

with a glow indescribable, but exquisitely soothing, in his heart, and never before experienced. He a Catholic! He repeated the thought, lay it on his soul and in his ears he felt a strange, yearning listening as if for a voice beloved. Over this deep moment his host's voice unwelcomely broke, as he said in low, earnest tones:

"Brother Gray, all the good men ain't left this earth yit. Thar's one of them in that ole peddler out thar. One time he ust to run a big lickin' place in some Noth'n city. He wus rich an' had a wife an' two little gals. But his wife died an' then, whateveh was the cause of it, he shet up shop. He tole me he tuck the money he had made, a pow'ful lot, an' giv' it some Church s'ciety to be used by it fur keerin' fur fam'lies of drunkards. Then, he tuck his two little gals and put them in a convent school an' he went out peddlin' to make a livin' fur them and himself. He walked over the whole country an' it was sometimes two yars afore he'd see his children. He ben a doin' this near thirty yars, now. His gals is married now an' want him to live with 'em, but when I asked him why he don't, he said; 'Dave, I caused much sin in my early life an' I must do penance while I live.' But that won't be fur much longer," concluded Dave, sadly, "fur he's growin' weaker an' yallerer every time he comes back. He's a strange feller, too. Them piercin' eyes of his'n seem to see more than any one elses. I asked him once how it was, an' he said much sorrow makes folks wise. That was 'long when I fust knowed him an' when I tole my ole mammy I reckoned that was why I was allus such a stump as I'd nevah had any trouble all my life, she said: 'David, don't be a seekin' aftah the wisdom that sorrow bring. It

comes soon enough.' But it seems it's goin' to fureget me entirely," and he laughed.

"God grant it may!" said the minister, fervently, looking on him as he sat with a shy-faced child on each knee.

Mr. Gray seemed to shun conversation with the peddler when the simple evening meal was over and the little family returned to the room. But the peddler smoked his pipe in deep thought, from which he was drawn occasionally by a question of Dave's. That night when the two men, thus strangely brought together, had retired to the bed-room in the loft, which they were to share, Mr. Daly asked, suddenly:

"Is that nigger man you saved from being lynched still living?"

"Yes," said the minister, wheeling quickly from his position by the small open window, through which the moonlight, the clearer for the newly-washed sky, was pouring her holy silvery beams.

"The last time I was in Frankfort," said the peddler, "about a year ago, that was, Father Williams told me the nigger was sick and that he might die."

"He had a serious illness," said the minister, "but we pulled him through. His constitution is not good and the confinement is trying on it. But Father Williams and I brought our influence to bear on the Governor and secured for Pete more comforts, for he must not die before his innocence is established," finished the minister, more to himself than to his listener.

"How are you going to do that?" asked the peddler, his eyes on the floor, showing white under the rays of the moon.

"By finding the real criminal," said the minister, decisively.