Che Story of an African Farm

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Continued from First Page

If now, now at the last, one should come, should step in between! He carried the letter into the bedroom and earer," she said. When she bad read it, she asked for her dosk.

Then Gregory sat down in the hamplight on the other side of the curtain and heard the pencil move on the pa ing. The open letter lay at her side. She glanced at it with soft eyes. The have been strangely moved before his hand set down those words: "Let me come back to you! My darling, let me put my hand round you and guard you from all the world! As my wife they shall never touch you. I have learned ly, than of old. You shall have perfect freedom. Lyndall, grand little woman, for your own sake, be my

"Why did you send that money back to me? You are cruel to me. It is not rightly done." She roiled the little red pencil softly

between her fingers, and her face grew

very soft. Yet-

"It cannot be," she wrote. "I thank you much for the love you have shown me, but I cannot listen. You will call me mad, foolish-the world would do so-but I know what I need and the kind of path I must walk in. I cannot marry you. I will always love you for the sake of what lay by me those three hours, but there it ends. I must know and see. I cannot be bound to onafraid of the world. I will fight the world. One day-perhaps it may be far my life, something nobler, stronger than I, before which I can kneel down. You lose nothing by not having m now. I am a weak, selfish, erring wo-man. One day I shall find something

"Nurse," she said, "take my desk away. I am suddenly so sleepy. I will write more tomorrow." She turned her face to the pillow. It was the sudden drowstness of great weakness. She had dropped asleep in a moment, and then sat in the chair watching. Hour after hour passed, but he had no wish for rest and sat on, hearing the rain cease and the still night settle down everywhere. At a quarter past 12 he rose and took a last look at the bed where she lay sleeping so peacefully. Then he turned to go to his couch. Before he had reached the door she had started up and was calling him back.

"You are sure you have put it up." she said, with a look of blank terror at the window. "It will not fall open in the night, the shutter-you are sure?" He comforted her. Yes; it was tightly fastened.

whisper, "you cannot keep it out! You feel it coming in at 4 o'clock, creeping. creeping, up, up, deadly cold?" She

He thought she was wandering and laid her little trembling body down

"The gray dawn," she said, glancing round at the window. "I was never afraid of anything, never when I was a little child, but I have always been afraid of that. You will not let it

"No, no: I will stay with you," he continued.

But she was growing calmer. "No: you must go to bed. I only awoke with a start. You must be tired. I am childish; that is all." But she

He ant down beside her. After some time she said "Will you not rub my

He knelt down at the foot of the bed and took the tiny foot in his hand. It was swollen and unsightly now, but as he touched it he bent down and covered it with kisses.

"It makes it better when you kiss it. Thank you! What makes you all love me so?" Then dreamily she muttered to herself: "Not utterly bad, not quite bad. What makes them all love me

Kneeling there, rubbing softly, with his cheek pressed against the little foot, Gregory dropped to sleep at last. How long he knelt there he could not tell, but when he started up awake she was not looking at him. The eyes were fixed on the far corner, gazing wide and intent, with an uncartuly

He looked round fearfully. What did she see there God's angels come to call her, something fearful? saw only the purple curtain with the

whispered, asking what she saw there. And she said, in a voice strangely unlike her own: "I see the vision of a poor weak soul striving after good. was not cut short, and in the end it learned, through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for others; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk truly among them; that"-she moved ber white hand and laid it on her forehead-"happiness is a great love and much serving. It was not ent short, and it loved what it had learned-it Was that all she saw in the corner? Gregory told the landlady the next

morning that she had been wandering all night. Yet when he came in to give her her breakfast she was sitting up against the pillows, looking as he had not seen her look before. "Put it close to me," she said, "and

when I have had breakfast I am going

eagerly.

"I am sitting up quite by myself," she said. "Give me his meat." And she fed the dog herself, cutting his food small for him. She moved to the

"Now bring the chair near and dress It is being in this room so long and looking at that miserable little bit of sunshine that comes in through the shutter that is making me so ill. Always that Hon's naw!" she said, with a look of disgust at it. "Come and dress fore her and tried to draw on one stocking, but the little swellen foot re-

be sold, negring down curlously. "Perhaps it is want of exercise." She lookubled and said again, "Perhaps found a larger pair and then tried to there. aree the shoes-oh, so tenderly!-on

om when they were on with the dees. "I suid walk now. How nice than any earthly sea, like the sea he

"No." she said, seeing the soft gown he had prepared for her; "I will not fresses, the one with the pink bows. do not even want to think I have of things that makes them real," she not be. It gives way before you; it is not. Everything is possible if one is resolved," she said. She drew in her little lips together, and Gregory obeyed her. She was so small and slight now it was like dressing a small doil. He bed when he had finished, but she pushed him from her, laughing very softly. It was the first time she had ran puriting down into the sea. In and inughed in those long dreary months. "No. no: I can get down myself," she said, slipping cautiously to the floor.

of triumph when she stood there. "Hold the curtain up high. I want to look at myseif." He raised it and stood holding it. She looked into the glass on the ep-posite wall—such a queenly little & ure in its pink and white; such transparent little face, refined by suffering into an almost angelike by. The face looked at her. The look

ed back, laughing softly. Doss, quiv ering with excitement, ran round her, barking. She took one step toward the door, balancing herself with outstretched hands.

"I am nearly there," she said. Then she groped biladly. "Oh. I cannot see! I cannot see

Where am IT' she cried. failen with her face against the sharp foot of the wardrobe and cut her fore tle crushed beap of muslin and ribbons and laid it on the bed. Doss climbed up and sat looking down at it. softly Gregory's hands disrobed her. "You will be stronger tomorrow, and

then we shall try again." he said, but she neither looked at him nor stirred. So she lay all that morning and all that afternoon. At last in the evening he bent over

"The oxen bave come," he said. "W can start tomorrow if you like. Shall

I get the wagon ready tonight?" Twice he repeated his question. Ther she looked up at him, and Gregory saw that all hope had died out of the beautiful eyes. It was not stupor that shop there. It was despair. "Yes; let us go," she said.

"It makes no difference," said the doctor, "staying or going. It is close

So the next day Gregory carried he out in his arms to the wagon which stood "inspanned" before the door. As he laid her down on the "kartel" she looked far out across the plain. For the first time she spoke that day.

"That blue mountain far away-let us stop when we get to it, not before."

watch it from the "stoep." Very sliently the great wagon rolled he ever say, "She is here!" "What do you fear?" he asked ten. when she taid her treasure down in all would she have part!

reached it, not blue now, but low and no more. A dark mist filled the little brown, covered with long waving room grasses and rough stones. They drew "Ol night. It was a sheltered, warm spot.

dall awoke. The candle burned at her his resting place. She lay with foldmesquitoes buzzing drearily round and round, and her thoughtsber thoughts ran far back into the past Through these months of anguish a mist had rested on her mind. It was

rolled together now, and the old clear intellect a woke from its long torpor. It of them all from which he might suck looked back into the past. It saw the present. There was no future now. The old strong soul gathered itself to gether for the last time. It knew Slowly raising herself on her elbow,

stiff and cold. She put the pillow on her breast and stood the glass against Then the white face on the pillow ooked into the white face in the gises. had been a woman's face, with a dim you and I. We are together. We will tight, you and I." Now tonight it had you shall see her again." come to this. The dying eyes on the he glass. They knew that their bour to the hellish voice! had come. She raised one hand and pressed the stiff fingers against the class. They were growing very stiff. She tried to speak to it, but she would whose soul modern unbelief ul yearning light was in the eyes still. It not. He it is who uses his Bible The body was dead now, but the soul, as the pearl fishers use their shells, clear and unclouded, looked forth. that the glass reflected was a thing of says. "Hell and judgment are not.

ed from being? Who shall tell us? There is a vell of terrible mist over

the face of the bereafter. CHAPTER XXVI

Tell me what a soul desires, and I

will tell you what he loves." That self confusedly: On the night when Gregory told his story Waldo sat alone before the fire, ence, who, dying kissed her little baby his annasted supper before him. He and prayed God Quat she might see it was weary after his day's work, too again. If it had lived, the loved thing weary to eat. He put the plate down would teself have had a son, who, on the floor for Doss, who ficked it when he closed the weary eyes and After a time the master threw himself across the foot of the bed without underesting and fell askeep there. He slepped to the see that old face smile again in the bereafter. To the son heaven will be no heaven if the sweet worn face is not in one of the choirs. He will look fee. Pas. Agt., Gen. Pas. A clean and then went back to his corner. grown so fat sièce I have been will." After a time the master threw himself his mother, would have prayed God to

glorified angels, and the youth will A POPULAR INK. Denver and In his dream, to his right rose high mountains, their tops crowned with snow, their sides clothed with bush and be at the resurrection of the dead?
"Ah. God! Ab. God! A beautiful
dream!" he cried. "But can any bathed in the sunshine. At their feet had dreamed of in his boyhood. In

the parrow forest that ran between the and longing. mountains and the sea the air was rich with the scent of the honey creeper that bung from dark green bushes, and through the velvety grass little streams been ill. it is thinking and thinking ran purling down into the sea. He sat on a high, square rock among the "When you draw your mind bushes, and Lyndali sat by bim and together and resolve that a thing shall sang to him. She was only a small child, with a blue pinafore and a grave. grave, little face. He was looking up at the mountains. Then suddenly when he looked round she was gone. slipped down from his rock and went to look for her, but he found only her little footmarks. He found them on the bright green grass and in the moist sand and there where the little streams

> out, in and out, and among the bushes where the honey creeper hung, he went At last, far off, in the sunshine, h saw her gathering shells upon the sand. the was not a child now, but a woman, and the sun shone on her soft brown hair, and in her white dress she put the shells she gathered. "She was stooping but when she heard his step she stood up holding her skirt close about ber, and waited for his coming. One hand she put in his, and together they walked on over the glittering sand and pink senshells, and they heard the leave talking, and they heard the water bab-

bling on their way to the sea, and they

heard the sea singing to itself, singing

At last they came to a place where was a long reach of pure white saud. There she stood still and dropped on to the sand one by one the shells that she When Gregory reached her, she had had gathered. Then she looked up into his face with her beautiful eyes. said nothing; but she lifted one hand and laid it softly on his forehead. The

other she laid on his beart. With a cry of suppressed agony Waldo sprang from the bed, flung open the upper half of the door and leaned out, reathing heavily.

Great God! It might be only a dream, out the pain was very real, as though a kuife ran through his heart, as though ome treacherous murderer crept on him in the dark! The strong man drew his breath like a frightened woman. "Only a dream, but the pain was very

real," he muttered as he pressed his right hand upon his breast. Then he folded his arms on the door and stood looking out into the starlight. The dream was with him still. The

woman who was his friend was not separated from him by years. Only that very night be had seen her. He looked up into the night sky that all his life long had mingled itself with his existence. There were a thousand him, a thousand stars in their glory, in crowns and circles and solitary grandeur. To the man they were not less less mysterious, yet be looked up at them and shuddered, at last turned away from them with horror. Such the sails down before and behind, and far into space, and yet not in one of the wagon rolled away slowly. The them all was she! Though he searchlandlady and the niggers stood to ed through them all, to the farthest, along the grass covered plain. The row's sun would rise and gild the driver on the front box did not clap his world's mountains and shine into its whip or call to his oxen, and Gregory thousand valleys. It would set and sat beside him with folded arms. Behind them, in the closed wagon, she year, century after century, the old put up," she said, looking into his eyes, "and it crept right in, and i was alone with it."

Like Hagar time and harvest, but in uone of them

the wilderness, he sat afar off. "For He shut the door to keep out their Hagar said. Let me not see the donth hideous shining and because the dark was intolerable lighted a candle and Evening came, and yet the blue paced the little room faster and faster mountain was not reached, and all the next day they rode on slowly, but still of eternity that would roll on, on, on, t was far off. Only at evening they and never bring her. She would exist

"Oh, little hand! Oh, little voice! the wagon up close to its foot for the Oh, little form!" he cried. "Oh, little soul that walked with mine! Oh, little The night was growing very old soul that looked so fearlessly down when from a long, peaceful sleep Lyn into the depths, do you exist no more dall a woke. The candle burned at her forever, for all time?" He cried more head. The dog lay on her feet, but bitterly: "It is for this hour—this—that he shivered. It seemed as thous men blind reason and crush out coldness struck up to him from thought! For this hour-this, thisthey barter truth and knowledge, take ed hands, looking upward, and the any ile, any creed, so it does not whisheard the oxen chewing, and she saw per to them of the dead that they are dend! O God. God. for a hereafter!" Muttering to himself, Waldo walked with bent head, the mist in his eyes. To the soul's wild cry for its own there are many answers. He began

one drop of comfort? "You shall see her again," says the Paristian, the true Bible Christian. Tes; fon shall see her again. 'And I aw the dead, great and small, stand before God. And the books were openshe took from the sail a glass that ed, and the dead were judged from hung planed there. Her fingers were those things which were written in the books. And whosoever was not found into the lake of fire, which is the secoud death.' Yes; you shall see her They had looked at each other often so again. She died so, with her knee unbefore. It had been a child's face once, bent, with her hand unraised, with oking out above its blue pinafore. It a prayer unuttered, in the pride of her intellect and the strength of her youth. shadow in the eyes and a something She loved, and she was loved. But she which had said: "We are not afraid, said no prayer to God; she cried for no mercy; she repented of no sin! Yes;

In his bitterness Waldo laughed low. Ah, he had long ceased to hearken

But yet another speaks. "You shall see her again," says the ineteenth century Christian, deep into never speak again. Only the wonder thought have crept, though he knows sorting out gems from refuse. He sets Then slowly, without a sound, the his pearls after his own fashion, and beautiful eyes closed. The dead face he sets them well. "Do not fear," he marvelous beauty and tranquillity. The God is love. I know that beyond this gray dawn crept in over it and sow it blue sky above us is a love as widespreading over all. The All Father Had she found what she sought for- will show her to you again not spirit something to worship? Had she ceas only. The little hands, the little feet, you loved-you shall lie down and kiss them if you will. Christ arose and did eat and drink. So shall she arise. The dead, all the dead, raised incorruptible! God is love. You shall see her

It is a heavenly song this of the nine will tell you what it is." So ruus the tenth century Christian. A man might dry his tears to listen to it but for this one thing-Waldo muttered to him-

"The thing I loved was a woman proud and young. It had a mother If is want of exercise." She wanted out and the room was in darkness. But not in one of the choirs. He will look feerory to say so, too, but he only he dreamed a lovely dream as he lay for it through the phalanx of God's David's celebrated writing fluid kept

Waldo paced on moaning in agon) He heard the transcend stallst's Shute & Foote, Bankers,

high answer: "What have you to do with flesh, Assessor's Office, Court House, the gross and miserable garment in Supt. Schools, Court House, which spirit hides itself? You shall T. H. & E. B. Tongue, Law Office, Smith & Howman, Law Office, no more. The loves, the fears, the frailties, that are born with the flesh, with the flesh shall die. Let them die! There is that in man that cannot die- Private Citizens. a seed, a germ, an embryo, a spiritual essence. Higher than she was on essence. Higher than she was on earth as the tree is higher than the seed, the man than the embryo, so shall you behold her, changed, glorified!"

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