Duick ! Again :"

Once more

go !

out the empty glass, murmuring :

up for it he added with the most invin-

ible determination : " But only one, mind !" " Very well, sir !" she said. He remained inside doors all day, al-He remained inside doors all day, al-though he had some business at the schools and elsewhere; but he carefully kept away from the dining-room where Delane was working, although his ears were alert to catch every sound. At first, that is immediately after dinner, Delane was gay, and musical. He sang "My Pretty Jane," probably out of gratitude to Katie, and evidently in-tended for her ears, for Katie seemed to hear more knocks at the front door that day, and to linger on more various duties in the hall, than ever before. But at 2 o'clock there was silence; and Henry knew the tragedy had begun.

• The boy flushed crimson with anger; and a deep frown came down on his fore-head. He closed his book, put it aside, and rose up. "Come, Dion," he said, "we have been trespeasing here, I perceive, and are not expected to remain any longer." Then turning to the bewildered girl, he said: "Would you kindly thank your uncle for his courtesy toward us—" "What—what's the matter ?" said Annie, now quite frightened. "I have said nothing—done nothing—" "What with digname and be and the said said to be and the said said the said said to be and the said said the said said to be and the said said to be and the said said to be and the said said to be and the said said the

CHAPTER XV A PEACE OFFERING Gradually, and as it were tentatively, the people of the parishs at Doorwarragh and Ataboy came back to their senses after the fevered feeling at Christmas-inter the boildays, they were speedily filed. A few hung back, waiting to see how the tide would turn, for that terri-ble taint of moral covardice, and total lack of individuality, is almost universal in the Ireland of to-day. Then, when bet dia to first few days' filtering, the sensols, the remant thronged after; and Carmedy, the assistant, took his place every day, and assumed his right-ful command over the pupils committed to his care. Neventeless, and although in other ways victory remained with the pastor, wetherlys for their daily tuition in Latin. It was terribly irksome to solitary man; and many a time, when bending over his Suarez or St. Thomas, he felt his statention engaged and called away by the necessary supervision of the studies would end. And mow there has by her encessary supervision of the studies of these boys, he regented that he studies would end. And mow there ito as that the looks by the side, when Jack to the stouched bion's had genty : but put down her studies would end. And mow there ito studies would end. The the there there and its its mean the studies would end. The the But at 2 o'clock there was silence; and Henry knew the tragedy had begun. There were four hours yet to the time of release and refreshment, and it was difficult to say whether the artist or the priest suffered more during that time. For the latter's senses were on the rack the whole time, he had been so penetrated by the reasoning of the artist; and his imagination, like that of all sensitive and kindly people, ran far ahead of reason, and conjured up all kinds of doleful possibilities. Would Delane collapse? Would he break down physically, and fall off the the ladder? Or would the fagged and jaded brain give way, without the ac-

jaded brain give way, without the ac-customed stimulant, and the fellow be-

we have a whole acree under them." "An acre!" said Annie. "How much is that?" "An acre!" said Annie. "How much is that?" "Oh, as much as all these grounds put together. But, I say, Miss O'Farrell, you must come up and see them your-self, and let us show you Rohira, and the old castle, and the gypsics." She looked at Jack, as if asking if he would second the request. "Father said," he replied in answer pleasure if you can pull a boat, you know," said Dic n. "we can let you have one, and it is great fun." We have a whole acre under them." eustomed stimulant, and the fellow be-come delirious ? And then, what would the public say ? They'd say, that for the sake of the price of a bottle of por-the sake of the price of a bottle of por-the sake of the price of a bottle of por-the sake of the price of a bottle of por-the sake of the price of a bottle of por-the sake of the price of a souther of the sake of the would second the request. "Father said," he replied in answer was working steadily in the dining-room. Katie seemed unable to reply. He repeated the question. And Katie "I think he is, sir ! But—but—he may be dying," and burst into tears, Dion's hand gently; but put down her hands by her side, when Jack offered his. And, looking him straight in the

face, she said : "I wish you to remember that, whatever be the custom amongst rude boys, it is not usual for ladies to use offensive expressions, especially when there was no provocation." And she did not accompany them to

niece? How was he to combine the education of those Protestant lads and his niece? Was he running risks? Again, he felt that the more he fled from Fate, the more releatlessly did Fate pursue him. Clearly, his old age was not to be, what he so often dreamed it would be, a period of unrufiled seren-ity preluding the eternal caim. The first evening that these home-So the first les

a mean some fine day."

"And if you can pull a boat, you
know," said Dien. "we can let you have
one, and it is great fun."
"I think he is, sir ! But—but—he
may be dying," and burst into tears,
and never seen the see, until she put her
foot on the steamer.
"Oh, dear, yes," said Dien. "Why,
dreating and who is Cora ?" asked the girl
whose curiosity was much piqued.
"Why, she's the gypsy girl down at
e the castle on our grounds. She's
e awfully ugly, but she can do everything
al aughing."
"Sh!" said his brother warningly,
dreading another explosion. "Better
mot spak of these things, Dion. Miss
t OFarrell doesn't care to hear of them."
But Miss OFarrell did ; and was great success. When she narrated the little circum-stances to her uncle at tea, he smiled, that is, he said, "H'm !" twice, and s opened after the Christmas holi-then said :

"It was a most awkward expression. "It was a most awkward expression. And really, Annie, you cannot be sur-prised the lad resented it. Remember, that he has hardly any knowledge of Latin; and the similarity of the words is certainly very striking." "But," she said, "he should have known that I—that no young Catholic cited would use an offenzive word like

word like girl, would use an offensive

mother's hand," touched the heart of the young girl, who had just learned the pang of a bereavement similar to theirs. It softened her toward them, although her prejudices were very great. " I'll do my best, Uncle," she said. " You see," said her uncle, " you are very much advanced in your studies; so much so indeed, that you have surprised me. And you will be able to superin-tend their studies for a while, and direct them. I am so busy about other things." " Bat, Uncle, you must let them know that I'll not stand any nonsense. If I am to direct to obey." "They know nothing of Catholics, ex-

prepared to obey." "I think you'll find that all right,"

that."
"They know nothing of Catholics, except what they have seen of us through stable boys and rough servants," said her uncle. "But All to boy a most of these things, Dion. Miss if "Gading another explosion. "Better so and so a signer of the sector of the secto

"Yes!" she said, what provide a supposed to be a sorcerer, or magician, you know; and people used to open these pages and guess their futures from the page that first opened to merciful chaffing from his brother. "Well, Jack, you did put your foot in it, this time, and no mistake. By Jove, but wasn't she grand though for a little Yankee girl." "I don't think I'll go there again," said Jack, sulkily. "That girl would want to boss us out and out." "You're right," said Dion, with a smile. "We won't ar there again. I'll

them." "Jude searches your hands," said Dion eagerly. "Of course it is all rot -humbug, I mean; although she knew all about you, Miss O'Farrell." Here Jack nudged his talkative bachar

"We won't go there again. I'l smile. tell Pap what she said; and we won't brother.

"But would that be fair?" said Jack. "After all, it was I who made the misbrother. "About me?" said Annie. "Yes !" said Dion. "Of course, 'tis nothing. She only knew that you had been in America, and had come over to rows ungle, and."

" If you come into the kitchen, and rest yourself," said Katie, quite unheed-ing her master, or his dinner, " maybe you'd be able to go home all right!" " Thanks, my angel!" said the artist, rising up wearily, and stumbling a little. " Let me lean on thee ! There ! Now, I shall be able to recuperate." Henry Liston sat down to a cold dinner, heated only by a mental debate : Is this fellow a consumate humbug and blackguard, or a fallen angel? He decided to submit the matter to the superior judgmentof his pastor, as all

the superior judgment of his pastor, as all good and inexperienced curates should do; and he wrote a short note to the do: and he wrote a short note to the effect that things were not progressing rapidly, and that if the contractor could take back the child of genius and send an ordinary worker, it would be better for the progress of the work and event-ually for the pastor's purse. The result was a pastoral visit next morning. About 13 o'clock, Dr. William Gray drove up, and entered the curate's house.

house. "Well! This fellow is doing nothing?

Just what I expected. Where is he?" Henry pointed to the door of the dining-room The pastor strode over, walked in unceremoniously and glanced

around. "How long have you been here ?" he

said to the artist. " Par'n ?" said the artist, pretending

" Par'n ?" said the artist, pretending to be very busy. " I say how long have you been here ? When did your master send you here ?" The artist ran his fingers through his hair, and said, meditatively : " I think this is the third—nay the fourth day of my labor on these premises."

"And the last !" said the pastor. "Put on your coat, and leave the house at once !"

"What? This is an outrage !" said

corkscrew and a long, deep, crystalline tumbler, drew the cork, and filled the

tumbler, drew the cors, and niled the glass with the foaming liquor to the brim. Holding it to the artist's lips, he held up his head with the other arm. A convulsive shudder passed through the frame of the prostrate man. The exems impossible to get a decent or honest tradesman to-day. Rights of seems impossible to get a decent or honest tradesman to-day. Rights of labor! The down-trodden laboring labor man! We are coming to a strange pass

man ! We are coming to a strange pass in the history of things." From which Henry Liston, with some perturbation of spirit, conjectured that his pastor was now in one of his angry and sarcastic moods. He was hoping, silently hoping that the great man would excedibly donest. He almost regretted

continued, regarding the young priest with a severe look, "'twas touch and go! Never, never, never, attempt such

Henry. "The best makers." "And what do you want it for ? Surely,

"Better? Yes. If you mean, am I snatched from an early and premature grave? Yes. I am. But I shall carry the marks of this experiment to my

"And what do you want to for Surery, you can't play !" "On, dear, yes," said Henry Liston, who thought it well to use a little bluff. He went over and sat down, and ran his fingers up and down the keys. Then he

the

bows, and strains of joy and light clouds out of the cups of roses. All at once there was a stillness in the whole of immeasurable space, as if Nature were

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thought to die of wonder, and then the mortal saw through the hot tears of his

"Good God !" he said at length, "and is the Irish Church come to this ? And what in the name of heaven are the superiors of colleges doing to tolerate this outrageous nonsense?" "It wasn't in college I studied Goethe," said Henry. "They knew nothing about Goethe there. It was in England." "Of course! There's what I'm telling the bishop this many a day. 'You're sending our young priests over there,' I said, 'to become half heretics. In the name of God keep them at home; and let them learn their Moral Theology!" "It's never any harm to become an educated man!" said his curate, stung by his sarcasm. immeasurable space, as 11 Nature were dying of ecstasy—a broad gleam, as if The Eadless One was going through Creation, spread over the suns, and over the abyses, and over the pale rain-bow of the milky way—and all nature thrilled in delicioustransport, as a man's heart thrills when it is about to forgive. And thereupon his intermost soul opened itself before the mortal, as if it means that before the mortal, as if it opened itself before the mortal, as if were a lofty temple, and in the temp was a Heaven, and in the Heaven was man's form which looked down on hi

with an eye like a sun full of imme able love. The Form appeared to and said, "I am Eternal Love; his sarcasm. "No! But what is education? Do canst not pass away." And the Forn strengthened the trembling child who

"No! But what is education? Do you call that rubbish—and I suspect there's some double meaning beneath that fellow's verses—education— Roslein, Roslein, Roslein roth, Roslein auf der Heiden. Have you any more of that German rubbish here? Here! Who's this fellow? Richter. Who's he? What did here wrie?" joy, darkly, the nameless form-and q warm thrill dissolved his heart, which overflowed in pure, in boundless love; creation pressed languishly, bu he write?" Who's he? What did "Oh! He's the great author of Titan and Hesperus, and Fruit, Flower and Thorn Pieces, etc., etc., "said Henry. "Anything like Roslein, Roslein roth, Roslein auf der Heiden?" warm thrill dissolved his heart, which ence, and all existences were one love, and through the tears of his love Nature glisteneed like a blooming meadow

Roslein, Roslein, Roslein roth, Roslein auf der Heiden?" 'No!" said Henry, going over and taking down a volume. "Jean Paul wrote only prose; or rather poetry in the form of prose!" ground, and the seas lay there like dark-green rains, and the suns like fiery dew, and before the sunfire of the Almighty there stood the world of spirits as a rain-bow, and the spirit broke its light into all colours, as from century to century, they dropped, and the rainbow did not change; the drops only changed, not the colours

"Who's Jean Paul?"

"Who's Jean Paul?" "Why, Richter! It is a pet name for the favourite of all German scholars." "Very good! Let's hear what that fellow has to say for himself." And the poor curate had to roll out the seven-footed words of the mighty dreamer to a most unsympathetic colours. The All loving Father looked forth on

"Very good!" said the latter. "Now, what does it mean?"

The All loving Father looked forth on His full creation, and said, "I love you all from Eternity—I love the worm in the sea, the child upon the earth, and the angel on the sun. Why hast thon trembled? Did I not give thee the first Life, and Love, and Joy, and Truth? Am I not in thy heart?" And then the worlds passed with their death-bells, but it was as the church-ringing of harmoni-cal bells for a higher temple; and all chasms were filled with strength, and Death with bliss. He wound up triumphantly, and with a brave, rhetorical flourish. "Is that all?" said the pastor grimly. "Dh, no!" said the grim man. "But, Father Liston," he said gravely, "I'd advise you now, as your pastor, and

"What? This is an outrage !" said the artist grandly. "It's a libel on my profession — " And Henry read falteringly: "And Henry read falteringly: "Hay our paints and brushes, "and the ast the Form passed before a mask with a soul, there spurted a bloody drop from its dull eye, such as a corpse your paints, or your employer? Are these your paints, or your employer? "He these stipulated wages for my Art—yes, they're his !" "Then, leave them here, and quit at "Then, leave them here, and quit at

"But, Father Liston," he said gravely, "I'd advise you now, as your pastor, and as one that has the care of souls, to take all that rubbish out into your yard, and burn every bit of it to ashes." And then, take up the penny Catechism and study it. It will be better for you, and better for the poor people in the long run than your rhapsodies and rubbish, and your:

your mapsones and ruboish, and y Roslein, Roslein, Roslein roth, Roslein auf der Heiden." And with these words he vanis leaving a sad heart behind him. under the great pall, like singing bird under the great pall, like singing birds whose cage is darkened with a covering; and there he saw the strong endurers of life, the numberless, who had suffered till they died, and the others who were lacerated by horror; and there he saw the countenances of those who had died of joy, and the deathly tear of Joy was still hanging in their eves and there he A STORY OF GOD'S MERCY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander During the past summer I had the privilege of meeting a brother priest, whose delightful personality and high culture, as well as his eminently unob-trusive goodness, impressed me in a most striking manner. He was one whose words carried con-viction in the simplest conversation, and I had many delightful chats with him the week we spent together. The con-versation turned one evening on the mercy of God towards sinners and the value of intercessory prayer. At this still hanging in their eyes; and there he saw all the lives of earth standing with

saw all the investor earth standing with stilled hearts, in which no Heaven, no God no Conscience, dwelt any more; and there he saw again a world fall, and its wail passed by him. "Oh! how vain, how nothingly is the groaning and struggl-ing, and the Truth and the Virtue of the world!" And there at last apneared his world!" And there at last appeared his father with the iron ball-globe which which

The pastor turned around, and surveyed the room.
The did nothing here, I suppose ?"
"Nothing !" said Henry.
"A haino," said Henry.
"A collard !!"
"A collard and Collard," shouted
Henry.
"A collard and Collard," shouted
Henry.
"A collard and Collard," shouted
Henry.
"A collard and Collard," shouted
thenry.
"A collard and Collard," shouted
thenry.
"A collard and collard," shouted
thenry.
"And what do you wantit for ? Surely, who have a little bluf, in the stad of higher worlds, and the bodies of the dead angels were for the most part of Surver and sat down, and ran his fingers up and down the keys. Then he stopped.
"What do you call that ?"

" All things are possible where God's mercy to sinners is involved," I replied. "You make memore anxious to hear the

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simple facts. About sually tired o was unusually tired o busy day's work in n and retired about 10 o a sound sleep. Sudde ed by a knock at my wide awake. It was called out: "Come light in the room som enough to see a He closed the ing. He closed the around, and I recogni friend of mine who w priesthood. I had n months, but knew he ary, a most pious a fellow. I noticed hi and it occurred to n to town and arrived had disturbed no oi to my room. I was his remark which fo ing.

his remark which for want to go to confe I said, and I sprang cassock and took my "There was a sma prie-dieu, and a ch metioned him tow

notioned him tow seated myself I lool seated myself I 1000 face, and then I not blance to the young seemed to come and not a little. "I heard his conf absolution, and alth

sumstance was unus to my room and at to my room and at thing more and dis usual 'God bless the door I heard th way strike 2; its t vibrant. I looked a pointed at 2 o'cloc "I sought my ni " I sought my pi immediately. I ros and said my Mass w

and said my mass occurrence. Short met one of the oth "'It was unfortu call,' he said. "'What about in "Why the near " Why, the poor

we got there.' "I looked at him

" Who was it ?" " Why, Mr. Xtritis in twelve brother of young 2 for the priesthood am afraid he was

"' What time di ". What time an

morning.' "Instantly my ever you wish to and I told the brother-priest, als the young cleric my room. He never ceases to]

who is rather Father, you had h Father, you had b and verify your e "I went to the of condolence t brought me to t looked at the de

man, I recognize night before-the Oh, Father !

priest !' was the mother ; "but hi ing for the priest and night; he

wild !' " And then the mercy broke up the prayers of t had offered hims altar had obtain

altar had obtain sion and recom-the brother who "'Do not wee 'God has bee soul! I feel su

have won his sa Oh, Father

the cry. "'I do,' I sa vision of that w and the memory pronounced, par heart grew full and gratitude, t words! "But I left t

There was sil There was sit Father finished reverence, and mercy rose up there was noth felt it was true

stipulated wages for my Art-yes, they it his !" "Then, leave them here, and quit at once !" And because the pastor looked threatening, and was, moreover, a stal-wart man, the artist obeyed muttering: "I shall consult my lawyer about this outrage on myself, and the profession I represent !" The pastor slammed the door behind the expelled artist. There was a sound the expelled artist. There was a sound the more stall stood the blighted hope of the as the tools and with the extinguished the souls, and with the extinguished the arter arms; and there the door behind the expelled artist. There was a sound the more stall stood the blighted hope of the as the profession I the profesion I the profession I the pr the expelled artist. There was a sound of weeping afar off from the depths of the kitchen. A most consummate blackguard!" said

the liquor down his throat; and hold-ing up the tumbler, he said, in a sepul-chral voice:

Henry drew another cork, and filled the tumbler. The artist flung the con-tents down his throat again, and held wit the amptroles murgering. Once more the glass was filled and

silently hoping, that the great man would speedily depart. He almost regretted having sent that letter.
The pastor turned around, and surveyed the room.
" He did nothing here, I suppose ?"
" Nothing !" said Henry.
" What's that ?" pointing to a piano.
" A piano," said Henry. " A Collard and Collard !"
" A what ?" notied : and then the artist rose, and said in a dramatic undertone : "Richard is himself again ! But," he

an experiment again !" "Are you better ?" said Henry Lis-ton, in lieu of something more appro-

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THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

BY REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D.

CHAPTER XV

welcome the time when their matricula-tion studies would end. And now there

name in the fresh complication of his niece? How was he to combine the

classes opened after the Christmas holi-days, Dr. William Gray said to his niece

fter his dinner : Those boys will be coming down this evening, Annie. They are nice, well-conducted lads, although they have not

had the guidance of a mother's hand ; and you must be kind with them."

These words, "the guidance of a other's hand," touched the heart of

"I think you it had that all righ, said her uncle. "Get your books down, and I'll show you how to commence." The first evening's experiment was not a success. The two boys were actually alarmed when they found that they were to be guided and taught by a particular-by heartful young wire no older than

beautiful young girl, no older than emselves. Jack's face flushed with

nervous excitement, as he took his seat opposite Annie O'Farrell. Dion stared,

nervoits excitement, as ne book its seat opposite Annie O'Farrell. Dion stared, and stared, as if he saw an apparition. "Now," she said, "get your books. You," she said, looking at Jack Wycher-ly, whose eyes fell under her glance, "must commence Crear at once simul-taneously with your Latin Grammar. And you-what are you staring at ?"

nd you—what are you staring at ?" "I can't help it !" said Dion. "Can't help what ?" said Annie

severely. "Can't help looking at you !" said

Dion candidly. "If you can't find your books more at-

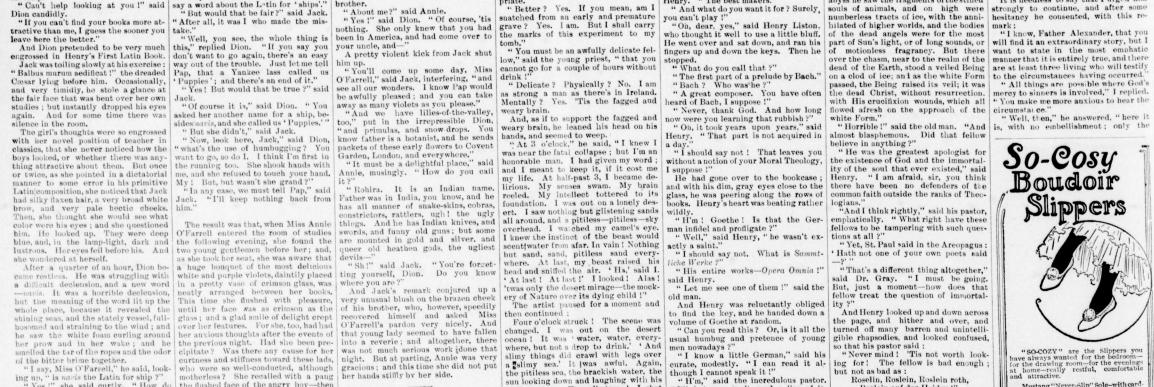
themselves.

And you

" Can't

pleasure, on as the of his brother, who, however, speedily of the rept recovered himself and asked Miss o, hadhad o Farrell's pardon very nicely. And that young lady seemed to have fallen been pre-hese lads, although Ent at parting, Annie was very gracious; and this time she did not put hen and stilly by her side.

ber prow and in her wake, jand her wake, jand her provide light has been provide l



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law of love, calls us back

are seeking people to the He dwells eaches afar.

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