

Ellie had been well educated, and wrote a plain hand. This was her letter—we shall hear of it again:—

"DEAR AUNT:

"The priest has advised me to leave the Castle at once, for particular reasons which I cannot tell. Dear aunt, I am very grateful for all your kindness, and to all the family, and hope you will believe me, that I have done nothing wrong.

Your affectionate niece'

"ELLIE MCCARTHY."

"Dear Aunt, the priest (here she had begun to write Father C—, and got so far, when she remembered, and blotted it over) says for you not to mention that he advised me to leave."

"Now, Ellie, I will leave you in charge of my housekeeper; she will give you a cup of tea at once, and see you quietly down the lane on a car, as I am very anxious that no one should know where you are gone, and I can depend on her silence. I will spare you a few minutes more, if you like, to go into the Sacristy for confession."

Ellie was very thankful. It was just what she wished, but she did not like "to make bold" to ask, and she dreaded the idea of going to a strange Priest down at her aunt's place, though a little more experience of the world would have told her how truly kind and good Priests are everywhere to those who are in trouble.

She came out of the Confessional with her own bright, sweet look on her face once more; and well she might. Cleansed, purified, and forgiven, she was strong again, and ready to do battle valiantly with the foe, and to strive fervently for the crown of eternal life.

The good housekeeper saw her off as the priest had desired, and fortunately secured a return car, so that the news of Ellie's flight could not be brought back by a thoughtless driver.

The priest said his Mass, thankful that one of his flock was out of danger, as far as any one can be in this world of temptation. He little suspected what the consequence of his pastoral solicitude would be to himself, and even if he had suspected, he would have done his duty all the same.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND SON.

"Is Mr. Elmsdale within?"

"He was, my Lord, half an hour ago."

"Say that I wish to speak to him here; and, Mr. Barns, see that I am not interrupted. You had better, perhaps, remain near the door."

"Yes, my Lord."

Barns went on his errand with a heavy heart. He knew there was likely to be high words between father and son.

He had ventured respectfully to hint to Mr. Elmsdale, once or twice, that Lord Elmsdale was getting old, and that he might be sorry if he said hard words now which could not be recalled; but he soon saw that expostulation was useless. He was a man with very clear ideas of his duty in the state of life to which God had called him, because he had no schemes of his own to prevent him from seeing what was right. He knew that if he had attempted to pass beyond the sphere in which Providence had appointed his lot, that he would probably do harm, and certainly do no real good. So when he found that the word which he could say respectfully as a servant was of no avail, he held his peace, as far as his earthly superiors were concerned, but he redoubled his prayers for the master whom he sincerely loved and respected.

Good old Barns! I believe it is fashionable to tell about the flunkeyism of modern servants, but I don't believe in it. Give them good masters and you are sure, with some rare exceptions, to have good servants. Lord Elmsdale was a good master—a better master than he was a father. A son requires more love than a servant, and more manifestation of affection. Barns knew that Lord Elmsdale respected him and relied on him. Edward Elmsdale, in his young days, saw that his father did not love him—he loved his estate, his worldly advancement, his birthright, but he did not love *him*. The boy was too young to reason all this out, but he *felt* it. Ah! when will parents learn that their children feel what they never show; that there are wonderful, deep, unsuspected instincts of comprehension in