

THE CHRISTIAN.*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the only son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. The two noblemen are estranged through jealousy, both having loved John's mother. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church.

Near Lord Storm's place in the Isle of Man is the house of Parson Quayle, whose only son marries a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an actress. Both the young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather. At twenty Glory determines to earn her own living, and when young Storm, whom she has known since she was a baby, goes to London to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she accompanies him and obtains a position as hospital nurse. In London Glory forms associations which cause Storm much uneasiness. Polly Love, an associate of hers at the hospital, comes to grief through Lord Robert Ure, whose friend Drake proves to have been Glory's playmate years ago. The directors dismiss Polly, but ignore Lord Robert's complicity, in spite of John Storm's emphatic protest. The utter worldliness of Canon Wealthy, the vicar of All Saints', is a severe shock to the earnest young curate. Disillusioned and sorely distressed at his apparent inability to accomplish any good in such an environment, he resigns and enters a conventual institution known as the Society of the Gethsemane. But even here he fails to find the spiritual refuge he seeks. A lay brother, Brother Paul, is tormented by fears as to the fate of his sister, Polly Love. When these are confirmed by an incautious admission of John Storm, he goes to the father superior and begs to be allowed to make an effort to reclaim the erring girl. His petition is refused. John Storm, who has been made guardian of the gate, cannot endure the sight of Brother Paul's suffering, and in defiance of the monastic rule he lets Brother Paul out at night, telling him to go to the hospital and inquire for Glory, who will direct him to his sister.

But meanwhile, on learning of John Storm's determination to enter the monastery, Glory breaks the hospital rules in a fruitless attempt to see him, and is dismissed in consequence. She bravely resolves to win a place for herself yet, and seeks the assistance of Drake. The latter misinterprets her motives, however, and she flees from him in grief and shame. She tries to obtain an engagement to sing or recite, but her attempts to gain a footing on the stage end in nothing but humiliation. Glory is finally persuaded by Agatha Jones, a young woman with whom she has become acquainted, to try the cheap foreign clubs, where entertainments are given. Here her efforts meet with frantic applause, but the shame and humiliation of it all overcome her, and when an encore is demanded she breaks down. Fortunately Carl Koenig, a composer and the organist at All Saints', who has heard Glory's voice at the hospital and has been looking for her, chances to be in the house, and he takes the girl under his protection. Glory is installed at his own home in care of his wife, and the musician not only secures an engagement for her to sing at All Saints', but also arranges to bring her out at the fashionable houses as a social entertainer.

In the morning after Brother Paul's departure from the monastery, he is still missing, and John confesses all to the father superior, who tells him Paul's tragic life story. John Storm learns with horror that another sister of the missing lay brother had been wronged and that Paul had slain her betrayer. To show his unshaken faith in John Storm, in spite of his recent lapse, the father reappoints him guardian of the gate. Early the following morning Paul returns to the monastery. He has failed to find either his sister or Glory Quayle, but brings John the tidings of the latter's dismissal from the hospital. Maddened by preying doubts and fears, John, at his own urgent request, is confined in his cell under the rule of silence and solitude. His cell adjoins that of

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Brother Paul, who is dying of consumption, and after several weeks of this solitary confinement, he yields to the temptation and exchanges signals with Paul by knocking on the adjoining partition. With but this pitiful apology for companionship the time passes, until finally, one night, Paul, who under the monastic rule is left in strict seclusion, is seized with delirium, in which he reenacts the awful scene of his crime. Compelled to listen, John is overwhelmed with pity, and regardless of the rules goes to the unfortunate man and soothes him.

XXXIX (*Continued*).

NEXT day, when Brother Andrew came to John's cell with the food, he began to sing as if to himself while he bustled about the room.

"Brother Paul is sinking—he is sinking rapidly—Father Jerrold has confessed him—he has taken the sacrament—and is very patient."

This, as if it had been a Gregorian chant, the great fellow had hit upon as a means of communicating with John, without, as he supposed, breaking rule and committing sin.

John did not lock his door on the following night. On going to bed he listened for the noises he had heard before, half fearing and yet half wishing that he might hear them again. But he heard nothing; and towards midnight he fell asleep. Then something made him shudder, and he awoke with the sensation of moonlight on his face. The moon was indeed shining, and its sepulchral light was on a figure that stood by the foot of the bed. It was Paul, with a livid face, murmuring his name in a voice almost as faint as a breath.

John leapt up and put his arms about him.

"You are ill, brother—very ill."

"I am dying."

"Help! Help!" cried John, and he made for the door.

"Hush, brother, hush!"

"Oh, I don't care for rule. Rule is nothing in a case like this. It was monstrous to leave you alone. Help!"

"I implore you, I conjure you," said Paul in a voice strangled by weakness. "Let them leave us alone a little longer. I have something to say to you, something to confess. I have to ask your pardon."

In two strides John had reached the door, but he came back without opening it.

"Why, my poor lad, what have you done to me?"

"When you let me out of the house to go in search of my sister——"

"That was long ago—we'll not talk of it now, brother."

"But I cannot die in peace without telling you. You remember that I had something to say to her?"

"Yes."

"It was a threat. I was going to tell her that unless she gave up her way of life, I should find the man who had been the cause of it and follow him up and kill him."

"It was only a temptation of the devil, brother, and it is passed, and now——"

"Don't you see what I was going to do? I was going to bring trouble and disgrace upon you also as my comrade and accomplice. That's what a man comes to when Satan——"

"But God willed it otherwise, brother—let us say no more about it."

"You forgive me, then?"

"Forgive? It is I who ought to ask for your forgiveness, and perhaps if I told you everything——"

"There is something else. Listen! The Almighty is calling me. I have no time to lose."

"But you are so cold, brother. Lie on the bed and I'll cover you with the bed clothes. Oh, never fear—they shan't separate us again. If the father were at home—but no matter. There, there!"

"You will despise and hate me—you who are so holy and brave hearted, and have given up everything, and conquered the world, and even triumphed over love itself."

"Don't say that, brother."

"It's true, isn't it? Everybody knows what a holy life you live."

"Hush!"

"But I have never lived the religious life at all, and I only came to it as a refuge from the law and the gallows, and if the father hadn't——"

"Another time, brother."

"Yes, the story I told the police was true, and I had really——"

"Hush, brother, hush! I won't hear you. What you are saying is for God's ear only, and whatever you have done God will judge your soul in mercy. We have only to ask Him——"

"Quick, then; the last sands are running out," and he strove to rise and kneel.

"Lie still, brother; God will accept the humiliation of your soul."

"No, no, let me up; let me kneel beside you. The prayer for the dying—say it with me, Brother Storm; let us say it together. 'O Lord, save——'"

"O Lord, save Thy servant."

"Which putteth his trust in Thee."

"Send him help from Thy holy place."

"And—evermore—mightily defend him."

"Let the enemy have no advantage over him."

"Nor the—wicked——"

"Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower."

"From the——"

"O Lord, hear our prayers."

"And——"

"Paul! Paul! Speak to me! Speak! Don't leave me. We shall console and support each other. You shall come to me, I shall go to you. No matter about the religious life. One word! My lad, my lad!"

But Brother Paul had gone. The captured eagle with the broken wing had slipped its chain at last.

In the terrible peace which followed, the air of the room seemed to become empty and void. John Storm felt chill and dizzy, and a great awe fell upon him. The courage which he had built up in sight of Brother Paul's sufferings ebbed rapidly away, and his old fear of rule flowed back. He must carry the lay brother to his cell; he must be ignorant of his death; he must conceal and cover up everything. The moon had gone by this time, for it was near to morning, and the shadows of night were contending with the leaden hues of dawn.

He opened the door and listened. The house was still quite silent. He walked on tiptoe to the end of the corridor, pausing at every cell. There was no sound anywhere, except the sonorous breathing

of some heavy sleeper and the ticking of the clock in the hall.

Then he returned to the chamber of death, and, lifting the dead in his arms, carried it back to the room which it had left as a living man. The body was light and he scarcely felt its weight, for the limbs under the cassock had dried up like withered twigs. He stretched them out on the bed that they might be fit for death's composing hand, and then closed the eyes and laid the hands together on the breast, and took the heavy cross that hung about the neck and put it as well as he could into the nerveless fingers. By this time the daylight had overcome the shadows of the fore dawn, and the ruddy glow of morning was gliding into the room. Traffic was beginning to stir in the sleeping city, and a cart was rattling down the street.

One glance more he gave at the dead brother's face, and going down on his knees beside it he said a prayer and crossed himself. Then he rose and left it, stole back to his room, and shut the door without a sound.

There was a boundless relief when this was done, and partly from relief and partly from exhaustion he fell asleep. He slept for a few minutes only, but sleep knows no time, and a moment in its garden of forgetfulness will wipe out the bitterness of a life. When he awoke he stretched out his hand as he was accustomed to do and rapped three times on the wall. But the tide of consciousness returned to him even as he did so, and in the dead silence that followed his very heart grew cold.

Then the father minister began to awaken the household. His deep call and the muffled answer which followed it rose higher and higher and came nearer and nearer, and every step as he approached seemed to beat upon John Storm's brain. He had reached the topmost story—he was coming down the corridor—he was standing before the door of the dead man's cell.

"*Benedicamus Domino*," he called, but no answer came back to him. He called again, and there was a short and terrible silence.

John Storm held his breath and listened. By the faint click of the lock he knew

that the door had been opened and that the father minister had entered the room. There was a muttered exclamation and then another short silence, and after that there came the click of the lock again. The door had been closed and the father minister had resumed his rounds. When he called at the door of John Storm's cell not a tone of his voice would have told that anything unusual had taken place.

The bell rang and the brothers trooped down the stairs. Presently the low, droning sound of their voices came up from the chapel where they were saying lauds. But the service had scarcely ended when the father minister's step was on the stair again. This time another was with him. It was the doctor. They entered the brother's room and closed the door behind them. From the other side of the wall John Storm followed every movement and every word.

"So he has gone at last, poor soul."

"Is he long dead, doctor?"

"Some hours, certainly. Was there nobody with him, then?"

"He didn't wish for anybody. And then you told us that nothing could be done. We thought prayer was the only way we could help him at last."

"Still, a dying man, you know— But how strangely composed he looks! And then the cross on his breast as well!"

"He was very devout and penitent. He made his last devotion yesterday with an intensity of joy such as I have rarely witnessed."

"His eyes closed, too! You are sure there was nobody with him?"

"Nobody whatever."

There was a moment's silence, and then the doctor said, "Well, he has shipped his anchor at last, poor soul."

"Yes, he has launched on the ocean of the love of God. May we all be as ready when our call comes!"

They came back to the corridor, and John heard their footsteps going down stairs. Then for some minutes there were unusual noises below. Rapid steps were coming and going, and the hall bell was ringing and the front door was opening and shutting.

An hour later Brother Andrew came with the breakfast. He was obviously excited, and, putting down the tray, he

began to busy himself in the room and to sing as before his pretense of a Gregorian chant:

"Brother Paul is dead—he died in the night—there was nobody with him—we are sorry he has left us, but glad he is at peace—God rest the soul of our poor Brother Paul."

It was Easter Day. At midday service in the church the brothers sang the Easter hymn, and a mighty longing took hold of John Storm for his own resurrection from his living grave.

Next day there was much coming and going between the world outside and the adjoining cell, and late at night there were heavy and shambling footsteps, and even some coarse and ribald talk.

"Bear a 'and, mate."

"Well, they won't have their backs broke as carry this one down stairs. He ain't a Danny Lambert, any way."

"No, they don't feed ye on Bovril in places syne as this. I'll lay ye odds yer own looking glass wouldn't know ye arter three months hard on religion and dry tommy."

"It pawses me 'ow people tyke to it. Gimme my pint of four half and my own childring to foller me."

Early on the following morning a stroke rang out on the bell, then another stroke, and again another. "It is the knell," thought John.

A group of the lay brothers came up and passed into the room. "Now," said one, as if giving a signal, and then they passed out again with the measured steps of men who bear a burden. "They are taking him away," he thought.

He listened to their retreating footsteps. "He has gone," he murmured.

The passing bell continued to ring out minute by minute, and presently there was the sound of singing. "It is the service for the dead," he told himself.

After a while both the bell and the singing ceased, and then there was no sound anywhere except the dull rumble of the traffic in the city outside—the deep murmur of the mighty sea that flows on for ever.

"What am I doing?" he asked himself. "What bolts and bars are keeping me? I am guilty of a folly. I am degrading myself."

At midday Brother Andrew came with his food. "Brother Paul is buried," he sang; "the coffin was beautiful—it was covered with flowers—we buried him in his cassock, with his beads and psalter—we left the cross on his breast—he loved it and died with it in his hands—the father has come home—he said mass this morning."

John Storm could bear no more. He pushed the lay brother aside and made straight for the superior's room.

The father was sitting before the fire, looking sad and low and weary. He rose to his feet with a painful smile, as John broke into his cell with blazing eyes, and cried in a choking voice—

"Father, I cannot live the religious life any longer. I have tried to—with all my soul and strength I've tried to, but I cannot, I cannot. This life of prayer and penance and meditation is stifling me, and corrupting me, and crushing the life out of me, and I cannot bear it. Forgive me, father. I am your son, and I shall love you and honor you and revere you always; but I must break my obedience and leave you, or I shall be a hypocrite and a liar and a cheat."

XI.

THE dinner party at the home secretary's took place on the Wednesday of Easter week. It had rained during the day, but cleared up towards night. Glory and Koenig had taken an omnibus to Waterloo Place, and then walked up the wide street that ends with the wide steps going down to the park. Two lines of lofty stone houses go off to right and left, and the house they were going to was in one of them.

There was red baize on the street and an awning from the curb to the door. They passed up to the hall. A footman received them with somber but easy familiarity. The artistes? Yes. They were shown into the library, and light refreshments were brought in to them on a tray. Three other members of the choral company were there already. Glory was seeing it all for the first time, and Koenig was describing and explaining everything in broken whispers.

A band was playing in the well of the circular staircase, and a second footman

stood in an alcove, behind an outwork of hats and overcoats, ticketing them with numbers. The first footman reappeared. Were the artistes ready to go to the drawing room?

They followed him up stairs.

The band had stopped, and there were the distant hum of voices and crackle of plates. Waiters were coming and going from the dining room, and the butler stood at the door giving instructions. At one moment there was a glimpse within of ladies in gorgeous dresses, and a table laden with silver and bright with fairy lamps. When the door opened the voices grew louder, when it closed the sounds were deadened.

The upper landing opened on to a salon which had three windows down to the ground, and half of each stood open. Outside there was a wide terrace lit up by Chinese and Moorish lanterns. Beyond was the dark patch of the park, and farther still the towers of the Abbey and the clock of Westminster, but the great light was not burning tonight.

"De House naivaire sits after six o'clock on Wednesdays," added Koenig, who was giving Glory these details.

They passed into the drawing room, which was empty. The standing lamps were subdued by coverings of yellow silk lace. There was a piano and an organ.

"Ve'll stay here," said Koenig, opening the organ, and Glory stood by his side.

Presently there were ripples of laughter, sounds of quick, indistinguishable voices, waves of heliotrope and the rustle of silk dresses on the stairs. Then the ladies entered. Two or three of them who were elderly leaned their right hands on the arms of younger women, and walked with ebony sticks in their left. An old lady wearing black satin and a large brooch came last. Koenig rose and bowed to her. Glory prepared to bow also, but the lady gave her a side inclination of the head as she sat in a well cushioned chair under a lamp, and Glory's bow was abridged.

The ladies sat and talked, and Glory tried to listen. There were little nothings, punctuated by trills of feminine laughter. She thought it rather silly. More than once the ladies lifted their lorgnettes and

looked at her. She set her lips hard and looked back without flinching.

A footman brought tea on a tray, and then there was the tinkle of cup and saucer, and more laughter. The lady in satin looked round at Koenig, and he began to play the organ. He played a solo superbly, but nobody seemed to listen. When he finished there was a pause, and everybody said, "Oh, thank you; we're all—er—" and then the talk began again. The vocal soloist sang some ballad of Chopin or Schumann, and as long as it lasted an old lady with an ear trumpet sat at the foot of the piano, and a young girl spoke into it. When it was over, everybody said, "Ah, that dear old thing!" Then there was an outbreak of deeper voices from the stairs, with lustier laughter and heavier steps.

The gentlemen appeared, talking loudly as they entered. Koenig was back at the organ and playing it as if he wished it were the 'cello and the drum and the whole brass band. Glory was watching everything; it was beginning to be very funny. Suddenly it ceased to be so. One of the gentlemen was saying in a tired drawl, "Old Koenig again! How the old boy lasts! Seem to have been hearing him since the Flood, don't you know."

It was Lord Robert Ure. Glory caught one glimpse of him, then looked down at her slipper and pawed at the carpet. He put his glass in his eye, screwed up the left side of his face, and looked at her.

An elderly man with a leonine head came up to the organ and said, "Got anything comic, Mr. Koenig? All had had the influenza last winter, you know, and lost our taste for the classical."

"Vith pleasure, my lord," said Koenig, and then turning to Glory, he touched her wrist. "How's de pulse? *Ach Gott!* beating same like a child's. Now is your turn."

Glory made a step forward, and the talk grew louder as she was observed. She heard fragments of it.

"Who is she?"

"Is she a professional?"

"Oh, no—a lady."

"Sing, does she, or is it a whistle?"

"No, she's a professional; we had her last year; she does conjuring."

And then the voice she had heard before

said, "By Jove, old fellow, your young friend looks like a red standard rose!"

She did not flinch. There was a nervous tremor of the lip, a scarcely perceptible curl of it, and then she began.

It was "Mylecharaine," a Manx ballad in the Anglo Manx, about a farmer who was a miser. His daughter was ashamed of him because he dressed shabbily and wore yellow stockings; but he answered that if he didn't the stockings wouldn't be yellow that would be forthcoming for her dowry.

She sang, recited, talked, acted, lived the old man, and there was not a sound until she finished except laughter and the clapping of hands. Then there was a general taking of breath and a renewed outbreak of gossip.

"Really, really! How—er—natural?"

"Natural—that's it, natural. I never—er—"

"Rather good, certainly; in fact, quite amusing."

"What dialect is it?"

"Irish, of course."

"Of course, of course," with many nods and looks of knowledge and a buzz and a flutter of understanding.

"Hope she'll do something else."

"Hush! she's beginning."

It was "Ny Kiree fo Niaghtey," a rugged old wail of how the sheep were lost on the mountains in a great snow-storm; but it was full of ineffable melancholy. The ladies dropped their lorgnettes, the men's glasses fell from their eyes and their faces straightened, the noisy old soul with the ear trumpet sitting under Glory's arm was snuffling audibly, and at the next moment there was a chorus of admiring remarks.

"'Pon my word, this is something new, don't you know!"

"Fine girl, too!"

"Fine! Irish girls often run to it."

"That old miser—you could see him!"

"What's her next piece?—something funny, I hope."

Koenig's pride was measureless, and Glory did not get off lightly. He cleared the floor for her, and announced that with the indulgence, etc., of my lord and lady, etc., the young artiste would give an imitation of common girls singing in the street.

The company laughed until they screamed, and when the song was finished Glory was being overwhelmed with congratulations and inquiries.

"Charming! All your pieces are charming! But really, my dear young lady, you must be more careful about our feelings. Those sheep now—it was really quite too sad."

The old lady with the ear trumpet asked Glory whether she could go on for the whole of the afternoon, and if she felt much fatigued sometimes, and didn't often catch cold.

But the lady in satin came to her relief at last. "You will need some refreshment," she said. "Let me see now if I cannot—" and she lifted her glass and looked round the room. At the next moment a voice that made a shudder pass over her said:

"Perhaps *I* may have the pleasure of taking Miss Quayle down."

It was Drake. His eyes were as blue and boyish as before, but Glory observed at once that he had grown a mustache, and that his face and figure were firmer and more manlike. A few minutes afterwards they had passed through one of the windows on the terrace and were walking to and fro.

It was cool and quiet out there after the heat and hubbub of the drawing room. The night was soft and still. Hardly a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees in the park below. The rain had left a dewy moistness in the air, and a fragrant mist was lying over the grass. The stars were out, and the moon had just risen behind the towers of Westminster.

Glory was flushed with her success. Her eyes sparkled and her step was light and free. Drake touched her hand as it lay on his arm and said:

"And now that I've got you to myself I must begin by scolding you."

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Have I displeased you so much to-night?" she said.

"It's not that. Where have you been all this time?"

"Ah, if you only knew!" She had stopped and was looking into the darkness.

"I *want* to know. Why didn't you answer my letter?"

"Your letter?" She was clutching at the lilies of the valley in her bosom.

He tapped her hand lightly and said, "Well, we'll not quarrel this time, only don't do it again, you know, or else—"

She recovered herself and laughed. Her voice had a silvery ring, and he thought it was an enchanting smile that played upon her face. They resumed their walk.

"And now about tonight. You have had a success, of course."

"Why of course?"

"Because I always knew you must have."

She was proud and happy. He began to be grave and severe.

"But the drawing room after dinner is no proper scene for your talents. The audience is not in the right place or the right mood. Guests and auditors—their duties clash. Besides, to tell you the truth, art is a dark continent to people like these."

"They were kind to me, at all events," said Glory.

"Tonight, yes. The last new man—the last new monkey—"

She was laughing again and swinging along on his arm as if her feet hardly touched the ground.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing—I am only thinking how polite you are," and then they looked at each other again and laughed together.

The mild radiance of the stars was dying into the brighter light of the moon. A bird somewhere in the dark trees below had mistaken the moonlight for the dawn, and was making its early call. The clock at Westminster was striking ten, and there was the deep rumble of traffic from the unseen streets round about.

"How beautiful!" said Glory. "It's hard to believe that this can be the same London that is so full of casinos and clubs and—monasteries."

"Why, what does a girl like you know about such places?"

She had dropped his arm and was looking over the balcony. The sound of voices came from the red windows behind them. Then the soloist began to sing

again. His second ballad was the "Erl King":

Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled!

"Any news of John Storm?" said Drake.

"Not that I know of."

"I wonder if you would like him to come out again—now."

"I wonder!"

At that moment there was a step behind them, and a soft voice said, "I want you to introduce me, Mr. Drake."

It was a lady of eight or nine and twenty, wearing short hair brushed upwards and backwards in the manner of a man.

"Ah, Rosa—Miss Rosa Macquarrie," said Drake. "Rosa is a journalist, and a great friend of mine, Glory. If you want fame, she keeps some of the keys of it, and if you want friendship—but I'll leave you together."

"My dear," said the lady, "I want you to let me know you."

"But I've seen you before—and spoken to you," said Glory.

"Why, where?"

Glory was laughing awkwardly. "Never mind now. Some other time, perhaps."

"The people inside are raving about your voice. 'Where does it come from?' they are saying—'from a palace or Ratcliff Highway?' But I think I know. It comes from your heart, my dear. You have lived and loved and suffered—and so have I. Here we are in our smart frocks, dear, but we belong to another world altogether and are the only working women in the company. Perhaps I can help you a little, and you have helped me already. I may know you, may I not?"

There was a deep light in Glory's eyes and a momentary quiver of her eyelids. Then without a word she put her arms about Rosa's neck and kissed her.

"I was sure of you," said Rosa. "Her voice was low and husky. 'Your name is Glory, isn't it? It wasn't for nothing you were given that name. God gave it you!'"

The party was breaking up and Koenig came for "his star." "I vill give you an engagement for one, two, tree year, upon my vord I vill," he said as they

went down stairs. While the butler took him back to the library to sign his receipt and receive his check Glory stood waiting by the billiard table in the hall, and Drake and Lord Robert stepped up to her.

"Until when?" said Drake, with a smile, but Glory pretended not to understand him. "I dare say you thought me cynical tonight, Glory. I only meant that if you are to follow this profession I want you to make the best of it. Why not look for a wider scene? Why not go directly to the public?"

"But de lady is engaged to me for tree year," said Koenig, coming up.

Drake looked at Glory, who shook her head, and then Koenig made an effort at explanation. It was an understood thing. He had taught her, taken her into his house, found her in a Sunday—

But Drake interrupted him. If they could help Miss Quayle to a better market for her genius, Mr. Koenig need be no loser by the change. Then Koenig was pacified, and Drake handed Glory down to a cab.

"We're good friends again, aren't we?" he said, touching her hand lightly.

"Yes," she answered.

There was a letter from Aunt Rachel waiting for her at the Priory. Anna didn't like these frequent changes, and she had no faith in music or musicians either, but the parson thought Anna too censorious, and as for Mr. Koenig's Sunday evening companies, he had no doubt they were of Germans chiefly, and that they came to talk of Martin Luther, and to sing his hymn. Sorry to say his infirmities were increasing; the burden of his years was upon him and he was looking feeble and old.

Glory slept little that night. On going to her room she threw up the window and sat in front of it, that the soft night breeze might play on her hot lips and cheeks. The moon was high and the garden was slumbering under its gentle light. Everything around was hushed, and there was no sound anywhere except the far off rumble of the great city as of the wind in distant trees. She was thinking of a question which Drake had put to her.

"I wonder if I should?" she murmured.

And through the silence there was the unheard melody of the German song:

Oh, come and go with me, thou loveliest child;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled!

XLII.

The Priory—May Day.

DEAR AUNTIE RACHEL—The great evening is over! Such dresses, such diamonds—you never saw the like! The smart folks are just like other human beings, and I was not the tiniest bit afraid of them. My own part of the program went off pretty well, I think. Mr. Koenig had arranged the harmonies, accompaniments, and symphonies of some of our old Manx songs, so I sang "Mylecharaine," and they listened and clapped, and then "Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey," and they cried (and so did I), and then I imitated some work girls singing in the streets, and they laughed and laughed until I laughed too, and then they laughed because I was laughing, and we all laughed together. It was over and done before I knew where I was, and everybody was covering me with—well, no, not kisses, as grandfather used to do, but the society equivalent—ices and jellies, which the gentlemen were rushing about wildly to get for me.

But all this is as nothing compared to what is to happen next. I mustn't whisper a word about it yet, so false face must hide what the false heart doth know. You'll *have* to forgive me if I succeed, for nothing is wicked in this world except failure, you know, and a little sin must be a great virtue if it has grown to be big enough, you see! There! How sagacious of me! You didn't know what a philosopher you had in the family, did you, my dears?

It is to be on the 24th of May. That will be the queen's birthday over again; and when I think of all that has happened since the last one I feel as romantic as a schoolgirl and as sentimental as a nursery maid. Naturally I am in a fearful flurry over the whole affair, and, to tell the truth, I have hied me to the weird sisters on the subject; that is to say, I have been to a fortune teller and spent a "goolden" half sovereign on the creature at one fell swoop. But she predicts wonderful things for me, so I am satisfied. The newspapers are to blaze with my name, I am to have a dazzling success and become the idol of the hour, all of which is delightful and entrancing, and quite reasonable at the money. Grandfather will reprove me for tempting Providence, and of course John Storm, if he knew it, would say that I shouldn't do such things under any circumstances; yet to tell me I oughtn't to do this and I oughtn't to do that is like saying I oughtn't to have red hair and I oughtn't to catch the measles. I can't help it! I can't help it! so what's the good of breaking one's heart about it?

You must know, dear Aunt Rachel, that I met Mr. Drake at the house of the home secretary, and he introduced me to a Miss Rosa Macquarrie,

who is no longer very young or beautiful, but a dear for all that! And she, being a journalist, has bruited my praises abroad, with the result that all the world is ringing with my virtues. Listen, all men and women, while I sound mine own glory out of a column as long as the Duke of York's:

"She is young and tall, and has auburn hair" (always thought it was red myself) "and large gray eyes, one of which seems at a distance to be brown" (it squints) "giving an effect of humor and coquetry and power rarely, if ever, seen in any other face. Her voice has startling varieties of tone, being at one moment soft, cooing, and liquid, and at another wild, weird, and plaintive, and her face, which is not strictly beautiful" (oh!) "but striking and unforgettable, has an extraordinary range of expression. She sings, recites, speaks, laughs, and cries (literally), and some of her selections are given in a sort of Irish *patois*" (oh, my beloved Manx!) "that comes from her girlish lips with charming vivacity and drollness." All of which, though it is quite right, and no more than my due, *of course*, made me sob so long and loud that my good little hippopotamus came up stairs to comfort me, but, finding me lying on the floor, he threw up his hands and cried, "*Ach Gott!* I taught it was a young lady, but whatever is it?"

Yet wae's me! Sometimes I think how many poor girls there must be who have never had a chance, while I have had so many and such glorious ones; who cannot get anybody to listen to them, while I am so pampered and praised; who live in narrow alleys and serve in little dark shops where men and men things talk to them as they can't talk to their sisters and wives, while I am held aloft in an atmosphere of admiration and respect; who earn their bread in clubs and casinos, where they breathe the airs of the hotbeds of hell, while I am surrounded by everything that ennobles and refines! O God, forgive me if I am a vain presumptuous creature, laughing at everything and everybody, and sometimes forgetting that many a poor girl who is being tossed about in London is just as good a girl as I am, and as clever and as brave!

But hoot! "I likes to be jolly and I allus is." So Aunt Anna doesn't like this Wandering Jew existence? Well, do you know I always thought I should love a gipsy life? It has a sense of movement that must be delightful, and then I love going fast. Do you remember the days when Cæsar used to take the bit in his teeth and bolt with me? Lo, there was little me, cross legged on his bare back, with nothing to trust to but Providence and a pair of rope reins; but, oh my! I couldn't breathe for excitement and delight! Dear old maddest of created Cæsars, I feel as if I were whacking at him yet! What do you think of me? But we "that be females are the same craythurs alwis," as old Chalse used to say, and what a woman is in the cradle she continues to be to the end. There again! I wonder who told you that, young lady!

But to tell you the truth at last, dear Aunt Rachel, there is something I have kept back

until now, because I couldn't bear the thought of any of you being anxious on my account, especially grandfather, who thinks of Glory so much too often as things are. Can't you guess what it is? I couldn't help taking up my life of Wandering Jew, because I was *dismissed* from the hospital! Didn't you understand that, my dears? I thought I was telling you over and over again. Yes, dismissed as unfit to be a nurse, and so I was, according to the order of the institution first, and human love and pity last. But all's well that ends well, you know, and now that my wanderings seem to be over and I am in my right place at length, I feel like one who is coming out of a long imprisonment, a great peril, a darkness deeper even than John Storm's cell. And if I ever become a famous woman, and good men will listen to me, I will tell them to be tender and merciful to poor girls who are trying to live in London and to be good and strong, and that the true chivalry is to band themselves together against the men who are selfish and cruel and impure. Oh, this great, glorious, devilish, divine London! It must stand to the human world as the seething, boiling, bubbling waters of Niagara do to the world of Nature. Either a girl floats over its rapids like a boat, and in that case she draws her breath and thanks God, or she is tossed into its whirlpool like a dead body and goes round and round until she finds the vortex and is swallowed up!

There! I have blown off my steam, and now to business. Mr. Drake is to give a luncheon party in his rooms on the 24th, in honor of my experiment, but the great event itself will not come off until nearly half past nine that night. By that time the sun will have set over the back of the sea at Peel, the blackbird will have given you his last "guy smook," and all the world will be dropping asleep. Now, if you'll only remember to say just then, "God bless Glory!" I'll feel strong and big and brave.

Your poor, silly, sentimental girlie,

GLORY.

XLII.

SOME weeks had passed, and it was the morning of the last day of John Storm's residence at Bishopsgate Street. After calling the Brotherhood, the father had entered John's room and was resting on the end of the bed.

"You are quite determined to leave us?" he said.

John answered firmly but respectfully, "Quite determined, father."

"You are of the same mind as at Easter?"

"Precisely the same."

"Then this is the last time I am to call you?"

"Yes."

The father sighed deeply, and said in broken sentences, "Our house is passing

through terrible trials, my son. Perhaps we did wrong to come here. There is no cross in our foundations, and we have built on a worldly footing. 'Unless the Lord build the house——' It was good of you to delay at my request the execution of your purpose, but now that the time has come—— I had set my heart on you, my son. I am an old man now, and something of the affection of the natural father——"

John Storm had reached for the old man's hand. "Father, if you only knew——"

"Yes, yes; I know, I know. You have suffered, and it is not for me to reproach you. The novitiate has its great joys, but it has its great trials also. Self has to be got rid of, faith has to be exerted, obedience has to be learned, and, above all, the heart has to be detached from its idols in the world—a devoted mother, it may be; a dear sister; perhaps a dearer one still."

There was silence for a moment. John's head was down; he could not speak.

"It is not for me to probe the heart that does not reveal itself to its spiritual father. That you wish to return to the world only shows that you came before you heard the call of God. Some other voice seemed to speak to you, and you listened and thought it was God's voice. But God's voice will come to you yet, and you will hear it and answer it and not another. Have you anywhere to go to when you leave this house?"

"Yes, the home of a good woman. I have written to her—I think she will receive me."

"All that you brought with you will be returned, and if you want money——"

"No, I came to you as a beggar—let me leave you as a beggar too."

"There is one thing more, my son."

"What is it, father?"

The old man's voice was scarcely audible. "You are breaking obedience by leaving us before the end of your novitiate, and the community must separate itself from you as from one who has violated his vow and cast himself off from grace. This will have to be done before you cross our threshold. It is our duty to the brotherhood; it is also our duty to God. You understand that?"

"Yes."

"And will be prepared for it?"

"Yes."

"It will be in the church a few minutes before midday service."

"Yes."

The father rose to go. "Then that is all?"

"Yes, that is all."

The father's voice was breaking. "Good by, my son."

"Good by, father—and God bless you!"

A leather trunk which he had brought with him on the day he came to the brotherhood was returned to his room, containing the clothes he had worn in the outer world as well as his purse and watch and other belongings. He dressed himself in his habit as a secular priest and put the cassock of the society over it, for he knew that to remove that must be part of the ordeal of his expulsion. Then the bell rang for breakfast, and he went down to the refectory.

The brothers received him in silence, hardly looking up as he entered. Nevertheless, by their furtive glances he could plainly see that he was the only subject that occupied their thoughts. When the meal was over he tried to mingle among them that he might say farewell to as many as were willing that he should do so. Some gave him their hands with prompt good will, some avoided him, and some turned their backs upon him altogether.

But if his reception in the refectory was chilling, his welcome in the courtyard was warm enough. At the first sound of his footstep on the paved way the dog came from his quarters under the sycamore. One moment the creature stood and looked at him with its sad and blood-shot eyes, then with a bound it threw its fore paws on his breast, and then plunged and pitched around him and uttered deep bays that were like the roar of thunder.

He sat on the seat and caressed the dog, and his heart grew full and happy. The morning was bright with sunshine, the air was fragrant with the flowers of spring, and birds were singing and rejoicing in the tree.

Presently, Brother Andrew came and sat beside him. The lay brother, like a human dog, had been following him

about all morning, and now in his feeble way he began to talk of his mother, and to wonder if John would ever see her. Her name was Pincher, and she was a good woman. She lived in Crook Lane, Crown Street, Soho, and kept house for his brother, who was a pawnbroker. But his brother, poor fellow, was much given to drinking, and perhaps that had been a reason why he himself had left home. John promised to call on her, and then Brother Andrew began to cry. The sprawling features of the great fellow were almost laughable to look upon.

The bell rang for terce. While the brothers were at prayers John took his last look over the house. With the dog at his heels—the old thing seemed resolved to lose sight of him no more—he passed slowly through the hall and into the community room and up the stairs and down the top corridor. He looked again at every inscription on the walls, though he knew them all by heart and had read them a hundred times. When he came to his own cell he was touched by a strange tenderness. Place where he had thought so much, prayed so much, suffered so much—it was dear to him after all! He went up on the roof. How often he had been drawn there as by a devilish fascination! The great city looked innocent enough now under its mantle of sunlight, dotted over with green; but how dense, how difficult!

Then the bell rang for midday service, though it was not yet noon, and he went down to the hall. The brothers were there already, making ready to go into the church. The order of the procession was the same as on the day of his dedication, except that Brother Paul was no longer with them—Brother Andrew going first with the cross, then the lay brothers, then the religious, then the father, and John Storm last of all.

Though the courtyard was full of sunshine, the church looked dark and gloomy. Curtains were drawn across the windows, and the altar was draped as for a death. As soon as the brothers had taken their places in the choir the father stood on the altar steps and said,

"If any member of this community has one unfaithful thought of going back to the outer world I charge him to come to

this altar now. But woe to him through whom the offense cometh! Woe to him who turns back after taking up the golden plow!"

John was kneeling in his place in the second row of the choir. The eyes of the community were upon him. He hesitated a moment, then rose and stepped up to the altar.

"My son," said the father, "it is not yet too late. I see your fate as plainly as I see you now. Shall I tell you what it is? Can you bear to hear it? I see you going out into a world which has nothing to satisfy the cravings of your soul. I see you foredoomed to failure and suffering and despair. I see you coming back to us within a year with a broken and bleeding heart. I see you taking the vows of lifelong consecration. Can you face that future?"

"I must."

"There is no help for it," said the father, and taking a book from the altar he read the awful service of the degradation—

"By the authority of God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and by our own authority, we the members of the Society of the Holy Gethsemane do take away from thee the habit of our order and depose and degrade and deprive thee of all rights and privileges in the spiritual goods and prayers which, by the grace of God, are done among us."

"Amen! Amen!" said the brothers.

During the reading of the service John had been kneeling. The father motioned to him to rise, and proceeded to remove the cord with which he had bound him at his consecration. When this was done he signaled to Brother Andrew to take off the cassock.

The bell was tolled. The father dropped to his knees. The brothers, hoarse and husky, began to sing *In exitu Israel de Agypto*. Their heads were down, their voices seemed to come up out of the earth.

It was all over now. John Storm turned about, hardly able to see his way. Brother Andrew went before him to open the door of the sacristy. The lay brother was crying audibly.

The sun was still shining in the courtyard, and the birds were still singing and

rejoicing. The first thing of which John was conscious was that the dog was licking his rigid fingers.

A moment later he was in the little covered passage to the street and Brother Andrew was opening the iron gate.

"Good by, my lad."

He stretched out his hand, then remembered that he was an excommunicated man, and tried to draw it back, but the lay brother had snatched at it and lifted it to his lips.

The dog was following him into the street.

"Go back, old friend."

He patted the old creature on the head, and Brother Andrew laid hold of it by the neck. A hansom was waiting for him with his trunk on the top.

"Victoria Square, Westminster," he called. The cab was moving off when there was a growl and a lurch—the dog had broken away and was running after it.

How crowded the streets were! How deafening was the traffic! The church bell was ringing for midday service. What a thin tinkle it made out there, yet how deep was its boom within! Stock Exchange men with their leisurely activity were going in by their seven doorways to their great counting house in Capel Court.

He began to feel a boundless relief. How his heart was beating! With what a strange and deep emotion he found himself once more in the world! Driving in the dense and devious thoroughfares was like sailing on a cross sea outside a difficult headland. He could smell the brine and feel the flick of the foam on his lips and cheeks. It was liberty, it was life!

Feeling anxious about the dog, he drew up the cab for a moment. The faithful creature was running under the driver's seat. Before the cab could start again a line of sandwich men had passed in front of it. Their boards contained one word only. The word was "Gloria!"

He saw it, yet it barely arrested his consciousness. Somehow it seemed like an echo from the existence he had left behind.

The noises of life were as wine in his veins now. He was burning with impatience to overtake his arrears of knowledge, to see what the world had gone

through in his absence. Leaning over the door of the hansom, he read the names of the streets and the signs over the shops, and tried to identify the houses which had been rebuilt, and the thoroughfares which had been altered. But the past was the past, and the clock would turn back for no man. These men and women in the streets knew all that had happened. The poorest beggar on the pavement knew more than he did. Nearly a year of his life was gone—in prayers, in penance, in fasting, in visions, in dreams—dropped out, left behind and lost forever.

Going by the Bank, the cab drew up again to allow a line of omnibuses to pass into Cheapside. Every omnibus had its board for advertisements, and nearly every board contained the word he had seen before—"Gloria."

"Only the name of some music hall singer," he told himself. But the name had begun to trouble him. It had stirred the fibers of memory, and made him think of the past—of his yacht, of Peel, of his father, and finally of Glory—and again of Glory—and yet again of Glory.

He saw that flags were flying on the Mansion House and on the Bank, and pushing up the trap of the hansom, he asked if anything unusual was going on.

"Lawd, down't ye know what day it is terday, sir? It's the ole lydy's birthday. That's why all the wimming's going abart in their penny carriages. Been through a illness, sir?"

"Yes, something of that sort."

"Thort so, sir."

When the cab started afresh he began to tell himself what he was going to do in the future. He was going to work among the poor and the outcast, the oppressed and the fallen. He was going to search for them and find them in their haunts of sin and misery. Nothing was to be too mean for him. Nothing was to be common or unclean. No matter about his own honor! No matter if he was only one man in a million! The kingdom of heaven was like a grain of mustard seed.

When he came within sight of St. Paul's the golden cross on the dome was flashing like a fiery finger in the blaze of the mid-day sun. That was the true ensign! That

was the great example! It was a monstrous and wicked fallacy, a gloomy and narrow formula, that religion had to do with the affairs of the eternal world only. Work was religion! Work was prayer! Work was praise! Work was the love of man and the glory of God!

Glorious gospel! Great and deathless symbol!

XLIII.

BEHIND Buckingham Palace there is a little square of modest houses standing back from the tide of traffic, and nearly always as quiet as a cloister. At one angle of the square there is a house somewhat larger than the rest, but just as simple and unassuming. In the dining room of this house an elderly lady was sitting down to lunch alone, with the covers laid for another at the opposite side of the table.

"Hae ye the spare room ready, Emma?"

Yes, ma'am," said the maid.

"And the sheets done airing? And baith the pillows? And the pillow slips—and everything finished?"

The maid was answering "Yes" to each of those questions when a hansom cab came rattling up to the front of the house, and the old lady leapt out of her seat.

"It's himself," she cried, and she ran like a girl to the hall.

The door had been opened before she got there, and a deep voice was saying, "Is Mrs. Callender—"

"It's John! My gracious! It's John Storm!" the old woman cried, and she lifted both hands as if to fling herself into his arms. "My goodness, laddie, but you gave poor auld Jane sic a start! Expected ye? To be sure we expected you, and terribly thrang we've been all morning making ready. Only my daft auld brain must have been a wee ajee. But," smiling through her tears, "has a body never a cheek that you must be kissing at her hand? And this is your dog?" looking down at the bloodhound. "Welcome? Why, of course it's welcome. What was I saying the day, Emma? 'I'd like fine to have a dog,' didn't I? and here it is to our hand. Away with ye, James, man, and show Mr. Storm to his

room, and then find a bed for the creature somewhere. Letters for ye, laddie? Letters enough, and you'll find them on the table up stairs. Only, mind ye, the lunch is ready, and your fish is getting cold."

John Storm opened his letters in his room. One of them was from his uncle, the prime minister:

I rejoice to hear of your most sensible resolution. Come and dine with me at Downing Street this day week at seven o'clock. I have much to say and much to ask, and I expect to be quite alone.

Another of his letters was from his father:

I am not surprised at your intelligence, but if anything could exceed the folly of going into a monastery it is the imbecility of coming out of it. The former appears to be a subject of common talk in this island already, and no doubt the latter will soon be so.

John flinched as at a cut across the face and then smiled a smile of relief. Apparently Glory was writing home, wherever she was, and there was good news in that, at all events.

"Come your ways in, laddie, and let me look at ye again. Man, but your face is pale and your bonnie eyes are that sunken; but sit ye down and eat. They've been starving ye, I'm thinking, and miscalling it religion. It's enough to drive a reasonable body to drink. Carnal I am, laddie, but I just want to put some flesh on your bones. Monks indeed! And in this age of the world too! Little Jack Horners sitting in corners saying, 'Oh, what a good boy am I!'"

John defended his late brethren. They were holy men; they lived a holy life; he had not been good enough for their company.

"But I feel like a sailor home from sea," he said; "tell me what has happened."

"Births, marriages, and deaths? I suppose ye're like the lave of the men and think nothing else matters to a woman. But come now, more chicken? No? A wee bit? Ay, but ye're sair altered, lad-die! Weel, where can a body begin?"

"The canon—how is he?"

"Fine as fivepence. Good as ever in the pulpit? Yes, but it's a pity he doesn't bide there, for he's nothing to be windy of when he comes out of it. Dea-

con now, bless ye, or archdeacon, or some sec botherment, and his daughter is to be married to yon slip of a curate with the rabbit mouth and the heather legs. Weel, she wasna for all markets, you ken."

"And Mrs. Mackray?"

"Gone over to the angels. Dead? Nae, ye're too expecting altogether. She's got religion, though, and holds missionary meetings in her drawing room of a Monday, and gives lunches to actor folks of a Sunday, and now a poor woman that's been working for charity and Christianity all her days has no chance with her any way."

"And Miss Mackray?"

"Poor young leddy, they're for marry-ing her at last! Yes, to that Ure man, that lord thing with the eyeglass. I much misdoubt but her heart's been somewhere else, and there's one auld woman would a hantle rather have heard tell of her getting the right man than seeing the laddie bury himself in a monastery. She's given in at last, though, and it's to be a grand wedding, they're telling me. Your Americans are kittle cattle—just the Jews of the west, seemingly, and they must do everything splendidly. There are to be jewels as big as walnuts, and bouquets five feet in diameter, and a rope of pearls for a necklace, and a rehearsal of the hale thing in the church. Yes, indeed, a rehearsal, and the deacon, honest man, in the middle of the magnificence."

John Storm's pale face was twitching.

"And the hospital," he said, "has anything happened there——?"

"Nothing."

"No other case such as the one——" he faltered.

"Not since yon poor bit lassie."

"Thank God."

"It was the first ill thing I had heard tell of for years, and the nurses are good women for all that. High spirited, yes; but dear, bright, happy things, to think what they have to know and to be present at! Lawyers, doctors, and nurses see the worst of human nature, and she'd be a heartless woman who'd no make allowances for them, poor creatures!"

John Storm had risen from the table with a flushed face, making many ex-

cuses. He would step round to the hospital; he had questions to ask there, and it would be a walk after luncheon.

"Do," said Mrs. Callender, "but remember dinner at six. And hark, ye, hinny, this house is to be your home until you light on a better one, so just sleep saft in it and wake merrily. And Jane Callender is to be your auld auntie until some ither body takes ye frae her, and then it'll no be her hand ye'll be kissing for fear of her wrinkles, I'm thinking."

The day was bright, the sun was shining, and the streets were full of thoroughbred horses in gorgeous carriages with coachmen in splendid liveries going to the drawing room in honor of the royal birthday. As John went by the palace, the approaches to it were thronged, the band of the Household Cavalry was playing within the rails, and officers in full dress uniform, clerical dignitaries in academic robes, civil servants in court dress with swords and cocked hats, and ladies in gold and silver brocade with bouquets and white plumes were filing through the gates toward the Throne Room.

The hospital looked strangely unfamiliar after so short an absence, and there were new faces among the nurses who passed to and fro in the corridors. John asked for the matron, and was received with constrained and distant courtesy. Was he well? Quite well? They had a resident chaplain now, and being in priest's orders, he had many advantages where death was so frequent. Was he sure he had not been ill? John understood. It was almost as if he had come out of some supernatural existence. People looked at him as if they were afraid.

"I came to ask if you could tell me anything of Nurse Quayle?" he said.

The matron could tell him nothing. The girl had gone; they had been compelled to part with her. Nothing serious? No, but totally unfit to be a nurse. She had some good qualities certainly—cheerfulness, brightness, tenderness—and for sake of these, and his own interest in the girl, they had put up with inconceivable rudeness and irregularities. What had become of her? She really could not say. Nurse Allworthy might know, and the matron took up her pen.

John found the ward sister with the

house doctor at the bed of a patient. She was short and even curt, said over her shoulder she knew nothing about the girl, and then turned back to her work. As John passed out of the ward the doctor followed him and said perhaps the porter might be able to tell him something.

The porter was difficult at first, but seeing his way clearer after a while he admitted to receiving letters for the nurse and delivering them up to her when she called. That was long ago, and she had not been there since New Year's Eve. Then she had given him a shilling and said she would trouble him no more.

John gave him five shillings and asked if anybody ever called for her. Yes, once. Who was it? A gentleman. Had he left his name? No, but he had said he would write. When was that? A day or two before she was there the last time.

Drake! There could not be a shadow of a doubt of it. John Storm looked at the clock. It was 3.45. Then he buttoned his coat and crossed the street to the park with his face in the direction of St. James' Street.

Horatio Drake had given a luncheon in his rooms that day in honor of Glory's first public appearance. The performance was to come off at night, but in the course of the morning there had been a dress rehearsal in the salon of the Corinthian Club. Twenty men and women, chiefly journalists and artists, had assembled there to get a first glimpse of the débütante, and cameras had lurked behind portières and in alcoves to catch her poses, her expressions, her fleeting smiles and humorous grimaces. Then the company had adjourned to Drake's chambers. The luncheon was now over, the last guest had gone, and the host was in his dining room alone.

Drake was standing by the chimney piece, holding at arm's length a pencil sketch of a woman's beautiful face and lithe figure. "Like herself, it's alive to the finger tips," he thought, and then he propped it against the pier glass.

There was a sound of the opening and closing of the outer door down stairs, and Lord Robert entered the room. He looked heated, harassed, and exhausted. Shak-

ing out his perfumed handkerchief he mopped his forehead, drew a long breath, and dropped into a chair.

"I've done it," he said; "it's all over."

Polly Love had lunched with the company that day, and Lord Robert had returned home with her in order to break the news of his approaching marriage. He gave his version of what had occurred. While the girl had been removing her hat and jacket he had sat at the piano and thumbed it, hardly knowing how to begin. All at once he had said, "Do you know, my dear, I'm to be married on Saturday?" She had said nothing at first, and he had played the piano furiously. Heavens, what a frame of mind to be in! Why didn't the girl speak? At last he had looked round at her, and there she stood smiling, grinning, gasping, and white as a ghost. Suddenly she had begun to cry. Good God, such crying! Yes, it was all over. Everything had been settled somehow.

"But I'll be in harder condition before I tackle such a job again," said Lord Robert.

There was silence for a moment. Drake was leaning on the mantelpiece, his legs crossed, and one foot beating on the hearthrug. The men were ashamed, and they began to talk of indifferent things. Smoke? Didn't mind. Those Indian cigars were good. Not bad, certainly.

At length Drake said in a different voice, "Cruel but necessary, Robert—necessary to the woman who is going to be your wife, cruel to the poor girl who has been."

Lord Robert tossed his head and snorted like a colt, rose to his feet impatiently, stretched his arm and shot out his striped cuff and walked to and fro across the room.

"'Pon my soul I believe I should have stuck to the little thing but for the old girl, don't you know. She's made such a good social running lately—and then she's started this evangelical craze too. No, Polly wouldn't have suited her book anyhow."

Silence again, and then further talk on indifferent things.

"Wish Benson wouldn't sweep the soda water off the table."

"Ring for it."

"The little thing really cares for me, don't you know. And it isn't my fault, is it? I had to hedge. Frank, dear boy, you're always taunting me with the treadmill we have to turn for the sake of society, but with debts about a man's neck like a millstone, what could a man do?"

"I don't mean that you're worse than others, old fellow," said Drake, "or that sacrificing this one poor child is going to mend matters much——"

"No, it isn't likely to improve my style of going, is it?"

"But that man John Storm was not so far wrong, after all. For this polygamy of our lavender glove tribe the nation itself will be overtaken by the judgment of God one of these days."

Lord Robert laughed derisively.

"Go on," he cried. "Go on, dear boy! It's funny to hear you, though—after to-day's proceedings too," and he glanced significantly around the table.

Drake brought down his fist with a thump on the mantelpiece. "Hold your tongue, Robert. How often am I to tell you this is entirely different? Because I discover a creature of genius and try to help her to the position she deserves——"

"You hypocrite, if it had been a man instead of a charming little woman with big eyes, don't you know——"

But there had been a ring at the outer door, and Benson had come in to say that a clergyman was waiting down stairs.

"Little Golightly again!" said Lord Robert wearily. "Are these everlasting arrangements never——"

The man stopped him. It was not Mr. Golightly; it was a stranger; would not give his name; looked like a Catholic priest; had been there before, he thought.

"Can it be—talk of the devil——"

"Ask him up," said Drake. And while Drake bit his lip and clenched his hands, and Lord Robert took up a scent bottle and sprayed himself with eau de cologne, they saw a man clad in the long coat of a priest come into the room—calm, grave, self possessed, very pale, with hollow and shaven cheeks, dark and sunken eyes which burned with a somber fire, and head so closely cropped as to seem to be almost bald.

(To be continued.)

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THREE NEW SENATORS.

Senator Boies Penrose, Don Cameron's successor as the representative of the second State of the Union, is one of the youngest men in the "upper house" of Congress. A lawyer by profession, he has practised but little, having devoted most of his time and attention to politics and office holding. His life has hitherto been uneventful, or eventful only in his rapid promotion from municipal politics to the national arena. His career there lies before him, and it may, as his friends predict, prove a distinguished one.

He is undoubtedly a man of ability. He

was trained at Harvard, where he graduated in 1881, and in Wayne MacVeagh's law office. At Harrisburg, where he first went as a member of the Legislature when he was only twenty four, he speedily made his mark as a clever speaker and as a leader of his party. Still more striking testimony to his powers is the fact that Senator Quay, who is a judge of men, selected Mr. Penrose as one of his most trusted lieutenants. He has, of course, owed much to the influence of the older politician. Two years ago it was expected that he would be nominated for mayor of Philadelphia. Apparently he had a clear field before him,



BOIES PENROSE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

From a photograph by Lemer, Harrisburg.