

THE LITTLE OLD SECRETARY

(CONTINUED.)

Kathleen could not sleep that night from the pain in her poor scorched arms. Once, indeed, a fit of something like forgetfulness came over her, during which she dreamt a frightful dream. She seemed to be herself the ship leaping forward to the narrow fissure in the rock; but the waves seemed long waves of fire, and she felt their hot breath upon her face. She seemed powerless to fly from them; escape appeared impossible; when suddenly a veiled form, rising from the waters, pulled her through the opening in the reef, and she was saved. But only to find herself in a drear stony darkness, the rocks rising black and sheer around her, and a horrible sensation of cold seizing upon her. She awoke shivering, and with a little cry, that brought nurse to her side.

Kathleen spent the waking hours of that night thinking over her own fault. She had a simple, transparent conscience, and saw clearly how wounded pride about a mere trifle had almost brought a dreadful death upon herself and desolation to her home. Her mother's image rose up before her, tender and loving, how Kathleen thirsted for that mother's gentle bosom upon which to lay her head and confess her folly!

The next morning, true to her principle of not passing over faults committed toward others without begging their forgiveness, she wrote a note to Mr. Everard, in which, after thanking him with the overflowing of a grateful heart for having saved her life, at considerable risk of injury to himself from the broken glass in the conservatory, she begged his pardon sincerely for the fit of temper which she had given way on the previous afternoon. "I locked myself in," she confessed in her transparent truthfulness, "that you might not possibly come near me. If I had succeeded in my foolish determination, what would have been my fate?"

The morning was passed in Kathleen's own room, for she was unable to bear the pressure of her ordinary dress. Just before luncheon time a little missive was brought from Mr. Everard which signed and sealed the good understanding between them. It ran:

"It will be one of the happiest thoughts of my life that I was able to save you yesterday. I accept your apology with the same sincerity with which it is offered; but I have my own to make also. It was a most absurd chain of associations, which made me apparently behave like a barbarian. To make you feel how completely I understand you, I will criticize with the greatest frankness what I think would probably be your snares in writing poetry."

Rose brought this note, and said "Mr. Everard inquired particularly what we are doing for your burns, and has sent for some stuff which he thinks would be more efficacious. And what do you think, Miss Kathleen?" she added, gleefully, "the glazier was ordered to be here at five o'clock this morning to mend the conservatory glass, and Mr. Fitzgerald will never know anything about it." Kathleen spent happier hours in the morning room after her accident, than she had ever done before. Every one was full of kindness for her; and Mr. Everard's genuine and fatherly interest put completely to flight every remnant of the foolish idea that he was quizzing her. The first time she was alone with him, she asked him to fulfil his promise of criticism. He looked pleased at her request:

"I think the title of your song was too grandiose for the subject," he replied, with a gratified smile. "You will find with great writers the effect on the mind is surprise at such great thoughts being unfolded in such simple words, while with inferior, and particularly young writers, the mind feels disappointed at such small results from so much sound. I should very much like you to study the rules of composition, and then try your powers, for I am sure you would succeed."

Kathleen found the writing home about the incident of the fire a difficult task. She shrank from telling her parents that a fit of petulance and wounded pride had nearly deprived them of the only child left to comfort them. But her life-long habit of sincerity was too strong to be satisfied with anything less than the truth, and she ended by writing a full account to her mother. The letter finished thus:

"Do you remember, darling mother, my telling you I always felt a twinge of conscience when I was not doing the right thing, or when I was doing the right thing in a wrong or impetuous spirit? And that, if I neglected to heed the warning, retribution always followed? I knew all that morning that I was working at my picture in a very undisciplined state of mind; I knew I was wrong in setting so cross just because, as I thought, Mr. Everard was laughing at me; and that I was still more wrong in the feeling of anger against him that prompted me to lock the door to keep him out. So you see I richly deserve the penance of my uncomfortable burns. Ah! but for the mercy of God, and for the protection of our Blessed Lady, and Mr. Everard's kindness, how much worse my punishment might have been!"

The next letter Kathleen received from home contained a note for Mr. Everard, thanking him, in the eloquent words which spring from the gratitude of a mother's heart, for having preserved to them the light of their eyes, the treasure of their home.

CHAPTER XII.

"There was no pardon, no appeal. When that dread doom was spoken: Whatever human hearts might feel. The camp's stern law was broken." —Campbell.

With all her courage, Kathleen found her burns very hard to bear. She sat in her favorite morning-room sometimes reading, sometimes trying to paint on a small scale, but the least movement of her arms was so painful that her hands rested idly on her lap.

Mr. Everard, whose right to be considered a friend was now fully established, had also got into the habit of bringing his letters to the morning-room to write. He said laughingly, "it was the pleasantest room in the house."

Though Kathleen would never acknowledge to being in much pain, her companions easily guessed it by her quenched spirits and her difficulty in keeping herself employed.

Of the rest of the party Kathleen saw little. They were all more and more absorbed by Lord Melton, whose visit was drawing to a close; and Kathleen could have owned to a few tears shed in private at the thought of how her mother would have cared for and nursed her in her suffering, if she had been at home.

"I do wish you would tell me a story," she said the second morning, as her kind old friend, who was sealing letters he had been writing, looked up, and remarking her pale face and dejected look, inquired if her burns were still paining her much. "It would make me forget all about them, and to tell the truth they are painful. Tell

me a true story of something that happened while you were in India with Lord Melton. Such numbers of interesting things must come to the ears of a man so high in office, and to those who have his confidence."

"A true story!" echoed Mr. Everard. "I do know one in truth, stranger than any fiction: only I never like to lay the shadow of a secret on a young thing like you; and this is too true a tale to be talked about."

"If I may only tell my mother, I am not afraid of promising not to tell anyone else. It would be rather a burden if I could not tell her."

"She is a very prudent woman, is she not?" asked Mr. Everard in an absent tone.

"The wisest woman in Ireland," replied Kathleen, so energetically that Mr. Everard laughed outright. "Ask any one within fifty miles of Glenmore, and he will tell you the same," she added quickly. "Indeed I am not exaggerating," and she laughed herself.

"Well," responded Mr. Everard, "I will trust my history to her. A very wise woman in Ireland might some day be a help to me in a difficulty."

Kathleen settled herself to listen, evidently prepared to drown all remembrance of her own troubles in the delights of a true story.

"What I am going to relate," began Mr. Everard—and Kathleen observed a great sadness creep over his face as he spoke—"happened about a year and a half ago in the province of Oude. There had been for a long time mutterings of discontent in the province, a discontent not certainly without cause, and which threatened us with very evil consequences, for a large portion of our native Bengal army is made up of Oude men, who, through sympathy with their countrymen, might easily be led to disaffection."

At the time I mention, this discontent had in one part of Oude risen into open insurrection, and as many years since we had compelled the Nawab to lay down his own arms and to accept our protection, we were called upon to send troops to quell the rebellion. Two regiments, therefore, of the Company's forces, with several native corps, were ordered out upon this duty.

An old friend of mine, General Lyttleton, was in command of the division. He was a splendid soldier, and one of the most rigid disciplinarians in the Indian army. I had a nephew there, also, a young officer of great promise, brave as a lion, enthusiastic in his love of his profession. But, though a good fellow enough, he was of a proud, imperious temper, and allowed himself a haughty, overbearing tone, which had made him little liked among his men. He was young, too, in authority, having not long got his captaincy, and he was inexperienced in the way of obtaining influence over those under his command. Perhaps he would never have been the officer he is now, but for a terrible lesson which has left him a life heart-ache."

To be continued.

HOW FAITH CAME

BY ALICE DEASE

CONCLUDED.

Try as he would, Kenneth Graham could not forget the words of the Catholic missionary. He was far from belonging to that school of earnest thinkers who are the mainstay of the high church party in England. Mr. Lisle was an old fashioned, kindly natured, broad churchman and he thought more of doing what seemed to him to be right than of troubling much about doctrine; and Kenneth had been well content to follow in his footsteps. But the studies which were to have prepared him for ordination had made him think, and after his conversation with the missionary he determined to

start on a different quest to that which had recently occupied him. Instead of trying to find members of his own church who agreed, he now wanted to find some of the church of Rome who disagreed. And in this latter quest, as in the former, he was unsuccessful. Difficulties beset his path at first, for he did not know a single Catholic and the few whose acquaintance he managed to make were, one and all, disinclined to talk religion. Yet when he was able to put his question as to the number of sacraments the answer always and unhesitatingly was "seven."

At St. Louis, growing bolder, he entered a Catholic church and finding there a priest about his own age and very different in appearance to the travel-stained missionary of the trade, he finally learned from him the full story of his search. He was told that he would never find a Catholic who held different views from his fellows on articles of faith, for if a man denied any one of these he was no longer a member of the Catholic church. From this priest, too, he learned other things concerning Catholicity which, being an honest and loyal minded man, he felt left him no alternative. He could not present himself for ordination in a church whose tenets he did not believe; he could not believe that private judgment was desirable or even possible when it led to such a variety of opinions on such an important subject as the number of the sacraments instituted by Christ. The Catholic church, with the unquestioned authority of her head, the pope, attracted his intellect; and he felt that in honesty he must consider her claim to being the one true church, founded by Jesus Christ Himself.

But against this intellectual attraction Kenneth felt a terrible fear. What if, after familiarizing himself with Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice, he were to find that the Church of Rome had truth as well as unity? He scarcely dared to face the possibility for that would inevitably mean not only an end to his worldly prospects, but certain loss of the girl whom he loved far better than all the rest of the world. Feverishly he set to work to disprove the claims of the Catholic church. But before the lecturing tour was over he was obliged to confess to himself that she was not only one, but also holy, universal and apostolic.

Then came the agonizing choice. Either he must give up the prospects of a comfortable home and income, with Kitty as his wife—a thought which was more bitter than death to him—or, taking them, he must live a hypocrite. His new, whole-hearted interest in things ecclesiastical surprised and pleased Mr. Knowles, so that the influence Mr. Lisle had hoped for was secured and Kenneth knew that his ordination in the Church of England would surely be followed by a good appointment. In itself this was not so great a temptation, but as to making his marriage with Kitty Lisle possible it was almost overwhelming. Perhaps, indeed, it would have overwhelmed him quite had he not, on the eve of his return to England, met with a Catholic business man, quiet and very level headed, who consented to speak of religion only when he saw that Kenneth was really distressed and in earnest. This man had lately made a retreat at Manresa House, Staten Island, and he advised the English clergyman to go and do likewise, telling him, in the words of Pere Lechien, "You will have a tete-a-tete with God."

Kenneth followed his advice and found strength to make the supreme sacrifice. The news of his conversion came as a thunderbolt at the rectory. At first both Kitty and her father were stunned by its unexpectedness, but they were affected in directly opposite ways.

Mr. Lisle immediately determined that he and his church must be lower than ever, further removed from the ritual which he considered had led Kenneth into the hotbed of iniquity and idolatry that he believed Catholicity to be. The temporary curate, who showed himself quite willing to replace Kenneth permanently, both in the parish and with Kitty, was summarily dismissed because he was discovered to have tendencies towards Anglicanism. His place was taken by a young man whose tones bordered on Presbyterianism, while the services were carried out on the sternest of Low Church lines. Kind-hearted though he was, Mr. Lisle spoke with deep bitterness of Kenneth. The best that he could be induced to say was that he had been bewitched by the false glamor of Rome.

Kitty, after the first outburst of amusement and disapproval, took

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