The Dominion Review.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1899. NO. 7.

# WHAT IS RELIGION?

An address delivered before the American Free Religious Association, Boston, June 2, 1899.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

## I.

It is asserted that an infinite God created all things, governs all things, and that the creature should be obedient and thankful to the creator; that the creator demands certain things, and that the person who complies with these demands is religious. This kind of religion has been substantially universal.

For many centuries and by many peoples it was believed that this god demanded sacrifices; that he was pleased when parents shed the blood of their babes. Afterwards it was supposed that he was satisfied with the blood of oxen, lambs, and doves, and that in exchange for, or on account of, these sacrifices this God sent pestilence, famine, flood, and earthquake.

The last phase of this belief in sacrifice was, according to the Christian doctrine, that God accepted the blood of his son, and that after his son had been murdered he, God, was satisfied and wanted no more blood.

During all these years and by all these peoples it was believed that this God heard and answered prayer, that he forgave sins, and saved the souls of true believers. This, in a general way, is the definition of religion.

Now, the questions are, Whether religion was founded on any known fact? Whether such a being as God exists? Whether he was the creator of yourself and myself? Whether any prayer was ever answered? Whether any sacrifice of babe or ox secured the favor of this unseen God?

First.—Did an infinite God create the children of men?

Why did he create the intellectual inferior?

Why did he create the deformed and helpless?

Why did he create the criminal, the idiotic, the insane?

Can infinite wisdom and power make any excuse for the creation of failures?

Are the failures under obligation to their creator?

Second.—Is an infinite God the creator of this world?

Is he responsible for all the chiefs, kings, emperors and queens?

Is he responsible for all the wars that have been waged, for all the innocent blood that has been shed?

Is he responsible for the centuries of slavery, for the backs that have been scarred with the lash, for the babes that have been sold from the breasts of mothers, for the families that have been separated and destroyed?

Is this God responsible for religious persecution, for the Inquisition, for the thumbscrew and rack, and for all the instruments of torture?

Did this God allow the cruel and vile to destroy the brave and virtuous? Did he allow tyrants to shed the blood of patriots?

Did he allow his enemies to torture and burn his friends?

What is such a God worth?

Would a decent man, having the power to prevent it, allow his enemies to torture and burn his friends?

Can we conceive of a devil base enough to prefer his enemies to his friends?

If a good and infinitely powerful God governs this world, how can we account for cyclones, earthquakes, pestilence and famine?

How can we account for cancers, for microbes, for diphtheria, and the thousand diseases that prey on infancy?

How can we account for the wild beasts that devour human beings, for the fanged serpents whose bite is death?

How can we account for a world where life feeds on life?

Were beak and claw, tooth and fang invented and produced by infinite mercy?

Did infinite goodness fashion the wings of the eagles so that their fleeing prey could be overtaken?

Did infinite goodness create the beasts of prey with the intention that they should devour the weak and helpless?

Did infinite goodness create the countless worthless living things that breed within and feed upon the flesh of higher forms?

Did infinite wisdom intentionally produce the microscopic beasts that feed upon the optic nerve?

Think of blinding a man to satisfy the appetite of a microbe!

Think of life feeding on life! Think of the victims! Think of the Niagara of blood pouring over the precipice of cruelty!

In view of these facts, what, after all, is religion?

It is fear.

Fear builds the altar and offers the sacrifice.

Fear erects the cathedral and bows the head of man in worship.

Fear bends the knees and utters the prayer.

Fear pretends to love.

Religion teaches the slave virtues—obedience, humility, self-denial, forgiveness, non-resistance.

Lips, religious and fearful, tremblingly repeat this passage: "Though he slay me yet will I trust him." This is the abyss of degradation.

Religion does not teach self-reliance, independence, manliness, courage, self-defence. Religion makes God a master and man his serf. The master cannot be great enough to make slavery sweet.

II.

If this God exists, how do we know that he is good? How can we prove that he is merciful? That he cares for the children of man? If this God exists, he has on many occasions seen millions of his poor children plowing the fields, sowing and planting the grain, and when he saw them he knew that they depended on the expected crop for life, and yet this good God, this merciful being, withheld the rain. He caused the sun to rise, to steal all moisture from the land but gave no rain. He saw the seeds that man had planted wither and perish, but he sent no rain. He saw the people with sad eyes upon the barren earth, and he sent no rain. He saw them slowly devour the little that they had, and saw them when the days of hunger came, saw them slowly waste away, saw their hungry, sunken eyes, heard their prayers, saw them devour the miserable animals that they had, saw mothers and fathers insane with hunger kill and eat their shrivelled babes, and yet the heaven above them was as brass and the earth beneath as iron, and he sent no rain. Can we say that in the heart of this God there blossomed the flower of pity? Can we say that he cared for the children of men? Can we say that his mercy endureth forever?

Do we prove that this God is good because he sends the cyclone that wrecks villages and covers the field with the mangled bodies of fathers, mothers and babes? Do we prove his goodness by showing that he has opened the earth and swallowed thousands of his helpless children, or that with the volcanoes he has overwhelmed them with rivers of fire? Can we infer the goodness of God from the facts we know?

If these calamities did not happen, would we suspect that God cared nothing for human beings? If there were no famine, no pestilence, no cyclone, no earthquake, would we think that God is not good?

According to the theologians, God did not make all men alike. He made races differing in intelligence, stature and color. Was there goodness, was there wisdom in this?

Ought the superior races to thank God that they are not the inferior? If we say yes, then I ask another question. Should the inferior races thank God that they are not superior, or should they thank God that they are not beasts?

When God made these different races, he knew that the superior would enslave the inferior, knew that the inferior would be conquered and finally destroyed.

If God did this, and knew the blood that would be shed, the agonies that would be endured, saw the countless fields covered with corpses of the slain, saw all the bleeding backs of slaves, all the broken hearts of mothers bereft of babes, if he saw and knew all this, can we conceive of a more malicious fiend?

Why, then, should we say that God is good?

The dungeons against whose dripping walls the brave and generous have sighed their souls away, the scaffolds stained and glorified with noble blood,

the hopeless slaves with scarred and bleeding backs, the writhing martyrs clothed in flame, the virtuous stretched on racks, their joints and muscles torn apart, the flayed and bleeding bodies of the just, the extinguished eyes of those who sought for truth, the countless patriots who fought and died in vain, the burdened, beaten, weeping wives, the shrivelled faces of neglected babes, the murdered millions of the vanished years, the victims of the winds and waves, of flood and flame, of imprisoned forces in the earth, of lightning's stroke, of lava's molten stream, of famine, plague and lingering pain, the mouths that drip with blood, the fangs that poison, the beaks that wound and tear, the triumphs of the base, the rule and sway of wrong, the crowns that cruelty has worn and the robed hypocrites with clasped and bloody hands who thanked their God—a phantom fiend—that liberty had been banished from the world, these souvenirs of the dreadful past, these horrors that still exist, these frightful facts deny that any God exists who has the will and power to guard and bless the human race.

III.

Most people cling to the supernatural. If they give up one god they imagine another. Having outgrown Jehovah, they talk about the power that works for righteousness.

What is this power?

Man advances, and necessarily advances through experience. A man wishing to go to a certain place comes to where the road divides. He takes the left hand, believing it to be the right road, and travels until he finds it is the wrong one. He retraces his steps and takes the right hand road and reaches the place desired. The next time he goes to the same place he does not take the left hand road. He has tried that and knows that it is the wrong road. He takes the right road, and thereupon these theologians say, "There is a power that works for righteousness."

A child, charmed by the beauty of the flame, grasps it with its dimpled hand. The hand is burned, and after that the child keeps its hand out of the fire. The power that works for righteousness has taught the child a lesson.

The accumulated experience of the world is a power and force that works for righteousness. This force is not conscious, not intelligent. It has no will, no purpose. It is a result.

So thousands have endeavored to establish the existence of God by the fact that we have what is called the moral sense, that is to say, a conscience.

It is insisted by these theologians, and by many of the so-called philosophers, that this moral sense, this sense of duty, of obligation, was imported and that conscience is an exotic. Taking the ground that it was not produced here, was not produced by man, they then imagine a God from whom it came.

Man is a social being, we live together in families, tribes and nations.

The members of a family, of a tribe, of a nation, who increase the happiness of the family, of the tribe, or of the nation, are considered good members,

they are praised, admired and respected. They are regarded as good—that is to say, as moral.

The members who add to the misery of the family, the tribe or the nation, are considered bad members. They are blamed, despised, punished. They are regarded as immoral.

The family, the tribe, the nation, creates a standard of conduct, of morality. There is nothing supernatural in this.

The greatest human beings have said "Conscience is born of love."

The sense of obligation, of duty, was naturally produced.

Among savages the immediate consequences of actions are taken into consideration. As people advance the remote consequences are perceived. The standard of conduct becomes higher. The imagination is cultivated. A man puts himself in the place of another. The sense of duty becomes stronger, more imperative. Man judges himself.

He loves, and love is the commencement, the foundation of the highest virtues. He injures one that he loves. Then comes regret, repentance, sorrow, conscience; in all this there is nothing supernatural.

Man has deceived himself. Nature is a mirror in which man sees his own image, and all supernatural religions rest on the pretence that the image, which appears to be behind this mirror, has been caught.

All the metaphysicians of the spiritual type, from Plato to Swedenborg, have manufactured their facts, and all founders of religion have done the same.

Suppose that an infinite God exists, what can we do for him? Being infinite, he is conditionless; being conditionless, he cannot be benefited or injured. He cannot want. He has.

Think of the egotism of a man who believes that an infinite being wants his praise!

## IV.

What has our religion done? Of course it is admitted by Christians that all other religions are false, and consequently we need only examine our own.

Has Christianity done good? Has it made men nobler, more merciful, nearer honest? When the church had control were men made better and happier?

What has been the effect of Christianity in Italy, in Spain, in Portugal, in Ireland?

What has religion done for Hungary or Austria? What was the effect of Christianity in Switzerland, in Holland, in Scotland, in England, in America? Let us be honest. Could those countries have been worse without any religion? Could they have been worse had they had any other religion than Christianity?

Would Torquemada have been worse had he been a follower of Zoroaster? Would Calvin have been more bloodthirsty if he had believed in the religion of the South Sea Islanders? Would the Dutch have been more idiotic if they had denied the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and worshipped the blessed

trinity of sausage, beer and cheese? Would John Knox have been any worse had he deserted Christ and become a follower of Confucius?

Take our own dear, merciful, Puritan Fathers. What did Christianity do for them? They hated pleasure. On the door of life they hung the crape of death. They muffled all the bells of gladness. They made cradles by putting rockers on coffins. In the Puritan year there were twelve Decembers. They tried to do away with infancy end youth, with the prattle of babes and the song of the morning.

The religion of the Puritan was an unadulterated curse. The Puritan believed the Bible to be the word of God, and this belief has always made those who held it cruel and wretched. Would the Puritan have been worse if he had adopted the religion of the North American Indians?

Let me refer to just one fact showing the influence of a belief in the Bible on human beings.

"On the day of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth she was presented with a Geneva Bible by an old man representing Time, with Truth standing by his side as a child. The queen received the Bible, kissed it and pledged herself to diligently read therein. In the dedication of this blessed Bible the queen was piously exhorted to put all papists to the sword."

In this incident we see the real spirit of Protestant lovers of the Bible. In other words, it was just as fiendish, just as infamous, as the Catholic spirit.

Has the Bible made the people of Georgia kind and merciful? Would the lynchers be more ferocious if they worshipped gods of wood and stone?

V.

Religion has been tried, and in all countries, in all times, has failed.

Religion has never made man merciful.

Remember the Inquisition.

What effect did religion have on slavery?

What effect upon Libby, Saulsbury and Andersonville?

Religion has always been the enemy of science, of investigation and thought.

Religion has never made man free.

It has never made man moral, temperate, industrious and honest.

Are Christians more temperate, nearer virtuous, nearer honest than savages?

Among savages do we not find that their vices and cruelties are the fruits of their superstitions?

To those who believe in the uniformity of nature religion is impossible.

Can we affect the nature and qualities of substance by prayer? Can we hasten or delay the tides by worship? Can we change winds by sacrifice? Will kneelings give us wealth? Can we cure disease by supplication? Can we add to our knowledge by ceremony? Can we receive virtue or honor as alms?

Are not the facts in the mental world just as stubborn—just as necessarily

produced—as the facts in the material world? Is not what we call mind just as natural as what we call body?

Religion rests on the idea that nature has a master and that this master will listen to prayer; that this master punishes and rewards; that he loves praise and flattery and hates the brave and free.

Has man obtained any help from heaven?

VI.

If we have a theory, we must have facts for the foundation. We must have cornerstones. We must not build on guesses, fancies, analogies, or inferences. The structure must have a basement. If we build, we must begin at the bottom.

I have a theory and I have four cornerstones.

The first stone is that matter—substance—cannot be destroyed, cannot be annihilated.

The second stone is that force cannot be destroyed, cannot be annihilated.

The third stone is that matter and force cannot exist apart—no matter without force—no force without matter.

The fourth stone is that that which cannot be destroyed could not have been created; that the indestructible is the uncreatable.

If these cornerstones are facts, it follows as a necessity that matter and force are from and to eternity, that they can neither be increased nor diminished.

It follows that nothing has been or can be created: that there never has been or can be a creator.

It follows that there could not have been any intelligence, any design, back of matter and force.

There is no intelligence without force, there is no force without matter. Consequently there could not by any possibility have been any intelligence, any force, back of matter.

It therefore follows that the supernatural does not and cannot exist. If these four cornerstones are facts Nature has no master. If matter and force are from and to eternity, it follows as a necessity that no God exists; that no God created or governs the universe; that no God exists who answers prayer; no God who succors the oppressed; no God who pities the sufferings of innocence; no God who cares for the slaves with scarred flesh, the mothers robbed ot their babes, no God who rescues the tortured, and no God that saves a martyr from the flames. In other words, it proves that man has never received any help from heaven; that all the sacrifices have been in vain, and that all prayers have died unanswered in the heedless air. I do not pretend to know. I say what I think.

If matter and force have existed from eternity, it then follows that all that has been possible has happened, all that is possible is happening, and all that will be possible will happen.

In the universe there is no chance, no caprice. Every event has parents.

That which has not happened could not. The present is the necessary product of all the past, the necessary cause of all the future.

In the infinite chain there is, there can be, no broken, no missing link. The form and motion of every star, the climate of every world, all forms of vegetable and animal life, all instinct, intelligence, and conscience, all assertions and denials, all vices and virtues, all thoughts and dreams, all hopes and fears, are necessities. Not one of the countless things and relations in the universe could have been different.

## VII.

IF matter and force are from eternity, then we can say that man had no intelligent creator, that man was not a special creation.

We now know, if we know anything, that Jehovah, the divine potter, did not mix and mould clay in the forms of men and women, and then breathe the breath of life into their forms.

We now know that our first parents were not foreigners. We know that they were natives of this world, produced here, and their life did not come from the breath of any God. We now know, if we know anything, that the universe is natural, and that men and women have been naturally produced. We now our ancestors, our pedigree. We have the family tree.

We have all the links of the chain, twenty-six links, inclusive, from moner to man.

We did not get our information from inspired books. We have fossil facts and living forms.

From the simplest creatures, from blind sensation, from organisms with one vague want, to a single cell with a neucleus, to a hollow ball filled with fluid, to a cup with double walls, to a flat worm, to a something that begins to breathe, to an organism that has a spinal chord, to a link between the invertebrate and the vertebrate, to one that has a cranium—a house for a brain—to one with fins, still onward to one with fore and hinder fins, to the reptile, mammalia, to the marsupials, to the lemurs, dwellers in trees, to the simiæ, to the pithecanthropi, and lastly to man.

We know the paths that life has traveled. We know the footsteps of advance. They have been traced. The last link has been found. For this we are indebted, more than all the others, to the greatest of biologists, Ernest Haeckel.

We now believe that the universe is natural and we deny the existence of the supernatural.

## VIII.

For thousands of years men and women have been trying to reform the world. They have created gods and devils, heavens and hells; they have written sacred books, performed miracles, built cathedrals and dungeons; they have crowned and uncrowned kings and queens; they have tortured and imprisoned, flayed alive and burned; they have preached and prayed; they have tried promises and threats; they have coaxed and persuaded; they have

preached and taught, and in countless ways have endeavored to make people honest, temperate, industrious, and virtuous; they have built hospitals and asylums, universities and schools, and seem to have done their very best to make mankind better and happier, and yet they have not succeeded.

Why have the reformers failed? I will tell them why.

Ignorance, poverty and vice are populating the world. The gutter is a nursery. People unable even to support themselves fill the tenements, the hut, and hovels with children. They depend on the Lord, on luck and charity. They are not intelligent enough to think about consequences or to feel responsibility. At the same time they do not want children, because a child is a curse, a curse, to them and to itself. The babe is not welcome, because is a burden. These unwelcome children fill the gaols and prisons, the asylums and hospitals, and they crowd the scaffolds. A few are rescued by chance or charity, but the great majority are failures. They become vicious, ferocious. They live by fraud and violence, and bequeath their vice to their children.

Against this inundation of vice the forces of reform are helpless, and charity itself becomes an unconscious promoter of crime.

Failure seems to be the trademark of nature. Why? Nature has no design, no intelligence. Nature produces without purpose, sustains without intention, and destroys without thought. Man has a little intelligence, and he should use it. Intelligence is the only lever capable of raising mankind.

The real question is, can we prevent the ignorant, the poor, the vicious, from filling the world with their children?

Can we prevent this Missouri of ignorance and vice from emptying into the Mississippi of civilization?

Must the world forever remain the victim of ignorant passion? Can the world be civilized to that degree that consequences will be taken into consideration by all?

Why should men and women have children that they cannot take care of, children that are burdens and curses? Why? Because they have more passion than intelligence, more passion than conscience, more passion than reason.

You cannot reform these people with tracts and talk. You cannot reform these people with preach and creed. Passion is and always has been, deaf. These weapons of reform are substantially useless. Criminals, tramps, beggars, and failures are increasing every day. The prisons, jails, poorhouses, and asylums are crowded. Religion is helpless. Law can punish, but it can neither reform criminals nor prevent crime. The tide of vice is rising. The war that is now being waged against the forces of evil is as hopeless as the battle of the fireflies against the darkness of night.

There is but one hope. Ignorance, poverty, and vice must stop populating the world. This cannot be done by moral suasion. This cannot be done by talk or example. This cannot be done by religion or by law, by priest or hangman. This cannot be done by force, physical or moral.

To accomplish this there is but one way. Science must make woman the owner, the mistress of herself. Science, the only possible savior of mankind,

must put it in the power of woman to decide for herself whether she will or will not become a mother.

This is the solution of the whole question. This frees woman. The babes that are then born will be welcome. They will be clasped by glad hands to happy breasts. They will fill homes with light and joy.

Men and women who believe that slaves are purer, truer than the free, who believe that fear is a safer guide than knowledge, that only those are really good who obey the commands of others, and that ignorance is the soil in which the perfect, perfumed flower of virtue grows, will with protesting hands hide their shocked faces.

Men and women who think that light is the enemy of virtue, that purity dwells in darkness, that it is dangerous for human beings to know themselves and the facts in Nature that affect their well being, will be horrified at the thought of making intelligence the master of passion.

But I look forward to the time when men and women by reason of their knowledge of consequences, of the morality born of intelligence, will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain, will refuse to fill the world with failures.

When that time comes, the prison walls will fall, the dungeons will be flooded with light, and the shadow of the scaffold will cease to curse the earth. Poverty and crime will be childless. The withered hands of want will not be stretched for alms. They will be dust. The whole world will be intelligent, virtuous and free.

## IX.

Religion can never reform mankind because religion is slavery.

It is far better to be free, to leave the forts and barricades of fear, to stand erect and face the future with a smile.

It is far better to give yourself sometimes to negligence, to drift with wave and tide, with the blind forces of the world, to think and dream, to forget the chains and limitations of this breathing life, to forget purpose and object, to lounge in the picture gallery of the brain, to feel once more the clasp and kisses of the past, to bring life's morning back, to see again the forms and faces of the dead, to paint fair pictures for the coming years, to forget all gods, their promises and threats, to feel within your veins life's joyous stream and hear the martial music, the rythmic beating of your fearless heart.

And then to rouse yourself to do all useful things, to reach with thought and deed the ideal in your brain, to give your fancies wing, that they, like chemist bees, may find art's nectar in the weeds of common things, to look with trained and steady eyes for facts, to find the subtle threads that join the instant with the now, to increase knowledge, to take burdens from the weak, to develop the brain, to defend the right, to make a place for the soul.

This is real religion. This is real worship.

# THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY W. M. THOMPSON, EDITOR "REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER."

"Neither did we eat bread for nought at any man's hands, but in labour and travail, working night and day that we might not burden any of you; not because we have not the right, but to make ourselves an entample unto you, that ye should imitate us."—2 Thess. 3 : 8-9.

"Ye yourselves know that these hands ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me."—Acts 20 : 34-35.

"My son, lead not a beggar's life; better it is to die than to beg."—Eccl. 11 : 28.

OUR columns recently bore witness to the widespread dissatisfaction existing among the officers of the Salvation Army. The organization, as a whole, has been much criticised in various quarters often by those who bore it no goodwill, simply because it was a religious movement sprung from the ranks of the very poorest people. Its head, William Booth, was an Old Chartist, and, therefore, more or less a Socialist; its officers were common every-day folk; its members the submerged class reached by no other religious organization.

In its earlier stages the Army received no more cordial recognition than from this journal. We regarded it as the protest of poverty against rich hypocrisy masquerading as religion. That was at a time when the Army was not a great Co-operative store; when its officers gave their services freely in their spare time; when the reclamation of our home savages was its chief work, and its energies were not frittered away in ambitious missionary enterprises over the whole extent of the habitable globe.

Now, as it seems to us, the Army has become a great demoralizing agency. We do not question the sincerity of its chiefs. We think their first success puffed them up with vanity; that they entered into competition with the world, and by so much as they have done so, by so much have they deteriorated.

From a certain point of view, it was an astute movement on the part of William Booth to call his organization an Army, and to imitate the clothing and methods of the forces kept up by States to kill their brothers. But how the amiable figure of Christ must have sorrowed at such a device to gain popularity for his cause, that His followers two thousand years after his death should borrow the costume of the profession that pierced his side on Calvary, and has drenched the world with blood in the intervening ages.

The institution of a paid priesthood was another step in the backward movement of the Army. Voluntary service for his sake was a beautiful idea. But when young people were taken away from their occupations to become priests without qualification—what a falling off was here!

And this question of qualification is surely a serious one. When people undertake to teach others they ought to be properly equipped for a task so responsible. Now, as we are informed, no priest of the Salvation Army has received any training,

or has passed any examination for the work he or she is called upon to discharge. When the blind lead the blind, there can be but one result. It is not much to the credit of William Booth that he allows this state of affairs to remain to the present day.

And as to the methods by which these unfortunate priests are encouraged to obtain their salaries—what shall be said of them? Every district must send a proportion of its takings to headquarters. What remains is divided among the officers. How miserable and inadequate their reward is, our columns have recently abundantly testified. It is little short of a scandal to see the priests and priestesses of the Army begging, urging, imploring all spectators to throw them their spare pennies. Hymns set to comic airs, rhapsodical prayers, emotional confessions, mingled with the negro-minstrel invitation to pitch in the pence, is surely a horrible travesty of the Christian religion. No less so than the brass band and banjo parades, the poke bonnets and wild scenes of physical excitement which accompany the services of the Army.

As to the preaching, is not that the saddest spectacle of all? Of what does it consist? A few phrases repeated with parrot-like monotony. A few ejaculations, such as "Praise God," shouted by highly-excited young men and women in uniform. Is it not time that in the name of decency some protest should be made against these performances?

And now as to our charge that the Army is a demoralizing agency. We believe that any organization which undertakes the functions of the Poor Law can only do so with mischievous results. Miscellaneous charity ought not to be encouraged; rather we should look to the abolition of all charity and the placing of men in a position to help themselves. We view with the greatest alarm the increase of pauperizing agencies in this country. Such a system makes people mean; it staves off all real and permanent reform. From time to time we have published the wail of persons who have inhabited William Booth's doss houses, who have worked at his elevators, who have been on his farms. How many of these men have received any permanent benefit? Do not these temporary aids and doles rather kill off endeavor? Is it not adding recruits to the permanent army of indigency?

Far be it from us to say that these endeavors were not well meant, or that no good has accidentally resulted from them. It is the system of which complaint has to be made. Why should William Booth enter into competition with the workhouse unless he can show that his efforts have resulted in permanent benefit to those whom he seeks to succor? It is ridiculons to suppose that those given employment by the Army are wage-earners in the ordinary sense of the word. Their wages are their meagre food and poor lodging. If we understand the system aright Booth's paupers have not even the necessary time to look for more profitable employment.

Where, then, is it all to end? Obviously, most of these young men and women who are now officers in the Army will find, to their bitter cost, that they are throwing away their lives. As they advance in years and lessen in enthusiasm, they will find they are no longer wanted. And surely those who do think about the matter at all must see that they are en-

gaged in a fruitless struggle. Apparently as many fall off from the Army as are recruited. It is the story of all religious revivals, and, doubtless, without the outside help of those who took a picturesque interest in the movement, it would long ago have gone the way of scores of others of a similar character.

It seems to us somewhat cruel to starve and cheat these young men and women out of the enjoyment of the ordinary lives of the community. Here is a force that might be working for the social salvation of mankind, now in a large degree lost to it. That they know nothing intelligently of any other form of existence, we have shown when we implied that, if they were questioned as to the history of the Bible, the reasons for the faith that is in them, they would fail miserably, being only able to reply with some childish babble. But, after all, if their belief be genuine, why should they not carry it into practice? Why, for instance, should not William Booth and his relatives sleep every night in one of their own doss-houses?

It must not be supposed that we do not admire the zeal and self-sacrifice which animate many of the members of the Army. Only we think they are misplaced, that more could be done for humanity if they transferred their services to those who are working for the general good of the community as we know it in its everyday aspects; or if, even, they resorted to the simpler, earlier methods of giving only their spare time to the work of the Army. In that case nobody could say a word against them; but when they are imitating the State Establishment with its army of salaried priests, then we gravely doubt the wisdom of their methods. We ask the officers and members of the Salvation Army to consider these remarks in the friendly spirit in which they are intended. If a Salvation Army there must be, let it be reorganized on different lines. At present it is simply an autocracy, or oligarchy. Members have no voice in the management of its affairs. This is not Democratic, nor, indeed, is it Christian. As a consequence of this one-man government many of the best officers have resigned, and there is intense dissatisfaction among the salaried officials. Here the astuteness of William Booth in keeping all the property of the Army in his own name is evident. For without funds, what can be done? On the other hand, without officers and an Army what use would a General be? We, therefore, advise the Army to agitate for representative government in order that it may be placed on a more satisfactory footing, and so that those who contribute the income may have some voice in the distribution of the funds and the general policy of the Association. If this be not done, disruption and secession may be looked for at an early date, as the smouldering discontent among the officers and members cannot much longer be either concealed or restrained.

## A GREAT BATTLE FOR THE FAITH.

A RESOLUTE combination of the "Catholic" and "Evangelical" forces of the Protestant Episcopal Church, for an assault all along the line on the "Broad Church" influences, is forecast by a southern Episcopal newspaper, and such an alliance in the near future may be regarded as more than probable, or hardly less than inevitable. The movement, too, mustextend far beyond that Church particularly, for all those in every religious denomination who are concerned for the preservation of the authority on which alone the Christian faith rests, must necessarily be joined in it.

The Christian faith is thus expressed in the Apostles' Creed:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary: Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried: He descended into hell: the third day he rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

Now, for none of these articles of faith is natural evidence possible, for they violate the law of nature or relate to a supernatural realm into which it is impossible for mere human intelligence to enter. The very foundation of the faith, the Incarnation, contradicts natural law flatly, and, of course, the bare assertion of its occurrence two thousand years ago by the writers or compilers of the Gospels, in the face of such palpable contradiction, can of itself have no standing as evidence. The authenticity and credibility of the witnesses must be attested by authority entitled to absolute belief. The Incarnation not being a naturally demonstrated or demonstrable fact, it must perforce get its claim to belief from dogma or fall before natural evidence. It depends as an article of faith on the dogma of the Divine inspiration and infallibility of the Biblical record. If the Bible is simply "a literature," as Bishop Potter says, the Apostles' Creed has no other support than incredible human testimony. Dr. Briggs and Bishop Potter reject other occurrences described in the Scriptures because they conflict with natural possibility, but none of these is more impossible, according to that measure, than is the fundamental article of the Christian faith—the Incarnation.

The movement which the *Southern Churchman* speaks of as "massing" is therefore simply a movement for the preservation of the Christian faith against those who are using, even the Church itself as an engine for its destruction. The assaults of infidelity in past times have come from without, but this artack proceeds from within the Church, and it is not, as were the old assaults, against real or assumed abuses and corruptions of ecclesiasticism, but is against the very supernaturalism upon which alone the Church rests its claim to authority. The doctrine of Bishop Potter is that the Bible is "a literature, which must accept the

conditions of its existence," but what are those conditions? They are that its assumed declarations of facts are in square conflict with natural possibility and are altogether incredible by such a test. It is a doctrine which makes the basis of Christian theology legendary and mythical and therefore classifies it with the mythologies preceding it. Except for the dogma of inspiration and the supernatural authority of the Bible, the Christian faith has no justification.

The "ecclesiastical fight" for which the *Southern Churchman* tells us the forces are now "massing" will be a contest for the preservation of the Christian faith that will far exceed in its momentous significance any other which has occurred in religious history—not only in the history of Christianity, but in that of all supernatural religion. The many attempts hitherto made to bring about Christian unity have all been hopeless, but now the alliance between the once radically opposing forces of Evangelicalism and Sacerdotalism in the Episcopal Church foreshadows the coming unity of all believers in inspiration, no matter how widely separated otherwise, for the common defence of the Christian faith against those who would finally destroy its authority.—[From *N. Y. Sun*, July 11, '99.

## THE NORTH STAR IS THREE SUNS.

—o—

THE news from Lick Observatory that the North Star, 255,000,000,000 of miles away from us, has been found to be not one star, but three—swinging around in great orbits like the moon, earth and sun—is another remarkable result of the application of photo-spectroscopy to the telescopic study of the heavens. Always fascinating, the search for double and multiple stars has become of the highest interest since the spectroscope has made it possible to discover multiple stars which the greatest telescopes do not reveal to the eye. The three components of Polaris cannot be seen with the most powerful telescope in the world. But the Lick star spectroscope, attached to the great 36-inch refractor, makes it plain that there are suns revolving about a sun where the eye distinguishes but one twinkling light.

Ten years ago at the Harvard University Observatory the first photo-spectroscopic multiple star was discovered unexpectedly. The star Mizar, the middle star of the handle of the Big Dipper, has been called a "naked eye" double because it has a visible companion, Alcor, close to it. But Riccioli in 1650 discovered with the telescope that Mizar had a telescopic double. Mizar seems to have been the first double star discovered with a telescope. The apparent distance between Mizar and Alcor is nearly forty times the distance that separates the components of Mizar. The telescope shows, too, that there are other stars between Mizar and Alcor.

Two centuries after the telescope revealed two stars in Mizar the spectroscope showed that the brighter of the components was itself made up of two stars. In photographs taken at the Harvard Observatory in 1889 the K line in the spectrum of Mizar appeared double. In other plates the line was single, in others it was hazy. A close

scrutiny of all the plates showed that the line was double at intervals of fifty-two days. This proved to astronomers that the brighter component of Mizar was really two stars. A spectroscope takes cognizance of the motion of a star to or from the earth. When one star begins to approach and the other to recede from us, the lines in the spectrum of the approaching star will be displaced toward the violet end, while those of the receding star will be displaced towards the red end. The lines will at first appear hazy, but when the approach and recession of the stars reach a maximum the lines will appear double. The calculated difference between the components of Mizar is about 143,000,000 miles, and the brilliancy of the star is estimated to be over a hundred times greater than that of our sun.

A number of other photo-spectroscopic multiple stars have been discovered recently. With the Lick telescope and spectroscope, fourteen have been found. This method of discovery came about from the use of the spectra to determine the velocity with which stars approached or receded from the earth. The North Star, it was found a short while ago, is now shooting eastward at a velocity of sixteen miles a second. Two of the suns of the North Star triplet revolve about each other every four days and these two swing about the third.

## MINUTES AND SECONDS.

—o—

AT least 25 centuries B.C. the Babylonians nsed a sexagesimal system of notation, consisting of sari and sossi, of which we have vestiges when we reckon 60 minutes to the hour and 60 seconds to the minute, or 3,600 seconds—that is, a saroa of sossi—to the hour. That we count twelve inches to the foot, 24 hours to the day, 360 degrees of longitude around the equator, 90 degrees of latitude from the equator to the poles and 60 miles to a degree may also be traced to the same duodecimal Babylonian system of numeration which originally reckoned 60 sheckels to the mina and 60 minas to the talent. All these numbers are factors or multiples of the saros, or 60. Our measures of time, money, of linear and angular space, are all derived from the Greeks, who obtained them from the Babylonians, probably through the Phœnicians.

## THE CHEERFUL FACE.

—o—

NEXT to the light of heaven we must place
That light of earth, the ever cheerful face.
The sunny smile, unclouded brow, bright eye,
That lightens up our home, e'en as the sky
Is lit up by the sun and moon, and drives
The darkness of despair out from our lives.

A cheerful face will lift us from the mire
Where Hope sinks down, and land us on a higher
And brighter plane of life! A cheerful face
Can make the lowly cot a biding place
Of Happiness, whence sorrow and despair
Are banished, and where joy reigns through the year!

There is a world of magic bliss stored in
The cheery smile that wealth can never win,
Nor can we gain on earth a greater prize!
The diamond's lustre cannot rival eyes
That shine with undiminished cheerful light
From early dawn to happy-voiced "Good-night!"

J. C. HUTTON.

# LOVE AND LABOR.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, OF THE BAR OF ILLINOIS,

*Author of "Upon This Rock," "Song of the Ages," etc.*

## CHAPTER XXIX.

JOB MAXOM, stable-boy and factotum at the Ship Inn, was rather neglecting his duty and because of this dereliction was incurring a series of rebukes from the usually good-natured Mrs. Rosevear. More than this, it was to be feared that his conduct was beginning to stir up sentiments of disgust in the habitually placid bosom of the bay horse, to which Job had hitherto stood in the relation which Bacon affirms a man bears to his dog,—namely, the *melior natura*,—inasmuch as besides stinting the creature of his oats and doing the grooming in a decidedly perfunctory manner, the hostler had once or twice harnessed him so carelessly that the breeching had sorely galled his quarters and tried his temper when going down Pentewan hill, terror alike of horse and driver because of its length and steepness. Whenever some new instance of Job's eccentricity came to her notice, the landlady would declare her conviction that the boy "was off his head," which was almost equivalent to saying that practically, so far as the interests of the Ship were concerned, the head might just as well be off the boy. Decollation would have probably put an end to the hostler's aberrations, as it would have certainly terminated those practices which were directly responsible for much of his strange conduct. Having acquired a large piece of a broken looking-glass, Job had fastened this to the wall in a corner of the stable, and twenty times a day,—that is to say, whenever possible,—he would stand before this mirror and survey with a ludicrous expression of astonishment and admiration his own reflection.

Wiser persons than Job Maxom have been mistaken in the matter of first impressions, therefore the hostler's penetration need not be peremptorily condemned merely because he had misjudged the "character of the black-eyed chap" who had come to St. Meva with Mr. Divilbiss, and whom Job himself had gauged as belonging to the non-"givish" order of travellers. Perhaps, had he foreseen the perplexity to Mrs. Rosevear which his generosity was to cause, the stranger would have proceeded more slowly and with circumspection; as it was, however, he had not been three days at the Ship before Maxom was, to use Job's own words, completely rigged out in a new suit of strong corduroy and measured for a respectable and serviceable suit for Sunday wear. Where the corduroys had come from was a mystery,—it was certain that they had not been bought in St. Meva,—but they fitted so perfectly that Job and his friends shrewdly surmised they must have been made according to specifications furnished by the lawyer.

Acting on the advice of his mistress, before being inducted into his new raiment Maxom submitted his head and chin to the barber, so that, when deprived of his mop of wild red hair and stubbly beard, he looked less like a mammoth sunflower running to seed, and really presented quite a respectable appearance when brought up before Mr. Divilbiss and his friend for inspection.

So great a revolution in his little world was almost more than he could bear, and for a time it seemed that a feud would be engendered between Job and the bay, for that sagacious animal, seeing beneath the surface of things and being somewhat inclined towards the cynic philosophy, did not suffer his theory

of life to be influenced or modified by questions of clothing.

One morning,—it was brewing day, and Mrs Rosevear was busy and bustling,—the landlady herself, going into the stable, found Maxom standing before his mirror, studying the profound mystery of tying a bow in his neck handkerchief. In a moment the true inwardness of her servant's recent behavior was revealed to her, while the hostler himself stood the picture of shamefaced confusion before her, like an abigail detected using her mistress' face powder.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the landlady, "if this great hobbledehoy bean't admiring his new clothes in the glass! Look here, Job Maxom; if you don't look out and 'tend to your work better I'll tell the strange gentleman, and you'll never clap eyes on that Sunday suit that tailor Bice is making. You oaf, you, what d'ye mean by it, eh? I declare I've a good mind to put the boys up to crowning your clothes with fish heads."

This dire threat blanched the hostler's cheek, as it well might, for the Cornubian custom of crowning consists briefly in taking the shine out of some new garment by subjecting it to var ous processes calculated to modify the wearer's vanity, and when Cornish boys amuse themselves by practical jokes their devotion to and complete absorption in the matter in hand are extraordinary.

"No, no, Mrs. Rosevear!" pleaded Job, "don'tee do anything like that, ma'am, don'tee, don'tee! They'd spoil my new clo'as, 'iss they would, wi' the baistly vish."

"They'd spoil them well enough, I know that," said his mistress, "but 'twill be your own fault if they do. Why, you seem to be gone daft! Look at Fearnought; 'tis my belief you're stinting him."

"No, no, ma'am," replied the hostler, "I'd rather stint myself. You're all right, old boy, eh?"

"Well, if he's all right why do you stand there rubbing his jaw like that and this brewing day? Are you a fool?"

"Tell 'ee what Mrs. Rosevear," said Job, "you never zeed a fool veeling a hoss's jaw like this. Tell 'ee why; 'cos a fool doan't knaw that a hoss's pulse ez in his under jaw, an' I do. Come here, an' veel un for yourzelf, jest here at the bend in the boan."

"Much you know about pulses, I reckon," returned the landlady, contemptuously; but come, I want you to run up to Mrs. Varcoe's and tell Miss Varcoe that I'd like to see her if she can come down. And mind what I say: if you're not back in the brewhouse in twenty minutes you'll repent it. Bless my soul! the zany is going to the looking-glass again. Get out of this, you donkey!"

Making all reasonable haste, Job performed his errand within the prescribed time, and soon after his return Amy was also at the inn. After kissing her and slyly inquiring if her sweetheart was well, Mrs. Rosevear said:

"You never could guess why I sent for you, my dear, no, not if you tried for a week, so I may as well tell you at once. It's Mr. Divilbiss,—he's the strangest man in the world, and when he wants a thing he's got to have it,—he told me to send for you."

"Mr. Divilbiss?" said Amy, "why, he was up at our house last night; he went to church with Gilbert. What can he have to say to me?"

"The best way to find out, my dear, is to go up and see," replied Mrs. Rosevear, "and there's his bell," she added, as a violent ringing was heard in the kitchen; "he's the most impatient gentleman that I ever had with me. You had better go up at once to save him from coming down."

Amy found Mr. Divilbiss and the strange gentleman, whom she had not met before, in a small sitting-room facing the street. They both rose as she entered, and the old lawyer, extending his hand, received her very cordially.

"Good morning, Miss Varcoe," he

said, "pray be seated. This gentleman is a friend of mine, from America too; Henry, this is Miss Amy Varcoe, the young lady of whom I was speaking."

The stranger, whose name Mr. Divilbiss had omitted to mention, bowed and looked long and earnestly at Amy, whose eyes fell before so close an examination. The situation was becoming awkward, for the lawyer had drawn a chair up to the table where he proceeded to examine the docketing of certain papers that lay before him.

Once or twice Amy ventured to look up, but when she found the keen black eyes of the strange man still bent on her face she turned her own to the ground in some confusion. Tiring at length of this silent observance, she addressed the lawyer in a tone of some perplexity.

"Excuse me, Mr. Divilbiss," she said, "but Mrs. Rosevear sent for me, I think by your order. Is it not so?"

"Quite so, quite so, Miss Varcoe; oh, yes, by my order of course."

"So that I presume you have some business,—something to say to me. Is it about lodgings, Mr. Divilbiss?"

"Well, no, not exactly about that, Miss Varcoe," returned the old gentleman, who went on examining the outside of his papers with provoking nonchalance.

"Not about that," said Amy; "may I ask you then to explain why you did send for me?"

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Varcoe. To be sure. Well, I sent for you in order to oblige my friend here who wanted to have an opportunity of seeing you. That's all, I think; yes."

"Indeed," returned Amy, not without a smile at the idea of having been summoned for such a cause, "I must say that your friend has availed himself of the opportunity, and he is or ought to be very sensible of your kindness. And now I suppose I may go home again?"

"Not yet, if you please," said the old lawyer. "Miss Varcoe, they tell me that you are engaged to Arderne, young Lackland, as I might call him."

"Pardon me, sir," said Amy, rising from her chair, "I am afraid you forget yourself, Mr. Divilbiss. You must know that I shall not discuss such a subject with you. Good morning!"

As she moved towards the door she was anticipated by Mr. Divilbiss, who, with surprising agility, rushed before her aud turned the key in the lock. His immediate reward for this was a flash of anger from the young lady's eyes that, as he afterwards declared, was worth crossing the ocean to see. Astonished but not at all frightened at his behavior, Amy said:

"There is something behind this, Mr. Divilbiss—some little mystery. Unlock the door, sir, and I will go back to the chair again until you have said what you want to say."

"Sensibly spoken," said the lawyer, unlocking the door. "And now to business. Miss Varcoe, I will be plain with you: I sent for you to tell you that you must not marry this Gilbert Arderne"

"Indeed, Mr. Divilbiss, and why not?" she asked.

"Because he's as poor as Job's turkey, that's why not, and a sufficient reason too, I should say,—at least they consider it so in America."

"But this is England, not America, Mr. Divilbiss," said Amy, "and, although I am at a loss to imagine why you should be so interested in me, I think it well to point out to you that I am not responsible to you."

"Never mind all that," exclaimed the lawyer, "this Arderne is a pauper, or nearly so, and if you marry him you will lose ten thousand pounds."

"Ten thousand pounds is a great deal of money," returned Amy; "how do you make it out that I can lose so much?"

"Because I know a man who is prepared to give you and your mother that amount, a man who loves you and who knew your mother when she was Grace Withell."

"Indeed, Mr. Divilbiss; I should like to see him. Where is he?" she asked.

"He is here, Amy," said the strange gentleman; "here where I am sitting. I am the man, and I love you very dearly."

Amy Varcoe rose to her feet, her eyes sparkling with indignation.

"I see," she cried, "this is your business with me Allow me to pass out at once or I will raise a cry for help that will bring stout hearts and strong hands to the rescue. And for you, old man,"—turning towards the lawyer,—"I advise you to leave St. Meva at once, or it may go hardly with you. We do not sell our daughters for gold here. Let me pass!"

"Wait a bit, Amy," said the stranger coming forward, "wait a bit. Divilbiss, you have carried the joke too far, man. Amy, you are worth ten thousand pounds, you and your mother,—the papers are there to prove it, they are yours."

"What do you mean?" she asked, struck with solemn wonder at the stranger's grave manner. "Who are you, and why did you say you love me dearly?"

"I have a right to say so, I think, my dear," was the reply, "for I am your father's brother, your uncle, Henry Varcoe."

"My uncle! Is it possible?" cried Amy as he led her to a seat beside him. "Oh! if this is true, why have you suffered all these years to pass without a word or a letter?"

"Sit down, my dear, sit down, and I will tell you all, and then ask you to forgive me," he said.

Something in the tone of his voice reminded Amy of her father, and when she saw his eyes fill with tears she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The strange man fairly broke down under this, so that for some time he was quite unable to speak. As for Mr. Divilbiss, he went to the window, where he suddenly became deeply absorbed in the game of marbles, as played by a couple of noisy and quarrelsome urchins who were mutually suspicious of each other's honesty and good faith, and probably with good reason for their mistrust.

When at last her uncle's story was ended Amy's eyes were streaming with tears. By this time Mr. Divilbiss had left the window, and stood beside them like a corpulent angel of good nature, with a wrinkled face.

"You dear good soul," said Amy, "how could you keep this secret from us so long? I was about to kiss you, but you don't deserve such a mark of favor, especially after calling Gilbert a pauper."

"I shall take the liberty of exacting my fee, however, all the same," replied Divilbiss, saluting her rather more heartily than comported with his years and general character; "and now, my dear, it is your uncle's wish that we three keep our little secret a few days longer. He is curious enough to see whether or not some of his old friends will discover who he is, and we must humor him."

"Just for a day or two, Amy," pleaded her uncle, "you may tell Grace,—your mother, I mean,—if you like, but——"

"I will leave you to discover yourself to her, uncle," said Amy, "but remember that she is not so strong as I am, and be careful. And now I will go, as soon as I can school my features into inscrutability, for Mrs. Rosevear, like all our Cornish folks, is not without her curiosity."

"Leave her to me," cried Divilbiss, "I can manage her," a boast not without a show of justification, for when, after a tender parting from her uncle, our heroine passed through the lower part of the house, the good landlady was so engrossed with her guest as to be quite unable to do more than return Amy's "Good morning." Mrs. Rosevear listened patiently while Mr. Divilbiss was recounting the ingredients of a famous sauce for boiled mackerel as used he affirmed in Prince Edward's Island. When he had finished, long after Amy was out of sight, and e-turned to his companion, the landlady heaved a grateful sigh.

"Ah! well," she ejaculated, "such a

mess as that is worse than pilchards and treacle. Wait till he tastes a mackerel boiled just after 'tis drawn from the sea, and he won't want any sauce with it or I'm mistaken. Prince Edward's Island indeed! I reckon that's the place where they have more sauce than good mackeral."

## CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER his last interview with Amy Varcoe Tom Scantlebury had resolved upon leaving St. Meva at once, although his ship would not be ready for sea for at least a month. Under the circumstances this was, perhaps, an excellent resolution, for the young sailor was scarcely in a condition to encounter Gilbert Arderne, as he did almost daily, and retain his presence of mind. Like many other unsuccessful lovers, Tom nursed his disappointment and coddled it into a grievance against the whole order of nature. He often told himself that the light of his life had for ever gone out, and when a young fellow of strong impulse and eager, passionate nature becomes convinced of that but little provocation is needed for him to attempt to extinguish the light of his favored rival and supplanter. *Sicut erat in principio*, so it is to-day, and without doubt will so continue until we attain the socialistic nirvana wherein Officialdom shall prescribe to each male unit his partner and to each female hers, authorizing them to live together and to beget, as nearly as may be at stated intervals, other agents for the perpetuation of the great human machine.

Had Tom taken Frank Trevena into his confidence he might have found present consolation and the promise of future compensation in the example of a famous scientist who had, some few years prior to Tom's rejection, made the great discovery that for himself the Christian religion had no further incentive, and who pathetically and publicly lamented that, together with the superstition, the light of the world had gone out and could not be rekindled. Being, however, of robust mould and having a good digestion, the scientific gentleman was in due time reconciled to the inevitable, and was indeed able to find ample compensation in the study of micro-organisms. Happy scientist,—or sciolist,—thus to be able to turn from the abstract to the concrete, from subjective introspection to objective observation and recording of facts! With all respect to Plato and the mythus, who would not rather be a puddle-searcher with unimpaired digestion than a tatterdemalion poet with gastric juices turned to curds and whey by futile efforts to read aright the riddle of the painful earth? *O fortunatos nimium!* happy clowns whose bread and bacon are the supreme good!

Perhaps it was because his knowledge of science did not extend beyond the ability to circumnavigate the globe by means of the sun and stars that Scantlebury found it so difficult to reconcile himself to the loss of Amy, while his familiarity with the broad ocean would no doubt prejudice him against puddles and their inhabitants. However this might be, Tom continued to defer packing his chest from day to day, although he seemed unwilling to do anything more than stroll about the wharfs or sit for hours in Lelean's sail loft gossipping and reading the *Shipping Gazette*. He had not spoken to Amy since the fateful evening, and Mrs. Varcoe, guessing, it may be, the reason, never alluded to his neglect. As regards our heroine, it must be recorded that about this time she wore an air of mystery which most assuredly was not associated with any thought of her old sweetheart's distress. One morning Gilbert stopped at the house to tell her that the lugger had been nearly run down by a steamer during the night and that more than half of a fine string of nets had been swept away and lost. This was a serious loss to our hero,

for unless the nets could be at once replaced it was only too likely that he would have to remain comparatively unemployed until the pilchard season began. Mrs. Varcoe was full of sympathy, but in her satisfaction at the safety of Gilbert and his man Amy evidently gave no thought whatever to the nets. Indeed, she laughed merrily when Gilbert, looking very disconsolate, said :

"This puts an end to my hope of clearing a hundred pounds by the mackerel fishery. They must have been all asleep on board the steamer, for we blew the horn and made all the noise we could. Ah! little woman," he added in reply to Amy's laugh, "I proposed with that hundred pounds to do lots of things towards making my wife comfortable. As it is, for the next two months I might just as well turn the lugger into a pleasure boat."

"An excellent idea," said Amy : "the steamer might have run you down, as many a boat has been run down within the last ten years, and yet you are worried over the loss of the nets which can be replaced in due time. This is not like you, Gilbert, to encourage despondency ; but you are tired. See, I have made you a cup of tea ; after breakfast go home and get what sleep you can, for I am going to ask Mr. Divilbiss and his friend to accompany us to the Gwineas in the afternoon. Now that Elvins has told you where the best spots are, I am determined to catch one of those big bass."

"Mr. Divilbiss again," returned our hero ; "you are making him quite a favorite, Amy. I declare I shall become jealous of the old Yankee. Despondent, eh? well, I must make the best of it, I suppose, dear. And now for the tea."

"Mr. Divilbiss and Amy have some secret between them, I think," observed Mrs. Varcoe. "She will not acknowledge that there is, but I have reason for thinking so."

"Upon my word, I think you are right, ma'am," cried Gilbert as he caught the roguish twinkle in Amy's eyes. "So, fair mistress, a secret, eh? What if I should leave you on the Gwineas until such time as you would promise to reveal the plot. if there be one?"

"I am not afraid," said Amy, "for in that case the rescue would come ; my bold American knight would deliver me and perchance carry me off to share his fortunes beyond the reach of ogres like you."

"The story of Andromeda in a modern instance," said Gilbert, "but Oh, what a Perseus! Yet I like the old fellow well enough, only he is positively the most inquisitive man I ever met. The other day he pumped me for an hour or more on the subject of my downfall, as he was pleased to term it,—I mean of my yielding up the Priory to my cousin. To get rid of him I was obliged to tell the whole story. I am glad I did, it will save me from being questioned to death this afternoon if you are determined that he shall go with us. By the way, dear, what or who is his companion? Elvins says that he reminds him of somebody or other he used to know."

"Is it likely that Elvins ever saw him before, do you think?" asked Amy. "He is an old friend of Mr. Divilbiss and they both come from Chicago."

"You answer my question by asking another, which seems rather Jesuitical on your part, little woman. I thought that the stranger might perhaps be in some way connected with your great mystery. He is quite a generous old fellow, at all events; he has been very kind to Job Maxom. But I must be off : I shall borrow the pilot's sail-boat, so look for me about two o'clock."

Soon after Gilbert's departure Amy went down to the Ship. She was disappointed at finding that Mr. Divilbiss and her uncle had gone to Truro that morning, but when Gilbert called for her in the afternoon she was quite ready for the excursion Standing at the cobwebby window of Lelean's sail-loft, Tom Scantlebury watched the lovers put off in the train of the mackerel fleet, and a furious wave of

jealousy came over his soul. The boat had scarcely cleared the bar and been headed for the gray old rock in the distance when Tom, jumping on to the deck of the schooner Freedom, asked the skipper to lend him the jolly boat for an hour two. The schooner, her cargo of coals being discharged, was being generally overhauled, caulked and painted, and the skipper had, for his own pleasure, stepped the boat's mast and bent a bran new set of sails on the little craft. His consent was freely given, he and Tom being old friends, so that Scantlebury, with no very definite intentions, was soon steering the boat through the Pool. For some time he sailed with a free sheet, the wind being off the land. He had no settled purpose, and moreover he was strangely unwilling to analyze the motives for the excursion he had undertaken. All he knew or cared to know was that those two were in that light pilot boat about half a mile or so from Chapel Point. His imagination, spurred and stimulated by jealousy, pictured Amy rejoicing in her lover's nautical skill, and he ground his teeth when he thought of Gilbert's happiness. Suddenly, when in response to the helm the pilot boat "hauled her wind," Tom shuddered at the idea that, should Gilbert come about, he would soon be within hail and the craft might easily pass within a few yards of one another It was a suggestion of the devil of jealousy and the young sailor's hand shook as he pushed the tiller to the starboard and hauled the sheet taut.

Thank heaven! that temptation was past, and the jolly boat, with prow pointing straight towards the tall beacon on the Gribben, was rapidly increasing the distance between herself and the pilot boat. The blue waters of the ever-widening bay sparkled and gleamed in the sunshine, and Tom, as he looked down into that crystalline mirror, almost shuddered at the idea that the evil thought that just now crossed his mind might in some mysterious manner be reflected in its depths.

Gaily the pilot cutter, freighted with two happy hearts beating in unison, danced over the sea. The sheet being flattened, Amy took a seat to windward, and as she drew nearer Gilbert stooped and kissed her. Beautiful beyond compare was she, with the rippling ringlets waving in the gentle breeze and the lovelight dancing in her eyes. So, too, thought Gilbert as with tender solicitude he arranged a shawl across her shoulders and urged her to be careful as she playfully laved her white fingers in the water.

"See," he said, "you have already made your cuff wet. There, we have opened the Dodman, and we shall find a little more sea outside the rock. I am captain, and you are the crew, or only a passenger, and you must obey orders or be punished. Fortunately the wind is steady, for I have to look at you so much that a squall would prove an awkward thing just now."

"You need not look unless you like," answered Amy, "for I think, Mr. Captain, you have seen me before."

"Yes; but I do like, for you are both compass and guiding star to me. Ah, my love, how I wish I could offer you something more than a fisherman's cottage!"

"You have given me what I value most upon earth, Gilbert: in all the world there is no happier, prouder woman than I am. Do you know this brings to my mind something I read the other day in that book of Lamartine's, where the two lovers were on the point of drowning themselves locked in each other's arms."

"Where they bound themselves together to render separation impossible until they were dead,—yes, I remember that, Amy. Tell me, what do you think of such a proposal?"

"It was both morbid and foolish," she said, "and I thought then and think now that those two could not have really loved, for if I were to lose you, Gilbert, life would still be full of your memories, and in that sense you would always be mine. But look at the Gwineas; seen from this

side it does not so much resemble a ruined castle as it does from the shore."

"Just there where the rock seems to dip there is shoal water, Amy, and that's where we shall throw out the grapnel. But while we have been talking we have got a little too close to the Yaw. Look at it there to the left,—to port as we call it,—with this spring tide it will be quite covered in an hour. Did you ever hear any of the old folk speak of the loss of a ship called the Brandywine Packet? It was there she first struck, and then was lifted off by the surge and dashed on the Gwineas."

"I have often heard of it, Gilbert, and of the conflict between the wreckers and the coastguard over the casks of wine and other spoil. Those were awful times when our people thought they had a moral right to everything cast up by the sea. Is that the Yaw? I do not like to look at it."

The Yaw is a small rock, sunken at high water, the only portion of the reef extending from the Gwineas which constitutes a danger to mariners. While discoursing with Amy, Gilbert had suffered the boat to approach very close to this rock, and he made no allowance whatever for the fact that at the present stage of the flood tide a considerable portion of the table-like surface was under water. Now, however, he saw that he had been somewhat remiss, and, putting down the tiller to port the boat, drew further away from the rock. The momentum of the little craft, however, carried her abreast of the danger and at the same instant she struck the scarcely submerged inner point of the reef and almost immediately began to fill. With a cry of sudden terror Amy half sprang to her feet, while Gilbert, losing his balance, fell forward across a thwart. Retaining his presence of mind, he continued to haul down the mainsail, thus preventing the boat from at once capsizing, and a vigorous pull on the downhaul also brought the foresail almost level with the gunwale. Meanwhile, our heroine, after her first alarm had subsided, resumed her seat, bravely resolved to suppress all outward marks of anxiety. Realizing the danger they were in, Gilbert was white to the lips, but when the little craft, turning on her stem, or "forefoot," as on a pivot, swung towards the rock he stepped aft and placed a hand on Amy's shoulder.

"Amy," he said, "I have shown myself a sorry boatman and a wretched guardian. I had no idea that the Yaw extended so far, and I failed to notice how little of the rock was above water. Forgive me, darling."

Before Amy could answer the cutter's bow was lifted clear of the ledge and the boat drifted immediately alongside the main or uncovered portion of the reef. At the same instant Gilbert leaped on the rock and holding the boat's gunwale with a vice-like grip urged our heroine to follow his example.

"Quick, Amy!" he cried, "lean on my arm and make a jump for it. The boat is sinking."

The impulse imparted by Amy's leap for safety sent the cutter, now filled to the thwarts with water, clear of the rock, and even while they watched her she sank like a stone. Thus at liberty to survey the prospect before them the lovers were able to realize how frail a tenure they held on life. The tide had yet almost an hour to run, and the lower edge of the slightly shelving rock upon which they stood was already, as sailors say, awash. Half-an-hour at the farthest and it was certain that the Yaw would be wholly submerged, and even if by chance some eye, gazing through a telescope from the coastguard station or the old battery hill of St. Meva, should descry them it would be absolutely impossible for them to be rescued in time. As he realized this our hero clasped Amy to his bosom.

"My love," he said in a low voice, "it seems that this is the end of all We are to die together, here in the bright sunshine and in the pride of life. It is hard, very hard, Amy, but we can do nothing. Say

that you forgive me, my darling, for my carelessness has caused this."

"Do not ask forgiveness, Gilbert, I beseech you," was Amy's answer; "what have I to forgive? We shall die together, if we are to die, but, Oh! who will comfort my poor mother?"

Even in this dire extremity, and with no hope of deliverance, Gilbert anxiously drew her farther away from the wavelets as they dashed their light curves almost at her feet. They stood now on the highest part of the rock, she with her arms clasped around his neck and her lovely head drooping on his breast, he encircling her waist with his left arm while with his right hand sheltering his eyes from the sun he looked towards the shore. For some time neither spoke,—their hearts were too full for speech,—and when at length our hero broke the silence he was startled at the hoarse, unnatural sound of his own voice.

"This is awful," he said; "I could myself easily swim to the Gwineas: it was here that Jim Luly was capsized a month ago, and he swam ashore to Chapel Point with ease. There is no hope of rescue, it was a fateful day for you, my love, when we first met!"

"Save yourself, Gilbert," she cried passionately, "I beseech you save yourself. I shall die, oh, so much happier to know that you are saved."

"Hush, my love!" said Gilbert, "do not even think such an awful, such a cruel thought of me. Oh! if we had but an oar or a broken spar I would not despair, for I think I could easily tow you then to the rock. But I see nothing to aid us, and the water is at our feet. Kiss me, my darling! we have lived and we have loved and we will die together."

. . . . . . . .

Sweeping the horizon with his field glass, our old friend Colonel Carlyon, who was standing on the battery cliff with Sir Guy Bodrugan and Mr. Restormel, lazily gave a look at the Gwineas. For a moment the image of the gray old castle-rock occupied the field of his lenses, but the flutter of something to the left had met his eye and he turned his glass in that direction. Swifter than lightning there rushed to his mind the memory of Mrs. Arderne's consultation of the magic mirror, and in a voice like a trumpet blast he cried:

"Did not that old fisherman tell us that young Arderne had taken his boat? Something has happened, there are two persons cast away on the Yaw! Follow me!"

The voice of the old warrior, as magnetic as when in manhood's prime he had cried Trot! Gallop! Charge! and had swept like a thunderbolt down on snub-nosed Muscovite legions or hordes of dark-skinned mutineers, startled his companions, and the three men ran wildly down the hill, on to the Cliff, and thence to the boathouse of the coastguard. No questions were asked or leave demanded, but in almost less time than it takes to describe their action the coastguard gig,—a long, narrow, swift-rowing shell of a boat,—manned by a sturdy crew, and with Bodrugan and Restormel each pulling an oar, shot out through the Pool. Like an arrow the gig was driven through the blue water, but the coastguard men, while doing their devoir like true Britons, shook their heads ominously as they marked the high water line on the pier heads and the rocks on either hand of the Pool.

It was, of course, impossible for Gilbert Arderne to know that his predicament had been seen from the shore. Even had he known it the knowledge would but have added another pang to the bitterness of approaching death. Once more he shaded his eyes and looked across the wide field of white flecked waters. Amy still clung to his neck, but so motionless was she that Gilbert imagined she had fainted. The inexorable water was now up to their feet, but a few brief minutes and all would be over. Joy of joys! what was that south of the rock? Yes, it was a boat, a ship's boat, broad of beam, with sails

gleaming like snow in the bright sunshine. With a glad wild shout of mingled hope and ecstasy Gilbert sent a loud hail across the water. At the sound of his voice Amy raised her head and saw, not half a cable's length away, a boat bearing down on the rock, and recognized in the person of the boatman her discarded lover, Tom Scantlebury. The lofty soul that had endured so bravely to look into the jaws of death now yielded to the newborn hope and Amy Varcoe fainted in her lover's arms. The sail was flapping to the mast when Gilbert dropped on his knee the better to support the burden. The spectacle of the woman whom he had loved so dearly thus wrapped in the arms of another almost unsettled the young sailor's reason, and waving his arm in token of denial Scantlebury pushed the tiller from him and the boat, obedient to the impulse, sped away from the Yaw like a frightened seagull. Gilbert Arderne saw the action, and divined the motive,—it was the revenge of a jealous, disappointed, passion-swayed man. "God be merciful!" he groaned, "he has deserted us!"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

MURDERER! As the jolly boat's bow fell off before the rising land breeze it seemed to Tom Scantlebury that this awful word was written in the blue sky overhead. The wind itself was fraught with a thousand voices each one accusing him, but far more awful than the pictures of his imagination was the dread whisper of the voice within with its constant question, What hast thou done, thou Cain? It seemed to the young sailor that the boat was carrying him with fearful speed right into the pit of Gehenna, and at the thought of the doom he was incurring his blood ran cold. With no thought of risk or of the danger of wearing-to so suddenly in such a breeze as was now blowing, he brought the boat around, and in a minute she was on the backward course to the sunken rock. Well was it for Gilbert Arderne that the wind that day was off the land and that it had freshened with the flood, for these slight accidents, almost imperceptible in their effects, had retarded the tide and subdued its undulations to mere ripples. As it was, however, our hero had lost his footing just as Tom's hail fell on his ear, and in another moment he and his unconscious burden were gently urged beyond the rock into the channel between it and the Gwineas. Almost before Gilbert was able to exert himself towards keeping Amy and himself afloat he found himself grasping an oar extended by his rescuer, and in another instant the lovers were safe in the jolly boat. Chilled almost to the heart by long standing in the water, Gilbert sank down in the stern sheets and bowing his head seemed momentarily unconscious of deliverance. When he raised his eyes his glance met that of Tom, who said:

"Mr. Arderne, I have gone through a worse trial than you have. I do not doubt that you can partly guess at it; but if anyone has cause to be thankful I am the man. Will you, can you forgive me?"

Reaching out his hand towards the young man Gilbert replied:

"Not another word on that subject while you live, Mr. Scantlebury. You have conquered; let not another word be spoken concerning your temptation But see, Amy is surely awaking! look, she opens her eyes:"

"By fainting when she did perhaps she escaped a worse shock," said Tom in a low voice. "Even a teetotaller in our case would welcome a drop of brandy; but cheer up! we are rounding the Gwineas. I wish we had the wind astern for your sakes, for you may both catch your death of cold before we can get to the town."

"If you will help me to a seat in the sun, Tom, I shall not mind being wet,"

said Amy. "After all, you see that a woman's strength is but weakness; I held up until the very moment when I should have been bravest. Then I failed."

"If Mr. Arderne will take the tiller I will make you as comfortable as possible under the circumstances," returned Tom. "There, on this thwart you are out of the shadow of the sail: if you like, I will sit with you until you feel a little better. Amy, you do not know,—you never would know unless you hear it from my lips, for Mr Arderne will never speak of it,—that I have narrowly escaped being a murderer, your murderer and his. Yes, Amy, when you lost consciousness, and when I saw him supporting you, the devil entered my mind as he entered into Judas, and I steered away and left you both to drown. But my better angel, or what is good in me, triumphed so that I came back again, but only just in time, Amy, barely in time. Now you know all: despise me if you will, turn away if you must, but you know it all now."

"Oh!" she said, "I am glad that I saw nothing of this. Poor Tom! and you have fought so hard a fight as this and come out victor! And now, promise me never to recur to this. Go and sit by Gilbert, for you will find him very diffident in the matter of seamanship just now."

"Don't be too sure of that," cried Gilbert, "at all events I am the first to see the coastguard gig coming out to our relief, I fancy. Scantlebury," he continued, once more grasping Tom's hand, as the sailor resumed his post at the stern, "this is the second time you have rescued me from death: let what may happen we are brothers for ever."

As he returned the kindly pressure Tom's eyes filled with tears. Tried in the fiery furnace of strong temptation fed by the furious *insaniæ* of love, jealousy and revenge, he had come forth a conqueror, humbled yet strengthened. Stronger a thousand times for this experience, he had won his spurs in the field of renunciation, and having learned how to rule his own spirit he was henceforward qualified to become a leader and ruler of others.

"The best thing we can do is to lower the mainsail and wait for the gig," said Tom. "There are two coastguardmen at the oars, but who are the other fellows with the white shirts?"

Tom's doubts were put to rest as the long swift boat came within hail, and Gilbert was considerably affected by this proof of his old friend's affection. Sir Guy lost no time in jumping into the jolly boat, and long and fervent was his kindly greeting.

"If it had not been for Carlyon and his spy glass we should have known nothing of your mishap," he said. "Gilbert, let bygones be bygones, that's a good fellow; all's well that ends well. That's right, Restormel, and now that Miss Varcoe is in the gig and safe under Carlyon's wing the sooner we get to shore the better. Ah, Scantlebury! another rescue to your credit, eh? By Jove! the Humane Society owes you a gold medal! Now, lads, give way!"

Long before the pier heads were reached it was seen that the whole town was in commotion. Every point of vantage was occupied by sightseers, and dozens of daring urchins incurred the risk of falling overboard by clambering on the old sea wall where they hurrahed and cheered like the wild scapegraces they were. The water, now on the turn, was almost level with the quays, so that Amy was able, supported most gallantly by Colonel Carlyon, to step ashore without difficulty. Here they found Mr. Divilbiss and his friend, while at a safe distance from the edge of the quay was the old chaise which, *duce* Job Maxom, had only just returned from Truro. What, however, was Gilbert's astonishment,—and for that matter the wonder of all the beholders,—when, stepping forward, the stranger from America received Amy in his arms and kissed her more than once on the forehead! Without a word of explanation this cool old gentleman led her to the

carriage, and jumping in beside her bade Job drive to Mrs Varcoe's "for all he was worth." The phrase was wholly unintelligible to the hostler, but the meaning was clear enough, and in something less than two minutes the chaise was rattling along the cobblestones of the rough and crooked streets.

While this high-handed abduction was in progress our hero stood, a picture of perp exity, looking alternately from the chaise to Mr. Divilbiss and from Divilbiss to the chaise. Chuckiing to himself, the lawyer enjoyed Gilbert's confusion until the carriage had turned the corner, when he cried :

"Kissed her, did he? What d'ye make of that, young man? what d'ye make of that? And before witnesses too : all open and above board. And she didn't object ; bless you ! no, not a thought of objecting ! Come, what d'ye make of it?"

The interrogation was answered from an unexpected quarter when Craggs, the old miller, who, together with the sail-maker, had taken great interest in what was occurring, made a step or two forward and,—after respectfully saluting Sir Guy and his friends—exclaimed :

"Make of it, Mr. Divilbiss? what can the young man make of it and he almost a stranger here? But I'll tell'ee what I make of it. I make this of it, and I'll take my Bible oath to it too : the man who jest now kissed Amy Varcoe is her uncle Henry or I'm the king of England."

"So this is the secret, Mr. Divilbiss!" said our hero, his mind reverting to what Mrs. Varcoe had observed that morning ; "her uncle, eh?"

"Run home, that's a wise man, and change your wet things for dry ones," returned the lawyer, his eyes twinkling with pleasure and excitement. "After that come to the house,—her house, you know the way there, I guess,—and you may chance to hear news. You will find the Colonel, Sir Guy, and some others there before you."

Out of respect to the persons gathered around the lawyer, Craggs and the other bystanders retired beyond earshot where they formed themselves into half a dozen committees for the development and expansion of news. As Gilbert went up the slip, which was his nearest way to his cottage, Mr. Divilbiss remarked to Colonel Carlyon :

"When first I made that young man's acquaintance he was haughty and headstrong, conceited and confident. Now he is a man, as amenable to reason as I am. What worked that miracle, Colonel Carlyon, eh?"

"Really, my good sir," answered Carlyon, "I am hardly in a position to solve such a problem : what is your own theory, Mr. Divilbiss?"

"Theory! no theory, but known fact," replied the lawyer ; "two things did it,—the love of a virtuous, highminded woman, and the determination to earn an honest living. He is one of a million, sir, one of a million. Gentlemen, I hope you will come with me and hear what Henry Varcoe has to say. You will be heartily welcome."

Considering that he had travelled nearly thirty miles that day, the bay horse rattled along Church Street in a very lively manner. An old proverb to the contrary notwithstanding, the good news of the rescue had reached Mrs. Varcoe almost as early as the report of her daughter's having been wrecked on the Yaw, so that she was in some degree prepared to see Amy return with some commotion of friends and neighbors. Some of these had gathered at the gate, but all discreetly made way when the strange gentleman handed our heroine from the chaise and conducted her to the house. As he crossed the threshhold the stranger saw Mrs. Varcoe's startled look, and he knew in a moment that he was recognized. He took the widow's hands in his own and said :

"Grace, I have brought her home, my niece, safe and sound, but still a trifle wet. Hurry up, Amy my dear,—I mean, make haste, they say hurry up where I come from,—and change your clothes, for I

know Divilbiss will turn this room into a town meeting. And now, sister Grace," he continued while Amy went to her room, "I am come to ask your forgiveness for all these long years of neglect and silence."

"And you are really Henry Varcoe!" cried the widow, "my husband's brother, —and after all these years! I knew you, Henry, the moment you entered: you are too like Richard for me to be deceived. I have nothing to forgive, but much to be thankful for. And the quay money, Henry,—it has not been touched, you will have perhaps three hundred pounds to your credit, for something told me you were not dead. But, Oh, Henry, why did you not write all these years?"

"Beaverism, sister Grace, beaverism; the cursed desire or madness for gain had me tight in its clutches," was his answer. "And so you have not claimed the quay money, eh, Grace? Well, well! I see I shall not have to come upon the parish, for some time at any rate."

"You are laughing, Henry," said Mrs. Varcoe, "just like Richard used to do when he thought he could see farther than anybody else into a lump of rock or some old rusty bit of metal. I see how it is, you have come back a rich man, and this is Amy's secret,—I told Gilbert, Mr. Arderne, she had a secret."

"She kept it well, however, the sly little puss, even from her sweetheart, and he all the time fighting hard to make a home for her. Yes, Grace, I am, I suppose, a rich man, and Amy knows it. She knows, too, that when she marries she will have a dowry that not even a Norfolk squire will despise."

"Ah, but Mr. Arderne is not a squire, Henry; not but what he might be a king, for he is a true man through and through, but he has had a great reverse of fortune."

"I know all about him, sister Grace,—more than you do, perhaps; but here comes Divilbiss. He is in fine feather just now, you can hear him before you see him."

"I see now why he came to St. Meva first," said the widow. "You sent him, Henry."

It was true, Mr. Divilbiss was in fine feather, and when, soon after our hero made his appearance, the lawyer told the story of his first mission to Cornwall, and spoke a few words in praise of his friend Henry Varcoe and alluded to his great wealth, it is safe to say that, in legal parlance, he had the ear of the court. Colonel Carlyon and his companions shook hands with the man whose natural virtues were so strongly fortified by fortune, but Mr. Divilbiss was not slow to observe that our hero was laboring under some restraint.

"Here's a young fellow," he said, "who is disposed to fly in the face of fortune. He is poorer to-day than he was yesterday by the loss of his nets,—for he is only a fisherman; he has put an heiress in peril of her life and then kept her from drowning; and now he begins to wish she was as poor as himself. I mean your friend there, sure enough, Sir Guy, but you need not look so fierce about it: he can speak for himself, I guess."

"You mean me, Mr. Divilbiss," said Gilbert, "of course. Well, I am bound to say that, if I have a cause of quarrel with fortune, I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. I do not wish that Amy were as poor as myself, but as you say, I am only a fisherman, and there is Mr. Varcoe who—"

What our hero meant to say will never be known, for the loveliest hand in the world,—at least Mr. Divilbiss said it was such,—was placed on his lips.

"Hush, Gilbert," said Amy. "Mr. Varcoe, my uncle, Mr. Divilbiss, and I think all who are here know that you are superior to fortune. Mr. Divilbiss," she continued, "and you, Uncle Henry, need not be told, for you are men, that the lords of creation, among other notions peculiar to them, entertain the idea that the woman should owe everything to her husband. It flatters your pride to think so. Well, if what you have yet to say will

ease this fisherman's mind, pray tell it at once."

"Upon my word," cried Divilbiss, "a little scold, a termagant, a blue stock—ahem! a woman's right champion. She spoils my hand by forcing me to show my cards, eh! Well, then, Mr. Gilbert Arderne and the rest of you, I beg of you all, as the play says, to lend me your ears. To make a long story shorter by anticipating its moral, I think that we two, Mr. Varcoe and myself, have brought acrosss the Atlantic proof, proof conclusive, that the present incumbent of the Priory, in the county of Norfolk, is a scoundrel and an impostor."

Having made this dramatic deliverance with considerable emphasis the lawyer paused to observe its effect. Mr. Restormel, being what is known as insular in his opinions regarding foreign peoples and especially Americans, assumed a can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Nazareth smile, which rather nettled Mr. Divilbiss, who was not altogether exempt from his countrymen's hyper-æsthesia in the matter of criticism.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Restormel," he said, "you look rather sceptical. No doubt you smile at the idea of any evidence of a nature to influence Mr. Arderne's fortunes cropping up in America, from among the redskins. But we are not all savages, sir, not all; I myself have not used tomahawk or scalping knife for a term of years now."

Mr. Restormel, who was a goodnatured man though a trifle supercilious perhaps, hastened to apologize and to assure the ruffled lawyer that he meant no offence in the world, and Mr. Divilbiss, his *amor patriæ* appeased, addressing Gilbert inquired whether, before admitting the claims of the man to whom he had given place, any efforts were made to trace his previous career.

"Yes, Mr. Divilbiss," returned our hero, "I am sure his statement, which was all straightforward, was weighed and canvassed by myself and my lawyers, Messrs. Wright and Sele, in every particular. Apart from the identification of those who had known Randall in his youth, especially of an old retainer of our house who could not have been deceived, the evidence altogether was irresistible; and Messrs. Wright and Sele were quite of my opinion when I told them my determination not to oppose the claim. Your new evidence, my good sir, will have to be very powerful to make any impression on the gentlemen who acted for me. They are, or were, the family lawyers, and I think I can assure you that they probed the whole matter to the bottom."

"Very powerful, eh?" replied the American, "well, it is powerful, very powerful. Your patience, friends, while I tell my story, and, if you please, no interruption: leave your questions until I have told you all."

Succinctly, yet omitting nothing of importance, the lawyer related the story of Mary Bates, read her statement, and wound up by stating that the woman herself was in England,—at a respectable lodging in Truro,—prepared to do her honest duty in the cause of justice. Long before this final statement was made Mr. Divilbiss was more than satisfied with the interest shown by his auditors. When the end was reached Sir Guy Bodrugan rose to his feet and seizing our hero's hand warmly congratulated him.

"So much for the old retainer!" he cried, "that old rascal, Abel Pilgrim. I never liked the fellow, and I said so once to Mrs. Arderne. She said he was a splendid manager, trusty as steel:—'gad! I wonder what she will say when she hears that he is in prison for conspiracy?"

"There can be little doubt, it seems, that the plot was mainly his," remarked Colonel Carlyon, "and the circumstances were very favorable to him. He must be a remarkable man, just the sort of rogue that Carlyle would have us admire although we reprobate him. Mr. Varcoe, and you, Mr. Divilbiss, will probably agree in ad-

vising Mr. Arderne to communicate at once with Wright and Sele."

"We have taken the liberty of anticipating Mr. Arderne's wishes in that particular," was the eply, "and Mr. Divilbiss has written a letter which ought to go by the morning's post. When Mr. Arderne has read it he can use his own judgment, and also decide if he will write himself."

"Here is the letter," said the American, "wanting only name and address. If I may be allowed a suggestion, it would be that Mr. Arderne should send a brief explanatory note to his lawyers and authorize them to act at once."

"I will do whatever you advise me, Mr. Divilbiss," cried Gilbert, "for to you and Mr. Varcoe I shall owe this change in my fortune. To think that after all my mother was right and that I should have yielded up everything to an impostor! Amy, dear, you must have as poor an opinion of my judgment as you have of my seamanship, I am afraid."

"Not quite," returned Amy, "for you know that even the lawyers themselves were outwitted. And now, sir, you know my secret and why I seemed to lack sympathy when you were almost on the point of crying for the loss of your nets."

It was quite dark when Sir Guy and his friends drove back to Bodrugan. The letters to Wright and Sele had been duly posted, and the baronet busied himself throughout the drive in wondering how many years "that fellow Pilgrim and his puppet" would get in national recognition of their cleverness. When Agnes Bodrugan heard of the day's doings her only comment was:

"And so little Amy the dressmaker has found a gold mine and lost her fisherman. Well, she is a good girl and deserves her good luck. I shall go down and congratulate her to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE third day after the adventure and rescue recorded in our last chapter broke cold and rainy. At first the wind was off shore, so that inside the bar and for more than a mile beyond in the bay, the dull gray sea showed only a ripple on its surface where the gusts, sweeping down through the coombe, lost half their energy from the sudden diffusion under the lee of the lofty cliffs. Farther to the south, however, near the sky line, a long ridge of white marked where the sea horses were champing the bit, and warned the fishermen gathered on the Cliff and around the coastguard station that for one night at least they would be compelled to forego their business. Half-a-dozen boats rode at their moorings in the Pool, among them Elvins's lugger and the St. Meva's Pride. Early in the afternoon Gilbert, clad in oilskins and sou'-wester, had taken a look at the weather with the view of satisfying his mind on the propriety of allowing the lugger to lie outside the haven. Finding that she rode without strain and noting that the squalls were coming less frequently and with diminished violence, he saw no reason for questioning the wisdom of the owners of the other boats who, like himself, had gone to the pier head and who were now returning convinced that their craft were in no danger. At the entrance to the ship-yard, near the station or watch-house, they met Joe Elvins, who was carrying an oar on his shoulder.

"Halloa, Joe!" cried one of the men, "you needn't be afeared, the Polly 'll do well enough where she is, I reckon. The wind's going down, old man, and 'twill be low water in a couple o' hours."

"Be you going to l'ave your boats out in the Pool to-night?" asked Elvins, looking from one to the other, and finally resting his eyes on Gilbert.

"Why not?" inquired the first speaker. "You see for yourself that 'tis moderating. Ef so be it should turn round to the east before morning there'll be no time for the

sea to rise much 'fore we can turn out and bring 'em in."

"Tell 'ee what, Jimmy Pearce," said Joe, "I've made up my mind that 'tis no east wind that's brewing. The glass has been falling all day and the sky is gathering thick to the west'ard. Mark my words, she'll blow great guns from the sou'-west before night. Come on, lads, and you, Mr. Arderne, I'll scull ye all out in five minutes."

"No, thank'ee, Joe!" cried Pearce with a laugh as he and his mate went on, "your sou'-wester's on your head, old man, and nowhere else. The boats 'ill be all right, and mayhap 'twill clear before morning."

"It certainly looks like that," said our hero, "for you see it has stopped raining and the scud is flying off."

"That Jimmy Pearce is a harum-scarum fellow," returned the old man; "I wouldn't go to pick 'winkles with 'un, he's that careless. My mind tells me that the borryed days have come, but that young chucklehead never heered of 'em, I reckon."

"The borrowed days?" asked Gilbert. "I certainly never heard of them, Joe."

"No, I s'pose not, Mr. Arderne, they didn't l'arn you 'bout them at college. I l'arned 'bout 'em from my ould grannie, who was nigh 'pon ninety when she died. Many's the time I've heered her say—

"'March did lend to Aperill
Three foul days to work his will:
Aperill did not send 'em back
Till Michael's Mount was strewed with wrack.'"

"I shall make a note of those lines, Joe, when I get home," said our hero, "but I think I'll let the boat remain until next tide. Indeed, with the ebb so far advanced I doubt if I could bring her up to her moorings inside the jetty, so if there should be a change for the worse I will bring her in on the flood."

"Jetty or no jetty, she'd be safe inside the pier heads, Mr. Arderne," replied Joe. "Hows'ever, onless we have a hurrican' I s'pose the boats will do till next tide, but anyhow I'm going to have the Polly in now," and the sturdy old man threw his oar into a small rowboat beside the quay and went down the skid or stepped post after it. Gilbert would probably have taken the old man's advice, for he knew well that Joe's instincts seldom betrayed him, had it not been that he himself was anxious to be in good time at Mrs. Varcoe's, where quite a large party was expected to celebrate the return of Amy's uncle. As it was,—perhaps because he bestowed special care on his appearance this afternoon,—he found nearly all the guests assembled in the museum, where Mr. Varcoe had become the centre of interest, like an American politician of eminence at a public reception. Mr. Lelean, Craggs the miller, and half-a-dozen other old fellows had drawn their chairs around him, while another group, gathered around Mr. Lear and the lawyer, listened attentively to some statement which the vicar was making.

"Come here, Gilbert," said Mr. Lear, "You must hear the good news from my own mouth You know the old story about the church,—how that six hundred years ago it was left unfinished, and that, although a fine peal of bells had been provided, when they were paid for there was no money left, so that the tower never rose much higher than the roof-tree of the nave.

"Yes, indeed," answered our hero, "and the people say that all the bells save one were subsequently sold to St. Goran. Joe Elvins has a rhyme to that effect:

"Ye men of Portilly, why were ye so silly
To sell your good bells,
As St. Goran tells,
To pay for an unfinished tower?"

Oh, yes, I have heard the story often."

"Of course, of course," assented the vicar, "Elvins may be trusted to tell all he knows, whether creditable to us or not. However, my dear boy, the old reproach

is to be removed at last. I wonder why the rhyme says Portilly? I could never account for that. But never mind, Portilly or St. Meva, it is all the same: the reproach is to be removed, Gilbert, and we are to have a tower and bells. Mr. Varcoe has determined that the old church shall be restored at his cost, and we shall consult an architect at once. I am glad that the work is to be done in my own time, for I am now sure that it will be done in the spirit of the first builders. We will have an ideal Cornish church, high belfry arch, cradle roof and all."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Lear," said Gilbert, "and if everything turns out as I have reason to hope with me, you may count on me for the east window and the organ. This shall be my first recognition of the blessing I have found in St. Meva."

The vicar grasped our hero's hand and shook it vigorously, while Mr. Divilbiss, playfully pinching Amy's ear, said:

"No doubt this is the blessing he means, parson. Well, I think I must look through this fag end of the little island for another like her."

As Mr. Divilbiss spoke aloud according to his wont, he was heard by all in the room, so that the miller felt himself justified in remarking, in a voice pitched as high as though the little museum were his own mill, with the huge stones humming like humble-bees:

"No, no, Mr. Divilbiss, you needn't try it; 'twould be like lading out Dozmary Pool with a limpet shell. There's not another like her,—the Pride of St. Meva she is. Do you think such a flower can be found among the bal maidens 'round Redruth?"

"There are some lovely faces among those same bal maidens, though," replied the vicar, "with now and then olive complexions and large, long fringed, sloe-black eyes. I take pleasure in ascribing these to the Phœnicians who came to Barat-anac for tin."

"Well, who'd have thought the parson had so good an eye for the maidens?" asked the sail-maker. "Law, Mr. Varcoe, 'tis human nature, as the Methody's daughter told her father when she married an unconvarted sailor-man. Why do the sparks fly upwards? she said."

"Lovely faces!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I should say they are. There was a New York lady on board the ship with us the other day,—you remember that Mrs. Slatin, Henry? She told me she always travelled with fourteen Saratoga trunks of the largest size, besides skirt trunks and bonnet-boxes, and she boasted that she owned more dresses than any other woman in the world. I think her yearly average is about sixty, and she has ten pairs of diamond necklaces, a dozen or so of diamond bracelets, and I don't know how many mammoth solitaires, as she called them, for earrings. Yet she complained that among all her dresses there was not one that quite matched her complexion. That woman, I am convinced, would gladly give a million dollars to have such skin as some of the Cornish bal maidens can show. She would indeed."

"At any rate," said Gilbert, "with so extensive a wardrobe the lady ought to have been happy, for I suppose her idea of happiness lay in the direction of dress and display."

"Happiness is relative, Mr. Arderne," said the vicar. "I have no doubt whatever that an ordinary fisherman or farm laborer, if fairly well fed, enjoys life in the true sense quite as much as the country gentleman does. But, dear me! how the wind blows."

This last remark drew general attention to the weather, which had, now that the tide had turned, unmistakably changed for the worse. Driven before a furious southerly gale, the cirrus clouds flew inland like thin smoke-wreaths, and the thundering of the breakers on the bar was heard far up the coombe. In the then state of the tide, our hero knew that nothing could be done towards bringing in the lugger; he therefore sat down with the others at the hospitable board provided for their enter-

tainment. The blinds were drawn and all was snug and cozy within doors, but the howling of the wind was insistent, and ever and anon the guests exchanged significant looks and low comments as the crash of a falling slate or the rattling of casements told of the ever-growing fury without. As the clock struck five Gilbert excused himself on the ground of his boat, and with many exhortations to keep the middle of the street and thus avoid the falling slates, he went off to his cottage to change his clothes.

Out in the open street Gilbert could form a much better estimate of the velocity of the wind. It was by no means easy to make one's way down the street, and there were times when the pedestrian had to turn completely round to recover his breath. Upon reaching his little cottage our hero found the roof broken in from the overthrow of a tall brick chimney belonging to the next house, and, a gap having once been made, it seemed but too probable that all the slates on that side would be stripped off before midnight. Nothing could be done to avert this, however, and moreover Gilbert was anxious to be at the haven as soon as possible, now that the floodtide was making. There was no rain, so that the encumbering oilskins could well be dispensed with, and in a few minutes the young man was on the road to the Cliff. As he approached the slip he saw that something unusual was occurring, for there was quite a large concourse of men and women,—the latter having shawls tied over their heads,—on the high ground overlooking the harbor. Partially sheltered by the old stone parapet, they had an excellent view of the haven and the Pool, and so dense was the crowd that Gilbert found it difficult to penetrate it. By dint of perseverance and, it must be said, by favor of the women folk who readily made way for him, our hero approached the parapet and found himself standing beside Joe Elvins and the Rev. Tanaquil Lear. A little to the right stood Henry Varcoe and Mr. Divilbiss, with the sailmaker and Craggs the miller. Every eye was turned seaward, and when he, too, looked in that direction Gilbert had no need to ask what cause had so suddenly brought the people from their homes.

Within a cable's length of the bar and drifting straight towards it was a small schooner. Her mainmast was carried away about five feet above the deck, while forward nothing higher than the crosstrees was left standing. She was coming bow on to the bar, straight as an arrow, and in the interval between the passing of one sea and the advance of another, the figure of a man at the tiller could be plainly seen. As Gilbert laid a hand upon old Joe's shoulder the fisherman turned round and said:

"She's very light and the tide is rushing in like a sluice. There's a good eight or nine foot on the bar now, and if she takes it on top of a comber she'll get in sure. But the leastest touch and she'll be matchwood. I haven't seed such a sea for forty year. Ah, Mr. Arderne, I'm sorry your boat is outside, but the bar's our breakwater and she's all right if the moorings hold. But the tide's like a sluice even in the Pool."

For the time being Gilbert gave no thought to his lugger, his every nerve being stretched with excitement as he watched the oncoming schooner. Down in the haven, behind the shelter of the eastern pier, the reckless Jimmy Pearce and two other men, with the ever-ready courage of the Cornish fisherman, were hurriedly preparing a row-boat to help, if need be, the sailors, for the lifeboat station was a mile west of St. Meva, and long before the station could be reached the fate of the schooner must be determined.

"Nobody seed her," said old Joe, "'till she entered the bay 'twixt the point and the Gwineas under double-reefed topsail and fore staysail. He must be a furriner, that chap,—thought he was making Falmouth I reckon. He lost his forrard top-hamper not ha'f-an-hour sence. Look, look, there she goes! by the Lord, she's over!"

A sigh of relief went up from every bosom, for at the moment of her reaching the bar a gigantic breaker lifted the schooner's bow and it seemed certain that, as Elvins said, she was safe within the Pool. The wave, however, as it broke on the bar glided, shorn of its crested fury, into the stiller water in advance of the vessel, so that her keel struck the bottom, and sternpost and rudder were torn away with a crash. Turning broadside on, the schooner, her momentum little checked, was thrown among the boats left in the Pool, crushing them to pieces, and a moment after the vessel was gently lifted on to the sharp and jagged rocks of the cove. Ropes were thrown by willing hands from the cliffs above, and ere long all the crew,—five men and a boy,—were brought ashore. The captain, however, a fine tall fellow, absolutely refused to avail himself of this means of safety, and even in the fast gathering twilight the spectators could see how resolute and fixed was his determination to abide by his vessel.

"Yon chap's a brave 'un, for a Frenchman, M . Lear," cried Elvins, putting his hands like a speaking-trumpet to his mouth to make himself heard, for the wind was now a hurricane, "but he's a fool all the same. She'll go to pieces in an hour; I never seed breakers like that inside the bar before."

The problem of rescuing the skipper had to be solved without delay, for the night was at hand and it was evident that at high water in such a storm the Pool itself would be a raging cauldron. Even as it was the waves, though they did not break until they reached the piers, were high and threatening, and a thrill of fear ran through the spectators when the rowboat put out towards the wreck. The stout oars swayed like reeds as the brave fishermen bent to them, and the little cockle shell bobbed like a cork from wave to wave. Midway between the piers and the schooner she broached to for an instant, and a cry of agony arose from the shore when it was seen that she had capsized. Her crew, however, were men accustomed to swim from childhood, and almost immediately their stout arms righted the boat, and having secured the oars they once more pulled for the schooner. They reached her none too soon, for just as the bowman climbed over the rail an ominous cracking showed that the vessel's back had given way. The captain, who was holding on to the tiller rope, waved his hand in denial as Tom Scantlebury approached him. It was no time for ceremony, so Tom threw himself upon the man, and for a brief moment they struggled together on the deck of the doomed ship. How it might have ended cannot be told, for the skipper was a tall, muscular sailor, and the odds, if anything, were in his favor. The struggle, however, was suddenly and effectually ended by a huge green wave which swept over the port quarter washing both men overboard like feathers. The skipper was carried towards the boat, so near that Jimmy Pearce was able to grasp him by the hair and haul him on board, but Tom was swept inward to where the low black rocks, sharp as needles, looked like dripping teeth, and there next day they found him wedged between the broken timbers of the wreck and with his neck broken. It was impossible to help him, even though he had not been instantly killed, for the after part of the schooner fell to pieces just as the skipper was dragged into the boat, and the fishermen were compelled to pull away from the wreckage. With great difficulty they made the harbor, for the seas were now sweeping over the very piers. the furious storm being almost at its height and the night having come on like a pall. All the crew of La Cigale, of Morlaix, were saved, but at every fireside in St. Meva men and women grieved for the untimely fate of the brave-hearted Cornish sailor. In the depth of his own great sorrow Gilbert Arderne gave no thought to the loss of his beautiful lugger, and careless, but intrepid, Jimmy Pearce broke down like a child when, after a brief

search, he, Frank Trevena and our hero found the body at next low water. Poor Frank tried his utmost to suppress his emotion, but at the sight of Jimmy's tears his own eyes overflowed.

"We were like brothers, Mr. Arderne," he said, "ever since we were boys going to school. He was always brave, frank, and generous, and to think of his dying like this almost at his own door! It seems too hard, too hard to bear!"

"Mr. Trevena," said Jimmy, "I lost my lugger last night,—a heavy loss for a poor louseterer like me,—and the strange gentleman, Mr. Varcoe, is going to give me as fine a boat as can be built in Cornwall, but I declare to God that I would give up boat, nets, and everything to bring Cap'n Tom back again."

"We cannot do that, friends," said Gilbert as he covered poor Scantlebury's face with his coat, "and even if we could we would scarcely be doing well to do so. It is always well with a man when the day's work is over, and rest must always be sweet when a man has done that work well."

"The sea is a cruel thing to live by, that's sure," observed Jimmy, "and it sarved Cap'n Tom purty bad, seeing as how he loved it so. But, Lord bless us, doan't we all love it just as he did, an' for oal I knaw 'twill sarve me the same way. Blast that stubborn Frenchman! I only wish we'd let un drown as he wanted to. We've lost a better man through he."

Of La Cigale scarcely two pieces held together. They made a rude litter of the wreckage and sorrowfully picked their way over the rocks with their burden. Sympathetic hands in plenty stood ready to relieve them at the foot of the stairs leading from the beach to the western pier, where the French skipper, forcing his way through the throng, uncovered the face of the dead and passionately kissed it.

"There, there, that'll do, Johnnie," cried Jimmy Pearce, gently pushing the Frenchman aside, "after all you'm a good soul in your way, and I'm not sorry we saved you. Doan't 'ee cry and beat your breast so, man, we must all die waun day, and if so be in the way of duty why all the better. Make way there, boys, the Cap'n's made his last voyage."

His last voyage upon earth. If, as in all ages some have haply deemed, there be in other existences other oceans to traverse, depend upon it, reader, that the sailor who has done his duty manfully on this life's sea will find plainer sailing when once again the living breath of the universe shall fill his expanded sail. Yet I hold with Gilbert Arderne that rest is sweet.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

FOR a young man so recently married Randall Arderne was terribly bored. It was the afternoon of the great storm, somewhere about the time when the guests were assembling in Mrs. Varcoe's museum-parlor down in Cornwall, and Randall, cigar in mouth, was pacing restlessly up and down the "cabin," as he called his favorite room. Hobbs, the groom, had not yet returned from the village with the post-bag, and his master, all outdoor occupation precluded by the weather, was eagerly expecting the arrival of the London papers. Up to the present not a drop of rain had fallen in this part of the country, but the sky had been overcast all day and the increasing murkiness plainly indicated an early outbreak. The clerk of the weather, indeed, had predicted local thunderstorms and heavy rain for the east coast this afternoon, with strong south-westerly breezes for the west of England and the Channel. In the absence of the papers, Randall, of course, did not know this, but he had a sailor's eye for the weather, and was accustomed to give watchful heed to the barometer in his window. He was studying this for the

twentieth time to-day when a knock was given at the door, and at his master's bidding Billings the footman entered.

"Well, Billings, what is it?" asked Randall; "has Hobbs come from the post yet? where's the bag?"

"Not come yet, sir, but Mrs. Arderne wishes to see you, if you please, in the library."

With a nod of compliance, Randall dismissed the servant, and then, throwing away the stub of his cigar, went out into the hall and towards the library. He found Dorothy sitting at an escritoire or writing table,—the same article used by Gilbert's mother for the transacting of business,—with a long, narrow book of domestic accounts spread out before her. Randall recognized the book at once by its yellow pages for Abel Pilgrim's book of expenditures, for the major-domo always used paper drawn from the old store-room over the refectory, cutting it to the required dimensions and fitting it to the covers with his own hand. Modern account books, he was wont to say, always bothered him with their double and single lines, narrow spaces, and stubborn, inflexible backs. They might do very well for Scotch bagmen, but for his part, he would have nought to do with books that wanted to be held open with a carpenter's or blacksmith's vice.

Dorothy raised her eyes from the book as her husband entered. Except that she was a trifle more matronly in figure,—her closely-fitting grey dress allowing this to be clearly seen,—there was no great change apparent in her. From the first day of her home-coming she had in most things exercised absolute sway in the house, and the flash of her dark eye sufficiently indicated her imperious character. Provided his own, in some respects peculiar, tastes were not gainsayed or oppugned, Randall was a yielding and compliant husband. One of his sayings,—no doubt picked up on shipboard,—was "Anything for a quiet life," and in everything pertaining to the domestic economy he acted upon this principle. In one quarter only did Dorothy encounter opposition. She had, beginning with the kitchen, effected what she termed a thorough reform in the household, and all the domestics had easily fallen into her system with the one exception of the house steward. With extraordinary doggedness Abel Pilgrim resented the slightest encroachment upon any one of those particular functions which he had come by long usance to regard as prerogatives, and when Dorothy indignantly complained to her husband that, since Abel was properly the butler, it was absurd for him to assume so much authority over all the other servants, out of doors as well as in the house, Randall gave her clearly and explicitly to understand that it was his pleasure to humor the old man.

"He is," he said, "a tried and trusty servant, as much a part of the Priory as the old gateway itself, and I can see no reason for interfering with him. Consider, Dolly, that my father first brought him here, and remember, too, that but for his ready recognition I might have had a long lawsuit to establish my claim. In his place, perhaps, another man would have been less outspoken at such a time."

"But he is so opinionated and at times downright sullen in his manner," returned Dorothy; "I declare he sometimes provokes me to threaten him. And he presumes too far when he makes Billings and the rest do his bidding, and he goes in and out just as he likes."

"He is too old a dog to learn new tricks, Dolly my dear, but he is honest and devoted to me. Confess now, little woman, that he takes a world of bother away from you by dealing with the tradesmen. Goodness only knows how much we save by that, for when it comes to victualling the ship and providing the stores your ship chandlers, butchers, and the rest are all a pack of rogues."

There was a good deal of sound sense in this, for Dorothy here felt her inexperience, so she merely replied :

"I do wish you would discontinue those sea-phrases of yours, Randall; you are always using them. Only the other day Eliza told me that that odious Askwith said to pa you were a jolly fellow, just like one of Marryatt's reefers, but he supposed that marriage would spoil you."

"Well, Dolly, that was meant for a compliment, for Askwith pretends to like sailors. He wanted to go ' .lves with me in a yacht a little before we were married, but I said no, my seafaring days were over and done with."

In saying this Randall spoke sincerely, for, slow and monotonous as he sometimes found it when the weather kept him at home, he was beginning to appreciate his new life, and Dorothy, however she might complain at times, had plenty of reason for believing that her husband would develop into what is known as a good society man. Finding him so attached to Pilgrim, she made up her mind to endure the latter until such time as he could be induced to retire on his savings, with perhaps a small pension; but nevertheless there were many occasions when Abel's presumption, as she called it, tempted her to abandon this resolution.

"Well, Dolly," said Randall, as their looks met, "you sent for me just now. What is it, some perplexity in Abel's book?"

"It is the man himself," she answered, "he persists in using these wretched slips of paper, but that's not it. There is an old Chippendale cabinet up in the lumber room to which I have taken a fancy. He acknowledges that it was here before he came, but says the keys cannot be found. I sent Billings this morning to force the lock, but Pilgrim ordered him down again. I had him in here just a few minutes ago, and he most unblushingly and impertinently told me that the cabinet was his own private property,—a gift from the old squire, he said. Now, Randall, I insist upon it that this man's position here must be defined at once. I insist upon it. He grows bolder every day, and while your consideration for him is creditable to your feelings and all that, I am resolved that he shall learn his proper place as a servant."

There are some constitutions over whom an excess of electricity in the atmosphere exerts extraordinary influence, urging them in some cases almost beyond the limits of responsibility. When married persons are thus affected their condition, perhaps because of their more numerous vexations and obligations, is always worse than that of single ones: it may be that there are other reasons assignable pertaining to those troubles in the flesh indicated by St. Paul. At all events Dorothy had a splitting headache, and Randall, by no means ignorant of woman's ways, was quick to see that she was in no mood for contradiction. He was on the point of returning the soft answer which averteth anger when Billings appeared with the post-bag.

"Train thirteen minutes late, sir," he said, "and Hobbs says as 'ow 'e met Muster Pilgrim on the road and 'e unlocked the bag, 'e did, fur 'is own letters, and that's w'y 'e come to be so long."

While the boy was speaking Randall was fumbling with the key of the post-bag. He evidently did not care to meet his wife's eye, while on her part Dorothy found it hard to restrain herself until Billings had left the library. Scarcely was the door shut behind him when she started from her seat and approached her husband, her black eyes snapping with wrathfulness.

"Was ever the like known?" she cried, stamping her foot, "was ever such audacity seen as this? He has his own key to his master's letter bag, and he dares to ransack it for his own paltry business before we are permitted to see it. Randall Arderne, will you allow this? are you afraid of this old man that he dares to take such a liberty?"

As though in sympathy with her fury,—for she even trembled with rage,—a forked bolt of red lightning divided the outer darkness, and almost without appreciable interval a fearful peal of thunder shook the old house to its foundations. Shrinking

involuntarily at this sudden outburst, Dorothy did not observe the change wrought in her husband by the letter he was reading. He had drawn it out from a large blue envelope and hurriedly scanned its contents while his wife was speaking. Surely never before, not even when it revealed the red-handed murderer to the avenger of blood, did lightning ever throw its glare upon a more terror-stricken countenance. For an instant, and an instant only, he sat irresolute, then crumpling the letter in his iron grasp Randall Arderne rushed from the room like a madman.

Recovering her presence of mind, and curious to learn the cause of her husband's agitation, Dorothy took up the envelope. This failed to throw any light on the matter,—it was an ordinary business envelope having the names of Wright and Sele, of Lincoln's Inn, London, printed in the left-hand corner. Though these were no longer Randall's lawyers, Dorothy was quite familiar with their names, and she laughed to herself as the thought occurred to her that they had probably discovered some unsettled charge on the estate,—a large sum, perhaps, judging by her husband's conduct. Instead of confiding in her, he had, she thought, gone to make inquiries of Pilgrim, whose presumption would certainly be strengthened if his master encouraged it by appealing to him on all such occasions.

Meanwhile, Randall Arderne, after snatching a hat from the hall table, rushed out into the awful tempest and, heedless of lightning, thunder, and rain, ran swiftly to the stables. They must have seen him from the loft, for Hobbs, opening one of the side doors, admitted him.

"Bless us, measter!" said the man, "you do look 'mazed. 'A'f drownded too. Is th' 'ouse strooken by the lightning, or what?"

"No, no, Hobbs, not that, not that. But Abel—Pilgrim? You met him, where, where?"

"Muster Pilgrim, sir, wor agoing to the Billet, but efter he took the letter fro' the bag he went to the Copse, 'leastways he seemed to be going there. And a nation bad place it be in such weather."

"The Copse! Well, Hobbs, lead out Bess,—she has the saddle on her yet,—lead her out at once, I say."

The groom stared in open-mouthed astonishment as the order was repeated, for the storm was almost at its height, flash succeeding flash, while the thunder seemed to rend the heavens asunder.

"Take out Bess, measter!" he said, "why 'tis a temptin' Providence to ride in weather like this. There's ne'er a lad in the pleace 'ill do it eyther, no, not for a fortin."

"Lead her out, I say," cried Randall, "I want her for myself. Confound you!" he added, as the man still hesitated, "do you forget that I am master here?"

"Noa, measter, noa," returned Hobbs as he moved to the head of the stall, "surely noa, sir. But in sich weather as this, and her withers raw from that new saddle that 'ud only fit a dray hoss! But if it mun be, it mun be, I s'poas. Ho! gently there, o'ad gal! so, so!"

After vaulting into the saddle Randall threw Hobbs half-a-crown, and then settling his hat firmly down on his head rode off down the avenue, past the lodge, into the road. Hobbs had truly enough said that to go forth at such a time was like tempting Providence, for dazzling white chains of electric fire seemed to pierce the very road along which the scared horse was moving. One such chain fell, with a hiss that sounded malevolent, so near that Bess drew back on her haunches, throwing her rider almost over her head and revealing the form of a man, bent nearly double as the pitiless rain drove right into his face, and standing within a few feet of the bridle. It was Pilgrim, the man he sought, and Randall, whose voice sounded hollow and raucous, called him by name.

"Aye, aye, Master Randall," cried the old man, stepping forward and laying a hand on the saddle, "I see how 'tis with you. You have heard from them too. So

have I: conspiracy and all that. Your jade is back, and in their power. Hell and fury, that after what I have done I should be lost through a —— of a woman!"

Despite the terrific thunder peal which came hard on the flash, Randall heard every word that Pilgrim uttered.

"It is true, then?" he cried, "and your fine scheme has brought us both to ruin! Gilbert Arderne may be on the way even now, but, curse him! he shall find only blackened walls. Let go, old man! take care of yourself, you have plenty of time and a well-feathered nest. Be off, to America, Australia, anywhere. Let go, I say!"

Wheeling Bess sharply round he dug his heels into her flanks and the mare, with a startled neigh, sprang forward, leaving the steward alone on the hill. A moment after there came a blinding flash, the old man was dashed half stunned to the ground, but even as he fell he saw a sight that almost petrified him with horror. The lightning, bursting directly over his head, found another victim, and in the intense white light of the arrow of death Abel Pilgrim saw horse and rider fall headlong to the earth. Dimly conscious of a peculiar odor in his nostrils, the steward's senses grew dull and torpid, and he lay to all appearance lifeless while the air shook with the awful report which followed. As soon as he could recover his dazed faculties, Abel started to his feet once more and tottered on to where he knew he should meet a ghastly spectacle. He had not far to go, for there before him, scarcely a dozen yards away, lay the bodies of Randall Arderne and the good gray mare. Except that it was dead there was nothing to indicate that the beast had been struck by that deadly bolt, but the clothes were torn from the rider's right shoulder downward, and his boots were ruptured and torn and shrivelled. Having ascertained all this, Abel Pilgrim, without even pausing to observe that the storm was abating, and that the rain was now little more than a drizzle, turned away from the fated spot and hurried toward the village, urged on by that mysterious power of fate which, as the Greek dramatist tells us, neither tempest, nor war, nor towers, nor dashing ships can control.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIKE many of her superiors, Mrs. Mossingill's dread of thunder and lightning was tinctured with a feeling of superstition. She would have thought it impious to light either lamp or candle during a thunderstorm, and the stolid Andrew, submissive in all such matters to the more alert will of his better half, was quite content to sit in the dark this evening until assured by his senses that the storm was passing away. When this conviction, however, had taken fast hold of his understanding, the landlord called for a light in the bar, and went through the passage to throw open the front door. Having done this, he struck a match for his pipe, and stood in round-eyed astonishment watching the muddy torrent which coursed down the hill, and which was, though already diminishing, almost knee-deep in the middle of the road. While standing thus, he was almost terror-stricken to see a man come rushing down the hill,—a man who a moment later stood beside him bedraggled with wet and mire, and in whom he recognized the steward at the Priory, Abel Pilgrim.

"Lord ha' mercy! Abel, what's come to ye?" cried Andrew, as the steward caught hold of the door-post to keep himself from falling; ye look dazed. Come in, man, come in," he added, laying a hand on the old man's shoulder, "into the parlor, quick; there's a fire, and I'll bring 'ee a glass o' something hot. Jane! Jane! come here, quick, here's a job that'll want your tending, I reckon."

Both husband and wife were prompt

and kindly with their service, but some minutes passed before the steward was able to tell his awful story When, however, this was done, Mrs. Mossingill, distrusting Andrew's capacity for rapid movement, threw a shawl over her head and shoulders and ran off to alarm Dr. Teulon. With an unsteady hand Abel Pilgrim lifted the glass of strong brandy and water to his lips as Andrew Mossingill went to shut the door of the little parlor, and then, resting his elbows on his knees, he sat staring into the fire. No thought had he of the unfortunate man out on the hill-side still in death, no thought of the widow who was at that very moment despatching messengers in quest of her husband. No, his only thought,—selfish and pusillanimous creature that he was,—was that his partner in evil had left him to bear the brunt of the vengeance which his conscience told him was already advancing with swift stride towards him. In his present state he felt he was unable to make even an effort at escaping; his mind was confused and he needed rest and food. But the time was short, every hour, every minute was precious, and he must devise some means of going to the old cabinet in the lumber-room,—his treasury,—and of escaping unseen while they were conveying the body to the house. Weak though he was, he felt that he could manage to reach the Priory before the others, and he was on the point of starting up when Andrew Mossingill touched him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Pilgrim," he said, "maybe 'tis none o' my business, but it seems to me that 'ere thing is what we may call a visitation. That's what it is, a visitation."

"What do you mean, Andrew, by that?" asked the steward, lifting his eyes in astonishment to recognize a strange and rather furtive gleam of intelligence in the ox-like orbs of the landlord.

"A visitation, Mr. Pilgrim, is what I says, for I know that the constable was on the p'int of going to see your master just as the storm came on, but he put it off till the morning, as he well might, for I never seed such lightning before in all my born days."

So soon! The steward rose to his feet, fear lending him strength, and he almost blessed the storm for the chance of escape which it had given him.

"The constable!" he said; "what did he want up there, I wonder. Well, he is too late for this world so far as—as Mr. Randall is concerned."

"That may be, Mr. Pilgrim, that may be, but if so be that he was not the rightful man, I says as how you must ha' known it."

"I? Nonsense, Andrew! Why, you yourself were the first to know him."

"I may have been mistaken, Mr. Pilgrim; aye, and so may you for that matter. But look here, I wa'n't mistaken when I seed you that morning o' the fire, for all you was dressed up; I wa'n't mistaken when I picked up your watch, wi' your own name inside, under the broken window of the back kitchen. I've kept all this close till now, even from the missus, but I tell you the time is come when you'll be asked to tell a plain story, Mr. Pilgrim."

A plain story! To any other eyes than those of the dull boor whose words had fallen like the stroke of doom on the steward's ear, Abel's ashen face and quivering limbs would have told a tale requiring no interpreter. The ringing in his ears seemed to him like the death-bell tolling for an execution, and like the sear of a hot iron came the thought that he had incurred this terrible penalty for nothing. Yet even in this extremity his strong will did not wholly desert him, although he fully realized that flight would be of little use when Mossingill's story should be made known, for he knew quite well that a suspected murderer whose identity is known can seldom escape from England.

"Andrew," he said, sinking into the chair as if from weakness, "I don't follow your meaning rightly,—not just now, but I'm dazed. She was an old flame of mine, man, the mother of my child. But why

should the world know that? 'tis none of its business. I can trust you to keep my secret. But I'm nigh to fainting I think, Andrew; make me another glass of brandy, do. Strong, man, strong and hot, and be quick, that's a good fellow."

He certainly looked ill enough to warrant the landlord's fear that he was dying, and Mossingill at once hurried to the bar to prepare the required stimulant. Had he but turned his back as he went along the passage he might have seen Abel Pilgrim darting through the doorway into the street. As it was, however, the steward was unobserved, but he had no sooner reached the open air than he began to cast about for some other refuge, for the sound of hurrying feet and the sight of numerous lanterns told him that Dame Mossingill had alarmed the whole village. A sort of hunted feeling now came upon him, and he slunk to the rear of the inn intending to get to the Priory hill by the footpath at the back of the stable. This intention was frustrated by the rapidity with which at least a dozen men, after a moment's pause at the inn door, ascended the hill. The lanterns enabled him to identify them every one,—there was Dr. Teulon in the front, then came the policeman, Joe Verrill, the blacksmith, and others of the more resolute and active men of the place. Judging by the voices there were at least twice as many men gathered together outside the inn; and he crouched close to the stable wall when one of these cried:

"What did he run away for? Look out for the steward, lads! this is a queer business."

He waited to hear no more, for in another minute he would surely be discovered. Stooping low,—a needless precaution on such a night,—he sped towards the churchyard lane and the blackened ruins of the little cottage. One of the old stone doorsteps swayed as he placed his foot on it and he fell heavily forward, hurting his side by striking a heap of rubbish that lay directly in a line with the gleam of light which showed where the entrance to the back kitchen was. With a snarl like that of a wounded wolf he crawled over the obstruction and threw himself full length on the floor.

He had never been near the cottage since the night of the fire. Here and there a tile had been broken or displaced, but the roof of the little kitchen was fairly sound. The window still hung by the lower hinge, and noting this, his memory reproduced all the events connected with that night with wonderful exactness. What puzzled him most, however, was the feeling that it was all more or less unreal, and so strong did this impression seem at times that he would draw a long breath as though to dispel the illusion by the sharp pain in the side which this occasioned. Except by these efforts he was almost unable to realize that he had been the protagonist in the awful drama of this ruined house. A shipwrecked mariner, thrown bruised and beaten on the shore, and well-nigh spent by battling with the billows, probably feels somewhat as the steward felt prior to his sinking into an uneasy sleep on that rough floor. The wind, rushing and whistling through doorway and windowplace, tossed his gray hair over brow and cheeks but did not waken him. Once, and once only, did a sound escape his lips, and then it was the name of the woman whom he once loved, his double victim. It may be that his spirit was temporarily straying in the bright asphodel mead, and that for a brief season his youth had returned. Shortly after this he moved uneasily, and when a furious gust shook the ruins and the clatter of a falling tile smote his ear he started to his feet.

Like a torrent the memory of what had happened rushed through his brain, for sleep had brightened his faculties and he shuddered at finding himself where he was. He made a step towards the window, pausing suddenly as the light of a lantern came through the dismantled casement. There by the old church porch

were two men, and they were evidently in search of some one or something. A moment later they were joined by a third person, whose belted and cloaked shadow on the church wall showed him to be the village policeman, a keen-eyed fellow, who did double duty in that his beat extended from Hilton to Withington. They could have but one object,—himself. Well, they should find him, after a time, when they had gone through the church, fools that they were to suppose him capable of fleeing to such a sanctuary! Yes, they should find him, and ha, ha! find him in such sort as to give them troubled dreams in after years. He would do it at once, for he was an old man and he did not know how long his present mood,—the mood triumphant, as some whom the world, before the terrors of hell were stronger than the dread of dishonor, termed heroes deemed it,—would last. But how? Alas! however straitened the conditions that awful question does not go unanswered long. The smallest thread, a rush, a little water in a spoon, each of these may serve when the Adversary stands at the elbow, and what tenement is frailer than the house of life when Death knocks at the door?

And they found him. Face downward on the pile of rubbish now hideously ensanguined with the purple stream from his neck, amid the wreck of the house where Harriet Bates had passed the last few months of her life, an hour later they found him. Guess as they might respecting his mystery and the extent of his complicity in the plot that had driven the true heir of the Ardernes from the house of his fathers, speculate as they might on the strange story told by the landlord of the Crooked Billet, the voice that could have told them all they wished to hear was stilled for ever.

Abel Pilgrim was dead.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

MAY DAY in St. Meva, "milk and cream day" here and throughout Cornwall, from the extremity of Lyonesse to the banks of Tamar. The strong doors, studded with counterfeit spikeheads, of the gothic schoolhouse are closed, no humming as of swarming bees is heard through the latticed windows, the playground is empty. How it may be in after years, when strolling artist and Cockney journalist, ever on the alert for fresh woods and pastures new, shall have discovered St. Meva, and the jerry-builder,—in deference to the behests of grocers' wives desirous of passing their summers at a safe distance from the sound of Bow bells,—shall have rattled up certain architectural nightmares ycleped villas, it skills not too curiously to inquire, but just now the first of May is still a holiday, perhaps the happiest and best between January and Christmas. Groups of children, some with baskets, others with cup, saucer, and plate dexterously swung in napkin or handkerchief, have betaken themselves to favorite places up the coombe or in Bodrugan woods, and there, gaily decked and adorned with wreaths of sycamore leaves and crowns of fragrant hawthorn, they spread the rich clotted cream upon bun, saffron cake, and wholesome cottage bread while singing in chorus their time-honored declaration of independence:

> "Oh, the First of May
> Is a happy, happy day!
> If they won't give a holiday
> We'll all run away."

Lower down than the schoolhouse, at the very foot of Vicarage Hill, across the road, it begins to look as though a happy May Day had come for some who are not children. The big, and sooth to say ugly, lead-colored doors which make the townside entrance to the churchyard are wide open, an arch of bright blossoms with the letters G and A pendent in a hoop of myrtle spans the pathway before the porch, while the church itself, where the Easter

decorations still retain their freshness, has been transformed into a flower garden. Even the old almsbox at the corner of the aisle has a festoon of lilies of the valley, and the very candle-brackets on pulpit and reading desk are twined round with mystic orange blossoms, for lo! Hymen shall welcome May!

Not for many years,—indeed, not since the day when the Prince of Wales took to wife the "sea-king's daughter from over the sea,"—has John Robins, the sexton, known to irreverent youth as Jack Fancy, worn so consequential and dignified an air Since nine o'clock the old churchyard has been crowded with people, and at regular intervals John, as in duty bound, has appeared at the porch to threaten with sundry pains and penalties the unlicensed humor of the noisy boys whose gambols are being conducted directly over the green-coverleted beds of their forefathers. Gabriel Grub himself was never half so morose a man as John, who is no favorite with the boys, but the large white rosette he wears on the lapel of his well-worn black coat,—a garment possessing a greenish hue when seen in the light and suspiciously akin to the vicar's coat in conformation,—exerts an occult influence over the young rioters, so that instead of being jeered and flouted, as he sometimes is when interfering to spoil sport, to-day the sexton is received with hurrahs. It is a novel experience for him and he makes the most of it.

It is perhaps a good thing that the first of May comes at least three months before the pilchard, for if a shoal or school of that interesting family were to cross the bar and choke up the Pool to-day the people, like those of Dartmouth at the time of Defoe's visit, would not be "ready for them," and that because the fishermen all, old and young, seiner and driver, crabber and hooker, are going to church this morning to do honor to one of their own ancient and illustrious craft. It is a wedding morning, bright, glorious and full of happy promise if the old saw speak soothfastly; and lo! the Rev. Tanaquil Lear, with pleasant smile and many a cordial greeting, comes down the path and betakes himself to the vestry. Frank Trevena and the choir have barely taken their places in the chancel when the sound of wheels is heard outside and the first couple of the bright bridal procession passes within the lead-colored doors

Tread lightly, Amy Varcoe, and let no censorious eye note the tear which dims thine own as thou passest by the mound at yonder corner. It is his sleeping place, the gallant, true-hearted sailor's, his who gave his life for another, his who loved thee well. Among all the brave and valiant who in the past,—from the days when the galleys of Fowey drew volunteers from the little haven unto the present,—made the name of St. Meva renowned for daring there was no nobler one than he. Tread lightly, then, all ye happy ones, and, if ye will, breathe a *requiescat*, for, though only our life's influence survive our life, do not our hearts bear witness that it is "a holy and wholesome thought," if not to pray, yet evermore to reverence our dead?

Except perhaps for the gentlemen's dress, which was correct as prescribed by fashion, it might have seemed an ordinary rustic wedding. Escorting his niece, Henry Varcoe was a proud and happy man, but Mr. Divilbiss would have probably preferred to conduct Agnes Bodrugan rather than the dowager Mrs. Arderne, who had fallen to his lot and of whom he rather stood in awe. Agnes, however, went with Mr. Restormel and Sir Guy with the bride's mother, the bridegroom's partner being the rosy-cheeked daughter of the sail-maker, old Lelean, as suited a rustic wedding.

The bride was "given away" by Henry Varcoe, and it would be hard to say whether he or Mr. Lear enjoyed the grand old ritual the more. Mr. Lear made the most of his office on this happy occasion, so that it was after noon ere Job Maxom,—promoted this day to the rank of Mr. Varcoe's own servant,—cracked his whip

and drove toward the town amid the cheers and hurrahs of the people. It was a proud day for Job, and one that he was likely to remember, for when subsequently his carriage, containing Gilbert and Amy, left the town an old shoe, thrown by Jimmy Pearce, somewhat overshot the mark and landed plump between Maxom's shoulders. Previous to this, however, Mr. Lear made the joke of his life, after enjoying himself hugely at the "breakfast." He had taken it upon him to organize what he termed a "royal send off," and just as the carriage started he clapped his hands and shouted "*Rice-um teneatis, amici!*" At this signal quite a cyclone of rice filled the air, while Sir Guy Bodrugan, turning to the delighted vicar, said:

"That atrocious pun has made me a bachelor for life. I don't know what its effect may be on Restormel, but if Gilbert heard it I am sure it will seriously qualify his happiness."

It may be heresy to avow such an opinion, but we hold that there is no better place to spend one's honeymoon in than at home. Happily, the heterodoxy of to-day may become the orthodoxy of to-morrow, so we are not without hope that this unpretending chronicle of ours may in some measure tend to induce a more rational view of the matter. At home, where everything speaks of quiet, peace, and sweet domestic love, and not amid the rush and throng and whirl of the caravanserai, can a fitting welcome be prepared when

> A soul shall draw from out the vast,
> And strike his being into bounds.

So, too, thought our hero and his lovely bride, and there in the gray old Priory will we leave them with the friends whom they had proved. Were it permissible to intrude upon their home life, we could to-day show them in perfect happiness, so far as that is attainable, amid their children, beloved by their tenants and almost worshipped by the sturdy sons of the soil, who have in every case shown themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them when Gilbert Arderne prepared his allotment scheme. In all England there is no happier village than Withington, and you may search in vain among the steamship records, if such things are preserved, for the name of one emigrant from this district during the last ten years.

The widow Varcoe and Gilbert's mother are dead, but Uncle Henry and his friend Divilbiss are alive and hearty. The latter spends six months of the twelve in England, alternating between Cornwall and Norfolk; the former views with dismay the annual incursion of Cockneys into St. Meva, where the hand of the "improver" has already effected many changes. The old church, thanks to Uncle Henry and our hero, has been restored, and the new tower can be seen quite plainly from the Gwineas. The Pool now forms part of the harbor, for they have built a kind of mole or floating pier outside the bar, thus more than doubling the capacity of the haven. Mr. Lear has two curates to assist him to promote the growth of church principles, although the fishermen are very radically inclined, and prone to classify religion with politics.

Job Maxom married Mary Bates, and the two have the charge of Henry Varcoe's fine house directly overlooking the beach at Portstreath. Frank Trevena, having taken the sailmaker's daughter to his bosom, surprised the town by purchasing the Ship Inn after Mrs. Rosevear's decease, —and it was said that in this case also the money came from America, in plain English from Mr. Divilbiss. However this may be, it is certain that Frank, whose biological zeal continues unabated, has judiciously enlarged and improved the old house, the stabling being especially fine, for as yet no railway has reached the town although the electric wire has. More wonderful still, they even have a gentleman's club in St. Meva, a club whose rooms are in the Ship, and now and again some lady visitor to the old town writes a brilliant letter, fairly scintillating

with marks of culture and *fin de siecle* verbal exotics, to the society papers in London, in which she seldom fails to paraphrase, with respect to Cornish hills and bicycles, Ulysses' well-remembered statement regarding Ithaca.

Her arrogance and rancour effectually abated, Dr. Teulon's second daughter became a convert to Roman Catholicism and is, or was, a little sister of the Assumption in Paris Of Jack Escott and Mr. Lieu we need write nothing, for the one is known throughout the empire as a member of Parliament destined perhaps to lead Caliban and Trinculo into a state of grace, while the other persistently follows the tortuous path of self-advertisement, anon holding converse with disembodied spirits, anon striving to shame American municipalities into decent government, anon helping modern statesmen to promote the advent of the world's federation and universal peace. Escott still prides himself on his simplicity and eke on his poverty, but there are not wanting envious tongues to hint that were it not for his muffled shoes and padding he would be heard to chink as he walks. Nevertheless, he has served the people well in his day and generation.

And now our stage is clear: reader, Good night!

THE END.

## THE BOOK OF THE DEAD.

EGYPT was essentially a land of priests. They filled all the official posts, and ruled the land with a firm rule. Religion entered into every detail of public and private life. From the very earliest period we find religion manifesting itself. Above all, Egypt was the land in which the doctrine of belief in a future life was most highly developed. Even the rude burials of prehistoric times, which Professor Petrie has opened on the fringe of the Lybian Desert, show that there was a belief that man was not for ever dead. The vessels of food and drink, the rude arms or tools placed in the grave, indicated a belief that some day the soul and breath would return to the body and life be renewed. But the Egyptians went beyond a mere abstract belief, and gave to it a concrete form in the development of an elaborate eschatological literature such as no other ancient nation, not even the sister civilization of Chaldea, had produced. This literature, of which the British Museum possesses a most magnificent collection, is known to scholars as the "Book of the Dead," the Egyptian title being "Per em Hru" (Coming Forth by Day).

The British Museum possesses certainly the finest European collection of papyri, and during the last few years its officials have been most energetic in publishing reproductions of the best specimens in the collection. These publications have been chiefly edited by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, the keeper of the department, whose book-producing power seems unlimited. In 1890 they issued a facsimile of the beautiful papyrus of Ani, the best-known illuminated ritual. It is 78 feet long, and has over one hundred beautifully painted vignettes. The publication of the facsimile was followed a year after by a complete translation, with a valuable introduction on the nature and construction of the "Book of the Dead;" and now we have a new volume containing a selection of five papyri, varying in date from 1600 B.C to a century before the Christian

era. The publication is a most important one, and the translations and descriptive notices of the various papyri reflect great credit on the English school of Egyptology.

Commencing with the illuminated papyri, we have a small but beautiful example of the best period of the Theban school. The papyrus roll was 18 feet long, and was decorated with beautifully painted scenes rather larger in size than usual. The hieroglyphic text is in two handwritings, but is extremely carefully written, and not a single character is missing. We are fortunately able to fix the date with accuracy. Hunefer styles himself "Overseer of the Palace of the King, lord of two lands, Men, Maat-Ra, the pre-nomen of Seti, superintendent of the royal cattle of the lord of two lands, royal scribe, and governor of Western Thebes." In addition to these titles, which open the papyrus, we know that he was also "royal scribe of all the divine offerings of the King," which implies that he was a priest and member of the confraternity of Hmen-Ra. His wife, Nasha, was a *gemat*, or singer, in the temple of Amen, and is here represented holding a sistrum crowned with lotus flowers, and wearing the cone head-dress, a mark of the order. It is evident that Hunefer was an official of the highest rank in the service of Seti I., the father of Rameses II., and nearly contemporary with Moses—about 1370 B.C. The ritual of Hunefer, and those of Queen Netchemet and the Singer Anhai, here published, all belong to members of the Order of Amen, the greatest monastic order of ancient times. Rising from a small community of priests who served the chapel of Amen in Thebes, these priests, about 1800 B.C., raised themselves to the head of the Egyptian hierarchy, deposed the Theban local god Mentu, god of war, and proclaimed their patron under the title of Amen-Ra, king of the gods. The power of the order, with the "first prophet of Amen" at its head, was immense. The kings, the queens, and all the nobility and officials of Thebes were members of the order. The immense wealth which poured into Thebes from the wars in Asia and Nuhia found its way into the treasury of the god and was administered by the priests. The compilation of the Theban version of the Book of the Dead fell into the hands of the order, and they soon began to introduce their own god and his worship into a ritual in which he was formerly unknown. One great feature of these Theban priestly rituals is the beautiful introductory hymns to Ra and Osiris, and sometimes to the scribe-god Thoth. The ritual of Hunefer opens with a very beautiful hymn to Ra, and also one to Osiris. The almost monotheistic character of this hymn is very remarkable :

> "Homage to thee, O Amen-Ra. Thou dost rest on Maat (Truth), and who passeth over Heaven ; every face seeth thee. Thou art unknown, and no tongue is worthy to declare what thou art ; only thou thyself art able.
>
> "Men praise thee by thy name Ra, and swear by thee, for thou art lord over them.
>
> "Thou hearest with thine ears, thou seest with thine eyes.
>
> "Millions of years have gone over the world ; I cannot tell the number of those through which thou hast passed.
>
> "Thou steerest thy way across the watery abyss to a place which thou lovest ; this thou doest in one little moment of time, and then thou dost sink down and make an end of the hours."

Here we see, then, that Amen had found his way into the Theban ritual, and that

compositions of great beauty, but foreign to the older forms, were being incorporated in it. With the rise of the order to such positions of power, that in 1100 B.C. the "first prophet of Amen," named Her Hreu, son of Amen, seized the throne and proclaimed himself King of Egypt and founder of the XXIst Dynasty, still further changes were made in the ritual.

To this period belong the hieratic papyri of the "Royal Mother Netchemet and the temple singer Anhai." They are both short papyri, measuring respectively 13 and 14 feet long, and considerable carelessness is shown in the compilation of the text. The vignettes are most curious, being taken, not from the Book of the Dead, but from a curious ritual, entitled "The Book of Knowing What is Done in the Under World." The scene represents the Passage of the Sun Through the Tunnels of the Under World, and also a most curious vignette representing the gods of the Under World, each in a curious cartouche painted to represent sand. The "Gods of the Sand" was the name given by the Egyptians to the Typhonic gods, the followers of Seti. There is a curious procession of the wicked represented as headless. There are several chapters in the ritual specially powerful to prevent the deceased from being beheaded. In the papyrus of Anhai there is a curious scene representing the creation of the world. A similar scene occurs on the sarcophagus of Seti I. in the Sloan Museum. This is apparently taken from a work dedicated to Thoth, as Lord of Hermopolis.

The last of the illustrated papyri is a very curious and interesting work, written in a very late form of Nicratic, and dating about 100 B.C. In the Sub-Roman times in Egypt, the Book of the Dead had become so corrupt and so obscure that very few could understand it, and in place of it a shorter form of service was compiled. There were several such works, such as the Festive Songs of Isis and Naphtys, besides many others. Such a work is here published, called the Sait-en-Sensen, or Book of Breathings. This work was a service to be recited by the Kherheb, or reader, over the body of the deceased, and was written for a man named Kerasher, son of Tashenatit. Like most esoteric works, it was attributed to the scribe-god Thoth, as we read :

> "Thoth, the most mighty god, the lord of Khemennu (Hermopolis), commits to thee, and he writeth for thee in the Book of Breathings with his own fingers ; then thy soul shall breathe for ever and ever, and thy form is made anew upon earth."

There is a short reference to the judgment in the Hall of Truth ; and seven clauses of the Expiatory Litany, known as the Negative Confession, are quoted, but only very general moral maxims :

> "He hath not committed sin, or done deeds of violence, or robbed the dead, or stirred up revolt. The deceased was justified by his works. He has given food to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked."

The most remarkable feature of the book is the teaching of the doctrine of the resurrection of the corruptible body :

> "Thy soul shall live, and thy material body shall burst forth by the word of Ra—thou shalt be like unto Ra for ever and ever. Let his soul live upon earth for ever and ever."

If this was the doctrine in Egypt a century before the Christian era, it is not wonderful that the preaching of St. Mark (in 65 A.D.) was so readily accepted. Space will not permit us to deal with the valuable text of the papyrus of Nu, which Dr. Budge prints in full. And we can only say that the work confers great credit on the author and the Museum authorities, who thereby show that publications of this kind are not confined to the Continent.—*London Daily News.*