

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.

LVII (*Continued*).

NOTHING would serve but that they should go to look at the scene of their future life, and with Cæsar—he had brought his dog; it was holding inter-necine war with the pug under the table—they set off immediately. It was Saturday night, and as they dipped down into the slums that lie under the shadow of the Abbey, Old Pye Street, Peter's Street, and Duck Lane were aflame with the coarse lights of open naphtha lamps, and all but impassable with costers' barrows. There were the husky voices of the street hawkers, the hoarse laughter, the quarrelling, the oaths, the rasping shouts of the butcher selling chunks of dark joints by auction, the screeches of the roast potato man, and the smell of stale vegetables and fried fish. "Jow, 'ow much a pound for yer turmaters?" "Three pence; I gave mor'n that for 'em myself." "Garn!" "S'elp me Gawd, I did, mum!"

"Isn't it a glorious scene?" said John; and Glory, who felt chilled and sickened, recalled herself from some dream of different things altogether and said, "Isn't it?"

"Sanctuary, too! What human cats we are! The poor sinners cling to the place still!"

He took her into the alleys and courts that score and wrinkle the map of Westminster like an old man's face, and showed her the "model" lodging houses

and the gaudily decorated hells where young girls and soldiers danced and drank.

"What's the use of saying to these people, 'Don't drink; don't steal'? They'll answer, 'If you lived in these slums you would drink, too.' But we'll show them that we can live here and do neither—that will be the true preaching."

And then he pictured a life of absolute self sacrifice, which she was to share with him. "You'll manage all money matters, Glory. You can't think how I'm swindled. And then I'm such a donkey as far as money goes—that's not far with me, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Who's to find it? Ah, God pays His own debts. He'll see to that."

They were to live under the church itself; to give bread to the hungry and clothes to the naked; to set up their Settlement in the gaming house of the Sharkeys, now deserted and shut up; to take in the *undeserving* poor—the people who had nothing to say for themselves, precisely those; and thus they were to show that they belonged neither to the publicans and sinners nor the scribes and Pharisees.

"Only let us get rid of self. Only let us show that self interest never enters our head in one single thing we do," he said, and meantime Glory, who had turned her head aside with a lump in her throat, heard some one behind them saying:

*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

"Lawd, Jow, that's the curick and his dorg—'im as got pore Sharkey took! See—'im with the laidy?"

"S'elp me, so it is! Another good man gorn to 'is gruel, and all 'long of a bloomin' dorg."

They walked round by the church. John was talking rapturously at every step, and Glory was dragging after him like a criminal going to the pillory. At last they came out by Great Smith Street, and he cried, "See, there's the house of God under its spider's web of scaffolding, and here's the Broad Sanctuary—broad enough in all conscience! Look!"

A crowd of girls and men were trooping out of a place of entertainment opposite, and there were screams and curses. "Look at 'im!" cried a woman's voice. "There 'e is, the swine! And 'e was the ruin of me; and now 'e's 'listed for a soldier and going off with another woman!"

"You're drunk, that's what you are!" said a man's voice, "and if you dont take kear I'll send ye 'ome on a dawer!"

"Strike me, will ye, ye dog? Do it! I dare you!"

"She ain't worth it, soldier—come along," said another female voice, where-upon the first broke into a hurricane of oaths; and a little clergyman going by at the moment—it was Rev. Golightly—said, "Dear, dear! Are there no policemen about?" and so passed on with his tall wife tucked under his arm.

John Storm pushed through the crowd and came between the two who were quarreling. By the light of the lamp he could see them. The man was Charlie Wilkes, in the uniform of a soldier; the woman, with the paint running on her face, her fringe disordered, and her back hair torn down, was Aggie Jones.

"We dont want no religion 'ere," said Charlie, sneering.

"You'll get some, though, if you're not off quick!" said John. The man looked round for the dog and a moment afterwards he had disappeared.

Glory came up behind. "Oh, Aggie, woman, is it you?" she said, and then the girl began to cry in a drunken sob.

"Girls is cruel put upon, mum," said one of the women; and another cried, "Nix, the slops!" and a policeman came

pushing his way and saying, "Now, then, move on! We ain't going to stand 'ere all night."

"Call a cab, officer," said John.

"Yes, sir—certainly, father. Four wheeler!"

"Where do you live, Aggie?" said Glory; but the girl, now sobbing drunk, was too far gone to follow her.

"She lives in Brown's Square, sir," said the woman who had spoken before, and when the cab came up she was asked to get in with the other three.

It was a tenement house, fronting to one façade of St. Jude's, and Aggie's room was on the second story. She was helpless, and John carried her up the stairs. The place was in hideous disorder, the clothing lying about on chairs, underclothing scattered on the floor, the fire out, many cigarette ends in the fender, a candle stuck in a beer bottle, and a bunch of withered roses on the table.

As John laid the girl on the bed she muttered, "Lemme alone!" and when he asked what was to happen to her when she grew old if she behaved like this when young, she mumbled, "Don't want to be old. Who's goin' to like me then, d'ye think?"

Half an hour afterwards Glory and John were passing through the gates into Clement's Inn, with its moonlight and silence, its odor of moistened grass, its glimpse of the stars and the red and white blinds of its windows lit up round about. John was still talking rapturously. He was now picturing the part which Glory was to play in the life they were to live together. She was to help and protect their younger sisters, the child women, the girls in peril, to enlist their loyalty and filial tenderness for the hour of temptation.

"Won't it be glorious? To live the life, the real life of warfare with the world's wickedness and woe! Won't it be magnificent? You'll do it, too! You'll go down into those slums and sloughs which I've shown you tonight—they are the cradle of shame and sin, Glory, and this wicked London rocks it!—you'll go down into them like a ministering angel to raise the fallen and heal the wounded! You'll live in them, revel in

them, rejoice in them, they'll be your battlefield. Isn't that better, far better, a thousand times better, than *playing* at life, and all its fashions and follies and frivolities?"

Glory struggled to acquiesce, and from time to time in a trembling voice she said "Yes," and "Oh, yes," until they came to the door of the Garden House, and then a strange thing happened. Somebody was singing in the drawing room to the music of the piano. It was Drake. The window was open and his voice floated over the moonlit gardens—

Du liebes Kind, komm' geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir.

Suddenly it seemed to Glory that two women sprang into life in her—one who loved John Storm and wished to live and work beside him, the other who loved the world and felt that she could never give it up. And these women were fighting for her heart, which should have it and hold it and possess it forever.

She looked up at John and he was smiling triumphantly. "Are you happy?" she asked.

"Happy! I know a hundred men who are a hundred times as rich as I, but not one who is a hundredth part as happy!"

"Darling!" she whispered, holding back her tears. Then looking away from him she said, "And do you really think I'm good enough for a life of such devotion and self sacrifice?"

"Good enough!" he cried, and for a moment his merry laughter drowned the singing overhead.

"But will the world think so?"

"Assuredly. But who cares what the world thinks?"

"We do, dear—we must!"

And then while the song went on she began to depreciate herself in a low voice and with a creeping sense of hypocrisy—to talk of her former life in London as a danger, of the tobacco shop, the music hall, the foreign clubs, and all the mire and slime with which she had been besmirched. "Everything is known now, dear," she said. "Have you never thought of this? It is your duty to think of it."

But he only laughed again with a joyous voice. "What's the odds?" he said. "The world is made up for the

most part of low, selfish, sensual beings incapable of belief in noble aims. Every innovator in such a world exposes himself to the risk of being slandered and ridiculed, or even shut up in a lunatic asylum. But who wouldn't rather be St. Theresa in her cell than Catherine of Russia on her throne? And in your case what does it come to, any way? Only that you've gone through the fiery furnace and come out unscathed. All the better—you'll be a living witness, a proof that it is possible to pass through this wicked Babylon unharmed and untouched."

"Yes, if I were a man—but with a woman it is so different. It is an honor to a man to have conquered the world, but a disgrace to a woman to have fought with it. Yes, believe me, I know what I'm saying. That's the cruel tragedy in a woman's life, do what you will to hide it. And then you are so much in the eye of the world; and besides your own position, there is your family's, your uncle's. Think what it would be if the world pointed the finger of scorn at you—at your mission—at your high and noble aims—and all on account of me! You would cease to love me—and I—I—"

"Listen!" He had been shuffling restlessly on the pavement before her. "Here I stand! Here are you! Let the waves of public opinion dash themselves against us—we stand or fall together!"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

She was crying on his breast, but with what mixed and conflicting feelings! Joy, pain, delight, dread, hope, disappointment. She had tried to dishonor herself in his eyes, and it would have broken her heart if she had succeeded. But she had failed and he had triumphed, and that was harder still to bear.

From overhead they heard the last lines of the song—

Erreicht den Hof mit Müh und Noth;
In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

"Good night," she whispered, and fled into the house. The lights in the dining room were lowered, but she found a telegram that was waiting on the mantel-piece. It was from Sefton, the manager:

Author arrived in London today. Hopes to be at rehearsal Monday. Please be there certain.

The world was seizing her again, the imaginary Gloria was dragging her back with visions of splendor and success. But she crept up stairs and went by the drawing room on tiptoe. "Not tonight," she thought. "My face is not fit to be seen tonight."

There was a dying fire in her bed room, and her evening gown had been laid out on a chair in front of it. She put the gown away in a drawer, and out of a box which she drew from beneath the bed she took a far different costume. It was the nurse's out door cloak, which she had bought for use at the hospital. She held it a moment by the tips of her fingers and looked at it, and then put it back with a sigh.

"Gloria, is that you?" Rosa called up the stairs; and Drake's cheery voice cried, "Won't our nightingale come down and give us a stave before I go?"

"Too late! Just going to bed. Good night," she answered. Then she lit a candle and sat down to write a letter.

It's no use, dear John, I cannot! It would be like putting bad money into the offertory to put me into that holy work. Not that I don't admire it, and love it, and worship it. It is the greatest work in the world, and last week I thought I could count everything else as dross, only remembering that I loved you and that nothing else mattered. But now I know that this was a vain and fleeting sentiment, and that the sights and scenes of your work repel me on a nearer view, just as the hospital repelled me in the early mornings when the wards were being cleaned and the wounds dressed, and before the flowers were laid about.

Oh, forgive me, forgive me! But if I am fit to join your life at all, it cannot be in London. That "old serpent called the devil and Satan" would be certain to torment me here. I could not live within sight and sound of London and go on with the life you live. London would drag me back. I feel as if it were an earlier lover and I must fly away from it. Is that possible? Can we go elsewhere? It is a monstrous demand, I know. Say you cannot agree to it. Say so at once—it will serve me right.

The stout watchman of the New Inn was calling midnight when Glory stole out to post her letter. It fell into the letter box with a thud, and she crept back like a guilty thing.

LVIII.

NEXT morning Mrs. Callender heard John Storm singing to himself before he left his bed room, and she was standing

at the bottom of the stairs when he came down three steps at a time.

"Bless me, laddie," she said, "to see your face shining a body would say that somebody had left ye a legacy or bought ye a benefice instead of taking your church frae ye!"

"Why, yes, and better than both, and that's just what I was going to tell you."

"You must be in a hurry to do it, too, coming down stairs like a cataract."

"You came down like a cataract yourself once on a time, auntie; I'll lay my life on that."

"Ay, did I, and not sae lang since neither. And fools and prudes cried 'Oh!' and called me a tomboy. But, hoots! I was nobbut a body born a wee before her time. All the lasses are tomboys now, bless them, the bright heart-some things!"

"Auntie," said John softly, seating himself at the breakfast table, "what d'ye think?"

She eyed him knowingly. "Nay, I'm ower thrang working to be bothered thinking. Out with it, laddie."

He looked wise. "Don't you remember saying that work like mine wanted a woman's hand in it?"

Her old eyes blinked. "Maybe I did, but what of it?"

"Well, I've taken your advice, and now a woman's hand is coming into it to guide it and direct it."

"It must be the right hand, though, mind that."

"It *will* be the right hand, auntie."

"Weel, that's grand," with another twinkle. "I thought it might be the *left*, ye see, and ye might be putting a wedding ring on it!" And then she burst into a peal of laughter.

"However did you find it out?" he said with looks of astonishment.

"Tut, laddie, love and a cough cannot be hidden. And to think a woman couldna see through you! But come"—tapping the table with both hands—"who is she?"

"Guess."

"Not one of your Sisters—no?" with hesitation.

"No," with emphasis.

"Some other simpering thing, na doot—they're all alike these days."

"But didn't you say the girls were all tomboys now?"

"And if I did, d'ye want a body to be singing the same song always? But come, what like is she? When I hear of a lassie I like fine to know her color first. What's her complexion?"

"Guess again."

"Is she fair? But what a daft auld dunce I am!—to be sure she's fair."

"Why, how did you know that, now?"

"Shaf on ye! They say a dark man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye, and I'll warrant it's as true the other way about. But what's her name?"

John's face suddenly straightened and he pretended not to hear.

"What's her name?" stamping with both feet.

"Dear me, auntie, what an ugly old cap you're wearing."

"Ugly?" reaching up to the glass. "Who says it's ugly?"

"I do."

"Tut, you're only a bit boy born yesterday. But, man, what's all this botherment about telling a lassie's name?"

"I'll bring her to see you, auntie."

"I should think you will, indeed, and mighty quick, too!"

This was on Sunday, and by the first post on Monday John Storm received Glory's letter. It fell on him like a blast out of a cloud on the black northeast and cut him to the heart's core. He read it again, and being alone he burst into laughter. He took it up a third time, and when he had finished there was something at his throat that seemed to choke him. His first impulse was fury. He wanted to rush off to Glory and insult her, to ask her if she was mad or believed him to be so. Because she was a coward herself, being slave bound to the world and afraid to fight it face to face, did she wish to make a coward of him also—to see him sneak away from the London that had kicked him like a cur with his tail between his legs?

After this there came an icy chill and an awful consciousness that mightier forces were at work than any mere human weakness. It was the world itself, the great pitiless world, that was dividing them again as it had divided them before, but irrevocably now, not as a playful

nurse that puts petted children apart—as a torrent that tears the cliffs asunder. "Leave the world, my son, and return to your unfinished vows." Could it be true that this was only another reminder of his broken obedience?

Then came pity. If Glory was slave bound to the world, which of us was not in chains to something? And the worst slavery of all was slavery to self. But that was an abyss he dared not look into; and he began to think tenderly of Glory, to tell himself how much she had to sacrifice, to remember his anger and to be ashamed.

A week passed, and he went about his work in a helpless way, like a derelict without rudder or sail and with the sea roaring about it. Every afternoon when he came home from Soho Mrs. Callender would trip into the hall wearing a new cap with a smart bow, and finding that he was alone she would say, "Not today, then?"

"Not today," he would answer, and they would try to smile. But seeing the stamp of suffering on his face, she said at last, "Tut, laddie, they love too much who die for love, you know."

On the Sunday afternoon following he turned again towards Clement's Inn. He had come to a decision at last, and was calm and even content, yet his happiness was like a gourd which had grown up in a day, and the morrow's sun had withered it.

Glory had been to rehearsal every day that week. Going to the theater on Monday night she had said to herself, "There can be no harm in rehearsing—I'm not compelled to play." Notwithstanding her nervousness, the author had complimented her on her passion and self abandonment, and going home she had thought, "I might even go through the first performance and then give it all up. If I had a success, that would be beautiful, splendid, almost heroic—it would be thrilling to abandon everything for sake of the one I love!" Not hearing from John, she told herself he must be angry, and she felt sorry for him. "He doesn't know yet how much I am going to do for him." Thus the other woman in her tempted her and overcame her, and drew her on from day to day.

Mrs. Mackray sent Lord Robert to invite her to luncheon on Sunday. "There can be no harm in going there," she thought. She went with Rosa, and was charmed with the lively, gay, and brilliant company. Clever and beautiful women, clever and handsome men, and nearly all of them of her own profession. The mistress of the mansion kept open house after church parade on Sunday, and she sat at the bottom of her table, dressed in black velvet, with the archdeacon on her right and a famous actor on her left hand also. Lord Robert sat at the head and talked to a lady whose remarks were heard all over the room; but Lady Robert was nowhere to be seen; there was a hush when her name was mentioned, and then a whispered rumor that she had had differences with her husband, and had scandalized her mother by some act of indiscretion.

Glory's face beamed, and for the first half hour she seemed to be on the point of breaking into a rapturous "Well!" Nearly opposite to her at the table sat a lady whose sleepy look and drowsy voice and airs of languor showed that she was admired, and that she knew it. Glory found her very amusing, and broke into little trills of laughter at her weary, withering comments. This drew the attention of some of the men; they found the contrast interesting. The conversation consisted first of hints, half signs, brilliant bits of byplay, and Glory rose to it like a fish to the May fly. Then it fell upon bicycling and the costumes ladies wore for it. The languid one commented upon the female fetish, the skirt, and condemned "bloomers," whereupon Glory declared that they were just charming, and being challenged (by a gentleman) for her reasons she said, "Because when a girl's got them on she feels as if she's an understudy for a man, and may even have a chance of playing the part itself in another and a better world."

Then there was general laughter, and the gentleman said, "You're in the profession yourself now, aren't you?"

"Just a stranger within your gates," she answered; and when the talk turned on a recent lawsuit, and the languid one said it was inconceivable that the woman concerned could have been such a coward

in relation to the man, Glory protested that it was just as natural to a woman to be in fear of a man (if she loved him) as to be afraid of a mouse or to look under the bed.

"*Ma chère*," said a dainty little lady sitting next but one (she had come to London to perform in a silent play), "they tells me you's half my countrywoman. All right. Will you not speak de French to poor me?" And when Glory did so the little one clapped her hands and declared she had never heard the English speak French before.

"Say French-cum-Irish," said Glory, "or rather, French which begat Irish, which begat Manx!"

"Original, isn't she?" said somebody who was laughing.

"Like a sea gull among so many pigeons!" said somebody else, and the hothouse airs of the languid lady were lost as in a fresh gust from the salt sea.

But her spirits subsided the moment she had recrossed the threshold. As they were going home in the cab, past the hospital and down Piccadilly, Rosa, who was proud and happy, said, "There! All society isn't stupid and insipid, you see; and there are members of your own profession who try to live up to the ideal of moral character attainable by a gentleman in England even yet."

"Yes, no doubt. But, Rosa, there's another kind of man altogether, whose love has the reverence of a religion, and if I ever meet a man like that—one who is ready to trample all the world under his feet for me—I think—yes, I really think I shall leave everything behind and follow him."

"Leave everything behind, indeed! That *would* be pretty! When everything yields before you, too, and all the world and his wife are waiting to shout your praises!"

Rosa had gone to her office, and Glory was turning over some designs for stage costumes, when Liza came in to say that the "farver" was coming up stairs.

"He has come to scold me," thought Glory, so she began to hum, to push things about, and fill the room with noise. But when she saw his drawn face and wide open eyes, she wanted to fall on his neck and cry.

"You have come to tell me you can't do what I suggested?" she said. "Of course you can't."

"No," he said slowly, very slowly. "I have thought it all over, and concluded that I can—that I must. Yes, I am willing to go away, Glory, and when you are ready I will be ready too."

"But where—where?"

"I don't know yet; but I am willing to wait for the unrolling of the scroll. I am willing to follow step by step, not knowing whither. I am willing to go where God wills, for life or death."

"But your work in London—your great, great work——"

"God will see to that, Glory. He can do without any of us. None of us can do without Him. The sun will set without any assistance, you know;" and the pale face made an effort to smile.

"But, John, my dear, dear John, this is not what you expected, what you have been thinking of and dreaming of, and building your hopes upon."

"No," he said; "and for your sake I am sorry, very sorry. I thought of a great career for you, Glory. Not rescue work merely—others can do that. There are many good women in the world—nearly all women are good, but few are great—and for the salvation of England, what England wants now is a great woman. As for me—God knows best. He has his own way of weaning us from vanity and the snares of the devil. You were only an instrument in His hands, my child, hardly knowing what you were doing. Perhaps He has a work of intercession for us somewhere—far away from here—in some foreign mission field—who can say?"

A feeling akin to terror caught her breath, and she looked up at him with fearful eyes.

"After all, I am glad that this has happened," he said. "It will help me to conquer self, to put self behind my back forever, to show the world, by leaving London, that self has not entered into my count at all, and that I am thinking of nothing but my work."

A bright, warm flush rose to her cheeks as he spoke, and again she wanted to fling herself on his neck and cry. But he was too calm for that, too sad and too

spiritual. When he rose to go she held out her hands to him, but he only took them and carried them to his lips, and kissed them.

As soon as she was alone she flung herself down and prayed, "Oh, give me strength to follow this man, who mistakes his love of me for the love of God!" But even while she sat with bent head and her hands over her face, the creeping sense came back as of another woman within her who was fighting for her heart. She had conquered again, but at what a cost! The foreign mission field—what associations had she with that? Only the memory of her father's lonely life and friendless death.

She was feeling cold and had begun to shiver when the door opened and Rosa entered.

"So he *did* come again?"

"Yes."

"I thought he would;" and Rosa laughed coldly.

"What do you mean?"

"That when religious feelings take possession of a man he will stop at nothing to gain the end he has in view."

"Rosa," said Glory, flushing crimson, "if you imply that my friend is capable of one unworthy act or thought, I must ask you to withdraw your words absolutely and at once!"

"Very well, dear. I was only thinking for your own good. We working women must not ruin our lives or let anybody else ruin them. 'Duty,' 'self sacrifice'—I know the old formulas, but I don't believe in them in the least. Obey your own heart, my dear, that is your first duty. A man like Storm would take you out of your real self, and stop your career, and——"

"Oh, my career, my career! I'm tired to death of hearing of it!"

"Glory!"

"And who knows? I may not go on with it, after all."

"If you have lost your sense of duty to yourself, have you forgotten your duty to Mr. Drake? Think what Mr. Drake has done for you!"

"Mr. Drake! Mr. Drake! I'm sick of that too."

"How strange you are tonight, Glory!"

"Am I? So are you. It's Mr. Drake here and Mr. Drake there! Are you trying to force me into his arms?"

"Is it you that says that, Glory—you? And to me, too? Don't you see that this is a different case altogether? And if I thought of my own feelings only—consulted my own heart——"

"Rosa!"

"Ah! Is it so very foolish? Yes, he is young and handsome, and rich and brilliant, while I—I am ridiculous."

"No, no, Rosa; I don't mean that."

"I do, though; and when you came in between us—young and beautiful and clever—everything that I was not, and could never hope to be—and he was so drawn to you—what was I to do? Nurse my hopeless and ridiculous love—or think of him—his happiness?"

"Rosa, my poor dear Rosa, forgive me, forgive me!"

An hour later, dinner being over, they had returned to the drawing room. Rosa was writing at the table, and there was no sound in the room except the scratching of her pen, the falling of her slips of "copy," and the dull reverberation of the bell of St. Clement's Dane, which was ringing for evening service. Glory was sitting at the desk by the window, with her head on her hands, looking down into the garden. Out of the dead load at her heart she kept saying to herself, "Could I do that? Could I give up the one I loved for his own good, putting myself back, and thinking of him only?" And then a subtle hypocrisy stole over her, and she thought, "Yes, I could, I could," and in a fever of nervous excitement she began to write a letter.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and so with a woman's will. I cannot go abroad with you, dear, because I cannot allow myself to break up your life, for it *would* be that, it would, it would, you know it would! There are ten thousand men good enough for the foreign mission field, but there is only one man in the world for your work in London. This is one of the things hidden from the wise, and revealed to children and fools. It would be wrong of me to take you away from your great scene. I daren't do it. It would be too great a responsibility. My conscience must have been dead and buried when I suggested such a possibility! Thank God it has had a resurrection, and it is not yet too late.

But when the letter was sealed and

stamped, and sent out to the post, she thought, "I must be mad, and there is no method in my madness either. What do I want—to join his life in London?" And then remembering what she had written, it seemed as if the other woman must have written it, the visionary woman, the woman she was making herself into day by day.

LIX.

JOHN STORM had left home early on Monday morning. It was the last day of his tenancy of the clergy house, and there was much to do at Soho. Towards noon he made his way to the church in Bishopsgate Street for the first time since he left the Brotherhood. It was midday service, and the little old place was full of business men with their quick eyes and eager faces. The superior preached, and the sermon was on the religious life. We were each composed of two beings, one temporal, the other eternal, one carnal, the other spiritual. Life was a constant warfare between these two nearly matched forces, and often the victory seemed to sway from this side to that. Our enemy with the chariots of iron was ourselves. There was a Judas in each one of us ready to betray us with a kiss if allowed. The lusts of the flesh were the most deadly sins, absolute chastity the most pleasing to God of all virtues. Did we desire to realize what the religious life could be? Then let us reflect upon the news which had come from the South Seas. What was the word that had fallen that morning on all Christendom like a thunderclap, say, rather, like the blast of a celestial trumpet? Father Damien was dead! Think of his lonely life in that distant island where doomed men lived out their days. Cut off from earthly marriage, with no one claiming his affection in the same way as Christ, he was free to commit himself entirely to God and to God's afflicted children. He was truly married to Christ. Christ occupied his soul as Lord and spouse. Glorious life! Glorious death! Eternal crown of glory waiting for him in the glory everlasting!

When the service ended John Storm stepped up to speak to the father. His

wide open eyes were flaming; he was visibly excited. "I came to ask a question," he said, "but it is answered already. I will follow Father Damien and take up his work. I was thinking of the mission field, but my doubt was whether God had called me, and I had great fear of going uncalled. God brought me here this morning, not knowing what I was to do, but now I know, and my mind is made up at last."

The father was not less moved. They went out into the courtyard together and walked to and fro, planning, scheming, contriving, deciding.

"You'll take the vows first, my son?"

"The vows?"

"The life vows."

"But—but will that be necessary?"

"It will be best. Think what a peculiar appeal it will have for those poor doomed creatures! They are cut off from the world by a terrible affliction, but you will be cut off by the graciousness of a Christ fed purity. They are lepers made of disease; you will be as a leper for the kingdom of Heaven's sake."

"But, father—if that is so—how much greater the appeal will be if—if a woman goes out also. Say she is young and beautiful and of great gifts?"

"Brother Andrew may go with you, my son."

"Yes, Brother Andrew as well. But holy men in all ages have been bound by ties of intimacy and affection to good women who have lived and worked beside them."

"Sisters, my son, elder sisters always."

"And why not? Sister, indeed, and united to me by a great and spiritual love."

"We are none of us invincible, my son; let us not despise danger."

"Danger, father! What is the worth of my religion if it does not enable me to defy that?"

"Well, well—do not decide too soon. I'll come to you at Soho this evening."

"Do; it's our last night there. I must tell my poor people what my plans are to be. Good by for the present, father, good by."

"Good by, my son;" and as John Storm went off with a light heart and bounding step the father passed indoors

with downcast face, saying to himself with a sigh, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It was Lord Mayor's Day again, the streets were thronged, and John Storm was long in forging his way home. Glory's letter was waiting for him and he tore it open with nervous fingers, but when he had read it he laughed aloud. "God bless her! But she doesn't know everything yet." Mrs. Callender was out in the carriage; she would be back for lunch, and the maid was laying the cloth; but he would not wait. After scribbling a few lines in pencil to tell of his great resolve, he set off for Clement's Inn. The Strand was less crowded when he returned to it, and the newsboys were calling the evening papers with "Full memoir of Father Damien."

On coming home from rehearsal Glory found the costume for her third act, her great act, awaiting her. All day long she had been thinking of her letter to John, half ashamed of it, half regretting it, almost wishing it could be withdrawn. But the costume made a great tug at her heart, and she could not resist an impulse to try it on. The moment she had done so the visionary woman whose part she was to play seemed to take possession of her, and shame and regret were gone.

It was a magnificent stage costume, green as the grass in spring with the morning sun on it. Her gown was a splendid brocade with gold embroidered lace around the square cut neck and about the shoulders of the tight made sleeves. Round her hips was a sash of golden tissue, and its hanging ends were fringed with emeralds. A band of azure stones was about her head, and her fingers were covered with turquoise rings.

She went to the drawing room, shut the door, and began to rehearse the scene. It was where the imaginary Gloria, being vain and selfish, trampled everything under her feet that she might possess the world and the things of the world. Glory spoke the words loud, forgetting they were not her own, until she heard another voice saying, "May I come in, dear?"

It was John at the door. She was ashamed of her costume then, but there was no running away. "Yes, of course, come in," she cried, trembling all over,

half afraid to be seen, and yet proud, too, of her beauty and her splendor. When he entered she was laughing nervously and was about to say, "See, this has happened before——"

But he saw nothing unusual, and she was disappointed and annoyed. Coming in breathless, as if he had been running, he flung himself down on one end of the couch and his hat on the other end, and said, "What did I tell you, Glory? That a way would open itself, and it has!"

"Really?"

"Didn't you think of it when you saw the news in the papers this morning?"

"What news?"

"That Father Damien is dead."

"But can you—do you really mean that—do you intend——"

"I do, Glory—I do."

"Then you didn't get my letter this morning?"

"Oh, yes, dear, yes; but you were only thinking for me—God bless you!—that I was giving up a great scene for a little one. But this—this is the greatest scene in the world, Glory. Life is a small sacrifice; the true sacrifice is a living death, a living crucifixion."

She felt as if he had taken her by the throat and was choking her. He had got up and was walking to and fro, talking impetuously.

"Yes, it is a great sacrifice I am asking you to make now, dear. That far off island, the poor lepers, and then life long banishment. But God will reward you, and with interest, too. Only think, Glory! Think of the effect of your mere presence out there among those poor doomed creatures! A young and beautiful woman! Not a melancholy old dolt like me, preaching and prating to them, but a bright and brilliant girl, a blithe and happy spirit, laughing with them, playing games with them, making mimicry for them, and singing to them in the voice of an angel. Oh, they'll love you, Glory, they'll worship you—you'll be next to God and His blessed mother with them. And already I hear them saying among themselves, 'Heaven bless her! She might have had the world at her feet and made a great name and a great fortune, but she gave it all up—all, all, all—for pity and love of us!' Won't

it be glorious, my child? Won't it be the noblest thing in all the world?"

And she struggled to answer, "Yes, no doubt—the noblest thing in all the world."

"Then you agree? Ah, I knew your heart spoke in your first letter, and you wanted to leave London. You shall, too, for God has willed it."

Then she recovered a little and made a nervous attempt to withdraw.

"But the church at Westminster?"

He laughed like a boy. "Oh, Golightly may have that now, and welcome."

"But the work in London?"

"Ah, that's all right, Glory. Ever since I heard from you I have been dealing one by one with the bonds which bound me to London, unraveling some and breaking others. They are all discharged now, every one of them, and I need think of them no more. Self is put behind forever, and I can stand before God and say, 'Do with me as you will; I am ready for anything—anything!'"

"Oh!"

"Crying, Glory? My poor, dear child! But why are you crying?"

"It's nothing!"

"Are you sure—quite sure? Am I asking too much of you? Don't let us deceive ourselves—think——"

"Let us talk of something else now." She began to laugh. "Look at me, John—don't I look well today?"

"You always look well, Glory."

"But isn't there any difference—this dress, for instance?"

Then his sight came back and his big eyes sparkled. "How beautiful you are, dear!"

"Really? Do I look nice, then—really?"

"My beautiful, beautiful girl!"

Her head was thrown back, and she glowed with joy.

"Don't come too near me, you know—don't crush me."

"No fear of that—I should be afraid."

"Not that I mustn't be touched, exactly."

"What will they think, I wonder, those poor lost creatures, so ugly, so disfigured?"

"And my red hair. This color suits it, doesn't it?"

"Some Madonna, they'll say; the very picture of the mother of God herself!"

"Are you—are you afraid of me in this frock, dear? Shall I run and take it off?"

"No—no; let me look at you again."

"But you don't like me today, for all that."

"I?"

"Do you know you've never once kissed me since you came into the room?"

"Glory!"

"My love, my love!"

"And you," he said, close to her lips, "are you ready for anything?"

"Anything," she whispered.

At the next moment she was holding herself off with her arms stiff about his neck, that she might look at him and at her lace sleeves at the same time. Suddenly a furrow crossed his brow. He had remembered the father's warning.

"But out there I'll love you as a sister, Glory."

"Ah!"

"For the sake of those poor doomed beings cut off from earthly love, we'll love each other as the angels love."

"Yes, that is the highest, purest, truest love, no doubt. Still——"

"What does the old Talmud say?—He who divorces himself from the joys of earth weds himself to the glories of Paradise."

Her lashes were still wet; she was gazing deep into his eyes.

"And to think of being united in the next world, Glory—what happiness, what ecstasy!"

"Love me in this world, dearest," she whispered.

"You'll be their youth, Glory, their strength, their loveliness!"

"Be mine, darling, be mine!"

But the furrow crossed his brow a second time, and he disengaged himself before their lips had met again. Then he walked about the room as before, talking in broken sentences. They would have to leave soon—very soon—almost at once. And now he must go back to Soho. There was so much to do, to arrange. On reaching the door he hesitated, quivering with love, hardly knowing how to part from her. She was standing with head down, half angry and half ashamed.

"Well, *au revoir*," he cried in a strained voice, and then fled down the stairs. "The father was right," he thought. "No man is invincible. But, thank God, it is over! It can never occur again!"

Her glow had left her, and she felt chilled and lost. There was no help for it now, and escape was impossible. She must renounce everything for the man who had renounced everything for her. Sitting on the couch, she dropped her head on the cushion and cried like a child. In the lowest depths of her soul she knew full well that she could never go away, but she began to bid good by in her heart to the life she had been living. The charm and fascination of London began to pass before her like a panorama, with all the scenes of misery and squalor left out. What a beautiful world she was leaving behind her! She would remember it all her life long with useless and unending regret. Her tears were flowing through the fingers that were clasped beneath her face.

A postman's knock came to the door down stairs. The letter was from the manager, written in the swirl and rush of theatrical life, and reading like a telegram:

Theater going on rapidly, men working night and day, rehearsals advanced, and scenery progressing; might we not fix this day fortnight for the first performance?

Enclosed with this was a letter from the author:

You are on the eve of an extraordinary success, dear Gloria, and I write to reassure and congratulate you. Some signs of inexperience I may perhaps observe, some lack of ease and simplicity, but already it is a performance of so much passion and power, that I predict for it a triumphant success. A great future awaits you. Don't shrink from it; don't be afraid of it; it is as certain as that the sun will rise tomorrow.

She carried the letter to her lips, then rose from the couch, and threw up her head and smiled. The visionary woman was taking hold of her again with the slow grip and embrace of the bear.

Rosa came home to dine, and at sight of the new costume she cried, "Shade of Titian, what a picture!" During dinner she mentioned that she had met Mr. Drake, who had said that the prince was likely to be present at the production.

having asked for the date and other particulars.

"But haven't you heard the *great* news, dear? It's in all the late editions of the evening papers."

"What is it?" said Glory; but she saw what was coming.

"Father Storm is to follow Father Damien. That's the report, at all events; but he is expected to make a statement at his club tonight, and I have to be there for the paper."

As soon as dinner was over Rosa went off to Soho, and then Glory was brought back with a shock to the agony of her inward struggle. She knew that her hour had arrived, and that on her action now everything depended. She knew that she could never break the chains by which the world and her profession held her. She knew that the other woman had come, that she must go with her, and go for good. But the renunciation of love was terrible. The day had been soft and beautiful. It was falling asleep and yawning now, with a drowsy breeze that shook the yellow chestnut leaves as they hung withered and closed on the thinning boughs like the fingers of an old maid's hand. She was sitting at the desk by the window, trying to write a letter. More than once she tore up the sheet, dried her eyes, and began again. What she wrote last was this:

It is impossible, dear John. I cannot go with you to the South Seas. I have struggled, but I cannot, I cannot! It is the greatest, noblest, sublimest mission in the world, but I am not the woman for these high tasks. I should be only a fruitless fig tree, a sham, a hypocrite. It would be like taking a dead body with you to take me, for my heart would not be there. You would find that out, dear, and I should be ashamed.

And, then, I cannot leave this life—I cannot give up London. I am like a child—I like the bustling streets, the brilliant thoroughfares, the crowds, the bands of music, the lights at night, and the sense of life. I like to succeed, too, and to be admired, and—yes, to hear 'the clapping of hands in a theater.' You are above all this, and can look down at it as dross, and I like you for that also. But give it all up I can't; I haven't the strength; it is in my blood, dear, and if I part from it I must die.

And, then, I like to be fondled and coaxed and kissed, and I want so much—oh, so much to be loved! I want somebody to tell me every day and always how much he loves me, and to praise me and pet me and forget everything else for me—everything, everything, even his own

soul and salvation. You cannot do that; it would be sinful, and, besides, it wouldn't be love as you understand it, and as it ought to be, if you are to go out to that solemn and awful task.

When I said I loved you I spoke the truth, dear, and yet I didn't know what the word meant really, I didn't realize everything. I love you still—with all my heart and soul I love you; but now I know that there is a difference between us, that we can never come together. No, I cannot reach up to your austere heights. I am so weak; you are so strong. Your 'strength is as the strength of ten because your heart is pure,' while I—

I am unworthy of your thoughts, John. Leave me to the life I have chosen. It may be poor and vain and worthless, but it is the only life I'm fit for. And yet I love you—and you loved me. I suppose God makes men and women like that sometimes, and it is no use struggling.

One kiss, dear—it is the last.

LX.

JOHN STORM went back to Victoria Square with a bright and joyful face and found Mrs. Callender waiting for him, grim as a judge. He could see that her eyes were large and red with weeping, but she fell on him instantly with withering scorn.

"So you're here at last, are ye? A pretty senseless thing this is, to be sure! What are you dreaming about? Are you bewitched or what? Do you suppose things can be broken off in this way? You to go to the leper islands indeed!"

"I'm called, auntie, and when God calls a man, what can he do but answer with Samuel——"

"Tut! Don't talk sic nonsense. Besides, Samuel had some sense. He waited to be called three times, and I havena heard this is your third time of calling."

John Storm laughed, and that provoked her to towering indignation. "Good God, what are you thinking of, man? There's that puir lassie—you're running away from her, too, aren't you? It's shameful, it's disgraceful, it's unprincipled, and *you* to do it, too!"

"You needn't trouble about that, auntie," said John; "she is going with me."

"What?" cried Mrs. Callender, and her face expressed boundless astonishment.

"Yes," said John, "you women are

brimful of courage, God bless you, and she's the bravest of you all."

"But you'll no have the assurance to tak' that puir bit lassie to yonder God forsaken spot?"

"She wants to go—at least, she wants to leave London."

"What does she? Weel, weel! But didn't I say she was nobbut one of your Sisters or sic-like? And you're going to let a slip of a girl tak' you away frae your ain work and your ain duty—and you call yourself a man, too!"

He began to coax and appease her, and before long the grim old face was struggling between smiles and tears.

"Tut, get along with ye! I've a great mind, though—I'd be liking fine to see her, any way. Now where does she bide in London?"

"Why do you want to know that, auntie?"

"What's it to you, laddie? Can't a body call to say 'Good by' to a lassie, and tak' her a wee present going away, without asking a man's permission?"

"I shouldn't do it, though, if I were you."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because she's as bright as a star and as quick as a diamond, and she'd see through you in a twinkling. Besides, I shouldn't advise——"

"Keep your advice like your salt till you're asked for it, my man. And to think of any reasonable body giving up his work in London for that—that——"

"Good men have gone out to the mission field, auntie."

"Mission fiddlesticks! Just a barber's chair fit for every comer."

"And, then, this isn't the mission field exactly, either."

"Mair's the pity, and then you wouldna be running bull neck on your death before your time."

"None of us can do that, auntie, for heaven is over all."

"High words off an empty stomach, my man, so you can just keep them to cool your parridge. But oh, dear—oh, dear! You'll forget your puir auld Jane Callender, any way."

"Never, auntie!"

"Tut, don't tell me."

"Never!"

"It's the last I'm to see of you, laddie. I'm knowing that fine—and me that fond of you, too, and looking on you as my ain son."

"Come, auntie, come; you mustn't take it so seriously."

"And to think a bit thing like that can make all this botherment!"

"Nay, it's my own doing—absolutely mine."

"Aye, aye, man's the head, but woman turns it."

They dined together and then got into the carriage for Soho. John talked continually, with an impetuous rush of enthusiasm; but the old lady sat in gloomy silence, broken only by a sigh. At the corner of Downing Street he got out to call on the prime minister, and sent the carriage on to the clergy house.

A newsboy going down Whitehall was calling an evening paper. John bought a copy, and the first thing his eye fell upon was the mention of his own name.

The announcement in another column that Father Storm, of Soho, intends to take up the work which the heroic Father Damien has just laid down will be received by the public with mingled joy and regret—joy at the splendid heroism which prompts so noble a resolve, regret at the loss which the church in London will sustain by the removal of a clergyman of so much courage, devotion, independence, and self sacrifice. That the son of a peer and the heir to an earldom should voluntarily take up a life of poverty in Soho, one of the most crowded, criminal, and neglected corners of Christendom, was a fact of so much significance——

John Storm crushed the paper in his hand and threw it into the street; but a few minutes afterwards he saw another copy of it in the hands of the prime minister as he came to the door of the old cabinet room to greet him. The old man's face looked moist, and his voice had a faint tremor.

"I'm afraid you are bringing me bad news, John."

John laughed noisily. "Do I look like it, uncle. Bad news, indeed! No, but the best news in the world."

"What is it, my boy?"

"I am about to be married. You've often told me I ought to be, and now I'm going to act on your advice."

The bleak old face was smiling. "Then the rumor I see in the papers isn't true, after all?"

"Oh, yes, it's true enough, and my wife is to go with me."

"But have you considered that carefully? Isn't it a terrible, indeed a monstrous demand to make of any woman? Women are more religious than men, but they are more material also. Under the heat of religious impulse a woman is capable of sacrifices—great sacrifices—but when it has cooled——"

"No fear of that, uncle," said John; and then he told the prime minister what he had told Mrs. Callender—that it was Glory's proposal that they should leave London, and that without this suggestion he might not have thought of his present enterprise. The bleak face kept smiling, but the prime minister was asking himself, "What does this mean? Has she *her own* reasons for wishing to go away?"

"Do you know, my boy, that with all this talk, you've not yet told me who she is?"

John told him, and then a faint and far off rumor out of another world seemed to flit across his memory.

"An actress at present, you say?"

"So to speak, but ready to give up everything for this glorious mission."

"Very brave, no doubt, very beautiful; but what of your present responsibilities—your responsibilities in London?"

"That's just what I came to speak about," said John; and then his rapturous face straightened, and he made some effort to plunge into the practical aspect of his affairs at Soho. There was his club for girls and his home for children. They were to be turned out of the clergy house tomorrow, and he had taken a shelter at Westminster. But the means to support them were still deficient, and if there was anything coming to him that would suffice for that purpose—if there was enough left—if his mother's money was not all gone——

The prime minister was looking into John's face, watching the play of his features, but hardly listening to what he said. "What does this mean?" he was asking himself, with the old inevitable habit of the man whose business it is to read the motives that are not revealed.

"So you are willing to leave London, after all, John?"

"Why not, uncle? London is nothing to me in itself, less than nothing, and if that brave girl to whom it is everything——"

"And yet six months ago I gave you the opportunity of doing so, and then——"

"Then my head was full of dreams, sir. Thank God they are gone now, and I am awake at last."

"But the church—I thought your duty and devotion to the church——"

"The church is a chaos, uncle, a wreck of fragments without unity, principle, or life. No man can find foothold in it now without accommodating his duty and his loyalty to his chances of livelihood. It is a career, not a crusade. Once I imagined that a man might live as a protest against all this, but it was a dream, a vain and presumptuous dream."

"And then your woman movement——"

"Another dream, uncle! A whole standing army marshaled and equipped to do battle against the world's sins against woman could never hope for victory. Why? Because the enemy is ourselves, and only God can contend against a foe like that. He will, too! For the wrongs inflicted on woman by this wicked and immoral London, God will visit it with his vengeance yet. I see it coming, it is not far off, and God help those——"

"But surely, my boy, surely it is not necessary to fly away from the world in order to escape from your dreams? Just when it is going to be good to you, too. It was kicking and cuffing and laughing at you only yesterday——"

"And tomorrow it would kick and cuff and laugh at me again. Oh, it is a cowardly and contemptible world, uncle, and happy is the man who wants nothing of it! He is its master, its absolute master, and everybody else is its wretched slave. Think of the people who are scrambling for fame and titles and decorations and invitations to court! They'll all be in their six feet by two feet some day. And then think of the rich men who hire detectives to watch over their children lest they should be stolen for sake of a ransom, while they themselves, like human mill horses, go tramping round and round the safes which contain their securities! Oh, miserable delusion, to think

that because a nation is rich it is therefore great! Once I thought the church was the refuge from this worst of the spiritual dangers of the age, and so it would have been if it had been built on the gospels. But it isn't; it loves the thrones of the world, and bows down to the golden calf. Poverty! Give me poverty, and let me renounce everything. Jesus, our blessed Jesus, He knew well what He was doing, and even as a man He was the greatest being that ever trod upon the earth."

"But this leper island mission is not poverty, merely, my dear John—it is death, certain death, sooner or later, and God knows what news the next mail may bring us."

"As to that I feel to be in God's hands, sir, and He knows best what is good for us. People talk about dying before your time, but no man ever did or ever will or ever can do so, and it is blasphemy to think of it. Then, which of us can prolong our lives by one day or hour or minute? But God can do everything. And what a grand inspiration to trust yourself absolutely to Him, to raise the arms heavenward which the world would pinion to your side, and cry, 'Do with me as Thou wilt, I am ready for anything—anything!'"

A tremor passed over the wrinkles about the old man's eyes, and he thought, "All this is self deception. He doesn't believe a word of it. Poor boy, he is talking out of his heart alone, and is the worst slave of us all."

Then he said aloud, "Things haven't fallen out as I expected, John, and I am sorry, very sorry. The laws of life and the laws of love don't always run together—I know that quite well."

John flinched, but made no protest.

"I shall feel as if I were losing your mother a second time when you leave me, my boy. To tell you the truth, I've been watching you and thinking of you, though you haven't known it. And you've rather neglected the old man. I thought you might bring your wife to me some day, and that I might live to see your children. But that's all over now, and there seems to be no help for it. They say the most noble and beautiful things in the world are done in a state of fever, and perhaps this fever of yours—

h'm— As for the money, it is ready for you at any time."

"There can't be much left, uncle. I have gone through most of it."

"No, John, no; the money you spent was my money; your own is still untouched."

"You are too good, uncle, and if I had once thought you wished to see more of me—"

"Ah, I know, I know! It was a wise man who said it was hard to love a woman and do anything else, even to love God Himself."

John dropped his head and turned to go.

"But come again before you leave London—if you do leave it—and now good by and God bless you!"

The news of John Storm's intention to follow Father Damien had touched and thrilled the heart of London, and the streets and courts about St. Mary Magdalene's were thronged with people. In their eyes he was about to fulfil a glorious mission, and ought to be encouraged and sustained. "Good by, father!" cried one. "God bless you!" cried another. A young woman with timid eyes stretched out her hand to him, and then everybody attempted to do the same. He tried to answer cheerfully, but was conscious that his throat was thick and his voice was husky. Mrs. Pincher was at the door of the clergy house, crying openly and wiping her eyes. "Ain't there lepers enough in London, sir, without goin' to the ends of the earth for 'em?" He laughed and made an effort to answer her humorously, but for some reason both words and ideas failed him.

The club room was crowded, and among the girls and the sisters there were several strange faces. Mrs. Callender sat at one end of the little platform, and she was glowering across at the other end, where the father superior stood in his black cassock, quiet and watchful, and with the sprawling, smiling face of Brother Andrew by his side. The girls were singing when John entered, and their voices swelled out as they saw him pushing his way through. When the hymn ended there was silence for a moment, as if it was expected that he would speak; but he did not rise, and the lady at the harmo-

nium began again. Some of the young mothers from the shelter above had brought down their little ones, and the thin and tuneless voices could be heard among the rest.

There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky.

John had made a brave fight for it, but he was beginning to break down. Everybody else had risen, he could not rise. An expression of fear, and at the same time of shame, had come into his face. Vaguely, half consciously, half reproachfully, he began to review his situation. After all he was deserting his post, he was running away. This was his true scene, his true work, and if he turned his back upon it he would be pursued by eternal regrets. And yet he must go, he must leave everything—that alone he understood and felt.

All at once, God knows why, he began to think of something which had happened when he was a boy. With his father he was crossing the Duddon Sands. The tide was out, far out, but it had turned; it was galloping towards them, and they could hear the champing waves on the beach behind. "Run, boy, run! Give me your hand and run!"

Then he resumed the current of his former thoughts. "What was I thinking about?" he asked himself; and when he remembered, he thought, "I will give my hand to the heavenly Father, and go on without fear." At the second verse he rallied, rose to his feet, and joined in the singing. It was said of him afterwards that his deep voice rang out above all the other voices, and that he sang in rapid and irregular time, going faster and faster at every line.

They had reached the last verse but one when he saw a young girl crushing her way towards him with a letter. She was smiling, and seemed proud to render him this service. He was about to lay the letter aside when he glanced at it, and then he could not put it down. It was marked "Urgent," and the address was in Glory's handwriting. The champing waves were in his ears again. They were coming on and on.

A presentiment of evil crept over him and he opened the letter and read it. Then his life fell to wreck in a moment.

Its nullity, its hopelessness, its futility, its folly, the world with its elusive joys, love with its deceptions so cruel and so sweet, all, all came sweeping up on him like the sea wrack out of a storm. In an instant the truth appeared to him, and he understood himself at last. For Glory's sake he had sacrificed everything and deceived himself before God and man. And yet she had failed him and forsaken him, and slipped out of his hands in the end. The tide had overtaken and surrounded him, and the voices of the girls and the children were like the roar of the waters in his ears.

But what was this? Why had they stopped singing? All at once he became aware that everybody else was seated, and that he was standing alone on the edge of the platform with Glory's letter in his hand.

"Hush! Hush!" There was a strained silence, and he tried to recollect what it was that he was expected to do. Every eye was on his face. Some of the strangers opened note books and sat ready to write. Then, coming to himself, he understood what was before him, and tried to control his voice and begin.

"Girls," he said, but he was hardly able to speak or breathe. "Girls," he said again, but his strong voice shook, and he tried in vain to go on.

One of the girls began to sob. Then another and another. It was said afterwards that nobody could look on his drawn face, so hopeless, so full of the traces of suffering and bitter sadness, without wanting to cry aloud. But he controlled himself at length.

"My good friends all, you came to-night to bid me God speed on a long journey, and I came to bid you farewell. But there is a higher power that rules our actions, and it is little we know of our future, or our fate, or ourselves. God bids me tell you that my leper island is to be London, and that my work among you is not done yet."

After saying this he stood a moment as if intending to say more, but he said nothing. The letter crinkled in his fingers, he looked at it, an expression of helplessness came into his face, and he sat down. And then the father came up to him and sat beside him, and took his

hand and comforted him as if he had been a little child.

There was another attempt to sing, but the hymn made no headway this time, for some of the girls were crying, they hardly knew why, and the others were whispering, and the strangers were leaving the room. Two ladies were going down the stairs.

"I felt sure he wouldn't go," said one.

"Why so?" said the other.

"I can't tell you. I had my private reasons."

It was Rosa Macquarrie. Going down the dark lane she came upon a woman who had haunted the outside of the building during the past half hour, apparently thinking at one moment of entering and at the next of going away. The woman hurriedly lowered her veil as Rosa approached her, but she was too late to avoid recognition.

"Glory! Is it you?"

Glory covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

"Whatever are you doing here?"

"Don't ask me, Rosa. Oh, I'm a lost woman! Lord forgive me, what have I done?"

"My poor child!"

"Take me home, Rosa. And don't leave me tonight, dear—not tonight, Rosa."

And Rosa took her by the arm and led her back to Clement's Inn.

Next morning before daybreak the brothers of the Society of the Holy Gethsemane had gathered in their church in Bishopsgate Street for lauds and prime. Only the chancel was lighted up, the rest of the church was dark, but the first gleams of dawn were now struggling through the eastern window against the candlelight of the altar and the gaslight on the choir.

John Storm was standing on the altar steps and the father was by his side. He was wearing the cassock of the brotherhood, and the cord with the three knots was bound about his waist. All was silent round about, the city was still asleep, the electric current of life had not yet awakened for the day. Lauds and prime were over, the brothers were on their knees, and the father was reading the last words of the dedication service.

"Amen! Amen!"

There was a stroke of the bell overhead, a door somewhere was loudly slammed, and then the organ began to play—

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

The brothers rose and sang, their voices filled the dark place, and the quivering sounds of the organ swelled up to the unseen roof.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

The father's cheeks were moist, but his eyes were shining and his face was full of a great joy. John Storm was standing with bowed head. He had made the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and surrendered his life to God.

LXI.

SIX months passed, and a panic terror passed over London. It was one of those epidemic frenzies which have fallen upon great cities at various stages of the world. The public mind was filled with the idea that London was threatened with a serious danger, that it was verging on an awful crisis, that it was about to be destroyed.

The signs were such as have usually been considered preparatory to the second coming of the Messiah—a shock of earthquake, which threw down a tottering chimney (somewhere in Soho), and the expected appearance of a comet. But this was not to be the second coming of Christ; it was to be a disaster confined to London.

God was about to punish London for its sensual sins. The terrible dishonor lay at its door of being the wickedest city in the world. Side by side with the developments of a mechanical science which was lifting men to the power and position of angels there was a moral degeneration which was degrading them to the level of beasts. With an apparent aspiration after social and humanitarian reform there was a corruption of the public conscience and a hardening of the public heart. London was the living picture of this startling contrast. Impiety, iniquity, impurity, and injustice were at their height here, and either England must forfeit her position among the nations or the Almighty must interpose. The

Almighty was about to interpose, and the consummation of London's wickedness was near.

By what means the destruction of London would come to pass was a matter on which there were many theories, and the fear and consternation of the people took various shapes. One of them was that of a mighty earthquake in which the dome of St. Paul's was to totter and the towers of Westminster Abbey to rock and fall amid clouds of dust. Another was that of an avenging fire in which the great city was to light up the whole face of Europe and burn to ashes as a witness of God's wrath at sight of the sins of men. A third was that of a flood in which the Thames was to rise and submerge the city, and tens of thousands of houses and hundreds of thousands of persons were to be washed away and destroyed.

Concerning the time of the event, the popular imagination had attained to a more definite idea. It was to occur on the day of the Derby races. Derby day was the national day. More than any day associated with political independence, or victory in battle, or yet religious sanctity or observance, the day devoted to sport and gambling, and intemperance and immorality, was England's day. Therefore the Almighty had selected that day as the day of the awful revelation by which He would make His power known to man.

Thus the heart of London was once more stormed, and the shame and the panic ran through it like an epidemic. The consequences were the usual ones. In vain the newspapers published articles in derision of the madness, with accounts of similar frenzies which had laid hold of London before. There was a run on the banks, men sold their businesses, dissolved their partnerships, transferred their stocks and removed to houses outside the suburbs. Great losses were sustained in all ranks and degrees of society.

When people asked themselves who the author and origin of the panic had been, they thought instantly and with one accord of a dark eyed lonely man who walked the streets of London in the black cassock of a monk with the cord and three knots which were the witness to life vows. No dress could have shown to better ad-

vantage his dark brown face and tall figure. Something majestic seemed to hang about the man. His big, lustrous eyes, his faint smile with its sad expression always behind it, his silence, his reserve, his burning eloquence when he preached, seemed to lay siege to the imagination of the populace, and especially to take hold, as with a fiery grip, of the impassioned souls of women.

A certain mystery about his life did much to help this extraordinary fascination. When London as a whole became conscious of him it was understood that he was in some sort a nobleman as well as a priest, and had renounced the pleasures and possessions of the world, and given up all for God. His life was devoted to the poor and outcast, especially to the Magdalens and their unhappy children. Although a detached monk still, and living as an associate in obedience to the superior of one of the monastic brotherhoods of the Anglican Church, he was also a clergyman of the Church of England and vicar of a church in Westminster. This church was a center of religious life in that abandoned district, having no fewer than thirty parochial organizations connected with it, including guilds, clubs, temperance societies, savings banks, and, above all, shelters and exchanges for the girls and their little ones who were the vicar's especial care.

His chief helpers were a company of devoted women, drawn mainly from the fashionable fringe which skirted his squalid district, and banded together as a sisterhood. For clerical help he depended entirely on the brothers of his society, and the money saved by these voluntary agencies he distributed among the poor, the sick, and the unfortunate. Money of his own he had none, and his purse was always empty by reason of his freehandedness. Rumor spoke of a fortune of many thousands which had been spent wholly on others, and was now gone in the building or maintenance of school and hospital, shelter and refuge. He lived a life of more than Christian simplicity, and was seen to treat himself with constant disregard of comfort and convenience. His only home was two rooms formerly assigned to the choir, on the ground floor under his church,

and it was understood that he slept on a hospital bed, wrapped in a cloak which in winter he wore over his cassock. His personal servant in these cell-like quarters was a lay brother from his society, a big ungainly boy with sprawling features, who served him and loved him and looked up to him with the devotion of a dog. A dog of another kind he had also, a bloodhound, whose affection for him was a terror to all who awakened its jealousy or provoked its master's wrath. People said he had learned renunciation and was the most Christ-like man they had ever known. He was called "the father."

Such was the man with whom the popular imagination associated the idea of the panic, but what specific ground there was for laying upon him the responsibility of the precise predictions which led to it none could rightly say. It was remembered afterwards that every new folly had been fathered upon him. "The father says so and so," or "The father says such and such will come to pass," and then came prophecies which were the remotest things from his thoughts. No matter how wild or extravagant the assertion, if it was laid upon him there were people ready to believe it, so deep was the impression made upon the public mind by this priest in the black cassock with the bloodhound at his heels, so strong was the assurance that he was a man with the breath of God in him.

What was known with certainty was that the father preached against the impurities and injustices of the age with a vehemence never heard before, and that when he spoke of the wickedness of the world towards woman, of the temptations that were laid before her—temptations of dress, of luxury, of false work, and false fame—and then of the cruel neglect and abandonment of woman when her summer had gone and her winter had come, his lips seemed to be touched as by a live coal from the altar, and his eyes to blaze with Pentecostal fire. Cities and nations which countenanced and upheld such corruptions of a false civilization would be overtaken by the judgment of God. That judgment was near, it was imminent, and but for the many instances in which the life of the rich, the great, and the powerful was redeemed by the

highest virtue, this pitiful farce of a national existence would have been played out already; but for the good men still found in Sodom, the city of abominations must long since have been destroyed. People there were to laugh at these predictions, but they were only throwing cold water on lime—the more they did so the more it smoked.

Little by little a supernatural atmosphere gathered about the father as a man sent from God. One day he visited a child who was sick with a bad mouth, and touching the child's mouth he said, "It will be well soon." The child recovered immediately, and the idea was started that he was a healer. People waited for him that they might touch his hand. Sometimes after service he had to stand half an hour while the congregation filed past him. Hardheaded persons, sane and cute in other relations of life, were heard to protest that on shaking hands with him an electric current passed through them. Sick people declared themselves cured by the sight of him, and charlatans sold handkerchiefs on pretense that he had blessed them. He repeatedly protested that it was not necessary to touch or even to see him. "Your faith alone can make you whole." But the frenzy increased, the people crowded upon him, and he was followed through the streets for his blessing.

Somebody discovered that he was born on the 25th of December and was just thirty three years of age. Then the madness reached its height. A certain resemblance was observed in his face and head to the traditional head and face of Christ, and it was the humor of the populace to associate some mystical relation between him and the divine figure. Hysterical women kissed his hand and even hailed him as their Saviour. He protested and remonstrated, but all to no purpose. The delusion grew, and his protestations helped it.

As the day approached that was to be big with the fate of London, his church, which had been crowded before, was besieged. He was understood to preach the hope that in the calamity to befall the city a remnant would be saved, as the house of Israel was saved from the plagues of Egypt. Thousands who had been too

poor to leave London had determined to spend the night of the fateful day in the open air, and already they were going out into the fields and the parks, to Hampstead, Highgate, and Blackheath. The panic was becoming terrible, and the newspapers were calling upon the authorities to intervene. A danger to the public peace was threatened, and the man who was chiefly to blame for it should be dealt with at once. No matter that he was innocent of active sedition; no matter that he was living a life devoted to religious and humanitarian reforms; no matter that his vivid faith, his trust in God, and his obedience to the divine will were like a light shining in a dark place; no matter that he was not guilty of the wild extravagance of the predictions of his followers. The father was a peril, he was a panic maker, and he should be arrested and restrained.

The father was John Storm.

The morning of Derby day broke gray and dull and close. It was one of those mornings in summer which portend a thunderstorm and great heat. In that atmosphere London awoke to two great fevers—the fever of superstitious fear and the fever of gambling and sport.

LXII.

BUT London is a monster with many hearts; it is capable of various emotions, and even at that feverish time it was at the full tide of a sensation of a different kind entirely. This was a new play and a new player. The play was "risky"; it was understood to present the fallen woman in her naked reality, and not as a soiled dove or sentimental plaything. The player was the actress who performed this part. She was new to the stage and little was known of her, but it was whispered that she had something in common with the character she personated. Her success had been tremendous and instantaneous; her photograph was in the shop windows, it had been reproduced in the illustrated papers; she had sat to famous artists associated with the Royal Academy, and her portrait in oils was on the walls of the exhibition at Burlington House.

The play was the latest work of the

Scandinavian dramatist; the actress was Glory Quayle.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Derby day Glory was waiting in the drawing room of the Garden House, dressed in a magnificent outdoor costume of pale gray, which seemed to wave like a ripe hay field. She looked paler and more nervous than before, and sometimes she glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece and sometimes looked away in the distance before her while she drew on her long white gloves and buttoned them. Rosa Macquarrie came up stairs hurriedly. She was smartly dressed in black with red roses, and looked bright and brisk and happy.

"He has sent Benson with the carriage to ask us to drive down," said Rosa. "Must have some engagement, surely. Let us be off, dear. No time to lose."

"Shall I go, I wonder?" said Glory, with a strange gravity.

"Indeed, yes, dear. Why not? You have not been in good spirits lately, and it will do you good. Besides, you deserve a holiday after a six months' season. And then it's such a great day for *him*, too."

"Very well, I'll go," said Glory, and at that moment a twitch of her nervous fingers broke a button off one of the gloves. She drew it off, threw both gloves on to a side table, took up another pair that lay there, and followed Rosa down the stairs. An open carriage was waiting for them in the outer court of the inn, and ten minutes afterwards they drew up in a narrow street off Whitehall under a wide archway which opened into the large and silent quadrangle leading to one of the principal public offices. It was the Home Office; the carriage had come for Drake.

Drake had seen changes in his life, too. His father was dead and he had succeeded to the baronetcy. He had also succeeded to a racing establishment which the family had long upheld, and a colt, which had been entered for the Derby when it was foaled two years ago, was to run in the race that day. Its name was Ellan Vannin, and it was not a favorite. Notwithstanding the change in his fortunes, Drake still held his position of private secretary to the secretary of state, but it

was understood that he was shortly to enter into public life, and under the wing of the government to stand for the first constituency that became vacant. Ministers predicted a career for him; there was nothing he might not aspire to, and hardly anything he might not do.

Parliament had adjourned in honor of the day on which the "Isthmian games" were celebrated, and the home secretary, as leader of the lower house, had said that the race for the Derby was "a noble and distinguished sport, deserving of a national holiday." But the minister himself, and consequently his secretary, had been compelled to put in an appearance at their office for all that; there was urgent business demanding prompt attention.

In the large green room of the home office, overlooking the empty quadrangle, the minister, dressed in a paddock coat, received a deputation of six clergymen. It included the Archdeacon Wealthy, who served as its spokesman. In a rotund voice, strutting a step and swinging his glasses, the archdeacon stated their case. They had come, most reluctantly, and with a sense of pain and grief and humiliation, to make representations about a brother clergyman. It was the notorious Mr. Storm—"Father" Storm, for he was drawing the people into the Roman obedience. The man was bringing religion into ridicule and contempt, and it was the duty of all who loved their mother church—

"Pardon me, Mr. Archdeacon, we have nothing to do with that," said the minister. "You should go to your bishop. Surely he is the proper person—"

"We've been, sir," said the archdeacon; and then followed an explanation of the bishop's powerlessness. The church provided no funds to protect a bishop from legal procedure in evicting a vicar guilty of this ridiculous kind of conduct. "But the man comes within the power of the secular authorities, sir. He is constantly inciting people to unlawfully assemble to the danger of the public peace."

"How? How?"

"Well, he is a fanatic, a lunatic, and has put out monstrous and ridiculous predictions about the destruction of London, causing disorderly crowds to assem-

ble about his church. The thoroughfares are blocked, and people are pushed about and assaulted. Indeed, things have come to such a pass that now—today—"

"Pardon me again, Mr. Archdeacon, but this seems to be a simple matter for the police. Why didn't you go to the commissioner at Scotland yard?"

"We did, sir, but he said—you will hardly believe it—but he actually affirmed that as the man had been guilty of no overt act of sedition—"

"Precisely—that would be my view, too."

"And we are, sir, to wait for a riot—for death, for murder, before the law can be put in motion? Is there no precedent for proceeding before anything serious—I may say alarming—"

"Well, gentlemen," said the minister, glancing impatiently at his watch, "I can only promise you that the matter shall have proper attention. The commissioner shall be seen, and if a summons—"

"It is too late for that now, sir. The man is a dangerous madman and should be arrested and restrained!"

"I confess I don't quite see what he has done, but if—"

The archdeacon drew himself up. "Because a clergyman is well connected—has high official connections indeed—But surely it is better that one man should be put under control, whoever he is, than that the whole church and nation should be endangered and disgraced."

"Ah!—h'm—h'm! I think I've heard that sentiment before somewhere, Mr. Archdeacon. But I'll not detain you now. If a warrant is necessary—" And with vague promises and plausible speeches the minister bowed the deputation out of the room. Then he psh'd and pshawed, swung a field glass across his shoulder, and prepared to leave for the day.

"Confound them! How these Christians love each other! I leave it with you, Drake. When the matter was mentioned at Downing Street, the First Lord told us to act without regard to his interest in the young priest. If there's likely to be a riot, let the commissioner get his warrant. Heigh ho! Ten thirty. I'm off. Good day."

Some minutes afterwards Drake himself, having written to Scotland Yard, followed his chief down the private staircase to the quadrangle, where Glory and Rosa were waiting in the carriage under the arch.

In honor of the event in which his horse was to play a part, Drake had engaged a coach to take a party of friends to the Downs. They assembled at a hotel in the Buckingham Palace Road. Lord Robert was there, dressed in the latest fashion, with boots of approved Parisian shape and a necktie of crying colors. Betty Bellman was with him, in a red and white dress and a large red hat. There was a lady in pale green with a light bonnet; another in gray and white, and another in brightest blue. They were a large, smart, and even gorgeous company, chiefly theatrical. Before eleven o'clock they were spinning along the Kennington Road on their way to Epsom.

Drake himself drove, and Glory occupied the seat of honor by his side. She was looking brighter now, and was smiling and laughing and making little sallies in response to her companion's talk. He was telling her all about the carnival. The Derby was the greatest race the world over. It was run for six thousand sovereigns, but the total turn over of the meeting was probably a million of money. Thus on its business side alone it was a great national enterprise, and the puritans who would abolish it ought to think of that. A racer cost about three hundred a year to keep, but of course nobody maintained his racing establishment on his prizes. Everybody had to bet, and gambling was not so great an offense as some people supposed. The whole trade of the world was of the nature of a gamble, life itself was a gamble, and the racecourse was the only market in the world where no man could afford to go bankrupt or be a defaulter or refuse to pay.

They were now going by Clapham Common, with an unbroken stream of vehicles of every sort, coaches with outriders, landaus, hansom cabs, omnibuses, costers' spring carts and barrows. Every coach carried its horn, and every horn was blown at the approach to every vil-

lage. The sun was hot, and the roads were rising to the horses' knees in dust. Drake was pointing out some of their traveling companions. That large coach going by at a furious gallop was the coach of the Army and Navy Club; that barouche, with its pair of grays and its postillion, belonged to a well known wine merchant; that carriage, with its couple of leaders worth hundreds apiece, was the property of a prosperous publican; that was the coach that usually ran between Northumberland Avenue and Virginia Water, and its seats were let out at so much apiece, usually to clerks, who practised innocent frauds to escape from the city; those soldiers on the omnibus were from the Wellington Barracks on "Derby leave"; and those jolly tars with their sweethearts, packed like herrings in a car, were the only true sportsmen on the road, and probably hadn't the price of a glass of rum on any race of the day. Going by road to the Derby was almost a thing of the past; smart people didn't often do it, but it was the best fun, any way, and many an old sport tooled his team on the road still.

Glory grew brighter at every mile they covered. Everything pleased or amused her or astonished her. With the charm born of a vivid interest in life, she radiated happiness over all the company. Some glimpses of the country girl came back; her soul thrilled to the beauty of the world around, and she cried out like a child at sight of the chestnut and red hawthorn and at the scent of spring with which the air was laden. From time to time she was recognized on the road, people raised their hats to her, and Drake made no disguise of his beaming pride. He leaned back to Rosa, who was sitting on the seat behind, and whispered, "Like herself today, isn't she?"

"Why shouldn't she be? With all the world at her feet and her future on the knees of the gods!" said Rosa.

But a shade of sadness came over Glory's face, as if the gay world and its amusements had not altogether filled a void that was left somewhere in her heart. They were drawing up to water the horses at the old "Cock," at Sutton, and a brown faced woman with big silver earrings and a monster hat and feather, came

up to the coach to tell the "quality" their fortunes.

"Oh, let us, Glo!" cried Betty. "I'd love it of all things, doncher know."

The gipsy held out her hand to Glory. "Let me look at your palm, pretty lady."

"Am I to cross it with silver first?"

"Thank you kindly. But must I tell you the truth, lady?"

"Why, yes, mother. Why not?"

"Then you're going to lose money to-day, lady; but never mind, you shall be fortunate in the end, and the one you love shall be yours."

"That's all right!" cried the gentlemen in chorus. The ladies tittered, and Glory turned to Drake and said, "A pair of gloves against Ellan Vannin."

"Done," said Drake, and there was general laughter.

The gipsy still held Glory's hand, and looking up at Drake out of the corner of her eyes she said, "I won't tell you what color he is, pretty lady, but he is young and tall, and though he is a gorgio, he is the kind a Romany girl would die for. Much trouble you'll have with him, and because of his foolishness and your own unkindness you'll put seven score miles between you. You like to live your life, lady, and as men drown their sorrows in drink, so do you drown yours in pleasure. But it will all come right at last, lady, and those who envy and hate you now will kiss the ground you walk on."

"Glo," said Betty, "I'm surprised at ye, dearest, listenin' to such clipperty clapper!"

Glory did not recover her composure after this incident until they came near to the Downs. Meantime the postillions had blown their horns at many villages hidden in the verdure of charming hollows, and the coaches had overtaken the people who had left London earlier in the day to make the journey afoot. Boy tramps, looking tired already, "Wish ye luck, gentlemen!" fat sailors and mutilated colliers playing organs, "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay," and "Come whoam to thy childer and me"; tatterdemalions selling the "C'rect card, only fourpence, and I've slep' out on the Downs last night, swelp me!" And all the ragged army of the maimed and the miserable who hang on the edge of a carnival.

Among this wreckage as they skimmed over it on the coach there was one figure more grotesque than the rest, a Polish Jew in his long kaftan and his worn Sabbath hat, going along alone, triddle traddle, in his slippers without heels. Lord Robert was at the moment teasing Betty into a pet by christening her the "Elephant," in allusion to her stoutness. But somebody called his attention to the Jew, and he screwed his glass to his eye and cried, "Father Storm, by Jove!"

The nickname was taken up by other coaches, and "Father Storm!" was thrown at the poor scarecrow as a missile from twenty quarters at once. Glory's color was rising to her ears, and Drake was humming a tune to cover her confusion. But Betty was asking, "Who was Father Storm, if you please?" and Lord Robert was saying, "Bless my stars, this is something new, don't you know! Here's somebody who doesn't know Father Storm! Father Storm, my dear Elephant, is the prophet, the modern Elijah, who predicts that Tyre and Sidon, that is to say London, is to be destroyed this very day."

"He must be balmy!" said Betty, and the lady in blue went into fits of laughter.

"Yes," said Lord Robert, "and all because wicked men like ourselves insist on enjoying ourselves on a day like this with pretty people like you."

"Well, he *is* a cough drop!" said Betty. The lady in blue asked what was "balmy," and a "cough drop," and Lord Robert said:

"Betty means that he is crazy—stupid—cracked in the head—in short——"

But Glory could bear no more. It was an insult to John Storm to be sat in judgment upon by such a woman. With a fiery jet of temper she turned about and said, "Pity there are not more heads cracked, then, if it would only let a little of the light of heaven into them."

"Oh, if it's like that——" began Betty, looking round significantly; and Lord Robert said:

"It *is* like that, dear Elephant, and if our charming hurricane will pardon me, I'm not surprised that the man has broken out as a Messiah, and if the authorities don't intervene——"

"Hold your tongue, Robert!" cried Drake. • "Listen, everybody!"

They were climbing on to the Downs, and could hear the deep hum of the people on the course.

"My!" said Betty.

"It's like a bee hive with the lid off," said Glory.

As they passed the Epsom railway stations the people who had come by train poured into the road, and the coach had to slow down.

"They must have come from the four winds of heaven!" said Glory.

"Wait, only wait!" said Drake.

A minute afterwards everybody drew breath. They were on the top of the common and had full view of the racecourse. It was a vast sea of human beings stretching as far as the eye could reach—a black moving ocean without a glimpse of soil or grass. The race track itself was a river of people; the grand stand, tier on tier, was black from its lawns at the bottom to its sloping gallery on top; and the "hill" opposite was a rocky coast of carriages, booths, carts, and clustering crowds. Glory's eyes seemed to leap out of her head. "It's a nation," she said with panting breath, "an empire!"

They were diving into these breaking, plashing, plunging waters of human life, with their multitudinous voices of laughter and speech, and Glory was looking at a dark figure in the hollow below which seemed to stand up above the rest, when Drake cried:

"Sit hard, everybody! We'll take the Hill at a gallop!"

Then to the crackle of the whip, the whoop of the driver, and the blast of the horn, the horses flew down like the wind. Betty screamed, Rosa groaned, and Glory laughed and looked up at Drake in her delight. When the coach drew up on the other side of the hollow the bell was ringing at the grand stand as signal for another race, and the dark figure had disappeared.

LXIII.

THAT morning when John Storm went up to take seven o'clock celebration, the knocker up, with his long stick, had not yet finished his rounds in the courts and

alleys about the church, but the costers, with their barrows and donkeys, their wives and their children, were making an early start for Epsom. There were many communicants, and it was eight o'clock before he returned to his rooms. By that time the postman had made his first delivery, and there was a letter from the prime minister:

Come to Downing Street as soon as this reaches you. I must see you immediately.

He ate his breakfast of milk and brown bread, said "Good by, Brother Andrew; I shall be back for evening service," whistled to the dog, and set out into the streets. But a sort of superstitious fear had taken hold of him, as if an event of supreme importance in his life was impending, and before answering his uncle's summons he made a round of the buildings in the vicinity which were devoted to the work of his mission. His first visit was to the school. The children had assembled, and they were being marshaled in order by the sisters and prepared for their hymn and prayer.

"Good morning, father."

"Good morning, children."

Many of them had presents for him—one a flower, another a biscuit, another a marble, and yet another an old year's Christmas card. "God bless them and protect them!" he thought, and he left the school with a full heart.

His last visit was to the men's shelter, which he had established under the management of his former "organ man," Mr. Jupe. It was a bare place, a shed which had been a stable, and was now floored and ceiled. Beds resembling the berths in the foc'sle of a ship lined the walls. When these were full the lodgers lay on the ground. A blanket only was provided. The men slept in their clothes, but rolled up their coats for pillows. There was a stove where they might cook their food, if they had money to buy any. A ha'pennyworth of tea and sugar mixed, a ha'pennyworth of bread, and a ha'pennyworth of butter made a royal feast.

Going through the square in which his church stood, he passed a smart gig at the door of a public house that occupied the corner of a street. The publican, in holiday clothes, was stepping up to the

driver's seat, and a young soldier, smoking a cigarette, was taking the place by his side. "Morning, father. Can you tip us the winner?" said the publican with a grin, while the soldier, with an impudent smile, cried "Ta ta" over his shoulder to the second story of a tenement house, where a young woman with a bloated and serious face and a head mopped up in curl papers was looking down from an open window.

It was nine o'clock when John Storm reached the First Lord's house. A small crowd of people had followed him to the door.

"His lordship is waiting for you in the garden, sir," said the footman, and John was conducted to the back.

In the little shady inclosure between Downing Street and the drill ground of the Horse Guards the prime minister was pacing to and fro. His head was down, his step was heavy, he looked harassed and depressed. At sight of John's monkish habit he started with surprise and faltered with uneasiness. But presently, sitting by John's side on a seat under a tree, and keeping his eyes away from him, he resumed their old relations, and said:

"I sent for you, my boy, to warn you and counsel you. You must give up this crusade. It is a public danger, and God knows what harm may come of it. Don't suppose I do not sympathize with you; I do—to a certain extent I do. And don't think I charge you with all the follies of this ridiculous distemper. I have followed you and watched you, and I know that ninety-nine hundredths of this madness is not yours. But in the eye of the public you are responsible for the whole of it, and that is the way of the world always. Enthusiasm is a good thing, my boy; it is the rainbow in heaven of youth; but it may go too far. It may be hurtful to him who nourishes it, and dangerous to society. The world classes it with lunacy and love, among the nervous accidents of life; and the pigmies among men, the humdrum healthy minded herd, always call that man a fool and a weakling, or else a fanatic and a madman, in whom the grand errors of human nature are due to an effort, a vain effort, to live up to a great ideal. Come now, come, for the sake of

peace and tranquillity, lest there should be disorder, and even death, let this matter rest. Think, my boy, think; we are as much concerned for the world's welfare as you can be, and we have higher claims and heavier responsibilities. I cannot raise a hand to help you, John. In the nature of things I cannot defend you. I sent for you because—because you are your mother's son. Don't cast on me a heavier burden than I can bear. Save yourself and spare me!"

There were nervous twitchings over the muscles of John's face. "What do you wish me to do, uncle?"

"Leave London immediately, and stay away until this tumult has settled down."

"Ah, that is impossible, sir."

"Impossible?"

"Quite impossible. And though I did not make these predictions about the destruction of London, yet I believe we are on the eve of a great change."

"You do?"

"Yes; and if you had not sent for me I should have called on you to ask you to set aside a day for public prayer, that God may in His mercy avert the calamity that is coming, or direct it to the salvation of His servants. The morality of the nation is on the decline, uncle, and when morality is lacking the end is not far off. England is given up to idleness, pomp, dissolute practices, and pleasure—pleasure, always pleasure. The vice of intemperance, the mania for gambling, these are the burning minotaurs that are consuming the vitals of our people. Look at the luxury of the country—a ludicrous travesty of national greatness! Look at the tastes and habits of our age—the deadliest enemies of true religion! And then look at the prices we are paying, in what the devil calls 'the priestesses of society,' for the tranquillity of the demon of lust!"

"But, my boy, my dear boy——"

"Oh, yes, uncle, yes, I know, I know. Many humanitarian schemes are afloat, and we think we are not indifferent to the condition of the poor. But contrast the toiling women of East London with the idlers of Hyde Park in a London season. Other nations have professed well with their lips while their hearts have been set on wealth and pleasure.

And they have fallen. Yes, sir, in ancient Palestine as well as in modern Europe they have always fallen. And unless we unglue ourselves from the vanities which imperil our existence we shall fall, too. The lust of pleasure and the lust of wealth bring in their own revenges. In the nation as well as the individual the Almighty destroys them."

"True, true!"

"Then how can I hold my peace or fly away while it is the duty of Christians, of patriots, to cry out against this danger? On the soul of every one of us the duty rests, and who am I that I should escape from it? Oh, if the Church only realized her responsibility, if she only kept her eyes open——"

"She has powerful reasons for keeping them closed, my son," said the minister, "and always will have until the Establishment is done away with. It is coming to that some day, but meantime have a care. The clergy are not your friends, John. Statesmen know too well the clerical cruelty which shelters itself behind the secular arm. It is an old story, I think, and you may find instances of that also in your ancient Palestine. But beware, my boy, beware!"

"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you. Ye know that it hated me before it hated you."

The exaltation of John's manner was increasing, and again the prime minister became uneasy as if fearing that the young monk by his side would ask him next to kneel and pray.

"Ah, well," he said, rising, "I suppose there is no help for it, and matters must take their own course." Then he broke into other subjects; talked of his brother—John's father—whom he had lately heard from. His health was failing, he could not last very long; a letter from his son now might make all things well.

John was silent, his head was down, but the prime minister could see that his words took no effect. Then his bleak old face smiled a wintry smile as he said:

"But you are not mending much in one way, my boy. Do you know you've never once been here since the day you came to tell me you were to be married and intended to follow in the footsteps of Father Damien!"

John flinched, and the muscles of his face twitched nervously again.

"That was an impossible enterprise, John. No wonder the lady couldn't suffer you to follow it. But she might have allowed you to see a lonely old kinsman, for all that." John's pale face was breaking and his breath was coming fast. "Well, well," taking his arm, "I'm not reproaching you, John. There are passions of the soul which eat up all the rest, I know that quite well, and when a man is under the sway of them he has neither father nor uncle, nor kith nor kin. Good by. Ah, this way out, this way."

The footman had stepped up to the minister and whispered something about a crowd in front of the house, and John was passed out of the garden by the back door into the park.

Three hours afterwards the frequenters of the Derby racecourse saw a man in a black cassock get up into an unoccupied wagonette and make ready to speak. He was on the breast of the Hill directly facing the grand stand, in a close pack of carriages, four in hands, landaus, and hansom, filled with gaily dressed women in pink and yellow costumes, drinking bottles of champagne and eating sandwiches and being waited upon by footmen in livery. It was the time of an interval between two events of the race meeting, and beyond the labyrinth of vehicles there was a line of betting men, in *outré* garments of blue silk and green alpaca, standing on stools under huge umbrellas, and calling the odds to motley crowds of sweltering people on foot.

"Men and women!" he began, and five thousand faces seemed to rise at the sound of his voice. The bookmakers kept up their nasal cries of "I lay on the field!" "Five to one bar one!" But the crowds turned and deserted them. "It's the father!" "Father Storm!" the people said, with laughter and chuckling, loose jests and some swearing; but they came up to him with one accord until the space about him, as far as to the roadway by which carriages climbed the Hill, was an unbroken pavement of rippling faces.

"Good old father!" and then laughter. "Give it a nyme, cully, and I'll tell yer what it is," and then more laughter. "What abart the end of the world, old

gel?" and then references to "the petticoats," and shrieks of wilder laughter still.

The preacher stood for some moments silent and unshaken. Then the quiet dignity of the man and the love of fair play in the crowd secured him a hearing. He began in general silence:

"I don't know if it is contrary to regulations to stand here to speak, but I am risking that for the urgency of the hour and message. Men and women, you are here under false pretenses. You pretend to yourselves and to each other that you have come out of a love of sport, but you have not done so, and you know it. Sport is a plausible pleasure; to love horses and take a delight in their fleetness is a pardonable vanity; but you are here to practise an unpardonable vice. You have come to gamble, and your gambling is attended by every intemperance and immorality. I am not afraid to tell you so, for God has laid upon me a plain message, and I intend to do my duty. These racecourses are not for horse racing, but for reservoirs of avarice and drunkenness and prostitution. Don't think"—he was looking straight into the painted faces of the women in pink and yellow; they were trying to smile and look amused—"don't think I am going to abuse the unhappy girls who are forced by a corrupt civilization to live by their looks. They are my friends, and half my life is spent among them. I have known some of them in whose hearts dwelt

heavenly purity; and when I think of what they have suffered from men I feel ashamed that I am a man. But, my sisters, for you, too, I have an urgent message. It is full summer with you now, as you sit here in your gay clothes on this bright day, but the winter is coming for every one of you, when there will be no more sunshine, no more luxury and pleasure and flattery, and when the miry wallowers in troughs and stys who are now taking the best years of your lives from you——"

"Helloa there! Whoop! Tarara-ra-rara!"

A four in hand coach was dashing headlong down the Hill amid clouds of dust, the rattling of wheels, the shouts of the driver, and the blasts of the horn, and the people who covered the roadway were surging forward to make room for it.

"It's Gloria!" said everybody, looking up at the occupants of the coach and recognizing one of them.

The spell of the preacher was broken. He paused and turned his head and saw Glory. She was sitting, tall and bright and gay, on the box seat by the side of Drake; the rays of the sun were on her, and she was smiling up into his face.

The priest began again, then faltered, and then stopped. A bell at the grand stand was ringing. "Numbers goin' up!" said everybody, and before any one could be conscious of what was happening, John Storm was only a cipher in the throng, and the crowd was melting away.

(To be continued.)



THE TIDE.

HIGH in the hushed heaven of my heart
The thought of her shines like a moon above,
And I can feel in every conscious part
Of me the lifting of the tide of love.

As when the waters of the summer sea
Run in untroubled by the restless wind,
This flood comes home at even silently,
And breaks in whispered music on my mind.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

OUR GREATEST POLITICAL PROBLEM.

BY JAMES H. ECKELS,

Comptroller of the Currency.

The remarkable way in which the money problem has overshadowed all other public questions, and the urgent need of settling it by means of well considered legislation upon our bank and currency system.

NO more striking phenomenon has been witnessed in the country's political history than that which is today presented in the complete overshadowing of all other matters of public moment by the currency question. Until 1896 monetary and financial problems, at the best, only engaged attention in by campaigns, and even then other elements entered to control the action of the elector. If in every party platform from 1868 to 1892 more or less prominence was given to the plank dealing with them, that prominence ended with the adjournment of the convention, and the ensuing contest for the Presidency was carried on upon other lines.

It is not improbable that a careful inquiry into the state of affairs in both Democratic and Republican circles, prior to the holding of the conventions of the two great parties in 1896, would show that the former took up with the silver issue on the same theory that a drowning man grasps at a straw, while the latter, because of the attitude of the former, was forced to defend the existing monetary standard. Under other and different circumstances, both would have preferred, undoubtedly, to have fought the tariff issue again; the Republican party, that it might substitute protective rates for revenue ones, and the Democratic in the hope of making more symmetrical the Wilson measure. The quick succession of events prevented such a course, and left the currency question as the one point of contention.

Despite the bitterness of the campaign, all things considered, it must be accounted fortunate that such was the

case, for there was need that the issue should be forced in order to emphasize how essential to every interest was the final and proper settlement of it. To the long delay, the temporizing and compromising treatment of the whole subject of our monetary, banking, and financial relations after the close of the war, are to be traced not the least of the contributing causes of recurring business disturbance and loss.

At the outbreak of the civil war the views of the American statesman and the private citizen were equally sound upon every monetary question. No one then seriously believed that the government could create money by legislative fiat, or successfully set up, by enacted statute, a standard of value in opposition to the decrees of the commercial world. It is to the credit of those who sat in Congress during the storm and stress of the war, that no matter how great the financial emergency confronting the nation, few if any of them were bold enough to defend the doctrine of the monetary fiatist, or to support, except in an apologetic way, the emission of currency issues by the treasury department. Irrespective of party political differences on other questions affecting the conduct of the war, there was the highest degree of unanimity upon the part of the lawmakers in the view that danger of a far reaching character lay in allowing the government, even under apparent necessity, and for temporary purposes, to send forth, though redeemable, a paper dollar. As the Congressional records of those years attest, it is not unreasonable to assert that there was little if any dissent on principle,