

fortunately our pride prevents us from acknowledging the truth."

Then we drifted into conversation and I learned that he belonged to an excellent family in the north of Ireland. He had obtained his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, taken orders and proceeded to South Australia where the Bishop gave him a large parish in the pastoral country. Suddenly the relator became reticent and relapsed into silence. I divined the cause and pointed to the glasses. He hesitated and then drank off another but with the disgust shewn when one is compelled to take medicine. The effect of this potion was unexpected. The parson, for such I must call him, burst into song, at first sentimental and then comic. They were certainly not acquired at a divinity school. He fairly rollicked in the patter songs, so famous years ago in the London music halls. When he drew a comparison between a monkey and a dude, in which the monkey had the best of it, he was irresistible and I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks. The reckless abandon, the rollicking gaiety, the quip and quirk,—all were perfect. I forgot who he was and what he was.

As the last patter song died on his lips he turned ashy pale and began to tremble violently. I handed him another glass but he dashed it from my hand and poured out upon me such curses as I had never heard before. They froze my blood and gave me a sight of the very soul of the man, reeking with blasphemy and hatred and a savage malevolence so vindictive that a fiend from the bottomless pit would have turned and fled. As I darted to the door he seized me and with the strength of a mad man hurled me into a chair, his horrible laugh ringing out with sardonic glee, piercing the ears and running into a mocking refrain. Turning to the table he swallowed all the laudanum which remained. Two minutes later he was another man. His mouth was that of a child with the pathetic pucker always seen before an infant bursts into tears. I forgot his violence, his obscenity, everything, in the new character before me, I felt that the curtain was up for the last act, when it fell there would be darkness, the light would fail and the green door come back.

"I have never told the story," he exclaimed, but the time has come when it must be told." His voice was so low that I was compelled to bend forward and listen as the words fell from his lips. Then he dashed into the recital startling in its intensity.

"In my parish was one great squatter who made his home