## BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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CHAPTER XXIII

The next morning the country was ded by the announcement of the withdrawal of St. John Worthingthe withdrawal of St. John Worthing-ton from the gubernatorial race. He pleaded the precarious state of his health, but when pressed for the real motive of his action, acknowl-edged that there was another, a private one, but so grave, so power-ful, that it forced his withdrawal. When George Martius heard of the decision of his rival, he smiled the smile of the victor. But why had he smile of the victor. But why had he withdrawn? He was not the only person in the white house who was mentally asking that question.
Teresa's suddenly drooped head and paled face, as Mr. Martins made ent at dinner, her after dejection and the anguished expression in her dark eyes, indicated the fear and misery it gave; while Preston's clouded brow and unusual silence, heralded the fact that it wa him inward perturbation. The only one unaffected was Mrs. She accepted the explanation which St. John Worthington had given, and respected, even in her thoughts, the second which he did not feel at liberty to disclose.

The day went out in rain, more

ing an autumn than summer rain in its chill drizzle and heavy dampness. It wrapped the landscape in a gray shroud and never, Presto thought, as he went up the sweeping drive with his father, had the white house looked so cheerless, so strangely dark and dank. From the graveyard on the western lawn the graveyard on the western lawful came the heavy odor of wet mould and dripping ivy, and it appeared to greet his sensitive nostrils as he opened the heavy hall door. The atmosphere of the house corresponded with the grayishness and melancholy without. A chill struck across his heart as he entered the deserted parlor, with the whitish face of the parlor, with the whitish face of the rain peering through the long, low windows, and the shadows of ap-proaching gloom cowering in the corners. "Let a darksome whirl-wind seize upon that night, let it not be counted in the days of the year, nor remembered in the months."

Job's words, bewailing the time of his birth, recurred to him unex-pectedly; and he, seldom a victim to the fear of the Unknown fled from the room. When he met the family at the supper table and found his own indefinable depression on them, vague restlessness gave way to fore-

I have had a fire made in my little sitting room," said Mrs. Mar-tins, at the conclusion of supper "we can spend a cozy evening there I have brought down 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' for you to read to us, Preston," she added, as they settled themselves on the sofa and low chairs, placed comfortably near to the fire, which crackled and flamed on the hearth-stone. This room was Preston's favorite, for it was here he and his mother had spent many of the sweet communing hours of infancy and childhood.
Here his cradle used to stand at her side, while she read or worked at her embroidery. Here he had played with his toys at her feet; here first lesson at her knee The room opened off the library, where his father sat when at home, and looked upon a little square fourpillared portico, over which morning. glories climbed which sheltered the chirping birds in winter. Its windows also gave him a view of the graveyard where Amy slept under her veil of lilies of valley or covering of snow. The room was his sanctuary and as he pushed the sofa closer to the hearthstone and arranged the pillows for Teresa, a tremendous joy swept over his soul because she was here. A wet evening has its compensations after all," remarked George Martins, as he took his arm chair, and glanced over the group; but even as he spoke, the door connecting the room with the library was ned by a servant who said : Worthington an' anothah

gentlem'n to see yoh, Mastah." St.
John Worthington! George Martins
sprang to his feet; the book he was lifting dropped from Preston's hand ; Teresa started from her place among the pillows, drawing her shawl about her, with a convulsive grasp. undisturbed by only one ouncement was Mrs. Martins, and surprise began to grow on her face, as she noted the alarm which had suddenly overtaken the others. Like a man in a dream, George Martins stood, looking over the ltttle group before the hearthstone, and the seene burned itself on his brain; then he turned and walked slowly to the door. The touch of the knob recalled his seattered senses and when he entered the library,—where stood St. John Worthington and the trapper,—he was himself again, cold, collected, ironi-He greeted Mr. Worthington. with formal politeness, and bewed distantly to the stranger, who instead of returning the recognition, felded his arms, and from his place at the foot to the table fixed his inat the root cost the table fixed his in-scratable glance upon the man he was there to accuse. Mr. Worthing-ten laid down his hat and rested his thin, white hands upon the back of one of the carved hairs. He was still weak and the day had been trying, leaving him ill able to cope with what the evening

was to bring.
"The exigencies of the situation, Mr. Martins, are my excuse for dis-turbing you at this hour."

Mr. Martins bowed coldly to the words but made no reply; and the speaker added:

"It is necessary to-morrow that the Whigs, as the Democrate also will do, choose a new leader. We cannot take the chance of seeing the government of the sovereign state of Kentucky entrusted into the hands of the man with whom I could not

The voice of the man, standing at the foot of the table, broke in as St.

John Worthington mads a brief pause; and the epithets seemed to twist through the air like forked twist through the air like forked tongues of lightning. Beads of cold sweat broke over the brow of George Martins. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He gasped for breath. He felt he would drop at the feet of his accuser. But he re covered from that moment's terror and again got himself under control The game was up to him at last but he could play it out successfully, for the one card which would have wor

it from him was missing.
"Mr. Worthington," he demanded,
haughtily turning his eyes from the uncouth figure at the foot of the table to his late opponent, "by what right do you bring a person like this into my house to insult me? I hold you, sir, answerable for his lan-

"By the right of justice long delayed," said Mr. Worthington, answering the question. "And not only am I willing and ready to hold myself answerable for his words, but I repeat them, and declare in the face of high heaven, that you are guilty of the crimes with which he

ccuses you !" Then, sir, you are a liar!" George Martins' voice was like steel as he spoke, and not a quiver of excitement or anger played on his face. The blood mounted to Worthington's prow, but before he could unclose his lips to speak, the man at the foot

of the table interjected.
"Be cautious, George Martins!" "Who the devil are you that dare us to address me?" His tones thus to address me?" were angry and fire was kindling in his eyes as he turned them toward

the stranger.
"Look upon me, George Martins,

"Look upon me, George Martins, look carefully, closely, and think where you have seen me!"

There was a certain fibre in the voice which fell familiarly on Martine ear, but conditions and appearance. Estad the thought which it ances belied the thought which it suggested.

'I have never seen you until now,' he returned coolly.

"Look upon me as divested of this long beard and matted hair, clad in

other attire; then, would you not recognize me? "I am not gifted with clairvoyant powers," he returned, even more coolly, and the man laughed a biting

laugh. Here Mr. Worthington said Mr. Martins, though in your own soul, you know that you causelessly insulted me, I will not ask you to recall your words, until I have told you that I know all :-know that you are accessory to, if, indeed, not the in igator of the murder of Gerald Martins' wife, that you lied to the world and buried the bought body of a stranger as Gerald Martins' child, and robbed that child of her inheritance, and continued to withhold it her when she came here as Teresa Martinez. I know that your Indian son did the bloody work for you. I know that Gerald Martins encountered him on the hills at Raisin and that the packet containing that unhappy man's last will and ment, with the Indian boy's confession, was stolen by the latter from pocket. I know the story of your half breed son from Raisin's night of horror, until he appeared here a few weeks ago to de-mand the recognition you promised him or give you its alternative exposure, with the penalty the guilty must pay. I know how his infatuation for Miss Martinez turned his thoughts from revenge, and I also know that his was the hand which brought me to a bed of suffer. ing. I ask you now to withdraw your words," finished Mr. Worthing.

That baffling smile which had hardened the heart of his son a few mornings ago, was again flickering across the face of George Martins.

"I withdraw them, Mr. Worthing ton," he said, and his tones were as hateful and baffling as his smile. Mr. Werthington bowed. "I was puzzled," went on Mr. Martins, "on hearing this morning of your unaccountable withdrawal from the elecoral contest; this evening's visit

fully explains it." Mr. Worthington looked some what perplexed, for he was a man whose hand, cautious or bold, was always held above the board; but he who stood at the foot of the table, understood Mr. Martins' move and the light of a smile fell for an instant over his face. Worthington's perplexity grew to suspicion and he remained silent before the smiling George Martins. The interested spectater of this human game knowing the subtlety of one player, and seeing the embarrassment which it was causing the other, said:

"His withdrawal explains his visit, George Martins, and it has truth for its cause, not the imaginings of a mind weakened by sickness. Because you destroyed the paper which your Indian son gave you, do not think all proof is wanting."

The smile had faded from Martins face, and as if the man had not spoken, he stood immovable and celd by the table. There was something in the attitude, which with chilling politeness, asked why the interview was being thus prolonged. This, with the explanation of Mr. Martins'

words, as shadowed out by the man and a hardening effect on St. John

Worthington.
"Mr. Martins," he said, "you should know me too well to think that I would know me too well to think that I would venture, to charge a man with such crimes it I had not strong proof to support my words. I have that proof, sir!" As he speke he drew from his pocket a time-discolored document and laid it upon the table, before Greeve Marting. The light from the George Martins. The light from the tall wax candles fell upon its page covered with writing traced in a bold, firm hand. His eyes caught the opening words—Great God! it was the identical paper he had burned on his office hearthstone! Worthington turned the page and pointed a long, white finger to Garald Martins' name.

"It is a forgery !" cried George Martins. So intense was the moment for both men, they did not notice that the third had dropped his hat and was slipping around the table. As the words were spoken, he ran his hand across its blaise covered sur-face and, with lightning rapidity and dexterity, snatched the paper from St. John Worthington's fingers and George Martins eyes; then stepped back to his place and both saw that where he laid it was guarded by two pictols. He looked at Worthington defiantly, but as his gaze passed to George Martins, it grew black with

the fury of a demon. 'No! No! You burned the forgery, George Martins!" and he laughed loud and long. The sound of his laughter pierced the door and it made Teresa half spring to her feet. Surely no two men could utter such demoniacal expression of cruel merriment! While you thought your neatly

trapped victim was choosing the 'to be' without his prospect for revenge, or the possible 'not to be' with it, he was instead deliberately copying that

document. It was a true copy ex-cept that instead of the dead Kentuckian's blood, his own supplied the ink with which the confession was traced. The flame of the candle gave his paper the yellow of time and more quickly than years. I left you the lighted candle as I left you the pearl-ornamented purse, but you are not shrewd. You could not even pierce this disguise! I beg your par don, Mr. Worthington, for deceiving you. But I knew that I should have better chance to secure your atten tion as the old frontiersman who told

me he was a witness to the finding of Amy Martins' body, than as Senor Martinez. Now, gentlemen," he continued, laying his hand upon each of the weapone, "I hold here a dozen lives, and I have a dozen more here," and he placed his hands on his side pockets, "and I shall spend the last one in the defense of this document. demand my rights. If they are de nied to me I shall mete out justice to the letter. I warn you that I am a desperate man. So do not attempt

to harm or thwart me."
The face of St. John Worthington paled for a moment, as a vision flashed before him of the horror that night might be called upon to witness, but afterwards he crossed his hands on the back of the chair and waited, sustained by the conscious-ness that in coming there he had but fulfilled a sacred duty. The smile had frozen on George Martius' face, and it gave him a fearful, unnatural expression. His arms hung by his side, his feet were rooted to the spot, the mind had lost its activity, its power of quick shifting and ever readiness to abandon a failing position to take another more defensible

med scarcely to breathe. "I told you in that parting moment that we would meet again, George Martins. The hour has come even we two stood that night some weeks ago, we again stand. The demand I made of you then I make now. Accede to it and all will even yet be well. Refuse it, and everything is lost-wealth, home, honor, wife, son I might have spared you something then; I will spare you nothing now. Will you acknowledge that the Indian woman whose heart you broke, was your wife according to Indian rite and law, and receive me, her child

and yours, as your son ?" The words recalled George Martins from a paralysis which seemed to be bodily as well as mental. He drew himself up, folded his arms, and slightly threw back his head. Haughtiness was on the curl of his lip and pride in the fire of his small

dark eyes. "I have never had wife except the lady who bears my name. Hence, I cannot acknowledge the offspring

of an Indian woman as my son. His tones were touched with the reserve that had become a second nature, slow and unruffled.

Anger would not have moved his hearer : defiance would have made him a mocker; he would have sneered at a cry for mercy and promptly turned aside an attempt at evasion. But down in the despest recesses of his heart there lived a spark of the half-savage child's abundant love for his superior, handsome father; a love which the man had not disregarded, which had seemed dear to him, as they sat before the low tent door or roamed through the forest wilds. To this poor weak remnant of that once deep devotion, the father's proud front in the very teeth of overwhelm. ing disaster, made swift, sweet ap-

"Listen to me, my father!" he cried, "Listen to me!" and unconsciously he held out his clasped hands across the documents and weapers. "I ask not my portion of your wealth. I ask not for my place in your home. I ask not that the world shall receive me as your first-born. I ask not even for my child's share of your parental affection. I "Eleanor Burke!" she exclaimed. "The convent? So soon? Why, hands across the documents and

ask but for your recognition. But go with me to yonder door and say to those three in that little room, to those three in that little room,
'This man's mother married me according to the laws of her country
and the religion of her people. He
is our son,' and I shall give you this
paper and never again shall my
shadow cross your way. I shall leave
you to the enjoyment of the wealth I
brought you and to the honors which
it helped you to secure. I leave you it helped you to secure. I leave you to the love of wife, and son, and—and—the daughter's affection of her for whom my heart is breaking. not refuse for your own sake !

TO BE CONTINUED

## DISILLUSIONED

"What! You at Mass this morn ing? Didn't you go to the dance last night?"

"Go? Of course I went; had a simply elegant time, too. I'm sorry you were not there, girlie."
"I'm sorry you were there, Margaret. Isn't it cold this morning?"
"Bitter! I don't know how I got myself out of had. Manyma, will give

myself out of bed. Mamma will give me fits for getting up; she always expects me to stay in bed half a day after a dance. But I thought I must go to Mass anyway, even if I did have to miss my First Friday Com-munion. But wasn't the sky gorge-ous, Eleanor? Crossing the bridge, I looked up the river, and there was the faintest pink flush in the east, dashed with long, bright streaks and the ice was the prettiest laven der, really lavender, reflected from the sky. And those pearly terraces and icicles at the waterfall are just beautiful. Why don't we get early often Eleanor, just to see the

sunrise? It is so lovely."
"Dear Margaret," said her friend tolerantly, "you are a beauty wor-shipper. I was too cold to look right or left. I believe you would not hesitate to spend your last nickel for a hyacinth to feed your soul, even if

your body was starving."
"I doubt that," rejoined the other laughing. "My thoughts are apt to soar no higher than the dinner table when I am hungry. But I do lovs beauty," she added solemnly, a wistfulness in her eye, "and, last night it was simply divine-the lights, the holly and mistletce, the green and white fuzzy decorations, he sweetest music coming from behind the palms "-her voice had be come meditative — " and the last waltz-my heart felt somehow as it never did before, I think-I think Eleanor, that heaven must be some thing like last night."

How foolish, Margaret, and not very reverent, either! Perhaps some who had no difficulty in getting cards for last night won't find it so easy to get a passport to heaven."
"Judge not!" warned Margaret.

"How do you know what any of those people are at heart? Do you give no credit at all to Protestants ?"

"I was not thinking of creed when I

spoke," replied Eleanor. "You are not the only Catholic who was there last night. But you know as well as I do, Margaret, that the set you mingle with lately has a more elastic code than we are accustomed to. It's only reasonable to fear that you cannot long remain uncontaminated.
And I think it very wrong of yeu to continue to encourage Mr. Barnes."
"You are so narrow. Eleanor, so very
narrow. Just because Philip Barnes is
not of your faith you condemn him."

My opposition to him is not solal on the basis of religion, Margaret should be reason although that You know as well as I do, the evils of mixed marriages. Even if he were a Protestant it would not be so bad; but he's a bragging atheist! And, leaving the question of religion out of it altogether, he does not compare with Dr. Daniels as a

'Oh, do leave him out of the discussion, please!" cried Margaret, almost angrily. "You will plead for Dr. Daniels. I told you that I should never marry him, never. I told him so, too; and when he answered that if I ever changed my mind all I have to do is send for him. I told Dr. Dr. o do is send for him, I told Dr. Daniels that if ever I did humiliate myself to the degree of sending for him for any purpose whatever, why, he could take advantage of it and marry me but we both knew that I never would

do that, and I never will!"
"Don't brag," warned Eleanor.
"None of us know what we may do before we die

Well, I'd die sooner than do that, you may be sure. But about last night, why, there was no harm in going Eleanor dear. I had a perfectly dazzling time. Everything in the past is tame compared with the joy of lest pight?" of last night !"

'Last night! Last night!" repeated Eleanor, smiling indulgently into her friend's bright face. "Did anything extraordinary or wonderful happen last night, that it should make such an impression upon you?" There was a searching glance in Eleanor's

Margaret blushed, and then looked annoyed, as if displeased with her-self for doing so.
"Well—I—I—" she stammered.

"Never mind, dear," soothed El-eanor. "I can't help having my suspicions, but—you never can tell. However, let's forget about your affairs for a moment in the interest of my own. I've chosen to day to tell you, because it is the first Friday that we've both been so faithful to. I've decided te enter the convent, and will be leaving you in a few weeks."

"Even so," was Eleanor's calm

answer. "Why not?"
"I shall be desolate," said Mar-"Oh, no," replied Eleanor. "There are many to supply my place. You have not been with me at all lately, yet you're not very desolate. But it's just as well; the weaning will be

Margaret felt the sting of her dear

friend's reproach.
"I contess," she answered, "that I have neglected you since I have been going into society so much. But you must believe me, dear, for you know it is true when I say that no one can ever take your exact place in relation to me.' I do believe that, Margaret, al-

though circumstances have taken us different paths since schooldays; and now it seems to me our ways are to diverge even more. More even than you think," said

Margaret peneivaly. 'In return for your confidence, here is mine—I am etrothed to Philip Barnes since last night."
In spite of the balm Margaret

Devon offered her conscience in regard to this engagement, the girl was much troubled but she would not admit it, especially to Eleanor who tried hard to swerve her from the marriage. Margaret knew that her missing that First Friday Communion was on account of Philip Barnes and the dance; she knew that she remained away from Holy Hour that evening because it would interfere with Mr. Barnes' plans, and these items bothered her intensely. "But we are only just engaged," she told herself. "I should not be so mandatory about things at first. Everything is sure to come out all right after a while." But, somehow, whenever it was a question of a Church engagement or an appoint-ment with Mr. Barnes, Mr. Barnes won, and Margaret kept postponing the time when she should make him understand that her attitude toward the Church and religious affairs must remain unchanged. It was so much easier to drift; and drift she did, just a wee bit farther away each time. Her mother's worldliness en couraged this course; Mr. Barnes was one of the season's "catches," and many a girl envied Margaret. The girl's father was too busy making money to notice much what she did; so there was no one to remonstrate but Eleanor, who regretted that she must leave her friend in such crisis, but promised to pray for her

One day, the following autumn, it surprised Margaret to receive a box of flowers, beautiful, soft white chrysanthemums, for Mr. Barnes had been out of town on business for some weeks. She found inside, however card bearing the name of Edward Daniels and the words: "In memory of one other autumn day." Then the date flashed upon her, and she recalled a happy event a few years back, a glerious tramp off on the hills, into the woods, with her achool-boy lover, and his youthful but earnest, declaration made that golden afternoon, whereby he told ier of his hopes and ambitions, in all of which she was concerned, and of which she was the center and inspiration, of his love, honor, loyalty and devotion which were all hers, and were to be hers forever. It was only a boyish outburst, but the un-wavering faith with which his manhood had kept the pladge endowed it with dignity and made his love sacred and his vows a holy trust.

Before Margaret realized it, she found herself rather longing for the old days and the good comradeship of Ned and Eleanor. But her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a telegram to the effect that Barnes would return that night. This put a different face upon things, and old times were forgetten. She smileda little sadly, though—at a contrast that stood out in her mind between the two men. How it would amuse Philip to know how near she had bee to an alliance with Dr. Daniels! If he scoffed at her having a religious fanatic, as he called Eleanor, for a girl friend, how much more would he make fun of "narrow-mindedness" and the "childishness of religion's fairy tales" in a grown man! But down in her heart, she was ashamed of herself, wishing, although she hardly acknowledged it, that Philip was more on the type of her Ned. Her consolation, blind as usual, was that she would convert Philip after their marriage, and then all would be well.

Rousing herself from reverie, Miss Devon made ready to go to an atternoon reception. She tried to tell herself that she was exceedingly happy because Philip was coming that night, but somehow the happiness was forced. Was it—it couldn't be—that they were not as enthusias tic about each other's companionship as they used to be? Did not this telegram prove that he was anxious to see her, and that he knew she must be impatiently waiting for his return? Margaret was loath to relinquish her illusion. During his absence she had taken the opportunity of making a few visits to the Pleased Seasment. Was it the no. Blessed Sacrament. Was it the un-wonted meditation that depressed her? Something did, like an evil omen, but she could not tell what.

A late-comer at the reception must have brought along a dainty morsel of gossip with her, for it was de-voured eagerly and caused quite a commotion among the batterflies gathered; but it did not come Margarnered; suc it that how come star-garet's way. She caught glances leveled ather. Why were they star-ing? Or did she imagine it? Was her brooding making her sensitive? It took just such a moment," she replied slowly, turning full upon him her thoughtful face, which suffering had made much older, "to flash a

we're out of school only a couple of It became tiresome and she went away alone. Out of the large group of "friends" there was not one to whom she would dare unburden her soul's afflictions. When leaving the house a whisper reached her, "I wonder if he will be all devotion

wonder is ne will be all devotion now!" Was it meant for her? Had anything happened to Philip? She hurried to her carriage, and on the way home solved the mystery unexpectedly. As the driver slack. ened to turn the busy corner of Mair and North streets, Margaret heard newsboys calling out, "Daily Press!" All about the Devon Company fail-

ure I thought so !" came to her lips involuntarily, as she reflected upon some of her mother's recent extrava-"It has occurred to m gances. "It has occurred to me several times that the cost of our living has been getting higher every day. This, then, must have been the cause of father's nervous irritability. Poor father! If he had only let me know! I am old enough now to share his burdens. Well, it could be

worse, I suppose."
Yes, it could be worse; and it was decidedly; for, upon reaching the house she heard her mother storming at her father furiously, mor anger than grief in her voice, up-braiding him for not losking to the security of his wife and daughter before the creditors got hold things.

'Mother!" interposed Margaret Don't you see father is ill ?" Mr. Devon's face was ashen and streaked with lines that his daughter

and never noticed before; he seemed benumbed, making no answer to his

wife's assault.
"What is the matter, father? Can't ou speak ?"

Margaret came close to his side anxiously, and just in time, for he fell heavily into the chair at his side. Now we have trouble indeed! cried the girl, casting a reproachfu eye at her mother. "Send for a doctor! No-wait! Tell Robert to

come to me-quick. The mother obeyed automatically. "Robert," said the girl to the coachman, "go find Dr. Daniels as quick as you can, and drive him here at once. If he isn't in his office, end another doctor immediately but hunt the city until you do find him, and tell him particularly, Robert, that Miss Margaret—that I need him very much, and that he must come

at once." Strangely enough, in the excite ment of that night, Margaret never noticed that Philip Barnes did not come. Thinking of it next day, she concluded that it must be that he had not arrived. Then she remembered the words she told Robert to use in getting Dr. Daniels, and wondered why she had done such a thing, she who was setrothed to Philip Barnes. But little head was given to the mat ter, for her father's serious illness made all other considerations sub ordinate.

Things went on in the house as usual; there was no upsetting, and no one seemed to thrust before Mrs. Davon and Margaret any disagree. able financial matters. They did not think it at all remarkable ; the proper course for a backrupt's wife daughter was quite unknown to them, and they had yet to learn the etiquette of insolvency. It was not until long afterwards they understood that the mportant factor in smoothing out the rough road for them was ever present and ever thoughtful Dr. Edward Daniels.

The meaning of Philip's remaining

away began to dawn upon her when Mr. Devon's assured recovery gave Margaret a chance to think about it ; made the truth sting, for those words of Austria or of Spain or of England, ing she ever had for him was indeed obliterated. Perhaps it had been nothing deeper than fascination, she admitted to herself, and her attitude loward Ned Daniels she refused to define. Finally, Barnes loomed upon the Devon horizon-by letter.

"Dear Miss Devon," he wrote formally, "I extend you my sympathy in your trouble, and am glad to hear that your father is recovering, due, no doubt, to the devoted attention of his medical advisor, Dr. Daniels. I have remained away, knowing how occupied you must be. You will, I think, agree with me that, swing to the present complex circumste our proposed marriage would better be indefinitely postponed." "Thank God," was Margaret's com-

ment, "for delivering me from a coward." And she sent an immedi ate answer to Philip Barnes, appris ing him of her great relief at being so delivered, and giving it as her opinion that the fortunate awaken ing was probably the result of the

never-ceasing prayers of her "fana-tic" friend, Sister Rose Mary.

That dismal and seemingly interminable winter had at last passed and spring saw the Devons fairly well settled in more modest apartments, Mr. Devon having been able to resume a little of his business.

"There really is no excuse for me calling any longer—professionally," remarked Dr. Daniels to Margaret one sunny April morning.

She gazed out of the window at the newly budded trees to aveid his searching glance. "But I'd like to drop in once in a while still, if you don't mind. You sent for me, you know, and of course, I have not for gotten what you agreed that should mean. But I do not wish to take advantage of your doing such a thing simply because of the bewilderment of the moment."

much needed light upon my dull understanding. I do not know why I did it; I was engaged to Philip Barnes at the time. But when my moment of great need came I forgot his existence; it was you I felt the need of, and you I sent for."

"And you can never know, Mar garet, the joy your message brought me or how glad I was to come. For years I waited and prayed for it; I new the call must come some day. Let's take a tramp through the hills this atternoon, it is so bright and warm. I want to tell you sgain some things you have forgotten; I want to remind you of the ambitions you inspired and show you how some of them have been attained. I want to plan again with you our beautiful life dream, the golden dream that only you can make come true."— Mary R. Shea, in the Messenger of the

## THE CATHOLIC PULPIT

By Father Kane, S. J., in The Universe.

All the Saints are types of worth ; but, as in the material heavens "star different from star," so God in His wisdom has chosen to set within the spheres of His supernatural firma-ment brilliant luminaries that reflect, with characteristic vividness and varying phases of the truth and beauty of the spiritual world. St. Patrick is a special type of that special worth which is in the admirable and intimate union of heart and holiness. The emblem which St. Patrick bequeathed to Ireland, the shamrock, emblematic of both and of the living bonds that bind them both together into his own characteristic worth and into the characteristic worth of the children of the land he loved. Our simple Irish shamrock springs

from our simple Irish soil. It will creep among the grasses of the meadow or it will hide amidst the heather of the mountain, or it will show its tender green leaves to the wild birds that nestle by the brink of the bog or it will smile at the chil-dren that play by the bank near the country cottage, or it will mingle with the mosses that mourn on the graves of the old churchyard, but it loves the dear land of its birth too dearly to leave it. If its roots be not fee from its own Irish clay it will wither. The human heart is simple. It is only a muscle which with alternate beat and pause drives the blood throughout the veins or drains back the life-drops which the thirsty flesh has not sipped. But in that beat and pause there is the power of action and the need of repose, the giving of strength and the gaining of health which enable the bedy to be the living shrine of a living soul. There is much mors. The heart is the emblem of all emotion that is human. It is he source of outwelling tenderness and it pants for inrushing sympathy. Its love may be lavished in wastaful ways. It may linger amidst neglect or it may creep still closer to coldness, or it may sweeten and brighten with its presence a nature that is as drear as a desert or a character that is as hard as a stone. But it will not leave the human clay where the true roots of its early affections were set. Its sweetest and tenderest fondness will still cling to the mother that bore it and the living floods of its sympathy will always flow back to the heart from whom it first drew the blood of its life. Think of the power expressed in

that little green emblem. It has been the cockade in many a hat or helmet, in many a war of France or came back to her, "I wonder if he will be all devotion now!" Any feeling she aver hed for him. steel. It has reposed on many a bosom of Irish maidens as pure as he dew that rested on roses, and as soft as the tears that fellupon sorrow. It has smiled under the rare sun bursts of national prosperity, and it has clung still closer to its darling Irish clay through storms of Protestant bigstry and of Pagan persecution.
It is still here, an emblem of Irish courage and of Irish faithfulness. It is the heart that makes the hero or the hereine. You may say what you like of the wilfulness of the human heart, of its strange feebleness against the appeal of beauty, of its strange surrender to the command of sym-pathy, and of its strangest powerless. ness to refuse the offering of the love of another heart. But you can never say enough of the power which is within a heart of lifting itself above the clay, above the crowd, above the value of geld, above the seduction of pleasure above the delirium of ambinon, up to the serene, unruffled atmosphere of a noble ideal, unto the uncounting heroism of a noble cause. Could you captivate some thousands of Irish hearts with a love like their shamrock, could you lead them triumphantly, as they have often been triumphantly led befere, to the victory of the soldier on the battle. field, or to the victory of the hermit ifield, or to the victory of the hermit in his solitade, or to the victory of the Apostle in his pilgrimage, or to the victory which is perhaps greatest of all, the victory of the love that is never known, but washes away the sins of the world with silent tears, and conquers the hatred and despair of men or demons, with an anguish of men or demons, with an anguish that smiles and with a love that weeps? You can never know the full meaning of the shamrock, for it embalms in its bosom the special character of the heart of the Irish Kelt and the special worth of the worth which won the love of that