

wept when she saw that innocent young face veiled under soft, cloudy lace.

About a week before the wedding, Carus received the chaplain's letter from Deelfontein; there was an enclosure for Heather. He read his own letter, and then quietly put it with the sealed note into the girl's hand.

'You will like to read this in your own room, dearest,' he said gently; 'you will see that there are a few lines from Sydney himself.' Then, as he saw that she was too agitated to answer him, he pressed her face between his hands with a gesture that was inexpressibly tender. 'Do not be too sorrowful, dear child. You ought to be very happy, for you have a lover on earth and another in Paradise.' And then he let her go.

The chaplain's letter was a long one:—

The doctors had little hope from the first (he wrote), and I feel sure that Lieutenant Masters quite realised his danger. He suffered much, and it pained him to speak, so a few words from time to time was all he could manage; but he was very patient, and liked me to read and pray beside him. A few hours before his death, I administered to him the Holy Communion. Sister Margaret who nursed him was the greatest comfort to him. Strange to say, all her young days had been spent at Braybrooke; she tells me your mother will know her name—Margaret Ellicott. I think this somehow made Mr. Masters feel as though she were an old friend. He told her that he was very anxious to write a few lines to a dear friend, and though the effort must have been agony to him, he persisted in pencilling the enclosed note. I think he was happier in his mind when he had finished it. A short time before the end he was a little delirious; he seemed to think Sister Margaret was his mother, and once he asked her to kiss him, because he was going away on a long journey. It was a little difficult to understand what he said, his voice was so weak and gasping. There was something about a Bowling Green,