moment was precious. sudden impulse of divine s

he flung out her arms,

of a cross, and uttered words that spoke her door

demption of her brother.

thrones, that swung rout the altar, stopped in t

hight. poised themselv

the silent Tabernacle, down on the white, tearle

victim. But no sound by ness of the sanctuary.

the accidents of His great

throbbed quicker as at Lazarus, and at the voice

and surely no such trem icial vow had ever passe

Then a new, strange

sessed her. She drew calmly, and without a picked up her beads a

calmly genuflected, with of silent protest again exorbitance of God, an

the night again. She str some person in the begged pardon humbly.

"Yerra, ye needn't," mistakable Hibernian voi

"I ought to be, for mother afore me were,"

"But, begor, I'm begin that I'm a mixtum gathe

quare people in the wor

big worrd."
"'Twas God and the

sent you," said Barbara this was the agent of the the fulfilment of His par

"Tis many a long da the worrd," said the pot off his helmet. "What

Simply and directly her story, there in the side the Church. It was so wonderful,

that his suspicions be He had very large ambi tective line, and it wo

he said gently but firm by the arm. "Now, you you see a feather be he said, lifting up hi

But something in t

smote him with sorrow Barbara's arm hastily, helmet, and said humbl

"I beg yer pardon, m times. I didn't know y

"Never mind, said I

come, help me. Ther lose. God has sent you He blew his whist

abrill summons anothe

caught so easily.
"Come over here to

throuble ?"

'Thanks be to God !'

qui

Christ throbbed

wings,

" A WAYSIDE CROSS."

Zion Herald publishes the following beaut ful poem from the pen of the late Louis Jone Magee, a Methodist, who built the first electri-trau road in Europe:

" A WAYSIDE CRO "The moving pictures of my flight
Through planted fields and orchards white
With flower, past tower and eleepy town,
All vanished save a cross that stood
Beside the way, close to the wood,
Below a hill whose slope of brown,
Warmed with the first green of the
And there a woman bowing down
Before a shrine.

"On paved streets I hear the roar Again, move in the crowd once more But now when burdens seem to be Too hard, those hillsides reappear—That peasant form; and even here, Rising at every turn for me Out of the pain and wrong and loss, On these sad city stones, I see A wayside cross."

## LUKE DELMEGE

"MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY
AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE
TRIUMPH OF FAILURE,"
"CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII,-CONTINUED. EUTHANASIA

"I'm very sorry. I know no place that appeals so strongly to one's sense of freedom. When you plunge into those tunnels of the Alps, you feel shoked, as if the air were co into a solid mass by the weight of snow and granite. Here you are free, with a boundless horizen and unlimited loveli-

Yes," said Luke, carried on by the "I often heard that, to see the

Alps to advantage, one must approach them from Italy."
"Quite so," said Halleck. "And you must return? I was hoping for the pleasure of your society and the pleasure of your society and co-operation here. I am reading in the lib rary at St. Gall's for a work I expect to issue soon from the press, and yo could be of much assistance."

"I regret that my assistance hereto fore has been to give your thoughts a wrong bias," said Luke, seizing the opportunity.
"Indeed! A wrong bias. Pray

how?"'
"I regretted to hear that it was some sermons of mine drove you from the Church."

But I have not been driven from the Church. That is quite a mistake.

Nay, more, I cannot be driven."

"But pardon me for the harsh expression, the Church has repudiated

you, and you cannot approach the acraments. "Cannot? Why, I do. I have been

to Communion this morning, down there at Schaffhausen." We regard such conduct as sacril

egious and dishonorable," said Luke, exasperated by Halleck's coolness.

"Oh! and who cares what you regard? Your opinion is of no consequence for my wholevery." ence to me whatsoever.

"I have not sought this interview, Mr. Halleck," said Luke, "and with your permission I shall terminate it. But you have no right to utter a caland, as a gentleman, you should promptly retract what you wrote to Miss Lefevril concerning my misdirec-

"But if it is true? Your theology may allow it; but I, as an English gentleman, cannot tell a falsehood."
"But your statement that our priests were—well—liberal, and, indeed, rather

free in their opinions; and that I especially shared that liberaism, is, incorrect and, pardon me—a lie. We hold firmly and unreservedly the dog-matic teachings of the Church."

"Then you must take the alternative

that your knowledge of the English language, which, indeed, like everything English, does not lend itself the restrictions of dogma, is extremely limited. You don't seem to understand the vast responsibilities of words in solemn places." "It may be so," said Luke, humbly.

They were silent for a few minutes. The three little Swiss girls were still singing beneath them on a rustic seat, under a clump of firs. At last Halleck

"Let us not part in anger, Mr. Del mege. I am sorry I have hurt But - the faithful Israelites would well, during their captivity, not to look too curiously on the gods of Babylon," Halleck raised his hat as he passed own the steep steps to the road.

Had this taken place in London it

would have given Luke a fit of depres sion for several days. Here, in the bright sunshine and crystal atmosphere. lung the moment's chagrin instantly aside. So, too, in the afternoon, the discovery that a pfennig, instead of be ing equivalent to a franc, was equivalent to the hundredth part of a franc. sent the blood mounting to Luke's fore-head, but only for a moment.

"That porter should have assassin-

ated me," he said, and thought no more of it. Only there was a craving in his heart, growing every minute, for the peace and serenity, the security and happiness, of home.
"The crust of bread and the cruse of

water are better than the fleshpots of

the Egyptians," he thought.

He left the vast dining-hall early The splendors of society that evening. The splendors of soc were beginning to pall on him. craved rest for thought from the glitter and sparkle of fashion; and long before the last dishes were brought around, t had ensconced himself in the gas-lit veranda at the farthest window. with a small round table by his side, and some coffee and rusks, he hid be hind a heavy curtain, and awaited the of the falls.

At 9:30 the entire body of visitors had assembled in the veranda, and the lights were lowered until the place had become quite dark. Darkness, too, hung over the valley, and no one could dream that man was there. But a pearly glimmer, as of twilight, shone where the eye was drawn by hearing, as the fall fretted in the shallows, or was torn into streamlets by the granite rocks beneath. Then, as at light's first dawning, a faint pink, roseate in its heart, and fading into purple, streamed across the valley, and the falls blushed under the revelation, and seemed to answer louder to the call of light. And so the pink dawn hovered

o'er the valley, until it paused, hesitated, faded, and there was darkness again, but for the voice that pierced it—the voice of many waters in the

Luke turned around, and saw stand Luke turned around, and saw standing, quite close to his chair—for every seat was occupied, a feeble old man and his daughter. He leaned heavily on her arm, and his white hair made a on her arm, and his white hair made a light in the darkened room. Instantly Luke arose and proffered his chair. The young lady thanked him, as the old man sank wearily into the armchair. She took her place near him, and Luke went back into the shadows and sat on a rough brock that and sat on a rough bench that ran around the wa'l. The falls were lighted around the wa'l. The falls were lighted again with green and then with blue lights, and the waiters came and raised the gas jets. Man's little play with mighty nature was over.

As Luke rose to pass from the veranda, a voice said to him:

"I didn't know in the darkness that it was Father Delmege we had to thank for his courtesv."

for his courtesy."

It was Barbara Wilson. Luke flushed It was Barbara Wilson. Loke nushed with pleasure. After all his neglect, it was comforting to know that he had unconsciously done a small favor. And then through her lips his country and

nome spoke to him.
"Miss Wilson!" he said. "It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you. didn't know you were travelling with your father. "It is not father," she said, her lips

trembling; "it is Louis. You will scarcely recognize him." She led him over to where Louis was still sitting. His face was turned out-ward towards the night, and it was the face of death. His sad eyes saw but darkness, and his trembling hands slutched at the air, as the hands of half-perished outcast spread for warmth before a fire. And his hair streamed down on his shoulder, and it was white in the dreary gas-light, not with the enerable silver of honored age, bu with the ghastly lustre of blanched and bloodless youth. He turned at his

bloodless youth. He turned at his sister's voice and tried to rise, but fell back helplessly.
"Yes, of course, Father Delmege," he said, not looking upwards, but out into the night, his weak memory trying to grip the slippery and evanescent shadows of the past. "Yes, of course, Father—I beg pardon—how do you do,

"Thope you are well."
"Don't you remember, Louis dearest, don't you remember Lisnalee and uncle, and all our pleasant days? This is Father Delmege, who is always so kind."

"To be sure, to be sure, How do you do, sir? I hope I see you very well," said the poor invalid.
"Now, Louis dear, do rouse yourself. To-morrow we shall go on to Lucerne, and you must pick up strength

for the journey. Were not the illumina-tions beautiful? It was Father Delmege who kindly gave us his place."
"To be sure, to be sure. How much do I owe you, sir? I always pay promptly. But, Barbara, why did you let them throw that horrid limelight or the stage? No artist would have done

it. If Elfrida was to throw herself from that bridge it would be in the darkness. I saw her; 'twas well done, I tell you. Madame Lerida is an artist. Did you hear that scream? Barbara raised her head and looked

pitifully at Luke.

There," said Louis, still wander, "there she goes adown the stream, long hair floating behind her, and she tossed from side to side of the rapids. Hark! there 'tis again! Elfrida! Elfrida!" This he shricked aloud, so that the

waiters paused as they arranged the tables, and one or two timid visitors hurriedly fled the veranda. "This won't do," said Luke, kindly

we must get him away."
"Come, dearest," said Barbara, her
and around Louis' neck. "Come, 'tis

bedtime." He rose wearily, seemingly anxious to follow his dream through the night

and adown the river. "It was a clever impersonation," he continued. "That leap from the bridge was perfect. But to throw that vile calcium on such an artiste at such a moment was an artiste at such moment was an outrage, sir, an out

rage!"
"This is Father Delmege, Louis
dear," said Earbara, as Luke helped
the poor invalid forward. "You remember, don't you?"

"Of course, of course. How do you do, sir? I hope I see you well." Luke helped along the corridor, and then stood still, at the foot of the stair case, watching the two figures, the white haired imbecile, and the tall, lithe form of the fair sister, toiling wearily step by step up to the second Then he went out into the corridor. Then he went concerning, plazza. The full moon was now rising, and just casting her beams down the valley and across the chasm to the old castle that held watch and ward over the turbulent youth of the river. How paltry and mean are the feeble attempts of men, contrasted with the enterprises of the Almighty! The wretched illunination of an hour ago-what a sacri lege on the majesty of nature, now that nature itself was triumphant! Luke gazed down the valley; but he sawlong stairs—strong, tender womanhood supporting a broken and disjointed manhood. He saw a sister's love cover-ing a brother's shame. He saw the old Greek sacrifice again—the sister imperilling her life and honor to pay due, solemn rites to the dead. How paltry his learned and esthetic friends em now! How contemptible their dreary platitudes! How empty and

platitudes! How their fine theorizing about humanity and the race! Was there ever such blasphemy? And himself—what had been his life for seven years? Compared with the noble self-surrender of this young girl, how hollow and empty and pitiful had been his fine sermons, his discussion of the sermons, his discussion when his straining the straining that he was the sermons of the sermons. And himself-what had his dignified platitudes, his straining after effect, his misdirection. Con-science for the first time whispered 'Idiota,' but too faintly to be heeded.

A hand was laid on his arm, and Halleck, removing a cigar from his mouth,

said .

"I would recommend you, Mr. Del-

mege, to get that young friend of yours home as soon as possible. It will be hardly pleasant for her to travel with

He went to his room-a very beauti ful room, with its parquetted floor polished and spotless—but he could no sleep. He did not desire it. H sleep. He did not desire to coveted a few hours of the luxury of thought. He had so much to think thought. He had so much to think about, and so many thoughts and mem-ories fraught with the pain of pleasure, and so many with the delight of pain. He opened his window, through which the full moon was streaming, and stood on the balcony that overhung the gar-den. The night view was limited, for the garden sloped upwards to a little wood, where, laced against the moon-light, the iron-work of a summer-house was traced. He leaned over the balus trade and gave himself up to thought. It was a turning point in his life. Just then the deep tones of the church beli tolling the midnight hour floated up the valley, and Luke thought he heard voices in the garden beneath.

"Here come Lorenzo and Jessica," e said. "How sweet the moonlight, he said.

etc. I must go."
Ah, no! Not mocnlight lovers, with all the glamour of affection and the poetry of life streaming around them, but the wrecked life and the guardian angel again. Slowly they came from the shadows into the moonlight, and Luke was not ashamed to observe them. Luke was not ashamed to observe them. The poor gray head lay heavily against the sister's shoulder, or rather on her breast, as she twined her arm around his neck and supported his failing steps. Clearly there was no sleep for that fretted and irritated brain, o such sleep only as makes the awaken-ing, heaven. Slowly they passed under the balcony, and here Luke heard the prayers that Barbara whispered in her brother's ears—whispered, because he gentle spirit feared for the sleeper because her overhead. But Luke could hear the rattle of the beads as they slipped through her fingers, and could see flashing of the silver cross in the moonlight. On, on they went slowly, as the gravel groaned beneath the heavy steps of the invalid. And as they passed, Luke saw the beautiful uplifted face and the rich, black hair caught back from the pure white fore-

head. And as he closed the window of his bedroom softly and brushed his eyes, he said:
"She is not mortal. She is a spirit and a symbol. It is my country' ism and sorrow.'

Next morning, without a moment's hesitation, he came over to the table where Barbara and Louis sat, and said: Miss Wilson, we must return im mediately. I am en route for Ireland, and you and Louis must come." She gave a little glad cry of surprise

Oh, thank God! We have got our orders. The landlord has demanded

Very good. Now, get ready.

"But, Father, we must not take you out of your way."
"Never mind," said Luke. "Our whole study now must be to get Louis

back to London."
"And Ireland. Oh, how happy we shall be with dear uncle! he has asked us to come to him until Louis is quite restored." "I am glad to hear it. Yes, your

uncle is a good man. Cheer up, there are glad days in store for us all." And so Luke Delmege, the optimist rgued, encouraged, cheered the lonely girl on that weary journey to Lucerne

Geneva, Paris, London, and set them down as No. 11 Albemarle Buildings, and felt that he had never been happier under the sublime elation of a pier under the sublime elation of a little self sacrifice. It was late at night when he arrived

from Switzerland, and, after he had left Barbara and her brother at their lodgings, he made his way across the city and the bridge to the Cathedral. He was thinking of many things—Halleck, Dr. Drysdale, Barbara, Louis, Seathorpe, Lisnalee, England, Ireland, the past, and his future. He had cut through the city by a short passage through the slums, but he had no fear le knew the places well. The wretch d pavements were silent of the noise of human traffic, for midnight had not ome. He had just emerged into a square well known to him, for it had been in his district formerly, when he aw a crowd gathering around a cal a little ahead of him, and the portly English driver gesticulating violently As he passed he heard the latter say ing, in a tone of anger and impatience

to the crowd : A rum hold Hirish passon. Wants to get down 'ere somewhere; but I'm blessed if the hold bloke knows where But I'll make 'im pay ; I will, I tell

Compassion for a countryman in dis tress, even though he were a heretic, made Luke pause and approach. As he did, he heard a deep voice from the

dark recess: " Did the Lord ever make such stupid lot as these English? They don't know their own country. Come here, honest woman, and direct me. Glory be to God, and isn't that Luke Delmege? Luke! Luke! come here There's me dream out !'

Luke came nearer, and recognized with an effort, the Rev. Father Meade incumbent of Gortnagoshel.

"What in the world?"—he was about to say, when Father Meade in-

terrupted.
"You got my letter? Of course you did. I knew ye'd be llooking out for But, I couldn't rest easy, night or day, till I come, But, Lord, what a pack of savages! They don't know their own names. Tell that ruffian on the box to drive us to Denham Court. You're in Denham Court, Fathe ' said Luke, " but what wild-Meade. goose chase are you on now

Wild-goose chase? Faith, it isn't boy! Now, find out No. 25 S me boy! whatever S. is !
"I see," sa

"I see," said Luke; "drive 25 South, my good man, just over there." "Now, so far, so good. Allna is here," the old priest whispered to Luke, and "I'm come for her." showed Luke a wretched slip of

paper, in a still more wretched envelope, scaled with soap, stampless, ink-

stained, and yellow; and surely m Court, 25 S. Lon-, S. W." was marked there. What next?" thought Luke. But

he said:
"You may not know, Father Meade,
the character of this place and its
neighborhood. This is a place where a
person must be careful—"

"I neither know nor care," said the old priest; "all I know is that Allua is here, that she is in trouble, and has

is here, that she is in trouble, and has called for me; and here I am. Stay here my good man," he said to the driver "If you stir from that spot, I'll take the law of you."

"All right, sir," said the driver; but you'll have to pay for it."

"Come, Luke," said Father Meade, cavalierly, as he walked coolly into the wretched hall and up the broken vretched hall and up the broker tairs. "Ah, if I had that bosthoon in

stairs. "Ireland!" On the first landing he knocked a four doors in succession. There was but no answer. Up the creaking stairs again, and again he knocked, and no

reply.
"They're all asleep, or dead," he

said. Higher still and higher, till they ame to an attic. Here was the sound of voices. They entered a wretched room. A feeble light was burning in a tin sconce. And by the faint illumina tion they saw a wretched pallet on which lay an invalid in the last stages of consumption. She was gray and old, but her eyes were young as they challenged the priest.
"You got my letter," she said faintly

in an English accent. Father Meade hesitated. No one but the Father who is in heaven could

recognize in that poor wreck, the child—the convent child of so many And the accent entirely years ago. And the accent entirely bothered Father Meade. "Are you Allua?" he said doubt-

"I am," she said faintly. "You're changed too, Father; but the Blessed Mother sent you. Take me from this." Father Meade hesitated. He always boasted that he was "a man of the world." and whenever at a visitation and whenever, at a visitation dinner, he had to propose his Bishop' health, he always wound up the litany of praises by declaring that his Lordship was, above all things else "a man of the world." So he was not going to be taken in by a girl with an English

"I came for you," he said, "but I want to make sure. Say the lines The poor patient smiled at the ab-

surdity. But she gathered her strength and repeated : There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra, Where Aliua of song rushes forth like an

Where "Good," said Father Meade. "And

you said?" he cocked his ear.
"I said—' Alleluia of song,' because
the priests were saying Alleua all that

"Good," said Father Meade. " And I said ?' "You said- My little children,

wherever you are, North, South, East, West, remember I am always your father and your friend; and whenever you are in trouble call on me and I'll me to you."

"Never say another word," cried Father Meade. "Come here, you whipsters, dress her at once, and be quick about it," he cried to the two girls, who sank back from the awful presence of the priests.

The two priests went downstairs,
Luke bewildered, Father Meade exult-

"No use in talking," he said, "God beats us all. Just when we think are doing something of ourselves, He steps in and shows His hand."

"Where are you going to take that poor girl?" said the practical Luke. Oh, I never thought of that," said ather Meade. 'I'll take her some hotel, and off to Limerick in the morning. Of course, she thinks I don't know anything; but I know all. And he winked at Luke. In a few minutes the girls came down-

stairs, bearing the invalid between them. The hope and its realization had braced her up, and she looked al-most vigorous as she stepped from the dreadful place. "You ain't agoin' to take that there

gal in the cab?' said the driver.
"Aren't I? Mind yer own busin me man, or I'll make you.

"Then you'll pay for it, I tell you, said the man in his bewilderment. Gently and reverently they got the poor girl into the cab, Luke standing by motionless. He was wondering what Amiel Lefevril would say to such divine altruism as this. The two girls stood at the door. They had said good bye to their companion. Sorrow, hopelessness, despair were on their faces. And just as the driver filcked his horse, and they were moving off, they flung out their hands in a sudden gesture and sobbed:

sture and sobbed:
"Father, Father, don't leave us!"
"Father, Father, What's that? What's Eh? What's that? that? Stop, you ruffian, or I'll knock you down. Come he What do ye want?" Come here, me poor girls.

"We want to go with you, Father anywhere, anywhere. Oh! for God's sake, Father, don't leave us!" What could he do? It was most im rudent; but he had too much faith in

God to hesitate.
"Come!" he said, whilst the cab man growled furiously, and Luke gazed in stupid amazement. let God do the rest !'

Luke called to see the Wilsons next morning. He found Louis actually re-vived. There had been a reaction after Luke told them, with the journey. Luke told them, with laughter and horror, of the Quixotic drollery of Father Meade.
"He's taking them to Limerick," he said, "to the Magdalen asylum there.

I have a sister in that convent, you know, Miss Wilson. Some day I hope to have the pleasure of making you acquainted with her. We shall call some day when we shall have leisure."

was surprised to see her start and put her hand over her heart with a gesture of pain. The very suggestion of fallen womanhood was such a shock and surprise to such a pure soul

Magdalen! Magdalen! the dearest of all the saints outside the charmed circle of the Incarnation—how does it happen that there is a sting of pain in all the honeyed sweetness of that dear

"She must have been told of Margery's unkind remarks,"

"Now it is all settled," he said. "I shall be at Euston to meet the 8.30 down mail on this day week. And you shall both meet me there. Is that all settled?" Of course. Quite understood. Every

thing now was moving smoothly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HALL OF EBLIS. Father Sheldon was sorry, downright sorry, for his friend and confrere, Luke Delmege. As a good Briton, he was bound not to manifest this regret in bound not to manifest this regret in any way. But he had pleaded with the any way. But he had pleaded with the Bishop, again and again, not to allow this bright young genius to leave the diocese, and be flung away on the tame and easy work of an Irish mission. The old Vicar warmly seconded his forts, although neither knew of the But other's sympathetic co-operation. the Bishop judged otherwise; and he ever mistrusted his own judgment the opinion of Dr. Drysdale tended to confirm his belief that the conversion of England must be accomplished without the assistance of the Rev. Luke Delmege.
"I don't agree with Drysdale," said

the Vicar, when the Bishop had ex clained the many letters of the former. "He belongs to the old school—timid, reasone, conservative. We want the young, who despise consequences so long as the great object is attained."

No use. It was decided to let Luke go, and Father Sheldon was very sad. It was one of the reasons why he leaned his head heavily on his heads or conservation.

his head heavily on his hands, one of these dark September evenings, just after Luke had returned from his trip. He didn't care to light the gas. He sat in the twilight and was sad. hour was wearing on to supper-time, when one of the housemaids knocked, and told him a lady wished to see him. He rose promptly, and went down to find Barbara Wilson waiting for him.

The gas jet was burning; and he saw that she was crying and in terror. "Father," she said, "I'm in great trouble. Louis is gone!" "Dead?" said Father Sheldon slight-

'No, not dead ; but he has escaped gone I know not where. I left him for a moment this evening to see an old school friend, who had called; and he

has vanished, and Oh! Father, I fear such dreadful things." "Have you no trace? He was of remarkable appearance."
"Not the least. I have spoken to

all the police on the beat; but there's not a trace. Oh, dear! it is the river, the river, I dread."

The supper gong was ringing, but Father Sheldon did not hear it.
"I must go with you," he said. He rushed into the church and said a hasty prayer, then table his heard. prayer; then, taking his hat and can he went out on the wild chase Whither? North, south, east, west the wilderness of streets stretch fore him; and, as he hesitated, the wild tumult of the sweeping multitude

'Nothing but God can guide us!"
said. "Let us move on and pray. he said. Have you the least suspicion?"
"Only that he might have gone to

almost took him off his feet.

theatre, or Mrs. Wenham's, or an opiun den. Oh! dear, dear, and his soul was just saved !'

"It is not lost," said Father She don, hurrying along; "and you alone can save it yet." They took a cab down to the Criter

ion, the Alhambra, the Gaiety, places that Louis used to frequent in his heyday. In all these the people were pour ing in a deep, wide stream. The police w no one answering scription of Louis. The officials were too busy to give more than a laconic No! Back again throughout the crowded streets on their hopeless quest for soul and body, Barbara weeping and softly praying, her companion staring under gas lamps to catch a glimpse of a skull and a mass of whitened Was there ever such a hopeless effort, ever such a weary and despairful attempt? Up and down, up and down the dreadful streets of the City of Dreadful Night.

"I fear it is hopeless," said Father Sheldon. "Miss Wilson, let me see you home, and I shall place the matter in the hands of a detective.'

No, no. That will not do for sister's love for a brother's soul. S gratefully thanked the good priest, but insisted that he should now return. The night quest and the night sorrow should be her own.

"One more attempt," he said ; "and then I shall leave you to God. What is the name and address of that voman ?

Back again through the dreary streets, in and out, until they plunged into the quietness and solitude of a fashionable square, drove past massive railings and marble flights of steps, railings and marble nights of steps, now in the glare from some lighted drawing room, now in the gloom of the shadow of an unoccupied mansion. Yes, here it is, brilliantly illuminated; and Barbara, seeking a lost soul, stand under the heavy gasalier in the vast hall. Servants in scarlet livery swep by her, stared at her, passed away. Doors opened and shut, and revealed the magnificence of splendidly decorated rooms. There was a buzz of conversa tion somewhere in the vicinity. And the pale, beautiful girl stood like There was a buzz of conversa And statue in the hall-stood and despaired. What could a stooped, and shattered, and broken invalid be doing in a place like this? She was asked into a small parlor behin the drawing-room, and in a few moments Mrs. Wenham entered, stared angrily, advanced, and said, in a tone of icy contempt:

She was dressed for a ball, dressed with all the luxury and taste and even splendor society demands from her elect. She was quite as tall as Barbara, and wished she was quite as beautiful. But no! There was a grace and sweet-ness in this young girl that threw all

the meretricious splendors of the other woman in the shade. And the woman of the world ssw it, and it did not

"You remember me, Mrs. Wenham," said Barbara, faltering. "We met in Dublin some years ago, and you were so kind."

The cold face stared blankly at hea-Barb ra felt there is no hope here. "I understood that my brother Louis

"I understood that my brother Louis used sometimes—"

How could she put, poor child, in the world's language her wild thoughts?

"Your brother Louis used — sometimes —?" repeated Mrs. Wenham,

slowly.
"Sometimes," wept Barbara, visit here, owing to your great kind-ness. And he's lost—he's lost—Oh i dear Mrs. Wenham' he's lost! He has gone out to-night, and we know not whither. But Oh! If you could tell me -he's so unwell, so near death; and Oh! his soul, his soul! He's not fit for the judgment."
The woman of the world turned pale,

The woman of the world turned pale, She had intended to dismiss this girl haughtily, angrily, contemptuously. But these words staggered her resolution. Once before, and only once, and that was just after leaving the company of this same young girl, she had h similar words. Not since or be These hideous thigs were shielded in her as carefully as midnight draugh or reeking drains, or the chance tion of fetid air. What had she with such things - this spoiled petted child? They were for the and the vulgar—the housemaid and the outler—not for her. They were for the butler-not for her. proletariat — the toilers, the labo and a proper perquisite for criminal poverty: but not for the scented and curled darlings of fortune. And here this young girl, with the clear-cut, pallid face, the round, calm forehead, and the gracious eyes, presumes to atroduce the horrid spectres. She dismissed her.

"I know nothing of your brother, my good girl, and I must bid you good

And she touched the bell. Barbara vanished in the darkness, spectres remained. And as the stately lady swept around the ball-room, that most detestable orchestra, partic that deep, solemn 'cello, would keep wailing, Death! Judgment! Death Judgment! It was a new waltz, imported from the halls of eternity No use, Father, no use! I

eek Louis alone now. I shall not leave you here on the London streets," said Father Sheldon,

decisively.

But she persisted. The cab rolled away, and lett Barbara standing trans fixed on the pavement. She look around the dreary square—all the mo dreary because so brilliantly illuminated. All the splendor, and comfort, and light and beauty chilled her by the contrast. Then then she looked up to the stars,

Then on again, on through the dark

ness, into the circle of light thrown by

a side-lamp, and into the darkness again. A few times she stopped to

Louis; but she was rudely answered with an oath, and thenceforward de-

sisted from asking questions. And on,

on, with a vague hope that Louis was somewhere near, and that she would

find him. But nature was steadily con-

quering, and, at last, she had to sit on

the carbstone and rest. She was falling

into a fitful slumber when her name was called from out the night. She

listened and looked. She heard 3 mighty river fretting its way into the darkness beneath her, and on the lap of the river a dark form was tossed. It

of the river a dark form was tossed.

of the river a dark form was tossed. It flung out its hands helplessly into the turbid waters, and a great nimbus of white hair floated back upon the wave-Once more she heard her name called

from out the night, and she woke, chil

and stiff. She stood up and stumbled forward. Her hands sought help. She

clutched the iron bars that ran around some large building, and groped her way onward from bar to bar. They led her to the gate.

led her to the gate. It was open. And high against the star-lit sky, the

peaked gables of a church cut upwards. She stumbled against a door and pushed

it. It opened inwards, and she was in

the church. A faint smell of incense half revived her. She groped along from bench to bench, until she stood

beneath the red lamp. Then she sat down and rested, Oh! but not the

rest that she had known for so many

years in that unspeakable Presence

steeped her innocent soul in such

bliss of peace there in the old church

in the far city, after a day amongst the leprous and the poor. No; this was a mighty crisis in her life; and the

mignty crisis in her life; and the voice was pealing from out the night. She rose up and went to the Lady Altar, and prayed for her brother's soul as she had never prayed before.

soul as she had never prayed before. And as she prayed, a light struck her

-an idea so terrible, so appalling, that she shrank from the dread inspira-

tion. She was called upon by the Unseen to make a sacrifice for the be-

God! It was too dreadful. She shrank from it in terror. But the

voice was calling from out the night. A soul, the soul of the beloved, was at stake! Again she prayed. And

again the Unseen spoke. And again the Unseen spoke. And again the poor protested. Anything else, but that! But the voice was calling importunately from the night. There was no time for hesitation. She rose up and dressed for the sacrifice; then stood before the High Altar and its tabernacle. Once, twice, she tried to speak her vow, and failed. Once, twice, weak

not the calm, sweet languor

scost a stranger, and ask did

and-

stantly appeared. He words to his comrade, " Whither now, O my God?" ing to Barbara said : It was horrible. It was a night-walk through hell. Black figures leaped out "Come!" He led her from the of the darkness, stared at her, mut-tered some cabalistic words, and vanifare down a side street river, for a cold draugh shed. Rude men whistled into her face, and said some things that would up the street, and cool burning forehead of another turn, and the be dreadful, but they were happily intelligible. Once and again a poli police office. The insp at a desk, poring over One gas-jet, shaded b man flashed a lantern in her face, and muttered something. And on, on stumbled, for she lickered over his head was now growing the constable and sai latter told his story as weak, and she had to lean against gas lamp for help from time to time

as he could, and wound so that Barbara could "Begor, 'tis like hur in a bundle of sthra v. "Broderics, you're inspector to his fellow he, too, was of that less race, who are the law in all the cities of

into the kitchen and g tea, and be quick abo When Barbara came room, refreshed and a now she felt sure the His part faithfully, alt manded such a fearfu the inspector was sta. and a cab was Where are we go

bara. "To the third of your brother haunted "Did you tell that for den. "Yes, indeed," so

place before, "And Albemarle F Street, was your brot "Then he's not fa Buildings," said the Barbara to no more. and prayed softly to
They sped swiftly
Road Station, passed
streets, and stopp
alighted, and went in ing, from which he another officer. sulting together. them eagerly. Then order to the driver, forward again. The sharp turns, they sto

shed. Your brother is said the inspector; know him? "I shall go with

bara. "No, no; this is no said the officer. "appearance, and so signs, and if he is th find him." But fearing some

Cause or another to Barbara insisted. I his arm to the d shabby door, that s where. He pushed They groped throug heavy curtain, that and pushed it aside. Hall of Eblis. Res ghastly sight that Vathek and Nour curiosity was grat