

hurried off to see his godson and rejoice his heart by warm praises of the girl he had chosen. After he had gone, and Mrs. Fortescue had explained developments up to date to Aline, and they had wondered what Fred Clifford meant or had hoped to gain by his insinuations, Mrs. Fortescue said, fondly, "My dear, some day, perhaps, Mr. Stanton will show you that letter, but I'm afraid it will not have a good effect on your vanity."

Several war vessels were to arrive in the harbor that morning on their usual autumn cruise, and a number of people began flocking to the Terrace about the hour they were expected. Edith, Aline, and Hugh Graham secured seats in one of the pavilions, and prepared to level their opera-glasses at the first sign of a mast round St. Joseph Point. In a little while they were joined by Mr. Stanton, who gave Aline, in a low voice, particulars of Carleton's accident, adding a few sly remarks, which made the girl feel she had formed an interesting subject of conversation between them that morning. Then he turned to Graham, and a discussion sprang up as to the loyalty of the French-Canadians, especially in this the oldest Province.

"We don't believe, down South, that they are loyal, you know," said Graham. "We think they are waiting till they are strong enough to carry through a general uprising, and in the meantime are pressing westward to make the thing more complete."

"And what would they expect to gain by it, if they did? They would, of course, do a lot of damage, but there would be no object in getting themselves crushed in the end. Only those utterly ignorant of the conditions of life in Canada could imagine such a mad attempt. Their only chance of success would be an alliance with you, if Canada and the States were at war, a likely enough thing to happen before the next Peace Conference, but they would lose everything they care about then, and have their individual life entirely crushed out. However, I am not one of those who believe in the theory of widespread disloyalty. I contend that the French-Canadians have proved themselves loyal in the past, and will again, should the need arise."

"But are they not devoted to the memory of their own mother-land?" asked Hugh Graham.

"Yes, they are; but it is the France of a hundred years ago. You forget that these people are descendants of monarchists, and have had no connection with the republic. I doubt if any of the educated class would return under the rule of the unstable French government, especially after the disgraceful proceedings in that country, which have disgusted the whole world this year (1899), and which caused one of the French-Canadian clergy to 'thank God he was no longer beneath the flag where such injustice was possible.' The French-Canadians, too, are passionately fond of Canada, as you would know if you heard them singing their national airs. Most of our patriotic songs, indeed, are written and sung in French in this Province."

(To be continued.)

### A Valentine.

Till death doth part—Ah, more, dear wife,  
A greater love I give and crave,  
That ceases not when ends this life,  
But lives in faith beyond the grave.

G. W. CHURCHILL.

Serial Story  
for the  
Canadian  
Home  
Journal

**The Family Honor**

By...  
Mrs. C. L.  
Balfour

### CHAPTER X.—Continued.



OR were they without a shrewd guess as to whom the basket of game was sent by, for during the same week there came a letter from Miss Gertrude Austwicke to Miss Hope, inquiring whether some very beautiful fire-screens that had been worked for Miss Webb were not executed by her,

and if so, asking as a favor if she would oblige the writer by working a similar pair. Some most kind as well as courteous inquiries for her father concluded the note, and gave great pleasure to Marian—the more so, that she was both able and willing to comply with the request. But if the basket and the letter from Mr. Hope's favorite pupil gave the little household pleasant matter for conjecture and conversation, another and far less welcome topic was forced on them by a letter from Canada, in Johnston's handwriting. It announced some changes, and indicated more. Like all that Mr. Hope had received, it was short and formal:

"SIR,—This is to inform you that I have married again, and with my wife intend leaving this location for the U.S. I shall not for the future take any responsibility as to the children, whose interests I and my late wife attended to far better than could be demanded of us. You will, no doubt, receive a communication from Scotland from parties who, as I understand, mean to claim the children; but I know no particulars, and you must not any further look to me. Mrs. Johnston considers that I have been very ill paid for the trouble I have taken, and which my former wife's family led me to incur. The address that you had better write to in Scotland is, Mr. A. Burke, Deacon MacLacklan's Land, near Coat Bridge, Glasgow.

Yours,

J. JOHNSTON."

The remittance which generally came about a fortnight or three weeks after the usual quarter day was not sent: and, small and inadequate as it was, its being withheld, even for a time, increased the pressure on the fast failing resources of Mr. Hope. It was incumbent on him to tell Norry, at all events, the purport of the letter. Hitherto a delicacy as to dwelling on details that might be felt as humiliating to the children, or laudatory of the kindness of those who had of late years protected them, had kept both Mr. Hope and Marian from referring to the past. Both had also repressed any romantic thoughts, such as isolated children sometimes encourage. This latter had not been difficult. The orphans were so kindly cared for, that they craved for no other home relations. A haunting memory of a dwelling where strife and blows, dirt and drink had been their portion, still troubled their dreams, and made the name of Canada hateful to them—ay, even to see it on the map gave them a cold chill, and revived

recollections of neglect and suffering. Little Mysie bore on her feet the scars and seams of frost as indelibly as if they had been burns; and she knew that before she was brought over to England by Mrs. Hope, she was for months a helpless cripple. So all that past was allowed to be shut away in the distance. An ocean rolled between it and the present—an ocean that in no sense did the children wish to cross.

When, therefore, Mr. Hope called Norry into the little room or book closet that opened out of his bedroom, and was dignified with the name of study, and put the letter he had received into the boy's hand, there was rather a sense of indignant alarm than curiosity as he read it.

"Trouble!" cried the boy, laying down the letter—"responsibility! We have not him to thank that we are alive. If the man in Scotland is like Johnston, I shall not care to know him."

"But if he has a claim—the right of a blood relation?"

"He surely gave up any such claim when he let us go to Canada with these Johnstons."

"I don't think you did go with them. I rather believe, though I am not clear about it, you were brought out by people called Burke, and left with the Johnstons."

"Yes, sir; but if so, we were left uncared for. I can recollect how it was with me and poor Mysie, who was crippled, when Mamma Hope rescued us. Why, father, I remember hearing you say once that you could have got us protected by the law, and that Johnston's fear of the indignation of his neighbors enabled you to get and keep possession of us."

"True, my boy; but you are aware that the sum allowed must have come from some one interested in you; and small as it is, its payment at regular intervals shows that it is sent from people not unaccustomed to arrange money transactions. I am rather glad of the address of these Scottish people. It removes a fear that has harassed me of late, as to whether Johnston has told his correspondents where you are."

"What did it matter to them?" said the youth, gloomily.

"It mattered to me. I could be in no sense an accomplice in keeping any one, who had a right to know, in ignorance of your whereabouts. Besides, those who have given the little help hitherto, might afford you more aid."

"I would rather work, sir, for myself."

"Yes; but there's Mysie."

"I may be able to take care of my sister."

"Yes, if you are put in a way to do so."

"Does no one work out a way?"

"Doubtless some do. By God's help all things are possible. But it's not the way to succeed in life to begin by wilfully casting off aid that one may have a right to. Your parents would not be entirely without kindred."

"If they were honest folk, that's enough. Haven't I heard you quote Robert Nichols' lines?—

"I ask not of his lineage,  
I ask not of his name;  
If manliness be in his heart,  
He noble birth may claim."

"Ah, Norry! that's more poetic than heraldic."

"But it's true, sir."

"Nevertheless, my boy, I shall write to Scotland."