

was now his own desire. He knew something, though not much of what had been going on, for Ellie's prudence and good sense had saved the family from much trouble and painful exposure.

At last Lord Elmsdale moved. He went from the room. The events of the night had weighed him down far more than the more exterior circumstances, however startling, had seemed to warrant. But he was not thinking at all, or at least he was not thinking more than casually of the exterior. He was a man of what the world calls very highly honorable principles. He knew it. He valued the opinion of the world. He was cut to the heart that a son of his should act as he feared Edward had acted.

It never occurred to him that his son had another Father, who was also his Father, a Father whom they were both bound to honor, and whose honor, moreover, they were bound to maintain. He never thought that the name of Christian was discredited when men did unchristian deeds. The world's opinion would last just as long as the world lasted—and no longer. It was just of as much value as any human thing can be, which passes like a breath of summer air never to return.

Barns was free. Lord Elmsdale had not told him to keep silence on the subject of their discovery. For he knew from long years' experience, how entirely he might trust him. Confidence often shows itself in silence. Had any of the other servants made the discovery he would certainly not have left the room without a word of caution—his trust in Barns showed itself by his not having given even a thought to the possibility of any want of discretion on his part.

The castle, as I have said, was a very large building. A long corridor which ran over the billiard-room and smoking-room led to the part occupied by the servants. A very large courtyard lay between, so that the front of the castle, or, indeed, the castle itself, properly speaking, with the billiard and smoking rooms, and the domestic apartments, formed three sides of a square. The library, a partly Gothic building which visitors used to take for a private

chapel, ran down a part of the fourth side, but still left a considerable open space.

As Barns traversed the long corridor to Ellie's room, he saw lights in many of the windows. Those who had not heard the report of the revolver had been aroused by the banging of doors and general commotion. Some, however, had slept on, as tired servants will do. He tapped at the housekeeper's door as he passed, but apparently she had not been aroused, and very audibly breathing testified to the good woman's powers of somnolence.

He passed on gently to Ellie's room—as one of the upper servants she had a small chamber of her own; he tapped once, gently also, for he had seen a light there as he came. But if there had been light then, there was certainly none now. No glimmer could be detected under the door, or through the keyhole; all seemed dark and silent. Yet, as the man listened for a few moments, holding his breath in his anxiety, he heard faint sounds of sobbing—sobbing which seemed to come from one almost broken-hearted. Evidently the sounds were suppressed as much as possible. He paused yet a moment longer, and heard a voice he well knew to be Ellie's, uttering these words in a tone of anguished supplication: "*Now, oh now, Mother, for I need it now and at the hour of my death.*"

It was enough. Barns was a Catholic. He knew there was only one Mother to whom such supplication could be addressed—the Mother who never forsakes, who never deceives, who is never absent, whose help can be obtained at any moment, in any place, under all circumstances.

He turned slowly away, sad at heart for the girl's sorrow, but feeling sure she was safe; and as he went, he, too, said with all the fervor of his heart:

"*Now, oh now, Mother, for we all need thy help, and at the hour of my death.*"

*(To be continued.)*

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THE BEST LOVE.—Home is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth.