

BY GUY THORNE

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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"This may be," he said, "the last time I shall ever have the pleasure and privilege of speaking to you. I want to give you one last message. I want to urge one and all here tonight to be unspotted, unstained by doubt, uninfluenced by fear. Do that and all will be well with you here and hereafter." His voice was strong, earnest, emphatic. "I have, many times thought and felt of late that possibly the time may be at hand, when we who are here tonight may be called upon to witness the triumph of Principles of evil will make a great and determined onslaught upon the Christian Faith. I cannot say I read the signs of this time, but I am sure that for they have sometimes amounted even to that—may be unfounded or imaginary. But if such a time shall come, if the hour shall come, when we shall be called upon, that we read of in Genesis, descend upon the world and envelop it in its gloom and terror, oh! let us have faith. Keep the light of truth, let nothing disturb that faith; let nothing fright them. All passeth: God only remaineth. And now, dear brothers and sisters in the Holy Land, thank you, God bless you, and farewell."

There was a tense silence as his voice dropped to a close.

The next day a woman sobbed.

There was something peculiar about his warning. He spoke almost in prophecy, as if he knew of some terrible coming, some awful calamity, some great disaster, some pain and pain and then from fever, his bright, earnest eyes, not the glittering eyes of a fanatic, but the sinner, *where* ones of earnest, single-minded men, there in an im-

CHAPTER VIII.

A Dinner at the Pannier d'Or.

Helen stood with her hand raised to her eyes, close by the port padd-box, staring straight in front of her at a faint grey line upon the horizon.

A stiff breeze was blowing in the Channel, though the sun was shining as brightly on the sea as on the sky. The sea was white with foam, like a picture by Henry Moore.

By the tall, graceful figure of the girl swaying and swishing gracefully to the steady and soothing music of the sea, the sea-lights of the wind, stood a thick-set man of middle height, dressed in a tuxedo suit. He was a Frenchman, and a Frenchman, he was being over a pair of eyes, grey eyes, intellectual and kindly. His nose was beak-like and the large, rugged red mustache which grew on his upper lip.

It was the Hrold Spence, the journalist, whom Gortre was to live after his holiday was over and he began his work in a Bloomington office. He was watching her in order to accompany Gortre and Mr. and Mrs. Spence to Dieppe. It had been his first introduction to the vicar and his daughter.

"So that is really France, Mr. Spence," said Helen; "the very first view of the foreign coast you've an idea of what I feel like now? It seems so wonderful, something I've been waiting for all my life."

"Spence smiled and said, "Yes, it is a very good humor as he did so."

"Well," sensibilities or emotions at present, Miss Byars, are entirely consumed by wondering whether I am going to be or

"Don't speak of it," said a thin voice, "voice from which all" and they saw the speaker at their elbow.

His face was livid, his beard hung in lank deflection, and he wore misery poured from his aesthetic eyes.

Buzel pulled out his new and glorious gold watch, which had replaced the old rusty gun-metal one on the usual wavy chain. Though not a poor man, he was simple in all his tastes, and the new toy gave him a recurring and childish pleasure whenever he looked at it.

"We ought to be in about twenty minutes," he said. "Have you noticed that the clock of the town is already striking six?" The land protests us. How cold the town is growing! I wonder if you remember any of the old days?"

"I was like you, seeing a foreign country for the first time. Spence is the real voyageur though." He's been over the world."

"But your friend came up to them again, as there was a general movement of passengers towards the landing-stage."

"Yes, the sailor whistle waivered over the water and the boat began to move slowly."

"In a few minutes they had passed the breakers and were gliding slowly towards the wharves towards the landing-stage."

Suddenly Helena clutched hold of his arm.

"O Basil!" she whispered, how beautiful! Garding t' harbor!"

He turned and followed the direction towards the harbor.

An enormous crucifix more than life planted in the ground, rose from the water, the right for the entering the harbor to see.

They watched the symbol in silence, the passengers that were passing, the flags up their rugs and band-bags.

Gottre slipped his arm thru Helena's.

So, as the lovers glided slowly past the great symbol of God, the sea, the sky, the hearts found the little utterance of their lips, though they were deeply to be pitied.

"I seemed a good omen to welcome me to France!"

Spence remained to look after the gaze and to see that through the customs the three others resolved to wait the rooms which they had taken in the "aubourg de la Barre on the steeply rising hill of the city."

They passed over the railway line in the middle of the road, and past the which cluster and among the trees, the quaint market place, with the great Go-Hie Cathedral Church, the statues upon one side and the old sail on the other, the square with the big basket spring flowers in the centre.

To Helena Basil's simple presence was one of unalloyed ecstasy. She was in familiar uniforms: an officer's simple uniform in a cate, with gaiters, sword, helmet shining with the sun, and a young man with Hugo furry hair, a moving color of the scene gave her and delightful sensations.

"I had seen the old sailor."

red light over the tobacco shop, and that little brass dish over the hair-dresser's. Think of Walkdown or Salford now.

They began a steady walk toward the pier and light-house. The wind was fresh, though not troublesome, and at 5 o'clock, the sun, low in the sky, was still bright, and could give his animation to

Helena Byers held her own among the cosmopolitan crowd of women who walked on the Page. Her beauty, her grace, her intelligence, of a type that is always appreciated to its full value on the Continent, but that shone the more from Lat'n contrasts, and could not escape re-


Every now and again they turned, at distance of a quarter of a mile or so, and during the recurrence of their beauty they saw the faces of the people they met several times, coming and going.

He was an enormously big man, broad and tall, dressed expensively and with grace, and with a certain air of being made him one of the usual, but his personality seemed to them no less arresting and strange.

His large mouth face was flat, the eyes small and brilliant, with heavy pouches under them. His whole manner was a trifle frolic and Georgian. Basil said that he seemed to have been a member of the Whig in some subtle way. "I can imagine him on the lawns of Brighton or dining in the Pavilion," he said.

Of course it may mean nothing, though.

The bishop of one of the saints of the time whose work on the Gospel in the most wretched of the East had been the most wonderful of the Christian apologetics, has a

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"The big stranger, now in evidence, had just come,"

cold, and they sat under the swaying arms of a little round table watching the morning groups with interest. In a few minutes after their arrival they saw Spence and the vicar, now quite restored and well, come towards them. They had foreborne to order anything before the arrival of their companions.

Suddenly Helena turned to Gortie.

"Oh, look, Basil!" she said. "There's our friend of the Plage—Quinbus Pl-strim—the mountain of flesh—you remember you saw him?"

The big stranger, now in evening dress and a heavy fur coat, had just come into the cafe and was sitting there with a cigarette and a Paris paper. He seemed lost in some sort of anxious speculation—at least so it seemed by the drooping of the journal in his massive fingers at the set expression of abstraction which lingered in his eyes and spread a veil over his countenance.

They had all turned at Helena's exclamation and looked toward the other side of the cafe, where the "big" was sitting.

"Why, that's Sir Robert Livelyn," said Spence.

The vicar looked up eagerly. "That's the very man, the antiquary of the Holy Land," he said.

"Yes, that's the man. They knighting him the other day. He's supposed to be the greatest living authority you know."

"Do you know him, then?" asked the vicar.

"Oh, yes," said Spence, carelessly. "Of course, everyone in my trade. I have—I've often gone to him for information when anything very special has been wanted. And I've met him in the clubs and at lectures or at first nights at the theatre. He's a great playgoer."

"A decent sort of a fellow?" asked Gortie.

Spence hesitated a moment. "Oh, well, I suppose so," he said, carelessly.

"But I don't think he's a very pleasant little creature. He's a man of the world as well as a great scholar, and I suppose the rather unusual combination makes people talk. But he is right up to the op of the knee-goes everywhere; he's just been knighted for his work."

"Go over and speak to him," said the vicar.

"If he'll come over," said the vicar, eyes light with anticipation and the h

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He knew the knowledge of the culinary art was not to be treated with a kind of reverence, addressing himself more particularly to Helena.

"Yes, Miss Byars, you must be most particular in your selection of really good fishy stuff. This is excellent. The great secret is to mix with a little lobster-spawn and to flavor with a dash of stock—white stock, of course—before you add the powdered shells and anchovies."

Many times, despite his impatience to get on with his more congenial subjects, the earl smiled at the purring of this formlet, who seemed to prefer a saute to an inscription and resolute to get on with her.

But with the exception of the few crystals of amber, sugar—the year's hour came. Sir Robert raised his glass; it was inevitable and with a hail sign, gave the toast.

Once started, his manner changed utterly. The mask of materialism peeled away from his face, and he became, as the French ladies came out upon it as knowledge poured from the conversation.

The conversation threatened to be a long one, so the earl saw that, and proposed to go on to the Casino with Helena, leaving the two dergymen with Livelyn. It was when they had gone that the trio ceased to talk.

Gradually the discussion became more intimate and began to touch on great issues.

Mr. Byars was in a state of exordimordial interest. His knowledge was wide, and Livelyn early realized this, speaking to him as an equal, but besides the Professor's all-embracing achievements it was

...ing dress and heavy fur coat, into the cafe.

"Nothing," the clerkman learned something fresh, some sudden, illuminating point of view, some irradiating fact, at every moment.

"I suppose," Mr. Byars said at length, "that the true situation of the Hoyt S. Pound is still a matter of considerable doubt. Professor, your view would interest me extremely."

"My view," said Llewellyn, with remarkable earnestness and with a emphasis which left no doubt about his convictions, "is that the Sepulchre has not yet been located."

"And your view is authoritative, of course?" said Mr. Byars.

The Professor bowed.

"That is as it may be," he said, "but I have no doubt upon the subject."

"No, Mr. Byars, my conviction is that we are not yet able to locate in any way the position of Golgotha and the Holy Tomb."

"You think that is to come?" asked Gordie.

"Certainly," answered the Professor, with great deliberation and meaning—"I feel certain that we are on the eve of stupendous discoveries in this direction. It is charged with import that the two clerical men looked quickly at each other. He seemed to divine that Llewellyn was aware of some impending discoveries. He must, they knew, be in constant touch with all that was being done in Palestine. Curious, but merely felt as an action upon the nerves.

There was rather a tense silence for a short time.

"The Professor broke it."

"Let me ask you," he said, taking a card from one of his pockets, "a little map which I published at the time of the agitation about Gordon's tomb. I can trace the line of the city walls for you."

He felt in his pocket for some papers on which to make the drawing, and took out a letter.

Gordie and the vicar drew their chairs closer.

Suddenly a curious pain shot through Basil's head and all his pulses throbbled.

sation—he felt the
of the nature of the
liberty. The aroma of some utterly
ad homine personality seemed to
into his brain.
The old man looked down at the
on which the great white fingers
now tracing thin lines, he had seen,
Llewellyn turned it over, a firm,
eighty years old, and he excluded
had some excuse about the heat of the
he left it and went out into the

brain was busy with terrible into-
forebodings; he seemed to be caught
in the fringe of some great net, the
toms of his darkness came round him
more, the dark air grew thicker,
pragued, and because of that
hideous.

pressed the lighted kiosk at the Ca-
entrance with a white set face.
was going home to pray.

CHAPTER IX.

was at Victoria Station that Basil
red, the young curate, said good-by
to Helen Byars. Spence had been back
in London for a fortnight. Mr.
Byars and his daughter were to go straight
to Manchester the same day, and
Spence was to take possession of his new
parsonage in Lincoln's as he entered on
his duties of a Holy Church, in London,
but delay.

It was a merry holiday, they all
enjoyed, as the train brought them up from
London; how proud they had hardly
imagined themselves as all over.

After the farewells had been said in the
city station, and Basil's cab drove him

he cab moved slowly up Clancery lane and then turned into the sudden quiet street of Inns. In front of him he saw the "ak," outside door of the chambers, which was shut, and waited for a response. In a few minutes he heard footsteps. The inner door was opened and he saw a thin man, dressed and brown, peering through spectacles.

"Ah! Gortse, I suppose," said the other. "We were expecting y'u. I'm hands, know, how long has it been month yet, have you bag? Come in, come in." He followed the big, stooping fellow with a sense of well-being at the cheerfulness of his greeting.

The speaker uttered a noise of vigorous splashing from behind one of the seated doors, and Spence's voice belowered a greeting.

"Here, Basil!" Spence called out, "I've got to give you from Father Rick. I want to get s'to you. He sent it down a special messenger this morning. Here."

Father Ripon was the vicar of St. Mary's Church, a new chief.

He took the note and opened it, reading as follows:

"The Church House, St. Mary's, Bloomsbury."

"Dear Mr. Gortse,—Friend Spence says that at y'u will arrive in London this afternoon. Don't believe in wasting time, and I want a good long talk with you. I shall be glad to see you. T. Night I am due at Betnal Green to give a lecture. I shall be driving home about 10 o'clock and I'll call at Lincoln's Inn on my way home. Will not be too late for you, we can then talk matters over. Sincerely

[illegible]


home could with well-combated
of impunity. The wisdom of a
class have fix upon the parish as
one. I met it in the p. spe. e
vicarage of the vicar. You will
with horrors of v. e. a marvel u
any indifference in the c. ers. o
To reach some of the v. e. s
the vicarage of the vicar. You will
to them the spiritual and even the
and material end of their lives.
the almost superhuman powers."
The list of aid with desperation
the vicarage of the vicar. You will
to realize more clearly the diffi-
new lie. And yet the obstacle do
not him. They seem d rather a
note for little to the vicarage of
of the tried soldier at a coming
jurnal, said good night with sudden-
ness, as if he had been going to
the vicarage of the vicar. You will
and was dismissed. He was the
vicarage of the vicar. You will
farewell.

CHAPTER X.

The Resurrection Sermon.

Michael Manohoe was the great help
standby of St. Mary's. His father
pen a wealthy baron in Rome, and
the old lady who had enriched him
inherited wealth, was an Oxford
to Christianity during his early
in England. He was the Conserva-
member for the district of Lancashire
in the great country house was
and had become a pillar of the
ch and State in England. In the
of Commons.

The spectacle of a Catholic
leading the moderate 'A' which



He passed the lighted kiosk at the
a white set face. He was go-

And in position, though Schaub was
for the more brilliant of the two men,
devoted all his energies to the opposi-
tion of the secular and agnostic influ-
ences. His political rival,
had been introduced to Sir Mi-
chael during the week, and as he knew the
man purposed attending to hear his
sermon at St. Mary's on the Sunday
evening.

He prepared his discourse with extreme
care. A natural wish to make a good im-
pression animated him.

The pulpit was high above the heads
of the people, and he looked down as he
spoke, his face set in a stern and
resolute line.

At a moment the preacher paused and
looked quickly over the congregation.
He saw Sir Michael standing, and

And
ed con-
in the
Them
Stoke
came
inn.
Spent
his for
"Wit-
Till
The
young
and
House
Till
Chapin
and
Basil
evangel-
ism
actual
to be

[illegible]

Mr. Michael Rapon, the vestry,
was stirred and shaken by the
rous strain, but the evident plea-
chant Rapon and the choir, who
were not acquitted him. The
was comforting and sustaining.
CHAPTER XI.
"Father Do I Condemn Thee?"
The morning of London, a warm, lung-
son. There was a hint of the
the atmosphere of town. All
moved with languor. The people went and
the streets under no ripe
a sun.
had settled down to steady, regu-
At no time before had a routine
to him. His days were
Rapon, which, hard as it was, came
with far more appeal than
Walktown.
e, at the very hub and centre of
the evening of his first sermon he
had seen Schuch. Nevertheless,
that he, Dutch, Jewish-looking lady he
sitting came to the same new view
often came to church. He was
nothing. The bold
stately beautiful face looked up at
a steady interest. The here re-
sembled his passionate and yet
times Basil found himself preaching
directly to the face and soul of
woman. There was an un-
derstanding of them. He knew it;
was certain.
wondered who the woman was
should ever know her.
he wanted
assured him that he

day give it to her.



looked at greed for passionate and came on to purer love.

Then she frankly, a over the "I'm sin Gortre," know what painted be chocolate come some then you Basil al

"That's used," in "people vice at I'd never lievi preach of the proof could save I beg hate the Father to Father's "I quid said Gortre." When of now how to help to hear to hear "I like and sense for sent

the Casino entrance to pray."

beyond this there was an unexplication within him that the stranger some way concerned and bound up with him was to play in life.

It came this curious episode:

One, one of Gortre's fellow-curates, to supper one night in Lincoln's

ce was there also, as it was one of e nights.

"You smoke, Stokes?" Spence said. "Thank you, I'll have a cigarette," the man replied. "I can't stand cigars, but I've left my pipe at the Clergy

It o'clock Stokes played to them— it's wild music of melancholy and fire—as the hour struck he went home. He had not been smoking during the o. He had been too intent upon the o. One of the packets of cigarettes

[illegible]

a pathetic little touch of
made me want to weep.
woman has been coming reg-
March on Sundays. The first
en you preached your capital
the Resurrection. Now, she is
slowly complacent. She will live
o, the doctors think, and that
s not prevent her from living
e life, but it will strike her
only some day.
expressed a wish to see you
go over with you. She thinks
lp her. Go to her and save
use."
Gortie a visiting card, on
w the name of Gertrude Hunt
ous lack of surprise.
be told," said Father
o and see the poor woman to-
morrow. She says she sha'n't
week or two rehearsing some
one in a clattering rush.
evening a maid showed Gortie
all of the flat of Bloomsbury
rooms, eyeing him curiously as
Hunt lay back in a low arm-
was dressed in a long, dull red
cashmere, with a broad white
the neck opening of white lin-
cwork, embroidered with dark
s.
at down at her invitation, and
to do a suit of conversation, let
her to open on the real sub-
dashed brought him there.
dressed the tired, handsome face
certainly was in expression
feature, but that was worse
e it power. This woman, who
fe of a doll, had character. One
of her

"The very eagerness and pleasure marked in her face, the determination to hear the heart of at least one other sinner and nobler ends.
 "She began to talk to him quite and with no disguise or slurring of facts of her life. She took it all, Mr. He said, tiredly. "You can't mean a thing like that. It's lucky for you it means a thing like that. It's depending all your life in a room bright yellow, eating nothing but creams, with a band playing for ever and ever. And even when you get it, it's not added."
 "It was at first," she continued, "there was something more in life, though I could read it in its faces. So I came to the ser-
 your church one Sunday evening.
 "I made fun of religion and all any time. I simply couldn't be-
 that was all. Then I heard of the Resurrection. I hear 'd all for the first time. "Oh,
 "There was any do-
 er at all. Then, curious-
 to believe in it."
 "I way I was going on,
 Ripon, who was ver-
 you'd call."
 "I understand you, M-
 "Ire. "That's the beauty
 you believe, then y-
 "You believe, at any ra-
 "I are you going to do? I n-
 "I am in every possible way. In
 "Your views, just as you
 "them out."
 "That," she said, "That's practi-
 cable. I've never cared very much
 mental. I've been looking at things,
 I can't live very long. I've got

[illegible]

"He passed the lighted kiosk at the Casino entrance with a white set face. He was going home to pray."

"That's how it was at first," she knew there was something more than this in life, though. I could read it in people's faces. So I came to the services at your church on Sunday evening. I never made fun of religion and said that at any time. I simply couldn't believe it, that was all. Then I heard you preach on the prophets for the first time. Of course I couldn't see there wasn't any do the matter at all. In that, curious I began to believe in it. I like all hate the way I was going on, to Father Ripon, who was ver; he said I could understand you, M said Gortie. "That's the beauty When once you believe, then y to change. You believe, at my. You what are you going to do? I n to help you in every possible way. I to hear your views, just as you hear them out."

"I like that," she said. "That's practical and sensible. I've never cared very much for sentimentalism. Looking at things, I know I can't live very long. I've got enough to live quietly on for some years, put away in a bank, minus a penny of my salary. I haven't saved a penny of my salary for years—I've made the men pay for everything. I shall go quietly away to the club and be alone with my thoughts, in a place for me, won't you? That's what I want to do. But there's something in the way, and a big something."

"I'm fere t help that," said Basil.

"It's 'Bob," she answered. "The man that keeps me. I'm afraid of him. He's been away for months out of England, as likely as not, he couldn't say to a day. I had a letter from Brindisi last week. It's been to Palermo, via Alexandria. I've been quick premonition took hold of the young man."

"Who is he?" he asked.

"She took a photograph from the mantle and handed it over to him. It was one of the Stereo Co. Company's series of "celebrities." Under the portrait was printed "Mrs. Robert L. Hunt."

Gortie started violently.

"I knew him," he said thickly. "I felt when I met him—What do you do? He dropped his hat into his hands, filled with the old nameless, unreasoning fear."

She looked steadily at him, wonderin at his manner.

There was a tense silence for a time.

In the silence suddenly they heard a sound, clear and distinct. A key was turned in the lock, and the door of the flat opened. They waited breathlessly. Gertrude Hunt grew very white. Without any words from her, her eyes were cast on Gortie, even now upon the candle of the hall.

Livelyn entered. His huge form was dressed in a light-colored suit. He carried a straw hat in his hand. His face was burned a deep brown.

He stopped suddenly as he saw Gortie and a young lady looking at the ceiling with intellectual fire. Some swift intuition seemed to give him the key of the situation or soon ting near it.

"The cause of my being," he said in a cold, mistlike voice. "And what, Miss Gortie, may I ask are you doing at home?"

"Miss Hunt has a key me to come and see her," answered Basil.

"Come, then, yourself with the Church, Gortie, with your popper or is away?" Livelyn said with a sneer.

He then mischievously changed suddenly.

He turned to Gortie. "Now, then, my man," he snarled. "Get out of this place at once. You may n t k w that i pa the rent and other expenses of this eternal home. I'm home. I who am al, also you. Your reputation has reced from sources you have little idea of. And I saw you a De pe. I don't p opo te to concern our affairs in London; kindly go at once."

(To be continued.)