

## SAINT THERESA.

In Alva, right nobly born,  
She grew, and Nature gave beside  
Such beauty as might well adorn  
The state of Juno's bird of pride.

The rose, the lily in her cheek  
So grand her crystal form so fair  
That Flattery's glossings could not speak  
Of charms that Nature gave not there.

But in the spring of her youth,  
Proof to the fond, beguiling sin,  
The fragile crystal kept the truth,  
The firmness of the rock within.

Unheeded round that virgin form  
The twines of flouting flattery played;  
They withered, as at touch of worm,  
The wanton spring's waste tendrils fade.

So unbeguiled and fancy free  
She like the lowering cedar grew,  
And pilgrims to that sheltering tree  
From heat or storm to cov'ring flew.

Her penitential followers pale  
In many ways, might match the crowd,  
That to the prophet's bidding wait  
As Ninives in ashes bowed.

In dress she soared to Carmel's height,  
And saw, perceiving the bush that bloomed,  
Wrap in a shroud of fiery light,  
With buds of glory unconsumed.

Wise virgin! she with living toil  
The wicker's lamp so firm to bear,  
How left her store of sacred oil  
To sparkle from her sequin's hair.

And it shall burn more bright with years,  
Unwaxed, till the bright dawn come,  
And the good seed she sowed in tears  
Return in sheaves of gladness home.

—Translated from the Spanish of Louis de Leon,  
poet of the Spanish Golden Age.

## The Mystery of Killard.

## PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

## CHAPTER XIV. Continued.

What a heaven of pure delight that chimney-place was for him on this tempestuous night. There could be no place on all the earth like this warm nook; no companionship like this sweet presence. The man was utterly subjugated and changed. His attitude to fate had become one of terrible regret that he was no better man; pitiable appeal that some merciful miracle might be wrought in his favor. Oh, it was so good to be here, sitting in the presence of goodness, comforted in so fair a form!

The second hour went by, and still they were alone. Perhaps, he thought, another such opportunity might never occur. She was becoming seriously alarmed, and all at once, an irresistible yearning fell upon him, and his heart could no longer be restrained.

"Mary," he said, in a voice of great tenderness, "don't be frightened, I'll be in soon, and no matter how long it is, I'll sit here and keep you company. Ah, Mary, you don't know what it is to me to sit here now. Only I cannot your trouble about your father, and it goes to my heart, I'd wish to sit here until I died."

The expression of her face altered, and a new and more immediate fear seemed to strike into her.

"You must not say things like that to me now, nor I any other time. You know I must not listen, and you know I cannot go away."

"Mary, I wouldn't say anything to you for all the gold and silver in Connemore. I'd put my body and soul between you and hurt or harm. It's very hard on me. Why—why am I to feel as I do feel, and I am so late."

There was a depth of dejection in the man's voice that shocked the girl, and she looked at him with her blue eyes full of compassion.

"There's many a better and prettier girl would be only too glad to hear you speak to her, Christie Cahill."

"Listen to me, Mary Martin, and tell me, and I'll stop, if I say anything unbecoming to your ears. I'm no boy, I've seen many people and places, and I never saw never took a day's notice of any girl till I came to Killard that day. Ever since that day, I'm had—had—had as bad as he, and I'll never be well again."

He folded his arms across his chest, his eyes were full of tears, his words came in a deep voice, ragged here and there.

"I'm very sorry—very sorry, indeed, Christie Cahill, for you. But there is no good in saying such things to me, and I don't think you ought—"

"If I have offended you, Mary, say the word, and I'll break my promise and go," he said, with wildness in his eyes, throwing out his arms towards her.

"Stay where you are, but talk of something else. You know it's not right of you to speak to me of such a thing."

She was now frightened on account of him. His manner was reckless and desperate.

"Say the word," he cried, still more wildly, "and I'll go over the cliff, and trouble you no more. My life is not worth keeping."

"Oh! what am I to do?—What am I to do? You frighten me beyond the storm. Why do you say such dreadful things? I'm only a poor weak girl, and you frighten me out of my wits."

She covered her face, and bent her head.

"I'm tired of my life! My life is only a curse. I can't think of anything but the one thing. Over the cliff I'll go, if you say the word—"

He drew his arms tightly across his chest.

"For God's sake, Christie Cahill, have mercy on me, and stop! Think of the time—think of where you are—think of the man over the sea that I belong to—think of me; and why do you terrify me like this in my father's house when he is away, and I don't know what may have become of him?"

She held her hands out to him, and implored him with tear-filled eyes and a white scared face.

But the man's agony was upon him, and could not be stayed. He unlocked his arms and wound them about his head.

"I'll do anything you ask me. I'll be good for you. I'll give all I have to the poor. I'll die for you. I'll do anything you ask, except go on as I'm going, without a hope."

"Oh, my God! what shall I do?"

With a cry, both leap'd to their feet. A violent gust of wind had entered the

cottage; the turf sparks flew about, and the tin rattled violently against the wall. In the doorway stood Edward Martin, pale and careworn, with blood upon his hands.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE ISLAND FIRE.

When Edward Martin left his cottage on that night, with the grappling-iron and the line, he turned towards the downs and struck out swiftly south. Overhead the clouds tore through the sky. Great towers of pale moonlight stalked, at a furious pace, across the confounded waters; beneath him he bellowed the billows on the coast; and by him swept a sea-mist, now dark and gray, now a silver fleece.

The man wore a blue woollen smock, blue flannel trousers, and a sou'-wester. Yet, notwithstanding this tight-fitting garb and his strength of body and limb, the fierce wind now and then forced him from his straight course, and he was compelled to walk, leaning at a considerable angle against the gale.

As soon as he had got outside the door he hesitated the grappling-iron and line to his right hand, and their weight helped to balance him, and give security to his feet.

"What a night for murder!" he muttered, "and what a heart to plan it!"

On he went at the top of his speed, now walking with long swift strides, now running awhile, with his right shoulder thrust into the wind.

Without staying his feet, every now and then he looked down into the wind, and tried to pierce the sea-mist and the flying shadows of the clouds; the remainder of the time his glance was fixed ahead.

"What a night to think of murder!" he repeated frequently, "what a night!"

After one of these ejaculations he would bend his head forward, run a few hundred yards, and then fall into a walk again at the thought, "I must keep myself fresh!"

But after walking a few minutes the form that night presented itself:

"What a night to think of murder!" he repeated frequently, "what a night!"

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shore. He shook himself together, muttered a brief prayer, knelt down, got astride the slacker rope, and seizing the other in his hands, moved himself slowly and cautiously westward, until he hung over the chasm, and lay swinging violently in air amid the blinding sea-mist.

At first the vibration of the rope proved so great that he had to content himself with holding on, but after a little time the swaying grew less erratic, and he began his hazardous passage. The distance was short, and he was an exceedingly powerful man, accustomed to face danger as a matter of course. But the night was very rough, and he could not be quite sure the iron would hold securely. Yet, he argued, if the grappling gave, the hook would not, and the worst that could happen would be a bad blow against the side of the mainland cliff; that blow might kill or disable him, so that he could not hold on, but he hoped not, and kept his feet towards the mainland, and his hands as near the island as possible, so that if he dropped his legs might be of service to lessen the shock.

Slowly and cautiously he worked himself along the ropes, pushing his hands first, and then moving his body from point to point with slow and cautious power.

Below him the clamor of the sea was sounded in the misty gloom. Above, a white moon shone through the tangles of the clouds. Around him loomed the terrors of the gale.

Urging himself forward with the goal, "Speed cannot be wasted, keep it up," he reached the opposite cliff, and crawling in on the island, stood up and faced the storm.

He shaded his eyes and looked quickly into the wind.

"All is well so far. All is well so far as I can see," he thought, "but time is everything!"

Thrusting his head and chest forward against the gale, he stole across the island, gained the hollow, stood at the head of the precipitous path, and looked down.

One of the flying shadows at that moment passed against the seaward face of the island, and made him look back over his shoulder.

He was looking at the sea, and saw a white wave, like a white wing, strike against the cliff, then turning his back to the sea he began descending the steep, rugged path towards the ledge.

Never in his life had he felt so lonely, but aided by the moonlight, assisted by his great strength, fortified by familiarity with danger and by a good degree, the descent, though slow, was steady and sure.

He was careful not to move, every step was made with the greatest deliberation, and he was not a moment off his guard.

How accidental it was, he thought, that there was light. I would never get down in the dark.

Even the thought of the light, however, for it opened a way to the cliff, and diminished his chance of falling.

When he reached the rope he paused to recover breath, and see what was going on below, and if the man had discovered his presence.

Evidently he had not yet perceived Martin. The dark mite was still intent on reaching the ledge.

"It puzzles me," thought Martin, "how any one could fire in that gale. Why, 'twould blow you or would like chaff. But he's got a kind of wall round the fire and that keeps it right. Oh! to think of a wicker's fire on such a night! No man but one having to do with fire would dare so terrible a crime."

He looked out to sea. Still no vessel in view. What a mercy!

Now he felt it.

He resumed his way and did not pause again until within a few feet of the ledge. Then he turned and glanced down.

The moon was hidden; all was dark save where the fire glowed and hissed, and far off gleams of white tumult where the moonlight caroled over the southern sea.

Lane had never raised his head. He was too much occupied with the fire. All his soul was centered in that red core and living flame. He moved it about with an iron rod, and found wood for it in a crevice in the cliff. His eyes never once withdrew, even to look for the wind. Neither did they turn towards the ocean.

Suddenly he sprang into an erect position. Something had happened on the ledge. He saw it, not by the fire at the other side of the flame, and Edward Martin confronted him with a face of furious anger.

Edward Martin. His son's adopted father, there, by night, and while he was at such work! An, must have been discovered.

For a moment the two men stood face to face.

Was his son coming now with a band of police or murderers? This man had reached the island by no ordinary means. No ordinary means existed. Of late, ever since the explosion of his child, he had adopted an additional precaution to prevent any one reaching the island from the mainland. It was now only when away from the island himself that any connection whatever existed between the two cliffs; he always raised the iron bar to which the end of his bridge was attached, out of the fissure, and brought it back with him when he returned to the island. Therefore this man who had adopted his only child had reached the island at the instigation of the son, and by mysterious means, procured through that faculty of receiving messages through the ears, and discovery was at hand—with his only son, his own flesh and blood, as the instrument.

David Lane stood unnerved and

agitated.

The anger of Edward Martin almost overwhelmed himself, and in the first burst of standing face to face with this man, feeling a fire on such a coast in the midst of such a storm he raised his arms as if to seize the deaf mute and hurl him over into the ocean.

All at once his arms fell, and bending forward, he stopped, caught the hot walls of the fire in his hands—already torn and bleeding from the sharp rocks of the path—and flung the glowing stones over the ledge.

The wind hurled the brands hither and thither; some shot up the cliffs and lay, fierce eyes of fire against the inky walls, others whirled round and round and finally fell down over the verge.

With his heavy hob-nailed boots Martin kicked the sparkling embers until, where a moment ago there had been a white fierce white flame, now a darkness lay seeming deeper than that around by contrast with its former light.

When the last bright spark had disappeared from the ledge, the fisherman—having waited until the moonlight came—looked David Lane by the shoulders, and shaking him violently, pointed to the sea and to the cliff, and made signs of distress.

At first the mute did not comprehend. Martin repeated his pantomime, and elaborated it. In the end Lane detected the other's meaning, hesitated a while, made a gesture of denial, and then fell on his knees as though supplicating for mercy, at the same time sweeping with his hands the space where the fire had been, and holding out his arms and letting them fall in token that he would never so offend again. But when his face was bent towards the ground a smile passed over it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SINGLE TAX.

The single tax may relieve poverty, but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Hargreaves' Yellow Oil, the old reliable cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

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## IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

Some Curious Finds in and About Downpatrick.

"Rambler," in the Belfast Weekly Examiner, writes as follows about some recent discoveries and historical scenes in and about Downpatrick: "It may not be generally known that King John, on his visit to Ireland, stopped and encamped at Downpatrick. His camp is known till this day as King's Field, near the old Ballydigan road. King John went from Down to Myra Castle, now the seat of Craig Laurie, Esq., J.P., near Strangford, and from this point he sailed to see his relative, the prior of Carrickfergus. In visiting this ancient town, I found the old market cross that De Courcy had erected at the marketplace, and which has been taken from the grave of Celticism of a Hundred Battles, the hero of the Red Branch Knights, who was crowned in Down. This cross is now carefully preserved by William N. Wallace, D.L., but the base of it serves now as a watering trough for cattle in a hostler's yard. The stone coffin of Richard the third, never the same purpose at a wayside inn in England. The inhabitants of Down are rather annoyed at the demolition of the ruins of the Cistercian temple in that locality by the railway company. They feel strongly on the matter. The picture of the old abbey of Down and round tower is in the possession of William Johnston, Esq., M.P., Ballykibbair, who is to be seen in miniature at the bar of Down's Hotel. But an important find of ancient Down is that effected by Mr. D. Lifford. It is that of part of the stone coffin of St. Tassach, first Bishop of Saul and Downpatrick after St. Patrick. This stone was found lately in deep soil in Saul graveyard. It has the inscription in front carved in the stone, and the middle and end, together with an A.D. 1014 and cross. The stone is supposed to date from the fifth century. Mr. Lifford has also the baptismal font used in Saul priory. Both are great relics of bygone years and are highly treasured. In looking at the altar stone of St. Patrick in the Catholic Church, kindly shown me by Rev. Father McGarran, I found the polished altar stone about seven feet in length and four feet in breadth. It is of great antiquity. St. Patrick used this stone. There is a history of its preservation in the old penal times, and of its coming through many vicissitudes. The late Bishop Downham wished to remove this altar stone of St. Patrick from Saul to St. Malachy's, Belfast, but the voice of the Catholics of Saul was too much for his lordship. By my acquaintance of geology in looking at the altar stone I thought for a time it had been imported, but spending a week or two in the vicinity of Down I found it was taken from a quarry near the new railway cutting on the lands of Mrs. Cotton, Marshfield town."

It is indicated in the Morning News that Rev. St. West, of Killybegs, has left 11,000 for the erection of a monument to St. Patrick. It may not be generally known that Cardinal Vivian in the twelfth century carried the remains of St. Patrick and Columba to Rome. The late Bishop Downham brought out of the relics to Downpatrick, and they have been placed under the altar by Very Rev. P. O'Kane in Downpatrick Cathedral church.

The year 1892 will be the centenary of a serious effort to reproduce, as far as possible, the methods and melodies of the old Irish harp. In 1792 an assembly of harpers was held in Belfast, and was attended by ten or more veteran performers from different parts of Ireland. Edward Bunting was engaged by the promoters of the meeting to write down the melodies as performed, and the result was the famous collection of Irish airs, which earned for Bunting the title of "the preserver of his country's music."

Bunting afterwards wrote a dissertation upon the Irish harp, and elicited the curious fact that the ancient harpers and played with their nails instead of with the fleshy tips of their fingers. But