

THE LITTLE OLD SECRETARY

(CONTINUED.)

"I am afraid you will wish yourself back, Rose, in the green robe many a time before the month has passed."

"Most likely I will," said Rose, "but when it is passed, and I have brought back the blessing to Governor, it's proud I'll be to my life's end."

"You have taken a weight off my heart," said Mrs. McDermot. "I could not bear the thought of sending Kathleen so far alone. Now she will have a heart of gold to care for her."

The arrangement of her little wardrobe was a greater difficulty. Kathleen protested against money being spent upon it. "I am not out yet," she said, "and people will not trouble themselves about my dress. I should be miserable if I felt you had deprived yourselves of anything necessary, to fit me out for the visit."

So some very simple white muslin dresses were made up for her, out of the robes of former days, which had been laid by in an oak chest, and a certain silver brocade and bobbin, the last remnant of Mrs. McDermot's gaiter, was put into the box as a resource, in case a ball in the house should make an evening dress indispensable. A little box containing a single pearl of great size and great beauty, set in a shamrock leaf, was placed in Kathleen's own hands. "I was keeping that for you till your eighteenth birthday, my darling," said her mother, "but as you are going to leave us, I shall give it to you now. It was your father's first present to me, and had his hair and mine at the back. He sent with it some verses, in allusion to my name of Margaret, about a pearl of price, which made me think very seriously about my future life and duties. And now I should like to give it a meaning to you, which shall make you happy when outside things are a trial. You will feel your own disadvantages, my child, in education, in accomplishments, even in dress more than you can imagine, when you are with other girls in your own rank of life. I know it will never come into your mind to think that your parents have not done for you all they could, but you must expect it to be painful sometimes, and I want you to wear your mother's brooch as a memorial that you have been our pearl of price, a help and a comfort in our troubles, for which we thank God every day. That will compensate my Kathleen for a good many petty annoyances, will it not?"

Kathleen could not speak. She was so intensely happy as she sat on a low stool listening to that dear mother's voice, that it seemed impossible to believe she could ever mind anything petty, when she had so great a joy to counterbalance it. Even the great trouble, which loomed in the distance, grew small when she remembered it would still leave her with her parents. But a thought came across her mind to check her joy, the thought of one who ought to have been sharing her work, and she said in a low voice:

"If Ewan were but here!" "That is the sting of our trial," replied Mrs. McDermot, the steady light in her clear eyes dimmed by a look of anguish. "It is too terrible to think that death will not end that misunderstanding. If your brother should come back and find the Hill of Dermot gone, nothing will make him believe that his father was compelled to do it by extreme necessity. He will always think that he cut him off in anger from the inheritance of his forefathers. It is this which

presses so heavily on your father's mind. I think he has been tempted at times to wish he might die before the deed has to be done. Pray, my dear child, pray that the breach between these two hearts may be healed before it is too late."

"Where is he, mother?" asked Kathleen almost frightened at the tone in which these words were uttered.

"I am not certain," replied her mother with a deep sigh. "His regiment, the 33rd, was ordered to India, but a letter I sent through military authorities, which would surely have reached his hand if all had been well with him, was never answered. I wrote again when we thought your father was dying, six months ago. I cannot think he ever got that letter and refused to answer it."

"What can have changed him?" said Kathleen sorrowfully. "He used to be so good and affectionate. It seems like a horrid dream when I think it is my own brother Ewan who is breaking his parents' hearts."

"It is that fatal mistake of fancying that when we have done wrong it is degrading to own our faults, and to ask for forgiveness. There is no doubt that his unfortunate debts came as the last blow to break us down, and his father therefore spoke in stern and just anger at his selfishness. This aroused Ewan's fiery temper; yet the moment the blaze of his wrath subsided, I feel certain his heart must have felt the bitterest remorse. But the McDermot pride keeps him silent, and he remains in the wrong rather than freely own himself in fault. We should accustom our lips often to say 'forgive me' in little things, Kathleen; and then by degrees a true sense of honor gets formed within us, and we are only too thankful that we have the means of undoing our faults against each other, by heartily acknowledging them and asking their pardon."

Kathleen left her mother, pondering whether it could be possible for her ever to have done anything which needed the forgiveness of another. She was not mistaken in thinking her mother one in a thousand, nor had Dermot McDermot erred in calling his Margaret a pearl of price. Strong in the grand ennobling idea of Duty ever before her, she had the sweetness of a child in her ready acceptance of everything which could throw sunshine on her path. She had courage to meet difficulties, combined with a strong practical sense of the right to be done in every emergency, in which her husband was deficient. With a highly cultivated mind, and a genuine love of music and painting, all her favorite pursuits had been laid aside without a sigh, when she found she had to do battle with poverty and its attendant embarrassments, and so far from being crushed under the burden, she had succeeded in making her young daughter's life one of peculiar happiness. There was a serenity about her which nothing could rattle, yet beneath were floods of sympathy for all who lay in need of it. But Kathleen learned more this day than she had ever known before of the wound which Ewan's conduct had made, and she left her mother with a silent resolve that she would try her best to be son and daughter to her, all in one.

Getting a bunch of keys, a feather brush and a duster out of a drawer, Kathleen went the rounds of the house, giving a final tidying, as she called it, to the unoccupied rooms. The last she visited was a long, low dining-hall, upon the walls of which hung trophies and portraits of the Lords of Dermot's Hill, from time immemorial. With reverent care she went from one to another, blowing off the dust lightly, and gazing

intently on the faces which looked forth from the canvas, each with their separate history. The setting sun streamed in at the window, and lit up as with a glory the quaint old pictures. Kathleen felt as though they were all looking at her, all bidding her God-speed.

At the lower end of the room, not hung, but hastily placed on a chair with its face to the wall was a picture in a modern frame, of a youth about eighteen in uniform. The brow and the shape of the head strongly resembled the old warriors in their antique settings, but the expression of the mouth was very different from the austere beauty which shone in them.

The picture had been taken down from the little sitting-room, because the sight too vividly revived the heart-break he had caused. When Kathleen turned it round and met her brother's face, she broke into the vehement speech which was ringing in her heart.

"Oh! Ewan, come back, come back," she cried passionately. "All will be forgiven—all forgiven. I am but a child, so helpless, so unable to assist. Come back to be their solace, the staff of their old age." She gazed at the picture long and tenderly, while the tears welled into her eyes. "It shall not stay there," she murmured to herself at last, and getting a hammer and a nail, she hung it up in its place opposite his father's portrait. "He will come back," she said softly, "and it will not be too late." "Oh! Ewan, it is so sweet to be forgiven."

The glow of the sunset light grew more intense, and carried Kathleen's thoughts up to heaven from whence it seemed to come. She grew calm and prayed.

There were features in her father's life that made his child confident in her prayer. When the calamity of famine had fallen on his tenantry, he suffered with them; should he be left to want? When sore distress had made them unable to pay their rents, he had not turned them from their homes, but had waited. Should he be driven forth from the old home, to which a thousand ties bound his heart so firmly? Was there not a promise that to him who had been mindful of the poor and needy, God Himself would make his bed in sickness; and would he suffer her father to sink into the grave with that heart sorrow upon him of an undutiful son?

She knelt upon the chair underneath Ewan's picture, and taking his heart, as it were, in hers, promised for him as well as for herself, that as far as in them lay, they would not be unworthy children of a race which had counted martyrs among its sons. And as she gazed around upon the pictures of the long-departed heroes of her race, the silent witnesses of her promise, a calm, glorious light seemed to light up their faces, giving her the assurance that all good would be rewarded, all fidelity crowned, if not here, in the land of Evermore.

So a few minutes afterwards her mother found her, kneeling with her face wet with tears just below Ewan's portrait, both radiant in the last bright gleam of sunshine from the setting sun. Kathleen bounded towards her as she opened the door, and mother and child exchanged a smile of hope.

"I have given the house a thorough cleaning by way of good-bye, and dusted all the dear old pictures, and set everything straight," said Kathleen, giving the key into her mother's hands. "Little Nora Maclean will come and help old Sarah every morning till I get back, and father is certainly a little stronger, so I hope you will not be quite overdone."

"I shall miss your help at every turn," said her mother, "but I shall do famously, you will see. It is quite wonderful, the good this turn of his thoughts has done your dear father. I have been looking for you to come to tea in his room; he has been quite busy all the afternoon preparing a surprise for you."

They found Mr. McDermot sitting up in his arm chair with a look of animation on his face they had not seen for many a long day. The table before him was covered with small plates, each laden with some little offering which had come up from the village for Miss Kathleen's journey to England. Very nice some of the things were, and very funny too, and Kathleen laughed at the wolf's appetite for which they had given her credit. In the centre of the table stood a covered dish; the present, her father told her, of the poorest man on the estate. This she was not to look at till the next had been examined.

So with merry laugh and cheerful talk they discussed this grand feast, till Kathleen declared she could take no more, she had quite come to an end of her powers, and was dying with curiosity to see the contents of the covered dish. When the cover was removed, it proved to be a box filled up by her father's own hands with all kinds of painting materials. There lay his own best brushes, a small collection of colors for oil painting and a number of bottles with all useful preparations in them; contrivances of which only a painter knows the value.

Kathleen was in ecstasy. Painting was her passion, and her father had been her only master. "He hoped," he said, "that she might get a little help in her uncle's house, and, at any rate, she must bring him back a sketch of the beautiful scenery of the Devon coast."

This last evening was a very bright one. Not one of the three could have said exactly what had made them hope that better days were coming, but as Kathleen clung to her father for his parting blessing (for she was to go too early in the morning to disturb him), he stood up and said with an energy which astonished them:

"God bless and prosper you, jewel of my heart, and bring you back as the dove with the olive-branch to the home of your fathers."

To be continued.

CORRESPONDENCES.

The lateness of the trains and, consequently, of the mails, last week, combined with lack of space and time made it impossible for us to publish the following correspondences in our last week's issue of St. Peters Bote. Aware, however, of the trite saying "Better late than never" we are sure these correspondences will be read by our readers with the same interest as if they had been written just now.

THE EDITOR.

The Catholic Orphanage of Prince Albert Dec. 15, 1918.

A Holy, cheerful Christmas and a happy, prosperous New-Year to all the friends and benefactors of the Catholic Orphanage of Prince Albert

Here we stand once more at the end of a year, a year which has been for many a year of toil, hard work and anxiety; a year replete with sorrows, grief and sadness, but also a year throughout the whole length of which we cannot fail to see the guiding hand of our heavenly Father. In spite of all the sorrows of the year that soon will be no more we must all acknowledge that God has been extremely good to each one of us—for Goodness is His nature—This is a fact which year after year we

Hunters! Trappers!

On Nov. 1st the FUR SEASON opened again and everything points to a very profitable season for the trappers. All reports are that the Fur Markets are well cleaned up and there is a big demand for furs.

So it's up to you, Boys, to make a little Extra Money. GET OUT AND HUSTLE, the bigger the bunch, so much more money you get!

To all those trappers and hunters, who have been selling their furs to me for the past three seasons, I don't need to say where to bring their furs, because they know that I try to treat everybody right, and give them all the fur is worth.

To trappers, who have never sold to me, I will say, that if you ask any of my old customers, they will tell you that PITZEL at Humboldt gives you more money for your furs, on the average, than you can get if you ship your furs to those big houses across the line.

If you will have some furs in a week or two and can't bring them, send them by express or parcel post. I will pay the charges.

Give me a trial, and I am sure you will be satisfied. No shipment too big and none too small. Write for tags and prices.

Herman B. Pitzel, Humboldt Fur Dealer Headquarters in old Shoe Repair shop, in back of Merchants Bank.

Christmas is Approaching! Call on us and see Our Assortment of Toys and Christmas Goods. Gramophones with all different kinds of Records, to supply you with suitable music and pleasantry. Marlatt's Gall Stone Medicine Ad-ler-i-ka and other Medicines, Herbs and Chemicals always in Stock. Write to us in English or German. Mail Orders promptly executed. W. F. Hargarten :: Bruno, Sask.

Fullness of Tone! Adaptability! Beauty! Let us explain, why these three outstanding qualities produce new and increased pleasure when you listen to the MELOTONE. With the Melotone, the music of any Record is expressed most harmoniously. Delicate upper tones which formerly were lost, are now made audible by the sounding chamber, which is constructed of wood on the principle of the violin. The Melotone is able to play all kinds of Records BETTER than other Phonographs. The Melotone Factory in Winnipeg is the only one in Western Canada. This Instrument is fast taking the lead over all other phonographs and, as to construction, durability, and low price, it is now excelled by none. It offers the largest selection of Records in Western Canada, at from 20 cts. upward. All instruments are guaranteed, and you get your money back if not everything is as represented. M. J. MEYERS Jeweller and Optician HUMBOLDT

Land and Farms! I have a number of Farms and Wild Lands for sale at low prices. Some will be sold on Crop Payment. For further particulars apply in person or by letter to Henry Bruning, MUENSTER, SASK.

Only one week left before the Great Day CHRISTMAS! Come in and see our great stock of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS for all of the Family. I also handle the VICTOR GRAMOPHONES and EDISON PHONOGRAPHS. A full line of latest RECORDS now on hand. Come in and see us before buying your Machine. G. R. WATSON, HUMBOLDT, SASK. DRUGGIST The Rexall Store STATIONER