A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XXII. NEW CALEDONIA.

NEW CALEDONIA.

Father Montmoulin had not represented his lot to himself in very brilliant colors on the way to Marseilles; but on arriving there, he found the reality far worse than he anticipated. In the prison at Marseilles, where he remained a few days awaiting the departure of the ship, he had a foretaste of what he would have to endure on the voyage. Till then he had been in solitary confinement, and nothing had interrupted his thoughts and prayers Here he was penned in a common room with over a hundred other convicts, and was not alone for a single moment. highly improbable that a man could keep up the part of a deceiver in a state of celirium. But granted that he were innocent, we could do nothing to alter his lot. You could not induce a and was not alone for a single momen And what company was he in! The seum of society: thieves, burglars, and vilest of mankind. Even the sight of all these countenances bearing the stamp of vice and moral degradation was painful in the extreme. And then to hear their fifthy conversation, the oaths and blasphemies where-by they gave utterance to their hatred of God and man!

With the quick perception of the criminal, his fellow convicts knew in stantly that the fresh arrival who, pale orror-struck, was thrust in am them, was not one of them. Cons quently everyone felt him to be an

"Hullo!" cried a brutal-looking fellow from Lyons, who had killed his wife in a fit of intoxication, staring at him with vulgar curiosity, sweet creature we have got here! Look at his smooth hands, I bet he has never earned twopence in all his life! And look at his face! It is like the saints one sees in the prayer-books

"It makes me sick to see him," in-terposed a burglar from Toulon, "he smells of incense and wax candles! Deuce take me if he is not a sacristan

'A priest, sure enough !" exclain A priest, sure enough! "exclaimed a Paris pickpocket, who had got behind the new comer. "Do you not see the place where his tonsure has been? What a joke! His Reverence shall preach some of his sermons to us, and sing a High Mass for our benefit."

"A priest, a parson!" they roared and shouted. One began to bawl a requiem another kneit down and began ck confession for the entertainm a mock confession for the entertainment of his fellows, saying such horrid things that the priest, in shocked astonish ment, put his fingers to his ears; others inquired of him what good work he had done, to be rewarded with the honor of their society. In a word, the oaths and revilings on all sides resembled nothing, the unhappy Vicar of Ste. Victoire thought, but the torture a lost soul endures in the company of the damaed.

"This is hell upon earth," he said to himself with a shudder. He spent five days in the prison at Marseilles before the convicts were embarked on board the transport ship Durance. Chained together in couples they marched through the streets, with a strong escort of police, down to the harbor. On the way thither, Father Montmoulin saw a priest with whom he was acquainted, coming out of a church.

The priest scanned the ranks of the
convicts as they filed past him with a convicts as they filed past him with a sorrowful expression; he was evidently looking to see if the priest of Ste. Victoire was among them, for his supposed crime and his pardon were known far and wide by means of the daily papers. At length his eyes fell on the object of his search; he recognized him more through his timid, shamefaced demeanor than from his features, for demeanor than from his features, fo the calamity that had overtaken hit had altered and aged him sadly. Th priest's countenance changed, and he raised his hands with a gesture of disraised his hands with a gesture of dis-may. A blush of shame dyed Father Montmoulin's cheeks; he cast down

of sympathy that he would meet with for many a long day. On board the Darance the convicts were confined in the hold, packed closely together, and chained at their benches to rings in the side of the vessel. As long as the vessel remained in the harmony they were not allowed to go on deck. Fancy all these men full of hatred and every evil passion, shut up to ether in this narrow, and almost dar space! And when after many weary had elapsed, the engine began to throb and the screw to revolve, and the steamer, getting into open water began to roll as the waves, driven by a stiff south-west wind, broke against its sides, sea sickness, miserable enough under any circumstances, made itself felt in the crowded hold, the state of things became deplorable indeed. What Father Montmoutin had to suffer in the company of those degraded criminals beggars description. Happily, after a few days of almost

insufferable misery, calmer weather set in, and the convicts were allowed to go on deck for at least several hours. Durance had passed through the Isth mus of Suez, and was steaming south down the Red Sea. The heat increased day by day, and in the hold of the steamer it was hardly to be borne Whenever the order was given to the prisoners to go back to the ill-venti lated, unsavory place of confinement, Father Montmoulin felt as if he could endure his lot no longer. Already three of his unfortunate fellow-sufferers had thrown themselves overboard, in order to escape from their misery, and if the priest's faith in God, the sole disposer of life and death, and his belief in a life to come had been less firmly rooted, he also would have scarcely bee able to resist the temptation of self-de

struction. Presently, when the vessel had reached the Indian Ocean, and was pursuing its course over the wide expanse of waters towards the south coast of Australia, Father Montmoulin became seriously ill, s that the ship's doctor ordered him to have a better berth assigned him, apart from the other conping his voice: "He is a pricet, and I tully believe him to be innocent."

pure and pious fancies that flitted across the diseased brain of his patient. He thought he was preaching in his parish church on the subject of the seal of the church on the subject of the seal of the confessional; or he was catechising the school children, and again confession and the secrecy to be observed was the theme of his instructions; or he was talking to his mother with flial affection and simplicity; once in his wanderings he fancied nimself in court, and cried excitation. There will conwanderings he fancied nimself in court, and cried excitedly: "They will coademn me, and I cannot, I dare not say who did it." The doctor felt convinced that the man was innocent, and intimated as much to the Captain, very emphatically. The Captain shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Number 5,348 is the parish priest of Ste. Victoire, who was tried for murder. I read the whole account of the trial in the Figaro, and no doubt of his guilt was lett on my mind. I contess it seems After this speech, which was uttere lett on my mind. I confess it seem

case over again on your psychological "But we ought perhaps do some thing to make his lot less hard," th

Court of Justice in France to try the

doctor replied.

'I can do nothing. I have the command of the ship, and I do not meddle in other men's business. If you chose, you can speak to the Commandant of the jail on the island, to whom I have to hand over the convicts, but I warn you, you will do so at the risk of being laughed to scorn." Then the Captain turned on his heel, and went off to his

wn cabin.
The Durance was nearing the straits which separate the southeast point of Australia from Tasmania. They had got in sight of Cape Wilson, which stretches far out into the wide passage, when Father Montmoulin, leaning on the doctor's arm, once more came on deck.
"Is that the coast of my future

home?" he asked with a n

"That is the most southerly point of Australia. We are a good distance from New Caledonia yet. I thought for some time, you would not reach your destination, but your strong constitu-tion conquered. How do you feel in this invigorating sea breeze

" Much better, thank you. But for your kind care I should now be lying at the bottom of the blue water." "And you think it would be all the better for you if you had died? I can understand your leelings."
"I think it is all for the best as God

has ordained; but I cannot deny that I should infinitely prefer death to my

"Yet I am glad that I succeeded in pulling you through," the doctor re-joined. "The fact is I believe in your innocence, and I trust it may be made pparent some day.'

The prisoner's countenance bright-ened. "God bless you for saying that," he replied, pressing the doctor s nand gratefully. "It is the first word nand gratefully. "It is the first word of human sympathy that I have heard for weeks. I cannot venture to entertain the hope of obtaining justice on earth, but I look forward to it all the nore confidently hereafter.

The doctor turned away, to hide the emotion that these words awoke within his breast. In common with many other medical students he had made other medical students he had made shipwreck of his faith through the per-nicious teaching of unbelieving lec-turers. Now he was compelled to acknowledge that there was something sublime in the courage wherewith be-lief in the justice of God and in the immortality of the soul inspired a man. What would an unbeliever have done in the place of this priest? he asked him self. He would long ago have made away with himself in utter despair.

Could Father Montmoulin have fore germ which ultimately bore fruit in the doctor's conversion, that knowledge would have given him far more pleasure than the kind words that were ad-

Onwards sped the Durance, now in north easterly direction, and ere long the mountain heights of New Caledonia appeared on the horizon. On the fif tieth day of the voyage the white foam that marked the coral reefs surrounding the island became visible. At a signal from the steamer a tiny boat came trom the steamer a tiny boat came tossing on the waves, bearing the pilot, who was to guide the vessel through the dangerous entrance to the harbor, and before long the Durance cast an chor in the roadstead between the peninsular Duclos and the island of Nu. The convicts were all marshalled upon the deck: Father Montmoulin took his place among them, in irons like the

On the beach the barracks of the con viet's prison stood in long rows, covered to right and left by the cannon of the forts, while the barren hills of the little island rose in the background. To the left, behind the bay in which lies Porte de France, the chief town of New Caledonia, which was not discernible from the ship, the rocky summits of the large island rose to the clouds. A tropical sun poured its dazzling beams on this unfamiliar landscape, and even the most degraded criminal could not repress a sign, as the thought rose in his mind how far his home was left behind. Father Montmoulin, at any rate, felt this keenly, when the vision of his country and all who were dear to him rose up before him, and he realized that half a hemisphere separated him from them, and he could not hope ever to ee them again.

There was no time however to indulge in melancholy reflections just then.
The Commandant of the island of Nu on board, to take the convicts into his charge. He inspected over into each one singly, man by man, or rather number by number, and No. 5,348 came

in his turn. "This convict was very ill on the ordered nim to have a better berth assigned him, apart from the other convicts. For weeks he hovered between ife and death in high fever. The does not appear to be accustomed to hard labor. I should advise his bediever was delirious, was astonished at the time at least." Then he added, drop

The Commandment knitted his brown angrily, and said frigidly: "Numb 5,348 will receive the same treatme 5,348 will receive the same treatment as the other convicts. Those who have been pronounced guilty by the verdict of the French court of justice, we consider to be guilty. A priest who dis graces his sacred office has the least claim of anyone to lenient treatment. I shall have him examined by the medical official at the hospital, and act according to his report." according to his report.

in a lower tone, but every word of which reached Father Montmoulin' which reached Father Montmonth sear, as he stood by the Commandant, the latter turned to the convicts, and said in a loud voice: "Attention! give you all to understand that you I give you all to understand that you have not been sent over here from France in order that you may live in idleness at the expense of the State, and I promise you, that if one of you fails to conform to the strict regulations of the clace, I will lead him the life of a dog He shall be put out in the sun, hands and feet chained together, till be thinks he is in a frying pan. Do you under he is in a trying pan. Do you under stand? But those who are docile and willing to work, will have it made easier to them. So you can choose for your-selves. One thing more: It may occur to some of you, as it has to others be-fore now, to make an attempt to escape. Now I tell you as a warning: First, all the sentries carry loaded muskets and have orders to shoot down any convict the sentries carry loaded muskets and have orders to shoot down any convict who is out of bounds. Secondly, the nearest land lies thousands of miles away to the west; and how any man can swim from this shore to that, without a boat and without provisions, is in lookent not mine. Thirdly there his lookout, not mine. Thirdly, there is the interior of the island, from which some skilful swimmers have at time contrived to make good their escape. Well, I wish a pleasant voyage to those who imitate them. Most of the fugi tives were eaten by the cannibals, the others came back to the coast in a piti able state of starvation, and gave the selves up at one or other of the French stations. I can assure you the recep tion they met with took away all desir to make another little holiday trip Do you all understand? Right about

The Durance now lay alongside the landing-place, and the convicts marched one by one, under military escort, past the Commandant to the barracks were shut in by high pallisades. more than a thousand convicts were to sleep on the bare boards. Some who happened to be on the spot when the new arrivals marched in, greeted them with morose, scornful looks, and muttered curses. And when evening came, and the whole body of the convicts already on the island, who during the day had been at work in companies in the gardens and on the public buildings under the surveillance of the guards returned to their quarters, and discovered the unwelcome accession t their numbers, occasioning a further restriction of elbow-room and breathingrestriction of elbow-room and breathing-space, a regular storm broke out. There was an outery of anger and spite such as only those who were hardened in vice and crime were capable of exhibiting, and scenes similar to that which marked Father Montmoulin's enwhich marked rather Montmounts en-trance into the prison at Marseilles were enacted. "His Reverence" was singled out as a special object of persecution, and even some of the warders did not scruple to manifest their hatred of religion, by victimising the innocent minister of religion who was now in their power. And this life—this hell on earth—would last on and on; for how many years?

The head physician, who No. 5,348, saw no reason why he should be exempted from the general rule. Consequently the next morning Father Montmoulin had to shoulder a spade and accompany a detachment of con victs who were making a road up to the top of the highest hill, where a post of observation was established. Even the top of the highest hill, sturdiest laborers, horny handed sons of toil, long accustomed to the use of spade and pick axe, could scarcely tand the hard labor under the scorch ing sun of the tropics. The first day groved almost too much for Fathe Montmoulin; panting with fatigue, bathed in perspiration, with bleeding hands he returned in the evening to the barracks, too utterly exhausted to eat more than a mouthful of the coarse fare —some ill-cooked yams—provided for the convicts' supper. Aching in every limb, he stretched himself on the hard planks that formed his bed, and it was long ere he found relief in sleep. The rosary, which he managed to recite un observed, while muttered execrations were heard around, was his only solace When on the following morning the bugle call sounded, and he had to get up and turn out, and with blistered hands resume his toilsome labors, he comforted himself with the thought that this sort of thing could not last very long; a merciful fever would surely soon deliver him out of his misery.

But it was not so. Every day he w better able to bear the life to which he was condemned. His vigorous consti-tution accustomed itself to the climate and to hard labor, and he fared better in this respect than some men of stronger build, whose health had been undermined by an irregular life. When the rainy season set in, he had several attacks of fever, and was obliged to go attacks of lever, and was obliged to go into the infirmary for a few days, where the Sisters of St. Joseph from Cluny acted as nurses. But his recovery was rapid, so rapid in fact, that his cherished wish, to receive Holy Communion, was not fulfilled. He confided to one of the Sisters the fact that he was a priest, but she had so often been de ceived by convicts, that she had learnt not to believe what they said of them selves. How could it be possible that a priest should be sentenced to transportation with the lowest criminals, sho asked herself, turning away incredulous and annoyed from the side of the sun-burnt man with the untrimmed beard Fatner Montmoulin was greatly pained to find the religious did not credit his statement. "I belong now to the off to find the religious did not credit his statement. "I belong now to the off scouring of the earth, the outcast of the people," he said to himself. "I must learn to submit to my fate, and re- mer holiday! Congratulations! And

nounce all hope as far as this world is

When a year had gone by, Namber 5 348 was sent with se to the east coast of New Caledonia to work in the copper mines of Bilasd. Week after week and month after month Week after week and month after month Father Montmoulin wheeled his barrow full of the ore that had been dug out during the day to the crushing mills. A second year passed away; he no longer kept account of the weeks and months. The third year of his exile was already far advanced on its course; he had ceased to think of any change or amplication of his lot as possible. or amelioration of his lot as possible.

Many of his companions in misfortune
had died, and been buried privately on the outskirts of the primeval forest When would be too be laid to rest be neath the wide spreading banyan tree whose branches overshadowed the grass grown mounds which no cross marked One wish alone remained in his heart: that one of the Marist missionaries in Baland would visit him when his end drewnigh and administer the last sacra-

nents to him.

But even of this there seemed little prospect. There was no lack of zeal or the part of the missionaries, they would gladly have hastened, though the dis tance was considerable, to the bedside of each or any of the convicts; but neither the guard nor attendants on the sick would take the trouble to send all the way to the Mission house.

Determined to make an effort to en sure for himself this last privilege, Father Montmoulin found an oppor-tunity of speaking to a native Christian, who was employed in the crushing mills. By means of signs more than words, he made him understand that he wanted him secretly to procure for him a pencil and paper, promising to give the native, if he would execute this commission, a few copper coins which from time to time had been allowed him for tobacco, as the reward of good be haviour. Upon the scrap of paper thu-obtained, Father Montmoulin wrote a few lines in Latin, addressed to the Superior of the Mission, entreating him for the love of God to assist in his last moments a dying priest, who, known as number 5,348, was amongst the convicts

number 5,348, was amongst the convicts at work in the copper mines.

"Now," he said to himself, "if I am again laid low by fever, surely someone will for the sake of the perce I shall save up for the purpose, be found willing to take this note to the Marist Fathers, and then I shall await my last hour in peace. Or will the scentifice hour in peace. Or will the sacrifice, which the seal of confession requires of at the moment of death to forego th consolation of receiving the last sacra ments? It must be as God wills!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SUCCESSFUL MAN.

Garth hath not anything to show with Cloughmere rising from i wooded base a gray, lonely peak against the radiant sky. In this ro-mattic spot Herbert Grey and his fair young bride had elected to spend their

oneymoon. At present Grey was figuring rather argely in the public eye as one of the eading men of a new colony, where, ov a clever stroke of commercial enter ise, he had achieved an enormo tune. He had returned to Engla to be lionized, feted and flattened in a style that made him look back with a curious thrill to the days when he had not always had enough to eat, and had wandered a friendless lad through Gla gow's streets in search of employ Under the searchlight of critical investigation he revealed not side "or arrogance; he was crap of ound to be straightforward and un-assuming, with the frank geniality of the colonial embroidered, so to speak, on the sturdy self-reliance of the Scot; and the one made an admirable background to the other.

Fashionable and "society" journals "copy" by his marriage with Madge Moncrieff whose family, though poor, was very old and proud. Those per sons who always sneer at the success-ful man held that Grey would be pos-ing as an aristocrat himself and going in for a peerage; and they related tales of his early struggles with an air of implying that it would have been more to his credit had he remained in poverty stricken obscurity. They were also in a position to state that his mar riage had been made by Miss Mon crieff's scheming mother, who had simply sold her daughter to the highest bidder a proceeding from which only misery could result.

misery could result

They might, perhaps, have thought
that that prediction was being fulfilled
if they had been able at this moment to
see into the room where Madge was
sitting in pensive solitude. She was
realizing that it is a solemn, strange
and perilous thing for a maid to become a wife. More intimate knowledge
of Mr. Grey's qualities and characteristics might produce liking and esteen,
but the splendid dreams of young ro
mance were over. She was married to mance were over. She was married to a man of whom she knew very little or whom she felt rather fear than love Her consolation was in the belief that marriage is a sacrament, and that God

would give her grace to do her duty. There was an interruption-swift and rather heavy steps, and a smothering embrace, from which she extricated herself to gaze upon a lady with closeherself to gaze upon a lady with close-cropped hair, a sun-burned face crowned by a hard felt hat and surmounting a "mannish" collar and tie; and she recognized Flora Winthrope, an old school friend, who lived apart from her husband and had made herself some-what notorious of recent years by the liberty, not to say license she permitted her tongue and pen. From press and platform she advocated "women's rights, " the chief of them being, in her view, the right to dissolve the marriage tie for any reason whatsoever. She was an old friend, however, and Madge's heart was looking to the past

please show me your very own hus-"Mr. Grey is out , " said Madge.
And Flora shrieked :

And Flora shrieked:
"Don't you know him well enough to call him by his Christian name, you little silly?" As Madge colored and looked down with brimming eyes, she added quietly: "Dearest, what is the matter? Aren't you happy? Is he a brute? For love of auld lang syne, trust me and I'll soon straighten the tangled threads."

At times silence is a prison from which we long to escape. Madge,

which we long to escape. Madge, moreover, was touched by Flora's soli-

"I have nothing to complain of but my own ridiculous fancies, " she said." No doubt I ask too much from life. more than it has to give, and I should be well content with being the object of a sensible man's care and court

"Is courtesy another name for indif ference? One doesn't associate the former with a self-made man, you know But isn't yours the ideal love match you always said you would make?

you always said you would make? "
"Circumstances are stronger than
schoolgirls' vows, Flora. Mine was a
"marriage arranged." On the one
hand mamna, with so many daughters
and debts and so little money, on the
other Mr. Grey with his vast fortune
and his ambition for social success. I
dared not interpose my personal feelings between their plans. Now-well. ings between their plans. Now-well, now I wonder how I could marry a man who was content to take a wife reasons and on such terms."

"At least you can spend his money

and that's always a pleasant pastime.
I want you both to dine with me on Friday.

"Not on Friday, surely?" smiled ladge. "Hadn't you better choose Madge.

another day ?"
"What's the matter with Friday Good gracious, child, you don't mean to say that you cling to those silly old superstitions yet? You are far be hind the times. It is many a day since I ceased to believe in God and the fables they told us at school."

Madge winced and shuddered.

"What would you say of a person who bared an arm hideous with sores and ulcers and thrust it under your eyes?" sno asked.
"I should say the person did a disgusting and offensive thing," declared

lora emphatically. "Why?"
"You have just done it to me," said Madge; and the other woman colored, paused, shrugged her shoulders and re

"I grasp your meaning. Well, I won't exhibit my spiritual ulce again, and you shall fast on Friday to your heart's content. But on Thurs your heart's content. But on Thurs day I'll hope to see you and your hus band."

Snortly after her departure Herber Grey came in—a tall and sinewy man, with a shapely head, deep blue eyes and well-cut bronzed features. Th raction of his fine black brows was new development, and to Madge's tun d perceptions indicated temper. ad roused his wrath, she wondered.

"Mrs. Winthrope called," she said.
I don't know whether you have heard of her or not-

" Most people have, it strikes me," he interjected dryly: and Madge red-dened at his tone, adding rather

nervously:
"She has invited us to dine with her

on Thursday."
"Which gives you the trouble of de-

clining, of course."
"No, indeed; I accepted. She is an old friend," said Madge; at which her husband looked at her with darkening eyes and set, stern lips.
"Nevertheless, I distinctly forbid you to go to her house. Whatever she may have been, she is not now a per son with whom I can permit my wife to

Madge stared at him until understanding came to her with a touch of

So, like Dickens Marchioness, you take limited views of society through the keyholes of doors?" she said.

"I paid listener's toll, I grant," he ans vered. ans wered. "Neither of you heard me come in, and at first I did not realize, that your conversation was private. I got away as quickly as I could, but not before I had heard enough to be pleased that my ears and not a servant's were the sharers of your confidences.

Herbert's tone and manner suddenly changed, the coldness and hardness of

both melting away.
"Look here, Madge, I did not and do not care a brass button for social success. What I sought was love and sympathy; some one to cherish and protect, to share all I had and make it protect, to share all I had and make it worth the having; and my whole heart went out to you at our first meeting. You did not lead me on, I grant; you were proud and cold, and held yourself aloof from me. But your mother knew that I loved you; knew, too, that I rould not consciously marry a girl who despised me. She led me to believe that you liked me, but were too shy to show your feelings; and she warned me against being demonstrative. Ah, well the thing is done! But I think your side had the best of the bargain. They have got all they asked. I wanted love, and have not received even lik-

ing."

Madge rested her head on her hand pressing down her eyelids with cold fingers, lest the tears should escape. Grey looked at her more mildly, say-

ing:
"I am sorry if I spoke harsh'y. It is true you dealt me a blow, but I should not have hit back so roughly." "I have misunderstood you. I did not know you cared for me," Madge

faltered. " All the same, I shall not force my society upon you," he said hastily "There's a lot of me, but it isn't al brute, and I shall not inflict myself on you unduly. Of course, I can't and don't withdraw my objections to your intimacy with Mrs. Winthrope."

Consequently Madge sent a polite note to that lady, expressing in conventional terms her regrets that, owing to other arrangements, the invitation

Flora was not so easily shaken off as Madge had expected, but presented

herself on a second occasion in a dis-tinctly less amiable mood. She had re-cognized Madze's excuse to be a polite fiction, she said; but all should be forgiven if another evening were appointed for the dinner. And, thus driven to bay, Madge was forced to state that there never would be a time when she and her husband could accept Mrs.

Winthrope's hospitality.

Flora set her teeth and breathed

hard. "That's his doing, of course!" she "Inst's his doing, or course!" she said angrily. "He's a pretty censor of any one's manners or morals, I'm sure! Has he ever told you that he has been in prison? The true_reason of his not in prison? The true-reason of his not permitting you to visit me is that he is afraid that I may enlighten you as to his past career. I have friends in this colony who told me all about him. You deserved a better fate than to be married to an ex jailbird."

"I think you must not call on me again," said Madge quietly, though her heart was throbbing and her brain swimming; and Flora departed with an air of shaking unworthy dust for

ever from her shoes.

"Something is worrying you," Grey remarked later in the day. "You may as well tell me what it is, for neither as well tell me what it is, for neither of us will be at peace until you do," Disclaiming belief in Mrs. Win-thrope's accusation, she repeated it to him, and with quickening pulses saw a glow of color diffuse over his fac

glow of color diffuse over his face.
"I didn'texpect to have that brought
up against me," he said, with a strange
laugh. "Well, all the talk in the
world can't alter fact or make me other than I am; and if I give you the truth of the tale it is because you have a right to know it now—not because the malice of spiteful tongues disturbs me, nor in order to pose before you as me, nor in order to pose before you as anything better than I am. I have a newspaper account of the proceedings somewhere, I am going to Belfast to. morrow on special business, and you can read the account of my—er — vill-ainy at your leisure. Then surely it

any at your leisure. Then surely it may rest in peace."

How eagerly Madge scanned the columns of the paper which Herbert had unearthed from his writing desk ere ne departed on his mysterious business! From the flimsy faded pages she learned that Mr. Grey, after hav-ing been remanded on a charge of assaulting a leading citizen, was brought up for hearing of further evid-ence. He had not only pleaded guilty, but had cheerfully expressed his inten-tion of acting in the same way in similar circumstances anywhere, the said circumstances being that the said citizen had bru ally ill-treated a sickly blind child. The prisoner had been dismissed with an admonition against taking the law into his own hands, and was then escorted home by an enthujastic crowl, which sang hae wi' Wallace bied!' awelling. around his

The warm glow which passed through the girl's veins as she read the tale ended in tears, half of pain half of prids. What had he found to like in ner -he who had taken up the harp of me and struck from its chords the

She counted the hours that must elapse before his return, and watched the arrival of each train with eager, hungry eyes. When at length he did appear, he looked so haggard and careappear, he looked so haggard and care-worn, so mournfully subdued, that she was frightened. What evil had be-tailen him? Her trembling lips could scarcely frame the question:

"Herbert, was has happened?"
"How am I to tell you?" He had sat down wearily, his arms outflung on the table before him. "The result of the South African crisis is that I am a ruined man.'

"I am very sorry !" How impotent, how inadequate the words, yet she

now inadequate the words, yet and could find no others.

"Ys, it is hard on you, Madge, I feel that I have wronged you: but, as I live here and hope hereafter, I had no forewarning of this. It has been as sudden as lightning, and as disastrous. I went to Belfast to meet my agent in the hope of hearing that the crash could be averted, or that some spar might be saved from the wreck. No use, no use! It is all gone!"

use, no use ! It is all gone!"

Sne looked at his dejected profile turned towards the fading light. The light glittered silvery, calm and still: the trees cast black shadows on the broad white road; sounds of music and dejected profile of voices outside had ceased. They two seemed alone in the world.

"I would have expected such a man as you are to take a thing like this in a

as you are to take a thing like this in a different spirit," she murmured unsteadily, nervously.

"I want to take it in the right spirit," he answered. "May God's holy will be done!"

"Amen! You are young Herbert, strong, sound in mind and body. If life or harin were failing, courage well

life or brain were failing, courage well might give way, though never faith and hope. But you have what wealth cannot buy. You said once that it is the man who goes on trying who is the hero.

"Well, I mean to go on trying," he said, waving that issue a ide. "I don't care a straw about myself, but for you it is entirely different. It is the it is entirely different. It is the thought of you that brings me near heartbreak."

But why, Herbert—why?" she said. His lips quivered; he bent his head upon his hands, but gave no other answer. She resumed, more pleadingly,

"I am not really extravagant, though I may have seemed so. Costly things do not give me happiness. Have you forgotten how poor I was when you married me? I will do my utmost to

married me? I will do my utmost to be a help to you, and I know that I shall find a way."

Startled, flushed with amazement, waves of doubt, of hope, of bewildering joy chasing each other in quick succession through his heart, he looked upon her, not trusting himself to speak.

upon her, not trusting himself to speak.

"So little is lost when the best remains," she whispered. "Oh, Herbert, all I want on earth is you!"

She was kneeling beside him, her head upon his breast; and he held her hand against his lips, which trembled more and more.

"My beloved wife!" he breathed. Outside the shadows of night were

deepening me its clouds to And through radiant star to grow dim

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CHURCH INTERESTIN UISHED BENSON

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