

do that, sir. It wasn't me, that's all I can tell you about it."

"Then you must take the consequences as an accomplice," Colonel Carrington said. "I am sorry, Telford, that a young man should place himself in so serious a position. Yes, officer, I shall prosecute, you may remove him."

And Ralph Telford, with an evil scowl at Arthur Carrington, was removed in custody.

The careless, and not altogether accurately given evidence of the young officer at his trial, helped to convict him, and he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. When he came out of prison his mother was dead. She had died, as he himself had foretold she would, broken-hearted. His former friends turned the cold shoulder to him. Colonel Carrington, at the instigation of his idolized son, refused to take him back into his employment. Cold, hungry and miserable, Ralph sat in his desolate, empty cottage, laying dark and deadly plans against Arthur Carrington.

The day after his release he met him riding through one of the village lanes. The young lieutenant pulled up, surveying the other from head to feet with contemptuous amusement.

"Prison life does not exactly suit you, does it, Telford? What are you going to do now? Join your old friends, the poachers? Your mother will not mind now, you know."

For a moment a fierce temptation to pull the cruel jester from his horse and make him literally 'bite the dust,' seized upon Ralph Telford. He could easily have done it, for he was by far the bigger and stronger man of the two, but something held him back. Instead, he drew himself up and looking straight at the handsome mocking face, said with a certain quiet dignity—

"Thanks to you, I don't know what I'm a-goin' to do for a livin', sir, but I've made up my mind to one thing, sooner or later I'll have my revenge for the harm you have done me."

Arthur Carrington looked down at the resolute face, then without a word he turned his horse's head and rode away.

Slowly and heavily Ralph retraced his steps to the desolate spot which would never again be 'home' to him.

"I guess I'll 'list, it's the only thing left to do. Aye," and a vindictive light flashed into his dull eyes, "I'll get into his regiment, too, then I'll find a chance to keep my word."

The next day he gathered his few possessions together and took his last farewell of the village in which he had spent all his life.

The battle of Elandslaagte had lasted until darkness fell; indeed, the victors were still in full pursuit of the foe when Captain Arthur Carrington recovered from a long swoon, and became hazily aware that he was in a very unenviable position. Alone in the wide open veldt, in the fast falling darkness, already drenched through with a cold, heavy rain, and with a dull, deadly pain in his right side to which his uniform seemed glued. An abortive effort to sit up showed him that he was weak and helpless as an infant.

"Ah, me! I believe I have lost all the blood in my body. This is a pretty plight to be in. I wonder what the pater and mater would say if they could see me."

Brave man though he was, a few tears

rolled down his face in his weakness and solitude, as he recalled the dear, luxurious home he might never see again. But they were speedily dashed impatiently away.

"It will matter precious little what they say of me if I am to die here ox-fashion," he murmured dolefully. In the distance the troops were returning from the pursuit, and he tried to call for help, but they were far off, and his voice weak and low.

"The fight must have taken a different direction after I fell," he thought, noting that there were no wounded or dead within sight. "And if they have reason to think I was taken prisoner they will not search here."

A feeling of desperation took possession of him. A resolute attempt to sit up was successful, but a rush of blood from his side, and a sensation of deadly faintness followed.

As he sank back, striving to staunch the bleeding, the welcome sound of a footstep reached his ear; his feeble call for help was at once answered. A minute later a tall figure knelt beside him, and looking up he met the eyes of Ralph Telford.

"You of all men!" he exclaimed, with a groan. "The very last one I wished to see. Well, you can have your revenge now, Telford, I am entirely at your mercy, and so miserable that I'm not sure I shall not thank you to put a bullet through me. . . . For heaven's sake don't look at me in that way, man; it makes my flesh creep."

Still silent, Ralph removed his eyes from the young officer's face and lifted his hand and handkerchief from the wounded side.

"Not that way," Arthur cried, thinking he knew his intention and struggling feebly in resistance.

"I will not bleed to death. If you mean to kill me, do it quickly."

Then the man spoke with a pained gentleness that amazed him.

"You can't think I would hurt you, captain; I'm only going to see what I can do for your side. Ah, I know!" he turned aside a moment and Arthur heard something being cut or torn; then Ralph knelt down again to unfasten his clothes, and a thick pad of something warm and dry was laid on the aching side, giving an indescribable relief.

"There, you won't take cold now, I hope; but, oh dear, your clothes are just soaked."

"Pray don't tell me what I am only too conscious of, and don't try to move me or I think I shall die outright."

"I'd try to carry you to the camp, sir, but it's so dark I'm afraid I shouldn't find it. We must just stay here until they find us."

"You could have caught the others up if you had not stayed to help me," Arthur said.

"Perhaps so, but that doesn't matter, I am thankful I heard you call, sir."

"Telford, what do you mean by treating me in this way? I behaved like a cad to you; I have been ashamed enough of it since, but I was never manly enough to tell you so. Is this your idea of revenge?"

"Bless you, sir, I haven't given a thought to revenge since—but maybe you won't care to hear about it?"

"Yes, indeed. Anything to while the time. Sit close by me, and hold my hand, Telford. I shall not forget what you have done for me to-night."

"And been thankful to do, sir. It's an answer to prayer."

"A what?"

"An answer to prayer; but that's a part of my story, so I'll tell it straight through if it's all the same to you, sir. Soon after I enlisted we went down to Colchester you remember, for training. While we were there the Evangelization Society sent an evangelist down; he held services every evening, and all day on Sunday. Somebody induced me to go to the first. The grace and mercy of God met me there, and I saw myself as I was in God's sight, a sinner so great that it seemed to me if ever there was a man who deserved more than another to go to hell it was Ralph Telford. The evangelist asked that any who were troubled about their souls would stay and talk to him, and I stayed. To my surprise he seemed delighted when I told him how unhappy I was. He said it was the working of the Holy Spirit. I tried to make myself a bit better but that didn't work at all. At last one night I dropped down on my knees just before I started for the service. I was so desperate that I didn't stop to think what I ought to say—and I just said:—

"Oh, Lord Jesus, I can't do anything to save myself, but the Bible says you can, that you have died to save sinners, just like me. If I haven't come to you in the right way, forgive me, but I am so miserable with this load of sin, I just want to be saved right away."

"I should call that a very irreverent way of addressing the Almighty," Arthur said at this point, his voice dragging off into a faint murmur, but Telford knew.

"Perhaps it was, sir, but you know he never said we were to be very polite and particular about our way of speaking to him. He loves to have sinners coming to him too well to care how they come. I was late getting to the hall, and when I went in the preacher was just reading his text, and what do you think it was, sir?" "I, even I, have blotted out thy transgressions as a thick cloud, and will no more remember thy sins." If ever I was sure of anything, it was that Jesus Christ spoke those words straight to me. My load of sin was gone directly, and from that day to this I have never felt it again."

"And how came you to alter your feeling about me?" Arthur asked, almost forgetting his wound.

"Why, it was the most natural thing in the world, sir. You remember you were away just then, and I had almost forgotten you, but one day somebody said, "Captain Carrington is coming back," and I thought, "that is the man who has done me so much harm," and I remembered the bitter hate I used to feel, but now it was all gone without my knowing it. It was one of the sins my Saviour had blotted out. Still I didn't want to have nothing to do with you, as if I had had to choose the man I would like to do-something for, it would not have been you."

Arthur could well believe it. Pain and faintness almost overcame him. He heard a voice saying something.

Ralph with Love and Mercy seemed to be kneeling in the solemn darkness and pouring out his whole heart in earnest petition.

"Do you think he would mind saving me?" Arthur asked, "Wonder if I'm worth it—eh?"

"I don't think anything about it, sir; I know he will. For one thing he says he will, and then, too, we always do what we love, sir, if we can, don't we? and he loves to save."