

But many things about Bride had been strange of late. The people in the pews fidgeted audibly. Some one at the door—the bride at last! No, this solitary grey-haired lady could not be that. She walked firmly up the aisle to the bridegroom's side, and silently handed him a letter. He broke the cover, read four lines, and stared wildly at the messenger as if she were an apparition. He clung to his friend's arm, whispered a few words in his ear, and then the people knew that Knox Church would see no wedding that day.

Locked in his own room, he read it to the bitter end. The boyish grace of the bridegroom had fallen from him; he looked a stricken old man.

The letter began without heading or address:—

Helen Renner's sister gives you this. As Helen Renner waited vainly at the altar for you in Auckland, so you have waited vainly in Dunedin for Bride Oliphant. O man, did you think that the mills of God were grinding the wind?

I know the mystery of the Sun Tower now,

and share it with you as I promised. Helen Renner lives there, dragging out a long life in death. In her madness she looks every day eastward for her bridegroom's ship. She has looked for it for twenty years. As I watched her there I thought of the grim demon's joke of your anger with Keith Macleod. True, you did not drown a woman; you never, I suppose, spoke a harsh word to a woman in your life. You only murdered Helen Renner's mind. And yet Keith Macleod will rise up in judgment against you and the like of you. A grim demon's joke indeed that you are the champion of the Woman's Kingdom!—you, whose whole life has been a war upon us with the little lying poisoned arrows of man's vanity! For I have learned much of your past now, and understand at last—late, but not too late.

Hubert Torrance covered his eyes with his hands. He tried to see Helen Renner sitting in the Sun Tower, but he could only see Bride's sibylline face looking into the cauldron at Ota Gorge.

Then he looked up with a ghastly smile.

"Heaven help the world!" he said.

"The women are learning to be just."



C. E. Caley,

FIRST LENGTH OF ELECTRIC TRAM LINE LAID IN NEW ZEALAND.

Auckland.