

dominating the other. 'And as to my assumption, it rests upon many small links in a chain which has led me here, upon a conviction which has seized me since I have come into your presence, and also' (he hesitated an instant) 'upon your resemblance to the portrait.'

'You have seen the portrait?' the older man exclaimed, and there was a startled look upon his face as of one driven to bay. Then he sank back into his chair, passing his hand wearily over his face. 'Am I never to be done with that miserable case,—never to be secure even in the most obscure retreat?'

'Believe one thing, sir,' interposed Phileas, seizing upon the tacit admission, and speaking under the influence of a strong emotion. 'No word nor act of mine shall tend to your annoyance. I am here altogether in the interests of right and justice, that old wrongs may be righted and old difficulties adjusted.'

'That can scarcely be, sir,' said the gentleman, coldly. 'There are difficulties which can not be adjusted, nor, I warn you, can they be discussed.'

'But discussion is absolutely necessary, Mr. Vorst,' pleaded the lawyer: 'and I am sure that your sense of justice will permit me to make a definite statement of much that has transpired within the past year. The credentials which I have brought from one in whom you have confidence must assure you that not without the gravest reasons would I have intruded upon your privacy. May I speak?'

The head was once more bowed and there was a look of distress upon the face, but the desired permission was given.

'Let me preface my statement of the new aspect of affairs by an announcement that may possibly be new to you,' began the attorney,—'that the plaintiff in the case of Spooner *vs.* Vorst has become a Catholic.'

'She, Martha, a Catholic!' cried the old man in amazement, while wonder and incredulity were written upon every feature.

'Having been received into the Church by Father Van Buren just one year ago, she is naturally desirous of readjusting her business affairs.'

The old man looked steadily down at the floor, and there was a silence between the two. Then he said slowly:

'Your statement is, indeed, of the gravest importance, and no doubt must make a material difference. Did these business affairs, however, concern me alone, my preference would be to leave things as they are. Personally, I have but one desire—freedom from strife. But, since the rights and interests of others have to be considered, I will hear what is proposed.'

In the same attitude of weariness, and keeping a strained attention upon the lawyer, John Vorst listened, according a meed of admiration to the speaker for the brief and well-chosen words in which he made his statement, together with a delicacy that avoided all needlessly painful references. And this thought he expressed when Phileas had concluded.

'The plaintiff,' he said, 'is fortunate in her attorney.'

'Who,' said Phileas, laughing off the compliment, 'was introduced to her by Father Van Buren as a briefless young barrister, at liberty to give unlimited time to her affairs.'

'I am quite sure he had other considerations in his mind when he made that recommendation,' remarked the old man, courteously; 'and as for the briefs, they will not be long in coming. But to return to the matter in hand. You must give me a little time to adjust my mind to new conditions. Of course it is now unnecessary to inform you that I am indeed John Vorst. I shall be most happy to see you again in a day or two, when I have had time to consider the new aspects of the case.'

He outstretched a cordial hand to Phileas, who, thus dismissed, took his leave, elated at the progress he had made, and promising to call within the week.

(To be continued.)

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## MONSIEUR L'ABBE BOHAN, SOLDAT

There is no need to relate the adventures of the 109th Regiment in these last two and a-half months of the Great War. Suffice it to say that never did men enter a fight so fit to acquit themselves well as we, when first we heard the boom of hostile guns and saw the grey-coated hordes moving down the vine-clad slopes of Champagne. It had come at last the great battle, for which all the training and instruction of three years had been but a rehearsal. And it was France we were fighting for against an invader, an inveterate foe. We had made our peace with God, and with us too marched His priest, that weedy-looking sergeant, blue-coated as we were, with the same battered cap, and baggy trousers that had once been red, and a Lebel slung at his shoulder. Through the dust and the slush of weary miles he trudged with us, and into the smoke and the roar and the rattle of the firing line he went, and the headlong scuffle of the bayonet charge. There is not a man amongst the remnant of the 109th that is left who won't stand bareheaded before you at the mention of le Sergeant Bohan. One and all they voted that he well deserved the military medal for valor for which he was recommended for his skill and dash displayed in several reconnaissance parties. A fine and capable soldier he was in the field and on the march. But a priest the kindest, the gentlest was Jean through the dreary waiting in the water sodden trenches, and in the long night watches, and by the side of a wounded comrade; or when he sat on an ammunition box, his cap in his hand, and we knelt one by one in the mud at his feet; or, as too seldom happened, he stood at some village altar vested for Mass, his muddied boots and leggings showing beneath the alb.

Writing these lines as I do in the garden of an old country house far removed indeed from wars' alarms, the past two months seem as a long restless nightmare. The recollections of days and nights and weeks seem hopelessly mingled together in a vague memory of hideous noise and intense pain and continual effort and strain; but out of this dimness there start vivid little pictures of incidents that at the time of their occurrence have meant but a glance of the eyes: the look of surprise and then disgust on the face of the first German who stood in the way of my bayonet: the glimpse of a Taube high up, soundless, and remote against the quiet saffron glories of a morning sky: or the flash of bare knees as a Highland regiment charged. But the rest is like a hideous dream, to be thrust from the mind as such. That is why I am so blissfully content now merely to lie still in this quaint old garden, drinking in the quietness and peace of it, idly interested in the dry rustle of autumn leaves, and the gossamer patterns of last night's dew in the shadow of the yew hedge, and the flaunting blooms of dahlia and chrysanthemum. But there is one sequence of memories that stands out distinct against the general riot, memories of the last day's fighting I witnessed, the day the old 109th was so badly mauled.

How well I can see our long blue-coated line straggling along the crest of a swell of ground. I can hear the gingle of accoutrements, the breathing of my neighbors, some quiet-voiced remark and a low laugh in reply. There was a slope of ploughed land and meadows below us, with a haystack in one of them sending up a column of smoke. Then there was a line of poplars bordering a road, and beyond that the slight opposing swell with more meadow land dotted with woods. The 'Boches' were entrenched above. The long line wavered as we trotted down the incline a hundred yards or so, and then flung ourselves flat on the ground. Officers and sergeants peered carefully through field glasses. A word of command ran down the line. Again we dashed forward, making for the ditch by the roadside, and gained it just in time. Shrapnel and larger shell flew screaming over us and dug deep pits in the fields behind. Several of the poplar trees snapped off at the top and scattered branches and twigs over us. Again we leaped forward, but this time with fountains of earth and flame and bullets spouting round us. But