

They have barred us from the courts of the land so that the only law and protection we have is by the strong arm of self-preservation."

Again all eyes were turned in my direction. I clutched Florence's hand and crept close to her once more as though relying on her frail protection to shield me from any impending harm. The preacher was becoming dangerously personal. His seditious insinuations were again directed at myself as though I were responsible for all the sins of the superior but slowly dying human rivals. In Florence I seemed to find a sort of assurance that her infinite beauty and perhaps charming influence would save me from molestation.

But the tension which my nerves suffered under the scrutiny of the many revenge-seeking eyes can scarcely be explained. I was no doubt regarded as a vested agent of the hated whites and held personally responsible for the blowing up of the pumping plant. The agony was almost more than I could bear without crying out.

I was more than pleased when we rose in a body to depart at the end of the sermon. No one was ever more in danger in an enemy camp than I was among that motely crowd which was thoroughly convinced, I was satisfied, that I had personally destroyed their valuable property. Was it not logical to believe that I had committed the crime? Did all indications not point clearly to me as being the culprit?

Professor Agnew remained diplomatically silent on the matter. The god and creator of the Anthropoids, he no doubt supported them in all issues dealing with their affairs. Whether in this dreadful catastrophe he was with them or with me, I could not at the moment define. Ostensibly he backed neither of us, but it was impossible to read just what lay behind the austere and emotionless features.

I was no sooner on my feet, however, than the long tentacle-like arm of Uumlah reached out for my throat. Or, was it imagination? He had come forward and was standing facing us.

I became deathly pale, but just at that moment Liliana sprang between us with her real little concentration of bravery and no doubt saved me from being strangled to death by the crazed member of her tribe. Florence also interfered daring a great deal for my sake with one who was not likely to forgive. At the same time, with a gesture that perhaps carried more authority than weight of

strength, the Professor parried the blow or grip that was intended to crush or choke me to death.

Any faith I may have built up in the morals of the new race from the clean and spotless sayings and sentiments of Uumlah, vanished in an instant under the attack. I was positive now that the lay preacher was a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde impersonated, and that he had two personalities that were remotely distinct.

I knew that there raged in his soul a deadly struggle between the instincts of his animal ancestors and the artificial reasoning power he had recently acquired.

Once outside the church I breathed more freely, and went along towards the Uumlah mansion between my two self-appointed chaperons, Florence Agnew and Miss Liliana, talking and laughing gaily.

Suddenly the complexity of things at that time created a queer conclusion in my mind. This half-animal could not possibly have originated such sentiments much less have displayed such eloquence in the pulpit of his own initiative. Agnew must have prompted him through some strange medium of which I was as yet ignorant. I questioned Florence.

"Miss Agnew," I broke in on some light repartee, "Who preached that sermon?"

She looked at me in astonishment.

"You silly thing!" she cried.

"Was it Uumlah or your father?" I evaded.

"Uumlah, of course. Are you blind?" she teased me.

The two girls laughed at my perplexity.

"It was both," volunteered Liliana.

Before I had opportunity to make further inquiries, there was a wild tramp of hurrying feet in the rear; and, looking around, we saw approaching us an infuriated mob of Fifty-Fifties waving their huge sticks menacingly in the air.

I could not distinguish words, but it was evident they were in hot pursuit of some one, and that there was murder in their manners.

The girls seemed to define the intentions of the mob in an instant; for, as though acting from some common intuition, they seized me by the arms and pulled me along the street with the velocity of an express train with the infuriated rabble at our very heels.

We passed the Professor and Mrs. Agnew, who had preceded us, but paused not in our mad dash for freedom.

Faster and faster we flew until I

fancied my feet never touched the ground only at long intervals. The two girls seemed to have acquired marvellous strength and speed on the impulse of a moment and just for the purpose of saving me from possible death.

Suddenly my legs ceased to function as though they had died and become powerless beneath me. They would not accelerate to the desired speed. My feet began to trail on the pavement. The two girls seemed like angels of mercy fleeing with me to a haven of safety. I fancied I could see huge wings spread out from each of their shoulders as we took to the air and began to rise, rise, rise, towards Heaven.

The sensation of rising into the air frightened me. What if the strength of the angels give out and I was to fall to earth? Where were they taking me to? Neither of them spoke, and my own lips were sealed and refused to move.

Then, as suddenly as we had ascended into the air, we began to drop back to earth again. I knew then that I was dreaming for all such manoeuvres were far beyond the skill of ordinary human beings.

We were just about to touch the pavement in front of the Uumlah mansion with a crash that would have broken every bone in our bodies, when I awoke and found myself gripping the bed clothing in imaginary efforts to save myself from falling.

"Oh what a nightmare!" I called out.

This awoke Mrs. Bruce and I told her of the strange adventure.

"Wonder what will be the outcome?" I speculated.

"Well, I hope you and Florence get killed next fall you get together," she sympathized with us.

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