

called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter, or Rock' (John i., 29-42; Mark iii., 16; Luke vi., 14). And as Christ Himself was spoken of in Scripture as 'the Rock,' 'the corner-stone,' it now appears that by this change of name He marks out Peter for a share in His own name and office. 'While I am the inviolable Rock'—St. Leo represents Christ as saying—'the Corner-stone, Who makes both one, the foundation beside which no one can lay another, yet thou also art the rock, because by thy virtue thou art established so as to enjoy by participation the properties which are peculiar to Me.'

After such a mark of distinction conferred on Peter, and on Peter alone, we are not surprised to notice the following facts:

(1) Peter is *always* named by the New Testament writers before the other Apostles (Matt. x. 2; Mark iii., 16; Luke vi., 14; Ac's i., 13).

(2) Peter is associated with our Lord in a special way on the occasion of the miraculous payment of the tribute money. 'Give it to them for thee and for Me' (Matt. xviii., 26).

(3) Peter is represented as holding the first place after our Lord's death (Acts i., 13; ii., 14; iii., etc.), and as acting as spokesman for the rest (Acts i., 15; ii., 14).

(4) The Angels send the news of the Resurrection specially to him. 'But go, tell His disciples and Peter' (Mark xvi., 7).

(5) And his testimony to this great fact is thought by the others to be conclusive. 'The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon' (Luke xxiv., 34).

(6) When Peter was cast into prison by Herod, 'prayer was made without ceasing by the Church unto God for him' (Acts xii., 5). We do not read of such concern being shown in the case of any other.

(7) St. Paul, in preparation for the apostolate 'went to Jerusalem to see Peter,' and the Greek word suggests the idea of a visit to a great personage for the purpose of getting information, etc. And though this same Paul was specially called to gather the pagans into the Church, yet to St. Peter God reserved the admission of the first of them. (Acts x., 15.)

(8) Outsiders quickly saw that Peter was the leader of the followers of Christ: 'They brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that when Peter came, his shadow at the least might overshadow any of them, and they might be delivered from their infirmities.' (Acts v., 15.)

The Storyteller

A SOLDIER'S SACRIFICE

It was at the close of 1776. Washington, compelled to abandon Fort Lee, was retreating through New Jersey, with Cornwallis in hot pursuit. The god of battles appeared to have definitely sided with the biggest battalions. Disaster had succeeded disaster in rapid succession and despondency prevailed among the patriots everywhere.

The American commander-in-chief had been baulked at every turn, his best laid plans had been frustrated, his most audacious coups anticipated. It was evident that the British were kept informed of the plans and movements of the little army. But how? By whom? The strictest investigation, the utmost vigilance had failed to show. The fact, as was inevitable, was gradually causing a demoralising effect upon the force. Comrades began to regard each other with suspicion. Enthusiasm had been succeeded by uneasiness, which in turn was giving place to vague terror.

Col. Edward Dayton, one of the chief's trustiest and most zealous officers, had been specially charged to elucidate the mystery, and had set about the task with the thoroughness that characterised all his actions. He had devised all manner of ingenious but futile

schemes to entrap the traitor, and had sworn to make a terrible example of him if he ever caught him.

Col. Dayton was a stern man, a martinet in all matters pertaining to military discipline, but of a kindly nature at heart. Of old Colonial stock, he had served with Washington against the Indians and was intensely patriotic. When the struggle for freedom began he had at once issued from the retirement in which he had been living in New York and hurried to the field, accompanied by his son George and Ernest Travers, a distant relative. Young Travers, who was about the same age as George, had been left an orphan and destitute when a little child. Mrs. Dayton had suggested that they could do no less than take the boy in and bring him up with their own children. Her husband had readily acquiesced and had never had reason to regret his kindness. Ernest, in fact, was engaged to marry Priscilla Dayton, the colonel's only other child.

The retreating army, by a series of rapid marches, had finally succeeded in baffling their pursuers, and found themselves at nightfall on the outskirts of a wood. The commander-in-chief decided to call a brief halt. As a precaution no fires were allowed; but despite the bitter cold the exhausted soldiers, with the exception of those told off to guard the camp, threw themselves on the snow-covered ground, and soon forgot their troubles and hardships in sleep.

Ernest Travers was among the unfortunate men detailed for outpost duty. He found himself stationed at the edge of the wood, out of sight of the camp and of every other sentry. It was dreadfully lonely. The moon was at the full, but veiled by clouds and in the dim light the tall, bare trees looked like spectres. He was as brave as any other man of his inexperience, but there was something awesome in the knowledge that the lives of his slumbering comrades, perhaps the success of his country's cause, might depend upon his alertness and sagacity, and then the solitude and obscurity impressed him. Moreover, he was worn out by many hours of forced marching, and his nervous system was shaken by weeks of fighting, excitement, and fatigue.

His eyes and ears were strained to catch the slightest sight or sound of anything portending danger. He started at every rustle, every moving shadow caused by the swaying of a branch in the wind, and could scarcely restrain himself from firing off his musket and running back to camp, where confidence could alone be regained by mingling with his fellows.

Under the strain of physical exhaustion, supplemented by the freezing temperature, he at length became drowsy and numb. His legs began to give way. He felt that he was slowly but surely losing consciousness, notwithstanding his efforts to fight it off. He staggered against a tree and, sliding to the ground in the shadow of it, rolled over on his face. The snow that melted upon his lips and temples revived him after he had lain there a few minutes, and he gathered his wits together sufficiently to realise the danger in which the army stood of being surprised by the enemy and his own peril if found in his present position by the round. No explanation would be listened to. Accused of sleeping at his post, he would be summarily courtmartialled and shot.

This thought galvanised him into activity again, and he bent his stiffened limbs in an effort to struggle to his feet. As he did so he thought he saw something moving among the trees, and his heart came into his mouth as he made that something out to be a man. His first impulse was to secure his musket, which was lying where he had dropped it a few yards away, and challenge the prowler. He checked himself, however, for he reflected that if he moved out of the shadow of the tree he would certainly be seen and the man would get clear away in the wood before he could fire at him. At the same time it occurred to him that he might be watching the spy whose identity his uncle, everybody, had vainly sought to discover. His surmise was strengthened by the fact that the man was coming from the direction of the camp, not going towards it.

"Pattillo"

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