

down in Sandy's hut, an' if he doant have the doctor he'll die, an' what will be done thin, for we ain't a praste within a 'undred mile. The poor craythur is kilt intirely, tho' he ain't quite dead yit, so ye must be quick."

Edward followed the Irishman to Sandy's hut. There lay in the open doorway, placed where the draught, such as it was, might fan his heated brow, the remnant of a fine young Englishman. His auburn locks lay matted and tangled upon his expansive forehead, his hands were clutched convulsively in the throes of fever, his form was wasted, his eye was closed, his lips mottled, and upon his entire manhood there lay the marks of dissipation and disease. Edward saw that instant action was necessary, and stepped forward to make such examination and administer such remedies as his little skill in such matters might enable him to do. He took up the hand to ascertain the nature of the pulse, when the man's lips moved, and Edward was startled as he heard his own name—Barton—spoken. The man did not recognize him, he was too far gone to recognize anything; that word Barton was a part of some old-world life in which the sufferer's mind was wandering. "Barton," said the man again. "Strange," said Edward. "I know this face—yes, it is, and, O God, in this horrible plight, young Arthur Hardnut. Here is the very face, just as I left it in the moonlight among the shadows of the wood after that dreadful fight; older, more dissipated, but the same, the very same. Oh, that it should have come to this!"

But this was the hour for action rather than for reflection. A trusty man was despatched, on the fleetest horse the station could command, to the nearest doctor, who if all went well might be by the sick man's side in three days. But what might not happen in the meantime? Edward hastily arranged for his duties to be performed by others, carried the patient into his own room, and constituted himself both nurse and doctor. No woman lived among these shepherds, and had any woman been there the sick man would not have been entrusted to her care. "No hands but mine," said Edward, "shall minister to his needs." When all had been done that the rude skill of the shepherds could suggest, and night had settled down upon all things, Edward took his station by the side of the little pallet to watch through the hours of darkness. The sufferer slumbered at times, and his attendant had time to think and to pray. "What should I have done now had I not found religion?" he asked himself. "I do not know," was the answer; "what was right I hope, but now Christ's spirit is in my heart I know what to do, and I will do it. Here lies my old enemy, all in my power. The last thing these hands did for me was to knock me down in Beechwoods dell, and I have never seen this face since it flashed on me in anger, but old things are passed away; thank God they are. I feel I love this man, and if it is in human power to save him he shall be saved. I see now what Mister Truelove meant in his last sermon when he said, 'Live up to all your present opportunities of being and doing