

little grey face and he passed his glass for a second dose.

"I could discourse upon this theme at very considerable length," he said; "but the matter calls for deeds rather than words, or perhaps I should say both."

"No doubt, as a man of God, your duty do lie clear afore you, if I may say so respectful," ventured Robert Bluett; and the pastor admitted that it was so.

"By the help of Heaven these unhappy beings, that here dwell midway between earth and heaven, must be laid to rest," he said. "Thaumaturgy, or working of miracles, can only still subsist at the desire of Jehovah, and if He wills that I liberate these funereal spirits to their rest, I can do it, not otherwise."

"I lay you'll do it, such a holy man as you," foretold Johnny Cramphorn, genially.

"But, for God's love, don't mess it up," added Mr. Bluett, "'cause if you make any error, they'll rend 'e to tatters."

"If Heaven wills and my health permits, I go on Tuesday night in all the dignity and power of my calling," declared Parson Yates; "and now I will thank you to see me home, such among you as journey on my way."

A few men departed with their pastor; Cramp-