

ly. "Cecile, are you going mad? Baby baptized—well hardly! That boy will go to his father's church, so you can put all your little scruples aside," he added, sarcastically.

The color in Cecile's cheeks reddened, and for the moment she was stunned. She thought that she had known Kenneth, but now, alas! she divined in him another self. After a few minutes, she was quite composed and said, in a trembling voice: "But your promise, Kenneth! Have you forgotten how you promised Father Francis that if any children should be born to us, they were to be baptized and raised Catholics. Have you forgotten so soon? It pains me deeply."

"Promises count for nothing," he stammered forth scornfully. "I never for one moment, intended to do it, anyway—and, pshaw! the priest is dead."

"The priest is dead, 'tis true, and more's the pity," added Cecile sadly. "But, Kenneth, there were other ears than his that heard the promise. There is a God in heaven, and He understood and I am glad that there is One who remembers your words still."

"Enough of this nonsense—this old-woman talk!" shouted Cameron madly, and there was a look of deep scorn in his eyes. "My child will never—never, I say—be baptized by a priest," and he stormed out of the room in a great fit of anger.

During the years that followed, Cecile had never again, except on a few thoughtless occasions, mentioned baptism or anything pertaining to Clyde's condition, and when she had done so, it ended in bitter quarrels and strifes. Often she felt as if her heart would break, but she was afraid, and she sealed her lips for the sake of her child—for peace, after all, was very sweet. One day, Clyde came running to his mother with a face pale and frightened, and exclaimed: "Mother, poor Tim Flannagan, next door, has just died. I was at his bedside when the end came, and he beckoned me with his little, pale fingers, and then kissed me good-bye. But, oh, mother, he had such a nice death, and the priest from the Cathedral prayed with poor Tim all morning. Poor Tim! how I will miss him. He was about the only

boy I ever knew, and—and—I—." Clyde could not speak another word, for the deathbed scene he had just witnessed, had made him think of too many things and he burst into tears, and the kindly ring of his mother's voice could not assuage the pain of his little, wounded heart.

After some time Clyde's little rain of tears was over, but the feelings of deep sorrow still penetrated his soul, for he realized that he had lost the first little friend of his heart's kingdom, and that for years to come there would be an empty place nothing could fill.

II.

On the evening before Tim's funeral, the Camerons were seated in their cosy drawing room, when Mr. Cameron suddenly rose, after consulting his watch, and exclaimed: "By jove, Cecile! I almost forgot. It is past seven, and I should have been at the office long ago, fixing up my monthly statement."

"Since you will be away then for some time," interposed Mrs. Cameron, "Clyde and I will take a run over to Flannagan's. Clyde so wishes to see poor little Tim before he is taken away." Cecile's cheeks burned; she would have liked to have taken Clyde to church with her in the morning, but she was afraid lest her husband might enact another scene in their household drama. The very mention of it would bring forth such a volley of abusive, sarcastic words that Cecile once more smothered those feelings that her honest heart had known so well.

When Clyde and his mother returned from the Flannagan's, neither spoke. Their hearts were too full for utterance. Clyde was sitting in a rocker before the fire place, running his fingers carelessly through an open book, while his mother's lips moved silently and her fingers counted pearly beads that lay hid in the handkerchief on her lap.

Presently Clyde broke out tenderly: "Mother, why won't you let me go to the Sisters' school, so that when I am sick they will come to me and pray for me, like they did at Tim's sick bed? I am not like other boys at all, and I just hate my old tutor. He never mentions God's name to me and it all seems so strange, and now I am nearly eleven