

it was nine of the following evening before Tony rode over the two miles of tussock and swamp-flax to light Jamison's lantern. The dead manuka-wreath lay on the wooden verandah where Crandeck had flung it, and Tony's eyes were troubled as he climbed the little hill through the restless, windy dark.

At foot of the flagstaff he stumbled, and fell over something soft that gave to his weight without sound. He felt it with his hands. Then he knelt upright, and spoke to the march of triumphant wind that was the voice of the plain.

"Well—you've got her at last!

You needn't make such a row about it, need you?"

The spurred boots that brushed the tussock over the hill-crest were Crandeck's, and it was Crandeck who said:

"Where is she? I know she's here. She left me—give her to me, Tony."

Tony lit the lantern, and strung it half-mast. But he did not speak, and Crandeck asked no questions.

For, according to her promise, Our Lady had pulled away the clouds that rimmed the land of his dream, and behind them he saw her lie dead in the night under the flicker of Jamison's lantern.



➤: FAITH. :➤

A LITTLE boat, outlaunched on troublous seas,
To reach a port it wots not of; to reach
Or sink; or still, though seeming sinking, reach:
And thus our life. Yet there be some
That reck not wave nor tempest, rock nor calm—
Upheld through all by what we men call "Faith."
So high, so true, those voyageurs of heart,
'Twould seem that Faith, and only Faith, on earth
Can comfort bring; an all-abiding trust
That, spite of buffetings and sternesses
And storms, that haven we desire
In due time we shall see,—that He
Who set us forth will draw us safe at last.—G. L. TACON.