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They were alone on the berg and with a snarl he sprang forward. Terrified and unnerved, Orchardson sprang back, his heels caught on a projecting spike of ice, and with a wild cry he fell backwards into a deep crevasse. For some moments Christian knelt listening, but no sound came from the ice-bound tomb, and at last, he staggered to his feet.

"In Thine own good time, oh Lord," he whispered, "in Thine own good time."

Shivering, he retraced his steps to where the ship had been, but naught but a bleak expanse of water greeted him. Wildly he called aloud, running from point to point, but no answering hail was heard, and at last he flung himself face downward in the snow.

"Alone," he groaned in the agony of his spirit. "Oh, God of mercy—alone!"

IV.—A Greater Power than Hate.

PRESENTLY he pulled himself together and returned to the cave, whither the ship's stores had been taken. Next day a further shock awaited him, Blood-stained, his clothes in tatters. Richard Orchardson staggered from the gloom and faced him, then snatching up a hatchet, he rushed at his enemy.

"Curse you, Christiansen—"

In a trice he was disarmed, then as Christian stood over him, all the hatred of the past years, all the wrongs this man had done him and those he loved, rose before him and he raised the axe to strike, but even as he did so Priscilla's gentle voice seemed to come from out of the sighing gale:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord—I will repay!"

He flung the axe away. "As far as I am concerned, Richard Orchardson, you can live!"

But Orchardson was nearly spent. His fall had injured him and it was soon evident that the end was near.

"Forgive," he whispered, "forgive!"

"I do forgive," Christiansen answered "as I hope to be forgiven!"

"Priscilla—"

"Priscilla," a sob rose in the strong man's throat, "we have both lost her, Richard Orchardson. We have lost everything. We are alone with God!"

And the days passed in that ice-bound solitude, and Richard's strength slowly failed him. Then one day a great tenderness came over Christian, and, kneeling he took and held the other's hands just as Richardson's sinful soul passed out to the great judgment.

* * *

Evening service was over in the little Teignmouth Mission Hall, and Priscilla Sefton was just about to go, when the door opened and a rough bearded seafaring man stood before her.

"Have you forgotten?" he asked.

"Christian!"

But even as the words left her lips, a door behind the platform opened, and Kate came forth. For a moment she hesitated, doubting, then as the sailor strode towards her she flung herself into his arms, and weeping bitterly, pleaded for forgiveness.

"Forgive," Christian answered, as he had answered on the desolate berg, "aye, as I hope to be forgiven!"

Then sitting between the women he loved he told them of Orchardson's end, of the desolate grave near the shores of Labrador, and of his own rescue by a fishing boat.

"And at the end?" Priscilla asked.

"He died my friend—for alone with God we, who loved you Priscilla, knew that hate was unworthy of you and of our love!"

For some moments silence reigned in the little Mission Hall, then as Priscilla raised her eyes to his, Christian knew that for him the days of hate were over, love—the true love of a good woman, had been born in its stead.

FINIS.

(The cast will be published later when the film is released.)



Richard Orchardson staggered from the gloom and faced him.