friendly answer to the poor forgotten god of the winds!

J. CUNNINGHAM DUNLOP.

[*End of the Experiences of San Pancrazio of Evolo.*]

THE SCRAP BOOK.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. MOODY.

"THE fact is," said Mr. Moody some days ago, "I feel ashamed at coming to say anything here. You are much further ahead than we are in America. They have more need of me in the States than you have in England. London, sir, I regard as the most religious city in the world. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere at present, and I very much doubt whether there ever was anything like it." "That is not saying much for the rest of the world, Mr. Moody," remarked his visitor. "We have a tolerable number of sinners here." "Of course you have," replied the evangelist; "because there are so many of you altogether. But take it in proportion, and you will find that the facts bear out what I say. There is nothing like it in America, at any rate. Take, for instance, your wealthy men. In London there is such a thing as sanctified wealth. That is a very rare commodity in America. The reason for that, I suppose, is chiefly due to the fact that in London you have families that have been acclimatized to wealth. Being born to wealth, they make as good a use of it as of any other gift which they may possess. But in America our rich men have nearly all been born poor. They have heaped together vast fortunes. As a consequence their wealth is too much for them, and there is nothing to compare with the great numbers of wealthy men and women who in London devote the whole of their leisure time to the service of God and their fellow-men. Why, the other day the heir to one of the greatest fortunes in London, whose name I do not wish you to publish, stood outside our meeting and held a cabman's horse the whole time in order that the cabman might take part in the service within. Titled ladies and wealthy ladies moving in the first society have gone down into the lowest slums in the districts in which we have been holding our meetings and taken care of the children and nursed the babies while the mothers spent an hour in our hall. In some of the places they opened a *crèche*, where they each took turns in keeping the babies while the mothers were at the services. Nor is it only the wealthy who have shown such energy. About a hundred persons have followed us from place to place, and have taken lodgings in the immediate vicinity of our halls in order that they might be able to work night and day and bring in the people. That is one of the great advantages you have here. You have more people with leisure than we have in America; people who have time on their hands, and who are good enough to dedicate it to the service of their fellow-creatures. Among those who helped us very materially were converts who joined us at Cambridge. There never was a place that I approached with greater anxiety than Cambridge. Never having had the privilege of a university education