

CALVARY

redemption. Not for long æons. Not for countless and still countless ages. For she who has cradled manhood and Divinity cannot but be slave of both."

He rose and stood there in the dim light of the lamp, looking gravely at the man he had called friend.

"I must leave you now," he said. "Make your way homewards. This—he wrote for you ere he passed away, and this for Godfrey, and this for Ruth."

He laid three letters on the table, one by one.

"My task is ended," he said. "I want no word with that young priest. True to his new guides, he forsook and forswore and denied in the hour of trial. Yet seeing how evil works for good, and that from man's treachery sprang man's salvation, I lay no blame on him. He, too, must tread the stony path to Calvary, and find there—what David has found."

There came a sudden mist and dimness over Craddock's eyes; the smart of tears long unknown. Half-shamed, as all manhood is shamed of its truest and holiest emotions, he turned aside. When he looked up he was alone.

On the table, under the lamp-rays, lay three letters. David's last words to those who had played so fateful a part in his life. Craddock lifted one of them, his own.

With trembling fingers he opened the envelope and read the few brief, unsteady lines.

Not much they said, but yet enough.

Through sin and shame, through terror and through grief, through agony of doubt and madness of despair, and yet through joy of something won from out it all, David had found his way to Calvary!

FINIS