

happy instances as the history of our colonies has shown.

CHAPTER III.

Three years have passed since Mrs. Manners made, what she gradually discovered to be, the mistake of marrying again; and since we left Kate undergoing her probation in the wards of suffering and two young British gentlemen theirs, in the wilds of Western British America.

At the Priory Ealing, the sweet old lady who had made it a home for nearly fifty years was slowly but surely approaching the dark valley, and preparing with perfect faith and quietness to make the great change which comes to all alike.

"Grannie" lay in her snowy bed nearly as white as the sheets which covered her. On the table by her side lay a Bible and a magnificent bunch of gloire-de-Dijon roses. The smell of jessamine and myrtle floated in through the open window and the white robed nurse sat sewing nearby, glancing now and again at the bed and the sleeping patient.

Were there tears in the bright grey eyes as she looked again and again at her charge? Yes, Kate Manners, for it was she, had realized that she was soon to lose the one who had been her best friend and truest mother during her early womanhood. She was a fully trained nurse now with certificates and more than one medal and prize. She had seen all there was to see of human suffering and weakness; death had no terrors for her, but she felt like a forlorn child as she realized how soon she was to lose "Grannie" and all her care.

"Kate," called a feeble voice from the bed, "come here, child, and let me talk to you while I can."

Kate knelt down by the bed and clasped the worn hand. "What shall I do without you, Grannie?" she said with a brave effort to choke back her tears.

"You will carry comfort and help where it is most needed, dearie," "And where is that, Grannie?"

"Good and clever women are needed everywhere, Kate, but most of all in our colonies."

"Do you want me to go out and nurse in the Cannibal Islands, Grannie?" said Kate, with an attempt at a smile.

"No, my child, but of the many places in our dominions there is

none, they tell me, where you and your work will be more needed than in Canada."

"Canada, Grannie!" said Kate, "why do you want me to go there?"

"I can hardly tell you, dear child, but it has been borne in upon me to tell you this before I die. So long as your mother does not need you, Kate, your country does and you can best serve her in her far off dominions. There are plenty of us in dear old England, Kate dear, but the strong and the young are needed out there to help the settler and the emigrant. Will you go, my child, and give your youth and strength to build up the outposts of the Empire?"

"Why, yes, Grannie, if you think so, I will try, and Canada is not so very far off after all."

"You will be richly blest in your work, Kate, and you will be happy and beloved. Now go, my child, and get your tea while I sleep and then come and read to me, for it is growing dusk."

All that night Kate and the faithful old servants watched by the death bed, till as the sun rose the great change came without pain or struggle and Kate closed the dear eyes and straightened the features which had been so beloved by all who knew them.

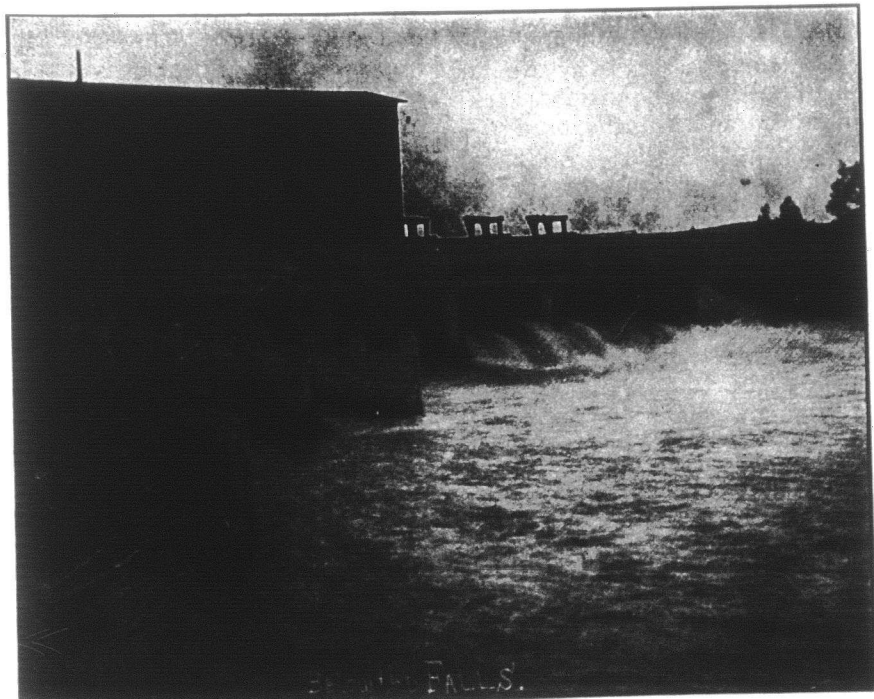
Grannie was gone, and Kate faced the world with a keen sense of loneliness that no comfort could at first dispel.

Mr. Box, her old lawyer and friend, came up and took her home with him after the funeral.

Mrs. Ellswood's will contained a legacy to Kate of all that was not settled upon other relatives and she was thus in possession of nearly £300 a year and many valuable keepsakes.

Kate had paid many flying visits to Mr. Box's home where she met her mother for she never visited her at Sir Nicholas' save when he was away and had kept her resolve never to sleep under his roof.

Lady Bull was always glad to see her daughter and they passed a pleasant time together while Kate was preparing for her journey; Sir Nicholas being fortunately away at his shooting box in the Highlands. She had never become reconciled to her daughter's absence but finding both husband and child to be hopelessly antagonistic, she consoled herself with her pets and her graceful toilets.

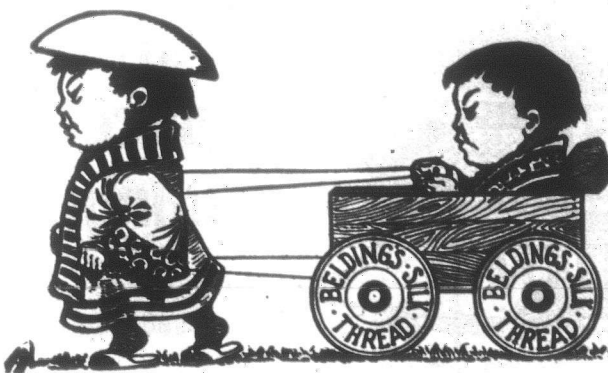


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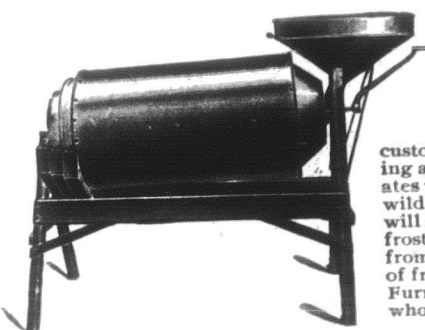
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