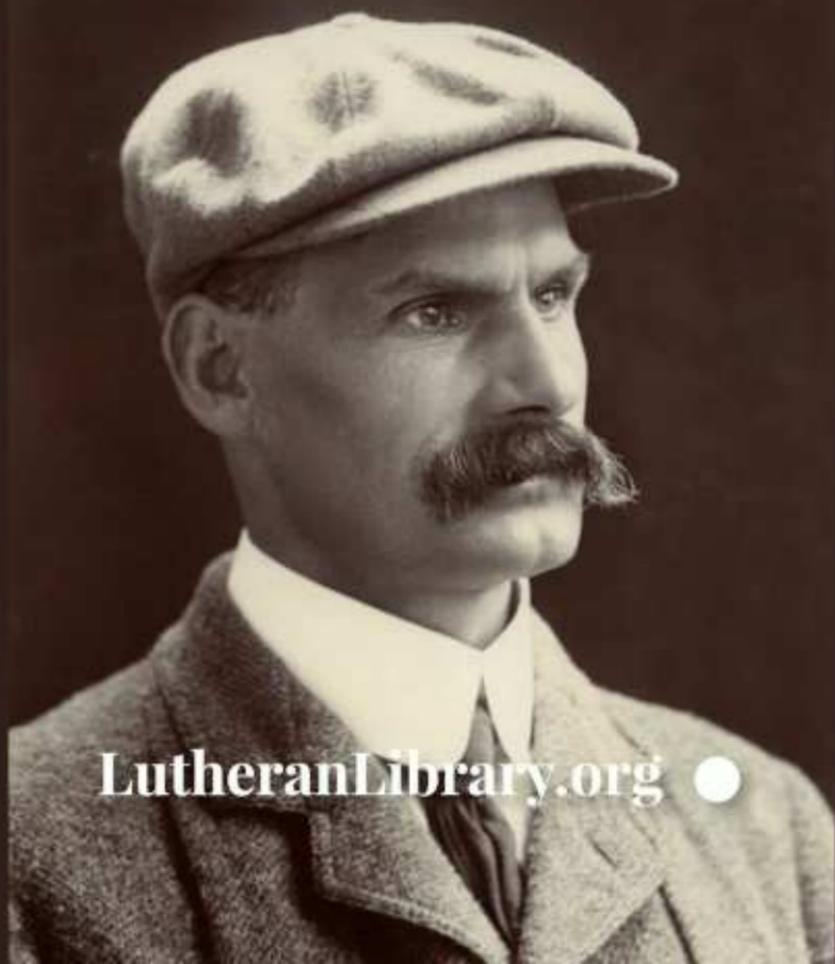


Joseph Hocking

And Grant A Leader Bold



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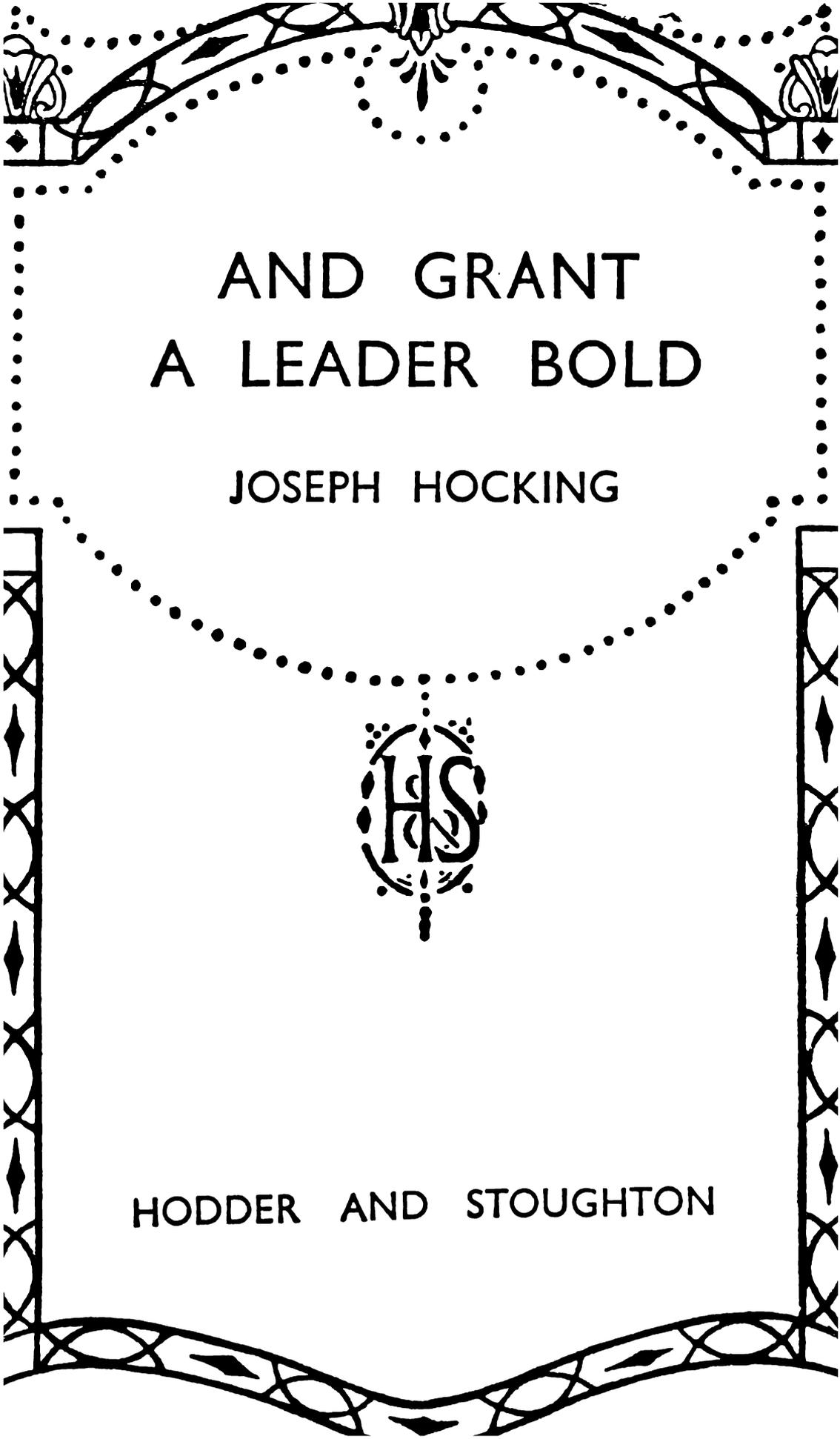
AND GRANT A LEADER BOLD

NOVELS AND STORIES BY
JOSEPH HOCKING

Deep Calleth Unto Deep
The Squire of Zabuloe
And Grant a Leader Bold
The Man who was Sure
The Constant Enemy
Felicity Treverbyn
The Man who Almost Lost
The Eternal Challenge
The Eternal Choice
Bevil Granville's Handicap
What Shall it Profit a Man?
The Wagon and the Star
Rosemary Carew
The All-Conquering Power
Prodigal Parents
The Game and the Candle
The Case of Miss Dunstable
In the Sweat of Thy Brow
The Everlasting Arms
Follow the Gleam
The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne
The Madness of David Baring
The Trampled Cross
The Man who Rose Again
Facing Fearful Odds
Rosaleen O'Hara
O'er Moor and Fen
The Wilderness



HODDER AND
STOUGHTON



AND GRANT
A LEADER BOLD

JOSEPH HOCKING



HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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*The characters in this book are entirely imaginary,
and have no relation to any living person*

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CHAPTER I

BOB COLENSO AND KATHY LYNEHAM

THE girl looked at him a little contemptuously.

“ No, Bob,” she said, “ I cannot do, or be, what you ask.”

“ Why ? ”

“ I would rather not enter into the why,” was her answer.

“ All the same, I think I have the right to ask it. Don't you care for me ? ”

The girl was silent, and in spite of the contemptuous look we have mentioned, he could not help feeling hopeful.

“ You do like me, don't you, Kathy ? ” he pleaded. “ And I believe your father would like to think that we were engaged. Come now, admit it.”

She shook her head. “ I know nothing of my father's thoughts or feelings,” was her answer, “ but whatever they may be, what you ask is impossible.”

“ You don't love me, then ? ”

“ Anyhow, I refuse to be engaged to you.”

“ Refuse is a hard word, Kathy. You do not mean all it implies, do you ? ”

“ I am afraid I do.”

“ But what have you against me ? ”

“Almost everything,” was her reply.

“Almost everything? Think what you are saying, Kathy!” and there was more than a suggestion of anger in his tones.

They were sitting alone outside the breakfast-room of the Bishop's Palace in the cathedral town of Belgrave. Before them stretched a wide-spreading lawn, in the centre of which was an old plane tree which was the wonder and admiration of nearly everyone who saw it. In the near distance they could see the great towers of the Cathedral, which threw its shadows across the Deanery which faced the young people, and which seemed to be surrounded by a kind of ecclesiastical aura.

Perhaps Bob Colenso, who had motored over from his uncle's place, which stood several miles away from Belgrave Cathedral, felt this, for in spite of the fact that he had driven hard until he came within sight of the Cathedral towers, he slowed down the car directly he heard the great bell which called the people to prayer, and which reverberated across the country-side.

Bob Colenso was a handsome fellow of about twenty-eight years of age, and was regarded as one of the best matches in the county. It was true he only actually possessed about three hundred a year, which was left to him by his mother, but he was supposed to have great expectations. It was claimed for him that he would be heir to Lord Colenso, and that in due time he would inherit not only the title, but the estates. As a consequence, or partly as a consequence, Bob was popular at all the social functions in the county,

and was generally regarded, especially by match-making mothers, as a most eligible young man.

As far as could be judged, however, Bob was utterly careless about these same match-making mothers, and thought only of Katherine Lyneham, the only daughter of the Bishop of Belgrave.

Bob had known Kathy Lyneham for practically all her life. He was a boy of eight years old when she was born, and almost ever since he had regarded himself as her pal. During the last two or three years, moreover, his feeling for her had struck a deeper note, and he had driven from his uncle's place that very morning in order to, as he called it, "fix up the business."

As we have seen, however, Kathy had not responded favourably to his appeal. Indeed, she had, according to Bob's viewpoint, looked upon his proposal with decided disfavour.

"Tell me now, Kathy, what you have against me?" he insisted.

"Almost everything," replied the girl.

He looked at her steadily for a few seconds. Then he went on: "You mean that I am not in a position to marry? Of course, I admit that. All the same, I know that my uncle will make things easy for me if I choose the right girl. And I am choosing the right girl, Kathy; the finest girl in the county. And I am sure of this: if I tell my uncle that you have accepted me, he will do the handsome thing by me. Is that what you meant?"

The girl looked at him with indignant eyes. "I thought you knew me better than that, Bob," she

said. "It's the man, not the money, I am thinking of."

It will be seen from this that Kathy Lyneham was an outspoken girl, and was not careful in her choice of words.

"Thank you," replied Bob sarcastically. "You object to the man, then?"

"In a way, I do," was her reply.

"In what way?"

"Do you think, Bob," and she looked at him steadily, "that I could bear the idea of living on charity? Do you imagine that I could be happy while all the time realising that we were dependent on your uncle's bounty?"

"But we could not live on my paltry three hundred a year!" replied Bob.

"I would rather live on three hundred a year, if it were honestly earned, than on as many thousands if they were a matter of bounty," replied the girl indignantly.

"Honestly earned!" retorted Bob. "Dash it all, Kathy, we have to take things as they are, and people in our line of life don't go in for 'earning,' as you call it."

"Do you mean to say, then," cried the girl, "that people in our line of life, as you call it, are a lot of paupers! Look here, Bob, let's understand once and for all that I have given you my answer. But I want to ask you some questions. What are you fit for? Suppose you didn't have that three hundred a year which you say you inherited from your mother, what would you do for a living?"

“ I don't understand you, Kathy. What are you driving after ? ”

“ What have you done since you left Oxford ? ” she asked. “ At first it was thought you wouldn't even take a degree there ; and although during the last year you were there you gave a spurt, and ended by taking a good honours degree, you have never done a stroke of work since you left.”

“ I have no need to work,” he replied sullenly.

“ And do you think that because, as you term it, you have no need to work, you are justified in spending a useless life ? ”

“ Oh, hang it all, Kathy ! ” cried Bob, starting to his feet and walking a few yards towards the great plane tree. “ I don't want a sermon,” and not only the tones of his voice, but the flash from his eyes showed that he meant what he said. “ It comes to this, then, you won't have me ? ”

“ No, Bob,” she replied, “ I won't have you.”

“ Mind,” and a still more angry tone came into his voice, “ if you turn me down now, you turn me down for always ! Remember that ! ”

“ Of course,” replied the girl quietly.

What would have happened further I do not know, but at that moment an elderly ecclesiastic in a bishop's apron and gaiters came near them, and broke in on their conversation.

“ Halloa, Kathy, my dear ! ” exclaimed the old man affectionately, and coming towards his daughter he kissed her. “ This is the first time I have seen you to-day,” he added. “ I went to the early Communion

before you were out of bed, and had my breakfast alone with my chaplain ; since which we have been hard at work until now."

It was evident that father and daughter loved each other very dearly. Kathy warmly returned the old man's caress, and looked lovingly into his face.

" I am glad to see you, Bob," went on the Bishop. " I suppose you drove over from the Hall this morning ? "

" Yes," replied the young man. " My uncle was deeply immersed in his correspondence when I left."

" I suppose, like the rest of us, he is bothered about money matters ? " rejoined the Bishop. " You may say what you like, Bob, but these are hard days for landlords."

" My uncle seems to think so at any rate," replied the young man. " Of course, he tells me no particulars, but I imagine he has great difficulty in making ends meet."

" And the worst of it is," went on the Bishop, " there is no man in the political world who seems capable of putting things right. Of course, this generation has inherited a terrible burden of debt ; it was impossible for us to go through such times as we went through during the War without paying the penalty. All the same, if we had a strong man at the helm of affairs, I don't believe things would be so bad. But we seem to have no one in the whole of the political world who is capable of putting matters on a right foundation."

“ You mean——? ” asked Bob, looking at the Bishop questioningly.

“ I mean that all the political parties are helpless,” replied the Bishop. “ What man is there among the Conservatives, or, for that matter, what man is there among the Liberals or Socialists, who is capable of leading the country out of the morass into which we have got? But there, I must be off! ”

“ Where are you going, Dad? ” asked Kathy.

“ There is a very nasty business I have to attend to over at Rodney,” he replied. “ In fact, my letter-box this morning has not been at all a cheering one.”

“ What do you mean, father? ” asked Kathy, looking at the Bishop with a startled expression.

“ Oh, the general condition of the Church, my dear,” replied the old man. “ It’s no use hiding our faces from the fact that the churches are losing the people.”

“ Losing the people! What do you mean? ”

“ I mean that in spite of the increase of the population, there is a decrease, *a marked decrease*, in church attendance; a marked decrease in communicants, too: while, as it seems to me, we are losing the educated young men and women altogether.”

Neither Bob nor Kathy made a remark, although a smile came to Bob’s lips as though he would have said: “ Well, what wonder? ”

“ And even that isn’t all,” went on the Bishop. “ The Church has lost its hold on the people in every vital sense. As you know, Rodney is a great commercial centre, and there has been a great deal of industrial trouble there. What has happened? The

Church has striven to help as between employer and employee, between master and man. And what has been the result? The Church has been practically told to mind its own business. In fact, we seem to have not a shadow of influence."

Bob could not help looking at the Bishop as he uttered what was practically a wail of despair; neither could he help thinking of the quality of the man who spoke. Bob Colenso, during the last few months especially, had been a frequent visitor at the Bishop's Palace. He had gone there, in the main, to see Kathy, and during those visits the Bishop had spoken freely to him on what he termed the general condition of the Church, and he had not been slow to draw conclusions about what he had heard.

"You think, then," and he looked at the old ecclesiastic steadily as he spoke, "that the great thing needed in the country, as far as our political life is concerned, is a great leader?" he asked.

"As a nation, we are dying for the want of it," cried the Bishop.

"And what's the *Church* dying of?" reflected Bob as he again looked towards this old man who was at the head of the ecclesiastical world as far as the diocese of Belgrave was concerned.

In some respects he was impressed by what he saw, for Dr. Lyneham had rather a striking face. It was cast in a classical mould, and the well formed forehead suggested a vigorous intelligence. Indeed, Dr. Lyneham was noted as a scholar. He had spent years in the study of the liturgy of the Church, and perhaps

no other man on the episcopal bench knew more about the niceties of ecclesiastical life during the centuries than Dr. Lyneham. He was a kindly man, too ; kindly and conscientious, and it was not without reason that many of his clergy regarded him as " a father in God."

" But, great heavens, he's such a *little* man ! " reflected Bob as he looked at him.

The reflection, moreover, was right. Dr. Lyneham *was* a little man. One never felt a great personality behind his words ; never felt like the people must have felt in the time of Elijah, when the prophet made his great challenge to the assembled host : " If Baal be God, then follow him ; if the Lord be God, then follow Him. The God that answers by fire, let Him be God ! "

" But I must be going, Kathy, my dear," and again the old man kissed his daughter affectionately. " I don't expect to be back to lunch, but I may be in time for a cup of tea. Anyhow, don't stay in for me. I have to preach at Witney to-night, which is a long way from Rodney. Are you going, too, Bob ? " asked the Bishop, who had noted that the young man held his hat in his hand as if on the point of leaving. " Can I give you a lift anywhere ? "

" No, thank you, my Lord," replied Bob. " I have my uncle's car outside, and have promised to be back for lunch."

" What are you thinking about, Bob ? " asked Kathy, after her father had gone.

“You,” replied the young man. “I built everything upon your saying yes, Kathy, and now—I feel like going straight to the devil,” he added.

“You don’t mean that?” cried the girl anxiously.

“Oh, you needn’t fear,” replied Bob, “I am not built that way. All the same, you haven’t left me much to live for.”

Kathy looked at him as though she wanted to say something to cheer him. But she was silent.

“Good-bye, Kathy,” and Bob moved away towards the entrance of the Palace as he spoke. “You are sure you have nothing further to tell me?”

“No,” she said, after a long silence, “nothing more.”

Without another word he went to the spot where his car was standing. “After all, I believe she does care for me,” he said to himself as he got into the car, “and I am sure there is something she wants to say. What is it, I wonder? But there! she was always difficult to understand, and——”

A great bell boomed out from one of the towers. Bob listened while the waves of sound reverberated through the town. “What is the good of it all?” he asked himself as he listened. “That great building, and all it stands for, seems utterly removed from the life of to-day. In a way it’s utterly alien; and yet Christianity was a tremendous fact when that church was built. It was the most potent thing in the life of the country then, while now, as the old Bishop practically admitted just now, it means nothing. And yet——”

He put the car into motion, and slowly went out of the Palace yard, and then through the quiet streets of the Cathedral town.

A few minutes later he was out in the country, and the perfect piece of machinery was making the distance between Belgrave and his uncle's house less and less. Presently the car swept through some gates, and ere long was nearing a fine old mansion which stood on a slight eminence, and which commanded a view of the whole country-side.

"Hallo, Bob!" and looking he saw his uncle, who suggested a working farmer rather than a delegate of an ancient race. He was a man about sixty years of age, who wore heavy shoes, thick corduroy breeches and a home-spun coat. "It's only just struck twelve, Bob. I didn't expect to see you back yet. As you know, lunch is not until one."

Bob made no reply.

"You have been to see Kathy Lyneham, I suppose?"

Bob nodded rather ruefully

"Not successful in your wooing, eh?"

Bob shook his head.

The older man laughed sardonically "I don't commiserate with you, Bob," he said. "There are few things for which I am thankful in this world, but one is that the girl to whom I proposed long years ago refused me. I was broken-hearted at the time, now I am glad. She married the man she loved; at least, so I suppose, and has had a huge family; while I—I remained a bachelor. A good thing

for me, too, and, incidentally, a good thing for you, Bob."

Bob looked at his uncle questioningly.

"Yes, as matters stand, this estate, for what it's worth, will come to you unfettered, while if I had married——" and the older man shrugged his shoulders significantly. "Life is not much to boast about," went on Lord Colenso after a somewhat awkward silence; "you will find that out if you live as long as I have."

"You are not very cheerful, uncle," protested the younger man.

"Of course I am not. There is no wonder either! There's nothing to be cheerful about, as far as I can see. The country, ever since the War, has been going straight to the dogs, and there is not a man in the whole country, as far as I can see, who is capable of saving us from utter ruin."

Bob, remembering what the Bishop had said not long before, looked questioningly at Lord Colenso.

"Oh, I mean it," was his lordship's response. "We are on the brink of ruin, and I see no way out of the impasse. My letter-box this morning was enough to frighten a man. It's all expenditure, and no income—And so the girl said 'No,' did she? You see, I was pretty sure of what you went to Belgrave for!"

Bob made no vocal reply.

"Be thankful, my boy," went on his uncle. "But did she give a reason for her refusal?"

"She seemed to think I was a muff," replied Bob.

"A muff!" repeated his uncle. "In what way?"

“ Oh, she seemed to have the idea that I was no use in the world, and that but for the fact that my mother left me three hundred a year I should be on the dole.”

The older man regarded the younger with more interest than he had hitherto seemed to regard him. He looked at him almost excitedly for some seconds, and then laughed significantly. “ By Gad, and she is right, too ! ” he said. “ But for that three hundred quid a year, and the fact that you find lodgings with me, you *would* be on the dole. You have never done a day’s work in your life ! ”

“ Whose fault is that ? ” asked Bob almost savagely.

“ God knows, I don’t,” and again the older man laughed cynically. “ Did you see the Right Rev. Father in God ? ” he added mockingly, after a further silence.

“ Yes, I saw him.”

“ Well, what were his views about life ? ”

“ He seemed to be rather pessimistic this morning, and his views were practically a replica of yours. The country, according to him, is on its last legs.”

“ What a confession for a Bishop to make ! ” sneered the other.

“ In what way ? ” asked Bob.

“ In what way ? ” repeated Lord Colenso. “ Why, just think ! When Belgrave Cathedral was built, Christianity was the most potent force in the country. In many respects, it was the ruling power in the land, and everybody and everything took its cue from the Church. And yet see what it is now ! But there, it’s

not my business ! If neither the bishops nor the politicians are capable of putting the world straight, why should I bother ? ”

The foregoing may not seem to be fraught with great interest, and yet what I have set down was not without influence on the life of various people whose story I have to tell. Bob Colenso, for example, only son of the late younger brother of Lord Colenso, whose family was distantly related to the great Bishop of that name, was a young man who was not only susceptible to passing influences, but was also capable of great things.

When one considers the matter carefully, one is led to realise that the nonentities of the world were not intended to be so by the God Who made us. Men and women whom the world is apt to regard as poor, worthless creatures are born with mighty potentialities and infinite capacities.

The Sage of Chelsea, when in a cynical mood, declared that there were so many millions of people in Great Britain, mostly fools. But he did not speak the truth. Lying dormant in the lives of the people whom he designated as fools, were infinite possibilities. God made them capable of great things ; they only needed the Divine impulse to arouse what lay dormant within them to make them great and mighty.

That was true of Bob Colenso. But for the fact that his mother had left him three hundred a year, he would, so both Katherine Lyneham and his uncle had said, be on the dole. But lying at the heart of Bob Colenso were the possibilities of great things.

The only question was, would some sufficient inspiration come to him to make those possibilities actualities?

Bob spoke scarcely a word further to his uncle that day. Indeed, he seemed strangely silent and restrained. Neither, for that matter, did he, during the remainder of the week, seek a further interview with Kathy Lyneham; but on the following Sunday afternoon he made his way to the industrial town of Rodney, which although not situated in what is called one of the manufacturing counties of England, was yet a busy and crowded district.

After leaving his car at the garage of an old-fashioned hostelry, he made his way into what was called the Market Square, and which lay at the centre of a huge working-class population.

It was here, although Bob did not know it, that he was destined to receive a new bent to his life.

CHAPTER II

‘ ‘ THE DUKE ’ ’ OF CORNUBIA

IT being a Sunday afternoon on a fine day, the people had gathered at the Market Square in huge numbers. Even on gloomy and rainy Sunday afternoons the Market Square was a favourite gathering place for the people. It was here that their troubles were ventilated and their opinions discussed, and as I have just said, it—lying as it did at the centre of a huge working-class population—was a favourite gathering place whatever the state of the weather ; while on fine Sundays, such as it was that day, a larger concourse of people than usual had gathered.

“ Who’s the speaker this afternoon, I wonder ? ” the young man asked himself. There were no announcements on the hoardings of the town, neither had he seen in the local newspaper any statement which was calculated to arouse the interest generally displayed.

A minute later his question seemed to be answered. An old man, who must have been fully eighty years of age, but who was, nevertheless, strong and virile, mounted the platform. As far as Bob knew, he was altogether a stranger in the town ; and yet he was a man who would be noted anywhere. His long

flowing hair and beard were as white as snow. But this was not the chief characteristic of a remarkable personage. His physical stature was not remarkable. Indeed, although his form was upright and he moved with ease and decision, he did not suggest that even in his younger days he possessed more than ordinary physical strength. But he had a leonine head, and it was large and well shaped. His forehead was broad and high ; while his eyebrows formed a direct contrast to his snowy locks by their intense blackness. His eyes, too, were large, also bright and speaking ; while his mouth, although somewhat large for his face, was mobile and expressive. Altogether he looked a man in a million.

No sooner did he mount the platform than the crowd drew nearer to it. Evidently the people expected something of more than ordinary interest.

“ Who is he ? ” asked Bob of a man standing close by his side.

“ A great swell,” was the answer.

“ He looks it, too,” assented the young man. “ But what is he called ? ”

“ He is a penniless peer. At least, that’s what I am told,” was the reply. “ As a matter of fact, he is a Duke without a penny.”

“ A Duke, eh ? Is he a relation of the King ? ” and Bob laughed incredulously.

“ I don’t think he has any great relations at all,” was the reply. “ From what I can hear, his family has died out, and either he hasn’t money enough,

or else he doesn't care about fighting for his title. But he is spoken of as the Duke of Cornubia."

"Cornubia?" repeated Bob. "Why, that's the ancient name for Cornwall!"

"I don't know anything about that," was the reply, "and he may or may not be Cornish. But that's the name I am told he bears."

"And does he go around speaking for a living?"

"Oh, no. He never takes a penny for what he does. How he lives I don't know, but he must have money or he couldn't dress like that. He looks like a great gentleman, too, doesn't he?"

"Is he attached to any society or any political party?" asked Bob.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "I am told that he refuses to be labelled. Sometimes, according to what I can hear, he seems to be in favour of the Socialists. Then the next Sunday you hear him saying things entirely against what the Socialists advocate. He belongs to no creed, no party; neither will he have a label of any sort. From what I can gather, he generally insists on speaking on some question which no section of the community can claim as its own."

Bob did not seek to continue the conversation any farther, for at that moment there was a movement on the platform, which suggested that the meeting was about to commence.

He saw that the chairman was a well-known employer in the town, and noted for his interest in all public questions.

"As you know," this man said in commencing,

“we have for months been trying to get the Duke of Cornubia here, but he is a difficult man to get. Although he is a very religious man, he will not speak under the auspices of any church or denomination, and it is very seldom that he can be got to speak for any particular section of the community who is desirous of advocating something in which it is especially interested. But you will be glad to know that we have succeeded in getting him here this afternoon. This Market Square is as free as the air we breathe, while people of all sections of the community are represented here.

“I don’t know at all what the Duke is going to speak about,” went on the chairman after a slight pause. “Indeed, I do not know if he is a Duke at all. He may be, or may not be; he doesn’t seem to care. But I am sure he will give us something worth having, and without taking up any more time which really belongs to him, I will ask the man who is known as the Duke of Cornubia to speak to us.”

A number in the crowd, which by this time numbered several thousands, began to cheer as the chairman sat down. Doubtless, too, this manifestation of welcome would have increased in volume but for the peculiar action of the visitor. No sooner had the chairman resumed his seat—nay, even before he sat down, the speaker was on his feet, and with a quick wave of his hand commanded silence.

In spite of himself, Bob drew close to the platform. As yet, the old man who had been introduced as the Duke of Cornubia had not spoken a word, and yet

the younger man could not help being strangely influenced. There was something in his large, dark, speaking eyes, something in the expression of his mobile mouth which commanded attention ; and Bob felt his heart fluttering as though he expected great news.

“ Please do not pay undue attention to what the chairman has said about me,” the speaker commenced. “ After all, what are name and lineage ? It is true that I can claim, and can prove, a direct descent from the great Black Prince, who was the first Duke of Cornwall ; also I am often called the Duke of Cornubia. But I do not attach undue importance to that. The value of what one may say does not depend upon name or lineage, but upon the quality of the words which he shall utter.

“ I want to speak to you on the great need of the age in which we live ; the paramount need ; the crying need.”

He hesitated a second, and looked out over the sea of faces which were before him.

“ If I am not mistaken,” he said after a long silence, “ there is in existence a great Oratorio founded on one of the Apocryphal books of the Bible entitled ‘ Judas Maccabæus,’ and one of the most stirring pieces in that Oratorio is one entitled ‘ And Grant a Leader Bold.’ ”

Again he hesitated, and looked out over the crowd.

“ That is the great need of the age ! ” he cried. “ A leader ! This dear old country of ours is perishing for want of a great leader. Nay, more : is not the

world crying out for a leader who shall interpret the needs of the age, and point the bewildered peoples to the truth ?

“ I do not speak on behalf of any church, any denomination, any sect, any party ; I seek only to get at the great need, the all-demanding need of our time.

“ Think a minute, and cast your mind over this sin-stricken world of ours. And what do you see ?

“ First you see two countries at war. They claim that they are not at war, but what does their claim amount to ? China and Japan are drawn up in battle array ; and one, especially, is armed with the latest weapons of warfare. If there had been a great leader in the League of Nations there would have been no squabble about territory, no possible chance of war in the Far East.

“ Think of our own country,” he went on. “ The late war, in spite of a supposed victory, has left us wounded, bruised, bleeding, almost dying. Many millions of people are unemployed ; our expenditure has been exceeding our income ; while all the political parties have been helpless.

“ What’s our great need ? Is Great Britain lacking in power, lacking in possibility ? Is it doomed to die as the great nations in the past have died ? ”

The speaker paused and looked around him ; while even although he had said nothing beyond what they had heard a hundred times before, the people felt the power of his personality.

“ An army without a leader is a mob,” he cried.

“ It is weak, it is invertebrate, it can do nothing. But give that army a wise, inspiring leader, and it becomes a mighty force. That’s true of England. We are a great people ; we have mighty possibilities, but we are in need of a leader who will look into the heart of the truth, interpret to us what our needs are, and march at our head to the uplands of God.

“ What I have said,” went on the old man, “ naturally leads me to something else. What is the cure for all our troubles ? What is the panacea for the world’s ills ?

“ Nearly two thousand years ago a Child was born in a little country which lies on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea. But little notice was taken of that Child until He reached the age of thirty, and then He went around this country uttering the greatest truths, and, at the same time, the most revolutionary words that had ever been heard.

“ We have got accustomed to them now, until they seem only commonplaces ; and yet in them lies the salvation of the world.

“ Just after He commenced His ministry, He said this : ‘ But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.’

“ What things ? The things which the people desired ; things which they thought would make for their happiness.

“ Since then the Kingdom of God, which the man Jesus came to set up, has been heralded far and wide. Indeed, what is called Christianity has become—or is

supposed to have become—an integral part of our national life. Shortly after the death of Jesus, His words and His works seemed to gain credence everywhere, and it swept over the nations like wildfire. From time to time, too, during later years, there have been epochs which have told the peoples that the Kingdom of Jesus, that the might of Jesus could conquer the world.

“ If it did, what would be the consequence? It would mean a new world. The aim and purpose of Jesus was to set up the Kingdom of God in men’s hearts: the Kingdom of purity, of truth, of love; and if that were done, the darkness of the world would pass away like a summer cloud.

“ And yet Christianity is dying—or it seems to be. Anyhow, the churches are dying. Less people attend our churches to-day than attended them fifty years ago; while what is called church-life is, to a large extent, laughed at.

“ What ails us? ”

“ Let me not be misunderstood. The Man of Nazareth is not despised; the Saviour of the world, even although the people do not obey His behests, is revered; and while Christianity seems to be at a low ebb, at least as far as what are called the churches are concerned, there is a kind of belief that Jesus can yet save the world.

“ What, then, is needed? ”

Again he paused, and cast his eyes swiftly over the multitude of listeners. Bob, who was watching him closely, said in his heart of hearts: “ Why is he looking

at me ? We are strangers to each other ; we never saw each other before, and yet he seems to know me ! ”

“ I will tell you what we need,” said the old man, and although he spoke quietly, his voice reached to the very outskirts of the crowd. “ We need a leader ; perhaps we need many leaders. I look at this huge manufacturing town ; in it are many thousands of men and women with infinite potentialities, with untold longings and desires. I am told that in this town, in spite of the fact that it is, in many ways, well organised and well governed, that in spite of the fact that education is carefully provided for and encouraged, while every shade of religious belief is being ministered unto ; the town in itself is, in many ways, corrupt, drunken, lawless and unbelieving. I am told, too, that in spite of the fact that there are many good and righteous people in the town, an unnumbered host are following the lower rather than the higher, are choosing Barabbas rather than Jesus.

“ And yet there are vast potentialities in the town. Hosts of young men and women with great possibilities ; young men and women with trained intelligences and quick brains, could, if they were called into life, make this town glorious.

“ Perhaps some will tell me that Rodney is only a replica of hundreds of other big centres of population, and that what is true of you is true of the whole country. But for the moment I am not thinking of the larger world ; my attention is confined to Rodney, and to you.”

A change came over the speaker's face. He no longer looked young and vigorous, as he had looked during the earlier part of his address. A film seemed to come over his eyes; while instead of appearing good for many years' service, evidences that he was fully fourscore years old, and more, appeared on his face.

“What is needed,” he repeated, and now his voice was husky, “is a leader. I see a young man here who could, if he would, be a leader; who could lead the people to Christ, the great Leader; who could interpret Him as He is; who could show the people, through Him, the divine meaning of manhood, the glorious wonder of life.

“But it means much; it means so very, very much.

“What does it mean? you ask. It means,” and now the speaker's voice took on a new tensivity, “sacrifice; it means the subjugation of self; it means complete honesty; it means absolute sincerity; it means a great faith; it means purity of life. Those are the qualities which true leaders must possess.

“And if such a leader could be found in Rodney, the whole town, through him, might be blessed; the whole life of the community might be uplifted, and a new and nobler spirit be triumphant.

“But some of you will say, ‘This is not for us. There are scores of clergymen of various denominations in the town, whose work it is to believe it. A few miles away, indeed, is the Cathedral town of Belgrave, where a Bishop and a number of Church

dignitaries have been appointed. Surely these should be the religious leaders of the people ! ’

“ Perhaps, also, you are thinking of trade union officials, of men who are set apart to organise and to guide the working-class people, and perhaps you are saying, ‘ These should be our leaders.’ Or perhaps you are thinking of professional men, or great employers of labour, and perhaps you are saying, ‘ These should be our leaders.’ But why ? ”

The old man paused again at this moment, and took a sip from the glass of water which stood on the table before him.

“ We have waited a long time for such to be our leaders,” he said, “ and we have grown weary of waiting. These men have failed us. As far as I can judge, Church dignitaries of all denominations, Bishops, Presidents of Conferences, Chairmen of Unions are *little* men ; so *very, very little*, who think rather of their own little ‘ isms ’ than of the life of the community.”

The speaker, who during the last few minutes had seemed to become imbued with a new strength, again looked around him. “ My friends,” he said, “ have you not noticed in reading the history of men and nations, how God has chosen the unexpected ones, those whom the world would have passed by as useless, to be the pioneers of great movements, leaders whom God has chosen to do great things ? When God wanted a man to lead the people of Israel from bondage to freedom, He chose Moses, whom the world would never have thought of. When He wanted a King to

reign over Israel, He chose David, and took him from the *sheepfolds*. When He wanted a man to prepare the way for the great Messiah, He chose one who lived in the wilderness, whose clothes were of camel's hair, and his food locusts and wild honey. And when the great Messiah came, He came not with the pageantry of a ruling monarch, but as a Babe, Who was cradled in a manger, and Who was sheltered in a stable.

“ I do not know who could be a leader, or who is destined to be a leader, or who is called to be a leader in this crowd ; I only say that if he feels the pulsations in his heart, and hears a voice calling him to service, it is for him to say, as the great prophet of old said : ‘ Here am I, send me.’ ”

The speaker sat down at this, and the gathering broke up. There was no vote of thanks, no hymn, no doxology, no benediction ; nevertheless, the people went away quietly and thoughtfully. Many thought of life as they had never thought of it before ; while Bob Colenso, who, although related to a great Bishop, regarded the religion of Jesus Christ as a played-out fallacy, felt as though a new life was born within him, and that it was for him to do untold and, indeed, unheard-of things.

CHAPTER III

“THE DUKE’S” SECRETARY

THE crowd slowly dispersed. A few, but only a few, stayed behind to exchange greetings with the speaker. Many offers of hospitality were showered upon him, but the old man accepted none of them. He had arranged to stay, he said, at the “Mitre,” the principal hostelry of the town, and would not trouble any of the inhabitants for food and entertainment.

It seemed natural, moreover, that he should stay at the best hotel which the town provided. He was utterly different from the paid advocates of the particular parties who had hired them, and looked what he was, a gentleman of the old school, perfectly dressed, perfectly manicured, and who treated everyone with old-fashioned courtesy.

The proprietor of the Mitre Hotel, moreover, had told more than one of the inhabitants that “The Dook,” as he called him, had, in addition to his bedroom, engaged one of the best sitting-rooms in the house, and had surrounded himself with all those things which appertain to an old gentleman’s comfort. As a consequence, he was not treated as many of the votaries of the different unions are treated, but looked upon, and spoken to, with a kind of reverence.

Bob Colenso watched curiously while those who desired to speak to the man to whom he had been listening with such interest, gathered around the platform. He had no intention of making himself known in any way. Nevertheless, having nothing particular to do, and being somewhat curious as to what was taking place, he remained upon the spot which he had occupied during the meeting.

He felt a touch on his arm. “Good afternoon, Mr. Colenso; wonderful old man, isn’t he?”

Turning, Bob saw the chairman of the meeting, who had come down from the platform and was standing by his side.

“Quite a personality,” Bob replied. “Is he what people say he is?”

“I don’t know,” replied Mr. Simpson. “I spoke to him for the first time this afternoon.”

“Who got him here?” asked Bob curiously. “Did he come on behalf of any society?”

“Oh, no. At least, I don’t think so. From what I am told, old Jonathan Fletcher, who is a leading Quaker, heard him at some religious conference, and asked him to come to Rodney. Beyond that, I know nothing for certain.”

“Then you don’t know whether he is a member of the peerage or not?”

“I don’t know,” replied Mr. Simpson.

“Where is his home?” asked Bob.

“In Cornwall,” was the reply. “As you know, he is spoken of as the Duke of Cornubia. Cornubia is the ancient name for Cornwall. If gossip is correct,

his is the oldest title in the country, while he is a direct descendant of the great Black Prince. Ah, here he comes ! ”

It was as Mr. Simpson had said. Evidently the Duke, as he was termed, had got rid of the people who desired speech with him, and was making his way to Bob's side.

“ I saw you among my listeners,” he said, as he held out his hand to Bob. “ I don't know whether I put my case well or not, but I certainly believed what I said.”

“ You had a right to,” replied Bob. “ As far as I could judge, you put your finger on the great need of our time. We have no leader in the country. Our politicians are mere echoes ; the people who represent the money-making bodies, whether they are employers or employees, are merely self-seekers ; while our religious leaders are, as you have said, very, very *little* ! ”

The old man fixed his great speaking eyes on Bob's face, and looked at him steadily for nearly a minute. “ Forgive me for looking at you,” he said, “ but it does my heart good to hear a young vibrant voice, and to see the eyes of youth. What's your name ? ” he added.

“ Robert Colenso,” replied Bob.

“ Any relation to the great Bishop ? ” he asked.

“ I suppose, in some way, I descend from him,” replied Bob.

“ Is there a Bible in the house where you live ? ”

“ I think so, I am not sure—— Oh, yes, there is, though. What of it ? ”

“When you get back to that house,” replied the old man solemnly, “find a Bible, and turn to Isaiah lv. 4, and remember that the verse is intended for you. Good day,” and without another word of any sort he turned on his heel and walked towards the Mitre Hotel, the front doorway of which was to be seen from the spot where they stood.

So much had Bob been interested in his talk with the *soi-disant* Duke of Cornubia, that he had not noticed that another crowd had gathered in the market-place near the spot where the Duke’s platform stood.

Bob looked at his watch. “It’s after four o’clock,” he said to himself, “and, as far as I know, the people of Rodney go home to tea about this time. All the Sunday schools have been closed, too.”

Be that as it may, however, a crowd nearly as large as that which had listened to the Duke of Cornubia, although of an entirely different order, gathered near. Unlike the Duke’s meeting, moreover, a choir of girls, numbering perhaps thirty, gathered near an improvised platform and commenced singing. They had good voices, and rendered the popular air which they sang very creditably.

The speaker at this gathering was a girl, and although she wore no uniform, Bob thought she belonged to some Salvation Army people who were holding a conference in the town. This girl, after the hymn was over and prayer was offered, read a portion of Scripture, and then fell to criticising the old Duke’s speech.

“Some of you have heard what the old gentleman

said," she announced. " I don't pretend to speak like he did, or to know as much as he knows. All I have got to say to you is, it was very dangerous stuff. I listened to every word he had to say ; but while it was clever, it wasn't the Gospel. So I beseech you to avoid that kind of thing. If we listened to him, we should give up the blessed Gospel altogether, and thus, while the old man was clever, he was, in reality, an emissary of the evil one. What we need at the present time are not pioneers, not people who will go and see after new worlds, but be true to the old Gospel, and live according to the old life. What did Catharine Booth say not long before she died ? " And thereupon the speaker went on to describe the tenets of the Salvation Army, together with other dogmas which she seemed to hold most tenaciously

Bob would not have stayed to listen to this second harangue at all, but for the fact that near the speaker, and standing immediately under the platform was a girl who, by her striking face and intelligent eyes, claimed his attention. " Surely," said the young fellow to himself, " that girl is too intelligent to believe what the woman is saying ! She looks a lady too, and might be an educated lady into the bargain. I wonder what she's doing here ? "

He continued to watch her attentively, and tried to think of means whereby he could obtain speech with her. As far as he could judge, she was not above twenty years of age, and certainly belonged to what was termed the " educated classes." It was impossible to look at her without coming to this conclusion,

while her clothes proclaimed the fact that she knew the value of a good dressmaker.

At length, taking his courage in both hands, he went close to where she stood.

“You do not seem to echo the speaker’s creeds,” he ventured to remark, almost cursing himself meanwhile for not being able to think of something better to say.

The girl gave him a swift glance, and then looked in another direction. This was the only answer she gave him.

“I beg your pardon,” apologised Bob, “I did not mean to offend you, and I only said what I did to know what you really thought of her harangue.” He gave the woman who had been speaking a questioning glance as he spoke, and then looked towards the young girl again.

She did not speak, however. It might be that she resented his advances.

“You are a stranger to the town?” he ventured again. “I have left my car at the ‘Mitre,’ and shall be delighted to give you a lift anywhere if I can be of service to you in that way.”

Again she gave him a swift glance, and seemed to be trying to understand the kind of fellow he was. “No, thank you,” she replied.

It was the first time he had heard her speak, and he could not help being struck by the quality of her voice—a rich, mellow, contralto voice. But she showed no sign of being desirous for conversation.

“ I am awfully sorry,” persisted Bob, “ I did not mean to offend.”

“ No, I don't believe you did,” and this time the girl looked at him frankly ; “ and to tell you the truth, I wonder why you spoke to me.”

“ I wanted to know your impressions of the speaker,” replied Bob. “ Do you think that kind of thing does any good ? ”

She gave no answer to this, but Bob thought he detected a suggestion of questioning in her eyes.

“ A few minutes ago,” went on the young man, “ I was listening to the man whom his chairman called the Duke of Cornubia, and I couldn't help contrasting the two speakers.”

“ In what way ? ”

“ It seems as if the poles lie between them,” replied Bob “ One wonders if they are both sincere.”

“ Do you doubt it ? ” asked the girl.

“ In a way, I do. That woman over yonder, who is surrounded by a crowd of her satellites, looks as if she would do anything to gain popularity. Of course, I may be uncharitable, and I don't know in the least if I am near the truth or not ; I only know the impressions she made on me.”

“ And the man ? ” asked the girl quickly.

“ I don't know. It seems such an easy thing to get a cheap popularity, doesn't it ? Of course, I am also ignorant with regard to that old man ; but while he was speaking, I could not help being reminded of an old fellow I saw in Paris. It was in one of the Boulevards that I saw him, in a Maskelyne and Cook

kind of place, a sort of Home of Mystery, you know. One of the performers had been doing some remarkable tricks, and then defied the audience to do similar ones. Whereupon, from one of the boxes, a supposed old man appeared, who reminded me of this Duke of Cornubia ; who wore a long magician’s robe, and had snowy-white hair and beard. Of course, he proved to be part of the show,” continued Bob, “ and confessed himself to be a trickster like the other.”

The girl looked at him with flashing eyes. “ Then do you believe that the old gentleman who spoke this afternoon is also a trickster ? ”

“ I wonder,” was Bob’s query.

“ Then let me tell you, you insult one of the noblest men who ever breathed,” she cried. “ There is not a particle of make-up in his nature ; he is as sincere as St. Francis of Assisi.”

“ You speak as if you know him ? ” laughed Bob

“ I do,” she said. “ I am his secretary ; I am with him every day. I write nearly all his letters. I read to him, too.”

“ Thank you ; that’s interesting,” replied Bob.

“ I wouldn’t have spoken to you,” the girl went on, “ if I hadn’t wanted to know what you were thinking. I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers, especially if they happen to be men ; but before I accompanied the Duke to the meeting here this afternoon, he told me he would be interested to know the kind of impression I thought he would be making upon his hearers. Not from the standpoint of vanity,” she hastened to add, “ but from a desire to know if he

was really doing any good. That was why I spoke to you. At first I thought I wouldn't take any notice of your somewhat impertinent intrusion on my privacy, but I concluded at length that I would know what you were thinking about. I will tell the Duke that you thought him a sham."

"Then you will tell him a lie," replied Bob. "I didn't. All I said was that I wondered. He seems a very interesting old man," he added.

"He is more than interesting," cried the girl. "He is a seer ; he is a prophet, and he is a poet."

"How long have you known him?" asked Bob.

"Isn't that an impertinence?" she asked.

"Isn't what an impertinence? I may be a little cynical, and may not be altogether sure that your estimate of that old man's character is a right one. All the same, to live with him must be an education, and if you have lived with him long, I don't wonder at the peculiar look in your eyes."

"What peculiar look do you refer to?"

"The look which tells me that you have the temper of a devil, and, at the same time, the longings of a saint. But you will accuse me of being impertinent again, so I will dry up. My car is over at the 'Mitre,'" he added, "and I am going there to take her away. Good afternoon."

"By Jove!" reflected Bob, as he made his way out of the market-place. "Who is she, I wonder? I should like to know."

He did not go straight to the Mitre Hotel, however,

but seemingly, without purpose, wandered through the streets of the busy town of Rodney.

“That old man gave a striking address,” he reflected presently. “He had a strange, compelling personality, too. He is not altogether unlike Michelangelo’s statue of Moses which I once saw in Rome. I wonder now? I wonder?”

A quarter of an hour later he found his way back to the “Mitre,” and prepared to take out his car.

“That’s a little beauty,” an employee of the hotel said to him as he prepared to take his car into the yard. “How much can you do with her, sir?”

“What do you mean?” asked Bob.

“How is she for petrol, and oil, and what’s her mileage?” asked the man.

Bob gave him approximate answers to the questions he has asked.

“I was thinking, sir,” replied the chauffeur, and then stopped.

“Thinking what?” asked Bob.

“Have you seen the Duke’s car?” asked the man

“What Duke?”

“The Duke of Cornubia; the man who was speaking in the market-place a little while ago. She’s a beauty, too.”

“Indeed. Where is she?”

“There,” replied the man, pointing to a “lock-up.”

“The Duke is very particular about her, and she is a real beauty!”

“Does he drive himself?” asked Bob.

“ Not he ! His young lady secretary does that for him ! She is a stunner, she is ! ”

Before Bob had time to answer, a change came over the man's face ; while his voice sunk to a sepulchral whisper. “ Here she is ! ” he cried.

“ Here who is ? ” asked Bob.

But the man did not reply. He was looking with wide-open eyes at the girl with whom Bob had been speaking a few minutes before.

“ Are you in a hurry, sir ? ” she said, looking at the young man.

“ Not that I know of,” he replied casually. “ Why ? ”

“ The Duke of Cornubia would like to have a word with you, sir,” was her answer.

Why it was Bob could not tell, but he felt as if there were a kind of fatality in the girl's appearance.

CHAPTER IV

“THE DUKE’S” ADVICE

BOB felt a sense of unreality, however, as he followed the girl through two long passages, and up the stairs towards the Duke’s sitting-room. “Why am I doing this?” he asked himself. “Why should I be so excited? I never saw the old man before to-day; never heard of him, and it is not likely I shall ever see him again. Why, then, does he interest me? . . . As for the girl . . .”

And yet he could not help admiring the lissome grace of the girl’s figure, or the easy, buoyant way with which she walked. Had she been a young athletic boy, there could not have been more “spring” in her footsteps, or a stronger suggestion of perfect physical health than she evidenced. Indeed, she suggested an eager athletic boy rather than a slightly built girl.

She did not speak, however, and when presently she opened the door of a large private sitting-room, Bob saw that she was preparing to immediately depart.

Evidently, too, the occupant of the room also saw that this was her intention, for he said aloud: “Don’t run away, Betty; there’s not the slightest reason why you shouldn’t stay with us.”

Bob was glad of this. Why it was he could not tell, but the presence of the girl seemed to make his interview with the old man more natural; and when the latter pointed to a chair, and dragged another near the one he had pointed out, the young man was almost eager for him to commence.

“ I am a Celt,” the old man began; “ so are you. That must be my excuse for acting like this.”

Bob looked at him inquiringly. “ A Celt? ” he repeated. “ I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am pure Anglo-Saxon.”

The Duke laughed merrily. “ But you told me you were in some way a descendant of the great Bishop? ” he cried. “ Surely you know that Bishop Colenso was a Cornishman, and therefore a Celt! ”

“ I am afraid I never troubled much about such things,” replied Bob.

“ I am a Cornishman of Cornishmen,” laughed the Duke, “ although I often seem to make light of it. As you have been reminded this afternoon, I come in a direct line of descent from the great Black Prince, who was the first Duke of Cornwall. Good heavens, what a romance his life was! For that matter, he created a new era in chivalry! I expect I should have a difficulty in proving all this; all the same, I have a feeling of pride when I hear people call me ‘ The Duke of Cornubia.’ But it was not about that I wanted to speak to you. What have you been doing since we parted in the square? ” he asked suddenly.

“ I joined another gathering which met immediately

on your meeting breaking up,” replied Bob. “I saw this young lady here, and I am afraid I acted very rudely.”

Again the old man laughed gaily. “Yes, Betty told me about it,” he replied. “Betty is my secretary, and I think of her more as if she were my own child than as a secretary. Honestly, too, I believe she thinks kindly of me. But that is not the point at the moment. I saw you come into the yard just now; saw you back out your car. I am interested in you. You say you are called Colenso—Robert Colenso?”

“Yes,” replied the other quickly; “but my friends call me Bob.”

“Is that an invitation?” laughed the old man.

“If you like.”

There seemed nothing incongruous to the young man who was looked upon as an aristocrat, and who might be a member of the peerage some day, in saying this; although the so-called Duke might be a bogus peer, he looked and spoke like a great gentleman.

“Well then, Bob,” went on the older man, “I am going to begin by asking you a question.”

“Fire away,” laughed Bob.

“What are you going to do with your life? You are now, I should judge, nearing thirty, and you have entered upon the most glorious part of your physical manhood. Isn’t that true?”

“I am just twenty-eight,” replied Bob.

“Just so, and everything is possible to a young man of twenty-eight. What are you going to do with your vast potentialities?”

Bob laughed again. "Vast potentialities!" he repeated. "Someone in whom I am greatly interested told me less than a week ago that if I hadn't inherited three hundred a year from my mother, I should be on the dole. I am an idler," he added.

"And does idling satisfy you?"

Bob hesitated a few seconds before speaking. "No," he replied.

The Duke looked at him steadily for quite a minute; while the girl whom he had called Betty seemed startled by the look in the old man's eyes. "You seemed to agree with what I said in the Square an hour or so ago?" he ejaculated presently.

"Yes, I did," replied Bob. "We have no leaders to-day. The nation is groping in the dark, waiting, wanting to be led. We don't know where we are going, because we have no one to lead us."

"You never thought of yourself as a leader, I suppose?" and the question came from the old Duke's lips like a shot from a pistol.

"Good lord, no!" exclaimed Bob.

"And yet it's your work," and the old man still continued to gaze steadfastly into the young man's face.

"Of course, that's pure madness!" and Bob spoke impatiently.

"No, it's not. I asked you, when we were standing in the Market Place, if you had a Bible in the house in which you lived. At first you seemed to be in doubt about it; then you spoke as if you remembered something."

Bob laughed.

“I told you, when you returned to the house where you lived,” went on the Duke, “to find that Bible, and to turn to Isaiah lv, 4, and I bade you remember that it was meant for you. Shall I tell you how it reads?”

“If you like,” replied Bob.

“The passage goes like this,” went on the Duke. “‘Behold, I have given Him for a witness to the people; a Leader and Commander to the people.’ The verse applies to you,” added the old man.

Bob laughed aloud. “Why, I haven’t the brains of a rabbit, or the leadership of a water hen!” he almost shouted.

“Of course, I may be mistaken,” rejoined the Duke, “but I *do* ask you to think of what I have said.”

Bob looked at his watch. “I must be going,” he muttered.

“Not until I have told you something more,” and Bob could not help reflecting as he looked at the old man’s snowy hair and beard, while his great speaking eyes shone with remarkable brightness, what a striking face he had.

“I got here last night just before dark,” the old man volunteered, “and after dinner I went for a walk through the town. As you know, it is a great manufacturing town, a great industrial centre. I am told that there are thousands in this town of Rodney who live on vice and devilry. And yet my heart was not full of blame. I wondered what I should have been if I had been reared in the same way that they have

been reared ; what I should have become if influences surrounded me such as those which have surrounded them. Do you know what was running in my mind, Bob, as I was wandering through the streets of Rodney at midnight ? ”

“ Of course not,” replied the young man. “ How could I know ? ”

“ This,” replied the Duke. “ *But when He saw the multitude, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.* That’s the condition of England to-day, Bob.”

Bob was silent. He tried to speak, but could not. This old gentleman, with his patriarchal appearance, had risen from his chair, and was looking down upon him.

“ The man who could lead this mighty host to the Great Leader,” said the Duke, “ would, in a true sense, be a Saviour of the people : a leader and commander of the people.”

Bob shook himself irritably. “ After all, what’s the use of talking like that ! ” he said impatiently. “ Why, I suppose in all the churches in this great town, established and non-established, are scores, if not hundreds of men who call themselves shepherds, who exist for no other purpose than to lead these same people to One whom you call the Great Leader. What’s the use of it all ? ” he added like one in a passion.

“ And did we not agree that they are very *little* men ? ” asked the other sadly.

“ Yes, but—but——” objected Bob.

“Think of it, my son,” and the older man patted his shoulder paternally. “I am given to understand that there is shortly going to be a great gathering of what is called the Free Church ministers of Rodney, and they that are going to discuss how they can, what they call, reach the submerged masses. I hear, too, that in the cathedral town of Belgrave, which is only a comparatively short distance away, there is to be a great gathering of clergy of the so called Church of England, for the same purpose.”

“Well, what then?” asked Bob.

“Study the life of this great town, my boy, and remember that it’s only one of many other great centres which have the same needs and the same desires. Go to these church gatherings, or by whatever name they call themselves; go to the British House of Commons, and study the life as you see it there. Go to the head-quarters of the League of Nations, and reflect on what you see and hear, and all the time remember that verse in Isaiah.”

“What then?” asked Bob.

“Then?” replied the Duke. He looked at Bob again for a few seconds, and then cast his eyes beyond the hotel yard towards the great public square. “Have you ever seen your native county, Bob?” he asked.

“Native county?” Bob repeated. “I never troubled myself to ask if I have a native county.”

“Colenso is a Cornish name,” replied the Duke “If you descended from the great Bishop, your forebears must be Cornish, and you have Celtic blood in

your veins. That is why I asked you if you ever visited your native county."

"I have never visited Cornwall, if that's what you mean," replied Bob. "I never thought it worth while."

"Then you must. You must pay me a long visit," he added.

Quick as the thought, Bob's eyes turned towards the spot where the girl called Betty was sitting and like a flash of light it came to him that if he were to accept the old Duke's invitation, he would see this girl again. His heart beat quicker at the thought; for while he had no feeling towards her beyond that of a momentary passing interest, he could not help reflecting that she had one of the most wonderful faces he had ever seen. It was not handsome; it was not even pretty, as beauty connoisseurs term it, but it had a haunting charm, which he was sure he would not soon forget.

"Where?—and how shall I come?" asked Bob.

"I will tell you all about it when I am ready for you. Enough to say now that Cornubia is situated within five miles of the sea, the grandest sea in all the world, and that it is between the Lizard, one of the most famous headlands in all the world, and Looe, which is only a few miles south of Plymouth."

"That suggests enchantment," laughed Bob.

"Wait until you see Cornubia," was the old man's reply. "It lies at the side of a great ravine, and from one angle it is almost hidden by the shoulder of a hill. Standing at the front windows of the house, you can,

on fine days, see the sea shining ; while on every hand great woods appear. That is Cornubia.”

“ I am longing to see it ! ” ejaculated Bob.

“ But not yet,” and the old man spoke a little plaintively. “ You must see what I have told you of first, and when you have seen and reflected, we will meet and discuss our plans.”

Bob thought he detected a change in the old man’s voice. He spoke as if he were tired, and then looking at him more intently, he thought he saw a film coming over his eyes ; while the look which suggested vigour and virility, which had struck him at first sight, seemed to be passing away.

“ I will go now,” Bob said. “ Good-bye.”

“ No, not good-bye,” replied the old man, and his voice had a far-away sound, “ only *au revoir*. We shall meet again. God bless you, Robert Colenso.”

Bob took this as his dismissal, and taking his hat from the table, went to the door.

But not before he had taken another look at Betty. She had not moved since she had come into the room, and seemed to have no eyes for anyone except her employer.

“ Good evening, Miss——” he said when he reached the door. “ May I not have the honour of knowing your other name ? ”

A look came into her eyes which seemed to suggest command. “ Do not fail,” she said ; “ a lot depends on it.”

“ What did she mean, I wonder ? ” Bob asked himself as, after he had left the town of Rodney, he

motored rapidly towards his uncle's place. "Surely she isn't carried away by that old man's foolishness, and looks upon me as a leader! Good lor'!" and Bob felt himself laughing as the car swiftly ate up the miles.

"And yet she seemed serious," he reflected as half an hour later he drew near the Old Hall. "Don't fail; a lot depends on it——. Of course, she meant nothing, and nothing depends on it!"

At length the car passed through the lodge gates, and a little later Bob was in his uncle's presence.

"Bob," said his uncle, "I am thinking of shutting up this house."

"Shutting up this house?" repeated Bob in astonishment.

"Yes, unless I can let it. You see, I can't afford to keep it open any longer——I have not decided to do anything in a hurry," he added after a long silence. "Indeed, I hinted to you that things were going badly with me on that morning you went over to Belgrave to see Kathy Lyneham. By Jove, Bob, it was a lucky thing all round that she didn't say yes!"

"How? What do you mean?" asked Bob.

"I mean this. I have spent practically the whole day examining my affairs. I am stony broke," he added.

"Stony broke!" repeated the young man.

"It means that practically. Land is worth nothing in these days. At least, as far as I am concerned, it doesn't seem to be. I am taxed to death on every hand; while that blessed income-tax inspector seems to think I am trying to cheat him. But, by Jove, I am

not! As a matter of fact, I have had to mortgage every acre I have for all they are worth, and I see no chance of paying back the mortgages. Of course, if I could let the place well, and then go to some cheap French or Belgium place, and live on practically nothing, I might in the course of a few years, pay my debts, and perhaps, with care, live here again with a certain amount of comfort. If I can't let it— Well, there you are! Anyhow, it was lucky for both you and me that Kathy Lyneham didn't say yes. An engagement to a girl like that means marriage, and you wouldn't be justified in getting married. I thought it would be best to tell you this, because, as I told you some months ago, I wanted to do the handsome thing by you. But that is impossible now. Indeed, it is a lucky thing for you that my young brother, Bob, although he didn't marry a rich woman, married one with three hundred a year. That three hundred a year which your mother left you, Bob, is the only thing, that I can see, which stands between you and— and the dole. By Jove, I wish I was as well off as you are!" he added.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Bob, after they had been talking a long time.

"Make money," was the reply. "Oh yes, I mean it! I know you have been brought up to think that trade and the name of Colenso don't go well together; but it is no use talking foolish sentiment. Of course, I am an old buffer now, and too old to learn how anything is done; but if I were your age, I'd chuck away every vestige of pride, and go in for making

money. In fact, as far as I can see, it is your only chance, Bob."

When Bob went to bed that night his brain was in a whirl because of what his uncle had told him. At first he had been well-nigh stunned, but presently, when his thinking powers asserted themselves and as he faced the future, everything seemed impossible. He was not versed in the ways of business ; neither did he understand anything about the disposition of property, but he had very serious doubts as to whether his uncle would be able to let the Old Hall. It was a huge place, and only a rich man could live there in comfort. As for selling it, that was just impossible. Indeed, it was worse than impossible. He had never gone carefully into the matter, but he had been given to understand that not only the house, but a great deal of the land which through the centuries had become associated with it, was entailed. Thus he would, after his uncle's death, be well-nigh *willy nilly* the possessor of something which would be worse than of no value to him.

Yes, as far as he could see, his uncle had given him the only possible advice. He must make money. He must make it in large quantities, too ; large enough to pay back the creditors, and—and—— Bob laughed aloud at the thought of it. How, in heaven's name, was he to make money !

He went to sleep at length without deciding what to do. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, he had better take Mr. Micawber's advice, and wait until " something turned up."

On the following morning he made his way to the town of Rodney, which presented an entirely different aspect from that of the day before. Then it was Rodney at leisure ; now it was Rodney at business. Its streets were full of lorries and other conveyances ; omnibuses and trams were full to overflowing ; factories were noisome with the whirl of machinery and the business of manufacture. But while this was so, he saw many hundreds of men and women who were evidently out of work. Some of them had not worked for years. Indeed, a number, like himself, had never done a day’s work in their lives.

After spending the morning trying to get an insight into the life of Rodney on a week day, he, at one o’clock, turned in at a popular restaurant, where he knew a large number of the manufacturers and business men partook of their midday meal. Some of these he knew personally ; and while he was not on intimate terms with them—the fact that he was a Colenso, and heir to a peerage prohibited that—he found that many of them were willing to discuss matters with him.

No, they told him, business was in a bad way. Tens of thousands of looms were standing idle ; coal pits didn’t pay for working ; tens of thousands of people were unemployed, and unless a miracle happened, nothing but black ruin stared them in the face.

“ But surely things are not so bad as that ? ” protested Bob.

“ But they are, my dear sir. You see, the country has been run by the Socialists ; they brought in some of the wildest possible legislation, until now, people

don't care whether they work or not. They say they will get their pay whatever happens, and they don't care a hang what becomes of the country."

"But you have got rid of the Socialist Government," persisted Bob.

"Yes, we have. But what's the good of it? I can tell you this, sir——"

Then Bob had to listen to long harangues on the futility of tariffs, and the destruction of the policy which they declared made England great.

"As a matter of fact," one said to him, "there is not a man in the whole country that knows where we are going. We want a Leader, sir; we want a Leader. In the old days they had Cobden, and Gladstone, and Beaconsfield. Now there is no one. Our Government is made up of pygmies."

At that moment the chairman of the Duke of Cornubia's meeting joined the little group with whom Bob was talking. "That," he said, "Mr. Colenso, is Mr. Jonathan Fletcher, the Quaker, who I told you yesterday was responsible for getting the Duke in the town; He's a great character," he concluded in a whisper, "and perhaps is the best read man for miles around."

"Have you ever read Tennyson?" asked the old man, looking steadily into Bob's face.

"Yes, and I still read him," said Bob. "I know he has gone out of fashion just now, but he said a lot of fine things."

"He did," assented the old Quaker. "Have you read 'Maud'?"

Bob replied in the affirmative.

“Then you will remember the lines which seem to me to express more than any other the need of this age :

“ ‘ Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand !
 Like some of the simple great ones gone for ever and for
 ever by ;
 One still strong man in a blatant land,
 Whatever they call him, what care I ?
 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat !—
 One who can rule and dare not lie ! ’

“That is the kind of man the country needs, my lad,” and the old man laid his hand on Bob’s shoulder.

Bob did not reply, but he felt as though the old Quaker’s hand was like a benediction.

A week later Bob found himself in London. He had spent the intervening days in trying to understand something of the life and thought of the great town near which he had been reared. But he felt more confused at the end of the week than at the beginning. Then realising that Parliament was about to be opened, Bob made his way to the great Metropolis, having made up his mind to try to understand what was in the Duke’s mind when he advised him to study this phase of our national life.

CHAPTER V

NEW FORCES

STRANGE as it may seem, Bob had never been to the House of Commons before. Hitherto he had had no interest in that great centre of political activity. Like thousands of others, he had been contented to allow matters of Government to remain in the hands of the representatives of the people, and had thought but little of what was done by them.

The talk he had had with his uncle, however, and his subsequent experiences at Rodney, had aroused new interests, and had, in spite of himself, caused him to go to the great Metropolis.

When at length Bob was admitted into the House of Commons, and took his seat in the distinguished stranger's gallery, he was at first disappointed. The room in which the Mother of Parliaments was housed seemed so pitifully small and unimportant.

This feeling soon passed away, however. It was not long before he realised that he was, in many ways, at the very centre of the British Empire, if not of the whole world, and that the decisions which took place there influenced the uttermost parts of the earth.

Naturally, he thought of Rodney, and all it represented; thought of the thousands who were out of

employment ; thought of the trade which many of the important inhabitants had declared to be declining, and then remembered that what happened in Rodney was but a small suggestion of what was taking place throughout the whole country. He thought of the great busy life of such places as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and a score of others, each of which, in their own way, presented their problems. Then he asked whether this body of men who had gathered in this great historic building was capable of understanding the inwardness of the situation in such a way as to bring order out of chaos.

In spite of himself, too, he found himself thinking of a passage in the Old Testament, which he had not thought of for years, but which kept surging through his mind. This was the passage : “ *And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do.*”

He wondered how many of those who sat in this great historic chamber had understanding of the times to know what *Britain* ought to do.

He went further. He asked himself whether legislation could solve the questions which were staring them in the face, or heal the great gaping wounds which were beginning to fester before their eyes.

He studied the men of all parties. He listened to the speech of the Prime Minister, and estimated him to be a man of tolerable integrity, and with an intelligence a little above the average.

He saw and heard the leader of a great Party. As far as Bob could judge, he was an honest man, and

one who would act according to the best of his abilities. But oh ! how pitifully *small* he was ! The speech he gave was the speech of a parish councillor, and not of one who was largely responsible for the destinies of a great Empire.

He listened to the rest of them ; Jew and Gentile, front-bench men and back-bench men, and then asked himself whether those who were elected by the nation to represent their interests, would ever lift the country out of the trough into which it appeared to be sinking.

When Bob was at Eton, although not a religious boy he had been tremendously fascinated by the literature of the Old Testament, and more than one master had complimented him upon the interest he took in it. For some reason or other, many of its pregnant passages came back to him now, and many of the important men of Old Testament history stood out clearly before him.

And he saw this : The men who were the chief factors in the making of the Jewish nation, those who led it into liberty and gave it a life which had been felt through the ages, were outstanding men ; men not only of superior intellectual acumen, but men of vision ; men who had ideals, men who had dreamt great dreams, who walked with God in the silent places, and saw into His mind.

Those he saw in the House of Commons were not leaders at all. They were not men of vision ; they had nothing worthy of being called ideals ; they were opportunists, men who never climbed the mountains

of God, where the sun shone, and where the voice of the Almighty was heard.

He thought of what old Jonathan Fletcher, the Quaker, had said to him ; thought of the passage from Tennyson which he had quoted. " Yes, what the old man had said was true. England wanted great leaders."

And yet, supposing men like Gladstone and Beaconsfield were still alive, men with dominant personalities and vast intellectual attainments, would they be able to do what was necessary ? Was not something deeper and greater needed ? Had not the Duke said that the leaders who were wanted were the leaders who would lead the way to the Great Leader, the Saviour of men ?

Bob was making rapid strides. He did not realise this at the time ; he was different from the young fellow who, not long before, had visited Kathy Lyneham, and had been a little angry when she told him that but for the three hundred a year his mother left him he would be on the dole.

Who had started him thinking ? Perhaps it was Kathy ; perhaps it was his uncle ; perhaps the Duke. Anyhow, he would have known, had he been questioned about it, that he had gone a long way since his talk with Kathy and the Bishop.

The great thing needed, as he studied the House of Commons, was a certain quality of character, which was only obtainable by those who were absolutely unselfish, absolutely sincere, absolutely honest, and who thought nothing of their own interests.

Yes, that was it. Moses, Joshua, Isaiah, Judas

Maccabeus—all the truly great leaders of the world were made courageous by their disinterestedness, by a pure life, by absolute honesty and by a vision of God.

He thought of George Eliot's lines; remembered how moved he was as he had first read them, even although he had not known why he was moved. He only knew that "The Choir Invisible" was a great poem, and that when the writer spoke of those

"With thoughts sublime that pierced the night like stars,
And with their mind's persistence,
Urged man's search to vaster issues,"

she had touched the core of eternal truth.

"Good Lord!" laughed Bob as his visit to London came to an end, and when he had paid his bill at the small hotel at which he had stayed. "Good Lord! everything seems more confounded now than when I first had that talk with my uncle!"

And yet he was not sure. In a way he felt he had got nearer the truth. In a way, too, he was removed from the old careless and somewhat shallow youth of a few weeks before.

He opened a letter which had come to him the same morning, and re-read it. "Yes, my uncle is still at the Old Hall," he reflected, "but he is only going to remain there a week longer. According to what he says, he believes he has let the house to a rich American. If he has, so much the better."

He laughed aloud as he continued reading: "This multi-millionaire has insisted on all the old furniture remaining, and will have everything left as it has

existed for the past two centuries. Well, the best of luck to him ! ”

That night he slept in the bedroom he had known ever since he was a boy, and rejoiced that it was his old home for at least a few days longer.

The next morning Bob took out the car which his uncle had allowed him to regard as his own, and motored over to Belgrave. He told himself that he wanted a chat with Kathy Lyneham, and to talk with her about his experiences since he had seen her last, although whether this was true or not I am not sure. For, in a way which Bob could not understand, he felt changed. Why it should be so, he did not, as yet, realise ; but his meeting with the old gentleman whom he called Cornubia, and his subsequent experiences, had caused a kind of mental deposit in his life which changed his whole outlook.

Besides, the thought of not being able to regard the Old Hall any longer as his home, and the feeling that he had to go out into the world alone, somehow changed everything. Anyhow, he told himself that he wanted a chat with Kathy Lyneham, and to discuss everything with her.

He arrived at the Bishop's Palace about eleven o'clock, and, as he expected, found the old gentleman too busy to see him. But Kathy was disengaged and, as far as he could judge, welcomed him warmly.

“ Yes, Bob,” she told him, “ I am glad to see you, and as long as you don't indulge in sentiment, I always shall be glad to see you. But tell me, what have you been doing with yourself since you were here ? ”

“ I have a lot to tell you, Kathy,” he replied. “ First of all, I must tell you that my financial outlook is altogether changed since I saw you last. I had thought that during my uncle’s lifetime he would be able to provide for me handsomely ; while he has more than once assured me that I should be his sole heir when he died.”

“ And now ? ” she asked.

“ Now,” he replied, “ I find that instead of being a rich man he is a very poor one. So poor, that he is obliged to leave the Old Hall, and to live on a pittance. It is a jolly good thing for me that I have that £300 a year my mother left me ; but I shall have nothing else.”

“ Good ! ” replied the girl. “ I am glad of that ! Well, go on.”

Bob went on. Without going into details with regard to his meeting with the Duke of Cornubia, he described what the old man had said. He also told her of his visit to London, and what had come to him during the many times he had gone to the House of Commons.

The girl sat for a long time with a far-away look in her eyes. Evidently Bob’s story had opened up possibilities which she had not before realised. “ You mean to say,” she said at length, “ that you will no longer live at the Old Hall ? ”

“ Of course I do. My uncle told me this morning that an American millionaire had accepted his terms, and had agreed to rent the old house forthwith. Therefore, as I have no other home, I shall have to go into lodgings.”

“But where will you go ? ”

“ I don't know ; my plans are not yet formulated. What would you advise me to do ? ”

“ Of course, you will have to remember,” she replied, “ that your name is Colenso and that you are heir to a peerage.”

“ Why should that make any difference ? ” asked the young man.

“ I don't know why it should, but in an old country like this I am afraid it must,” replied the girl. “ You cannot go into trade, for you have always to remember that you belong to the British aristocracy.”

“ Good Lord ! ” cried Bob inelegantly. “ I don't care a hang about the things you have mentioned. My birth is only an accident, and I am not going to allow it to stand in the way of my doing what I think is right to do.”

“ But, Bob,” protested the girl, “ let me put it this way. My father is the Bishop of one of the most important dioceses in the Church of England. Could he behave like a curate ? ”

“ Yes, as long as the curate behaved like a gentleman,” replied Bob.

“ Yes,” protested the girl, “ but let me put it this way. When I was in Rodney last, I saw a curate standing at a street corner with a number of other young men smoking a black cutty pipe. Would you like to see my father, as Bishop of the diocese, doing such a thing ? Now you see what I mean. While we occupy certain positions and bear certain names, we are bound to act differently

from those who are nobodies. Don't you see what I mean ? ”

“ Honestly I don't,” replied Bob. “ But to get back to my question, what would you advise me to do ? ”

“ I think,” replied the girl after another long silence, “ that if I were you I would emigrate either to Australia or to Canada, or to some country like that, where no one knew of my name or lineage. Then I think I'd make money. Having done that, I'd feel proud to inherit the Old Hall as Lord Colenso.”

Bob did not speak for a long time. He was trying hard to understand the girl's mental outlook. “ Would you be proud of me if I did that, Kathy ? ” he asked at length.

Perhaps she misunderstood him ; perhaps the thoughts in her mind were utterly different from those in his, for her reply, while in a way flattering, was different from what he had expected.

“ Yes, I should,” she replied. “ If you did that you would show that the British aristocracy was not effete ; you would show that family counted for something, and while you were true to the traditions of your race, you would, even in the world of money-making, hold your head high.”

“ You mean that, Kathy ? ” cried Bob suddenly.

She nodded.

“ Do you mean the rest ? ” he asked.

“ The rest ? ” she repeated.

“ Yes, the rest. Forgive me for being what you call sentimental, and I am not going to bother you

again. At least, I hope not ; but if I did what you hint at, and at the end of five or ten years—that is supposing you haven't fixed up anything—I were to ask you again. Would it make any difference ? ”

The girl was silent for a long time, and when she spoke Bob felt that she promised him nothing, although there was something in her tones which caused his heart to flutter.

“ You know I have always thought of you as——”
She ceased speaking.

“ As what ? ” asked Bob.

She did not reply in words, but Bob remembered the look she gave him, even although he knew he was violating the spirit of what she had said to him.

CHAPTER VI

RICHARD TREWHELLA

“BUT, Bob,” exclaimed the Bishop, as after lunch that day they sat under the veranda outside the dining-room, “you cannot mean what you say?”

“Why not?” asked Bob.

“Because your name is Colenso; because one of your ancestors was one of the most renowned figures in the Church of England, and because all your family have always been associated with the Church.”

“I am afraid I am very dense,” replied the young man, “but I don’t see what that has to do with the matter.”

“Who this Duke of Cornubia may be I don’t know,” replied the Bishop. “Naturally, I regard the title as being a bogus one. As far as the man himself is concerned, he may belong to an ancient Cornish family, or he may not; I don’t know. But when he asked you, as one of the few representatives of an ancient race, to do—well, an unheard-of thing—my advice is to think many times before having anything more to do with him.”

“Why?” asked Bob. “What, after all, has he asked me to do?”

“Think,” replied the Bishop. “This man begins

by throwing stones at the National Church. He says there are no leaders in it ; he says the so-called leaders are made up of pygmies, of mere echoes. Then he asks you to attend our Congresses, and see if this is not so. After that he makes a similar statement about the sects, and asks you to judge of them accordingly."

" Well, what is there wrong with that ? " asked Bob.

" Of course, if you cannot see for yourself that a great church like the Church of England must be judged by different standards from those applying to unauthorised sects, I have nothing more to say," replied the Bishop a little testily. " I trust I am a broad-minded man, and I would be the last to cast aspersions at those who do not see as I see. Nevertheless, I am a sound Churchman. Moreover, I have been elevated to one of the highest positions in that Church, and—and—— Well, I refuse to be judged according to the standards of a vagrant street preacher, which, according to my judgment, this *soi-disant* Duke of Cornubia is."

Bob was a little nettled. He had, after his conversation with Kathy, eagerly accepted her invitation to lunch, and when at length, his morning's correspondence cleared up, and having an hour or two to spare, the Bishop appeared, he had gladly availed himself of the opportunity of a chat.

Bob had told him nothing of his financial future, or entered into any details with regard to his visits to the House of Commons ; but thinking the Bishop might be interested in hearing the views of outsiders

about the Church of England, he had told him of his experiences in Rodney, and had eagerly awaited his reply.

“The truth is,” went on the Bishop presently, “I, who am getting to be an old man, decline to pay much attention to a good deal of the modern criticism.”

“What do you mean by modern criticism?” asked Bob.

“Well,” and here the Bishop felt his feet to be on solid ground, “I take little or no notice of men who, like your bogus Duke of Cornubia, expect a church to do impossible things. I decline to be judged by the same standards as mere transitory institutions are judged. There have always been, as there was in the days when St. Paul visited Athens, a number of people who are ever on the look-out for some new thing. For that matter, we have them in the Church itself, who, for a time, gain a passing popularity, which only appears as foolishness to the generations which follow.”

“I don’t quite understand,” was Bob’s reply.

“It’s this way, my lad,” replied the Bishop. “People in this age are telling us that the Church doesn’t meet the needs of the people; that not one in twenty of the people of England belong, in any way, to the Church of England, and that, as a consequence, we are failing in our duty. I object to our being judged by little criticisms like that.”

“Is it a little criticism?” asked Bob.

“Of course it is little, in the real sense of the word,” replied the Bishop. “We have nothing to do with what the world calls success or failure. In fact, we

have nothing to do with results at all. We have to do our duty, and leave the results to God."

Bob was silent.

"Perhaps," went on the Bishop, "judged superficially, your so-called Duke of Cornubia may be right. Perhaps, also speaking superficially, there are no leaders in the Church; perhaps those who occupy the place of leaders, I among the rest, are only mere pygmies, mere echoes of the great ones of the past. But what of that?"

"What of that?" cried Bob in astonishment. "Should not the Church seek for leaders, pray for leaders?"

"Is that your idea of what the Church needs most?"

"Surely it is not right to settle down to mere apathy, and let the world drift to the devil!"

The Bishop smiled indulgently. "You are very young yet, Bob," he replied, "and as Browning so truly says, 'youth sees but a half.'"

Bob did not stay long after this. In spite of everything, he did not feel *en rapport* with the atmosphere of the Palace. Somehow, although Kathy struck a different note from that she had struck on his previous visit, there was something wrong with it; and while the Bishop was uniformly kind and courteous, he did not feel at home there.

So, not long after lunch, Bob left the Palace, feeling almost angry. It was for that reason, perhaps, that he took his car from the Palace yard, and parked it in a public parking-place not far from the Cathedral.

“ I may want to get away in a hurry,” he reflected, “ and I don’t want to disturb them.”

Bob did not profess to be a pattern young man. He was certainly more than usually thoughtful, but he was not in any way regarded as religious. He had not, during his undergraduate days, been stricken with the religious mania which characterised certain other youths of his age. Indeed, he was not regarded as a pious boy at all. It was true that he was a healthy-minded young fellow who revolted against the vulgar vices common to one class of young men ; but he was never spoken of as one of the pious ones. Since leaving the University, he had seldom gone to church ; and while, in his heart of hearts, he had a reverence for good things, no one would have classed him among those in whom the hope of the Church rested.

But to-day—perhaps, as I said, his conversation with the Bishop might have influenced him, or it might be that his experiences during the last few weeks had given a new trend to his thoughts—as he wandered around the Cathedral, he thought of the things it stood for ; thought, too, of the age of faith during which the great building was erected.

“ By gosh ! ” he said to himself, “ either Christianity is a tremendous fact, the biggest fact in the world ; or it is the greatest mockery ever known. But which is it ? Is England any better for it ? Has it not meant bigotry, strife, hatred, warfare ? Oh, yes, many will say that the whole thought of the country has been uplifted by it ! On the other hand, one has to remember the bigotry, the narrowness, the cruelty

it has meant. Why, even the old Bishop cannot be just and fair-minded to what he calls the sects! He regards himself as superior to the followers of John Wesley, or George Fox, or Penry. He would not allow them to administer the sacraments in the churches of his diocese; and if he admitted them into its pulpits at all, he would do so grudgingly. Good God! and that's religion!"

Bob rushed out of the Cathedral like one in a passion. It was now nearly five o'clock, and the September day was drawing to a close. Daylight was waning. Nevertheless, the weather was warm, and he, almost unconsciously, threw himself on one of the seats which had been placed within the precincts of the Cathedral buildings.

"You look as though your visit to the Cathedral has not had a good effect on you," said a voice near him.

Looking round, he saw a young man in clerical attire sitting at the other end of the seat. He was a young fellow about his own age. Indeed, he might have been younger, although the fixedness of his features, and the stern resolute lines around his mouth made him look older.

"I suppose you would say," and Bob was untrue to the habit he had formed of not speaking to strangers, "that I ought to feel more holy because I have just been into a so-called holy place?" he said.

The other's face relaxed. The stern lines around the mouth yielded to an expression of humour. Indeed, his whole face declared that the speaker was

a lover of fun. "I am sure I don't know," was his reply. "But I do know that it makes me feel kind of good to come here in the evening time, and sit beneath the shadow of yon great pile."

Bob took a second look at him. It was a deep-toned voice which he had heard. There was also a suggestion of humour in it, and Bob appreciated a sense of humour.

"Yes, it's a mighty pile," Bob replied. "I suppose you have a peculiar reverence for it?"

The other was silent.

"I judge," went on Bob, "from your clerical attire, that you are associated with this Cathedral, and belong to some parish within its precincts?"

"That's only partly true," was the reply. "In the strict sense of the word, I have no part or lot in anything to do with the Church. I am a schismatic—a heretic, if you like. All the same, I love every stone in the old building, and although I have no superstitious reverence for it, I am thankful to Almighty God that there was an age in which England had faith enough to build such places."

"Do you live here?" asked Bob.

"For the time, yes."

"What do you mean by for the time?"

"I am wondering," replied the other.

"Wondering what?" asked Bob.

"Whether I ought to stay here or not. Whether—whether—Great God Almighty! you don't want to know! It makes no difference to you whether I stay or go somewhere else!"

“ That may be. All the same, you interest me. You look sincere and earnest, too. What’s the matter ? ”

“ Do you really want to know ? ” asked the stranger.

“ I do,” was Bob’s reply.

“ Well, then, I will answer fairly and squarely. I’ll be truthful, too. I don’t know where I am.”

“ Don’t know where you are ? ” repeated Bob. “ What’s the meaning of that cryptic sentence ? ”

“ Just that. I am living in the dark. Sometimes I see a ray of light, and then something hides it, and I am in the dark again.”

“ In what way ? ”

“ Really I have no right to wear this clerical collar,” said the stranger with a laugh. “ It is supposed to stand for faith and consecration ; and I don’t think I have any faith. As for consecration . . . Yes, I am set apart for something, but whether I am true to that something I don’t know.”

The stranger spoke rather like one who was ruminating than one answering a question, and in spite of himself, Bob felt that here was a kindred spirit, one whom it would do him good to know.

“ It’s this way,” went on the stranger. “ My father was a deacon at a Union Church. That church was made up of all the sects, although the building belonged to a particular denomination. The minister, when I was a boy, was fairly broad-minded, and a thoroughly earnest and faithful man. When I was nineteen, a great desire came to me to be a minister, and I determined to study for the Ministry. My father was

not a pauper, and he was able to send me to one of the Northern Universities, where I took an Arts degree ; after which I went to a theological college belonging to one of the denominations, where, in addition to passing the usual theological examinations, I worked for a B.D., and got it. I don't know why I am telling you this, but you told me you wanted to know," he apologised.

" Yes, I did tell you," replied Bob, " and I am greatly interested. Go on."

" Well, academically speaking, I had a fair experience," replied the young man. " I was also regarded as a good speaker, and before long I . . . Do you see that steeple over there ? " he asked, pointing to a thin spire which pierced the evening sky.

" Perfectly," replied Bob.

" That's my church. I was invited there three years ago, and I have been living in Belgrave during those three years."

" Well ? " queried Bob.

" It isn't well," replied the other. " Up to nearly a year ago I did my work conscientiously, and with a certain amount of success. I don't know that I had any particular ideas about the ministerial life, but I suppose I did very well. The congregation was nearly doubled, and the church has grown proportionately. But during the first two years I was here, my convictions became less and less firm. I tried to be truthful and faithful, but I found myself regarded as an outsider by what is called the Church of England, and I was looked upon as an unsafe man by the

orthodox sects. I was also brought into contact with the Bishop of this diocese, who, although he was scrupulously polite, evidently looked upon me as an interloper, a usurper, as one who occupied a post which I had no right to occupy. Up to two years ago this did not bother me very much. I had my work to do, and I tried to do it; and I think I can say without boasting, I had a more than ordinary amount of success. But a continuance of being treated as a pariah made me a little bitter. I asked myself why this was so, and I realised that I was a lonely man. I realised, too, that the so-called Church of Christ was anything but a unity. It was, in fact, a great disunity, and that to break away from orthodox religion meant practical excommunication. Then I went deeper."

The stranger ceased speaking at that point, and started to his feet. "Look here," he asked, like a man in wrath, turning to Bob, "who are you?"

"A mere nobody," replied Bob. "But I am jolly interested in what you say, and although I have nothing to do with the Church, my thoughts and fears are akin to yours."

"But what's your name?"

"Bob Colenso."

Evidently, however, the mention of the name conveyed nothing to the questioner.

"What's yours?" asked Bob.

"Perhaps I had better not tell you now," replied the other. "Let me finish my story first. I say I went deeper, and presently I found myself asking not

whether any particular church or denomination had the right to assume superiority over others, but whether the whole thing was not a great mass of hocus-pocus. Now you see where I am. For nearly a year I have been preaching what I only partially believed, and I am wondering whether I oughtn't to chuck the whole business. Mark you, I believe in the ethics of Jesus Christ. There is nothing greater or finer under the all beholding sun than that! Also, Jesus was pre-eminently the ideal man, and in a very real sense, was the Man for the age in which He lived, and the Man which every age needs. But as for the rest, the miraculous part of the business, the Church part of the business, it all seems as nebulous as a cloud. You understand what I mean? "

" Yes, I understand," replied Bob.

" Are you a 'varsity man? "

" Yes, Oxford."

" And you say you are not in the Church? "

Bob shook his head.

For more than a minute a silence fell between the two young men. Then the stranger rose from the seat, and held out his hand. " Good evening, sir; I don't suppose we shall ever meet again. What led me to talk in the way I have, I don't know. But it's over now."

" Why shouldn't we meet again? " replied Bob.

" We are both young; we are both free. At least, I assume you are. By the way, are you married? "

The stranger laughed. " Great heavens, no! If there is one thing for which I am thankful, it is

that no woman ever had the misfortune to be tied up to me."

"Then why shouldn't we meet again? I, too, am free. I am not married, and to tell the truth, you struck a sympathetic note in my make-up, and I should like to see you again."

The stranger, who by this time had moved some little distance from the seat, turned and looked at Bob steadily. "What did you say your name was?" he asked suddenly.

"Colenso."

"Any relation to Lord Colenso, may I ask?" and there was a mocking tone in his voice as if he expected his words to be regarded as ribaldry.

"Nephew, that's all."

"Then you are a descendant of the Great Bishop?"

"I suppose, in a way, I am," replied Bob.

"I am what you would call a plebeian," replied the other. "I haven't a single relation who has even a nodding acquaintance with the aristocracy. My father is a farmer, and I rejoice in the very euphonious name of Trehwella. My father had me christened Richard. Richard Trehwella doesn't sound very aristocratic, does it? But there it is! And to tell you the truth, there is something within me that responds to what you have said. You mean it, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Bob.

"I live almost next door to my church over yonder," and he nodded towards the spire which I have mentioned. "Will you come and have some tea with me?"

“ I would awfully like to, if I may,” replied Bob.

“ Come on then.”

Five minutes later Trewhella stopped at the door of a cottage-looking house, which looked rather out of place, seeing that the whole of the street was, with the exception of the church, made up of showy-looking villas.

“ I live here,” went on Trewhella. “ I chose this house because it looks so cottagey. Come in, will you ? ”

Bob followed him into the house, and soon after a friendship commenced which was destined, for weal or for woe, to affect both the life and the happiness of the two young men.

CHAPTER VII

THE ARISTOCRAT AND THE PLEBEIAN

“ I DON'T think I understood those cryptic sayings of yours about not knowing where you were,” ventured Bob, who, after looking around the room, took a seat near the window. “ You are not going to leave this town, are you ? ”

“ I am afraid I must,” replied Trewhella.

“ But why ? ”

“ Because I have a spark of honesty in me, and because I cannot go on for ever and ever playing the hypocrite. Look here, Colenso, tell me what you would do if you were in my place. Would you chuck it, or would you stick to it ? ”

“ Tell me exactly what you mean ? ” asked Bob.

“ I mean this,” and Trewhella started to his feet, and went to the mantelpiece, from which he took a tobacco-pouch and pipe, and began filling the latter impatiently. “ Will you join me ? ” he asked. “ Do—I always feel more homely talking to a chap if he is smoking. It's this way,” and, applying a match to his pipe, he began smoking furiously. “ I not only fulfilled the dream of my own life when I became a parson, but I satisfied the longings of both my father and mother. To them the religion of Jesus Christ

was the best thing in the world, and the greatest thing in the world. They haven't a shadow of doubt about it either—neither had I when I went to college. For that matter, I had no doubts when I came here, and I threw myself into the work with all the ardour and enthusiasm of which I was capable. For two years, too, everything went well. It's true I was chilled by the ecclesiastical coldness, especially of those Anglo-Catholic chaps, and I was made uncomfortable by the treatment I received at the hands of some of my Nonconformist brethren. Still, my success at my own church largely atoned for that ; although, of course, I knew that my work was only touching the fringe of the work which was crying out to be done. But this last year it's been different. People, I suppose, have got accustomed to my way of thinking and speaking. Anyhow, I have ceased to grip the people ; and more than that, things which I once held without a shadow of doubt have become unreal to me. You understand ? ”

Bob was silent.

“ Can I stay on here,” went on Trewhella, “ when the whole thing is only little more than a name to me ? The Christian Church, as far as I understand it, is utterly failing in its mission. From the Bishop and Dean of the great Cathedral near which I first saw you this afternoon, to the humblest Salvation Army captain, we have lost power to touch the people. Of course, huge congregations sometimes gather within the walls of the Cathedral. On occasions, too, crowds go to hear some Nonconformist preacher if he is eloquent enough to attract their attention. But it

all means nothing, or seems to mean nothing! There doesn't seem to be a drunkard less, or a loose-living man or woman less! If ever the Church had power, it has lost it; and for the life of me, even in what I am preaching now, I cannot realise any vitality or any reality. Would you mind telling me what I ought to do?"

Bob looked thoughtful. Evidently he was impressed by the other's narrative. "I am not the one to guide you on such a question," he replied presently. "When one gets down to fundamentals about such a question as you have asked, it is a matter between him and his Maker. You didn't happen to be at Rodney on Sunday fortnight, did you?"

"No. Why?"

Bob retailed to him, as well as he was able, what the old Duke had said. Told him that, in the old man's opinion, the Church was dying for want of leaders; that the whole country, for that matter, was in the same fix, and that the great thing needed was men with conviction, men with certainty, men who were on fire with the truth of the Christ, that they might lead others to the Christ Who was the Saviour of men.

Bob became almost eloquent as he described the old Duke's words and the effect of his words. He saw the light shining in the old Duke's eyes as he told the young minister of what he had said, and so much was he affected, that both became silent at the close of the story.

"I had thought of you as a leader," broke out Bob suddenly.

“Thought of *me!*” cried the other. “Great heavens!”

“Yes,” replied Bob. “If you were only sure of—of—well, the great eternal realities, I am sure you would possess the qualifications.”

“But I am not sure!” cried Trewhella. “Instead, I am becoming more and more in a fog every day! Do you know what I had decided to do when I saw you this afternoon?” he continued.

Bob shook his head.

“It was this way,” continued the young minister. “There is to be a kind of Free Church Conference at Rodney next week, and I had made up my mind to go there and listen to all that was said. Then, the week after, there is a Church of England Congress to be held in Belgrave, and the subject which they have chosen to discuss above all others is identical with the one chosen at Rodney. Well, I am going to both, and if I find an answer to the problems which are troubling me, I shall stay on here, and if I don’t, I shall chuck it.”

“You don’t mean that?”

“I am afraid I do. Years ago I regarded the life of a minister of Jesus Christ as the greatest thing in the world. I think so still, in a way; but to have to preach what you are not sure of is ghastly; positively ghastly! And that’s where I am now! I cannot go on preaching things of which I am not absolutely sure! That is why I have talked to you as I have talked to-day, and that is why I am going to that blessed conference at Rodney next week, and why I

am going to make that a kind of touchstone as to whether I ought to remain a parson or not."

A week later Bob stood in one of the main thoroughfares of the town of Rodney. Near him was a fine ecclesiastical-looking structure, in front of which a board was placed, stating that the church belonged to the Presbyterian Church of England. Near this was another board on which a huge placard had been stuck, announcing that on that day a united conference would be held, when questions vital to church prosperity would be discussed. An announcement was also made that at half-past seven in the evening there would be a great demonstration in the church, when speeches would be delivered by — Then followed the names of several well-known ministers.

Bob, of course, knew that the Church of Scotland was called the Presbyterian Church, although he was not sure in what way the Church of Scotland was different from the Church of England ; and he did not know, or at least he had never taken cognisance of the fact, that the Church of Scotland was represented in England.

He stood watching while a number of people found their way up the church steps, and noted the fact that they were mainly men who, as far as he could judge, were of the clerical order. Numbers of them wore what are commonly termed "dog collars" ; while others appeared in less clerical attire. As far as he could judge, they were, on the whole, care-free and happy.

He had, since he had parted with Trewhella a week

before, read a number of books concerning the formation of the various sects of the Churches in England. He wanted to be fully *en rapport* with the Nonconformist Church life of the country as was represented in the town of Rodney, before judging as to what he saw.

A minute later Bob was in the church. He saw at a glance that it was a large, handsome building, and that while it lacked the dignity which age alone gives to a building, it was, nevertheless, spacious and commodious. He saw that the gallery was placed on the three sides of the church ; while the pulpit end was practically all occupied by a large and imposing organ.

If anyone had asked the young man concerning his impression of the building as a whole, he would have described it in one word, " New." The woodwork was mainly of pitch pine, which somehow did not accord with Bob's idea of the interior of a church. The organ was also gaudily painted, so gaudily that he felt himself repeating the word flamboyant. Still, true to his determination not to pass judgment hastily, he tried to remember where he was, and the purpose for which he had come.

The chairman for the day, an old divine of perhaps sixty years of age, looked benevolently around on the audience. In the main, this audience was, as I have said, composed of men who wore clerical attire. A few women were present, but only a few ; neither were many laymen gathered there. Perhaps they found it difficult to leave their business in the middle of the morning. Evidently those sitting in the body of the church were delegates to the meeting ; other, like

Bob, who sat in the gallery, were visitors at the conference.

“ I am not going to take up your time,” commenced the chairman, “ in covering the ground which I know will be well and ably covered by our Brother Hornybrook, who is announced to open our discussion to-day. I will simply say that for a long time many of us have realised, with increasing dismay, that we are losing our hold upon the people.”

He enlarged on this, and drew a depressing picture of the way in which the churches, of all sorts, had lost their hold upon the people.

“ Why is it ? ” he asked, and then he propounded a certain number of questions as to why the churches seemed to be a failure. First of all, he asked whether the gospel preached was true, and repudiated with scorn the opinions which some advocated, who said that Christianity was dying just for the same reason as the religions of the past had died.

Then followed another question. He asked whether it was dying because it failed to meet the necessities of the age, and had lost its power, if ever it had had it, of saving the sinner from his sins. This also he repudiated with scorn.

He then went on to deal with other matters. He spoke of the worldliness which had gripped the church, of the love for amusements which had taken the place of the love for the prayer meeting. He told of Christian homes (he called them “ *so-called* ” Christian homes), in which such worldly amusements as card-playing, and dancing, and theatre-going were

encouraged ; and asked how it was possible for the Church to keep its hold on the people if these evils were left unchecked.

He asked also whether the world war had not undermined faith, and created the atmosphere which now prevailed. After which he went on to enumerate other depressing features of the times, and then called upon the man who had been deputed to open the conference.

Altogether this opening address was a depressing affair. It was true the audience listened attentively, almost painfully so ; but although the old divine was evidently held in high esteem by all present, it was nevertheless felt that the note he struck was altogether in the minor key, and that there was little suggestion of virility or of victory in what he said.

The representatives had practically all gathered together in the centre of the church. Consequently Bob, who was sitting not far from the organ in the front seat at the side gallery, could plainly see nearly every face in the church. " These people," he reflected as he looked, " are, in the main, the representatives of the Free Church life of the district. They are the advocates of Christianity in so far as that Christianity appeals to the Free Churches, and falls within the ambit of the Free Churches. What, looking at the matter in a practical and common-sense way, is the likelihood of the teachings of Jesus Christ, as proclaimed by these people, of making any progress among the multitudes ? "

He looked at the faces which he saw gathered there, and estimated the men to whom they belonged.

For nearly three hours he listened and watched.

He paid close attention to the Rev. John Hornybrook, who opened the discussion. Then he listened with more than usual care to those who followed. Again he asked the question: "Is there any likelihood of Christianity gaining ground, remembering that these men whom I see here before me are the advocates of it? Is it not likely that it will lose ground, and that it will become more and more a thing of the past?"

Then suddenly a new atmosphere pervaded the church. A young man, with eyes gleaming, and with a voice vibrant with emotion, began to speak.

"Forgive me for breaking in upon this discussion," he cried. "I am young; I have had practically no experience. Two years ago I was in college, and when the call came to me from a Rodney Congregational Church I accepted it light-heartedly, and without a doubt. Now I am broken-hearted. My ministry is a failure; the people do not want to hear me; and while a few keep up the East Hill Congregational Church as a kind of tradition, the life and soul are gone out of it. Why?" He paused for a few seconds before continuing.

"I know my words seem like a miserable mockery," he cried; "possibly they are. And yet I am as sure as the heavens are above me that the religion of Jesus Christ is the greatest thing in the world. . . . Yes, I am sure of that!" A sob came into his throat as he spoke, a sob which brought tears into the eyes of more than one listener.

"But something is wanting," he went on; "something vital. As I have been sitting here listening I

have been remembering the words of an old man who spoke in Rodney some weeks ago on a Sunday afternoon. He said that the Churches wanted leaders. He told us that an army without a leader was a mob, and that had there been no Moses the children of Israel would never have been led out of slavery into freedom.

“ He spoke the truth. We are helpless here to-day because we have no leaders.

“ Pardon me if I seem censorious, but are we not like those of whom our Lord spoke long ages ago? Are we not blind leaders of the blind, and, as a consequence, we make our way, both preachers and hearers, to the morasses and marshes instead of unto the hills of God where the sun is shining? ”

The young fellow—he did not look more than twenty-five years of age—stood for a little while as if he intended to continue speaking, while the delegates waited eagerly.

But he did not continue. He sat down suddenly.

His words had created a new atmosphere. A spirit of reality, and even something more than reality, had entered the church. It seemed as though a breath from heaven had come upon the stagnant air, stirring it into life and vitality.

Then Bob Colenso's heart began to beat rapidly, for he saw young Trewhella rise from his seat, and look towards the chairman as if with the purpose of speaking. “ May I say something, Mr. Chairman? ” he asked.

“ Certainly you may,” was the reply

CHAPTER VIII

A T H U N D E R B O L T

As may be imagined, all eyes were transferred from the Rodney Congregational minister to Trewhella. He was but little older than the young man who had just spoken. Nevertheless, he was a marked man in the assembly. As he had told Bob a week before, he had been three years in Belgrave, and he had, during that time, left his impress on the life of the city. It was true, as he had said, that his work for the last twelve months had been a comparative failure. Nevertheless, he had made his personality felt, and his somewhat unorthodox way of looking at things had appealed to the imagination especially of many young people in the old cathedral town. Whenever he went away to preach he drew more than ordinarily large congregations, and as a consequence he was much in demand for Sunday school anniversaries and other special occasions. Perhaps this fact was largely the cause of the special interest that was manifested now. Anyhow, many felt that something of more than ordinary interest would be said.

But no one seemed prepared for the bombshell which was about to fall on all who were gathered.

“ Men and women,” he said, “ I have been for a long

time doubting whether I should not resign my church and give up my place as minister of the Gospel. I am doubting still.

“ We are losing the people !

“ Why ? And at whose door does the fault lie ?

“ The chairman has asked whether the reason does not lie in the fact that we have drifted to worldliness, that members of the churches play cards, go to theatres, and indulge in dancing ; that they love these things better than they love the churches or the call of Jesus Christ.

“ If these things are wrong (and I don't admit they are), whose fault is it that people care more for them than they do about Jesus Christ ? In a word, who is responsible for the failure of the churches ?

“ It is we ministers, who are supposed to be at the head of the churches, and who are supposed to lead the people to Christ. The fault lies with us ! ”

There were a great many protests at this, especially among the ministers ; but Trewhella, regardless of the feelings he had aroused, looked quietly but with seeming determination at the sea of angry faces.

“ A few days ago,” he went on, “ I came into contact with a young fellow who is a descendant of the great Bishop Colenso. I may add that he is in this church at this very moment, and listening to what we have to say. When he visited me we discussed many things, and especially the problem which we are considering now. After he had gone I had to prepare an address which I had arranged to give that night on the reasons why the Church had failed to hold the people. In

the course of my preparations I remembered something which the old prophet Ezekiel said. . . . Oh, I see some of you smile ; but a lot of those old prophets were fine chaps. They lived near to God and heard His voice. . . . Anyhow, I turned to the thirty-fourth chapter, where the writer pronounced such scathing remarks on the shepherds of Israel. You see, my friend had been telling me about the old man who visited this town some weeks ago, who called himself the Duke of Cornubia, and who said that *the great thing wanted in the churches was a leader who would arouse the so-called leaders to a sense of responsibility, and who, because they were thus aroused, would lead the people to Christ.* Forgive me if I am talking rather confusedly, but I am awfully excited, especially as I feel that I have come to a crisis in my life. This is what Ezekiel said: 'And the word of the Lord came unto me saying, Son of Man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel. Woe be to the shepherds.'

"Presently he went on to say that the sheep had become diseased ; that they were sick ; that they were lost.

"Then he uttered these tremendous words: '*And they were scattered because there was no shepherd, and they became meat to all the beasts of the field, and they were scattered.*'

"Think of it! There were numberless shepherds in Israel, and yet God declared that there were no shepherds to save the sheep. I don't think that that is altogether a true picture of the churches in England, but in-so-far as the sheep are scattered ; in-so-far as

they are a prey to the evil beasts; in-so-far as they have become lost to the Church it is because we who are called shepherds have allowed the sheep to drift away to the lonely mountains, where they become a prey to evil, and are perishing."

Whether it was the evident sincerity of Trehwella or not, but certainly the members of the gathering ceased to protest. Rather they seemed fascinated by the expression on the young minister's face and the tones of his voice.

"Oh," he cried passionately, "I am not saying this because I want to make an impression and be talked about; I am saying it because I am sorely troubled, and because my faith seems almost gone. And I tell you this frankly: I had made up my mind that unless something happened here to-day, that unless some great conviction came to me, I was determined to call my deacons together and resign my church. It would break my heart to do so; it would break the hearts of my father and mother, but I feel I cannot go on as a mockery and a failure."

"But what do you say is needed?" cried the chairman. "While we admit that things are in a bad way, we are not hopeless. What do you say is our great need?"

The rules of the conference had seemingly broken down. In the face of great naked facts, conventions were of no account.

"I am a poor one to guide others, seeing I am such a failure myself," replied Trehwella humbly; "and yet I think I see a light. Two hundred years ago

Methodism swept over my native country like a flame of fire. It swept over all England, for that matter ; but Cornwall was noted, and is noted in England as the home of Methodism. But why did Methodism win such splendid trophies in Cornwall ? Humanly speaking, it was because of John Wesley. John Wesley was a great Leader. He had been inspired by the great Head of the Church to become a Leader, and because he was so inspired he inspired others who, in their turn, became Leaders, and told out their great story, and led the masses of the people to the Saviour of men. O God, if there was such a Leader to-day ! A man burning with divine passion, and with the spirit of Christ throbbing within him. John Wesley spoke the language of his time, and preached the theology of his times ; thus he did the work necessary for those times. What we need is a man *inspired with the same spirit*, but who will speak the language of to-day, and who will preach the theology of to-day."

" I fail to see the force of Mr. Trewhella's argument," said the chairman. " A leader is a special man and, I say it with all reverence, God does not produce leaders every day. A leader needs special qualifications, and such qualifications are rare. I agree with Brother Trewhella when he says that such a leader would possibly give life to our dying churches, and that just as George Fox called the Quakers into being, and just as John Wesley became the Father of Methodism, so a great leader might do as he said, and quicken the dry bones of which so many of our

churches are composed. But where is this Leader? and how are we to get him?"

For a few seconds Trewhella stood rocking to and fro like a man stunned. Then he cried out, seemingly in spite of himself: "Test God, and trust God!"

"It is all very well to say 'test God, and trust God,'" replied the chairman, "but some of us are old enough to know that God does not always work in accordance with our spasmodic plans. As I said just now, a Leader is a rare product in life. How can we get such a Leader as Mr. Trewhella suggests? What is the place of his abode?"

"The place of his abode may be in this church at this very moment!" replied Trewhella. "I believe there are men and women in this gathering who might, if they fulfilled the conditions, be leaders."

"What conditions?" someone asked.

"The conditions are terribly hard," replied the young man, and he spoke like one who had been recalling something tremendously difficult. "He who would be a leader of others must empty himself of all ambition. He must be absolutely sincere, absolutely unselfish, absolutely honest. He must have a courage which does not know the meaning of fear. He must be sure of God; sure of Christ; sure of the great eternal realities. He must—he must——" The words seemed to be escaping him with difficulty. His voice was hoarse, and he seemed like a man in agony. "He must live with God, and God must be his only hope."

Then, as if he realised something incongruous, something like mockery in what he had been saying, he

went on : " But who am I to say this ? I have neither faith nor hope. As I told you just now, I had practically made up my mind that if I do not experience something overwhelming to-day I am going to resign my church, and go out into the world a helpless, beaten man."

Perhaps the people who were there realised that, in spite of the tones of despair in which he spoke ; but as I have said, they also felt his sincerity. For not a word of protest was uttered ; not a suggestion of scorn was to be heard.

" Yes," went on Trewhella, " in spite of what I have said, I say test God, and trust God."

He sat down as he spoke, and buried his face in his hands. Had the circumstances been ordinary, some might have said that he did this for effect ; but realising his humility and evident sincerity, all were silent.

Moreover, the silence remained for more than a minute. Each man and woman in the assembly seemed to feel that a power was brooding over the gathering which was not ordinary, and on the faces of many came a look of something like awe.

Then the young Congregational minister who had preceded Trewhella in the discussion, and who had apparently caused him to speak, leapt to his feet again. " Trewhella," he cried, " God has called *you* to be our Leader in this district ! "

Trewhella did not reply, but a look like fear, frenzied fear, came into his eyes. Indeed, his face changed, and he seemed like one who might be taking a fatal step

“ I mean it,” went on the young fellow whom Trewhella had called Jim Bassett ; “ you have the necessary qualifications, and God Almighty has blessed you with brains. As we all know, too, you are a scholar, and you have taken one of the best Divinity degrees at an old Univeristy. More than that, you have what so few possess, you have a strong personality. Every word you have said is true, too. We do need a great leader. We parsons are, many of us, blind leaders of the blind, and our churches, as a consequence, are dying. What we want is someone who can speak with the voice of authority, and you are he if you will submit to the conditions.

“ But will you ? ”

“ You have told us what those conditions are. He must empty himself of all ambition. He must be absolutely sincere, absolutely unselfish, absolutely honest. He must have a courage which does not know the meaning of fear. He must be sure of God ; sure of Christ ; sure of the great eternal realities. He must live with God, and God must be his only hope. Will you fulfil those conditions ? ”

Trewhella sat with bowed head at the corner of the pew which he had occupied all the morning, and made no response to what Bassett had said ; neither, indeed, did he move when the chairman, who up to that moment had seemed to object to what Trewhella had said, looked out upon the assembly.

“ Brethren and sisters,” he said, “ it wants half an hour to the time we have arranged to go for lunch.

Let us spend that half an hour in prayer ; let us ask God to send us such a Leader as we need."

All felt that something was taking place, that some force, hitherto unrealised, was at work ; and all felt when the clock struck one and the church emptied itself, that the people went out different from what they were when they came in.

All felt, too, that the change was not wrought by words, or by any address that was delivered.

" We meet here again at two o'clock," the chairman said as the gathering dispersed, but as he read the agenda for the afternoon's meeting, he had grave doubts as to whether that which was written on the paper before him would be acted upon.

Trewhella and Bob Colenso took their lunch together at a small restaurant in a back street, but neither spoke a word as to what had taken place during the morning.

When two o'clock came, however, Bob turned his face in the direction of the church again ; but Trewhella declared that he was not going.

" Not going ? " said Bob. " What are you going to do, then ? "

" I am going to take a tram out into the country," replied Trewhella, and there was such a light in his eyes that the other did not utter a word.

CHAPTER IX

JIMMER BRAG

THE day following Bob Colenso made his way to Trewhella's house. "That was a great meeting in the church last night," he said. "Did you go?"

"No," replied Trewhella.

"Why not?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of what would be said to me. I knew that young Bassett was one of the chosen speakers, and I was afraid. If he saw me, he would perhaps feel it his duty to utter something foolish."

"Such as?" queried Bob.

"Just what he said before lunch," answered Trewhella.

Bob gave a little laugh.

"What are you laughing about?" asked the other.

"I was thinking about what you said, that the sight of you would cause him to utter what you designate as 'something foolish.'"

"Did he mention my name?" asked Trewhella.

"Tell me what took place."

"I cannot," replied Bob. "I only know that you appeared to be elected as a Leader without protest."

As far as I could judge, no one seemed to realise what had taken place, and there seemed no order or arrangement about anything. Only the general impression seemed to be that all the ministers, especially the young ones, were to look to you."

Trewhella did not speak a word in reply, but his face became as pale as ashes.

A silence fell between the two young men after this, a silence which was painful.

"You will have to do this thing," said Bob presently.

"What thing?" asked the other.

"I don't know," and there was something strange in the tones of Bob Colenso's voice. "But what's the matter with you?"

"I am afraid," replied the young minister.

"Afraid of what?"

"I hardly know. As you will remember, I left you after lunch yesterday, and I went out into the country. I saw a great wood when I got out of the tram, and I went towards it. I was there for hours."

Trewhella started to his feet as he said this, and began to walk excitedly up and down the room. "My God, it's a wonderful thing to live, Colenso!" he cried, and then a far-away look came into his eyes. "God came to me while I was there alone," he said presently. "I saw Him."

"But—but——" protested Bob. "You don't mean——"

"I saw Jesus Christ," said Trewhella simply. "I saw Him as I think He looked as He spoke to the woman of Samaria, and in His face and in His eyes

I knew I saw God. I am not romancing, my dear chap," he added.

A long silence fell between the two young men, and at length Bob rose as if to leave the young minister alone.

"Don't go yet!" cried Trewhella. "It seems to me I have a lot to say to you, although, for the life of me, I don't know what it is."

"But I know what I have got to say to you," was Bob's answer. "I have been thinking about it ever since I left you yesterday."

Trewhella looked at Bob questioningly.

"It's this way," went on Bob. "You remember that I told you of my meeting with that old man, the Duke of Cornubia, and how he made me promise to go and see him? I hadn't met you then, but directly after I left you yesterday, I made up my mind that you should go with me. Look here, Trewhella, you look frightfully seedy, and need a rest."

"It is no wonder if I do!" laughed the other. "I have had no holiday for several months now, and as I told you, I have been in no enviable state of mind. I have been working like a galley-slave, too. As I told you, I have been trying to get at some settlement about what I ought to do. As a consequence, I am very near a complete breakdown. It is no wonder, therefore, if I do look seedy."

"That's settled, then," replied Bob. "You come to Cornwall with me after I have been to the Church Congress next week."

"But it is impossible for me to accept this old

chap's hospitality!" urged Trewhella. "Of course, I will be glad to go to my native county and shall love to have a chat with the old man. As for anything else——!"

"Don't bother about that!" cried Bob. "For that matter, I don't intend to accept the old chap's hospitality myself. There will surely be a couple or three rooms that we can rent somewhere near Cornubia, which is the name he has given to his old manor house. We needn't be in any hurry about it. A few days ago I thought I should have to leave the Old Hall immediately, as my uncle has let it furnished to an American millionaire. He told me this morning, however, that he will be staying on there for another month, instead of going away immediately. So we can make our plans at leisure."

"What are you in such a dickens of a hurry about?" protested Trewhella as Bob again rose as if to depart "Why not stay and have some lunch with me?"

"I daren't, my dear chap; much as, for many things, I would like to. I have practically promised," he added, "to lunch at the Bishop's Palace."

"Whew!" cried Trewhella. "No wonder you don't feel like sharing a poor dissenter's lunch when you are going to eat at the great man's table! All right, get away!"

"Come with me," cried Bob. "At least, come as far as the Palace. Of course, I cannot ask you in, but, at least, we can go together to the Palace gates."

It was now nearly midday, and the sleepy old cathedral town looked more sleepy than ever. Both

young men felt this as they walked along the quiet streets. Away in the distance the towers of the great Cathedral loomed high in the heavens ; while presently, as one of the bells chimed, Bob knew that it was past twelve.

“ Have you read to-day’s paper ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ No,” replied Bob.

“ I see there was an attempted murder here in this old cathedral town,” said the young minister.

“ What ! Attempted murder ! ” cried Colenso, aghast.

“ So the paper says.”

“ Where ? What were the circumstances ? ”

“ As for where, it was close by the Cathedral ; while the circumstances—well, they are almost commonplace. Two drunken men, a jealous woman, and two blackguards,” replied Trewhella.

“ Who were they ? ” asked Colenso.

“ Who were they ? By Jove, that’s a coincidence ! See that fellow coming down the street there ? ”

Book looked at the man keenly. “ By Jove,” he cried, “ I’ve seen him before ! ” He was thinking of a walk he had had with the Bishop some time before. “ But what of him ? ”

“ This,” replied Trewhella, “ but for the fact that he was able to produce a good alibi last night, he would have been in prison this morning on a charge of attempted murder.”

Had Colenso been looking at his companion at that moment, he would have seen that he was trembling

like an aspen leaf, and that his face was as pale as that of a corpse.

A few seconds later he stopped. The man in question had come close to where the two young men were, and Trewhella stopped before him. "People call you Jimmer Brag," the young minister said to him.

The man looked at him steadily for nearly a minute without replying, but his eyes grew red with passion, and Colenso thought he was on the point of knocking Trewhella down.

But he did nothing of the sort. The two men looked steadily at each other, and in a few seconds the eyes of Jimmer Brag fell before those of the young minister.

But his passion had not died away. Evidently he resented the other speaking to him. "What the hell has it got to do with you?" he asked. "I suppose you have been reading the papers this morning," he added, "and know that Belle Bennett was living with me up to a week ago?"

"But Jimmer," broke in Trewhella, "I have, for a long time, wanted an opportunity of speaking to you."

"Stow it!" cried the other. "You know that what you say is a—(here he interjected more than one sanguinary oath)—lie. If anyone wants to speak to me, they can easily do it. However, as it happens, I know nothing about who nearly did for Belle last night. For that matter, I was out of Belgrave, and the thing can't be traced to me!"

"Jimmer," went on Trewhella, "do you know who I am?"

“ I know you are a b——y sky pilot. That’s enough for me ! ” cried the man.

Trewhella kept on looking at him as if fascinated, and he had to confess that what people generally said about Jimmer Brag was true. Both his face and his figure would single him out in any crowd. Tall and stalwart, he was, undoubtedly, an athlete ; while his broad shoulders and magnificent form spoke of immense muscular strength. But that was not all. His features were as magnificently shapen as his body. In some respects he had a refined face ; the face of a poet ; the face of a man who dreamed dreams, and saw visions. His nose was finely chiselled too ; so was his mouth ; while his broad forehead spoke of intellectual capacities which were beyond the ordinary.

And yet it was an evil face. In spite of what I have said, his features were repulsive ; his mouth was sensuous and cruel—the mouth of a lost man. His eyes, too, had the look of a devil in them, and one instinctively felt in looking at him that he was capable of doing any devilish deed.

“ Jimmer,” went on Trewhella, “ I don’t believe you are guilty, in spite of what some people are saying, of harming Belle Bennett.”

The man laughed raucously. “ You would believe it right enough if the truth didn’t stare you in the face ! ” he said with an oath. “ Inspector Blewett tried his hardest to condemn me, but he couldn’t. Anyhow, I don’t care what people think of me, and if Belle Bennett had been done in, it would have been nothing more than she deserved.”

“Jimmer,” went on Trewhella, “you are a handsome chap, and God Almighty made you capable of great things!”

“What the ——!” exclaimed the other in astonishment.

“I mean it,” interrupted Trewhella. “God Almighty made you for great things. You have a fine face: in many ways, a good face. You have got brains, too, and you are capable of being a fine man.”

“Me a fine man!” cried Jimmer raucously. “What the hell are you getting at?”

“I am getting at nothing,” replied Trewhella. “On the other hand, I like you. I should like to have you as my friend.”

“To have *me* as your friend!” gasped the other.

“That’s what I should like,” replied Trewhella. “I don’t say I could do much for you—that is, I couldn’t give you a job, or anything like that; but I would like to have you for a pal.”

“*Me* for a *pal*!” exclaimed Jimmer, “and you—you a sky pilot!”

“That’s what I mean. What do you say to it?”

“I say that I don’t want any of your hoky-poky tricks,” replied the man.

“But I mean it, Jimmer,” replied Trewhella. “Think it over; think it over carefully, and remember that I will always be glad to see you at my house.”

“You will always be glad to see *ME* at your house!”

“That’s what I said, and that’s what I mean. Perhaps you don’t want to give me the answer now, but my offer is open, Jimmer; remember that.”

“ But—but——” and Jimmer’s face was working convulsively. “ You don’t know me, guv’nor ! Jimmer Brag isn’t my name at all ! I am a devil, that’s what I am ! I have done all sorts of dirty mean tricks, I have ! I don’t belong to this place either. I came here just to lose myself, and—and——”

“ I don’t care whether you came here to lose yourself or not,” replied Trewhella. “ All I know is I want us to be friends, and——”

“ Look here,” broke in Jimmer, “ I don’t know who you are, except you are a sky pilot. I have seen your name on the notice board of that place with a spire, which we can just see from here, and the name struck me when I read it. Trewhella ! Trewhella ! It’s Cornish, and it sounds like home, and—— Good God Almighty ! Look here, mister, do you mean that I can come and see you ?—mean it really ? ”

“ I ask you to,” replied Trewhella ; “ I want you to, and I ask you because I want you.”

The man’s face continued to work convulsively, while his hands clenched and unclenched themselves. For the moment he seemed on the point of breaking down. Then new thoughts seemed to come into his mind, and the evil on his face became emphasised. After that he burst out into a great hoarse laugh ; while a stream of filthy language flowed from his lips.

A minute later he was walking rapidly away from the two young men, still laughing hoarsely.

“ What in the world did you do that for ? ” asked Colenso when the man was out of hearing.

“ I don’t know.”

“ But you must ! You must have had a reason for speaking to him ? ”

“ No I hadn't. I only know that something came upon me suddenly, and I knew I must speak to him.” He lapsed into a silence which continued for more than a minute. Then a purposeful look came into his eyes. “ Colenso,” he said, “ I regard that chap as a kind of touchstone.”

“ Touchstone ! What do you mean ? ”

“ If he comes to see me, I shall know that God does not mean me to resign my church.”

“ But—but—— ” ejaculated Colenso. He was thinking of all sorts of contingencies.

“ I will walk with you as far as the Bishop's Palace,” went on Trewhella as though Bob had not interrupted him ; “ then I will get back to my house. Mrs. Williams will be anxious about me. She always is anxious if I am late for lunch.”

The two young men continued to walk towards the Bishop's Palace. They were now close to the Cathedral, and the shadows of the great towers fell upon them.

“ That is where you were sitting when I came upon you the other day,” ejaculated Bob, nodding towards a seat which stood in a shady nook not far from the Cathedral. “ Halloa, Kathy, what are you doing here ? ”

The girl was just coming out of the Cathedral, and blushed rather confusedly at seeing Bob and his companion.

“ I didn't know you went to the Cathedral of a morning,” went on Bob. “ What have you been

doing there, showing some visitor around, or something of that sort? ”

But Kathy Lyneham did not reply. Instead, she was looking straight at Trewhella as though she saw something in his face of more than ordinary interest.

Bob caught the flash of her eyes, and interpreted it to mean that she wanted an introduction. “ This is my friend—I am hanged if I haven’t forgotten your christian name, Trewhella! ” he said. “ Anyhow, this, Kathy, is the Reverend Trewhella. He is the minister of that church yonder ; you can see the spire from here. ”

Kathy held out her hand, although with a certain amount of restraint. Perhaps she remembered that her father was the Bishop of the diocese, and that it would be regarded by onlookers as unusual for a bishop’s daughter to speak freely with a dissenting parson.

“ Of course, I have heard your name often, Mr. Trewhella, ” she said, and she mentally recalled the fact that a number of her acquaintances had told her that Trewhella was the most interesting speaker in the city, and the only person who had even a suggestion of originality.

“ I am afraid there is very little of the ‘ reverend ’ about me, ” replied Trewhella, “ so, in that respect, Colenso is a long way from the truth. ”

The girl gave him a searching glance. Perhaps she was wanting to know whether what he had said to her were mere empty words or not, or whether he meant what he had said. Then, turning to Bob, she seemed

to remember that he had promised to lunch at the Palace that day, and Bob, apparently by some kind of intuition, knew what was in her mind.

“Are you expecting me to lunch, Kathy?” he asked. “I seem to have a remembrance that some arrangement of the sort was made between us.”

“Good day, Colenso,” broke in Trewhella. “I must get back now.”

Why it was I do not know, but Kathy Lyneham was looking closely at his face at the time, and seemed impelled to say something which she never thought of saying. “Won’t you join your friend at lunch?” she asked.

“Thank you, no,” replied Trewhella. “I am no end obliged to you, but my housekeeper, who watches over me as though I were a baby, will be expecting me. It’s no end good of you,” he added, and turning, he walked rapidly in the direction of his church, while Kathy stood for a minute watching him.

She was evidently excited for her eyes shone with more than usual brightness, and her nostrils quivered.

“He’s a fine chap, Kathy,” and Bob spoke as if he were explaining the fact why they were together. “Of course, I don’t care a hang about churchmanship, as you think of it, but—— Yes, he is a fine chap, and I have an idea that we shall hear more about him in the near future.”

“Tell me what you know about him,” she commanded presently.

Whereupon Bob told her of their meeting outside the Cathedral; described the conversation which

followed, and their arrangement to visit the Free Church Conference in Rodney. He told her, too, what happened there, and what they had said to each other that morning.

As Bob thought over what he had said to her afterwards, he remembered that she did not make a single remark while he was speaking, neither did she interpolate a single question. All the same, she was evidently deeply interested. He called to mind, too, that afterwards, when the Bishop appeared, and talked affably with him about many things, athy Lyneham did not speak a single word.

CHAPTER X

BOB COLENZO'S OPINIONS

CONSIDERABLY more than a week passed before Bob Colenso and Trewhella met again. Meanwhile the Cathedral town of Belgrave had been in a very excited state. Clergymen from all over the diocese had gathered there; the church bells were constantly ringing; while from the great Cathedral towers emanated sounds suggesting that something of more than ordinary importance was taking place. As a matter of fact, the diocesan Congress, which had been so long talked about, met with all the pomp and ceremony of a great National Church, and attracted immense attention. Indeed, there were many who said that never in the religious life of Belgrave had so much interest been taken, or so much enthusiasm displayed.

Perhaps this was because the note struck was different from that struck by other Church Congresses. It appeared that His Lordship, the Bishop, in spite of the fact that he had frequently declared that they, as belonging to the one true Church, had nothing to do with what the world called success or failure, had, nevertheless, expressed himself as terribly pained by the godlessness which existed, and the seeming powerlessness of the Church to stem the tide of evil.

It was therefore announced that this particular Congress was called for the purpose of arousing the diocese to activity, to instil new life into the churches, and of discussing how the evils of the time could be stemmed.

As a consequence, the town of Belgrave was simply besieged by parsons. Cassocks, dog-collars and birettas were the order of the day. All sections of the Church were there. The Anglo-Catholics spread themselves wondrously, and boasted of their growth. Moderately high churchmen, while to a certain extent agreeing with them, protested that they were going too far; while the broad churchmen protested that it was they who had really saved the Church, by their scholarship and their broad charity. Neither were the Evangelicals lacking in propagandists. They protested against what they called the vagaries of the Anglo-Catholics on the one hand, and the modernism of the broad churchmen on the other; proclaiming all the while that *they* were the true saviours of the Church, and that they kept the lamp of truth burning in spite of all the will-o-th'-wisps of the time.

It all came to an end at length, however. Clergymen of all sorts returned to their parishes and their vicarages. The excitement of what was called "the great week" came to an end, and things settled down to normalities once more.

"Didn't you go to any of the meetings, Trewhella?" asked Bob of the young minister as, some time after the Congress was over, he made his way to the young minister's house.

“ I went to one of the public meetings in the Town Hall,” replied Trewhella, “ but I did not go to the Congress itself. I thought I should be regarded as an interloper, and being a sensitive sort of chap, I stayed away. Did you go ? ”

“ I was as regular in my attendance as any man jack of them,” replied Bob, with a laugh. “ I promised I would go, and I did. And while I was in the Cathedral for the first Communion service prior to the Congress, I couldn't help thinking.”

“ Thinking what ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ Of course,” replied Bob, “ I don't profess to be a saint. For that matter, I am not a churchman at all. I am outside the whole blessed business. Still, I had been influenced by our conversations, and I was influenced by what took place at that Conference in Rodney. Of course, too, the spectacle at the Cathedral that morning of the first day of the Congress was, in a way, impressive. It couldn't help being so. The building is one of the finest in the country ; its architecture is magnificent, and if there is nothing else to give it dignity, its age alone is sufficient for that purpose.

“ Well, I sat in a position to obtain a view of the whole show—for that is what it seemed to me, Trewhella !—Just a magnificent show ; only that, and nothing more. The purpose of their meeting was to consider how spiritual power could be realised ; how the Church could be more than a mere name ; how evil could be stemmed ; how righteousness could rise triumphant. And I saw an empty show ! ”

Trewhella did not speak, but he could not help seeing Bob's quivering lips and flashing eyes.

"I remembered what you said about leaders," cried Bob. "I remembered how you said that much depended on those great souls who, through the ages, had led the people upward and onward. I thought of Moses, of Judas Maccabeus and John the Baptist! I remembered, too, those men who, after Christ had ascended into Heaven, bore the banner aloft, and led the new-born Church into victory! I remembered Paul, Augustine, Luther! I thought of those in our own country who, through faith, subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness; of Ridley and Latimer, of Barrow and Greenwood and Penry, of John Bunyan and George Fox, of John Wesley and General Booth, and others; and I asked myself if there was one man in the Church of England to-day who was capable of being a Leader!"

"And didn't you see any?"

"You should have watched them as I did!" replied Bob. "There was dear old Bishop Lyneham at their head, followed by Deans, Archdeacons and Canons! And—and—God help us!"

Trewhella could not help being influenced, not simply by what his young visitor was saying, but by the tones of his voice, and the evident feeling which he manifested. There was an earnestness in his gaze, too; an earnestness which sometimes became a passion.

"I wasn't much impressed by that Nonconformist meeting to which you took me," went on Bob presently. "Had it not been for you and that fellow—Bassett,

I think you called him—the whole of the Conference would have been a fiasco. But, at least, there was a semblance of earnestness ; a semblance, too, of something for which I cannot find a name, but which made me think of God. But that procession in the Cathedral was positively ghastly, ghastly ! I asked myself whether Peter, and James, and John, if they were alive, would have walked in it ; and such a sense of ridiculousness came over me, that I could hardly help laughing aloud. I looked into the eyes of those Church dignitaries, too. I tried to see vision in them ; but it was impossible, simply impossible ! ”

The two young men discussed the Congress for a long while. Trewhella asked Bob innumerable questions, and by those questions elicited from him many things which hadn't come out in his descriptions.

“ And now,” said Bob at length, “ I am going to ask you something. I claimed your promise to go to Cornwall with me, and visit the Duke of Cornubia. When shall we start ? ”

“ Not yet,” replied Trewhella with a far-away look in his eyes. “ I told you that I regarded our meeting with Jimmer Brag as a kind of touchstone, and I said that if he came to see me, and asked for my friendship, I should not resign my Church.”

“ Well ? ” questioned Bob eagerly.

“ He has been,” replied the young minister, and his eyes became humid as he spoke. “ He came the day after we met, and he has been five times since. He has told me his story,” he added.

“ And what did he say ? ” asked Bob.

“ I mustn't tell you that. He told me in confidence ; told me as a friend. I have seen into his heart, and know something of his hopes and longings. He is a wonderful chap,” he concluded ; “ and as I told him when you were there, he has the makings of a great man. He only needs something.”

“ What does he need ? ” asked Bob.

“ Jesus Christ,” replied Trewhella, slowly and reverently. “ That's why I cannot go to Cornwall with you. The man called Jimmer Brag is at a crisis in his life. I mean it ; he is at a crisis in his life, and it comes to this : I am firmly convinced that a week from now he will accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour, or he will go straight to hell. There is no half-way house with him.”

“ Then do you mean to tell me,” cried Bob a little angrily, “ that you are going to give up the idea of a holiday altogether ? ”

“ No,” replied Trewhella. “ I don't mean that.”

“ What do you mean, then ? ”

“ I mean that if you come to me in a fortnight's time, I will tell you,” was his answer. “ Meanwhile, I want you to tell me something.”

“ What ? ” asked Bob.

“ Are you engaged to that young lady you introduced to me a little while ago—I mean the Bishop's daughter ? ”

“ I wish I were,” replied Bob. “ I proposed to her not long ago, and she turned me down.”

“ Definitely and finally ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ I don't know,” replied Bob after a long silence.

“ But I know this,” he added significantly. “ I know that after you left her a few days ago, she asked hosts of questions about you, and after I had answered them, I saw a look in her eyes which would be a joy unspeakable if I thought the look was because of me.”

Trewhella did not speak in answer to Bob's words, but sat looking into vacancy for a long time. Then he said slowly : “ Bob, I think I shall have to do it.”

“ What do you mean ? ” asked Bob.

“ On the night following your visit,” replied the other, “ six young ministers came from Rodney to see me. They came about the address I had given in the Free Church Conference there. But even now I couldn't tell you in exact words what they had in their minds. I only know that something wonderful was happening to me.”

Bob Colenso looked at the young minister like one amazed.

“ Last Sunday night,” went on Trewhella, “ whether it was because what I had said at Rodney had reached Belgrave or not I do not know, but the congregation had doubled itself ; and at the close of the service more than twenty people came into the vestry asking for wisdom and leading. Since then scarcely a night has passed without people coming asking for guidance.”

“ It seems to me,” said Bob Colenso presently, “ that these blessed Conferences, or whatever you like to call them, have had a different effect on you from what they have had on me. Honestly, as far

as I am concerned, Trewhella, the whole thing is meaningless.”

Trewhella leapt to his feet as Bob ceased speaking. “No,” he cried passionately, “it is not all meaningless! I know I have been a humbug—and—and——No, I cannot explain it, my dear fellow, even yet I am at sea. I am like a man in a dark wood, and cannot find his way out. Now and then I see streaks of light, but altogether it is very dark! All the same, I know that the light does exist! I know this, too; I am finding God.—Oh no, there is no mistake about it, I am finding God; and although I cannot see even a suggestion of what it may mean to me, it may mean infinite things.—But I cannot talk about it any more.”

The two young men parted then. Bob felt that the other had entered into a realm to which he was a stranger, but which, as Trewhella had said, might mean infinite things.

The next morning he received a letter from an old 'Varsity friend, asking him to go away with him, and Bob, for want of something better to do, accepted. Nevertheless, he often wondered what the young minister was doing; wondered, too, what had happened to Jimmer Brag.

When he returned to the neighbourhood of Belgrave, summer had gone, and although winter was introducing herself gently, the shortening days and chilly evenings proclaimed the fact that ere long winter would be upon them.

During the time he had been away, Bob's seriousness had, to a large extent, left him. The memory

of what the old man had said in the Rodney Market Place, and his after experiences with young Trewhella had become very dim.

“What is the use of my being in earnest?” he asked himself. “Even if the world is going to the devil, I can do nothing! I know we are in a bad way politically. There doesn't seem to be a dozen men in the House of Commons who really grasp the inwardness of the situation; or if they grasp it, they haven't the power to lead their fellows out of the miserable swamp in which we are floundering. As for the churches—— Good heavens, what is the use of bothering about them! What is the use of expecting anything as the result of what the parsons may do! Ninety-nine out of every hundred are simply bolstering up a system out of which all life and meaning are gone!”

“I'll go and have a chat with Trewhella, at all events,” he said the morning after his return home, and directly after breakfast, he got out the motor-car which he regarded as his own, and drove towards Belgrave.

When he entered Trewhella's house, however, he received a shock. On being shown by the young minister's housekeeper into his study, he started back aghast at the spectacle which greeted him. “What's the matter with you, Trewhella, old man?” he exclaimed.

“Matter! What do you mean?”

But Bob did not reply, for while, on the one hand, the sight he saw filled him with dismay, there was something else which caused him to wonder with a great wonder.

CHAPTER XI

TREWHELLA, KATHY, AND THE BISHOP

PERHAPS it was no wonder that Trewhella's appearance startled Bob. For one thing, he looked like a spectre. His face was wellnigh fleshless. Apparently, too, much of his vitality had left him, and he was largely a shadow of his former self.

That on the one hand.

In another sense, however, he had evidently gained more than he had lost. When he had first seen him, Bob Colenso had been struck by the young minister's appearance. He had had no need to be informed that he possessed more than ordinary intelligence. Indeed, his eyes flashed with a light which told of their possessor being a man of great intellectual acumen. He had a strong individuality, too ; an individuality which proclaimed all sorts of possibilities, and doubtless these facts had not only struck the young aristocrat favourably, but had led him to seek his friendship.

But as he looked at him now, he saw a new life, new possibilities. It was true he had evidently lost physical prowess, but he had gained something ; something for which he could not find words ; something which marked him out from other men. It

was not a new intellectual life, although that had not diminished. The brightness of his eyes, and the sensitive look of his mouth proclaimed the fact that his interest in intellectual things had not diminished one whit. But he possessed a new power, almost a new personality.

“How are you, Trewhella?” and Bob asked the question hesitatingly, for, to tell the truth, he was almost afraid as to what the other might say. And yet he wanted to know, for he was sure that behind the other’s changed appearance was some great secret.

“You ought to see a doctor,” cried Bob, after bestowing another searching look upon his friend.

“I saw one yesterday,” replied Trewhella, with a laugh.

“Well, what did he tell you?”

“He said I must have three months’ complete rest,” replied Trewhella whimsically. “Not that I feel I need it,” he added. “In a way, I never felt so fit for work in my life as I feel now, and yet when I look into the looking-glass of a morning, and see my ‘*chacks*,’ as the Cornish folks have it, I know he is right.”

“But what have you been doing with yourself?” asked Bob excitedly. “Tell me the meaning of your fleshless cheeks. It is true you looked tired and in need of a long rest when I saw you last, but—but—— You were a Samson then compared with what you are now! What have you been doing?”

“Learning the greatest secret that man can learn,” replied Trewhella. “Look here, Bob, I am almost

afraid to tell you what is in my heart. It's like this," he went on. "You remember that I told you, after that Conference in Rodney, that I got into a tram and rode out into the country. At the end of the tram journey I saw a great wood where I went and stayed for hours?"

"I remember," Bob ejaculated, almost in spite of himself. "And then?"

"You know what I told you about Jimmer Brag?" went on Trewhella. "You remember that I said I regarded him as a kind of touchstone, and that if he came to see me, and accepted the friendship I offered him, I should feel that I ought not to resign my church?"

Bob nodded.

"Well, he came, and he laid bare his heart to me," went on the young minister. "Good God, I don't know another such experience! I have been told that Catholic priests, who are constantly hearing confessions, grow accustomed to them, and regard them lightly. But I cannot believe that they have heard a confession like Jimmer Brag's. It was the confession of a devil, man, and of a filthy devil. I daren't tell you about it, except to say that I knew it was my duty, as well as my privilege, to lead that man to Jesus Christ."

"Well, what happened?" asked Bob eagerly.

"Ask the people who knew Jimmer before, and who know him now," replied Trewhella. "But that isn't all! As you may imagine, the time I had with Jimmer drained me of vitality. And that wasn't all,

either! I was besieged by a number of young ministers who were largely where I used to be. They were trying to be contented with the *hope* of certainty, instead of *having* the certainty. I discovered this, too. My preaching took on a new power; so much so that scores, after every service, came seeking new life, and—— Oh, dash it all, Bob, old man, I hate to talk to you like this about myself!—For weeks I have been through the most wonderful experiences! I have become a kind of leader of the people, and—and something has been stirring in the vicinity, Bob, old man. New life has come into scores of churches! Ministers, some of them getting to be old men, have been re-born, and—— But, if you don't mind, I'll not talk any more about it."

Bob did not at all know why what he said next passed his lips, yet before he realised it, he had spoken. "Have you seen Kathy Lyneham since I left?" he asked.

"Yes, I have seen her twice," replied Trewhella, and a somewhat pained look passed across his face.

"Did she speak to you?"

"I suppose one might say that she did," replied Trewhella, and there was a look on his face which caused Bob to question him further.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"It was this way," replied Trewhella. "Two young clergymen came to see me. Perhaps you know them; they are both Oxford men, and took honours degrees. Both have curacies in the city here, and have, in the past, been a great social success. Both of them

became bitten with the devil of doubt and felt that they were beating the air. Then, somehow, they heard of me and what I was trying to do."

"And they came to you?" asked Bob.

"Not at first. They went and had a talk with the Bishop first. That, I suspect, is how matters came to Miss Lyneham's ears. Anyhow, I suppose the Bishop's answers were not very satisfactory. As you know, he is a high churchman, and according to him the power of Christianity is largely a matter of sacramentarianism, ritual and that kind of thing. Anyhow, he didn't satisfy them, and presently they came to me."

"Well?" queried Bob, as Trewhella hesitated.

"Well, as you know, I care very little about sacramentarianism. Outward forms and ceremonies have practically no weight with me, and when they are put first they are often a hindrance rather than a help. So I got back to first principles, and——" Trewhella hesitated a second, and then went on: "It ended in their going to the Bishop and telling him where they were. Mark you, the Bishop was very kind to them and treated them very sympathetically. They are also doing their work in their parishes with renewed interest, and from what I can hear, things have wonderfully changed in their churches. But, to be quite frank, I have not gained the approval of Miss Lyneham."

"What do you mean?" asked Bob.

"Well, as I told you, she spoke to me."

"How?"

"She stopped me in the street not long since, and

asked me whether I had ever studied the Prayer Book. She advised me to turn to the Litany, and take particular notice of the prayer contained therein: 'From schism, heresy, and other deadly sins, good Lord deliver us.' Upon that she left me, and went away laughing. That happened three days ago."

"But you said you had met her twice. What was the other occasion?" asked Bob.

"That was of no importance," laughed Trewhella. "It was yesterday afternoon. She did not hold out her hand, or anything of that sort, but said in rather a constrained way: 'You look positively ghastly, Mr. Trewhella!' which I thought was not in the best of taste. However, she went on before I had time to reply, and nothing more was said. But look here, let's give up talking about me. What have *you* been doing?"

"I have been doing nothing compared with what I am going to do," replied Bob. "My uncle has told me that I must leave the Old Hall within a week; that he himself is leaving it within a day or two, and that I can go where I jolly well like henceforth. So we will resume our conversation from where we left off when I was here last. When are you ready to go to Cornwall with me?"

"To-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Splendid!" cried Bob.

When at length Bob left Trewhella, the young minister realised his need of a holiday. He found his hands trembling, while his pale, cadaverous face proclaimed aloud that he had been doing at least three

men's work. "But I am an egotistic beggar," he said to himself, after he had been sitting alone for a few minutes. "From the way I talk, I might be the only person in existence. Hardly anything was said about Bob himself, and yet, as I think of it now, he is passing through deep waters. I wonder why he was so insistent about knowing whether I had spoken to Miss Lyneham? Miss Lyneham is nothing to me, and never can be. Great heavens! fancy the daughter of the Bishop of Belgrave taking anything more than a passing interest in a dissenting minister!"

Had Trewhella known, however, how Bob was occupied at that moment, he would have spoken differently. For the heir of the Colenso title had not returned to the Old Hall, as Trewhella, not asking himself why, had thought he would do, but had, instead, made his way to the Bishop's Palace.

"Where have you been since I saw you last?" asked Kathy Lyneham as Bob entered the house.

"I can hardly remember," was his answer.

"Anyhow, what have you been doing?"

"Nothing of importance," he replied. And then, before the girl had time to reply, he went on: "I have just been to see Trewhella. In some ways he looks like a dying man."

"Yes, isn't he ghastly?" ejaculated the girl, seemingly without realising that the words had passed her lips. Then, as though she had thought of the meaning of what she had said, she flushed violently. "There are strange stories in the city about him," she added.

“What stories? Tell me.”

“Father laughs at him,” she replied, “so does the Archdeacon. They both say that men such as he are constantly cropping up among dissenters; but the Dean, who dined here last night, thinks differently. He believes in Trewhella, and thinks that the whole Church has a great deal to learn from him.”

“I have just come from him.” Bob informed her.

She looked at him with eager eyes, as though she would have liked to ask him questions about his visit. But she was silent.

“He is a great fellow, Kathy,” said Bob. “He lives in a realm which is strange to me. I met him outside the Cathedral one day, when he told me he was going to resign his church. He said that he was a mockery, a sham, a hypocrite.”

“Well, wasn't he, and isn't he?” the girl replied, looking straight into Bob's eyes.

“Whatever he was, he isn't now,” replied Bob. “A few months ago he seemed sure of nothing, and he seemed like one despairing of everything as I talked with him. While now . . . I tell you, it's wonderful, Kathy! Not only is he sure that God is, but he is sure he has found Him; and the finding of Him has made Trewhella another man! When I went to see him this morning I doubted the existence of God altogether. I did really! I could think of the Creator of the universe as nothing but a great unsympathetic, abstract Force. But when I looked into Trewhella's eyes, I was sure that God was. I was really!”

“ You are getting quite eloquent, Bob ! ” scoffed the girl.

“ Don't, Kathy, don't ! ” and Bob's voice took on a new earnestness. “ I tell you, Trewhella has entered into the heart of things. Why, his eyes have a new expression ! You never saw a man look so happy as he does now ! His face is lit up with a new light, and—and—we are going to Cornwall together to-morrow, ” he concluded.

“ To Cornwall ? What for ? ”

“ Trewhella's home is there, for one thing, and he wants to introduce me to his father and mother. But it is not because of his people that I am going to Cornwall. ”

“ Why are you going there, then ? ”

“ Because I promised the Duke of Cornubia that I would, ” was his reply. Whereupon he told her again of the impression this old man had made upon him in the Market Place in Rodney.

“ He said, ” explained Bob, “ that what the country needed was great leaders. He said, too, that what the Church needed was someone who would speak to the so-called leaders of the Church, and bring them back to reality, so that they, in their turn, would lead the people to Christ. Trewhella is doing that, ” Bob added. “ From what I can hear, the district for miles around has been affected. But good-bye, Kathy. ”

“ Good-bye, ” said the girl, holding out her hand. “ I hope you will have a good time in Cornwall, and that you won't be disappointed in your prodigy. ”

Then, changing her tone, she burst out almost angrily :
 “ Oh, I do hate such pretensions ! ”

“ Now, Kathy,” cried Bob, “ that’s not like you. At least give him the benefit of being sincere.”

“ But he isn’t sincere ! ” and Kathy spoke angrily. “ He is just a pretender, just a sham ! For that matter, he has not taken Orders at all, and has no business to be in the Church ! He is a schismatic, and a make-believe ! Good-bye, Bob, and may your eyes be opened ! ”

Then, before he had time to reply, she had left the room and rushed upstairs.

“ I wonder what’s the matter with her ? ” mused the young man, as presently he followed a manservant towards the front door.

Before he had time to answer his own question, however, the Bishop came out of his study and greeted him. “ I heard you were here, Bob,” he said, “ and I wanted to have a chat with you. I saw how regularly you attended the Congress, and I was curious to know the impression it had upon you. It was a great affair, wasn’t it ? Someone told me that you were present at that Free Church Conference, when the same subject was being discussed. There was a tremendous difference between the two Congresses, wasn’t there ? ”

“ Yes,” replied Bob, “ there was.”

“ Tell me your opinion about the two. I am anxious to know.”

“ Were you pleased with your own ? ” asked Bob.

“ How could I help it ? ” replied the Bishop. “ It

was a great time. All the meetings were well attended and it was the talk of the city for days."

"And has it had any marked effect?"

"I cannot tell in a such big diocese what results accrue," replied the Bishop.

"But surely you, as Bishop, must have had your reports? Have there been larger congregations in the churches? Have there been new earnestness, new power on the part of the clergy? It seems to me, from what I read of your announcements, that you met in order to obtain a new power. Excuse me, Bishop, but I don't care a tuppenny damn—please forgive my language—but I grow impatient about the differences between the churches. What appeals to me is the great question as to whether there is anything real in the whole thing. Belgrave is a cathedral city, and some of the finest churches in the country are established here. And yet Belgrave is one of the wickedest, one of the most devilish cities in the country, and the Church seems powerless to stem the tide of evil. Rodney is renowned for its worldliness, its materialism; but as far as I can judge, there is no difference in the Church. As for the difference in the two Conferences, I did not see much. As regards the things that were vital, they were six to one and half a dozen to the other! All the parsons seemed like voices crying in the wilderness, except in the case of two. One was a minister in this city named Trehella. The other was a young Congregational minister in Rodney called Bassett."

"You needn't say any more," replied the Bishop

stiffly. "I have heard all about them. I am a Bishop," he went on, "in the great Church of Christ, which has existed for nearly two thousand years, and—and I do not think kindly of what a friend of mine, who is a Bishop in a western diocese, called 'new-vangs.' I don't like 'new-vangs.' Won't you stay to lunch, Bob?" and the Bishop seemed to dismiss the subject from his mind.

"No, thank you," replied the young man, "I have to make preparations for going away."

"Ah, where are you going?"

"I am going to Cornwall," replied the young man.

"I am going in company with young Trehwella."

"What, that dissenting parson?" I cannot congratulate you, Bob, on your choice of a holiday companion."

"He is the finest fellow I know," replied the young man, "and if what I am told is true——"

"Yes, yes," interposed the Bishop. "I hope you will have a good time, Bob."

The next evening two young men alighted at a way-side station a number of miles south of Plymouth.

CHAPTER XII

CORNUBIA

THE day was dying, but there was still sufficient light for the two young men to see in clear outline the kind of houses of which the village was composed, and ere long they had decided, by mutual consent, which house they would like to stay at.

Trewhella went to the front door, and knocked.

It was opened by an elderly man in shirt sleeves. This did not suggest poverty. It only said that this same man, although he had what people called "got on in the world," often appeared at table in his younger days minus a coat of any sort.

"Yes, what do 'ee want?" he asked of Trewhella as he opened the door.

"Good evening," the young man greeted him. "I hope you will forgive me for calling, but——" Here he stopped. "I say," he cried, "you haven't lived here all your life?"

"How did you guess that?" asked the other.

"Because of the Yankee in your speech," replied Trewhella. "Yes, the Cornish is there all right, but the Yankee is there, too."

"What do you know about Cornish?" asked the man.

Before Trewhella could reply, a woman put in her appearance. She was evidently the man's wife, and was, to all intents and purposes, the master of the situation.

"No," she replied, on Trewhella making known his wishes to her, "we don't take in lodgers. Not but what there is they that do," she added, "but I don't think they will be your sort. You had better go to the 'King's Arms,' you had."

"I be'ant a public-house man," objected Trewhella in broad Cornish. Then he continued in the language of an educated Englishman, "I will tell you the truth, Mrs. Richards—for that's the name I see on your door there. My friend and I—— You haven't seen my friend, have you? He's staying down there near the 'King's Arms' with the car. We have come down here for a rest; at least, I have, and both of us hate the idea of going to an inn. My friend doesn't know Cornwall, but I do, and to speak plainly, I would a thousand times rather, if I could, go to some God-fearing house where we should be fed as if we were Christians, rather than as if we were mere visitors. I am sure you understand our feelings?"

Mrs. Richards looked at Trewhella closely. She was wondering who he was, and where he came from. "You be fine 'n pale!" she ejaculated, after examining him closely. "Who be 'ee, and where did 'ee come from? I am asking that," she added, "because I want you to know that whatever we do, we don't take in lodgers as a usual thing. We've got private means," she added proudly.

"I saw that the moment I glanced at the house,"

was Trehwella's reply. "I said to my friend, 'That's the place for us. They will take us in, not because they are out to make money,' although," he added, by way of parenthesis, "we are willing to pay handsomely, 'but for the sake of doing a kindness.' As for what I am, Mrs. Richards," he went on, "I am a preacher of the Gospel."

"Good Lor', be 'ee, then?" ejaculated Mrs. Richards. "Come in and sit down, will 'ee?"

A few minutes later Bob Colenso had also reached the house, which on examination he found to be considerably more than a cottage, and where he received a warm welcome from Mrs. Richards.

"As I told Mr. Trehwella when I first saw him," remarked the lady to the young man, "we don't take in lodgers as a rule, but I 'ope we d'know a gentleman when we d'see 'n."

A homely, attractive meal was forthwith prepared, to which they both did justice. It was entirely dark before they had finished, and then after Mrs. Richards had sent in her servant maid (which she did with a certain amount of ostentation) to clear away the tea things, and to make everything "spruce and tidy," William Richards again appeared.

"The village is called Cornubia, I suppose?" queried Trehwella.

"Iss, funny old name, ed'n it? I 'spect th' place was called after th' family what d'live 'ere, or what d'live not far from 'ere," he added, in order to be meticulously exact.

Trehwella was glad to hear William Richards speak

after this fashion. He had been wondering how he could best get someone who knew the neighbourhood to speak of the man whom his friend had persuaded him to come to see. "Why?" he asked. "Does someone called Cornubia live here?"

"Ded'n 'ee knaw?" demanded William. "Why, I thought everybody knawed th' old Duke!"

"Duke?" repeated Trewhella.

"Well, that's a mystery, so to spaik. Some say 'ee is a Duke, an' some say 'ee ed'n. I dunnaw. Some say 'ee is as rich as a Jew; some say 'ee is as porr as a coot. Some d'call him 'The Duke,' an' some d' only call him 'Maaster Cornubia.' All the same, 'ee ed'n a man you can take liberties with. 'Ee mayn't be a rich man, but 'ee is a gentleman for all that. I 'ave 'eard, but it may be only talk, that Charles, the Pretender, landed in Cornwall somewhere about 1740, an' that th' Cornubia family was in favour of 'n. It is said, too, that 'ee promised to make the Cornubia who lived at that time a Duke if 'ee succeeded in gettin' th' throne. But 'ee didn't; so it may be that the dukedom fell through. Anyhow, as I d'say, if there is already a Duke of Cornwall, how can 'ee be the Duke of Cornwall? But good lor', ted'n my business!"

"Where is his house?" asked Bob Colenso presently.

"Oh, it is only 'bout a mile from th' village," replied William Richards. "If you keep along th' valley, you can't 'elp seein' it."

The next morning both the young men were up betimes, and both of them, as Mrs. Richards proudly declared afterwards, enjoyed staying in (as she was

careful to impress upon her neighbours) what was a gentleman's house. "Do you know," she said to one of them impressively, "they both 'ad a bath before they came down, an' I was fine an' glad that Jemimah"—Jemimah was the name of Mrs. Richards's servant—"had lit the fire to heat the water. Not that Mr. Colenso used the hot water," she added; "'ee had his bath cold. But Mr. Trewhella, poor young man, was glad to run the hot water into his bath. Anyhow, that is a sign that they be both gentlemen, my dear."

Meanwhile the two young men walked up the valley together. "Isn't this glorious?" asked Bob. "I smell the sea air. How far is it away, I wonder?"

"Just at the end of the valley, three miles down," replied Trewhella. "At least, that's what William Richards told me this morning."

As they proceeded up the valley, the verdure grew thicker and thicker; and before they had gone a mile, giant trees abounded.

"My word," exclaimed Trewhella, "we are far from the madding crowd here! This is indeed a spot where one can get away from the multitude."

"Yes, but we must be getting somewhere near the house," cried Bob. "We must have gone quite a mile since we left the village, and there hasn't been a single dwelling place to be seen! Ah, there it is!" and his voice dropped into an almost awesome whisper as he spoke. "Great heavens," he continued, "I never saw such a site for a dwelling house before!"

He was justified in this remark, for while they were fifty yards away, not a suggestion of a house appeared.

A turn in the valley had revealed it to them. Close at their side was a great rock, which rose perhaps a hundred feet above them, and which, at that point, seemed to fill the whole valley. At the base of the rock much earth had gathered, and many plants of various kinds grew ; while at the summit, the rock was bleak and bare. Near by, however, the hills which enclosed the valley as a whole, rose at least a hundred feet higher than the rock.

“ Did you ever see such a spot ? ” inquired Bob, looking at Trewhella’s face.

“ Never,” was the reply. “ As you see, the house is almost hidden from view until you come within a couple of hundred yards from it. The hills behind it completely hide it in that direction ; while this rock hides it from travellers walking up the valley. All the same, the house stands so high that anything beyond this rock can be easily seen.”

At that moment someone came out of the old house, which stood on a kind of plateau, and which was sheltered from behind by a hill covered with trees.

“ By Jove,” cried Bob, “ it is the old man and Betty ! ”

“ Betty ? Who is Betty ? ” asked Trewhella.

But Bob did not speak. For that matter, he might not have heard Trewhella’s question at all. He was waving his hand to the couple who stood in the front of the old Manor House.

“ Is that you, Colenso ? ” cried a vigorous voice. “ I have been expecting you for days. Who have you got with you ?—Never mind who he is though ! I am glad to see him, whoever he is ! I am glad to see you both ! ”

CHAPTER XIII

THE OWNER OF CORNUBIA

TREWHELLA, who had never seen "The Duke" before, looked at him steadfastly as they climbed the pathway, and even as he looked he wondered whether, without such a background, he would have been such a fascinating figure. With his long silver beard growing down almost to his waist, and his snowy hair only partially hidden by the broad-brimmed hat he wore, he fitted in so wonderfully with the whole of his surroundings that he seemed a part of it.

"Aye, I am glad to see you, Colenso," the old man exclaimed, as Bob, who had by this time outstripped his companion, stood on the grassy lawn, and was gazing into the face of their host.

"I couldn't tell you I was coming," replied Bob. "Of course, I knew your place was called Cornubia, but I was not at all sure that a letter would find you even if I wrote. I had a dickens of a job to locate the place, too!" he added.

"We boast that we are five miles away from everywhere," replied the old man. "I did not give you any particulars because I knew that if you really wanted to see me, you would find out where I lived. I knew you were coming," he added. "I knew nearly a week ago."

“ But nothing was arranged then ! ” cried Bob.

“ Oh, I knew, all the same ! ” replied the other, “ and—and—— ” Then he looked at Trewhella. “ I am glad to see your friend,” he added. “ I believe, in spite of what took place between us, that it is really through him that you are paying me this visit.”

“ Anyhow, let me introduce you,” cried Bob, who thereupon told him Trewhella’s name and calling.

But the old man might not have heard him. He stood still without speaking, looking into the young minister’s eyes, and noting every expression of his mobile face. “ You’ve been passing through deep waters,” he said presently. “ Tell me about it, my son—— But forgive me, I am forgetting myself.”

Then he turned to the young girl who stood by his side. “ Of course you remember her, Colenso ? But your friend has never seen her. This is Betty, Mr. Trewhella. She acts as my private secretary, but she is really my little friend.”

Trewhella looked at the young girl for some seconds without speaking. He had, for the moment, forgotten where he was. He was looking into the depths of a pair of violet eyes, and was catching the winsome smile of a simple girl who showed her pleasure at seeing him. Nevertheless, Bob Colenso, who was watching his friend’s face closely, felt, even although it was through his instrumentality that Trewhella had come to Cornubia, a great mad rage come into his heart. His eyes hardened, too, and a close observer would have said that the feeling which was uppermost

in Bob Colenso's heart was not love for his friend, but something entirely different.

"I hope you have come here for a complete rest," the girl said, "and that no one will *slock* you, to use a Cornish word, to do any work while you are here. You mustn't let anyone, Mr. Trewhella; you really mustn't!"

"I promise," he assented almost joyfully, as though he appreciated the thought that this girl was sufficiently interested in him to make such a request. "But pardon me," he went on. "Will you forgive me if I ask something?"

"Of course I will," she replied. "What is it?"

"Well, you see," he went on somewhat whimsically, "you have been introduced to me as Betty, and I feel, although I like you enormously, that I dare not call you by that name on such a short acquaintance. And yet I must call you something. What must it be?"

It was evident that she did not regard him as taking a liberty with her; neither, for that matter, did "The Duke," for he said with a laugh: "You must really forgive me, Mr. Trewhella. This girl bears one of the oldest names in England; almost as old as Cornubia. This," he added, bowing to them both, "is Betty Trevanion. She is an orphan. Her father and mother were both dear friends of mine, and I am sure they are glad, where they are, that she lives with me, and is as dear to me as if she were my own child."

"The Duke" led the way into the house. "I want to talk to you both," he said. "Will you be surprised to hear that we have received all the news from Rodney

and Belgrave? At least, all my informant knew, and the newspapers could tell us," he corrected himself.

"How much have you learnt?" asked Bob, who had by this time entered the house, and was looking around the spacious hall, with its heavily-timbered ceilings and oak pillars as he spoke.

"My informant," replied the old gentleman, "was old Jonathan Fletcher. It was through him that I went to Rodney in the first place, and it is largely through him that I have been kept *en rapport* with what was going on. Isn't that so, Betty, my dear?"

"But that isn't all," replied the girl. "You haven't said that after Mr. Trewhella made his speech in the Free Church Conference, that you travelled all the way to Belgrave in order to hear him, and when you came back you said——" She stopped like one confused, and a flush surmounted her face.

"No, I didn't say it," replied the old man; "but I will say it now. After hearing you preach, Mr. Trewhella, and noting the effect upon a number of people who had gathered to hear you, I felt sure that I had found the pre-eminent need of that sleepy old city, and, indeed, of the whole diocese."

"And what was that pre-eminent need?" asked Bob Colenso.

"A leader," replied the old man. "I am sure that if God is going to elevate the race, it will have to be through giants, and in every sphere of life the world is longing for those same giants. Politically, the country is dying for want of prophets. As far as I can see, there isn't a single real leader in the House of

Commons to-day. It is true there are a few clever men. Oh yes," added the old man as if in parenthesis, "there are several clever men in politics, without one being a real leader. The same is seen in the League of Nations. Here is an organisation capable of doing infinite things, and yet it is dying for want of leaders. Great God! be gracious to us, and send us a few men and women who can see and understand, and have courage," the old man prayed, lifting his eyes heavenward.

He was silent for more than a minute, while Betty and the young men watched him. Neither of them spoke; they felt they dared not break in upon thoughts which to the old man were sacred.

"As for the churches," he cried; "they are little more than names!"

He rose to his feet as he spoke, and began to pace the hall; while all three watched him. Each saw, too, from the elevated position in which the house stood, the distant sea gleaming in the sunlight. Each, too, realised the glory of their surroundings, and each felt that this old man fitted in perfectly with his surroundings. He was not great in stature, and yet his massive leonine head and face, covered by an abundance of snowy hair and beard, fitted in with the general situation of the house and its surroundings. Both Bob and Trewhella, who had visited St. Peter's in Rome, and seen Michelangelo's statue of Moses, felt that here was a living expression of the great sculptor's idea. Here, although he was largely a recluse, was still a prophet, a leader, a man of God

“As for the churches,” cried the old man, “they have been, and are, dying for want of a leader! That has been the great crying want of the diocese in which you have been living!” he said, turning to Trewhella. “I believe that God told Jonathan Fletcher to write asking me to visit Rodney. I believe that God made me say what I did say. I believe, too, that it was not without a purpose that you, young Colenso, came and listened to me at Rodney that day. The Almighty intended you for a leader and commander of the people.”

“Really, sir,” cried Bob impatiently, “that’s a bit too thick! *Me* a leader and commander of the people! I am as helpless as a baby!”

“God has need of you,” cried “The Duke” solemnly.

“But, sir,” protested Bob, “you cannot mean it! I agree with you that the churches, which ought to be the heart and soul of every good movement, are largely dead. As I told the Bishop of Belgrave not long ago, I am not a churchman. It is true I was brought up in the Church, and that, technically speaking, I might call myself a churchman; but I am not one really. And certainly I am not a Christian!”

“Yes you are, Bob,” cried the old man. “All the same, I don’t think your work lies in the churches.”

“Where, then?” and there was an appeal in the young man’s eyes.

“The Duke” did not reply for a long time. He looked first at Bob, then at Trewhella, and then at Betty Trevanion. He might have been making a

special appeal to the last mentioned, for he looked at her long and steadily. Then when no one broke the silence, he fell on his knees.

“ Let us pray,” he said.

Each followed his example ; each knelt on the old oak floor of the Hall of Cornubia, but neither of them spoke a word, although they remained in that position for minutes.

When at length “ The old Duke ” rose to a standing position, there was a new light in his eyes. He was like a man who for a long time had been in doubt as to what to say and do. Now all doubt had gone.

“ Trewhella,” he said, “ I want to talk to our friend Bob. I don't know exactly how you two young men stand. Even although you may be friends, you may not, as yet, take each other into your confidence. So I want you, Betty, to take Mr. Trewhella for a walk in the woods, and show him all our famous beauty spots. Meanwhile, I am going to talk to Bob here seriously, *very* seriously,” and he emphasised the word.

Evidently Trewhella was pleased. The thought of walking in the woods with this charming girl appealed to him, and much as Bob might be chagrined at seeing Trewhella and Betty walk away together, he had perforce to make the best of it, and try not to show the jealousy he felt.

A minute later, however, he had ceased to think even of Betty. He had fallen under the spell of “ The Duke,” and was listening eagerly to what he had to say.

“ Bob,” he said, “ have you thought of what you are going to do with your life ? ”

“ I don't know. Yes. I—I am inclined to think I have.”

“ Well ? What are you going to do ? ”

“ Make money,” replied Bob.

The other did not seem at all disappointed at this ; neither did he show any surprise. “ Yes,” he said. “ How are you going to do it ? ”

“ You have heard of my uncle ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I have had two or three long chats with him about it, and he has confessed to me that he has had to let the old house to a rich American. He did very well,” Bob added, “ and, as a consequence, he is going to place in my hands a fairly large sum of money. He wants me to go into business with a fellow I have known for years. I have had several talks with him about it. Dick Roskrieg is his name.”

“ Is this Roskrieg a successful man ? ” asked “ The Duke.” “ Is he making his business pay ? ”

“ No, that's the snag,” replied Bob. “ Up to the present he has had a bad time, and seems like going under. Anyhow, I have had long discussions with him, and—— Well, I think I see possibilities. Of course, I know that things are in a bad way just now. I know, too, that millions of people are unemployed throughout the country, but—but——”

The old gentleman laughed heartily. “ I like you, Bob,” he cried, “ and I am glad you are not frightened at difficulties. But look here, my son, a business life

won't content you, and you will never fulfil my visions concerning you by being a business man."

"I know that," replied Bob. "But then, I don't expect to fulfil your hopes concerning me."

"But you are going to."

Bob did not reply.

"You are going to," the old man persisted.

"Do you mean that I am going to be a clergyman?" asked Bob.

"No, you will never be a clergyman. But you are going to be a leader and commander of the people for all that. As far as I read the world to-day, those who gave promise of leadership in the past have disappointed the age. They are growing old, and they have done nothing; and the eyes of the world to-day are turning towards the untried men, the boys, the youths. That is why, in the Church, I am looking to Trewhella; why, in the world, I am looking to you."

"Trewhella perhaps," cried Bob. "Me? Don't be foolish! How can I be a leader?"

"As I said just now, I am an old man," replied "The Duke," "and old men do not see with the eyes of youth. I have looked into your eyes, Bob; I have seen into *your* eyes, and they have told me wonderful things."

"But—but——" interjected Bob.

"Let's go out and waylay Trewhella and Betty," cried the old man. "I wonder what they are saying to each other; what they are thinking; what they are dreaming? Wasn't it an American poet who said that the 'thoughts of youth were long, long thoughts'?"

And yet the thoughts of youth have made the world what it is to-day ! ”

They went out on the lawn together, which formed a part of the plateau on which the house was built. From this vantage-ground they could see a great stretch of the surrounding country, and the shimmering sea away in the distance.

“ I think we shall meet Trewhella,” exclaimed “ The Duke.”

“ Why ? ” asked Bob.

“ Because he is with Betty, and I know Betty’s favourite haunts. There they are coming now ! ” and he pointed down the long avenue of trees. “ They make a splendid couple, don’t they ? ”

Bob did not reply. His heart, in spite of everything the old man had said, was very bitter ; and at that moment, although he loved Trewhella as a brother, he felt he would like to murder him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GREAT THING IN LIFE

YES, Trewhella and Betty Trevanion made a splendid couple as they walked side by side through the woods. In spite of his pale cheeks and attenuated form, Trewhella was still an athlete, who, under ordinary circumstances, would be noted in any crowd. The girl, too, was no weakling. Like most modern girls, she loved sport, and it was easy to see from her free and easy movements that physical training and physical exercises had not been wanting during her school days. Evidently, too, they were pleased with each other. The young man's laughter was gladsome and hearty; while the girl's eyes shone with pleasure as she walked by Trewhella's side.

As a consequence, there was, as we have said, a feeling akin to murder in Bob Colenso's heart. It made him writhe to see the young minister walking by Betty Trevanion's side. Yet why should it be so? Not many months before he had asked Kathy Lyneham to marry him. He had meant what he said too, when he told her that she was more to him than any woman in the world; and he had been disappointed beyond measure when the girl had practically laughed at his protestations, and with

good-humoured raillery, had told him to do something with his life.

Yes, she had refused him, and at the time of her refusal, his chagrin was great. And yet, within a few months, his thoughts were of another girl!

It might be, too, that "The old Duke" was anxious to wound him, and determined to drive him to uncontrolled rage.

"I *do* like your friend," he said. "He is so frank, so free. His laughs are so hearty, and in spite of the fact that he is a very serious man, I think he must be a great favourite in society. If I were a girl, I think I should avoid him," he added.

"Why?"

"He is the kind of man who attracts girls, while caring nothing for them. Yes, I mean it! Trewhella doesn't care a fig for a pretty face or a charming manner. And yet all the girls run after him. Have you heard about it? Hasn't the fact been told to you?"

"No," replied Bob, who at that moment would gladly have learned something about Trewhella which would have justified him in being angry and contemptuous. "No, I never heard of him being associated with girls, and I do not think he would be pleased at what you said."

"Perhaps I am wrong," remarked the old man. "But I do not think so. You see, he is the kind of man who——"

"Yes?" and there was a note of eagerness in Bob Colenso's voice.

“No,” and it was evident “The Duke” had come to a sudden determination, “I will not say what I was going to say,” he replied.

Bob Colenso was disappointed with the remainder of the time he spent at Cornubia. Not another serious word was spoken. At least, it seemed so to him. In spite of the fact that in his heart of hearts he utterly repudiated what the old man had said to him concerning his calling in life, he still wanted to discuss “The Duke’s” thoughts concerning his vocation.

But the old man had said nothing. Moreover, soon after three o’clock, Trehwella concluded that he wanted to be rid of them both; and when he spoke to Colenso about the necessity of returning to their lodgings, not a word of protest was uttered by either the old man or the girl. Indeed, when at length the two young men left the house, one of them thought he saw a kind of film come over the old man’s eyes; while his voice no longer suggested youth, but extreme old age.

“Do you think he is *compos mentis*?” asked Bob, when they had descended to the great rock which practically filled that part of the valley.

“Yes,” replied Trehwella. “Why not?”

“He spoke so strangely,” replied the young man. “He seemed to have lost all interest in what we were discussing. No sooner did we accept his invitation to tea to-morrow afternoon than he seemed utterly changed.”

“Every genius is a man of moods,” was Trehwella’s

reply. " Besides, you must not forget, my friend, that he is far past eighty years of age. Indeed, although his eyes proclaim so much life and vigour, I should not be surprised if he was ninety. Of course, he is a man with an extraordinary constitution, and in spite of his many years he is, in many ways, a young man. Nevertheless, he was living very intensely during the first part of our interview. He felt deeply ; thought deeply. That was why a great lassitude came over him after lunch. After he has had his rest, however, he will be a young man again. An hour or two's sleep will revive him wonderfully."

By this time Bob had lost all his former feelings of jealousy. Why it should be so he did not know, but they had passed out of his being like magic, leaving him with only love for his friend. He was ashamed of himself for thinking the thoughts he had entertained. But he was in a strange humour, and was scarcely in a condition to judge aright of his feelings.

The next afternoon the two young men again set out for Cornubia. The weather was still glorious, and they, if possible, enjoyed the walk more than on the previous occasion ; but when they arrived at the old Manor House, they were both much taken aback by the news that neither " The Duke " nor his companion was at home.

Both the young men felt like protesting against what they could not help regarding as an act of discourtesy on the part of their yesterday's host. But, of course, neither said a word. Their faces, however,

doubtless told of their disappointment, and the old serving man who opened the door to them noticed this.

“ I trust nothing serious has happened ? ” ventured Trewhella.

“ Oh, no, sir ! Both the master and Miss Betty are perfectly well. The master has left a note for you,” he added ; and the man held out a closed envelope, but no word was written thereon.

“ It will be for you, Trewhella,” said Bob.

“ Scarcely,” replied the young minister. “ It was not I who was invited here, but you.”

He broke the envelope, and handed its contents to Bob.

Colenso read a few lines, and then looked towards the spot where the old serving man had stood. But he was no longer there.

My Dear Boys—(Bob Colenso read)—I am afraid you will think hardly of me because of my not being present on your arrival, especially after my invitation yesterday. But please forgive me ; I am an old man and, as such, have many moods. Directly after reading my correspondence this morning, I felt that I ought to go away. Where, I will not tell you. I have a strange premonition that I ought to go.

I have nothing more to say to you, except that you must both “ follow the gleam.” When you have an opportunity, get hold of Tennyson’s later poems, and read the one bearing that title. Have I advised you before to do this ? Anyhow, it doesn’t matter.

Get hold of the inwardness of the poem, and obey its behests.

Remember this. God has not drawn us together for nothing, and both of you are meant to do great things ; both of you.

I am writing to Trewhella now. Take care of your health, my son ; get strong ; really strong, and then go back to your duty. That's all.

Cornubia.

Three minutes later the young men were in the valley again, but neither of them thought of discussing what had become of " The Duke " or of Betty. Somehow, although they could not have told why, they felt they ought not to do so.

A fortnight later they took their departure from the district of Cornubia, and went on a visit to Trewhella's parents. The welcome which Trewhella's father and mother gave Bob was so hearty and so real, that he could not help but rejoice in the atmosphere of Trewhella's home. He found, too, greatly to his surprise, an atmosphere of intellectuality and a desire to probe into the deeper meanings of life, which he had not expected to find. Indeed, on returning to the neighbourhood of Belgrave, after more than a month's absence, he found himself stating as his opinion that the Cornish working man was the most intelligent individual he had met with in the whole country. " They talk about the Scotch being an intelligent race," he asseverated, " but for real intelligence give me the Cornishman ! There is no people in the whole

country who take so little on trust as this supposed creature of the emotions ; while as for mental eagerness, I have never seen his equal anywhere ! ”

Be that as it may, not only Trewhella but Bob Colenso spent a memorable fortnight in an old farmhouse not ten miles from the little seaport town of Padstow. Within their reach were not only the wild beauties of the north coast, not only such historical places as Tintagel and Boscastle, but the sweet, verdant, wooded valleys like those near Wadebridge, where winter comes late, and spring blossoms arrive early.

“ I am downright sorry that I have to go back to Rodney to-morrow,” exclaimed Bob to Trewhella on the night before their departure.

“ Well, don't go,” suggested Trewhella. “ My father will be only too glad for you to stay here as long as you wish ; and while I must get back, there is no need that you should.”

“ But there is,” replied Bob. “ I don't know why it is, but I feel as though ‘ The Duke's ’ hand is upon me, forcing me back to Rodney. Do you understand me ? ”

“ I don't know anything about ‘ The Duke's ’ hand,” replied Trewhella. “ I only know I must get back to my work.”

“ Do you feel sufficiently recovered ? Are you sure you are strong enough ? ”

“ Strong enough ! ” laughed the young minister. “ I feel like a giant, and instead of fearing work, I am rejoicing in the thought that there will be plenty of it.”

“ And you have no longer any doubts ? ”

“ Bob, old man,” exclaimed Trewhella, “ you know I am not one who talks lightly about religious things. Indeed, if there is any man whom I distrust and instinctively dislike, it is one who can talk glibly about his religious experiences. As you know, you have, night after night, sat here with my father, while I have gone out alone. There is something awesome in our Cornish coast, Colenso ; but as far as I am concerned, I have never felt God so near as when I have been alone on such a point as, say, Trevoise Head at night, and heard the waves breaking upon the rocks. Well, God has been near to me ; very near ; and although I once had my doubts, they are gone.”

“ I wish I could say as much,” replied Bob. “ Mine seem deeper and stronger than ever. Do you mean to tell me,” he added, “ that your future is plain to you, that you see what lies before you ? ”

“ Great heavens, no ! ” exclaimed Trewhella. “ But that doesn't matter ! I have come to this point, Bob. I don't know and I don't care what happens to me so long as I am doing God's will. That's the great thing in life ! ”

“ Look here, Trewhella,” and Bob laid his hand upon the young minister's arm, “ are you content ? Content to live a life of loneliness, *loneliness*, LONELINESS ? ” and he repeated the word three times.

“ Such as—— ? ” queried Trewhella.

“ Giving up all thought of love, all thought of marriage,” was the reply. “ Look here, Trewhella, are you in love ? ”

The young minister was silent, and remained so for several seconds. Then he said slowly: "I shall never marry the woman I love."

"Why?"

There was no reply to this.

"And are you content?"

"What have I got to do with contentment?" replied Trewhella. "As you know, I am not one who talks about 'calls,' and that kind of thing; but on the day of the Conference in Rodney there came a call to me. I cannot describe it. I don't want to. I may be an absolute failure; I may have been entirely mistaken, and yet—— No, I am not! Anyhow, I am going back to Belgrave, possibly to failure, probably to scorn and derision; *but I am going back!* I'M GOING BACK!"

Two days later Trewhella had returned to Belgrave; while Bob had obtained lodgings in Rodney. But neither of them knew of the tremendous experiences which lay before them.

CHAPTER XV

JIMMER BRAG AND THE BISHOP

Two days after the events recorded in the last chapter, the Bishop of Belgrave sat alone in his study. It was now Friday evening, and the Bishop looked tired. Perhaps, if I were to tell the whole truth, he looked a little peevish. If he did, it would be no wonder. He had had a tiring week, and it might seem as though the majority of clergy in the diocese had conspired to make his work more difficult.

A knock came to the door.

“Yes, what is it?” asked the Bishop a little impatiently.

The door opened as he spoke, and an old manservant came into the room. “I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my lord,” apologised the man, “but when I told him you were engaged he just laughed, and said he had come to see you, and must see you. I kept him off as long as I could, and then I thought I had better tell you.”

“I don’t understand you, Starcross,” replied the Bishop. “I gather that you have a troublesome visitor. Who is he?”

“I couldn’t help it. I really couldn’t, my lord!” replied Starcross. “He got into the hall almost

before I knew what he was doing, and although I tried to drive him away, I couldn't ! ”

“ But who is he ? ”

“ He said he was known in the town as Jimmer Brag, and that it was most important for him to see you.”

The Bishop reflected a moment. He remembered the man ; called to mind the meeting they had had together, and he had not forgotten the murder that had been attempted in the city some time before, when more than one tried to connect Jimmer Brag with it.

“ Bring him in, and then leave us,” he exclaimed suddenly, after a few seconds' reflection.

Starcross hurried out of the room with a feeling of relief in his heart. He had been afraid the Bishop would be angry with him for not refusing to admit the man.

“ His lordship will see you,” he stated, as he came close to the spot where Jimmer Brag stood.

Jimmer Brag did not reply to this, but it was evident from the flash of his eyes that peculiar thoughts were passing through his brain. It was evident, too, that he had taken a quick inventory of his surroundings ; and although he followed Starcross without a word, it was plainly to be seen that his quick eyes travelled everywhere.

“ The man Jimmer Brag,” exclaimed Starcross, as Jimmer passed through the doorway and moved a step or two in the direction of his study desk, by which the Bishop sat.

The Bishop rose as Jimmer drew nearer to him, but he did not offer to shake hands. Perhaps had he lived in a Roman Catholic country, and occupied the post of Bishop, he would have regarded it as the man's duty to kiss his ring. As it was, he simply stood still. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"What can you do for me, gov'nor? Well, the fact of the matter is, I want to tell you something, and I want a chat with you."

"I am very busy," the Bishop told him. "I should be glad if you will tell me what you have to tell me as quickly as possible, and then leave me to my work."

"Ah! Look here, sir, I don't want to be impolite, or anything of that sort, but do you think that the Lord Jesus Christ, if He were here alive now, would meet a poor, tempted, dirty devil, such as I have been, like that?"

Naturally, the Bishop was shocked. He was also, if the truth was to be told, wondering what to do. Then he gave Jimmer a second look, and realised the nature of the man with whom he had to deal. Moreover, he was impressed by him. Jimmer, in spite of the fact that he wore a working man's attire, was no doubt a striking personality. He was at least a head taller than the ecclesiastic, and was of herculean strength. The Bishop looked positively puny by his side. Neither was the visitor's superiority only physical. It was true the Bishop had a fine, classical face, and a broad, well-shaped brow; but he lacked the conscious personal strength of the man before him. For Jimmer, although neither a scholar

nor a great reader, was, nevertheless, a man of considerable force of character, and his flashing eyes and quivering mouth did more to attract the attention of the other than did his muscular neck and giant shoulders.

“ Anyhow, tell me what you have to tell me,” the Bishop said.

“ You have heard of me, I expect ? ” queried Jimmer, looking eagerly into his lordship’s face.

“ Yes, I have heard of you.”

“ No good, I reckon ? ”

“ I am afraid not.”

Jimmer sighed. “ You needn’t be afraid to believe what you have heard,” he said. “ It is as well to be honest, first as last, and I want to tell you the truth, the real truth. I was a devil, mister ! I came from a mining village in Cornwall, and there was not a sin I didn’t know first-hand. By God, what a skunk I was !—How did I get here in Belgrave, you ask ? I will tell you. I had to leave the town where I was born and reared, because I made it too hot for myself. I told you that I had been guilty of every sin in the calendar, except murder, and perhaps—— Well, I will tell you more about that. But I had to leave Cornwall, for the bobbies were after me, and the law was on my heels. I am known here as Jimmer Brag, but that isn’t my name, and I am not going to tell you what it is. I thought, first of all, that I would leave the country and go to America. But I hadn’t got the money to do that, so I started to tramp around England. I won’t tell you where I went ; it would

do no good if I did. But I have learnt this, mister. A man carries himself with him wherever he goes ; and I, although I had left Cornwall, had left the little home where I had been a perfect devil, was just the same wherever I went ! ”

The Bishop had by this time resumed his seat, and was looking steadfastly at Jimmer's face. He had not asked Jimmer to sit ; neither, I expect, would the man have done so had he been asked. The truth was, Jimmer was almost overwhelmed by his own emotions. He stood a pace or two away from the Bishop's chair, his hands clenched, his lips tremulous, his mouth working convulsively. The Bishop could not help seeing, moreover, the great beads of sweat running down the man's face.

“ Yes, I tell you, I was a devil ! ” Jimmer went on, “ and I never expected to be anything else. I was contented to be a dirty, foul-mouthed beast ! In fact, I gloried in it ! And then something happened ! ”

“ What happened ? ” asked the Bishop.

“ Do you know a chap who lives in this city called Trewhella ? ” asked Jimmer. “ He is a minister of that church over in College Street. ”

“ I know there is such a church, and such a minister, ” replied the Bishop a little stiffly.

“ I didn't know anything about him, ” went on the man. “ I had been told that he was the cleverest man in the town, but I knew nothing of him. Parsons were not in my line. Then one day, it happened to be on the day after I had been supposed to try and kill Belle Bennett, I was walking not far from the

Cathedral when I saw two men coming. One, I was told afterwards, was a nephew of Lord Colenso, who used to live at the Old Hall; and the other was Trewhella, the minister of that church over there."

Jimmer's voice became hoarse and tremulous when he came to this part of his narrative, and the Bishop saw that much as he had been moved before, he was more than ever so now.

"Well, you say something happened. What was it?"

Jimmer tried to speak, but could not. Then he burst into great sobs which seemed to shake his whole being.

"He spoke to me as I have never been spoken to before," he said. "He told me he wanted to have me as his friend. He asked me to be his pal. Yes, he did, he asked me to be his pal, and told me he would be always glad to see me at the place he lodged. Good God! Yes he did, guv'nor! A mean, dirty devil like I was! He asked me to be his friend!"

There was a silence for some time after this. The man seemed too much overcome for further speech; while the Bishop, unaccustomed as he was to such visitors, knew not what to say.

"A man such as you might not think anything of it," went on Jimmer; "but I tell you, it was a new thing for me. It fair knocked me over! I asked myself why he should do it, and there seemed no reason why he should. The man who dared to be seen walking with me would lose any respect he might have. As for this sky pilot, I couldn't do anything

for him! He was too much above me! And yet he asked me to go and see him at his lodgings, just as if I was his equal!"

"And did you go?" asked the Bishop. He was curious to know what the man had done.

"I did," replied the other. "And he made me feel as though I was of some account in the world.—Yes, I remember now. He told me that God Almighty had given me good brains, had given me what he called a strong personality, and that I ought to be doing God's work in the world. Then he prayed with me! And as he prayed with me I felt ashamed of myself! I felt that I had been a dirty, stinking skunk, and I made a vow to Almighty God that I would live different! I did for sure! And then——!" Jimmer stopped. It seemed as if something came to him which was too great for expression.

"Yes," asked the Bishop, "and what then?"

"Then something came to me which I never felt before, never! I felt that I, known in the town as 'that beast Jimmer Brag,' could be a clean-minded man; that I could live a clean life; that I could fight the devil and overcome him."

"And what did you do?" asked the Bishop.

"I don't know what I did, except that I found myself saying, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!'"

"Yes, and what then?"

"Why, the Lord answered my prayers, and a few minutes afterwards I found myself walking around Mr. Trewhella's study, shouting. Yes I did! I went

around shouting, and I felt that all the armies of the Lord were on my side ! ”

“ But why have you come to me ? ” asked the Bishop, who was still wondering at the man’s story, and not believing in some of it.

“ Why have I come to you, Cap’n ? ” cried Jimmer. “ I’ll tell you. Last night I heard that Mr. Trewhella had come home, and I made my way to his lodgings. I wanted to tell him that I had kept straight ; wanted to tell him that I had done what he told me. You see,” he emphasised, “ I regard him as my leader. In a way, he is my Cap’n, and it is for me to do what my Cap’n tells me. I wanted to report progress, too. So I went to him.”

“ I see,” responded the Bishop. “ And what did he say to you ? ”

“ I don’t like bragging, sir, although I go by the name of Brag. I didn’t like telling him what I had done, and yet, in a way, I was proud to do it. Do you know what I have done, sir, during the time he has been away ? I went among my old pals, and I got them to meet me three nights a week. And they came. Yes, they did ! They came, and I told them to bring others. You know, I felt as those chaps must have felt in the first two or three chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. We read there that there were added to the Church daily such as should be saved. Well, that’s what happened to us. One man has brought along another man until, the night before last, there were fifty of us. There will be fifty meet to-night ! ” laughed Jimmer gleefully.

“ Well, you say Mr. Trewhella told you to come here to-night ? ”

“ Yes, he did. ‘ Jimmer,’ says he, ‘ the Bishop is a good man ; the Bishop is at the head of the biggest Church in Belgrave. You go to him, and tell him your story. So I have come.’ ”

Jimmer looked at the Bishop steadily as he said this, and it was evident that he had something more to say.

“ But even yet I don’t see why Mr. Trewhella should send you to me,” remarked the Bishop. “ If he had anything to say to me, he should write, and if I regarded his message as of sufficient importance I would, of course, give him an appointment.”

Jimmer looked rather sad at that. “ I am afraid, after that, you will not take very kindly to what I have to say, Cap’n,” he said in subdued tones. “ I know Rodney very well ; I know Belgrave, too, and I know that in spite of all the fine churches, God reigns neither in Rodney nor Belgrave. It’s the devil who reigns ! And that’s wrong, sir ; that’s wrong ! Why,” and Jimmer looked around him contemptuously, “ we are not far from the old Cathedral here, the Cathedral which, you say, is God’s house, the head of the Church in Belgrave. And yet I will tell you this. Within the shadows of that great Cathedral are scores of women who are living by shame, and through shame ! There are scores of men who are sending them straight to hell ! There are scores of houses that are nothing better than brothels, while you, the Bishop, the man who represents Jesus Christ, who lives not half a mile from

them, are seemingly indifferent as to whether they go to hell or heaven ! ”

“ Really, my man,” protested the Bishop. Even yet he did not quite see what was in Jimmer’s mind. Perhaps it was no wonder. He was the greatest ecclesiastic in the district, and looked upon himself not as one who should receive advice, but as one who should give it. Perhaps that was why he had not, as yet, realised what was in Jimmer’s mind. Nevertheless, he was destined to realise it. Jimmer had come to deliver his message. He believed that God had spoken to him.

“ Look ’ere, Maaster Bishop,” he asseverated, and for the moment he lapsed into the vernacular of the county where he had been born and reared, and into which, although I have taken no notice of it, he had fallen more than once during their conversation. “ Maaster,” he said, “ it may be that you feel it your duty to tell the bobbies about me. Perhaps you will feel it your duty to find out where I was born and reared, and then tell them where I am livin.’ But that doan’t matter. I am goin’ to say what I ’ave got to say. The Lord has put you into a place where you be looked upon as a Laader and Commander of others. Scores of the smaller fry among the passons be obliged to look up to you. What be ’ee doin’ for them ? If you are a true Laader, just as God mained you to be, you wouldn’t be contented with what you be doin,’ you would want to go to they very same passons, and stir them up. God forgive me for talkin’ like this to you, but I ’ear that you be wantin’ incense, and

millinery, and all that sort of thing in the churches. I doan't say they be bad or good, except that the Lord never saved anybody by millinery yet. Maaster, the devil is traapsing round your diocese, and the Lord Jesus Christ is kept away by your pride and vain-glory! Be humble, maaster; be humble, and be prayerful, just like the apostles were of olden times! And maaster, there be just one more thing I got to say, and then I'll be off and leave 'ee to your own thoughts. You d'mind, doan't 'ee, after our dear Lord Jesus Christ was risen from the dead, that one of the apostles came to him. I think it was Peter, and 'ee axed him whether He would, there and then, restore the Kingdom to Israel. And what did our Lord say? 'Peter,' He said, 'it is not for you to know the times and the seasons, but you shall receive Power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.' Look 'ere, Maaster Bishop, you ain't got no Power, and your clergy ain't got no Power, and it seems sometimes as if there is no Power in the whole diocese! Well, that's what's wanted: Power! Be a leader, Maaster Bishop, and pray for Power!"

Whereupon Jimmer rushed out of the room.

CHAPTER XVI

JIMMER AND THE LEADING FREE CHURCH MINISTER

FOR some time after Jimmer had left the Bishop felt irritated, almost angry. Never since he could remember had he been spoken to as Jimmer had spoken to him. Certainly never since he had been Bishop of the diocese had one person forgotten his exalted position. Thus to be told his duty in such a way, and by such a person, wellnigh angered him.

After a few minutes, however, he became thoughtful. He called to mind the tones with which this rough working man, who only a few weeks before had been a disgrace to the city, had spoken to him. He realised, too, that there had been nothing arrogant, nothing disrespectful in his manner. It was true he had overstepped the bounds of strict decorum, as it was understood in Church circles. Nevertheless, the man's humility affected him. Especially was this so when he remembered what he had been. He, the Bishop, had known Jimmer Brag as an incarnate devil, as a man for whom there had been no hope. But now, to hear him speak as he had spoken, was, to say the least of it, wonderful, almost miraculous.

Besides, there was a great deal in what he had

said. He, the Bishop, had, only a few minutes before Jimmer's arrival, been thinking about the state of the diocese. Although he would not have clothed his thoughts in the language in which Jimmer had clothed his, there was but little difference between the two when it came down to fundamentals. Even in Belgrave, the home of the great Cathedral, "The City of Churches," as men called it, loose women flaunted their vice in the face of the churches; while worse men seemed to live and to die as though Christ had never been.

And the Church was powerless.

Bishop Lyneham recalled the Free Church Congress, or Conference, that was held at Rodney.

Then had come his own Congress; the Congress at which practically all the dignitaries of the Established Churches in the diocese of Belgave had attended. There had been a great deal of pomp and show.— And here the Bishop paused. What of its inwardness? Had there been any Power?

Within a week or two all things had been as though the Congress had never been held at all.

He compared himself with the other Bishops on the Episcopal Bench. He thought of the two Archbishops; he remembered the number of ordinary bishops who, like himself, had oversight of their dioceses. He realised as he had never realised before the influence which a Bishop could have, and ought to have among his clergy.

Then, for the first time during many years, he asked himself, not as a matter of form but as a great soul-

searching question : “ Am I exercising the influence which a Bishop ought to exercise ? ”

He thought of all the heads of the dioceses he knew ; remembered their outlook ; called to mind their conversation ; tried to see into their minds.

“ *We are so little, so very, very little !* ” he said to himself after a long process of thought. “ That poor, drunken man was right. There are no real leaders in the Church. My God, what a sham I have been ! ” he cried aloud.

He felt great beads of perspiration trickling down his forehead and cheeks, and he felt as he had not felt for years, that his soul was being laid bare to the eyes of God.

“ Oh God, have mercy upon me ! ” he cried, “ and help me to do what there is to do ! ”

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Jimmer Brag, after leaving the Bishop's Palace, had rushed to the Belgrave railway station, and had caught the train which would take him to Rodney.

He had been to the Bishop, and told him what had come to him. Now he wanted to go to Rodney, and there make it known to old Dr. Downing, the man who presided over the Free Church Conference, and tell him what he thought he ought to hear.

He made his way to the address which Trewhella had told him of.

It was not a big house, and bore no likeness to the Bishop's Palace. It was quite comfortable, however,

and might be the residence of any doctor or lawyer in the town. It was a detached villa with a door in the centre of the house, and a room each side of the door.

“ Yes,” replied the servant maid who answered his summons, “ Dr. Downing is inside. He has just come home from a meeting,” she added. “ Do you want to see him ? ”

“ I—I should like to,” he stammered. “ Tell him that Mr. Trewhella, of Belgrave, told me to come.”

The little maid hesitated a second, and then rushed away, leaving Jimmer on the doorstep.

A few seconds later she returned. “ Will you please come this way ? ” she said, and Jimmer, following her closely, soon found himself inside the door of the study.

Jimmer realised not only the difference in the architecture of the house, but the difference in the atmosphere of Dr. Downing’s study and that in the Bishop’s Palace. It was true there were no signs of poverty in the former, while the books which lined the walls were nearly, if not quite, as numerous as those in the Bishop’s study. But the writing desk, the chairs, the carpets were different. Moreover, there was no suggestion of statuary, or, for that matter, of any art whatsoever. It was plainly a workshop, and evidently the minister who sat in his study chair realised it.

“ You say Mr. Trewhella has sent you here ? ” commenced Dr. Downing.

“ In a way, he did,” replied Jimmer. “ You don’t know me ? ” he added, as his eyes sought those of the minister who was looking at him intently.

“ No, I don’t think I do,” was the reply.

“ I am Jimmer Brag,” he volunteered. “ I was, for a long time, known as the worst devil in Belgrave. I defied both God and man. I outraged every decency. And I want to tell you this, Cap’n. Mr. Trewhella has done for me what no man has ever done before.”

“ What has he done for you ? ” asked Dr. Downing, with a somewhat supercilious smile.

“ He made me feel I was a man, or that I had the makings of a man in me,” he corrected. “ He asked me to be his pal. Yes, he did, Cap’n ! Me ! I who hadn’t gone to bed really sober for nearly a month. He asked me to be his friend ! Do you hear ? He asked me to come and see him at his lodgings ! ” and then he told Dr. Downing practically what he had told the Bishop.

“ But why did Mr. Trewhella send you to me ? ” asked Dr. Downing at length.

“ Mr. Trewhella said you are the oldest minister in Rodney, and God wanted someone different from him to be the leader of ministers in this great town. He said there were tens of thousands here in Rodney who were just sinning their way to hell, and that there was not one who had compassion on them, like Christ had compassion on the multitude when He lived on earth ! And perhaps Mr. Trewhella thought if I were to tell you what God has done for me, and how I, in my turn, have got hold of more than fifty

men, who meet in Mr. Trehwella's schoolroom, and try to learn the ways of Christ, you might try to do something yourself. I suppose you are a learned man, Dr. Downing, and I suppose from the fact that you were asked to preside over that Conference, that you are, in your way, important? If that is so, please remember, for God's sake, that there are hundreds of poor devils like me whose faces are turned towards hell! Look here, sir, Mr. Trehwella has been like Jesus Christ to me! In a way, he stands in the place of Jesus Christ! That's, I suppose, why he wanted me to tell you my story. Anyhow, I have told it!"

He was sure, from what he had been told of him, that Dr. Downing was a good man, and that he had it in his heart to do great work for his Master. But he had been cast into a small mould, and lived in it. He had become perfunctory and formal, and doubted with great doubts everything that was outside a beaten track. Perhaps this was why he spoke to Jimmer with more severity than he really meant.

"Look here, my man," he said, "come to me in six months' time, and show me that there is the grace of God in your heart, and I will believe in you. But I am an old man, and I am no longer carried away by every strange wind."

Jimmer did not speak. He simply looked at the minister steadily, with a peculiar light burning in his eyes. "My God," he shouted presently, "and that's the way the likes of you say you help such devils as I was! Good night!" and he rushed out of the house.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BISHOP AND HIS DAUGHTER

THE Bishop of Belgrave had just finished dinner. He was feeling happier now than when Jimmer had left him some time before. For one thing, he was looking forward to a quiet evening, and for another, he had just enjoyed a comfortable repast.

Directly after dinner, the Bishop rose with Kathy and together they found their way to a little apartment which Starcross called "Miss Kathy's Boodwar."

"Dad," said Kathy, as the Bishop indulged in a mild cigarette, "What did that man come to see you about to-night?"

"What man?" evaded the Bishop, a little uncomfortably. At present, at all events, he was anything but happy at the thought of Jimmer's visit.

"The man who was with you a long while, and left not long before dinner? A month or two ago he was spoken of as the worst man in Belgrave; as the hardest drinker; as the most dangerous bully."

"Have you heard anything else about him?" asked the Bishop.

"Yes, I have heard a great deal," replied Kathy.

"Father, do you believe in that man Trewhella?"

"Why, my dear?"

“ Did that man Jimmer Brag say anything about him to-night ? ”

“ He said a lot about him,” replied the Bishop. “ The minister’s influence over the bully seems to have been tremendous. I don’t understand it.”

“ Don’t understand what ? It’s been discussed enough in Belgrave.”

“ My dear,” remarked the Bishop, “ as you know, I take very little notice of gossip, and I have paid very little attention to many stories which have been afloat.”

Kathy was silent. She was desirous of knowing more about Trewhella, but felt sensitive about asking questions. Indeed, it was against every law of life that the daughter of an Anglo-Catholic Bishop should have any interest in a Nonconformist minister.

“ I think you told me you had met Mr. Trewhella ? ” remarked the Bishop.

“ Yes, I met him not long before he went away for a holiday,” replied the girl. “ He looked positively ghastly ! Bob Colenso told me it was because he felt it his duty to do something which every inclination of his being told him to avoid.”

“ Did Bob tell you what that duty was ? ” asked the Bishop.

“ Yes. He told Bob that it had been borne upon him that it was his duty to prepare for a great work that God wanted him to do. I suppose that the mental anguish through which he had passed had wellnigh broken him down. Mind,” interpolated the girl, “ I don’t in the least believe in this rubbish ! Mental anguish, indeed ! Still, that’s what Bob told me, and

I was curious to-night when I saw Jimmer Brag come to the house. Why did he want to see you? What did he say?"

A few minutes later the Bishop found himself repeating, as well as he was able, the conversation he had had with the "terror of Belgrave." He even repeated Jimmer's language in detail, and told almost verbatim what Jimmer had said about Trewhella.

Kathy felt her eyes becoming humid. After all, there was something in the story which touched her. Why should this young dissenting minister seek to make friends with the man who was a disgrace to himself, and a terror to the community? Besides, she felt as though she were touching realities, and that for a long time she had not been able to touch realities.

"And do you believe in the reality of this man's so-called conversion?" she asked.

"I think I do," the Bishop slowly replied. "After all, it's miraculous for such a devil, as Brag says he was, to change, and to become so changed that he sets to work among other devils, and gets no less than fifty of them within a few weeks to declare themselves Christians. It is nothing short of miraculous!"

"Father," and the girl spoke with increased eagerness and a new intensity, "has that man Trewhella lately got hold of something which you have failed to get hold of?"

The Bishop was silent.

"Bob Colenso was here last night," went on the girl. "He and Trewhella have been away together

for a holiday, and have only lately returned. He told me of his experiences while they were away, and of what Trewhella was confronted with on his return. He has got hold of something which the churches don't possess. Isn't it your duty to learn his secret ? ”

“ My dear—— ! ” protested the Bishop.

“ Oh, Dad, I am sick of the whole business ! ” and tears started into the girl's eyes. “ Here are you, the Bishop of the Diocese ; here are you, the so-called head of the Church in this part of the country, and yet the devil is unloosed, hell is marching unchecked, and the whole Church is powerless to do anything ! ”

“ My dear, my dear—— ! ” again protested the Bishop.

“ But isn't it so ? ” cried the girl. “ No wonder the atheists laugh at us ! Besides, what difference does our so-called Christianity make upon such people as they ? I heard you say only the other day that one of the principal supporters of the Cathedral here was nothing more or less than a pagan. And that he, with others, made no secret of the life they were living. You declared that they had said that whoever went to hell, and were crushed in the battle of life, they meant to have a good time. What, in the face of that, is the good of Christianity or of churchmanship ? If what you say about Trewhella is true, he has got hold of something vital. Ought you not to learn his secret ? ”

“ But, my dear,” protested the Bishop, “ how can I learn it ? What ought I to do ? ”

“ Ask him up here,” cried the girl ; “ ask him to discuss the whole matter with you freely. If he

knows more than you, it is your duty to ask him to tell you what he has learnt, and how he has learnt it."

"But I don't think you understand, Kathy. What would the world say—what would the whole diocese say if it became known that I asked Trewhella, a dissenter, up here to teach me my duty? What influence do you think I should have in Belgrave and Rodney if it were to become public property that I learnt the truth through a dissenter?"

Then Kathy lost her temper. "Great heavens, father," she exclaimed, "what in the eyes of Almighty God does it matter to what section of the Church we belong? I have been reading the New Testament lately, and, as far as I can understand, there is practically nothing said about these things you are so anxious about. Everything is placed on a higher level altogether. Besides, what does it matter what people say? Isn't it your work to save society, to change bad people into good? And if this heretic can show you——"

"Kathy," exclaimed the Bishop, "have you any special interest in this man?"

"What do you mean by such a question?"

"In a way, I had no right to ask it," replied the Bishop, who was slightly afraid of his daughter, "but I have noticed lately that you take special interest whenever Trewhella's name is mentioned. I noticed that when the Dean and Archdeacon were here the other night, you had been altogether indifferent to the conversation until Trewhella's name came up for discussion. Then your manner changed, and instead of being indifferent you became deadly in earnest."

“Of course,” cried the girl, “all my interest in that man is purely academical, and I don’t suppose I should have given him a second thought, but for the fact that he seems to be doing what other people have failed to do, and that he possesses a something which other people do not seem to possess. As for taking a special interest in him—why, I have never spoken half a dozen words to him in my life, and I scarcely ever remember seeing him. Have I answered you, father?”

“Ye-e-s,” replied the Bishop, only half convinced. “But about inviting him up here, Kathy. Would you mind my asking someone else too—Bob Colenso, perhaps? I hear Bob is going into partnership with a man in Rodney. He would be very glad to come over.”

“Yes, you might ask Bob,” replied the girl, but she answered her father hesitatingly, as though she hoped he would not accept.

“Kathy,” said the Bishop, “I once thought that you and Bob would make a match of it. Was I right?”

Kathy Lyneham did not reply, but her cheeks and neck became suffused with blushes.

“Of course there is no immediate chance of such a thing now,” went on the Bishop. “Up to the beginning of last year, I thought his uncle was a well-to-do man. But it seems he is not. As you know, he has been obliged to let the Old Hall, and Bob, who doubtless looked forward to being his uncle’s heir and a rich man, has nothing to expect from him. That’s rather hard on him, isn’t it?”

The girl still remained silent, and of what she was thinking her father could only guess.

“ Still, Bob will be a rich man yet,” affirmed the Bishop.

“ A rich man ? ” repeated the girl. “ I don’t understand you.”

“ I only say what I believe,” affirmed the prelate, “ and although I do not believe in long engagements, I think you might do worse than wait for him. You heard that he was going into business with Roskrieg, didn’t you ? ’

“ I did hear rumours to that effect,” she replied, “ but I know no particulars.”

“ I don’t understand it myself,” said the Bishop. “ All the same, there it is. It seems that on leaving school Roskrieg went into a colliery district as a clerk, or something of that sort. You see, his people were quite poor, and there he learnt about the terrible conditions under which colliers worked. He was led to believe, too, that a great many lives could be saved in the collieries, especially in the way of preventing colliery explosions. With this in his mind, Roskrieg invented a lamp, which he claimed would give warning if there was sufficient gas in any part of the colliery to cause an explosion. But it was entirely useless. The lamp did all he claimed for it, but he couldn’t get the government officials to regard it as worth anything.”

“ But how can Bob help him ? ” asked the girl eagerly. “ He has neither money nor business experience.”

“ I admit it,” replied the prelate. “ That is, up to a point. I don’t know if Bob told you or not, but he told me that his uncle let the Old Hall far better

than he thought he would be able to let it, and as the tenant, who is a rich American, insisted on paying a large amount of the rent in advance, Bob's uncle found himself in possession of a considerable sum of money. Being very fond of Bob, he was very generous to him, wanting to atone, I suppose, for Bob's disappointment. Anyhow, he was actually able to place three thousand pounds in Bob's hands. So, you see, he had money after all."

"But surely," said the girl, "that is a very small amount with which to start a business? And even if he *could* do it with that sum, he has no business experience."

"No, but he has a lot of horse-sense, and seems to know almost by intuition the right thing to do. Anyhow, some little time ago the partnership was arranged, and since then Bob has been successful in so far interesting the government officials that he has obtained their promise to inquire further into it. That's why I said that Bob, although he has never been trained as a business man, and knows little or nothing of the ordinary routine of business, will I believe make something out of life in that direction. Anyhow, we shall see."

Kathy Lynham was doubtless thinking rapidly, and presently broke out with the exclamation: "Dad, as Bob Colenso is friendly with Mr. Trewhella, I think as you said it would be a good idea to invite them at the same time."

It came about, therefore, that some few weeks later Trewhella found himself putting on his evening clothes for the purpose of being conventionally garbed on the occasion of his dining at the Bishop's Palace.

CHAPTER XVIII

TREWHELLA AND THE BISHOP

“ THAT you, Trewhella ? ”

“ Why, Bob, where have you been all these weeks ? It is months since we met. Have you seen ‘ the Duke ’ lately ? ”

“ Not since we last parted from him at Cornubia,” replied Bob. “ I have written to him, though,” he added. “ At least, I have written to——” Here he stopped, and looked confused.

“ Written to whom ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ To Betty,” Bob replied. Then he asked in a sort of defiant tone : “ Have you any objections ? ”

“ Objections ! My dear fellow, why should I ? ”

“ Because ”—and then Bob stammered painfully. “ I am a fool to say it, Trewhella, but I am jealous of you.”

“ Jealous—of *me* ! In Heaven’s name, why ? ”

Bob Colenso looked around the room before replying. It wanted a few minutes to the time which had been mentioned in the Bishop’s invitation to Trewhella as the hour for dinner. As yet the Bishop had not appeared, but Kathy, who had been talking with the young men, asked them to excuse her for a few minutes, while she discussed certain matters with Starcross.

“ I believe I am jealous of my own shadow ! ” he cried. “ Of course I am a poor weak fool to entertain such a thought, and yet in a way I cannot help myself. Let me be frank with you, Trewhella. Less than a year ago I fancied myself in love with Kathy Lyneham. I proposed to her, for that matter.”

“ Whew ! ” exclaimed Trewhella. “ Am I to congratulate you ? ”

“ Congratulate me ? Why, she refused me right away, and would not give me a shadow of encouragement. I did not accept her refusal, however, and told her that I should come again some time. Then, a week or so later, I saw Betty Trevanion at Rodney. I did not at that time know her name, and I did not realise that I had fallen in love with her ; but I was always thinking about her.”

“ And have you proposed to her ? ”

“ My dear fellow, I am not such a cad as that ! I couldn't ask a girl to marry me while I had no prospects of keeping her in a decent way. All the same, directly ‘ The Duke ’ left Cornubia, I realised what was the matter with me and, learning an address which would find her, I wrote to her. I said nothing definite in my letter, but I hinted at things which she couldn't misunderstand.”

“ Did she reply to you ? ”

“ Oh, yes, she *replied* to me.”

“ Then what have you to complain of ? ”

“ Why, her letter was as cold and formal as the letter of a mother superior of a convent who was writing to a refractory nun. I said just

now that I was ashamed of being jealous, and yet it is no wonder."

"How?" asked Trewhella.

"Because," and Bob uttered the words as though he were angry, "everything she said of a friendly nature was about you!"

"Still I don't understand you, Bob," urged Trewhella. "Fancy you being jealous of *me*!"

"I know I was a fool, and yet it was no wonder."

"Why was it no wonder?"

"Because—do you remember the day we were at Cornubia?" he asked.

"Perfectly," replied the young minister. "What of it?"

"Do you remember that, after lunch, 'the Duke' told you to take Betty for a walk in the woods, as he wanted a chat with me?"

"Yes, I remember that. What of it?"

"He told me you were the kind of man who attracted girls, while caring nothing for them. He said that all girls would run after you, and that, as a consequence, you would be a dangerous rival. What were you and Betty talking about that day?"

"I scarcely remember. I expect it was about you and 'the Duke.'"

"No, it wasn't," replied Bob. "It was something more intimate than that!"

"Why, how can you know?"

"Because of the look in her eyes, because of the flush on her face as you came up. You haven't fallen in love with her, have you, Trewhella?"

“ I have not thought about it,” was the reply.

“ But you *will* fall in love with her ! You couldn't help it ! No one could help it ! I never saw anyone like her ! ” Bob uttered the words like a man in a passion, while his eyes shone like two specks of fire.

“ I want you to promise me something, Trehwella,” he went on. “ I want you to promise me that if ever you think of falling in love with her, you will remember me, and know that all I have and all I am are wrapped up in her. And—no, I won't ask you to remember ! I won't ask you to think of me ! It wouldn't be fair. I only wanted to say that——”

He did not finish the sentence. At that moment Bishop Lyneham and his daughter came into the room.

“ Please pardon me, Mr. Trehwella,” exclaimed the Bishop, holding out his hand and cordially pressing his visitor's, “ but, like you, I lead a busy life. A man came to see me just as I thought I was free for the evening, and I couldn't avoid seeing him. Forgive me, won't you ? ”

Nothing worthy of note happened during dinner. Servants constantly flitted around them, attending to their wants, making anything like intimate or private conversation impossible. But after dinner they adjourned to the library, where the Bishop pushed a huge arm-chair towards Trehwella.

“ I am glad that Kathy and Bob Colenso have seemingly found something to interest them,” said the Bishop.

Trehwella looked at him inquiringly.

“ I am saying this, my dear Trehwella,” went on

the Bishop cordially, "because, to be absolutely frank, I had a purpose in asking you to come here to-night. It has come to my knowledge that you made a speech at the Free Church Congress, or Conference, or whatever you call it, held at the Presbyterian Church at Rodney, and that that speech has led to great results."

Trewhella was silent.

"The Church of England also held a Congress, in Belgrave," went on the Bishop, "and the purpose of the two Conferences was practically identical. I am afraid, moreover, that these Conferences, as such, amounted to next to nothing. I have tried to believe otherwise concerning our own Congress, but I am unwillingly led to believe that what I have said is true."

Still Trewhella did not speak. He did not think it wise, at this juncture, to break in upon the Bishop's remarks.

"Your address got talked about," urged the prelate; "so much so, that I was anxious to know what you said, and I took steps to do so. I discovered that a young fellow who went to the Conference took full shorthand notes of your address, in the hope that he might get it printed and published. In that, however, he was unsuccessful. But he wrote out a full length report of it, and I have read every word again and again."

"I am afraid it scarcely paid you for reading," remarked Trewhella apologetically.

"The one thing that struck me in it," the Bishop responded, "was what you said about the great need of leadership. You remarked that an army without

a leader was a mob, but with a competent leader it became a great fighting force. You said that this was true in every realm of life. You gave instances to prove that a true leader became the life and soul of every movement, and that before any movement could become a power it must have at its head a great living soul. You said that there could have been no movement for liberty without such great souls as Wilberforce and Clarkson; that there would have been no Reformation but for men like Luther. You urged that the great Methodist movement, which has resulted in becoming the largest Protestant Church in the world, would never have been but for John Wesley; that the Salvation Army owes its existence to General Booth, and that we, as churches, were dying to-day because of lack of leadership."

Still Trehwella made no remark. He realised that the Bishop had mentioned some of the salient points of his address, but did not think it wise to interpolate any further thoughts of his own.

"Your *argument*," went on the Bishop, "was in the main true. That is, as far as the *argument* went. You on your part called the Reformation a blessing. I for my part am not sure of that. But be that as it may, your logic is sound. There would have been no Reformation had there been no great leader. I agree, too, that the Church to-day is dying for want of Leadership."

The Bishop stopped at this, but Trehwella made no remark. He was only able to guess vaguely what the older man had in his mind.

“As I said,” went on Bishop Lyneham, “I agree with your argument, but I am not clear as to what exactly ought to be done. I have had doubts as to whether I ought not resign my position here, but I am not at all sure. What do *you* think I ought to do?”

Trehwella was on the point of protesting against the Bishop's question, and declaring that, of course, he was too ignorant and too young for his opinion to be of any value. There was such a humble tone in the Bishop's voice, however, that he felt the poverty of anything like conventional platitudes. The man before him, in spite of the fact of his high position, was really sincere in what he said.

“You, now,” went on the Bishop, “have been elected leader among the Free Churches, and——”

“Pardon me for interrupting you,” broke in Trehwella, “but I have been elected to nothing. It is true that, in a way that I do not understand and cannot explain, a number of men in the district act as though I were a leader, but there has been no ostensible election or selection of me. After I gave the speech, to which you so kindly referred, in Rodney a number of men came to me and asked me what I thought ought to be done; and little by little, although I felt entirely unfit for the job, they were led to do what I suggested, and—and—big results have followed.”

The Bishop was silent for more than a minute. Then he said slowly: “But you haven't told me the heart of it yet. There is a great deal behind all this which you haven't put into words.”

“And which *can't* be put into words,” replied Trewhella, “but which is, nevertheless, not only real but a vital necessity.”

“Tell me exactly what you mean,” and there was a note of pleading in the older man's voice.

“Perhaps,” replied Trewhella, “I had better tell you my own experience, and then I shall give you a better idea of what I have in my mind, and what you want to know, than by any descriptive argument. When I commenced my work in Belgrave here some few years ago, I was young, enthusiastic, and, I think, faithful. But I was inexperienced, and after the first flush of excitement of my coming was over, I settled down to think of the inwardness of my work. Of course, I believed in it, and, in a way, I believed in Christianity. As I said, I was young and enthusiastic. As a consequence, there were large increases in the congregation, and a new interest was manifested. All the time, however, I felt I was only touching the surface of things. I wasn't getting to what was vital at all! Presently, when the novelty connected with my coming began to die away, interest and enthusiasm began to die away also. At the end of two years I was a commonplace. People got accustomed to me, and then, because I lacked the vital conviction myself, I grew downhearted. As a consequence, congregations decreased, and the work, generally, languished. Mind, I still did my work in a respectable way, although I could not put my whole heart into it. Then one day I met Bob Colenso. I told him about the Conference which was to be held in Rodney, the purport of which

was to discuss how to get new life into our decaying churches. If I remember aright, I told him that if nothing came to me at that Conference, although I should break my father's and mother's hearts, I should resign the ministry, and adopt some other mode of life."

The Bishop nodded. He had followed Trewhella's story with rapt interest. It was evident, too, he was taking note of everything he said.

"At the Conference," went on Trewhella, "I made the speech to which you referred, and at the close of the morning session I felt that I must get away alone. I told Colenso, who attended the morning Conference, of this, and after lunch I took a tram and rode outside the town, and eventually found my way into a large tract of woodland, where I was absolutely alone. Then, as it seemed to me, my whole being was laid bare before my eyes. I tried to see myself and my work as God would see it."

Trewhella stopped here as though he wanted to be sure that the description he was giving of himself was absolutely true—as though he wanted to give the right impression concerning the forces which were operating in his own life.

"The first thing that came to me," he went on presently, "was this:—God was speaking to me! I mean it! I do not suggest that I heard the voice of God as Moses heard it when he heard the command to go to Egypt and lead the Israelites from bondage to liberty; but I was sure that in the silence of that afternoon God spoke to me!"

“ What did He tell you ? ” and the Bishop’s voice was tense with eagerness.

“ He told me of the vital qualities necessary to make a minister successful.”

“ And they were ? ” queried the Bishop.

“ In the main, Sacrifice. Yes, I mean it ! God demanded the subjugation of self in every way. He demanded, too, that I must be completely honest, that there must be no subterfuges of any sort. It came to me as clearly that day as if God spoke aloud in the English language, that the ministry demanded *absolute sincerity*. It meant a great faith, too ; a faith that never gave up believing, even in the darkest hour ; a faith that was confident that God lived, and God worked. And above all—yes, I think it was above all—it meant purity of life, purity of thought. It meant allowing my life to be filled with the life of God ! ”

Trewhella was silent for more than a minute after this. It seemed to him that he had given expression to the greatest thoughts that he knew of, to the most important things in a minister’s life, or in any man’s life.

“ What happened then ? ” asked the Bishop.

“ This,” replied Trewhella. “ I was led to pray as I never remember praying before ! I was led, *eventually*, to offer my whole life and being, without reserve, to Almighty God ! ”

“ Well ? ” queried the Bishop excitedly.

“ Well, after that, I don’t know how it was, but men, especially young men, came to me for miles around,

wanting advice, help, guidance. Deacons came to me, too, and asked me to hold meetings and conferences in their churches, until I was likely to die of overwork. You see, all sorts of people came to me as well. People like Jimmer Brag, and worse than he. Outcasts, of all sorts, came to me for help."

"You have had a great and mighty experience, Trewhella!" exclaimed Bishop Lyneham.

"Yes, I have."

"Will you tell me what I ought to do?" and there was a note of humility in his voice.

"Nothing," exclaimed Trewhella.

"Nothing?" repeated the Bishop in astonishment.

"No. That is to say, nothing more than what God said to me in the woods on the day after I left the Conference. Nothing but Sacrifice, complete subjugation of self, absolute honesty, absolute sincerity, absolute faith, and absolute purity of life! That is what God is demanding of you in the spirit of humility, in the spirit of Christ!"

"Great God Almighty!" exclaimed the Bishop.

If some men had uttered the words they would have sounded like blasphemy, but as Bishop Lyneham uttered them they were a great prayer.

CHAPTER XIX

KATHERINE LYNEHAM'S SOUL

So much had the Bishop and Trewhella become absorbed in their conversation, that they had ceased to take cognisance of Bob Colenso and Kathy Lyneham. All the same, during the last three minutes both of these young people had given up talking, and were listening eagerly to what the Bishop and Trewhella were saying. As a matter of fact, his daughter had become so carried away by what her father had been saying, that when the Bishop uttered the somewhat unclerical phrase in an unclerical way, she looked into Bob's face with a laugh, and exclaimed, "Thank God for that!"

The fact was, Bishop Lyneham had scarcely ever been known to be guilty of unclerical language, and so much a creature of habit had he become, that, almost unknowingly, he spoke in stilted phrases, in a stilted way.

Now, however, he seemed moved to the depth of his being, and forgetting that his daughter was listening, uttered the words I have set down.

"Trewhella," he cried, after a silence which lasted more than a minute, "I want to show you my heart. I want to tell you what has been troubling me. I am

sick and tired—God only knows how sick and tired, of this impotent and useless life of mine ! ”

“ Nay, nay,” protested Trewhella.

“ Wait a minute, my lad. I want, if I can, to be absolutely sincere and absolutely truthful. Years ago I *manœuvred* for the position of Bishop of Belgrave. There were two or three likely candidates for the post, and I used what influence I had with the Prime Minister to get it—and I got it. Mind, I believe I was as good, if not a better man, than the other candidates ; but I had no realisation of the inwardness of the great work to be done. I did not think within my own heart that I could do more good in the diocese than any other man. As for converting everyone in the diocese to Christianity—I don’t think I ever thought of it ! I was simply anxious to maintain what I thought were the best traditions of the Church, of conducting dignified services in the Cathedral, of installing good men into various livings, and to do the work of a Bishop in a dignified way. As for anything more, as for being able to speak as Peter spoke on the day of Pentecost, it never entered my mind ! ”

He ceased speaking at this, and looked into vacancy. Apparently he was trying to read his own soul.

“ I do not say I am any better, or any worse, than the other Bishops in the Church,” he remarked. “ I am simply trying to tell you about myself. I suppose, if a candid opinion were given of my work in the diocese by an average churchman, he would say that I was a good average Bishop. I have done my duty, as far as I know it, to my clergy, and to the various

parishes over which they ecclesiastically preside. But in my heart of hearts I know that I am leagues from being the man I ought to be."

Trewhella did not speak. He neither denied nor assented to the Bishop's statements. He simply watched the man who was speaking, and tried to read his soul.

"I do not know how you as a Nonconformist, or Free Churchman, or whatever you call yourself," went on the Bishop, "regard such a man as I. For that matter, I have never tried to examine my own work or my own life in their real and vital sense until now. But as I see it now, the curse of our organised Christianity is that organisation has a tendency to kill reality. We parsons have so got into the habit of looking for place, and position, and power, that we have been, almost in spite of ourselves, led to forget what lies behind! I dare say you have the same thing in the Free Churches?" he added, looking interrogatively at Trewhella.

"God knows we have!" interjected the young minister.

"Do you know, Trewhella," the older man went on, "that when I heard of the revival in the Free Churches, for I cannot call it anything else, and when I was told of the work which you were doing, I tried to pooh-pooh the idea; I tried to laugh it to scorn; I almost hoped that it would end in nothing. I am ashamed of myself, and I ask your forgiveness! That is the curse of churchism and denominationalism!" he cried like a man angry. "We become so un-Christlike that we condemn any work which is not

done according to our pattern. But something has come to me ; something which made me want to talk to you. I wanted to learn your secret ; I wanted to see what you have seen, and I am obliged to you for telling me so frankly, and so fully ! ”

“ Yes, but Bishop Lyneham——” protested Trewhella.

“ Yes, my son ? ” said the older man.

“ I have learnt that the Almighty has infinite ways of working, and that our plans do not always work out as we anticipate.”

“ Tell me,” went on the Bishop, “ tell me again how this has worked out in your case.”

“ I cannot,” replied Trewhella, “ it’s too big. All I know is that chaps who, I thought, had practically nothing in them, have become big fellows. There are a lot of men who did not seem to have anything in them, who have become big chaps, strong, brave, and honest.”

“ Do you suggest,” asked the Bishop, “ that there are men in my diocese here who have big possibilities ? . . . Yes, I believe you are right. What are you wanting to say more, my friend ? ” he added.

“ Do I want to say any more ? ” asked the young minister.

“ Yes, you do. You haven’t got to the end of your message yet.”

Trewhella did not answer for some time. He was thinking of the intuition which the Bishop possessed, and which caused him to look into his heart.

“ I was thinking,” he went on, “ that the most wonderful things that came to me, or, in fact, to any

of us, was when we met all together, like the apostles after Christ's resurrection. I hope I am not a slave to methods, and yet I cannot get away from some things. Personally, I don't think it matters where we meet, whether in groups, or as single individuals, any more than whether we meet in an upper room or a lower room. But we must be in unity of spirit; we must be filled with the spirit of Christ."

During the time the two men had been speaking, Bob Colenso and Katherine Lyneham had been listening attentively.

Then the latter started up impatiently.

"I am sure they did not know we were listening," said the girl, "and perhaps it is not fair on our part to be here listening to them, while they are evidently discussing matters which are sacred. Let's slip out unobserved."

Bob Colenso flashed a searching look on Katherine's face as she spoke, and seemed to be bewildered by what he saw.

She was looking at both men with an almost frightened expression in her eyes, and there was not only fear in them, but something else for which he could not find a word. Which of the two men received most attention it would be impossible to say, although it was Trewhella's face which was plainly visible from where she sat.

"It's not fair!" she repeated. "Let's go out into the garden, and don't let's attract their attention by going!"

A minute later they had crept silently out of the room, leaving Trewhella and the Bishop together.

“ Bob,” exclaimed Katherine, when they had reached the garden, “ I don’t think I have ever talked to you about Mr. Trewhella ? ”

Bob looked at her interrogatively, but did not speak.

“ What sort of a man is he ? ” she went on. “ Is he real ? Is he sincere ? Or does he only act for effect ? ”

“ Act for effect ? ” cried Bob. “ It’s evident you don’t know Trewhella. If you did, you wouldn’t say that ! ”

“ There is something about him which I cannot understand,” went on the girl. “ Is he a mesmerist, or anything of that sort ? ”

Bob laughed. “ A mesmerist ! Trewhella a mesmerist ! That’s good ! And yet, you know, he has something of a mesmerist’s power after all,” and Bob spoke like one reflecting. “ You have never heard him speak in public, have you ? Well, if you had, you would know something of what’s in my mind. He doesn’t appear to be saying anything very special, and yet he makes you listen. Anyhow, he did that day I heard him at the Presbyterian Church in Rodney. People told me afterwards that they had never heard anything like it before, and that his address was something entirely new for him. That may be true. I don’t know. But certainly he seems to have something like a mesmerist’s power in compelling attention. You had to listen to him whether you would or not that day, at all events. As for his honesty, however, there is not the slightest doubt about it ! He

means every word he says, and perhaps that is the reason why people have to listen to him whether they would or not." He hesitated a second, and then went on. "'The Duke,' however, thinks he is a dangerous man."

"'The Duke?'" repeated the girl interrogatively.

"Oh, pardon me, Katherine," cried Bob, "I ought not to have said that!"

"Why not?" cried the girl. "Who is this Duke, by the way, and what did he mean by saying that Mr. Trehella is a dangerous man?" Then without waiting for Bob to reply, she went on: "Oh yes, I remember now! You have spoken to me about this Duke before. He is some old man you heard in Rodney and whom, afterwards, you went to see in Cornwall. But what did he mean by saying that Mr. Trehella is a dangerous man?"

For a moment Bob looked confused. He remembered the circumstances under which "The Duke" had uttered the words, and he wondered whether it would be fair on his part to repeat them. Yet why not? Katherine was his friend.

"You remember my telling you, Katherine, that 'The Duke' was a man of remarkable intuition?"

"Yes, I remember you telling me that," replied the girl. "What of it?"

"I am thinking of it in relation to the question you asked me," replied Bob. "Whatever you think of me, Katherine, you know that you have all my best wishes, don't you? I wouldn't let any harm befall

you, if I could help it, for worlds. You know that, don't you ? ”

“ Well, what of it ? How does it affect the question I asked you ? ”

“ What, about Trewhella ? ”

“ Yes, about Mr. Trewhella.”

Bob was silent for more than a minute. Then he went on : “ Mind, Katherine, I regard Trewhella as one of the finest fellows I know. He is doing work in this district which can be described by no other word than ‘ marvellous.’ As you know, although I am anything but a good churchman, I was brought up to have a proper scorn for dissent ; and even now, although I have tried my best to get rid of my prejudices, I cannot help thinking of the people with whom he has to mingle without a feeling of pitying contempt. In spite of all that, however, if I had a sister, I should try and persuade her to beware of Trewhella.”

“ To beware of Trewhella ? ” repeated the girl.

“ To beware of him,” and Bob spoke solemnly. “ This was what ‘ The Duke’ said to me,” he went on. “ ‘ I *do* like your friend,’ he remarked to me. ‘ He is so frank, so free, and his laughs are so hearty ; and in spite of the fact that he is a very serious man, he seems to be a great favourite in society. If I were a girl though,’ he added, ‘ I think I should avoid him.’ I asked him why. ‘ He is the kind of man who attracts girls, while caring nothing for them. Trewhella doesn't care a fig for a pretty face or a charming manner, and yet all the girls run after him. Haven't

you heard about it? Hasn't the fact been told to you? ' "

Bob stopped at this, and then seemed like one trying to recall what "The Duke" had further said to him.

"Yes," exclaimed Katherine, "was that all? "

"Yes, I think it was all," replied Bob. "Anyhow, the impression he left upon me was that while Trewhella was anything but a male flirt, or one who regarded women's affections lightly, or anything of that sort, he was one who, while he did not care anything about them, attracted women instinctively. Have I made myself plain? "

"I think so," replied the girl. "But what do you wish me to infer from what you have said? "

"Everything, or nothing, just as it pleases you," replied Bob. "We are old friends, Kathy, and we have known each other all our lives. That is why I speak so plainly. I regard Trewhella as one of the best fellows in the world, and yet, if the old man is right, he is dangerous."

After that the two walked up and down the wide-spreading lawns for some minutes, neither saying a word to each other.

Then Katherine Lyneham stopped suddenly.

"Let's go in, Bob!" she said, and without another word, she led the way to the house.

The two men were still talking, and it was evident, especially as far as the Bishop was concerned, that their conversation deeply interested them.

"Dad," cried the girl, rushing to the Bishop's

side, "has he been trying to persuade you to do something?"

"No, my dear," was the old man's reply.

Kathy turned fiercely to Trewhella. "What have you been saying to my father?" she asked.

"I don't think I have said anything to him since you left the room half an hour ago," was Trewhella's reply.

"Did you notice us go out?"

"Yes, I was watching you."

"Even while you pretended to be listening to my father?" Then before the young minister had time to answer her question, she went on: "Why did you watch Bob and me as we went out?"

"I beg your pardon," was Trewhella's reply. "I was unconscious of the fact that I was doing anything wrong."

"It wasn't wrong," said the girl with a nervous laugh, "but I was wondering why you, who when we left the room were watching my father's face so closely, were also looking at me. Why did you do it? What did you see in my father's eyes? What did you see in mine?"

"Your soul."

"And was it worth seeing?" asked the girl. Evidently she was wondering at the strangeness of their conversation.

"I don't know," replied Trewhella. He and the girl were practically alone now. The Bishop and Bob were talking together at the other end of the room.

CHAPTER XX

“ THE DUKE ’ S ” VISIT

“ I WANT to ask you something,” said the girl, after an awkward silence.

“ Yes, what ? ”

“ What do you think of my father ? ” she asked.

“ Is that a fair question ? ”

“ As I mean it, yes. I don’t want any flattering words, or any hackneyed expressions. He is the Bishop of this diocese, and Bishop means ‘ Overseer,’ doesn’t it ? ”

Trewhella nodded.

“ He is looked upon as a very holy man, and spoken of as a Father in God,” went on the girl. “ Do you think he is ? ”

Trewhella did not speak.

“ Oh, I do wish you wouldn’t be so beastly careful ! ” cried the girl impatiently. “ And really, Mr. Trewhella, I am not such a fool as you seem to think ! Although I am a bishop’s daughter, and, as a consequence, should regard my father as the very epitome of all perfection, I realise that, in many ways, he is a very little man, a very weak man, and by no means a great bishop. Isn’t that your own opinion ? ”

“ He *will* be a great man ! ” cried Trewhella.

“ Whatever he was an hour ago, he—he——” The young minister did not finish the sentence.

“ Yes, speak ! ” cried the girl.

“ You will not be offended ? ”

“ No. For God’s sake, do speak ! ” and the girl’s eyes flashed angrily.

“ Well, then, I think your estimate of your father has been right. I think he *has* been a little man ; he *has* been a little bishop, but he won’t be in the future. I told you I had seen into his soul. I believe I have, and it’s a great soul ! And Bishop Lyneham will go down to history as one of the greatest bishops the Church of England has ever had ! ”

The Bishop and Bob Colenso joined them at that moment, and afterwards their conversation became general. Indeed, nothing of importance was said during the remainder of the evening.

On the following morning, as Trewhella was looking over his list of engagements for the coming week, his housekeeper came into the room with a look of excitement on her face.

“ Yes,” inquired Trewhella, “ what is it ? ”

“ A lady and gentleman to see you, sir.”

A minute later the *soi-disant* Duke of Cornubia entered Trewhella’s study, accompanied by Betty Trevanion, his secretary.

“ Am I intruding ? ” he asked. “ I will go away until a more convenient season if I am.”

“ There is no season when it is not convenient for for you to come,” was the young minister’s reply. “ And that’s also true of Miss Betty.”

He pushed an arm-chair towards “ The Duke ” as he spoke, and led Betty to a table, where two much-discussed books lay.

“ Did you think me rude when you were at Cornubia ? ” asked “ The Duke.”

“ I never entertained such a thought for ten seconds,” was the reply. “ Why do you ask ? ”

“ I had my reasons for leaving you as I did,” replied the old man, “ although I could not have formulated them at the time. I wanted to stay with you,” he went on, “ wanted to be at my old house during the time you intended to remain in the district. I wanted to show you and discuss the books I love, and to talk about my hopes, and dreams, and visions. But something came to me, I scarcely know what it was, and told me that I must leave home at once. So I went to Penzance, and took a boat for the Scilly Isles.”

A film came over his eyes for a second, and the old man looked as though his natural sight were blotted out. Then he went on : “ Did not Peter, on the day of Pentecost, refer to the prophet Joel, who prophesied that the young men should see visions, and the old men dream dreams ? Well, while you were seeing your visions, I was dreaming my dreams.”

“ What were they ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ A week or so ago,” remarked “ The Duke,” who did not appear to notice Trewhella’s question, “ I had a letter from Jonathan Fletcher, the old Quaker who lives at Rodney. He told me about you ; told me also about Bob Colenso.”

“ What did he tell you about Bob ? ”

“ I fancy you have been so impressed by the greatness of your own work, that you have forgotten what Bob’s doing,” said “ The Duke ” with a laugh. “ Anyhow, he is going to be of great importance to the country, and if I mistake not, to the world.”

“ In what way ? ” asked Trewhella in surprised tones.

“ I dare say you know that Bob has been to London,” replied “ The Duke.” “ What he did there I don’t altogether know. But I do know that he had a discussion with the Minister of Mines, and learnt of the terrible death-rate among colliers. He also came into contact with a young fellow who had invented a lamp which would do for miners, under present conditions, more than Sir Humphry Davy’s lamp did for miners who worked under the conditions of Sir Humphry Davy’s times. The two of them have joined forces, Bob is running the business end of the affair, while his partner, who, by the way, is another Cornishman, is engaged on new inventions. Already the affair is a success. If it’s not done already, the young Cornishman’s new invention is to be made compulsory, by Government, in mines ; while Bob is invited to stand for Parliament.”

“ Whew ! ” exclaimed Trewhella. “ Bob invited to stand for Parliament, and he has never said a word to me about it ! ”

“ Would you have listened to him if he had ? ”

“ But what can Bob do in Parliament ? ” asked the young minister. “ I know he has, for years, been a keen student of politics, and is, of course, like all representatives of his class, an ardent Conservative.

But it would be years before he could become a leader in Conservative politics ! If he thinks of being another Beaconsfield or Salisbury, he would be an old man before he could gain sufficient following to carry any weight ! ”

The old man laughed merrily. “ Bob is no longer a Conservative,” he replied.

“ But surely,” cried Trewhella, “ he hasn’t turned Liberal, or Labour ? ”

“ Neither,” replied the old man. “ Bob has bigger ideas now, and will no longer be contented to wear a label. I haven’t seen him since I saw you last, but according to what old Jonathan Fletcher tells me, he is bursting out in a dozen new places. He is not yet in Parliament, but that is only a matter of time ; and if I understand the young man aright, in less than ten years from now—nay, in less than five, for that matter—Bob will be a power in the country.”

“ In what way ? ” asked the young minister.

“ He will be such a moral force,” replied “ The Duke,” “ that he will, unconsciously, lead a number of men who are dissatisfied with the present condition of things, and he will make them think not merely of the *political* possibilities of the country, but he will make them see the inwardness of one of the greatest commands that Jesus ever gave to the world.”

Trewhella looked thoughtful. He, in a way, rejoiced at what the old Cornishman was saying. Nevertheless, he had his doubts. “ I wish I were sure of it,” he said.

“ Oh, ye of little faith ! ” cried “ The Duke.” “ What to you is only a vague possibility, is to me, as

far as the inwardness of things is concerned, an accomplished fact. Have you no faith in *moral* forces? Do you not believe that a commonplace man, if he has God within him and behind him, will do more than your so-called great men? Bob will do what you have been doing, Trewhella, only in another sphere! He will appeal to moral forces, to spiritual forces; and in the strength of those forces, he will carry all before him. That is the vision I see of Bob Colenso."

"You really believe that?" cried the young minister.

"Would it affect you if I did?" asked "The Duke."

"I think I should believe, in spite of myself," replied Trewhella.

"Dick, my boy," said "The Duke" quietly, "I am an old man, and soon I shall have to bid good-bye to the things which I see and hear now. Still, I say without a shadow of doubt, that I am sure of God. I have walked with HIM in the silent places for many a year, and I realise many things which were strange to me in the days of my physical powers. And I tell you this: I do not pretend to prophesy, I do not pretend to foretell the future—that is, in the way it is usually understood; but I am an old man, and I see the trend of events, and I can see the hand of God."

Trewhella felt like shivering as the old man spoke. There was something almost awesome in the words he was uttering, although they seemed simple and common.

"Do you remember that passage in the gospel of John?" went on "The Duke." "Do you remember that one of Christ's disciples came to Him, and said, in

relating his experiences, ‘ Even the devils are subject unto Thy name,’ and that Jesus uttered the words that have burnt down through the centuries, ‘ I SAW SATAN FALL LIKE LIGHTNING FROM HEAVEN ! ’ Those words are not yet dead, my son. They will live on and on, and on until all be fulfilled. But the work is only begun yet ! ”

Trewhella looked at the old man inquiringly.

“ I shall not live to see it,” “ The Duke ” went on. “ A film creeps over my eyes now more frequently than in years past, and I know that I shall soon cross the river. But I am not afraid ! In many ways, I rejoice in the thought, for I know that my eyes will be more open then than they are now, and that I shall see my Lord face to face.”

Trewhella still remained silent, although he longed to speak.

“ I am going up to the Palace now,” went on “ The Duke ” presently. “ Is there anything you would like me to say to the Bishop ? ”

“ No, I don’t think so,” replied Trewhella. “ Do you know the Bishop ? ”

“ I used to know his father,” replied the old man. “ We were at Oxford together. I remember the Bishop, too, as a little boy. Good-bye, and do not be afraid.”

“ Nay, not good-bye, sir,” replied Trewhella.

“ That’s right ! ” replied the old man. “ Really and truly, there are no good-byes to those who believe in God. Come Betty, my dear ! ”

Trewhella stood at the window for several minutes after they had gone, watching them as they walked towards the towers of the great Cathedral.

CHAPTER XXI

KATHY AND BETTY

KATHERINE LYNEHAM stood that same morning watching her father read a part of his correspondence. The great bulk of it had been opened by the Bishop's secretary and chaplain, and it had no interest for her. This part of it appertained to the work of the diocese. Many of the letters were written by impecunious rectors and vicars who were on the lookout for better livings. A few others, however, were of a personal nature, and were opened by the Bishop himself, and Katherine stood watching him as he read them.

Presently the Bishop gave a start. "That's strange!" he said aloud. "I had no idea of it!"

"No idea of what, father?" asked Katherine.

"No idea that the old man of whom Trewhella spoke as 'The Duke' was a great friend of my father's when he was a boy," he replied.

Katherine did not speak for some time. She seemed to realise what her father was saying, but it might have had no definite meaning to her.

"He was staying at Rodney last night," went on the Bishop, "and he tells me he proposes calling on me this morning. He said he was going to Trewhella's first, though. Will it be convenient for me to

invite him to lunch ? ” he added. And then went on : “ Is there anyone extra coming to lunch to-day, Katherine ? ”

“ As far as I know of, there is no one,” replied his daughter. “ Did not Mr. Trewhella tell you that it was through this old man—‘ The Duke ’ he called him—that——”

“ Yes, yes, I remember now ! ” cried the Bishop. “ We passed a wonderful evening, didn’t we ? ” he added.

Katherine did not reply immediately. Presently she said : “ Don’t you think it’s strange, dad ? ”

“ What ? ” asked the Bishop.

“ That you should be discussing such matters with a dissenting minister ? After all, the fellow is only a usurper of a sacred office ! I have heard you say a dozen times that such men as he do harm to real religion.”

The Bishop did not answer her for some time. He seemed to be looking into his own heart. At length he said : “ How God must laugh at us, mustn’t He ? Did you like him, my dear ? ”

“ I don’t think I did,” replied Katherine. “ He irritated me too much.”

“ In what way did he irritate you ? ”

“ I noticed that he took it upon himself to put you right upon several questions. He is a boy compared with you in years. As for knowledge of religious matters, should it not be for you to put him right ? ”

The two separated then. The Bishop accompanied his secretary into his study ; where the two together

dealt with various diocesan affairs ; while Katherine attended to the domestic duties of the house.

It was evident that although the girl tried to appear calm, she was strangely excited. Her hands often clenched and unclenched themselves ; while her lips moved as if she were talking to herself. Towards midday, moreover, she frequently looked at the clocks in various rooms, as if to assure herself of the time, and presently when the front door bell rang, she started violently.

A minute later Starcross appeared. " An old gentleman and a young lady have called to see the Bishop," the old servant informed her. " Please, Miss Katherine, where shall I show them ? "

" Into the drawing-room, Starcross. I will join you in a second."

She found her way into the drawing-room, and saw at a glance who her visitors were. She had never seen " The Duke " or his secretary before, but Bob Colenso's description was enough to make her sure of their identity.

" His lordship will be here in a minute," she said to " The Duke." " He is expecting you. At least, I presume it is you who wrote to him ? "

She spoke as if with an effort, and did not appear to be at ease. It was seldom she referred to her father as " his lordship." but evidently Katherine was in a strange humour.

" Thank you, young lady," replied " The Duke." " I did take the liberty of writing his lordship, the Bishop, saying I would call here this morning. Am I right in thinking that the Bishop is your father ? "

“He is my father,” answered the girl, still gazing steadily at her visitor. Although many strange people were seen at the Palace, she had, as far as she could remember, seen none like him.

Just then the Bishop entered. “How good of you to come!” he said eagerly, and then he became silent. Perhaps there was something in the old man’s face which made it difficult for him to go on speaking.

“I wanted to come,” “The Duke” replied. “I felt I must come. I have been hearing about you from two friends of mine. I have very important things to say to you.”

“Will you come this way?” asked the Bishop. “I have just sent my secretary away from my study, so we shall be undisturbed there. I want to hear your message. I have been in a strange world for days!”

The Bishop seemed to take no notice of either his daughter or of “The Duke’s” secretary. Indeed, he had scarcely given the latter a glance. He appeared to be too much impressed by “The Duke’s” presence to pay any attention to his secretary.

At this moment, however, he awoke to the fact that he had been discourteous. “May I have the honour of an introduction to this young lady?” he asked.

“She is my secretary,” was the old man’s reply. “She has been with me since childhood, and I look upon her almost as I would look upon a child of my own, if I had one. Her name is Trevanion, Betty Trevanion, and I take her with me almost wherever I go.”

“Katherine, my dear,” said the Bishop, after he had cordially shaken hands with Betty Trevanion, “you will take charge of this young lady, won’t you? Of course, you will both stay to lunch?” he added, turning to “The Duke.” “You will greatly honour my house if you will.” Then he led the old man into the library, leaving Katherine alone with Betty Trevanion.

“Shall we go out into the garden?”

It was nearly a minute since the Bishop had led his visitor into his study, and during this time the two had not spoken. They were looking furtively at each other, and each seemed to be trying to sum the other up.

“It would be very nice,” replied Betty Trevanion, as though it were a matter of indifference to her—as, indeed, it was—whether they went out into the garden, or remained indoors.

She followed Katherine through the spacious hall, however, and presently they found their way into the garden, where the sun was shining brightly. The great plane tree, too, which we have mentioned, was now in its full glory, and seemed to invite any who might be oppressed by the heat of the day under its shade.

“Did I understand you to say that he was your uncle?” asked Katherine of the young girl. She did not specify whom *he* was, but it was impossible to mistake her.

“No,” replied Betty Trevanion. “He is not related to me, but he was a friend of my parents.”

“You say your name is Betty Trevanion?”

“ I didn’t say so, but my friend—I call him father sometimes,” she added. “ Would you mind if I called him father now? He is more to me than any father who ever lived.”

“ Certainly you may, if you like,” replied Katherine. “ But your name is Betty Trevanion, isn’t it? ”

“ Yes.”

“ And your father and mother are dead? ” queried Katherine.

“ That’s why I am living with John Cornubia,” replied the girl. “ He took me as his own child from my mother’s arms. She had been a Killigrew, and was married to my father, Tudor Trevanion. He died just before I was born, and his death, I believe, killed my mother. ‘ The Duke ’ says he would have been a great leader of our age. And my mother, too, is beautiful. Don’t you think so? ”

“ Yes,” replied Katherine, who seemed to speak in spite of herself. “ Have you known those two young men of whom your father, as you call him, was speaking just now very long? ” asked Katherine.

“ I don’t think I really know them at all,” replied the girl. “ And yet, in a way, I do.”

“ And what do you think of Bob Colenso? ” asked Katherine.

“ I think he is rather fine,” the girl replied, without any particular enthusiasm. “ But my master says he will be one of the greatest men of his age,” she added.

“ Your master? ” queried Katherine.

“ Please forgive me,” cried Betty again, “ I know

it must be very confusing. Sometimes I call him my guardian, sometimes my father, sometimes my master, sometimes John Cornubia, sometimes 'The Duke.' But I always think of him as the greatest and best man in the world."

"Then you haven't any real personal acquaintance with Mr. Colenso?"

"In a way, yes, and in a way, no," replied Betty. "We have talked several times together, and I seem to know him very well. He told me all about his meeting with Mr. Trehella, too, and presently both of them came down to Cornwall, where my father has a house."

"But their stay was short, wasn't it?" queried Katherine.

"Was it?" asked Betty. "I scarcely remember. I do know that Mr. Trehella and I went for a walk in the woods together, and he was wonderful."

"Wonderful? What do you mean?"

"I mean that he is a prophet, and a poet, and, in a way, a king among men!" cried the girl. "My father told me that he was essentially a leader of men, and that God would surely use him for great things. Since then he has told me that his prognostications have come true. 'The Duke' is a great Christian," she added, "and believes that if ever the world is to be saved from its misery, and its madness, and its murder, it will have to be through the teaching, and through the life, and through the death of that wonderful Christ Who lived and died nearly two thousand years ago. And my father says that some

time ago Richard Trewhella, or as some call him, the Reverent Richard Trewhella, got a vision of himself, and of Christ, Who told him what he must do and be. I don't know much about it, but I am told that since then Mr. Trewhella has gone to all the country-side around here, speaking to ministers, and to great crowds of people, arousing them to the reality of God and of his Christ. I am told that he has been wonderful," she added.

"Betty Trevanion," exclaimed Katherine, and there was not only something hard and metallic, but something fierce in her voice as she spoke, "do you love Mr. Trewhella?"

"Love Mr. Trewhella?" cried the girl. "What do you mean?"

"Just that," replied Katherine. "Do you love him? Would you like to have him for a husband?"

"Husband?" repeated the girl.

"Yes, husband. Don't be foolish; you know what I mean! Is he the man who would satisfy you completely, satisfy you in every way? Your husband. your master, your lord?"

There was something strange in Katherine's mode of speech. Usually she was practical, easy to understand, and but little given to high-flown sentences. Now, however, she seemed to be possessed with a new spirit.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," remarked Betty. "Mr. Trewhella is really wonderful. Indeed, I think he is more wonderful than anyone I have ever met, except my father. But husband!—It may

be that I shall think of him as that some time, but not now ! ”

“ Has he ever spoken to you of love ? ” asked Katherine.

“ Never,” replied the girl. “ And yet I don’t know. That day when he came to Cornubia, and while my father was talking with Mr. Colenso, we went away in the woods together, and he said some wonderful things to me.”

“ Wonderful things ? ” queried Katherine.

“ Yes, wonderful things. He asked me whether I had read Shakespeare, and when I told him I had he asked me whether I had studied ‘ Romeo and Juliet.’ And then he described the love which Romeo had for Juliet, and the love which Juliet had for Romeo. But I don’t think he was in any way making love to me,” she added.

“ But if he were, what would you say ? What would you think ? ” persisted Katherine.

“ I don’t know,” replied the girl, “ what I should think, except that it would be very wonderful for such a man as Mr. Trewhella to care for a simple girl like me.”

After this there was a silence between the two girls which lasted for quite a minute, during which time Betty Trevanion was evidently thinking deeply.

“ What are you asking me these questions for ? ” she said, suddenly looking into Katherine’s face.

“ Why shouldn’t I ask them ? ” evaded the other.

“ There is no reason why you shouldn’t, but you

seem very persistent. What do *you* think of Mr. Trewhella? Do you like him?"

"No," replied Katherine.

"Why not?"

"Because — because ——" Katherine Lyneham seemed to be in doubt as to what she should say. Then she burst out: "Because he usurps a sacred office. He calls himself a minister, but he has never been properly ordained."

"But surely that is a matter of opinion," replied Betty. "If he is satisfied——"

"Yes, but he is so masterful, so dictatorial," interrupted Katherine.

Betty Trevanion looked at the Bishop's daughter wonderingly. "I don't understand you a bit," she replied. "Let's go into the house, shall we?"

Katherine looked at her companion questioningly. "Do you especially want to?" she asked. "Lunch won't be for half an hour yet."

"I think we had better go in," replied Betty. "I have a feeling that he wants me."

Without another word, Katherine led the way back to the Palace, and the two girls entered the door side by side.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BISHOP'S CONVERSION

ALMOST instinctively they found their way into the Bishop's library, but they did not take more than a step into the room. The sight that met their gaze stopped them on the threshold. Betty Trevanion did not seem surprised at what she saw, although she placed her hand on Katherine's arm as if to bid her to be silent. Katherine, however, looked not only surprised, but fearful, awestruck.

Kneeling a few yards away from them were the two men. Both seemed unconscious that the girls were watching them. Indeed, they did not appear to notice the presence of anyone in the room. Both had their eyes wide open, but they were not looking around the room ; they were looking upward, as if expecting something.

"Hush!" whispered Betty to her companion. "I was mistaken. He does not want me yet."

They crept silently out of the room, and closed the door behind them.

"Let's go out into the garden again," Betty said. "It's beautiful out there among the bushes and flowers."

They walked across the lawn until they came to the great plane tree.

"Mr. Colenso and Mr. Trehella dined here last night, didn't they?" asked Betty.

"Yes."

"Did you hear their conversation?" asked the girl.

"Only a part of it," replied Katherine Lyneham. "But my father seemed wonderfully impressed by what Mr. Trehella said to him."

"Did you hear anything that Mr. Bob Colenso said?"

"No," was the reply. "My father did not seem to regard Mr. Colenso's visit as of importance."

"All the same, Mr. Colenso will be a great man," said Betty.

"Great man? You must be mistaken! Bob Colenso hasn't it in him to be a great man!"

"Oh, yes, he has!" replied Betty; but although Katherine asked her many questions concerning this, the girl would say nothing.

A little later the lunch bell rang, and for the next hour it might seem that nothing had happened. The Bishop and "The Duke" joined the two girls in the dining-room, and talked to them as though nothing had taken place in the library. For that matter, Katherine would not, did she not remember the look on the faces of the two men when they had knelt side by side a little while before, have believed that anything could have taken place. They both chatted merrily about the most commonplace matters, and seemed to delight in frivolous gossip.

Directly lunch was over, however, they made their way towards the library again.

“ Won’t you join us ? ” asked the so-called Duke of Cornubia.

“ Shan’t we be in the way ? ” asked Katherine.

“ In the way ? ” laughed the old man. “ You must inquire of Betty about that. Come, my dear,” and he took hold of the girl’s arm and pressed it fondly.

It was the Bishop who, looking at Katherine’s face, conveyed to the two girls the thought which was uppermost in his mind. “ Katherine,” he said, “ I have been a failure as a Bishop.”

“ It is false ! ” cried the girl passionately. “ You have not ! ”

She seemed to have divined, as if by instinct, what was in the minds of the two men, and in her heart of hearts she was protesting against what she believed the patriarchal old man had said to her father.

“ But I have, my child. The diocese is no nearer to God to-day than it was nearly twenty years ago when I came into it, and when I was enthroned as Bishop. Just think of it ! A Bishop enthroned ! ” and he seemed to be meditating upon the inwardness of the words. “ A follower of Jesus Who had not where to lay His head, and Who was crucified, enthroned ! A successor of St. Paul, and of St. Peter, and St. John, and St. James, and the rest of them, all of whom lived lives of privation, and pain, and suffering, enthroned ! My God, doesn’t it appear a miserable travesty of what ought to be ! ”

Katherine Lyneham did not speak. She could not. The look on her father’s face forbade her. Besides, she was sure he had something more to tell her, and

she wanted to know what it was. In a way, she was awe-struck by the presence of their visitor. All the same, she resented what she believed he had said to her father.

"I have spent a most wonderful hour," said Bishop Lyneham slowly, and he looked into the patriarchal face of his visitor as he spoke. "A most wonderful hour."

"How? In what way? What has happened?" and the girl's voice was hard and metallic. She seemed to be fighting against some secret influence.

"There is nothing to tell, my dear. When I was a boy, my father spoke to me of this man here," and he nodded to the *soi-disant* Duke. "He used to call him John Cornubia. I was not much interested in him in those days, although he says he was interested in me and was present at my ordination. He seems to have believed great things about me until I was appointed Bishop of this diocese. But since then he seems to have lost faith in me. Perhaps it was no wonder!"

"How was it no wonder?" and still the girl spoke as though she were angry.

"Because I have been simply an echo, and not a voice," replied the Bishop. "Because I have been more anxious to maintain the dignity of my office than do the work of God. And yet, in a way, I did want to be a leader," he went on. "I wanted to lead the Church out of the valley of dry bones into which it had fallen; and I believed that by leading the Church back to pre-Reformation days I should do this."

The Bishop laughed, as though the thought he had in his mind had a humorous side to it. "Fancy," he continued, "I believed that new life would come into the Church by its being linked more closely to the Church of Rome, and by being tied by the shackles which the Reformers broke hundreds of years ago! 'Salvation by millinery,' someone has called it, and that is what it really is, if it is anything at all!"

Again the Bishop lapsed into silence, and seemed to be wondering at himself for expressing his thoughts so freely.

A minute later, however, he went on with his musing. "But when John Cornubia, as my father used to call him, came into this study two or three hours ago, and as we knelt side by side, I saw what I could be, saw what I could do! I could be a real father in God! I could—— What would you advise me to do, John Cornubia?" he continued.

"Get your clergy here into this very room," replied his visitor. "Tell them of the vision you have seen; tell them what must be done. You have room for a hundred to meet in this very library, and there are something like a thousand clergy in the diocese. In a few weeks you can get them all here. It will be better than meeting them in some great hall. Tell them what you have told me; try and lead them to see the vision; get them on their knees, and perhaps they will then see the greatest sight that can be seen. They will perhaps see the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!"

At that moment a knock came to the door, and all turned to see what it meant.

"There is a man asking to see you," said Starcross, who looked as though he had been speaking angrily to someone.

"A man? What man?" asked the Bishop.

"He came here one evening months ago," was Starcross's reply. "He calls himself Jimmer Brag."

The two older men started, while a look of excitement came into the eyes of the two girls.

"That's the man Trewhella spoke of, isn't it?" asked John Cornubia.

"Yes," replied the Bishop almost excitedly. "What did you say he wanted, Starcross?"

"He said he wanted to come in. He said he not only wanted to see you, but your visitor," replied the servant impatiently. Indeed, not only the tones of Starcross's voice, but his every movement said as plainly as words could say, "I have no faith in this fellow, and I advise you not to see him."

The Bishop's eyes flashed a question to his visitor, and then he looked towards Starcross again. "Show him in at once," he said.

The old servant did not speak a word, but his face, as he left the room, spoke volumes.

A minute later Jimmer Brag appeared, but it was not the Jimmer Brag whom Katherine Lyneham had seen before his conversion. For that matter, it was not the same Jimmer Brag who had called on the Bishop months before; but a new man clothed in new raiment.

And yet it was the same Jimmer Brag. A giant in girth and stature, he, in some respects, looked as he had looked when he had called there before. His skin was still swarthy, his hair was still black, and although not so dishevelled as on his previous visit, still showed signs of being disturbed. His great black eyes still flashed brightly. Jimmer had been a "character" in his unregenerate days, and he was a "character" still.

"Yes, my man, and what can I do for you now?" asked the Bishop with a smile.

But Jimmer did not respond in words. Instead, he looked directly at the Bishop's visitor, and seemed to be trying to understand him.

"This is an old friend of my father's," the Bishop said to Jimmer, as though he were anxious to explain his visitor's presence. "He bears the name of Cornubia, which is the old name for Cornwall, and he has come here——"

The Bishop did not finish his sentence. Perhaps he was attracted by the look on Jimmer's face. Perhaps, although I do not think it was so, he was angry because the man paid no more attention to himself.

"I expect you are the man I have heard Parson Trewhella speak about," said Jimmer, looking straight at the face of the old Cornishman. "Parson Trewhella is a friend of mine," added Jimmer proudly. "I don't know whether you know it or not, but I have become a new man. I was a devil in the old days. I was a terror to everybody who came near me. I was a

drunkard, a blasphemer, a blackguard! There was nothing too bad for me to do! But Mr. Trewhella led me to Christ, and I got saved. How it came about I don't know, but it did; and now the greatest pride of my life is to call Richard Trewhella, that is, Parson Trewhella, my friend. I should never have known Jesus Christ but for him, and I should have remained a devil but for him! But he, because he led me to Christ, is in a way my saviour. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my son, I understand," replied the old man.

"Who are you?" asked Jimmer.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you are different from anyone I have ever seen before. Your face is different; your eyes are different. You must be——" Then he almost shouted: "I know," he cried aloud, "Of course, you are the man I took you to be at first! You are the man Trewhella spoke of as the Great Leader! It was through you that Mr. Bob Colenso began to see things! It was through you he learnt that the Church wanted great leaders! Yes, I see. I see."

Jimmer scratched his head as he said this, and seemed puzzled. Then he went on: "Mr. Trewhella and I are great friends, and I have seen him lots of times lately. He told me just now that you had called to see him this morning. That was why I came on here. I wanted to see the Bishop; I wanted to tell him something, and when I heard that you would perhaps be here, I couldn't stay away."

Evidently Jimmer was much excited. He spoke his thoughts just as they came to him, and acted not

as an ordinary visitor to the Palace, but as one who was governed by his impulses.

“Go on,” replied the Bishop. “I shall be glad to hear what you have to say.”

Had anyone been watching Katherine Lyneham's face at that moment, he, or she, would have seen a curious expression there. As we have tried to tell in these pages, Katherine was not the ordinary daughter of a Bishop. Of course, she tried to conform to what was expected of her, all the same, she not only doubted the Church, not only did she despise many of the clergy, but she doubted Christianity itself. And while she was angry with Jimmer for not thinking of her father as, in some moods, she thought such as he ought to think, she was, nevertheless, eager to know what this strange personality had to say.

“It's this way, Bishop,” went on Jimmer. “I don't say you are a square man in a round hole, but you don't fill your place as Bishop of Belgrave!”

The Bishop did not reply to this. Nevertheless, he watched Jimmer's face narrowly, and wondered what was in his mind.

“As I have told you,” Jimmer went on, “I have thought a good deal about religion since I was converted, and when I realised that you were the head man for miles and miles around, as far as religion went, I naturally took a lot of interest in you. You see, *by rights*,” and Jimmer emphasised these two words, “you ought to be the leader in what you call your diocese, as far as religion is concerned. *You* are the man who ought to give the key-note to everything!”

Please forgive me," Jimmer added, "for saying these things, but I have been sorely troubled."

"Yes, go on," the Bishop encouraged him. "And please tell me how you arrived at your present opinions."

"It's this way," went on Jimmer. "No sooner did Parson Trewhella become a friend of mine than I began to take notice of him. I went to a lot of places with him," he added. "He didn't know, but I was there all the same. And I saw what a wonderful effect he had upon the people. He had a way of, what I call, inspiring the people."

"Well, as I saw what Mr. Trewhella was doing, and realised that he had become a sort of head man among one lot of religious people, I naturally cast my eyes around, and I began to see that the Established Church was as big, or nearly as big, as all the other churches put together—— That isn't so down in Cornwall, where I came from," Jimmer explained. "The Church of England don't cut much ice down there. But up here it's nearly as big as all the other churches put together. And then I saw that practically nothing was being done in the way of converting the people in the Church of England. I saw that the parsons were haughty and proud, and that sort of thing, and I said to myself, 'Why aren't these vicars and rectors humble and Christ-like, like those men in the New Testament? Why aren't they on fire with their faith, and turning people to God and righteousness?' I read how St. Paul went from town to town, and from country to country, not caring what happened

as long as people got converted. That's what started me going," explained Jimmer. "I said something ought to be done, and I went among my old pals, and got them converted. We have to use the big schoolroom in Mr. Trewhella's chapel now," Jimmer added proudly. "And I said to myself, if I, who am ignorant and ugly, am enough of a leader to get these men to give their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ, what couldn't the Bishop do if he were soundly converted! What couldn't these rectors, and vicars, and curates do if their hearts were aflame with the love of God! And I longed to come and tell you about it, but I didn't like to, so to speak. Then when I called at Mr. Trewhella's this morning, and he told me that this gentleman had been there, and was coming on here to see you, I felt a sort of call to say what was in my heart. I hope you are not offended?" and he looked at the Bishop's face searchingly.

"No, not offended," replied the Bishop, "but ashamed."

"Ashamed of me?" asked Jimmer.

"No, not ashamed of you, but of myself," replied the Bishop humbly.

He went to the bell, and pressed it like a man in a hurry.

A few seconds later Starcross appeared.

"Starcross," he said, "is my secretary in the house?"

"I heard his typewriter going a minute ago, my lord," replied Starcross.

"Will you please tell him to come to me at once."

"Yes, my lord."

At this Starcross left the room, while the others waited, wondering what would happen next.

“Dingle,” said the Bishop, as his secretary entered the room, “will you look out the names of a hundred of our clergy who live nearest the Cathedral, and summon them here for——” he looked at his diary as he spoke, and seemed to be calculating, “Saturday night, and also send them this letter.”

He dictated a letter immediately after, and then led the way to the garden.

“I think we will have tea under the big plane tree this afternoon, Katherine, my darling,” he said to his daughter, and in his eyes was not only a look of great affection for his child, but a look of great resolution, and of a great faith.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BISHOP'S MESSAGE

“ I DIDN'T hear that letter you dictated to Dingle just now father,” remarked Katherine, when they reached the plane tree in the garden. “ What was it ? ”

“ Would you mind if I didn't tell you, my dear ? ” asked the old Bishop, and Katherine thought she detected a new tone in his voice. “ Can you stay until next Saturday, John Cornubia ? ” he asked, turning to his visitor. “ I am going to ask my clergy to meet me here.”

“ No,” was the reply. “ Ask Richard Trewhella instead.”

“ Richard Trewhella ? ” repeated the Bishop. “ A dissenter ? What, here in my own library to meet my own clergy, to discuss matters vital to the interest of the Church ? ”

“ The Duke ” laughed heartily. It might seem that he found the Bishop's words very amusing.

“ Oh, yes, I know,” and Bishop Lyneham spoke like a man apologising, “ and, in a way, I think I understand what you are thinking. But please remember this. I am a churchman, and shall always be a churchman. I expect I was cast in that mould, and cannot help myself. No, no, do not mistake me ! I am not

unchurching Trewhella, or anything of that sort, but I cannot help being a churchman, and I cannot help believing in Episcopal Ordination, whatever I may think about other things."

At this John Cornubia laughed heartily. So did Betty Trevanion, but Katherine Lyneham looked both pained and puzzled.

The Bishop gave a searching glance at the faces of the three. Then he said to Katherine: "Don't you think I am right, my dear?"

"I think the whole business is a lot of balderdash!" exclaimed the girl fervently.

"But, my dear——"

"What's the use of talking, father," interrupted the girl impatiently. "Mr. Trewhella, whatever else he may be is, according to all reports, arousing hundreds, thousands, to a new life; while hosts of your clergy are moribund, almost irreligious, and certainly unChristlike! Would you claim that they belong to the true Church, and keep Mr. Trewhella outside?"

"I keep no one outside," the Bishop replied. "The Church is broad enough to find room for all. At the same time, I cannot place Mr. Trewhella on the same platform as I place my own clergy."

"Thank God for that!" cried the girl savagely.

I have related this conversation in order that my readers may understand the standpoint from which Bishop Lyneham looked at the question of ecclesiasticism. While far from seeing as he saw, I hope I am in sympathy with his honesty. He was a rigid

ecclesiastic, and a sacerdotalist to the marrow of his being. But that did not preclude him from having a great heart, neither did it hinder him from, in any way, sympathising with those who did not believe as he believed. I have simply told this to show that I believe that it will be impossible for the Church ever to be united in the way some would have it ; and while thousands of clergy will in the future, I believe, be on fire with the consuming passion for the extension of Christ's Church, even as Bishop Lyneham became after the meeting I have described, yet, intellectually, he was as far removed from such men as Trewhella as ever he was.

Pardon this digression. I have simply inserted it because I thought it necessary.

On the following Saturday night the Bishop's library was crowded with more than a hundred clergymen of all ages and positions, who had met there at his lordship's summons.

At eight o'clock precisely, the Bishop entered the library by a private door. Every eye was upon him the moment he placed his foot on the threshold, and each seemed to be wondering what he would say to them.

He did not appear in his Bishop's robes and mitre. For that matter, he might have just come in from the streets, or from the gardens. He met the eager looks with a pleasant smile, however, and he commenced speaking without any sort of prelude whatever.

"I have asked you to come here to-night," he commenced, "that we might, in a way, consider the

problem which we discussed at our Congress some time ago ; and if I wanted to give a title to what I have to say to you, I should call it : ‘ Are we satisfied ? ’ ”

“ I have, since I sent out my letter to you, gone into facts and figures. I remember, just after I came to Belgrave, an enterprising newspaper took a census of church attendance throughout the whole diocese. Six months ago a similar census was taken, and I discovered, to my dismay, that although the population has increased in those twenty years by something like twenty per cent., church attendance has decreased by forty per cent. Are we satisfied ?

“ I find also that the number of communicants twenty years ago was——” and he mentioned the number of those who participated in the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. “ That number has during the last twenty years decreased by —— ” and again he mentioned a number.

“ This,” he went on, “ does not apply only to the Church, but to Nonconformist bodies as well. And again I ask, are we satisfied ?

“ I want to look at it from another standpoint,” he continued, and he referred to a heap of newspapers which lay on the desk before him. “ I have asked my secretary,” he went on, “ to prepare a digest, as far as one can be prepared from the figures at our disposal, of the amount of crime, and immorality, and drunkenness that has existed through the years. I am glad to tell you that, as far as I can judge, drunkenness has decreased, and the whole diocese has become comparatively sober during the time I have been

Bishop here. But here I regret to say that, while drunkenness has decreased, the amount of spirits taken (and I suppose this applies to the middle and upper classes, as poor people could not afford to buy spirits) has materially increased.

“As to the amount of crime committed, I cannot find, according to police court reports, or the records from assizes, that we have grown any better, but rather worse. This has caused me to think deeply, and to consider our position as a Church.”

He paused, and repeated the title of his address. “Are we satisfied?” was the burden of his appeal, and from all over the room there was a subdued murmur, “No, we are not satisfied.”

“Then what shall we do, brethren?” he asked solemnly.

Then after another silence he continued: “I am a Churchman, I love the Church, and I believe that the Church of England is the true Church of Christ. But we have sadly wandered from the path which Christ marked out. And while we have largely failed, our Free Church brethren have, in some respects, found the truth. I had, a few nights ago, one of the Free Church ministers, Trewhella by name, here in this house dining with me, and if his report is to be depended upon, as I have no doubt it is, he has shown us something of our duty.

“No, no,” cried the Bishop, as he looked out over the faces of his audience, “I do not, for a moment relinquish one jot or tittle of what I hold, and have always held with regard to Episcopal Ordination, or

the importance of the Sacraments ; but I should be a fool, and worse than a fool, if I closed my eyes to facts."

"What are the facts ?" asked someone.

"Richard Trewhella told me," went on the Bishop, "that a new spirit has come into the hearts of many of the Free Church ministers. He told me that where there was apathy, there is now eagerness ; that while a few months ago the question which interested the ministers most was some question of ceremony, or Church government, or Biblical criticism, it is now 'How can we reach the fallen ? How can we save the drunken, the prostitute, the downcast ?' He told me too, that prayer meetings, which a few months ago were only attended by a scattered few, were now attended by hundreds, and conversions which a year or two ago rarely took place, are now common. That, in fact, a new spirit has gripped the whole Free Church community, and that great wonders are wrought in the name of the Holy Child, Jesus."

Bishop Lyneham had, in the past, been regarded as an orthodox Bishop. People realised the fact that he was a great Church dignitary, and the overseer of one of the largest and most influential dioceses in the Established Church. As such, he was meticulous in his demands that a proper homage be paid to him. He was kind to his clergy ; nevertheless, he, in a thousand ways, demanded not only obedience, but homage from them. When he spoke to them it was in a manner almost *ex-cathedra*, and not only his young curates, but clergy of many years' service, seemed to stand in awe of him.

Perhaps that was why his altered demeanour made such an impression upon them. He did not speak as a Church dignitary, but as a brother. None could help realising the humble and contrite tones in his voice ; none could help thinking, moreover, that his present attitude was the result of a great soul struggle, and of much prayer.

“ But what must we do ? ” was the expressed request of more than one of the younger clergy as they sat in the Bishop’s library that night.

“ Do ! ” cried the older man. “ Do ! Let us all get on our knees now, and pray for power.”

Then, almost as if by one consent, they knelt down. Many who seldom prayed without a Book of Prayer in their hands, knelt with humility and contrition, and prayed. They forgot forms and ceremonies, forgot rituals, forgot the thousand things to which many of them had accustomed themselves, and prayed with a full heart for healing and for power.

“ I have nothing more to say,” remarked the Bishop at length, “ except this. I want you to arrange for special meetings in your parishes. I want you to tell your people what you have realised here to-night. I want you to ask them to pray earnestly for the Spirit of God to rest upon them.”

The meeting broke up here, and the various men who attended it returned to their homes. Many discussed what they had seen and heard. Some criticised the Bishop for various remarks he had made, but all felt that Something had come to them which they had never realised before. Most of them, too, made

up their minds to obey him who was set in authority over them, not only in the letter, but in the spirit, so great was the influence of the meeting upon them.

After this great happenings came to pass. People could not explain why, most of them did not want to explain, but such things took place not only in Belgrave but in the great industrial centre of Rodney and in similar places, which were practically unknown before. High Church vicars, and men calling themselves Anglo-Catholic priests, who had never encouraged lay people to express their feelings in impromptu prayer in the past, now seemed to rejoice in these things. More than that, many of the churches which had, in the past, been wellnigh empty, were now filled with devout worshippers.

But there was something more than all this. As the months passed by a change came over the dwellers in the diocese. Men and women who had been known in the past to be drunkards, prostitutes, and immoral people, now seemed to find a delight in attending the house of God, and to act according to the precepts of the Founder of the Christian religion. More than one gambling den was closed for want of clients; while several who kept low-class drinking saloons declared that they would have to give them up, as their takings were not enough to meet their expenses.

In the town of Rodney the change was especially apparent. It had been spoken of as one of the most drunken towns in the Midlands; while the whole neighbourhood was a synonym for wickedness.

“What has come to you?” asked a visitor who, after spending a few days in the town, met old Jonathan Fletcher, the Quaker.

“I will tell you,” replied old Jonathan. “Some time ago a man came to this town, and gave an address in the Market Place. He was a very old man between eighty and ninety years of age. He declared that the world is dying for want of leaders, and he said this in such a way that many were led to believe him. I, because I was a Quaker, believed we wanted leaders like George Fox; others, because they were politicians, believed that we wanted leaders like Gladstone and Disraeli; others thought we wanted leaders like John Wesley; and others thought we wanted leaders like Moses, Judas Maccabeus, the Apostle Paul, and Martin Luther.

“We all thought differently, and yet, in a sense, we all thought alike.

“Then a young Dissenting parson who lived at Belgrave caught on fire, and he became a leader among the Nonconformists. I cannot explain it, but it was true. He became a living flame of fire. Many of the worst people in Belgrave and Rodney, as well as for miles around, became converted, and changed from devilry to Christianity.

“Then somehow, I don’t know how, this young minister came into contact with the Bishop of the diocese, a proud, starchy, High Church ecclesiastic. As far as I know, people expected nothing to happen because of their meeting. But something *did* happen. This ecclesiastic caught on fire; he became baptized

with the Holy Spirit of God, and he became a leader in his own Church."

By this time Jonathan Fletcher's eyes were burning like coals of fire, and there was a light in them which the man of the world, in spite of himself, could not help realising.

"There have been men with bigger brains than Bishop Lyneham in the Church," continued the old Quaker, "but they have done nothing. There are to-day cleverer chaps than Trewhella, although Trewhella is a clever chap, and greater scholars than he too, although he is a scholarly man; but they haven't done what he's done. Oh, no, it's not the greatness of brain that's going to save the world, either in politics or religion."

"What is it then?" asked the other.

"Character," exclaimed the old Quaker. "Character and God! I should like for you to see Trewhella, and talk with him. I knew him before he caught on fire, and you wouldn't believe he was the same man. I should like you to see another man, too, a layman, who was influenced in just the same way."

The Lancashire man looked at the other questioningly. "Is there any chance of meeting them?" he asked. "I would like to see them both. I would for sure!"

"You *shall* see them both," exclaimed the old Quaker, little realising what his words portended.

CHAPTER XXIV

BOB COLENZO'S JEALOUSY

SCARCELY had the old Quaker promised Mr. George Runcorn, the Lancashire man, that he should meet not only the Rev. Richard Trehella, but Bob Colenso, than the visitor to Rodney was startled by the words : “ Don't be surprised, but they are both coming down the street at this very minute.”

What he said was a fact. Just as the old Quaker had made his promise, the young Congregational minister, and the heir to a peerage, walked side by side down the street.

“ I have heard great things about you, Bob,” Trehella was saying.

“ What have you heard ? ” was the reply.

“ I heard that although it is a little more than a year since you entered the House of Commons, and although you have wasted but little of the House's time in making speeches, you are already a power,” remarked Trehella.

“ Someone has been pulling your leg,” laughed Bob.

“ I am serious,” was Trehella's reply, “ downright serious. A man was telling me only a few days ago that, although you had everything against you, you had won practically every colliery owner for accept-

ing the lamp, which will ensure the safety of the collier against explosions, and that you already have a big following in the House on other matters."

"I am afraid that proves nothing," replied Bob. "The reason why the safety lamp has been so enthusiastically accepted is not because of me, but because of the excellency of the inventor's work. As for the other——"

He did not complete the sentence. At that moment he saw old Jonathan Fletcher on the sidewalk of the street, holding out his hand to him.

"Well, Robert, my son," exclaimed the old Quaker as the two young men came up, "this is an unlooked for pleasure. You have been so much away from Rodney since you became a Member of Parliament that we see very little of you." Then, looking towards the man from Lancashire, he went on: "I had just been talking with this friend about you when you came up. In fact, you startled me when I first saw you."

"Couldn't you find something better to talk about than me?" asked Bob with a laugh.

"I was talking about you both," replied the Quaker. "George Runcorn, this is Robert Colenso; while his friend here," and he nodded to Trewhella, "although he does not appear in clerical garb, is the young minister of whom I was speaking to you just now. His name is Richard Trewhella."

"Mr. Fletcher was telling me," remarked George Runcorn, after the greetings had taken place, "about the wonderful change that has come over Rodney and the district. I had heard vague rumours about

it before, but could scarcely believe what I had heard until I revisited the town. It is years since I was here," he added, "but it seems a different place."

"It is not any worse than it was, I suppose?" remarked Trewhella.

"No. I suppose most people would say it is greatly improved," replied the visitor, "although there may be some who do not think so. This I will admit, however: everyone seems gay and happy, and a far better feeling obtains now between employers and employees than existed a few years ago."

"I was telling George Runcorn just before you came up," broke in Jonathan Fletcher, "that the movement which changed this district was begun by an address which an old man who goes by the name of 'The Duke of Cornubia' gave in the Market Place of this very town. He told the people that the great need of the age was leaders. He said that the rank and file of the people were not badly disposed, but that they wanted someone to whom they could look for guidance and inspiration. He said that every great upward movement had been dependent upon a very few individuals, who had interpreted the great meaning of life to the unthinking mob, and changed that same mob from being helpless, scattered, and powerless into a great driving force. And he proved to be right, too. My young friend, Bob Colenso, was listening to him, and in a way which I cannot understand, has become a leader."

"I protest against that!" exclaimed Bob.

Jonathan Fletcher looked affectionately towards Bob Colenso.

“ Our friend Bob here protests against being called a leader. Perhaps he is right, and yet, in a way, he is wrong. Friend Bob Colenso has already become an influence in the House of Commons, not so much because of any particular greatness of intelligence or masterfulness of personality which he possesses, but for deeper and subtler reasons. Let me tell you how. When I was in London a few weeks ago, I went to the House of Commons, and while there I was much attracted by a certain young man. While I was in the House he spoke. In some respects it was not a great speech, but in other respects it was. Great because of the modesty of the speaker ; great, too, because of a certain moral force which emanated from his personality. The whole House seemed imbued with a new meaning and a new earnestness while he was speaking ; everything seemed to be lifted to a higher level. I asked who he was, and was told that until about a year ago this same young man was a feather-pated, lackadaisical nobody. It is true he could trace his family back to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and boast of having descended from some of the greatest men in England, although even he himself was a worthless, feather-pated profligate. But something happened.”

“ What happened ? ” asked George Runcorn, who had been listening eagerly.

“ This happened,” replied old Jonathan Fletcher. “ He became introduced to my friend, Robert Colenso, ~~here~~ ^{STET} here. He fell in love with him, and through him his whole outlook was changed. He, as far as his personal

character, as well as English politics are concerned, was reborn. Now, that same young man bids fair to become one of the greatest powers in the British House of Commons."

"You don't mean——?" exclaimed George Run-corn, mentioning the name of a young man who was fast rising into prominence.

"But I do," replied Jonathan Fletcher. "Five years from now the whole of British politics will be lifted to a higher level through that young man; they will be imbued with new and higher meanings. Unless I am mistaken, he will be one of the great leaders of the country."

Bob Colenso and Dick Trewhella left the other two men at this point, and made their way towards the Rodney Park, of which the people of that town were inordinately proud. It lay almost at the heart of the town, and yet no sooner did one reach it than, as if by magic, the roar of the great city departed, and you seemed to be in the country. In order to get to this park, however, Bob Colenso and Trewhella had to pass close to the Mitre Hotel, and through the Market Place, which has more than once been mentioned in this history.

"It was there I first chatted with 'The Duke,'" remarked Bob, nodding towards the old hostelry in the near distance.

Trewhella did not speak, but walked silently at his companion's side until presently they reached the huge square.

"It was here," and Bob indicated the spot, "where

'The Duke's' platform was placed. The people almost filled the square."

"You met Miss Betty Trevanion on the same day didn't you?" asked Trewhella.

Bob did not reply, but had his companion been watching his face, he would have seen that it twitched as if he were in pain.

The two young men walked slowly through the square, neither of them speaking again until presently they reached the park gates.

"Do you know where 'The Duke' is now?" asked Trewhella.

Bob did not reply, and strange as it may seem, the young minister seemed to take no notice of his companion's silence. There was a far-away look in his eyes, too, as though he were thinking of something, or someone, far removed from the busy life of Rodney.

At length he spoke again. "Do you know where the old Cornishman's secretary is?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Bob curtly.

"Where is she, then?"

"She's at Cornubia," was the reply.

"Has 'The Duke' been long in England?"

"Some months," was Bob's answer, and it might seem as though something had risen between them to mar their friendship.

"I wonder he hasn't written to me," exclaimed Trewhella presently.

After that no word was spoken for several minutes. As if by one consent, the two young men made their way to a group of trees in the park, underneath which

they found a seat. Both of them sat down seemingly weary.

“Trewhella,” cried Bob, after they had been sitting in silence for some minutes.

“Yes.”

“I think you might have told me you were in love with her.”

“With whom?”

“You know very well. With Betty Trevanion. Do you think it’s fair?”

“But my dear chap——!” Trewhella began to protest.

“Do you think it’s fair?” broke in Bob savagely. “Oh, you mustn’t think I am blind, or deaf; neither am I quite a fool! He told me of your fatal fascination a long time ago, and——”

“Bob, old man, I don’t understand you a bit,” cried Trewhella in grieved tones. “Why are you speaking to me like that?”

“Don’t you know?” asked Bob savagely.

“I don’t know in the least,” replied Trewhella. “What is it, old man?”

Bob Colenso seemed to be fighting a great battle with his own soul for some time after that. He neither looked at, nor spoke, to his companion, but with compressed lips and a faraway look in his eyes, he sat in silence.

“Dick, old chap,” he said presently, “forgive me.”

“Forgive you! For what? Really, I don’t understand you! I am completely in the dark as to what you mean.”

“ Have you heard from ‘ The Duke ’ since the time of the Bishop’s conversion, as you call it ? ” asked Bob.

“ Never a word. As far as I am concerned, I have scarcely had a minute to call my own for going on two years.”

“ I had a letter from him three days ago,” remarked Bob, after another long silence.

Trewhella continued to look steadfastly at his friend’s face. He could not yet understand why Bob had spoken to him in such a fashion.

“ I ought to have shown you the letter,” went on Bob ; “ it was meant for you as much as for myself. It came to me in the House of Commons three days ago, and I think it was that which made me come down. Here it is.”

“ Here is what ? ”

“ ‘ The Duke’s ’ letter,” and he passed the missive to his friend.

Even yet, however, there was something like asperity in the tones of his voice ; a something of which Trewhella failed to grasp the meaning.

A minute later the young minister was eagerly reading the letter, while Bob furtively watched him.

“ He might have known,” suddenly exclaimed Trewhella with a laugh.

“ Known what ? ”

“ That doctors have again insisted on my taking a long rest. They tried to persuade me months ago, but failed. How could I take a rest with all those meetings before me ? Now, however, I can manage it. I have practically fulfilled my engagements, and

I am entitled to a little holiday. Indeed, I must have it. As both the doctors told me last time they saw me, it is either a holiday, or I must order my coffin."

"And, of course, you don't want to order your coffin yet?" was Bob's retort.

"No, by Jove, I don't! I have too much to live for."

"What?" asked Bob sharply.

"Surely I needn't tell you that, old chap. A great deal has happened since we first met outside the Cathedral at Belgrave. I think I can say without boasting that I regard my life as of ten times more value now than it was then."

"Do you mind my asking you a straight question, Trewhella?" asked Bob, after another long silence.

"Ask me what you like, Bob, old man. But why have I become Trewhella to you all of a sudden?"

"Do you ever intend to get married?" asked Bob, without appearing to notice his companion's question.

"I should like to," replied the young minister with a faraway look in his eyes, "but it can never be. I shall never marry."

"Never marry? Why?"

"Because the only girl I would marry wouldn't have me."

"Have you asked her?"

Trewhella shook his head. "I don't think I am *quite* a fool, Bob," and he spoke like one who was convinced of what he was saying.

"I suppose every man is a fool as far as women

are concerned," was Bob's rejoinder. Then he went on: "You have noticed what 'The Duke' said in his letter, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied Trewhella, "but I don't think I will go."

"But he wants you, man! They both want you! Of course, you saw that, didn't you?"

"They are very kind," was Trewhella's rejoinder, "but I am afraid that doesn't justify me in accepting the hospitality of comparative strangers."

Bob appeared like a man fighting against his own inclinations. Indeed, he was at that moment, as we have made plain, madly jealous of the young minister. He remembered what the old Cornishman had said about him many months before, and Bob often thought of the opinion which "The Duke" had expressed when he said that Trewhella was a man who possessed a fatal fascination for the opposite sex.

Please do not judge Bob Colenso hastily. When the reader first met him in these pages, he was a thoughtless young aristocrat, who regarded himself as the heir to a peerage, and looked forward to the time when he would dwell in the old family mansion. As for the more serious purposes of life, they were strangers to his mind.

At that time, too, he fancied himself in love with Bishop Lyneham's daughter, Katherine, and, indeed, went so far as to propose to her. It was true that Katherine had given him very little encouragement, nevertheless, he had said in his heart that he would never care to marry anyone else. Now, however,

Katherine Lyneham had faded into the background of his affections. He looked upon her as an old acquaintance, and nothing more; while he told himself that the secretary of the man who had had such a strange influence upon his life was the only woman whom he could look upon as his wife. Indeed, as I have said, he had become madly jealous of the young minister, and in spite of the friendship which had sprung up between them, looked upon him as his rival.

There is an old adage which says that all is fair in love and war, but Bob Colenso did not in practice, however much he might believe it in theory, subscribe to this adage. Since his first meeting with Trewhella, Bob had travelled far. Friendship had become something a thousand times more sacred than on the day they had first met, and now, although he felt his life's happiness depended upon his winning the love of Betty Trevanion, his great desire was to act fairly and honourably to the man he called his friend.

“Do you mean to say, then,” he urged presently “that you refuse to accompany me to Cornubia?”

“I do not go quite so far as that,” was the other's reply.

“Then you must come, and come at once. Ever since your last visit to Cornwall, your life has been one constant turmoil. You have taken your leadership seriously, and you have done the work of ten men. I insist, therefore, that you must come at once.”

“Do you really mean it, Bob?”

Then Bob Colenso fought one of the great battles o

his life. In his heart of hearts he was sure that his friend loved Betty Trevanion. He was sure, too, that if he went to Cornubia, and saw her day after day, he would not be able to help himself, and that he would propose to the girl who he himself loved as his own life.

And Betty Trevanion would accept him.

Trewhella, he was sure, possessed a fatal fascination for girls, and he believed that Betty would be the one wife in the world for the man who had changed the whole life of the district around Rodney, and whose influence was growing daily. Although it seemed like plucking out his heart strings to persuade his friend to leave the old Cathedral city of Belgrave at once, he conquered himself, and won his battle. And not only had Bob Colenso won his battle, but he had won it royally. So much was this true that he stifled all suggestion of his own feelings, and shouted aloud as if for joy.

“It’s great, Dick, old man!” he cried. “We will have no end of a good time, and when you return to this district again, you will be a new man. How long a holiday have the doctors prescribed for you?”

“They say I ought to have two months,” was Trewhella’s reply.

“Splendid!” exclaimed Bob. “Parliament breaks up for the long vacation next week, and as there is nothing particular on hand between now and then, I am not going back to London. So we will go away together, old chap, and we will have the greatest time ever known.”

CHAPTER XXV

THE BISHOP QUESTIONS TREWHELLA

BOB COLENZO came from Rodney to Belgrave on the following morning, and, as it happened, met Trewhella outside the Palace gates as the young minister was making his way to keep an appointment with the Bishop.

The old man met the two younger men with equal kindness. It was true he regarded Bob Colenso as one of his own flock, while Trewhella, whatever position he might have taken in the town, was still, according to the strict churchman's views, a schismatic. Still, the Bishop seemed to regard him as he might regard one of his own clergy.

What it cost him to adopt this attitude towards the man who was outside his own communion I will not say, but, undoubtedly, it must have cost him a great deal of heart searching. For whatever other description may be given of Bishop Lyneman, he was, in spite of the fact of what was called his conversion, a strong churchman. He still believed in sacerdotal distinctions, and could not get over the fact that while he might outwardly admit the validity of Trewhella's orders, doubt was still at the back of his mind.

Be that as it may, however, he greeted both the young men heartily and cheerfully.

“ I am glad to see you,” he cried. “ As it happens, too, I have a whole hour at liberty before my next engagement.”

“ Then you must have had a light post this morning, Bishop ? ” said Bob.

“ Just as usual, Bob, my boy,” replied the older man. “ But knowing that Trewhella was coming here this morning, and having received your message that you were accompanying him, I got my secretary here an hour earlier in order to have the longest possible time with you. Katherine, my dear, ask Bob his opinion on the sunk garden which Baxter has found time to make, although he always pretends he is overworked.”

Then having watched the young couple make their way towards a shrubbery in the garden, the Bishop turned to the young minister.

“ Trewhella,” he exclaimed, after they had discussed for nearly half an hour the work which each was doing in the district, “ are you satisfied ? ”

“ I suppose I never shall be satisfied,” replied the young minister slowly. “ We are all a long way off from perfection, and I suppose perfection ought to be our goal.”

“ I am not thinking of that,” replied the Bishop. “ When I asked you whether you were satisfied or not, the question in my mind was, are you satisfied with the position of a Dissenting minister ? Don’t you feel the necessity of a true ordination ? Because,” he went on, “ I would love to think of you as one of my own clergy. There is a newly vacant parish in the

diocese in which you could do marvellous things, if you were only one of us. I should feel that all things would be possible then."

"I am afraid it is no use talking about that, Bishop," replied Trehwella with a laugh. "I am satisfied with my own position as a Free Church minister, and certainly should not think of re-ordination."

The Bishop looked at him steadily as he spoke, and then sighed deeply. Perhaps there were thoughts in his mind other than those of which he had spoken.

"Let us go into the garden," he burst out suddenly. "I have still half an hour to spare before my next engagement."

Meanwhile Katherine Lyneham and Bob Colenso had been examining the sunk garden which the Palace gardener had at length persuaded the Bishop and his daughter to allow him to make. After examining it for some time, however, Bob had been led to describe the conversation which he and Trehwella had had on the previous day, and of their plans for the future.

"Who is this Betty Trevanion?" asked Katherine Lyneham presently, when Bob had told her that he had, on Trehwella's consent, telegraphed to Cornubia, accepting the invitation for both of them.

"Surely I needn't tell you that," replied Bob. "'The Duke' and she called here some months ago."

"Yes, I know," she replied, "but she told me practically nothing. Indeed, she seemed very reserved. What do you know about her?"

"I know nothing, except what 'The Duke' told me when we were there last," was Bob's reply. "I

gathered from what he said then that her father and mother had lived in the district for some years, and that when they had died, she was taken and reared by 'The Duke.' "

"Is she one of the famous old Cornish Trevanions?" asked the girl.

"I believe she is," replied Bob.

"Bob," cried Katherine Lyneham, "you will forgive the liberty which I take as an old friend, won't you? But are you in love with this girl Betty Trevanion? Do you intend to marry her?"

"I shall never marry her," was Bob's decided answer.

"Why?" asked the girl.

The young man was silent.

At this she burst out laughing immoderately, as though something amused her beyond the ordinary.

"Why are you laughing, Kathy?" inquired the young man.

"Do you know," replied the girl, "that it was in this very garden more than two years ago that you proposed to me?"

"And you turned me down," was Bob's rejoinder.

"Did I?" and she spoke as if she were trying to remember something. "I suppose you don't want to propose to me again, do you, Bob?"

"Do you want me to?" and Bob Colenso looked at her earnestly and questioningly.

For a few seconds she seemed on the point of replying, but presently, as if with an effort, she checked the words which rose to her lips.

“ We live in curious times, don't we ? ” she asked presently

“ Of course we do, but what is your particular reason for saying so now ? ”

“ Bob,” replied Katherine, “ I am an old-fashioned girl, in spite of the fact that I am supposed to be modern. I believe that to be a good man's wife, and the mother of his children, is the greatest career a woman can have. But since the war there are not enough men to go round, and it will take years for the world to put itself right. I should hate to die an old maid,” she added almost savagely.

“ Well, you needn't,” replied the young man, looking at her steadily. “ I heard only last night that there were at least a dozen young clergymen in the diocese who were willing to disavow their celibate beliefs in order to marry you.”

“ Good Lord ! ” cried the girl, and then continued : “ Bob, I hope you will have a good time in Cornwall. As you evidently don't wish to propose to me again, I hope you will be successful with Betty Trevanion. You are in love with her, aren't you ? ”

“ Would you like me to propose to you again ? ” cried Bob savagely.

“ No ! ” the girl almost screamed. “ For heaven's sake don't speak of anything like that ! You would drive me mad if you did ! Marry that Trevanion girl, Bob, and be happy ! ”

“ She wouldn't have me,” replied Bob.

“ How do you know ? ”

“ Because there is someone else in the offing,” was

his answer. " You laughed just now at the idea of a lot of parsons with celibate tendencies who were willing to change their views to marry you, but there is a certain parson whom we both know who has no belief in the sacredness of a celibate life."

" You mean Mr. Trehella ? " cried the girl

Bob was silent.

" Is he also in love with this Cornish girl ? "

Still Bob continued to be silent, while the girl watched him closely.

" Is he ? " persisted the girl.

" I expect so," he answered.

" Has he told you so ? "

" No. As a matter of fact, he has told me nothing. But I know he hates the thought of a celibate life, and although his work keeps him busier than any man in this district, I know that he feels lonely, and that he needs a wife to comfort him."

" And you think that Cornish girl might do it ? "

" What can be more probable ? " was his reply.

" She is young, she is beautiful, and she is fascinating. I think, too, she would make an ideal minister's wife, especially such a minister as Trehella undoubtedly is. All the same, it's an awful pity."

" Pity ? " cried the girl. " What's a pity ? "

" A pity that he doesn't fall in love with someone like you," was Bob's answer, as if a sudden idea had been born in his mind. " You would make a splendid parson's wife, Kathy."

" May the Lord spare me from that," cried the girl fervently. " Fancy *me* a parson's wife ; and, above

all, fancy *me*, a bishop's daughter, marrying a *dissenting parson*! Why, it would cause a scandal throughout the whole church!"

"Yes, I suppose it would," admitted the young man.

"I wouldn't do such a thing for worlds," cried Katherine, "even if I ever thought of it; but, of course, I never did. I would no more think of marrying a dissenting parson than I would think of trying to fly to the moon!"

"And yet, do you know," persisted Bob, "since I have known Trewhella, I haven't been able to help seeing the paltriness and emptiness of the distinctions between our parsons and what you call dissenting parsons. Why, if it comes to that, your father hasn't a clergyman in the whole of his diocese who is worthy of fastening Trewhella's boots."

"Stop!" cried the girl almost angrily. "Here are father and Mr. Trewhella coming across the lawn. For heaven's sake don't let them know what we have been talking about!—I wouldn't shock either of them for anything," she added.

The next day the two young men started for the West of England. They left Belgrave about seven o'clock in the morning in a motor car belonging to Bob. That young man declared that this mode of migration had become necessary to him since he had entered into partnership with Roskrieg, and had become not only a Member of Parliament but a commercial man of considerable importance.

Both of them enjoyed the journey thoroughly. It was now the holiday season, and as everything was in

summer loveliness, their surroundings, especially after they entered Devonshire, became a dream of beauty.

They ate their lunch by the roadside between Exeter and Plymouth, and shortly after two o'clock found their way to the Torpoint Ferry. Neither of them had ever gone to Cornwall by this route before, and directly the Ferry landed at Torpoint, and they had passed through the busy streets of this little town, they became enchanted by the loveliness which everywhere met their gaze.

“ I shall be converted soon,” cried Bob.

“ To what ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ To the belief that Cornwall is the most beautiful county in England. I thought a few hours ago that it must yield the palm to Devonshire, but this piece of country-side is simply ravishing in its loveliness.”

“ Wait till we pass through Liskeard, and have gone through the Lynn Valley,” laughed Trewhella.

“ Remember that we have got to get to Cornubia by tea time,” suggested Bob.

“ Plenty of time ! ” laughed the other. “ When we have entered that Valley, some of the most beautiful scenery in the world commences.”

“ Now this is grand ! ” they heard the “ Duke of Cornubia ” say as they reached his home. “ Betty feared that you would have a breakdown on the way, and not reach here at the time you said. But you have arrived safely, thank Heaven ! ”

Just then Betty Trevanion entered the room, and added her welcome to that of the old man.

“ Yes,” she said, looking at Trewhella pityingly,

“ you look pale and ill. That’s God’s warning to you to take a complete rest, and you couldn’t come to a better place than this. So we insist on your staying the whole of the time allotted to you with us.”

Bob Colenso’s look as he turned his face towards his friend was not altogether pleasant at that moment. It was evident that he was still jealous of his friend, and could not bear, with equanimity, to see the looks which the girl gave him. Nevertheless, as the days went by, Bob could not help rejoicing as he saw the look of health steal back into his friend’s cheeks ; while his thin, cadaverous appearance changed into healthy robustness.

“ Yes, you must stay here for the whole two months,” he said. “ You said the doctors ordered you a complete rest for that period,” and no one could guess from the tones of his voice the heartache he was suffering in saying this.

Nevertheless, Trewhella looked restless and uncomfortable. “ No, Bob old man,” he said, “ I shall not stay as long as you suggest. Besides, it is not me they want to remain, but you.”

“ Don’t be a blithering idiot ! ” replied Bob. “ If you had half an eye, you would see that you are the chief guest ; that everything is done for your comfort and well-being. Besides,” and he laughed as he spoke, “ you cannot help seeing ‘ the fatal fascination,’ to use ‘ The Duke’s ’ words, which you have for Betty.”

“ You don’t believe that’s true ? ”

“ I am sure of it,” was Bob’s rejoinder. “ Besides,

you must see the effect you are having on the girl. She blushes like a peony when you come into the room, and looks wan and pale when you leave."

Nevertheless, Trehwella did not stay much more than a week at Cornubia, in spite of "The Duke's" protests. He felt restless, he said, and unable to be contented for long in one place. Moreover, he declared his intention to visit the Scilly Islands, which he had never seen; and when Bob Colenso announced his intention of accompanying him, he would not hear of it, declaring that he would rather be alone.

Nevertheless, when on the morning of his departure Bob came to his side and asked him to allow him to accompany him, he did not say nay. For Bob looked anything but his own self; his lips were tremulous, and his face was almost as grey as ashes.

"What's the matter, old thing?" Trehwella asked

"I mustn't stay here. I am going with you."

"But why?"

"I have made a fool of myself," replied Bob.

"In what way?"

"When I saw that you had made up your mind to leave Cornubia, and that you made no sign of making love to Betty, I—I forgot myself."

"But how?" and Trehwella looked searchingly at the other's face.

"Haven't you guessed, Dick? Don't you know?"

"No, I have guessed nothing; seen nothing."

"Then you must be a blind idiot! The truth is, old chap, I am mad about Betty, but I thought she was in love with you, so I did not speak until you said

you were leaving. Then I came to the conclusion that I must be mistaken. I proposed to her, old man! I thought that as you did not seem to be in the running, that I had a right."

"Well, what was her answer?"

"She wouldn't hear of it, and so because . . . because . . . I'm off! I cannot help myself."

They drove to Penzance, where they embarked on the Scilly Isles boat, and for the next two weeks they wandered among those lonely islands, until Trewhella again became restless.

"I am going home, Bob," he said. "I am going to see my father and mother."

"May I come with you?" asked Bob.

"Of course you may if you care," replied the young minister, "but won't you be lonely and miserable there? Of course, it is home to me, and I shall be with my own people. But with you it will be different. All the same, you will be as welcome as the flowers in May if you will come."

"Your father's simple faith means healing and joy to me," said Bob fervently, "and if you think they can put up with me . . ."

"Put up with you?" cried Trewhella. "Why, every letter I have had from home since you were there last has been an appeal to bring you again!"

"Here goes then!"

So they motored to the North of Cornwall, and stayed there until Trewhella's two months were up, when he returned to Belgrave.

Bishop Lyneham was away when he arrived, but he sent him a letter of welcome nevertheless.

I shall soon be back, my dear fellow—he wrote. I have been, during the whole of August, away in the North of Scotland, recuperating for the great work which lies before us.

I hear that your Church is arranging to give you a great welcome home. I am sending a letter therefore to your Church secretary, and I hope it will be read at the meeting of welcome. I wish I could have been with you, but unfortunately I cannot. Katherine has insisted that I shall stay until the last moment, so that I may be full of health and strength for the winter's work.

God bless you, my dear friend. I wish you were one of my own clergy.

There were great cheers at the meeting of the Congregational Church when the Bishop's letter was read. Many among the audience knew how the Bishop had regarded Nonconformist Ministers in the past, and the fact that he evidently looked upon Trewhella as a friend, did more to endear him to the hearts of the people outside his own communion than anything else he could have done.

A week later Trewhella received information that the Bishop had arrived at the Palace. Indeed, it would have been impossible to live in Belgrave without knowing it. A host of clergy appeared to besiege the

Palace, and on every hand the Bishop's plans for work during the winter were being discussed.

He had not been home long when Trewhella received an intimation that his lordship wanted to see him.

It was with a fast-beating heart that he made his way to the Palace that September morning, but it was not the thought that he was going to see the Bishop which caused him to be excited. Indeed, he did not think of him as he made his way up the drive.

"Is his Lordship at home?" he asked the old butler as he opened the door.

"No, sir," replied Starcross. "He was called away from home suddenly a little while ago, but he begged me to tell you that he will be delighted if you will stay to lunch, by which time he expects to be back."

Trewhella looked around the hall as if with the intention of leaving immediately, but before he could do so, he heard a voice which caused him to tremble with excitement.

"Father told me to keep you company until he returned," said Katherine Lyneham.

CHAPTER XXVI

AN AWKWARD QUESTION

“THAT is very kind of your father,” Trewhella managed to say. “But are you sure you want to keep me company?”

“Are you fishing for compliments?” retorted the girl. “If there’s anything I hate, it is that kind of thing.”

“I don’t think I am, but I remember that you regard me with a certain amount of reserve.”

“How do you know I do?” asked the girl.

“Because I am what you call a Dissenter,” replied Trewhella.

“That is a defect which can be easily remedied,” she retorted.

“No,” was his answer, “it can never be remedied.”

“Why?” and there was a look in Katherine Lyneham’s eyes which he did not understand.

“Put it down that I am not cast in a sacerdotal mould,” was his answer, “or, if you like, put the fault on my upbringing. Anyhow, what you suggest is impossible.”

“Be that as it may, I will do my best to keep you company until father returns,” the girl said in almost flippant tones.

“ Thank you,” rejoined Trewhella. “ I feel no end grateful because of what you say. At the same time, I wouldn’t like you to do so if it’s unpleasant.”

“ Why should it be unpleasant ? ” asked the girl.

“ Because,” and the young minister looked at her steadily, “ because your world is different from mine ; because I was not brought up to think as you think, to feel as you feel, or to look at life as you look at it.”

She did not say anything in answer to this, but looked around what was called the drawing-room—an appellation which Katherine hated—after which she turned her eyes towards the study.

“ Would you rather stay here, or go and look at my father’s books ? ” she asked.

“ Evidently you would rather I said the latter,” Trewhella replied, “ so, if you please, I will go into the library.”

“ No, you will not,” replied the girl. “ I want you to stay near me, and I want you to talk to me.”

“ Why should I ? I have nothing to say to you.”

“ But I want you to. Let’s go out into the garden. When last you were here we discussed the kind of improvement which Baxter had made. Do you remember ? ”

“ What do you want to say to me ? ” evaded Trewhella. “ You are not interested in what I think of your sunk garden.”

“ No, I am not,” replied Katherine frankly.

Then as they walked across the lawn to the great plane tree, she turned on him suddenly. “ What would you and my father have been talking about

if he hadn't been called away this morning?" she asked. "He wanted to see you, didn't he?"

"Yes," was Trewhella's reply. "He wanted to discuss with me plans for the winter's work. I expect, too, he wanted to compare notes."

"He is awfully impatient to see you," the girl informed him, "and more than once he has told the clergy who have called to see him, that he must consult you before carrying out his plans. Why must he consult you?"

"I don't know, except——" the young minister hesitated.

"Why do you hesitate?"

"I hate to say it; it seems like boasting," replied Trewhella, "but your father has often told me that this is a new diocese since we have known each other."

"I wish he had never met you," said the girl savagely. "I wish you had been a thousand miles away, instead of at Belgrave."

"Why?" he asked in astonishment.

"Because he was able to do his work with ease before he knew you. He was satisfied, too, with the way things were going on. But directly you and he got to know each other, you made him discontented.—And yet I don't know."

"Don't know what?" asked Trewhella.

"I don't know," and again the girl spoke savagely. "In one way, he is a thousand times happier than he was, and in another, he is dissatisfied. Do you know, Mr. Trewhella, that I have had to alter my point of view about things."

“ How? In what way? ”

“ I used to think you must have greatness in order to be happy, that your ambitions must be satisfied before you can be content. Now I know it is not so. My father was not a great man until he knew you. But he is now! Yes, I know he is! I cannot help seeing it. He is what he and you have talked about so much. He is a leader. He is not a mere Bishop in the Church of England; he is truly the overseer and the leader in the diocese. As you say, too, the whole district for miles and miles around has been reborn. But I think I hate you.”

“ Thank you,” replied Trewhella, “ I am glad that you speak frankly. But why? ”

“ Because, through you, he has become a leader and commander of the people; because, through you, he is dissatisfied. In a way, he has made the diocese new, but in another, everything seems to mock him. And yet, not everything.”

“ I don't think I follow you.”

“ No,” replied the girl, “ I am talking foolishly. But my father has undertaken impossible work, Mr. Trewhella.”

“ How? In what way? ”

“ He thinks he can do impossible things,” replied the girl savagely “ He thinks, because he is a leader, he can make the blind man see, and the paralytic man move freely.”

“ I am afraid I don't understand you.”

The girl was silent for a little time. Then, looking at the young minister by her side, she burst forth:

“ What I am going to say now may anger you, or it may not. In some respects, you are a big man, a really and truly big man. In others, you are no bigger than a pin’s point. In one respect, you are a great seer ; in another, you are as blind as a bat.”

“ How ? ” asked Trewhella.

“ You are not offended ? ”

“ Not a bit.”

“ Well, then, you are not satisfied with the work you are doing, are you ? ”

“ No, far from it.”

“ Of course not,” and the girl laughed. “ You see,” she went on, “ although you do not belong to the Church of England, I, because of the influence you have had on my father, have watched you closely. In many respects, you are as miserable as a dog with a sore head, Mr. Trewhella. Your dreams haven’t been realised ; your hopes haven’t come to pass.”

He was silent.

“ You haven’t been able to understand why, either. I will tell you. In a way, although you are such a young man, you have been spoken of as the Non-conformist Bishop of this diocese, just as my father is, legally, the real Bishop. And you are both bothered by the same thing. Mr. Trewhella,” and the girl spoke savagely, “ if I really believed in your work, I should be angry with you.”

“ Angry with me ? Why ? ”

“ Because you do not see the cause of so much of your failure ; because you are blind to the truth.”

“ What truth ? ” asked the young man in astonishment.

“ It’s the same with you as it is with my father,” replied the girl.

“ But I don’t understand what you mean,” replied Trewhella, as the girl became silent.

“ I am going to make you understand,” replied Katherine. “ When Jesus Christ was here upon earth, according to the records which were made of Him, He stood by the Sea of Galilee, and seeing some fishermen, told some of them to follow Him. I don’t suppose we have anything like a full and complete record of what took place. At any rate, there were only twelve who followed Him, and became His apostles. Just twelve ! Possibly, probably, I think, there were many more who, as the weeks and months went by, wanted to become His apostles, but Christ did not regard them in the way He regarded Peter, James, John, and the rest of the apostles. But the worst of it is, in the Church to-day, both in the Non-conformist churches as well as in the Established Church, there are hundreds, thousands of ministers who were never called of God to be ministers. *There are thousands of men who occupy the pulpits who never ought to be there, and they are doing incalculable harm.* I will say nothing of your duty, but I think it is my father’s duty to go to hundreds, and hundreds, of his clergy and say : ‘ You are not fit for your job. God doesn’t want you here ; you must go elsewhere.’ I tell you, Mr. Trewhella, I have been, during the last few years, almost driven to atheism by the men who have called themselves ordained ministers, but who are no more ordained by God than my dog John, who

is now coming across the lawn, has been ordained. Time after time, especially during the last year or so, as I have watched the young curates who have come to my father for instruction and for ordination, I have been almost sick. Men who were no more fit to be clergymen than they were fit to fly to the sun, have been accepted to the sacred work of the ministry. Forgive me for speaking like this, but isn't it true?"

"I am afraid it is," replied Trewhella. "But what can we do?"

At that moment they heard a voice coming across the lawn. "What are you two talking about?"

Looking, they saw the Bishop.

"You are looking very earnest," the old man continued. "What have you been talking about?"

"Perhaps Miss Lyneham can tell you better than I," was the young minister's reply.

Whereupon Katherine Lyneham, half laughingly, half earnestly, gave him the gist of their conversation.

"Trewhella," said the Bishop presently, after Katherine had gone into the house to attend to matters appertaining to lunch, "I must tell you again what I told you before. I wish you were one of my own clergy."

"Why?" asked Trewhella.

A long silence fell between the two men, which was not broken until the Bishop took the young man by the arm, and led him across the lawn.

"Don't you realise," he said at length, "that your work, your place is with us?"

Trewhella was silent.

“ I have thought a great deal,” went on the old man, “ while I have been up in Scotland. I have realised, too——” He stopped at this, and looked around the garden like one bewildered. Then he said : “ Trewhella, God didn’t lead us to know each other in this fashion for nothing.”

“ I scarcely know what you mean,” replied Trewhella presently.

“ I mean what I said to you before,” was the Bishop’s reply. “ Surely you can see that your work lies with us. Don’t you feel that it does ? ”

“ I am afraid not,” was his reply.

“ And do you really feel satisfied ? ”

“ Perfectly satisfied.”

The Bishop sighed as he had sighed some time before when discussing this very question. “ I wish I could see a different end to our conversation,” he said slowly, then after a long silence continued : “ You don’t mind my speaking plainly, do you, Trewhella ? ”

“ Certainly not, my lord,” was the young minister’s reply.

“ Am I right, Trewhella,” asked the Bishop, “ in thinking that you care for my daughter Kathy ? Please don’t misunderstand me, but I trust you and I are both big enough not to be tied down by conventions. I know that your behaviour to her has been propriety itself, and never once, either by word or suggestion, have I seen anything that I could condemn. At the same time, I have watched you

closely. I have seen your eyes light up when she has entered a room where you have been, and I have noticed signs which, as it seems to me, could only mean one thing. Haven't I been right ? ”

“ Yes,” replied Trewhella simply.

“ Let me be absolutely frank with you,” went on the Bishop. “ I haven't the slightest idea about Kathy's feelings towards you. As you know, during the last few months you have been at the Palace a good many times, and you have been received, as far as I know, with all due courtesy. But I know nothing of Kathy's feelings towards you, and I have never once questioned her as to what she thought of you. Do you think she likes you ? That is, do you think she looks upon you in that way at all ? ”

“ No, I think she dislikes me,” replied Trewhella.

“ Why do you think that ? ”

“ By her general demeanour. She seems to regard me as an outsider, as one who, but for your kindness, could not be tolerated.”

“ Trewhella,” said the Bishop earnestly, “ I do not pretend to know much about women, especially that side of their lives. Since my wife died at Kathy's birth, I have put women out of my life. I had a few years of undisturbed joy with my dear Mary. Then—but we will not talk of that now. As I said to you, however, I do not pretend to know women ; but I will go as far as this. I do not think they are to be judged by the same standards as you judge men, and it is quite possible, although, as I said, I know nothing

about it, Kathy may have different thoughts about you from what you imagine.—You say you are fond of her ? ” and the Bishop looked at the other keenly as he spoke.

“ I am more than fond of her,” replied Trewhella. “ As you say, I have tried to act in a seemly fashion, and as far as I know, I have not betrayed my affection for her. All the same, there is no other woman in the world for me.”

“ You say you have not spoken to her ? ” remarked the Bishop.

“ I have never said a word to her. If I had thought of doing so, I should have spoken to you first.”

“ Thank you, I believe you would,” and the Bishop cordially pressed Trewhella’s arm. “ And now, my dear young fellow, there is something else I would like to say. I do not pretend that in such a matter my influence over Kathy is more than normal. More than that, she is, as you know, a girl with an independent mind. But what I wanted to say particularly was this. If you had spoken to me about such a matter, I should have opposed you tooth and nail to use a colloquialism, and I could only have considered your plea on one condition.”

Trewhella looked at the Bishop in surprise.

“ I have told you more than once,” went on the old man, “ that I respect you highly, and in a way I cannot understand I am obliged to regard your Orders as valid. At least, I cannot help believing that God has set His seal upon them, however irregular

they may be. At the same time, I could not give my consent to a daughter of mine thinking of a schismatic in the way you confess you have thought of Kathy. Have I made myself plain ? ”

“ I think so,” replied the other. “ I understand that in spite of what you have said, you have not the slightest idea as to whether Miss Lyneham could ever care for me ? You have gained from me the knowledge that I love your daughter deeply, and that I shall never think of another woman. At the same time, you wish to tell me that you can never think of me as a son-in-law while I am what you call a schismatic ? ”

“ That’s what I mean,” replied the Bishop. “ I know this is, in a way, an utterly unconventional conversation, and that between some men it would be impossible. Doubtless many men would resent it altogether. Still, we are as we are, and I thought it my duty to be utterly frank with you. I thought I had seen what I suggested to you, and I could not help believing that your interest in Kathy was more than ordinary. That was why I felt it my duty to tell you that I could never consider you in that light while you are a schismatic.—Yes, what is it that you were going to say ? ”

Trewhella looked at his watch. It was five minutes to one. “ I was going to say this, sir,” replied Trewhella. “ Let us look at the obverse side of the question. Is that your only objection to me ? Supposing I were what you call properly ordained ; in short, that I were one of your own clergy, how would you regard me then ? ”

The Bishop's eyes filled with tears as he looked towards the young man. "Trehella," he said, "I dare not try to answer that question. I will say this, however, that I think my cup of happiness would be full if I could regard you as my child in God."

At that moment both of them heard a bell clanging inside the Palace, and a minute later Starcross appeared at the door.

"There, lunch is ready," exclaimed the Bishop, "and we must not be late."

Both men made their way toward the house. More than once the Bishop looked at the young minister, as if trying to read the state of his mind; while Trehella's eyes were fixed on the Cathedral towers, as if he expected to get an answer to the problem which was revolving in his mind.

CHAPTER XXVII

IN WHICH THE WOMAN PROPOSES

NOTHING of any importance happened during lunch, although the Bishop was evidently under the influence of what he had said to Trewhella just before. It was evident, too, that Katherine had no idea of what had taken place. If she had, I am inclined to think she would have been overwhelmed with anger. The thought that she should have been the subject of such a conversation would, under the circumstances, have aroused her quick temper to an unprecedented pitch. But she knew nothing of it, and neither was there anything in her father's demeanour, or in Trewhella's, for that matter, which aroused the slightest suspicion.

And yet she felt that something out of the ordinary was taking place. The Bishop seemed constrained, and spoke in almost stilted tones to his guest; while Trewhella, although trying to appear natural, altogether failed.

Directly lunch was over, however, the Bishop seemed to shake off the incubus which evidently rested upon him, and spoke to Trewhella in natural tones.

“There are a host of things I want to speak to you about,” he said, “and as we had no time before lunch, we will go into my study right away.”

Kathy took this as a hint that the men did not want her, and she left the dining-room almost without a word; while the Bishop, taking Trewhella's arm led him into the library.

"You remember what I said just now?" he said to the young minister. "Naturally, however, the circumstances did not permit of our continuing our discussion further. Still, our conversation this afternoon must largely depend upon your attitude towards what I said to you before lunch."

"Am I right in understanding that you wish me to reply to your suggestion?" asked Trewhella.

"I should like nothing so much as to receive you into the diocese as one of my own clergy," replied the Bishop. "As I told you not long ago, there is a parish in the diocese to which no rector has, as yet, been appointed, to succeed the man who has lately died. Financially, it is not a parish to be desired, but you, my dear Trewhella, could do untold good there. It is a parish where the late rector sought not the good of the people as a whole, but his own ease. He was a man with a large private income, and—and—I will not say anything further on that head. But you, Trewhella, could, if you were properly ordained, occupy a unique position, and do untold good. That part of the diocese has caused me much anxiety. It has been given over to the devil, and nothing has apparently been done to win it for God. Indeed," he went on, "if what I have just been speaking about were to come to pass, *nothing, as far as I am*

concerned, would be impossible," and he emphasised the last part of his sentence.

The young minister realised at that moment what temptation meant as he, perhaps, had never realised it before. He loved Katherine Lyneham. He had said nothing about it ; he had not even hinted it to anyone. When his friend, Bob Colenso, accused him of being in love with Betty Trevanion, he had held his peace ; neither had he made known his thoughts, even although by so doing he could have removed a weight from his friend's mind. Nevertheless, his occasional visits to the palace had led to his loving the bishop's daughter with an overmastering love

And now it had come to this !

It was true he did not understand what Katherine felt for him, but he thought he knew the light in which the girl regarded her father. To her, Bishop Lyneham's every wish would naturally be law, and the Bishop had as good as told him that if he were ordained according to his lordship's ideas, his heart's dearest hope would be realised. He knew, too, that if he remained a Dissenter nothing could be possible. The very idea, on the face of it, was nothing less than madness, and even although such an improbable thought that Katherine Lyneham cared for him were true, she would still regard him as a Dissenter, as an outsider, and as one who was, socially and ecclesiastically, impossible.

This was the position then. If he turned his back upon the faith in which he had been reared, and conformed to what was regarded as the law of the land,

everything might be hopeful. As the Bishop's son-in-law, the best houses would be open to him, and the Bishop would be satisfied; while the woman he loved beyond all others might become his. On the other hand, however, nothing was possible while he remained a Dissenter; nothing.

As I have said, Trewhella never knew the meaning of temptation as he knew it now, for never did it seem so easy and so pleasant to follow the dictates of desire. Nevertheless, there was something greater than desire that was the dominant factor of his life. If he obeyed the Bishop's behests, he would have been untrue to God, and as a consequence, he would have been ashamed, even although it had been made possible to stand side by side at the altar of marriage with Katherine Lyneham.

"No, sir," he said, "I can never submit to re-ordination, and ecclesiastically I shall never be anything but what I am."

The Bishop was silent for more than a minute. Then he sighed deeply. "I am sorry, Trewhella," he said. "As you will see, it makes everything impossible."

"The work of God will go on, sir," was Trewhella's reply.

A long silence again ensued, and it was evident that the Bishop was also fighting a great battle.

"I am sorry for this," he said again at length. "No man knows, or ever can know, how sorry. Had this conversation taken place a few years ago, I am afraid I should have been tempted to let you know

that I did not desire to see any more of you. But I cannot do that now. I have seen into your heart, and while I cannot help being a Churchman, and a strong Churchman into the bargain, I will go further: While I cannot help believing that the ordination of my own clergy is superior to that of your own, I cannot be blind to truth, and we must go on as we have been going."

After that, for more than an hour, the two men discussed plans for work, and even although a barrier often seemed to stand between them, each did his utmost to remove it.

Presently Starcross appeared. "Tea is laid on the lawn, my lord," the man informed him. "Miss Lyneham said that as summer is fast approaching an end, we must make the most of it."

"Certainly," replied the Bishop with a laugh. "My daughter is quite right. We will have tea on the lawn."

Barely had they sat down under the shade of the old plane tree, however, that Starcross again appeared.

"There's a telephone message from the Bishop of ——," and he mentioned the name of a cathedral town. "He says he would like to see you in Rodney in an hour's time," the servant informed him.

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed the Bishop. "That will mean that I must start at once, or, at least, nearly at once. Will you tell Evans to get out the car immediately, and prepare to drive to Rodney," he said to Starcross.

"Very good, my lord,"

A few minutes later Trewhella and Katherine Lyneham were left together.

“Have you and my father had an interesting conversation?” asked the girl.

“Very,” replied Trewhella. Then he looked at his watch. “Excuse me, Miss Lyneham, but it is time for me to go.”

“Would you have said that if my father hadn’t been called away?” asked the girl bluntly.

“Perhaps not, but——”

“Then stay,” replied the girl. “That is, unless you have some other engagement.”

“No, I have no other engagement until seven o’clock.”

“What have you and my father been talking about?” and the girl spoke peremptorily.

“About the work we arranged to do together,” was the reply, after which neither spoke for a long time.

“Do you know,” said the girl presently, “that my father is being untrue to the convictions of a lifetime in associating with you in the way he does?”

Trewhella was silent.

“My father is, both by nature and association, a strong sacerdotalist,” the girl said. “Up to two years ago he wouldn’t have dreamed of working in conjunction with a Dissenter.”

Trewhella was still silent.

“Do you know why he has changed so?” she asked.

“No.”

“Personally, I believe in nothing,” asseverated the

girl, "and yet in a way I cannot understand, I wish my father had been true to his one-time convictions. Do you know my opinion about you?" she added, and there was antagonism in her tones.

"I haven't troubled to think," he answered with pride equal to her own.

"Then I will tell you. If there is any truth in Christianity at all, you are a usurper of a sacred office, you are an outsider, and you have no business to be occupying the position you occupy."

"Thank you, Miss Lyneham," he replied. "Seeing that that is your view, I will rid you of my presence. Good afternoon."

"No, no," and she spoke eagerly, "don't go yet. I have much more to say to you."

"Of the same nature?" he asked.

"Perhaps," replied the girl. "At any rate, what I have in my mind to say to you is doubtless caused by the feelings which prompted what I have already said."

"Then I repeat," replied Trewhella, "that I had better leave you. You see," he added, "it is impossible for me to speak to you as you have spoken to me."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because no gentleman insults a lady. Only a clown can do that, and I am not a clown."

Again he rose from the tea-table as if to leave her, but she placed her hand upon his arm, and almost forced him back to his seat.

"No, you must not leave me yet," she commanded.

“ I have much more to say to you. Do you regard Bob Colenso as your friend ? ”

“ The best friend I ever had,” was his reply. “ Why do you ask ? ”

“ He said something to me which at the time I laughed at,” replied the girl ; “ something about you ; something which isn’t true.”

“ What is that ? ”

“ He said you had a fatal fascination for women. That cannot be true, can it ? Because, you see, I hate you.”

“ I am sorry,” replied the young minister ; “ but please remember that I know nothing of it, neither have I, as far as I know, done or said anything to you to merit your feelings towards me.” Then he added : “ But what led Bob Colenso to make such a remark about me ? ”

“ He hinted that you had won the love of that girl in Cornwall,” she replied. “ What do you call her ?—Betty Trevanion—that’s it ! Have you made love to her ? ”

“ Made love to her ? I have never thought of such a thing ! ” was Trewhella’s reply. “ Besides, she cares no more for me than I care for her.”

“ And there is no understanding between you ? ”

“ Not the shadow of a shade of understanding between us.”

“ She struck me as a nice child.”

“ Yes, that’s just what she is : a nice child. She is a beautiful child too, and perhaps some day she will be the happy wife of a good man. But she is nothing to me ; never can be ”

“Do you ever think of getting married?” asked Katherine, and her question came as suddenly as a pistol shot.

“I have no hope of being,” replied Trewhella.

“Why?” asked the girl.

“Why?” and the young man spoke almost bitterly.

“My position prohibits it.”

“What position?”

“The position you sneered at a few minutes ago,” replied Trewhella grimly. “You said that I was the usurper of a sacred office. Shouldn’t that be enough to prohibit me from ever thinking of marriage?”

“Why should it?” And again the question rang out sharp and clear.

“I do not wish to discuss the question further,” he replied. “I realise that I am called to do big work. Rightly or wrongly, I seem to be looked upon as a leader among my brother ministers, and that seems to prohibit my being anything else.”

“But surely,” protested the girl after a long silence, “the thought of looking forward to a life of celibacy, without a home, without a wife, without children, is, in many ways, almost ghastly.”

“I should still have my work.”

“Yes, but couldn’t you do your work better if you had a wife? I mean, a wife who really loved you, and who would be your helpmate?”

“Perhaps, but I have no hopes in that direction; no possible chance.”

“Why?”

“Because the only woman I could ever think of

in that way has told me that I am the usurper of a sacred office," replied Trewhella savagely. "She seems to regard me as a mockery, and a sham. Therefore, much as I love her, I would rather die than insult her by asking her to think of me in that way. Besides, it would be no use."

Katherine Lyneham laughed as though a joke had been perpetrated, but she did not speak.

"No, I am not such a fool as to expect the impossible," he went on. "Some time ago, Miss Lyneham, you asked me what your father and I had been talking about, and I told you that we had been discussing our plans for the welfare of the district. But that was not all."

"No?" queried the girl, and there was a strange light in her eyes.

"No," replied Trewhella. "He told me that while he could not doubt that I was called to the ministry, he could not regard me as he regarded one of his own clergy. He also told me——" He stopped suddenly. He realised that the words upon his lips were such as he had no right to speak; that he would be divulging what the Bishop had said to him as something which existed between them only.

"Yes, what did he tell you?" and Katherine Lyneham spoke peremptorily.

"I refuse to tell you."

"But you are going to tell me everything," cried the girl confidently. "Meanwhile, tell me this. Why do you refuse?"

"Because I have no right to repeat it."

Katherine Lyneham rose from her chair at the head of the little tea-table at which she sat as if with difficulty. Then she moved a few steps across the lawn, but a few seconds after she returned, and again sat by the tea-table. There was a strange light in her eyes, also a curious look of wonder, wonder amounting to awe.

Trewhella looked at her like one fascinated, but did not speak a word.

Both of them were silent for more than a minute. The man knew that although he had spoken almost in anger, he had told the woman he loved her; while she, according to his fancy, thought herself insulted by what he had said.

Still, he could not help looking at her, and wondering at the awestruck expression on her face, as well as, what seemed to him, the angry light which shone from her eyes.

“ Good afternoon, Miss Lyneham,” he said quietly. “ The sun is setting, and if I were you I would go back to the house. It’s been a fine day; all the same, the sun has gone, and I would not, if I were you, expose myself to the danger of a cold.”

“ No, no, don’t go yet, I have more to say to you ! ” she urged.

“ I am going,” he replied. “ Good afternoon.”

“ No ! no ! ” she repeated. “ There is something else I want to say to you.”

“ What ? ”

“ I want you to marry me—Dick. Will you ? ” And a light came into her eyes such as he had never seen before.

“What?” he gasped

“I want you to marry me,” she repeated. “Will you?”

“But—but——” he stammered.

She did not allow him to conclude his sentence. “You think I don’t mean it,” she cried, “but I do.” I have loved you for months. I have fought against it ever since I knew it was coming to me. You are the only man in the world for me, Dick, and if you won’t have me, I shall die an old maid. *But I don’t want to.* I want to be your wife, Dick, and—and when I saw that you were not going to ask me—I determined to ask you. You *will* marry me, won’t you—Dick?” Then for the first time for years Katherine Lyneham burst out sobbing.

“But, Miss Lyneham——”

“I am not Miss Lyneham,” she sobbed, “and you know I am not. I am your own Kathy; your own for ever and ever. You told me just now that you loved me, told me in spite of yourself, and after that everything became possible.”

“But your father said——”

“I don’t care what my father said!” laughed the girl, still sobbing. “I guessed when you came into lunch something of what you had been talking about, and when you came here to tea I knew what was in the minds of both of you. But what could I do? I wasn’t sure, and I was afraid you didn’t love me, Dick. But you do, don’t you?”

“Every bit of me loves you,” laughed Trewhella. “I love you with every fibre of my being.”

“ Then aren't you going to kiss me ? ” she cried. “ We are out of everyone's sight here under the plane tree, so no one will see us.”

At that moment Dick Trewhella did not care if the eyes of all the world were upon him. The miracle of Katherine's love made everything pale before it. The realisation of what he had regarded as a far-off and hopeless dream was a wonderful reality, and Katherine stood before him with parted lips, lips which not only invited him, but which told him of a great welcome, made everything possible, and he clasped her madly to his heart.

“ You are not vexed with me, Dick, are you ? ” she sobbed.

“ I love you for everything you have done,” was the young man's ardent reply. “ But, Kathy ? ”

“ Yes, Dick, what is it ? ”

“ Your father won't consent.”

“ Then we will do everything without his consent,” cried the girl savagely.

“ What, do you, a Bishop's daughter, dare to say that ? ”

“ I told you that in spite of the fact that I was a Bishop's daughter, I was a heathen,” replied the girl. “ Besides, you and I will make him consent, Dick.”

CHAPTER XXVIII

JOHN CORNUBIA'S MESSAGE

THAT same night the young minister braved the Bishop in his study.

“ You know what I told you, Trewhella, during our discussion this afternoon ? ” urged the latter.

“ I remember perfectly well, sir.”

“ What you ask is impossible ! Remember that ! Such a thing is out of the question ! Kathy is my only child, and it would be regarded as a scandal not only among the people of Belgrave, but throughout the whole country if I, known as a High Church Bishop, almost an Anglo-Catholic in fact, were to give my consent to my daughter marrying a militant Nonconformist minister.”

Trewhella laughed.

“ You feel that, don't you ? ”

“ Not a bit of it,” replied the young man.

Katherine's greeting as he came to the door a few minutes before, and the warm kiss which still burnt on his lips as she greeted him, made him feel like laughing at what the old Bishop had said. Besides, he had expected something of the sort, and he was not dismayed.

“ I thought I could have trusted to your honour,”

said the Bishop. "I told you my views about the matter. You knew that while *everything* was possible—for I was careful to assure you—if you took orders in our Church, that *nothing* was possible while you remained what you are. You understood that, and yet, in the face of it, you made love to Kathy, you caused her to disobey me. I regard that as a breach of honour, Trewhella, a downright breach of honour, and I must say, I didn't expect it of you."

This was hard to bear. Trewhella felt he could not repeat what had actually taken place, and yet to be told that he had acted a dishonourable part was hard to suffer.

At that moment, however, the library door opened, and Katherine rushed in. "I have heard every word you said," she announced. "Yes, I know you will tell me that I, too, have acted a dishonourable part, for I listened at the door; but I couldn't help it. I am glad I did, too. I thought you might make such an accusation, and I knew that Dick would not deny it, so I am going to deny it for him," and thereupon she told her father that it was not Trewhella who had proposed to her, but that it was she who had proposed to him.

"But—but my dear——," protested the Bishop.

"I don't care what you say," cried the girl. "You have more than once asked me to marry the men who have proposed to me. Only three months ago Sir Charles Maxwell's eldest son proposed to me, and you wanted me to marry him, although I didn't love him. There was that other vile man, too, that rich

brewer who had buried his second wife a few weeks before, who wanted to have me, and you were perfectly willing for me to sell myself to either of them because they had heaps of money. But I wouldn't."

"But Kathy, my dear, don't you see . . ."

"No, I don't see," broke in the girl, "and what is more, I never want to see what's in your mind. I have heard you say a hundred times that Dick was the finest man you had ever met, and that you wish he were one of your clergy. Well, he isn't, and he says he never will be. For that matter, I don't wish it myself."

"But Kathy . . ."

"No, I don't," cried the girl. "If he were to do what you wanted him to do, he wouldn't be the man he is, and then I shouldn't love him. But I do love him, and we are going to be married, aren't we, Dick?" and she looked saucily into her lover's face.

"As soon as ever your father will marry us," was the other's reply.

"As you must realise," said the Bishop sternly, "that can never be."

"What!" cried the girl indignantly.

"That can never be," repeated the Bishop, and for a moment Trewhella's heart sunk within him.

To him, at all events, the Bishop of Belgrave was a very great ecclesiastic, and occupied an impregnable position. In one sense, he, Trewhella, having no respect for the attitude the Bishop had taken in the matter, felt like denying his right to interfere, and opposing him to the last extremity. On the other

hand, however, he remembered that he was a Christian minister, and that he occupied a position of eminence not only in Belgrave, but for many miles around. More than that, too, if the knowledge that he and the Bishop had, to all intents and purposes quarrelled, were to become widely known, it would have a disastrous effect upon the work they had been doing during the last two years. It was for that reason, even although he loved Kathy like his own life, that he felt hopeless, and practically despaired of ever making the woman he loved his wife.

But he reckoned without Kathy. To her, at all events, the Bishop of Belgrave was not only a great ecclesiastic; he was a fond, loving father. He was very human, too, and Katherine was enough of a woman to see what this meant.

“Father,” she cried, “I haven’t given you much trouble in the past, have I?”

“No, my dear,” admitted the Bishop, “you have been a very good daughter, and I confess it gladly. It’s true you haven’t always seen eye to eye with me on Church matters. That is not a matter which I have taken seriously, because I felt sure that you would, in the long run, see as I saw. But this,” and he nodded his head towards Trewhella, “is terrible! Just think of it! You say you are determined to marry a man who is a dissenter, a schismatic! You, a Bishop’s daughter!”

“Yes,” broke in the girl, “and if you refuse, the world shall know *why* you have refused. Just think of it! You were willing for me to marry that brewer

man, a filthy devil, as you yourself knew ; while you refuse to give your consent to my marrying the best man you ever met ! And the world shall know it, too ! ”

“ But Kathy . . . ”

“ I repeat, the world shall know it ! ” protested the girl.

The Bishop saw what was in his daughter’s mind. Beel, the brewer in question, had not been silent about the fact that he wanted to marry the Bishop’s daughter, and that the great ecclesiastic himself had given his consent to his paying court to her. While now, if he persisted in his refusal to allow his daughter to marry the man against whom no breath of evil could be raised, and who was known to be the most tremendous power for good for many miles around, it would make his own name a byword and a mockery.

“ And that is not all,” cried the girl, following up the advantage she was sure she had obtained over him. “ If it becomes known that you have refused to let Dick marry me, what would the world say about it ? ”

“ The world ? ” repeated the Bishop.

“ Yes, the world,” replied the girl. “ You have been one of the foremost in saying that the divisions in the Christian Church are not only a byword among irreligious people, but a scandal. What will the world say about your arguments for Christian Unity while you refuse to give your consent to Dick marrying me because he doesn’t see eye to eye with you on ecclesiastical matters ? ” cried the girl. “ *Of course, I knew all the time you were preaching that you expected*

all dissenters to come around to your way of thinking, and, therefore, I knew how much importance to attach to it. But that's not what the world would say!"

The Bishop did not reply to this, but he saw what was in his daughter's mind. He had been one of those who, in spite of his sacerdotal proclivities, had been loud in his advocacy of Christian Union; and while it was true that, as his daughter had just told him, in his heart of hearts he expected other people to come to him, while he would not go to them, he would not admit it publicly. This fact had its effect upon him, and perhaps all the more so because he knew that Trehella heard every word that was said, and that not only he, but all those who thought with him, would laugh him, the Bishop, to scorn when he advocated the breaking down of denominational barriers.

Still, he felt that what Kathy was pleading for was impossible. He could not, whatever she might say, brave the opinions of his brother bishops, and allow his daughter to marry a dissenting minister. It was true he might be placed in a peculiar position, and that he himself might be laughed at for his action. For all that, however, he could not disavow not only the opinions of a life-time, but the traditions of generations.

Kathy, however, womanlike, was not easily beaten. Moreover, she had reserved her most formidable weapons until last. She knew the Bishop far better than he knew himself. She knew, too, that while he would protest that he was only moved by logic and

reason, his most vulnerable side was his great human affections.

“ And that’s not all, Daddy,” she cried, as she put her arms around his neck. “ You would like your little girl to be happy, wouldn’t you ? You wouldn’t like to die with the thought that your daughter was going to live a sunless life because you wouldn’t consent to a marriage which would make her happy, would you ? ”

“ But Kathy——” he began in protest.

“ It’s one of the very few things I have ever asked you since I reached womanhood,” cried the girl, “ and I am sure you wouldn’t like us to be estranged. It’s not that I love you any the less, daddy. I think I have loved you all the more since I have loved Dick, and . . . ”

“ But Kathy, my dear,” yielded the old Bishop, “ how could I meet my old friends if—if . . . ”

“ Better than you have ever been able to meet them before,” cried the girl. “ As I said, you have, all along, been advocating Christian Union, and you have to admit, too, that the greatest causes in the world are languishing for want of leaders. Isn’t Christian Union a great cause ? and if you joined forces with Dick, and became pioneers in a great crusade for Christian Union ; if—if——” and the girl sprung to her feet as if she had seen a vision, “ there should be a great movement towards breaking down the barriers of denominationalism, while you and Dick were looked upon as the chief protagonists in bringing around such a happy consummation, why,” and the

girl's eyes flashed at the thought, "you would go down to history as the men who had led the greatest movement of all the ages!"

"Do you really think so?" he asked

"I am *sure*, dad!" cried the girl.

The Bishop was evidently deep in thought for more than a minute. Then turning to Trewhella he said: "If that is so, we shall have to reconsider our winter's work—Dick, my son."

"Then—then—you——?" stammered the girl.

"Of course, you always get the better of me," cried the old man, his eyes filling with tears.

"Oh Dick, my darling!" and the girl threw her arms around her lover's neck; while their lips met in what they always remembered afterwards as their betrothal kiss.

* * * * *

The afore-going took place in September of 19—, and during the winter that followed, the old Bishop and his strangely-elected prospective son-in-law worked as even they had never worked before. Many of the people of Rodney declared that no navvy in the land laboured half so hard as the Bishop; while vast multitudes of people declared that Trewhella was nothing short of a miracle.

"Both of them are here, there and everywhere," was generally stated concerning them, "and everywhere they go, there seems to be a new and better meaning in everything."

Neither did the engagement between Trewhella and Kathy (and the fact of the engagement immediately

became known) cause so much dismay and criticism as was expected. Indeed, as the young minister was seen to make his way up to the Bishop's Palace, and soon after to appear in this Bishop's car riding with his prospective father-in-law to fulfil some engagement, a vast majority of the people laughed good-humouredly, and declared that it was as it should be.

One evening, it was in the May following the September when Kathy had become betrothed to the man she loved, she and Trewhella appeared before the Bishop.

"Yes, Dick my boy," said the older man, looking into the young minister's face, "I know I ought to go to those conventions which you have arranged for, but I really cannot. I am worn out, and need a rest."

"Of course you do," Trewhella replied. "I have settled everything satisfactorily about them, too, so there is no need for either of us to be worried on that score. You must obey your doctor's behests, too, and have a complete rest. But before you do, Kathy and I want to know when we can get married. We don't want to wait much longer," he added. "Surely eight month's engagement is quite long enough! Besides, Kathy thinks she will be a great assistance to me when we are married."

The Bishop laughed at this and then became thoughtful. "I will tell you to-morrow morning," he replied. "Somehow, I don't know why, but I can't tell you to-night what I think about it. By the way, have you seen Bob Colenso lately?"

"Not for some time," replied Trewhella. "Bob

has become such an influence in the political world that he has no time to visit his old friends."

"Ah! Good night, Dick my boy," and the Bishop held out his hand to Trewhella. "Good night, my darling," and he kissed his daughter affectionately. "I shall see you both in the morning, shan't I?"

"Yes, Dad," was the reply, "you will see us both in the morning."

When Trewhella came to the Palace on the following morning, however, the Bishop was looking very grave and thoughtful.

"I am greatly shocked, Trewhella," he said sadly.

"I am afraid I know the reason," was the other's reply.

The Bishop looked at him questioningly. "Does that mean that you, too, have heard from Cornubia?" he asked.

"A letter came by the first post telling me that 'The Duke' was dead," he replied. "Betty Trevanion told me she had written you, and that she wanted us both to come and conduct the service. Is that what is making you look so sad, sir?"

"Not sad, my boy, but thoughtful. Of course, the old man was very much older than I, and had long outlived what we call the natural span of a man's life. Still, such an event makes one thoughtful, doesn't it? Of course, we must go down. Betty says she wants Kathy to come, too. She wants us to come as soon as possible," he added. "When can you be ready?"

Early the following morning the three started for

the West of England, Kathy declaring her determination to bring Betty back with her. "The child will go mad if she is left there alone," she declared.

When they arrived at Cornubia, however, Betty greeted them with a smile. Indeed, her whole demeanour was so gladsome that she might have been making arrangements for a feast instead of for a funeral.

"Come with me, Kathy," she cried, "I want to show you my dress. It's the prettiest I ever wore, and I am sure you will say so when you see it."

Without a word Kathy accompanied the girl to her bedroom, where spread on the bed was a garment of bright colours.

"He told me to have it made more than a week ago," exclaimed the girl. "He knew that the end was coming, and laughed with me about it. He told me that he hated sober gowns for funerals. 'Why should you be sad, my dear,' he said. 'I am only going to another room in the Father's house? It's beautiful here at this time of the year, but it is not nearly so beautiful as the home our Lord has prepared for me, and I want you to array yourself in the brightest and the gayest garments.' You like my dress, don't you, Kathy?" and the Bishop's daughter could not help confessing that the girl was right.

"Did you see Bob?" the girl continued, as with a flush on her face, she turned towards the girl with whom she had become friendly.

"Is he here?" asked Kathy.

"He came a week ago," replied Betty. "It was at

father's wish that I wrote him, and told him to come. We are engaged," she added proudly, "and, as a consequence, both of us are very happy."

She led the way downstairs as she spoke, and presently came to a room where not only the Bishop and Trewhella sat, but where Bob Colenso had also joined them.

"Have you told them, Bob?" she asked, as her eyes flashed into those of the young man.

"Yes, Betty my dear," replied Bob Colenso.

"Bob pleaded with him more than a year ago to be allowed to be engaged to me," explained Betty, "but he said the time had not arrived. Even three days ago when Bob asked that we might get married, he wouldn't consent to it, would he, Bob?"

"No," replied the young man. "He said I must fulfil my vocation first. He told me that he was going to watch in Heaven while young Trelawney and myself led the nations to disarm. He declared that we must not talk about marriage, or giving in marriages while, in spite of the late war, the world was armed to the teeth ready for another war. He said, too, that when we led the nations to destroy the weapons of war, our lives would be a great reality."

"And are you going to wait till then?" asked Trewhella.

"He says it will not be long," replied Bob. "He said that the angels which sang on the plains of Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago in order to proclaim the coming of Christ, are waiting to sing with great acclamation the fulfilment of His mission

The time is nearer than you think," added the young man. "There is a movement in the world which shows that the nations are tired of the ghastly anachronism of the weapons of warfare and preparedness to fly at each other's throats in deadly struggle. The world is longing for a message of perpetual peace. And it's coming! Betty's father said just before he died that Trelawney and I were called to be leaders for that purpose, and, of course, while I am not a leader, Trelawney is, and the nations of the world are listening to his voice."

"Will you come and see him?" asked Betty. "I know he would like you to come. You see, he gave me a message for you, and he told me where I was to deliver it. Come, will you?"

The three men and the two girls found their way upstairs, where, lying on a bed, lay the remains of the man who had been spoken of as "The Duke of Cornubia."

To all of them it was impossible not to feel the solemnity of the occasion; while all of them felt, too, that it was impossible to be sad. Even in death there was a smile upon the old man's face, and all felt that to him, death was a great victory.

"What was the message he left for me?" asked the Bishop, as, after a time, amidst a great silence, they stood and watched the old man's face.

"He told me to tell you that you must rejoice greatly in having Mr. Trewhella to be your friend and co-worker," replied Betty. "He told me to tell you that God knew nothing of the little distinctions to

which, even yet, you attach so much importance. He urged me, too, to tell you that you and Mr. Trewhella must go on doing the great work you have been doing."

"Is that all?" asked the Bishop after a long silence.

"No, it is not all," replied Betty. "After expressing a desire that you and Mr. Trewhella should say the words at his graveside which have to be said, and after you have told his friends and neighbours not to grieve for him because he was not ending his life, but beginning it anew, he said something else."

"What did he say?" asked Trewhella.

"He said only a few minutes before he went to join the angels who awaited him," replied the child, and there was a look of infinite contentment in her eyes. "Tell Lyneham," he said, "tell Trewhella that we shall meet in the Morning."

"Was that all?" asked the Bishop.

"That was all the message," replied the girl, but she repeated it several times. "We shall meet again in the Morning. We shall meet again in the Morning."

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Thus the old house of Cornubia was not a house of mourning at all. Rather, it was a house of rejoicing. It was true that a coffin was brought there that night, and whispering voices were heard among the men who brought it, but neither the Bishop nor Trewhella, nor Bob Colenso, nor the two girls were either sad or despondent. Rather, a great joy filled their hearts, for the majestic face of the old man had told them

nothing of the victory of death, but of the victory of Life.

That same night, after the little party had partaken of dinner, the Bishop expressed the desire to look at some of "The Duke's" books, and went away alone into the library for that purpose. Trewhella and Kathy, however, found their way into the grounds.

"It is impossible not to see how happy that child is," remarked Kathy.

"Bob Colenso is just as happy as she," laughed Dick.

"Yes, they are both sure that they will not have to wait long," and there was a bright light in Kathy's eyes. "It is good to know that Bob is no longer a jealous man," she added, "and that he is sure of his heart's true mate."

"He is not as sure as I am of mine," was Trewhella's glad response.

THE END