

During the next few years, Harry continued to be as brilliant and popular as ever, a favorite with both men and officers, as successful as possible in his career. The subaltern exchanged into foreign service, and met his death in an hospital in south Africa. In his ravings, he talked of the red light and the dim church, and that Presence before which his brother officer had really prayed. The Nun judging from this that he was a Catholic, began in his first lucid intervals to talk to him of religion, and was surprised to find that he was practically without any religion and gradually drew from him the whole story: "Our Lord wants something from you, I am sure, said the nun.

"Do you think He would have anything to say to a worthless fellow like me, Sister?" the young soldier responded. "I should like to belong to Harry's religion and to know that God is so near."

Then he began to rave again, and the red light was in his thoughts and the Presence of the Lord which had almost terrified him. When he woke again to consciousness, a priest was at his bedside and before many days were over, he received for the first time into his heart, the God of the Eucharist.

He never went back to Canada. His grave, indeed is amongst those of many Canadians, dug in the soil of the dark continent. But Harry has a letter which he prizes, a few lines scrawled in a dying hand enclosed in a page or two of clear, copper-plate written by the hospital sister. The scrawled lines were as follows:

"I never forgot, Harry, old fellow, that church and the light. It was often before my eyes at night. That was the first time I ever realized that grown up chaps ever really prayed. The Sister will tell you the rest."

And now, when Harry visits the little church of our Lady of Victory, his devotion towards the God of the Eucharist, is certainly not lessened, as praying for the soul of his departed comrade, he realizes with awe that it was those visits of his to the Blessed Sacrament which were the means of saving that soul, and perhaps, for his influence is more potent than he dreams—some other souls in the garrison.

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