turned his numerous letters, and his presents, which were few but ex-

message, and remained altogether at

ture of our engagement speedily be

come known, strive to hush it up as

we would. It was hinted at the band, whispered at the club, and

was soon public property. In spite of Mrs. St. Ube's artful endeavors to

give the story a complexion of her own, the real truth was pretty well

guessed at, especially as Mrs. St. Ubes had the execrable taste to ap

pear in the various articles of jewel-ry which I had discarded and re-

turned. To this very day, I believe

that my late marquis engagement ring adorns one of her pretty taper

TO BE CONTINUED

CHRISTOPHER

By E. M. Dinnis

" It's a queer thing that influenza

takes all a man's strength from him

in a moment, and leaves the most

The speaker who offered this trite

diagnosis of the familiar malady,

which had depleted the party assem-

bled on the veranda after dinner at

with a slightly pompous manner. His remark, received respectfully

enough by the company in general, provoked an enigmatic smile from

Father Christopher Hulbert, whose

large and gloriously muscular form

filled one of the basket chairs.

The smile was observed and mis

the speaker inquired, rather sharply of the reverend Father, who had that

appearance of rude health which constitutes an irritant to the nervous

system of a certain type of onlooker

was that. It certainly left the most

It was the local doctor who inter

Well," Father Hulbert said " for

"Mine wasn't a long illness," the Father retorted, in his blunt way.

It only lasted the normal forty

eight hours—I'm not sure that it was

that I've ever had anyway.'

at all. It was the only illness

man answered;

What were they?'

gaze on the other as he spoke.

I had it some years ago," the big n answered; "or they told me it

Have you ever had influenza?'

the Grange, was a grave gentleman

extraordinary after effects.

me till I heard that he had left Mulkapore, and shaken the dust of our station off his aristocratic feet. Of course, such an event as the rup-

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKES CHAPTER XL

I AM RELEASED AT LAST Men were deceivers ever ; One foot on sea and one on shore ; To one thing constant never

Although I would not give her my confidence, I found great comfort in the society of Nellie Fox at this period. She showed me how to employ my time and occupy thoughts. Only for her I think I should have gone out of my senses. I had long established a corps of pensioners, beggars, the blind, the maimed, and the halt, who came to me for their dole every Saturday. I began with a lame old woman and two blind men; they were the thin edge of the wedge, and now my force had ined to twenty, with power to add creased to twenty, with power to add to their number. Uncle fumed and grumbled and scolded, and said that it was a disgrace that the compound of the chief magistrate should be the haunt of all the vagrants in the place;" but I soon talked him over, and what is more, levied a heavy tribute. I had a system of fines, which were most remunerative. Smoking in the drawing room, splashing gravy on the cloth, and other little items, came to a good deal, and uncle in the end was glad o compound for a fixed sum weekly. Auntie gave liberally, and Maurice munificently, and, what is more, he occasionally attended my "parades," as he called them, and tendered his assistance as interpre-

In India there are no poor houses, no poor rates, and the indigent and helpless are a heavy burden their kindred, who, I must confess put Europeans to shame in the care and devotion they show to their poor relations; cheerfully support ing their aged and decrepit connec-tions to the third and forth genera Even their mothers in law are esteemed and cared for; but it is a hard, hard task to keep that famished wolf, want, from the door, although they contrive to exist on what would be absolute starvation to a European. A handful of rice or common grain suffices for their wants ; one rupee, so little to you or me, can afford them luxuries for a I collected a good many rupees, old clothes, and many crumb from our well laden table, and dis-tributed my gleanings every Saturday morning. This in my days of thoughtless prosperity; but now, Ellen's assistance, I went further afield. I went out to the highways and hedges, and in seeing want and misery in its most heavy aspect, I thought less of my own affairs : I was, I could see, very, very far from being the most miserable

person that ever was born.

Major Percival had no sympathies with my "extraordinary hankering after beggars," as he termed it; making coarse clothes, visiting and helping poor Eurasians and still poorer natives did not appeal to his sense of fitness. No; he admired his Nora—on horseback, or, still better in a ball room. Society brilliant society, was her proper sphere. And here I may mention horseback, or, still that admiration was Major Percival's substitute for love. As long as was pointed out as "the pretty Mis Naville." he was satisfied to be pointed out as her future husband. Were I to lose my good looks, I would lose him; but I had not—not to any serious extent-and he had fully made up his mind to marry the belle of Mulkapore, and was the more bent on it in that he felt that I was by no means eager to be Mrs. Percival. This fact, I believe, piqued him not a little, and he was determined to lead me to the altar in a pure spirit of contradiction. Also he had a latent feeling that i he were to relinquish me some other gallant suitor would gladly step into vacant place. I cannot tell how all tais was borne in upon me, but it was made quite clear from time to time by little stray words and

I do not know whether his con science smote him, or if the buzz of public opinion came to his ears ; but for some days after the races Major Percival was unremitting in his attentions-driving with me, walk ing with me, and parading me about on all possible occasions. I restored him his diamond solitaire, to his unfeigned joy, and he in return pre sented me with an offering in shape of a very fine opal ring, which I reluctantly accepted, telling him it was sure to bring one of us ill - luck. However he would take no denial, and pressed it on my second finger, where it was an extremely promin object. The trousseau had yed, and formed a topic of arrived. immense interest among our friends. Even Major Percival was most animated on the subject. My wedding dress was superb, and elicited little screams of admiration as it emerged from its numerous wrappings of silver paper. Auntie and Major Percival expressed rapturous approval; but as for me, I could not re-frain from a shudder when I beheld it, and firmly and resolutely refused to "try it on."

All auntie's fears were now completely allayed, uncle's growls and eneers were silenced, and for a few days everything went on velvet; l was dumb and stupefied past all power of acute feeling, and stolidly resigned to my fate-the dead calm before the storm. One ever-memorable afternoon a letter was brought o me. I was alone when I opened

a great scribe, wrote a capital hand, and used his powers freely.

"My Dearest Friend" (how extreme ly funny! he generally addressed me as his "Dearest Nora")—"I am glad as his "Dearest Nora")—"I am glad to find that my little offering is acceptable. I would have left it in person, only I am engaged to drive with Nora this evening. Now that the fatal day approaches I must study appearances, and try to realize that I shall so soon be a married man. Mrs. Neville is becoming as absence along and is true times more sharpas a lynx, and is ten-times more exiquante than her niece. Poor little girl! She is so devoted to me I often reproach myself for not being able to reciprocate her feelings. You know very well that in her case I mistook admiration for adoration; and you know beyond all doubt, my sweet Ethel, to whom I offer both.

Yours always, "H. PERCIVAL "P. S .- I shall call in when my duties are over.'

I became red and white by turn I trembled from head to foot as I persued this precious missive. Amazement and wounded pride were not the uppermost feelings in The sheet of paper that I held in my hand was my reprieve and my release. Now I could put an end to our engagement; now I was once more free. This was my all absorbing thought, and no captive released from prison ever hailed his liberty with greater joy. It took me some time to realize the truth, but, having fully grasped the subject, and being always, as you know, a young woman of impulse, I marched straight into the study, letter and envelop in hand. Auntie was racking her brains for the Europe mail, uncle was sorting wads, as I laid the note on the table, and asked abruptly: and uncle, what do you think of this! it has come to me in mistake for Mrs St. Ubes." Uncle glanced hastily over it, and instantly became purpl with passion; he dropped it as if it

scorched him. "Snob, hound, scoundrel! you have and a lucky escape, if ever a girl had. Thank the Lord, you are rid of the dishonorable Hastings Percival; I never liked him, and I am not a bit surprised at this," tossing the letter to his wife, who had been listening to her husband with rapid fluctuations of expression. "You always be-lieved in him, missus; so rauch for

your fine future viscount. "I'll settle with him," concluded uncle, with a grim, significant nod to his wife. "I'll talk to him!"

Auntie's long-lost roses returned and mounted rapidly to her, forehead, as she read the proffered letter.
"To think of such a thing!" she exclaimed with horror. "My poor child! I don't know what I am to

say to you. I never, never dreamed "I don't think that your poor child requires any extraordinary sympathy. It seems to me that she is bearing up well." returned uncle, eyeing me

critically. "Thank heaven for all its mercies this night on your bended knees, and for your deliverance from Major Percival." "It's terrible—a terrible business!"

ejaculated auntie. "The trousseau and dress are in the house, and the invitation cards already printed, and the cake will be here next week!" she

"Never mind, old lady, we will celebrate our silver wedding; you shall wear the wedding gown, and I'll eat the cake!"

"And all' the presents, and the bridesmaids' lockets, and every one knowing all about it; it's too shock-

ing!" moaned auntie. "Come, come, my dear, you know very well that you don't want your niece to marry this unprincipled,

elderly snob, do you?' auntie faintly.

"Then what are you talking about?" he asked imperiously. But auntie's soul was shaken to

its very center, and she did not at once recover her mental equilibrium. She still sat bewailing the catastrophe and viewing the subject from every aspect-from hers, from mine, from Mrs. Fox's-while uncle paced the room in a state of the highest excitement. Although by no means ill pleased at the shape affairs had taken, and cordially delighted to think that I was once more free, yet this was a consideration totally apart from his feelings toward the culprit. He felt that now he might give reins to his long suppressed disike to Major Percival, and he was getting more and more tremendous in his objurgations, and lashing himself into a towering passion, when at this most critical moment the subject of his invectives drove up to the door. "Oh, here he is! Give me that letter, Nora! I'll give him a piece of my mind and no mistake. I'll estonish him. I'll teach him-

'For mercy's sake, don't let him o" cried auntie distractedly: "there will be a fearful scene, and he'll only make matters worse: I'll go myself"tugging at her cap—or, you go, Nora; you are the most composed. I don't know how I could speak tohim,

I feel so angry and agitated."
"I'll settle the business, Margaret," interposed uncle, standing beforeher, with his grizzly locks bristling with indignation, and much resembling an infuriated cockatoo.

"No, no, Jim, my dear; wait till you You look much more like are cool. a subject for personal restraint than for undertaking any other interview.

Go, Noral"—eagerly—"go!"

I hastened from the room, fearing that uncle, who was a very passionate old person, would take the law into his own hands and do some deed of the square gray envelope. It was violence. I paused before entering a note from Major Percival. He was the drawing room, to collect my

thoughts and pull myself together. My heart was beating very fast as I walked into the room and discovered Major Percival standing before the mirror, endeavoring to catch a glimpse of himself, en profil. Not a whit abashed by my entrance, he ex-

claimed:
"What, not ready? Really, Nora, think you might have managed to be dressed. I sent you a note an hour ago. You got it, of course?" he said, in an injured tone.

"Yes."
"Well, why are you keeping me well, why are you keeping me waiting?" he urged, fretfully.
"I got your note," I replied, looking at him steadily, "but it was not intended for me. You put it in the wrong envelope."
"I don't know what you are driving

at," he answered impatiently.
"You wrote to Mrs. St. Ubes this

"Certainly I did! and what if I did?"

defiantly. You put her note into my envelope. and I have read it," I returned, look ing him full in the face. "Now, per haps, you can understand why I am not prepared to go out driving with you this evening, why I shall never drive with you again, and why from this moment our engagement and all further intercourse are at an end.
As I made this statement he turned

all colors, from crimson to purple purple to pink, pink to white. As l concluded, he plucked up courage and said, with a forced laugh: "You do not mean to let such a small affair as that little mistake

break off our engagement?"
"I do; it is at an end. Devoted a I am to you," I returned with marked emphasis, "still, as you have mistaken admiration for adoration, will no longer hold you to your duty

nor withhold you from a shrine wher you have already burned so much The quotation from his note was shot betwixt wind and water—a shot that told; but still he rallied valiantly

"It was a foolish mistake; but it really means nothing-nothing, assure you. Some women expect to perfectly indifferent to Mrs. St. Ubes. That letter was a mere facon de parler. I wish you saw some she got from other men. She showed several. My little effusion was harmless in comparison; and it really meant nothing—absolutely nothing.

Whether it was a sacon de parle or not I am too unsophisticated to judge, but I rather think that men usually write in a different strain to married ladies. At any rate, I am fully determined never to marry the man who wrote this letter," holding it up. "I give you liberty and your congé at the same time; your letters and presents will be returned to you this evening, and now Major Percival

-good-by." Not so fast, my dear girl, not so fast; you are acting on the impulse of the moment, and I tell you quite impartially you are acting foolishly I cannot allow you to be carried away by your passion to do a deed you will ever regret. Try and com pose yourself, Nora, and listen to me. Have you considered that your wedding dress is actually in the house Have you thought of the frightful public esclandre this will entail?

tion my love and devotion?

"It requires a vigorous imagina-tion to grasp them; but I have—"

be the talk of the whole presidency,

he added, and I could see that his

temper was rising fast. Does your

pretext to break off your engage-

"She does. There is no need t

ate enough to combine my standing

and position with your Irish eousin' age and looks, you would rescind this rude dismissal, and make all

proper allowances for my unfortun-

ate blunder. I believe you were head over ears in love with the fel-

low," he continued hoarsely. "But do not imagine that he will come

back to your lure. No, no, Miss Neville! The burned child dreads

the fire; and by all accounts he was badly scorched. If you have a dis-

tant hope of marrying him some day relinquish it at once. You had bet

had indeed. I am telling you thi

er let our engagement go on, you

your own interest. You really had!'
"That will do," I interrupted

You have insulted me sufficiently

Was not your base disgraceful behaviour enough without this? Even

had you not written that letter to Mrs. St. Ubes, what you have just

now dared to say is amply sufficient

to put an end to everything between

I turned my back on Major Percival,

Now that I was lost to him, my value appeared greater than ever in

and walked out of the room.

Without waiting for any reply,

ment?

leave the room.

confronted him once more.

Did it leave any other aftersurveying me with angry scrutiny. effects? Physical ones, I mean, "Have you reflected seriously on

the doctor asked.

The Father laughed. "Do I look it?" he inquired. "No, I don't know what it means to ail anything." the brilliant position you are about to spurn ?' The doctor looked at him hard. "Have you taken into considera-

thought you seemed rather off color in church yesterday," he observed. "I was at Mass at the priory. I go sometimes. I like your music." He "Think for a moment calmly of colored slightly; the doctor was a what you are about to do; look well non Catholic. The Reverend Father before you leap. I will make you an turned and looked quickly at the excellent husband: I can give speaker. "What made you think that I was ill," he asked. you wealth and rank; do not let us

part at the eleventh hour. We will 'It was during what you call the Elevation," the medical man replied.
"When you lifted up the Wafer I had an idea that you were not feeling well." He paused. Their host, a aunt know that you contemplate taking advantage of this miserable man of admirable tact, feeling that the conversation was becoming too denominational" for a mixed assembly, here contrived to insert an irrelevant remark, which had the effect of diverting the conversation. argue the matter. There is no more to be said," I replied, turning to few minutes later the Father rose We have to keep boarding. Stay a moment," he cried, nearly to go. school hours at the priory," he remarked gaily. "As it is, I've got livid with passion. I paused, and special permission to be out as late

'This is the last time I shall ever as this. speak to you, Major Percival. So be 'I must be going, too, the doctor so good as to say whatever you have said, so the two guests made their to say at once!"
"I shall," he almost shouted. adieu and departed together. have no doubt that if I were fortun-

"Do you go my way, sir?" the priest asked. "I'll make your way mine, if you don't mind," the doctor replied. "I —I'd rather like to ask you something f you won't think it impertinence."

I want to ask you something," the other replied. "I should too, like you to tell me what you noticed about me at Mass yesterday? Tell me exactly how it struck you as a medical man.'

"Well," his companion said, "you've relieved me of the necessity for being impertinent, for that's just what wanted to ask you about—as a medical man!

What did you notice?" the priest ed. "I'd be uncommonly grateful asked. to you if you would tell me."

The doctor thought. "You seemed,

he said slowly, "suddenly to lose your strength. You—you lifted the Wafer (though a non-Catholic, his it were a ton weight I could see your arms trembling. I thought for a moment that, you were going to drop it; and I noticed, when you turned round, that you were perspiring like a man who has undergone some violent exertion. I wondered if

Major Percival's eyes. Such is the perversity of human nature. He wrote me sheets and sheets of the at any time you had overdone it. I know that in the old days you were famous as an athlete. I remember wrote me sheets and sheets of the humblest and most abject apologies, and put them in their proper envelopes. He had several interviews in one day with auntie, protesting, urging, and entreating, and one bad quarter of an hour with uncle. It was quite useless. I declined to see, write or speak to him again, and returned him processes and your name as winning the champion-ship for throwing the weight. I was astonished to hear you say that you ailed nothing this evening." The doctor paused and looked the priest fairly and squarely in the face.

The other's answer was some few moments in coming, then it came with characteristic bluntness: "You thought I was telling fibs?"

The medico was also a plain man. Yes, I did!" he said.

'Well," the priest answered, "I con sider that what I said was perfectly true, for I don't regard that seizure — I have it four times in perienced as, well, a physical ailment." looked at the keen, candid face, visble in the moonlight, and came to a decision.

Suppose I tell you how I came to be attacked by influenza?" he said, and perhaps, as a medical man, you will be able to tell me if my symp

toms were normal."
"I should be immensely interested," the doctor replied. "I have made a study of influenza; it's a most un canny complaint.'

Mind," the other said, " I would n't be telling you this story if you hadn't noticed my condition yesterday-that bit of corroborative evi dence may help you to believe that I am not exaggerating." The doctor nodded silently, and the priest started his narrative.

You know something of my history," he said. "At the time when the thing took place that I am going tory," he said. to tell you about, I was living near here - a gentleman at large, with enough money to amuse myself in the quiet way that I preferred. I was a great sportman in one way and an other, and I possessed a rather wide reputation for brute strength; I dare say my fame reached you?

Rather!" the doctor rejoined. emembered that they used to tell a story of how you once walked downwith a Shetland pony under each arm."

The priest laughed. "That was unauthenticated," he said, "inas-much as I have never been intimate nough with a Shetland pony to try, but dare say it wouldn't be beyond me." The doctor at that moment experienced the sudden sensation of be ing lifted off his feet, raised high in the air, and set down again. He was, himself, a man of no mean pro portions.

" Hope you'll forgive me, but that's a practical illustration," the priest said, "and it bears on my story."

The doctor laughed. "For a moment," he said, "I had the feeling

polated the question—a quiet shrewd-faced young man, who narrowed his of re-entering my childhood. You handled me like a kiddle five years one thing, it found me a Protestant and left me a Papist!" His eyes old !" twinkled as he said this; yet it was "Well." the other continued. " if twinkied as he said this; yet it was a clear, steady gaze that met the doctor's scrittiny. "A long illness often gives a man time to think," the first speaker ob-

was anything besides a sportman I was a Protestant Episcopalian, that s to say, I attended church on Sundays, and showed a proper resent ment when the Fathers cupy the priory where I am staying ntruded themselves upon the neighborhood. My contempt for a petti coated' parson in those days was in tense, and the fact that the prior and his colleagues all happened to be men of poor physique added considerably to the mean opinion that I al ready held of the monkish tribe now for the influenza. You must be dying to make your diagnosis, doctor! One night I happened to be returning home, and taking a short cut across the meadows, I was absolutely in my ruddiest health (the speaker's eye twinkled, as though he were enjoying a joke against himself), swinging along at a great pace, and whisting as I went. There was suggestion that I should sit down and a moon shi ning, and presently I made bank under the hedge. A small lantern burned on the ground beside him. At first I thought that it was a tramp, but looking again I saw that it was one of the Fathers from the priory. I crossed over to where he was sitting, for obviously it was a sense of mortification or ignoming nomal proceeding even for an eerie creature like a monk, this sitting under the hedges after dark. He was leaning forward in a rather curious position, with one hand thrust inside the breast of his habit. 'Can I do anything for you?' I asked, rather gruffly, for I had no desire to appear over friendly. He looked up, with a queer, half-embarrassed expression. When he spoke his tone was half a whisper as though we were in church. He was, I think, the punniest little bit of a man that I have ever seen. I've had the misfortune to hurt my ankle,' he said, 'and I'm on my way to see a sick man. I wonder if you would be so kind as to let them know at the cottage yonder; that's where I'm bound. I can't get there without assistance.' I could lights of the cottage that he indicated away across the fields, less than a quarter of a mile off. It belonged to an Irishman name Macgill. take you there, if you like,' 1 said. Can you walk with my arm?' The little puny man murmured his thanks and taking hold of my arm raised himself to his feet, or rather, to his foot, for the injured ankle gave way under him as he set it to the 'It's no good, he said, after ground. he had hopped a yard or two, breathing hard through his clenched teeth for he was very evidently in great pain. 'I'm afraid I can't walk. I

must wait here till I can be carried. tone was not irreverent) as though and he collapsed gently on the bank again.
"I looked down on the little man, hardly knowing whether to be amused or irritated at his native dis-

that I get there without delay, he murmured at last. 'I've lost an hour sitting here, and the man may be dead. I think I must accept your kind offer, sir, but I am atraid that you will find me heavy.
"I smiled indulgently, by way of answer, and prepared to pick up this very small man, as I had picked up a wounded trooper on the battlefield, like a baby, but before I had realized what he was proposing to do, he had raised himself hopped behind me, and there, placing his hands on my shoulders, he reared himself on to my back pick a back fashion. 'This will be

would find me too much for you,' the

small man said, eyeing me dubiously.
I laughed out loud. 'Pooh,' I said,
'I could carry six of you at once.' I
was piqued at this wisp of a man's
exaggerated idea of his weight. My

tone was more than half contemptu-

ous. I was resenting a kind of dig aity that adhered in some way to th

little undersized figure in a cassock "He sat and surveyed me thought

fully for a moment, taking counse with himself. 'It is most important

the easiest way for you, I think,' he said courteously, but before I could disclaim the necessity for the easiest method a queer thing happened. I made the discovery that the little man on my shoulders was weighing me down, so that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could straighten myself; or, rather, to be exact straighten myself I couldn't, and I remained bent nearly double, as started to stagger forward. The sweat burst out on my forehead at the first few steps. What extraordin-ary access of weakness had suddenly overtaken me? I didn't think of flu' at that moment, although there was a lot of it about. 'Stop a bit!' the little monk cried, 'I've not got my lantern.' 'We can see without it,' I replied, ' but of course we mus not abandon your property. Shall I put it out, though, the moon's up?' No. no.' he said. 'I can hold it.' I retrieved the precious lantern, and it was just as much as I could do to get myself up again after stooping for it. As it was I stumbled onto one knee, and seemed likely to remain

in that position as long as the other continued to weigh me down. 'I fear you are finding me very heavy? the owner of the pitiful legs, thrust out on either side of me, said. I made a husky disclaimer. I had very little breath left. I was feeling -well I can best express it-unrea mental state that accompanies

seizure of "flu?'——"
The doctor nodded. "The brain affected by the weakness." he said.

Father Hulbert smiled. 'So we progressed," he went on A quaint sight, you can imagine could anyone have seen us. I carry ing the lantern, and the padre seated on my bent back rider fash ion. The singular thing was that there was no hint of the ludicrou about it. I have since tried to pic ture the rector of the Episcopalian church in the little monk's position and the thing became at once comic and not permissibly comic either But our mode of progress seemed well, more medieval than anything One could imagine it picture on the margin of an illuminated missal as the legend of some saint The little priest had not lost one iota of his dignity, and I, strange to say, was experiencing no sense of humiliation in having thus become a beast of burden.

"I shall never forget that journey! My 'rider' still expressed concern for me at intervals, but it no longer ruffl d my pride. The feeling of chagrin that I had first experienced had vanished. I declined the priest's take a rest with all due meekness. 'You big men are not so strong as you look,' he remarked, in kindly tones, and still I felt no resentment. I seemed to have accepted the fact little scrap of a man was one likely sense of mortification or ignominy accompanied the discovery. world, as I say, had become fantastic. The cottage the goal of a gigantic quest! Theintervening fields a life's pilgrimage; and the accomplishing of that amazing journey an achieve-ment compared with which nothing else mattered. Everything assumed new and unearthly proportions. had an extraordinary idea, too, that I must hang on to the lantern what ever happened, although 1 had scarcely strength left even for that extra burden!" The narrator paused and looked at the doctor. You re cognize the symptoms?" he said.
"Undoubtedly," was the reply,

the mental weakness attendant on

the physical breakdown."
"The queer thing was," said the other, "that I had no idea that I was ill at the time. There was no sense of depression. On the contrary, I could have sung for joy as I struggled on, had I had the breath in my body, and this sensation ran concurrently with the most agonizing physical ex perience. It became a question whether I should be able to cover that quarter mile. I can't describe the weariness; but of course you have heard your patients speak of the 'tired' symptom?" The priest was looking sideways at the medical man. "Well, at last, bent nearly double, soaked with perspiration, my knees trembling, and the very tears standing in my eyes, I reached the door of Macgill's cottage. There was a light in the window. I rapped on the door, and then I said, kneel down. You'll be able to get off better that way.' The fact was I had fairly come to the end of my tether belief in my powers to perform that service for him. 'Why wait?' I carrying this little shrivelled priest asked, 'I can carry you.' 'But you for a quarter of a mile! I sunk on

my knees in a sheer state of exhaus tion. As I did so the door opened, and a young fellow stood within. He glanced at the priest, now dismounted and leaning up against the threshold and at me, down on my knees, and then he did a curious thing: he, too, dropped on his knees! 'Am I in time?' the priest asked. 'Yes, Father,' was the reply, 'he's conscious, but he's going fast.' 'God be raised!' the little man exclaimed, ervently. Then turning to me, he said: 'I can never thank you, sir, for the service that you have done to a fellow-creature. Take Almighty God's blessing for it,' and taking his hand from his bosom, he made sign of the cross over me as I knelt there, still too exhausted to get back

on to my feet. "I will let them know at the priory," I said to the lad, as he prepared to lead the crippled man to the sick room. There was a seat in the porch, and there I sat until I felt more or less revived. Then I set out for the priory. I reached it feeling some what recovered, and beginning to ask myself seriously what it all meant. You see, I had no experience of illness, sudden or otherwise. I was feeling now merely as I had often felt after an abnormal physical effort. My back ached, and my knees still had a tendency to knock together, otherwise I was perfectly fit. I saw a huge block of stone lying in the road. I stopped and lifted it without the slightest difficulty. My muscular power appeared to be normal.'

The priest glanced at the doctor, but he made no comment.

"It was the prior himself who answered my bell at the priory—a little bright eyed Irishman. I told him what had happened. He was over-whelmed with gratitude. His first anxiety was to learn whether we had been in time. I told him, yes, just in time, and the tears of joy to his eyes. His next concern was as to whether I had not found it a terribly difficult business conveying Paul to the cottage. blinked up at me with real appre-hension. 'I managed somehow,' I answered. 'It was not a great distance and I took my time. "The Father was reading the name

on my card, which I had presented on my arrival. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'Christopher! Surely, but that's all right, for Father Paul had the Blessed Sacrament with him, and as though the world around me had become fantastic—I believe that is a st. Christopher did!' Then I beas St. Christopher did!' Then I began to feel dizzy again. It was rather a big discovery! That of course explained a certain restraint in the priest's manner, and the lighted lantern, cand the hand that remained in the breast of the habitmy rider had held on with one hand only and kept the other inside his bosom—I had felt his knuckles digging into my back, and the pain had been excruciating. I could feel it still! This explained the action of the young man at the door. Did it explain why I had felt as though I were carrying not one puny, diminutive, human being, but the whole world itself? 'But you are feeling ill?' the prior exclaimed. And then I did a thing that I have never done before or since — a very common feature of influenza, though—I fainted. A doctor was sent for, and they put me to bed and pronounced it influenza. I was laid up for about forty eight hours, and I was a trifle light headed, they tell me, and at the end of that time I was as well as

"And the after-effects?" the medical man inquired.

"The after-effects?" The priest spoke slowly and carefully. The after effects didn't appear for some two or three years. It was after I was ordained (I told you that I be came a Catholic 'after influenza') that I had a sort of recurrence of that curious seizure. I have had it alto gether on four occasions, so I sup pose the complaint left me suscept ible. Each time it has come when I was saying Mass—a sudden weakness at that moment of consecration, which makes it almost impossible to elevate the Sacred Wafer. I experienced it the first time when I had been taking a mission. I had been overworking myself, you will say. On the second occasion I was saying Mass in the presence of my favorite sister, a critical Protestant, who had never seen me perform my priestly functions: it was the first time I had got her to Mass. No doubt I was nervous and highly-strung. She is a Sister of Nazareth now. The third time I was saying Mass in my own Church. It was rather awful that ime. The effect of it lasted all day. I remember my house keeper had to dose me ever so often to get me well enough to hear a confession that evening. It was the confession of a man who had been at Mass in the morning for the first time in twenty years, and he bad sent round to know if I would hear him. He was a wonderful case of conversion. The fourth occasion was the one that you noted vester day when you were present at Mass -listening to the music.'

The two men paced together silent

ly for some moments. Well, doctor, there is my case : will you go home and diagnose it? Here's the priory. I have timed my story well, but I'm afraid I've brought you miles out of your way, I can't ask you in because everybody will be

"I'd like to call on you some day if I may," the medico said. "We doctors aren't all materialists, you knew. Father.'

'Come here any time during the next fortnight, and after that to my own address." Christopher Hulbert handed his card to the other.