

in the road hid his home from sight. Should he ever see it again?

II. OUR LADY'S KNIGHT.

"The only Catholic in the Regiment." That is what his uncle General Cassils, had written to Ludovic. "Papists" were still objects of suspicion, if not of dislike, in 1856, though it was eleven years since Newman had left the "city of confusion" for the "City of God," and thoughtful men were beginning to wonder what all this Romeward movement meant. But the younger officers of a regiment, or, for that matter, the older ones, are not much given to controversy. They were, in Her Majesty's —th Regiment of Highland Light Infantry, Episcopalians, for the most part; a "Romanist" was a novelty to nearly all of them; those who had served with Ludovic's father were dead, or had left the army. Ludovic's lot was, therefore, not likely to be an easy one.

But he won their hearts, "Papist" as he was. It was the last day, in Portsmouth; they were to embark on the morrow. They were sitting in the mess-room, for it was wet and cold, waiting till it should be time to dress for dinner.

"Sing; you Cassils," said Alastir Morrison, the senior lieutenant, "sing when you're bidden, d'ye hear me?" Somehow, they all seemed to speak the Scots tongue, to-night, as if by a tacit agreement.

"That will I," responded Ludovic, cheerily. Then, all at once, silence fell on his brother officers, as the lad's clear, well-trained voice was heard "lilting" as the Scotch say:—

"Lochaber no more,

"Lochaber no more,

"We'll may be return to Lochaber no more."

"Drop that," interrupted Morrison,

at the end of the first verse. Something—was it a tear?—seemed to have got into his voice, for he spoke huskily. "Wad ye have us a' greetin like a wheen bairns (a lot of children)? He continued, "sing something heartsome, mon, for ony sake."

"Gladly," was Ludovic's willing answer. Then, once again, the sweet, tenor voice was heard in the silent mess-room:

"Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the philabeg (kilt)?"

with the hearty chorus:

"Follow thee? follow thee? Wha wadna follow thee?"

of the brave old Jacobite song.

Then, presently, the word was passed, "Time to dress," and the company dispersed, in a hurry.

How Ludovic came to forget his Scapular, he never knew. He was in a hurry, certainly, and the words of the song they had just sung kept ringing in his ears. The last time he had sung it, his pretty cousin Jessie had played the accompaniment, as only a Scotch lassie can; perhaps he was thinking of her, as well as of the song; it is a way music has. Anyhow, he left his Scapular lying on the bed, and there Alastir Morrison, who loved the boy—though he loved to tease him—and who passed Ludovic's door, on his way to mess, saw the Scapular lying.

It was a chance to tease not to be missed. To slip into Ludovic's room, snatch up the Scapular, and slip out again, was the work of a few seconds. So far, so good; that he should run into the colonel's arms at the mess-room door was something that Alastir Morrison had not reckoned on.

The colonel's quick eye caught sight of the Scapular. "What is that?" he enquired sharply; "and where did you get it?"