

blood was not shed here to-night, and let this be a lesson to you. Now, go."

The crowd turned, slowly shambled down the river-side, and left us three standing there.

But not alone. Out of the shadow of one of the houses came two women. They stepped forward into the light of the bonfire burning near us. One of the women was very pale.

It was Mrs. Falchion.

I touched the arm of the man standing beside me. He wheeled and saw her also. A cry broke from his lips, but he stood still. A whole life-time of sorrow, trouble, and love looked out of his eyes. Mrs. Falchion came nearer. Claspng her hands upon her breast, she peered up into his face, and gasped:

"Oh—oh—I thought that you were drowned—and dead! I saw you buried in the sea. No—no—it cannot be you! I have heard and seen all within these past few minutes. *You* are so strong and brave, so great a man! . . . Oh, tell me, tell me, are you in truth my husband?"

He spoke.

"I was your husband, Mercy Falchion. I was drowned, but this man"—he turned and touched my shoulder—"this man brought me back to life. I wanted to be dead to the world. I begged him to keep my secret. A sailor's corpse was buried in my shroud, and I lived. At Aden I stole from the boat in the night. I came to America—to Canada—to begin a new life under a new name, never to see you again. . . . Do not, do not speak to me—unless I am not to lose you again; unless I am to know that now you forgive me—that you forgive me—and wish me to live—my wife!"