

on Sunday to the second class. With that look in his face—plain, for his brightness—the men listened to him as I never knew them listen to anyone before. One woman in the second class lost her baby, and it was buried at sea. She sat cold and stony till Mr. Chalmers went and talked to her, and then I heard her sobbing in her cabin. "He's like one of God's angels!" she said. "If God is kinder than him, then I can trust the baby to Him very well." We got on smoothly, with pretty calm weather; but, in spite of that we could all see that Mr. Chalmers got weaker and weaker. They say it's a symptom of his disease, not to see how near one is to death. He did not. He never talked as though he were ill at all. When he knew I was Yorkshire, he'd speak to me a lot about Scarborough, where his mother lived, and where he had been born and partly brought up. "Mother and I are going back to Scarborough," he said. "Do you know Scarborough, stewardess?" "Yes, sir; I lived there once for a year in service. It's a fine place." It is the most beautiful town in the world," he said. "In my dreams I

always see it, with the blue sea, and with the gold of the sky bright behind the castle rock. I've seen it from the sands like the City of God. I'd like to die there. Mother is to meet me, and we will go straight there if it is God's will!" Poor soul! I thought, as I looked at his thin, white face, and heard his hacking cough, that he would never see Scarborough. He would see the real Golden City, but never an earthly one. The heat tried him very much. He was very ill in the Indian Ocean, and I think it was about here that he lost hope. For some days he was very dull and quiet, and my heart ached for him. He was weak, and sick and suffering. One Sunday night—and it was so hot that the gentlemen went out with their waistcoats open, and called for iced drinks—the doctor carried him on deck, and he lay there with his white thin face laid back on a cushion. He seemed too ill and languid to speak. Mr. Browne, coming up, sat down by him suddenly, and took up the big palmleaf fan, and he began to fan him. "You are very good!" Mr. Chalmers whispered. But he seemed almost too weary to speak. People talk about the valley of the shadow, ma'am; but I don't think we always go through the valley of the shadow just at the very end of life. I think some of us pass through it before that. I was thinking his soul was almost in the shadows of the night, and his bright faith was fading a little. I would have given anything to have helped him, but what could I say? And then suddenly a Miss Vichy, who had been sitting with her hands clasped round her knees on the top of the companion, began to sing softly to herself. All the others were on the lower deck looking at something. There were only us four on deck. I had been fanning him before Mr. Browne came. She sang, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" It was a very sweet soft air, not the usual one, and I never heard a sweeter voice. And at one verse Mr. Chalmers opened his eyes, and a sort of flicker of joy and understanding crossed his face.

"If I find Him if I follow,
What His guerdon here?"
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd labour ended,
Jordan past!"

She stopped, then, and, getting up, walked slowly away. I don't suppose she ever knew God had put it into her heart to sing just those words. "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan past!" Mr. Chalmers whispered the words, then looked up at the others with a bright smile. He, too, always seemed to like Mr. Browne. "I was down in the deaps, I think," he said. "And those words were God's message to me." "Do you believe them?" Mr. Browne spoke in a kind of hoarse voice, and Mr. Chalmers answered, with his look far away: "Thank God, I do!" "Have you vanquished all your sorrow?" "I did not! He did it for me!" "Chalmers," said the other, suddenly. "I've always thought a lot of clergy in these days don't really believe half they preach! I know a fellow with a good parish and a fine stipend—he don't believe it. But he says it don't do any one any harm if it is only a poetical dream, or one illusion more!" I could see Mr. Chalmers' thin face flush. "Man," he said, "one doesn't die for a dream! One doesn't live for a dream!" "You believe it, then, on your soul? That it can do that—brighten life, and make death easy?" "On my soul! It has done that for me. It will help you understand." The other moved uneasily; but waited and listened. "I came out to Australia with hopes. The

girl I was to marry was to follow me whenever I got settled; and I loved her more than my life! Well, I needn't tell you the struggles of the first years, but at last things got smoother a bit, and she came. I had done all I could for our home. I used to sit up at nights, carpeting and painting. I was the happiest man in the colony! Nothing troubled me. She was coming! And then—I was starting to go and meet the ship, and—she had—married someone else! Met him on the voyage. I felt as if the light of life went out. And then—there, in the dark, God's hand touched me: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He had His meaning! I went back, and began life over again. In my dark hours these words were in my ears; they never left me, and then I got hurt in a drunken row, as you know, just when I thought I was winning the men a little, and I had to come home. My mother was there! My life has been a failure—in the world's eye; and yet God's eyes, perhaps, see differently. I tried my best, because He helped me; and if it is a failure, I can bear that, too. Maybe, those of us who fail here get a chance of working better in another world. If not, then still all is well. You know, "They also serve who only stand and wait!" "And those two? That girl—and that man?" The clergyman turned his eyes back from the sea. "I hope they are happy," he said. "She struggled and suffered. She tried to be true. And, of course since she did not love me, perhaps it was—natural." "And the man?" "I wish I could see him," Mr. Chalmers said dreamily. "I'd like to ask him always to be very good to her." The other started up and dropped the fan. It was as if he was stung. "Chalmers, did you never suspect?" "What?" "That I was the man? My name you know." The two looked into each other's faces, and then Mr. Chalmers smiled. I never saw a sweeter smile. "I wondered why you were so good to me!" he said. "That was all. Sit down again. Her husband!" "You mean to say that you do not hate me?" There is no hate in my heart for anyone in the world! Why should there be?" I had to go down, then, but the two had a long talk. It was Mr. Browne, and not the doctor, who carried Mr. Chalmers down at night, and after that they were rarely separate. It may seem strange, but it is true. Somehow, Mr. Browne changed a good deal. He seemed grave and thoughtful. He'd read to the dying man, and sit by him, often not talking, for hours; and he was never ready when

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the others wanted him for cards. Though Mr. Chalmers would urge him to go and play quoits and ship's cricket, he would not go. In the Suez Canal the end came. The heat was awful—heat that made you think of nothing but of air, air, air! It was as if all the world were a furnace. Well, it was bad enough for us, who were well; but for him it was a "burning, fiery furnace" indeed! He lay under the awning on deck all day, just able to sip a little whipped egg and milk. There was a wonderful look on his face, as if he heard and saw nothing of our talk, but was listening to angels' voices. At tea-time he roused, and he was a little lighthearted, and talked of Scarborough again, and of seeing the town, and of standing at the end of pier. It was curious how he harked back to it. Only I and Mr. Browne were with him when he died and we were in the middle of the canal. The others had gone down to dinner, and they were long over coffee and dessert.

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