

Madame Féraudy went downstairs with the Sister and walked a little way along the sandy lane with her.

In the quiet darkness Sœur Eustacie opened her heart.

"It is hard, it is very hard to bear," she said. "The best must go, the one who can least be spared. What he has been throughout this awful time none can ever express, and beyond the goodness, the comfort, there was his skill. Doctor Rougemont attributes his own and Père Nicholas' recovery entirely to his marvellously clever and bold treatment, and it must end like this. It will be like going back into cold darkness when the light of his young life has gone out."

"Perhaps even yet," faltered Madame Féraudy, but Sœur Eustacie spoke almost sharply.

"I do not think it is of any use to encourage false hopes, he is dying."

"Does he know of our coming?"

"Yes. Père Nicholas told him. He had one of his attacks of breathlessness then, and I told him that he must not see you until to-morrow."

"Does he suffer?"

The Sister paused for a moment, then said—"Yes, he suffers, but not as it would have been a few months ago, he is too worn out. The eternal peace is not far off."

They were approaching the Hospice, which was only about ten minutes' walk from the farm, and Madame Féraudy stopped and said in a stifled voice—

"I had better turn back now, to-morrow early I will come."

"Yes," said Sœur Eustacie, "to-morrow when you like. If only he can sleep to-night he will be better; but Doctor Simon is afraid to give him any form of sleeping-draught. Good-night, madame, sleep well. We shall see you then early."

She put out her dry hard-worked little hand and patted her shoulder kindly.

Madame Féraudy went back through the dark dewy lane. The leaves rustled, in the long grasses the grasshoppers chirped their high rattling note, a bat or two swiftly swooped by. The stars, large and kind as a human eye, shone softly down.

"If he can only sleep," Madame Féraudy thought, and her thought

became prayers to Him "who giveth His beloved sleep."

In the Hospice Father Nicholas still lingered with his friend. They were sitting in the ground-floor *salon* they shared together. The tall, white-curtained windows opened wide on to the garden in front of the house; it was fragrant with the sweet scent of stocks and mignonette. The sea fell softly, with a sound caressing as any lullaby, on the wide yellow sands beyond the garden gate.

André sat propped up by a mass of pillows in a large arm-chair; he could not lie down now, and his friend sat by him.

"It is past eleven, Nicholas," he said, looking up with a wonderfully sweet smile. "You must go to bed; you are still my patient, you know. But before you go, old friend, say the Lord's Prayer for me; it has in it all—all one wants."

Nicholas obeyed; his voice was low and solemn; he laid his hand on André's shoulder; he would fain comfort him in his sickness.

"Our Father, yes, that means all—all," murmured André, and then "Thy will be done; it is enough."

Father Nicholas stood watching him for a moment, and a sudden misgiving seized him.

"I will not go to bed. I will stay with you to-night, my dear boy," he said.

But André would not hear of it, and Sœur Eustacie coming in, persuaded him to go. He was still far from strong and unequal to any extra fatigue.

Sœur Eustacie came back to her patient. She did not like his looks to-night. Every one was asleep in the Hospice; the home in which man, woman and many a little child slowly but surely came back to health and strength and life, except only the young founder of it all. He was oppressed by the restlessness of approaching death and could not keep still.

"You stay with me, *ma sœur*?" he said gently.

"Yes, *docteur*, I shall not leave you again."

He stood by the open window, supporting himself with difficulty and breathing hard.

"Then, *ma sœur*, I will charge you with messages. See, here is paper. I do not trust the memory of one who has been up so many nights as we have, you and I, *ma sœur*, of late." He crept to the table and gave her pen and ink. "Write this to my aunt. 'Dear *maman*, telegraph for Jean Canière at once when I am dead. I want *him to come and comfort you and Génie*?' Is that down?"

"Yes. Will you not sit down, *docteur*? See, these pillows are soft and cool. Come, come, my dear!"

He sank back into them.

"Tell Nicholas there is some money in the bank for Gaston's children; he must look after Jean Paul, and Nanon must live here always; she can cook, wash. Is it down?"

"Yes, it is down. See, *docteur*, it is time for your medicine."

"It is very nasty," said André smiling, as she put down the glass. He had not attempted to hold it, his hands were feeble and cold.

Sœur Eustacie glanced at him sharply. "I must leave you for one moment, my dear," she said. "Keep still and let me wrap this shawl over you—the night air is cold. Do not move. I will not be away one moment."

She put the light wrap across his labouring chest and left the room. Once outside she flew as fast as she could run to summon Doctor Simon. In less than two moments they were both with him again. Once more he had dragged himself to his feet and was leaning by the open window, but his strength failed as they reached him, and they were just in time to support him into his chair.

His lips moved; in bitter sorrow they bent over him and caught faltering words. "Our Father," then, after a long pause, "Thy will be done." Then one long sigh, followed by deep and awful silence.

"It is over," said the Sister softly. "The faithful servant of God has entered into his rest."

Some hours later and a profound silence fell over the Hospice. The little waves lapped softly on the shore. All were sleeping. In the dark night the peace which passeth all understanding had come down.

(To be concluded.)

SOME INDIAN RECIPES.

CHUTNEY.

ANGLO-INDIAN housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home.

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

Delhi Chutney.—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried

chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

Apricot Chutney.—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds

blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

Tomato Chutney.—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold. FENELLA JOHNSTONE.