

be doing some good. Don't refuse—O, don't refuse me—I feel that God would pardon me if I could work out my life caring for others."

It was Harriet Draper who supplicated the nun, and who had besought her for days with the same ceaseless cry. Sister Cecilia would gladly have allowed her to work for the sick, but she feared that Alice would see her. She had been compelled for days to refuse the heatrending petition.

"You shall have your wish," said the nun this day, with a kind look at Harriet, "but not in the hospital."

"Anywhere, anywhere," cried Harriet, rising with a wistful face; "only let me tend some one who is sick. I want to do some good."

"Harriet," said Sister Cecilia, "you have told me your unhappy story, and I am sure you wish to be a good woman—"

"I do—God knows I do!" interrupted the unfortunate one.

"As you hope to be forgiven, you must forgive—you must forgive even your husband."

Poor Harriett covered her face in her hands, and made no answer, only moved her head from side to side, as if in pain.

"Harriet, if your husband were on board this ship, sick and dying of the fever, would you tend him and forgive him before he died?"

Wild-eyed the woman stared at Sister Cecilia, as if she had understood the question.

"He is on board—he is dying of the fever—will you not take care of him?"

"Oh-oh!" wailed Harriet, in a long cry, sinking on her knees, and clasping Sister Cecilia's dress. "He would drive me away—he would not let me stay there—he does not love me!"

"But you love him—you will tend him, and you will forgive him. Will you not?"

"Yes, I will—I will wait on him day and night, and he shall recover with my nursing."

She dried her weeping eyes, to show the Sister her immediate readiness and calmness.

"Take me to him," she said, with only quivering lips; "let me begin now."

"Come, then," said Sister Cecilia; and she led Harriet Draper to the hatch, and aft to the captain's quarters.

Mr Wyville rose as Sister Cecilia entered, followed by Harriet. As he did so, the sick man moved, and muttered something, with upraised feeble arm.

With a low sob or cry, Harriet darted past Sister Cecilia, and sank beside the bed. She took the upraised arm and drew it to her breast, and covered the feverish hand with tearful kisses. At the touch the sick man ceased to wander, and turning at once seemed to fall into a peaceful sleep.

Harriet, seeing this, after her first emotion, turned to Mr Wyville and Sister Cecilia with a smile of joy, and still holding her husband's arm to her breast, pointed to his restful sleep. They smiled at her in return, though their eyes were brimming with tears.

Sister Cecilia instructed her as to the attendance, and then withdrew, leaving the guilty and unconscious husband in his wife's care. There was joy at least in one heart on board that night. From her low seat beside the bed, Harriet Draper watched his face, murmuring soft and endearing words, and obeying the doctor's instructions to the letter and second.

"He will recover, and he will know me," she whispered to her heart; "I shall win back his heart by being faithful and forgiving."

The climax of the fever would not come till the sixth day; and during these days Harriet watched her husband with scarcely an hour's rest. Every hour that passed added to his chance of recovery,

as the ship was sailing swiftly towards the cooler latitudes.

One day, while Harriet sat beside the bed, holding the feeble hand, as she loved to do, there came a lucid interval to her husband. She had been murmuring soft words as she kissed his hand, when, looking at his face, she met his eyes fixed upon her. For a moment there came a light of recognition and dismay in his look; but before he could speak his name, or recall his memory, the light faded, and he reverted to a state of sluggish delirium.

For the first time since she came to his side, a chill of fear pierced Harriet's heart. For one instant she knew he had seen her. But there was no love in the look of recognition. What if the same cold stare should return on his recovery, and continue?

"God will not let it be!" whispered her heart. "When he recovers he will surely love me as of old!"

XIII.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND HATRED.

On the later days of Captain Draper's illness he moaned and tumbled restlessly. One of the worst symptoms of the fever was its persistent hold on the brain. The sick man raved constantly, carried on excited conversations, gave orders to the sailors, and, in the midst of these wanderings, again and again reverted to one dark subject that seemed to haunt his inflamed mind.

He lived over and over again, day after day, terrible scenes, that had surely been rehearsed in his mind before the sickness. In his fantasy he was standing by the rail of the ship, while a boat was slowly lowered, in which sat Sheridan. As the boat swung over the raging sea, suspended by a rope at bow and stern, the bow rope parted, the boat fell perpendicularly, and Sheridan was flung into the ocean and drowned.

During this series of mental pictures, the action of the raving man plainly showed that his hand had cut the rope; and his exultation at the completion of the murder was horrible to see. He would turn his face to the partition, away from the light, and chuckle with a vile sound, rubbing his hands in devilish delight.

One day, Mr Wyville sat beside the bed, intending to relieve the tireless Harriet for a few hours. But Harriet still lingered in the room.

Draper had gone once more through the hideous pantomime, accompanying every act with words expressing the baleful intention. Mr Wyville sat regarding him with compressed lips. When the horrible culmination had come, and the wretch chuckled over his success, Mr Wyville looked up and met Harriet's fearful gaze.

"Curse him!" whispered Draper, "he was always in my way. I meant it always—but this was the best plan. Ha! ha! better than pistol or poison—accident—ha! ha! drowned by accident!"

"Do you know of whom he speaks?" asked Mr Wyville of Harriet.

"A man named Sheridan," she answered; "he talks of him a great deal."

"A man named Sheridan!" repeated Mr Wyville to himself. "She speaks as if she did not know him."

He sat silent for a time, his eyes fixed on the guilty man before him, who was unconsciously laying bare the foul secrets of his heart. At last he turned to Harriet and said—

"Do you not know this man named Sheridan?"

"No."

The answer surprised him, and he became silent again. Presently he sent Harriet to her rest.

"I do not see the end," he wearily murmured, when he was alone with the sick man; "but I fore-

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