TWO

GERALD DE LACEYS DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF. COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIER BOOK II CHAPTER XII THE KERMESSE

The town was all agog over the Kermesse, which was to be held that year upon the Common. Booths were being erected for the display of almost every imaginable variety of wares. Cattle were being brought from the farms on the Hudson, from Jersey, the Heights of Hoboken Weehawken, and even from adjoining colonies. Early on Early on that when the fair September morning when to open, the tribe of the Rockaways arrived from the sea shore with have a care, be wary," she cautioned, their merchandise. They came, urging

their swift cances along with skilled, sure strokes of their paddles into the ous. great Basin just below the Long Bridge at the foot of Broad Street. Waiting for them on the shore were a crowd of idlers and numbers of children. These latter had long looked forward to their coming, displaying their eagerness with shining eyes, animated gestures and merry talk and laughter. They ran and skipped around them, escorting that an procession of painted and feathered Indians, copper colored and shining with grease. The squaws shining with grease. The squaws were especially conspicuous in dresses of glaringly vivid calicoes and neck laces of bright beads or shells.

The arrival of the Wilden ushered in the week of the Kermesse which stirred the sleepy Dutch town to its depths. There was no family of prominence which had not visitors for the Kermesse, and a round of gaieties, quite apart from the weekly assemblies, kept the young people in the highest of spirits. Everyone met everyone else at the *Kermesse*, and gay groups wandered amongst the if he had reached that temporary stalls, watched the various trials of haven in the town of Salem? For was not that also under the govern-visited the Punch and Judy show, or ment of Lord Bellomont, and was visited the Punch and Judy show, or admired the splendid specimens of not a set of fanatics at the head of cattle. The wares of the Wilden attracted perhaps the greatest number All their products were in their pottery, their em-assured there, even to one living in of buyers. their pottery, their embroidered moccasins, the sand for floors, the baskets of numerous shapes, the cat's-tails, oak-knots and willow withes (which latter would be formed into brooms or mats); the bay-berries from the wax of which candles were made, the older and other berries for dyes, the dried clams strung on sea-grass, and above all, assortment of fresh fish, which the latest arrivals had brought with them—lampreys and eels and sun-fish, white and yellow perch, sturgeon, bream, cod and sea-bass, with salmon that would have tempted the appetite

lyn turned

of an anchorite. Evelyn de Lacey and merry party of young girls escorted by their be had come hither. Pieter Schuyler her aspect. was in close attendance, overjoyed at the opportunity thus afforded. His she said. manly countenance, deeply bronzed by the sun, was radiant. He was in the best of spirits, and entered with zest into the laughter and jests, though he had been quick to notice the shadow of anxiety and sadness never forsake her." that hung about the girl like a cloud over the sunshine of that pleasant forting to Evelyn in the desolation that seemed to close round her with morning. Lord Bellomont, who had just returned from Massachusetts a presage of coming disaster. with Her Excellency and members of ais Household, made his appearance early in the day to declare the Ker messe opened. He was attended by many officers from the garrison and the warship, together with the chief of the train bands, the mayor and prehension the tall figure of Captain of the train-bands, the mayor and civic functionaries. After he had civic functionaries. withdrawn, my Lady remained on, with but one of her ladies and Capwith but one of her ladies and Cap-tain Prosser Williams in attendance. the resolve that there and then he whim to wander at will would force her to listen to his suit. about the place, and, meeting Evelyn at one of the stalls, attached her to good. Matters might then go on as

beware, for presently, if it serves his turn, he will tell the same story to my Lord Bellomont or to my brother, Mr. Nanfan, which will be equally perilous. It was wise of Mr. de Lacey to leave Manhattan. I would that you also." abe such with a start of the brute crea-tion." To my mind they are but dirty, ill-smelling, greasy beasts, little removed from the brute crea-tion."

that you also," she spoke with a reply. "Some brutes," she reflect-little worried pucker of the brows, ed, "did not wear feathers in their title worried pucker of the brows, iwere out of harm's way till these roublous days are past." Some brutes, 's no relation their Beads, nor paint themselves red." She walked away in the direction which Williams indicated. Altroublous days are past.'

were uttered, touched Evelyn. For the first time she believed that this woman, despite the wagging of inim-ical tongues, was not altogether ical tongues, was not altogether heartless, frivolous and false. But as with faltering voice, in ties of these many days, Evelyn tried to thank her, Lady Bellomont added hurriedly: which was a rustic bench there up which, with but little ceremony,

Bay. Little doubt but your keen wit has already discovered him. And have a care, be wary." she continued he is both powerful and dangerto speak thought," she said, for the sil-

ence had begun to be irksome, and But here Lady Bellomont's attenthe man's intent gaze offensive, tion was claimed by various notables of the place, who crowded assiduousyou were in attendance on my Lady Bellomont. ly about her, preventing her from enjoying, as she claimed, that hour Prosser Williams gave a short laugh. of freedom. Evelyn took the oppor I have purposely lost my Lady tunity to slip away; she looked around for Pieter who had been her Bellomont in the crowd, and she will not be sorry. I have more imporescort, but he had disappeared. She tant matters of my own to attend to was anxious to collect her thoughts and work out in her mind this new than playing lackey to any fine lady problem that had presented itself. What, if Her Ladyship, whom so Evelyn might have retorted that to her mind it was the role for which many accused of being capricious and spiteful, should change from that attitude of kindness, and make he was peculiarly fitted, but she wisely forbore. Sounds from that gay and animated scene reached her

public the information that had been ears. She could hear the familiar so mischievously offered her, as if to ntonations of friendly voices, and pave the way for the other stroke catch glimpses of costumes which that was to come? She drew close about her the cardinal (or great she knew to have been prepared for this week of festivities. As Captain Williams remained silent, Evelyn cloak) which she had brought with her, since the day was chilly, as if thus to shut out those cares and sked presently with wondering eyes troubles which were gathering thick-ly about her. How could she be that had something of mockery in them, and with a satirical little smile about the lips, that enraged the unsure that her father was safe, even velcome suitor :

Is your business then so very important? Yes, to mey' he answered curtly,

"Yes, to me," he answered curtly, "and to you also." "To me," echoed Evelyn, raising her eyebrows and eying him coldly. "I scarcely think," with cool em-phasis on the words, "that any busi-ness of Captain Prosser Williams can be of importance to me." affairs there, to whom persecution seemed as the breath of their nosbe of importance to me."

obscurity, what was to be the out-come? Maryland, late the home of Then I shall endeavor to con religious liberty for all men, the vince you of your mistake. I shall sanctuary of the New World, was now rendered likewise perilous for not waste time in preliminaries, and I suppose it is idle to talk of love to a Catholics, who had granted that lib young lady of your loftiness, who fancies herself secure upon a pedestal erty. The infamous Coode and his faction were still in power, and Govabove ordinary mortals. Evelyn laughed outright as if he

ernor Seymour was a deadly hater of the old faith and its adherents. spoke in jest, though in truth her heart sank at the realization of the Leaving her gay companions, Eve-yn turned her steps towards that crisis thus suddenly forced upon portion of the Common where the Wilden offered their wares, and the Yes," she remarked casually, "it old squaw, who had an almost

would be, as you say, quite idle to enlarge upon such a subject. I asmaternal affection for her, noted at once the cloud upon her brow and the signs of weariness and trouble in sure you it is very far removed from thoughts." Well, it is not removed from

Our pale face sister mourns, mine," retorted Prosser Williams hotly, "and I shall take this oppor-" and her heart is more troubled than the sea when the storm wind blows over it. But her tunity of telling you that, upon your esent conduct and your answer to red-skin brothers and sisters are with her in her trouble. The Silver the question I am about to put, will depend your own safety and that of Covenant binds them, and they will others. So you are condescending to The assurance was strangely com-

threaten me." There was unutterable scorn expressed in the low-voiced comment She

of the girl. asked, as it were, in the warmth of 'I am condescending to anything,' those friendly beings, who gathered declared Prosser Williams, "which will further my suit with you." about displaying their wares for her to admire and pressing tokens upon "You take a strange way to awaken ny interest," said Evelyn, drawing her. While thus standing in their

from him. "I will resort to any means, I care Prosser Williams. He had been fol-lowing her with his eyes all that

of the reckoning." Evelyn tried to rise, but, taking her hand, he forcibly detained her

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PIPES

morning, and Kathleen, just home from early Mass tidied up the studio, sacristy.' and then sat down by the window to her St. Patrick's Day pipes, the sale of which was intended to buy bread and butter for herself and widowed mother. As she patted and rolled the clay in her deft fingers she sudtance of keeping as long as possible on a footing of amity, or at least of conventional civility, with him. She scarcely noticed that he was leading her to a retired spot, behind some of poured forth the "Praise to St. Pat rick." When she had finished a great clapping outside made her look tears he had tried to wink back but round. There were the "Hibernian boys" decked in green by hundreds. They were evidently collecting for parade, and attracted by the singer, had waited patiently. Kathleen, seeing such a display of green, seized her flag and waving it out the window, cried, "Boys, I wish ye the top of the mornin'.

"Kathleen, Kathleen !" called her Whatever are you up to mother. now ?'

> The street resounded with cheers for St. Patrick and the singer, and then at command, the Hibernians fell into line. One of them, in full uniform, came into the house.

"Pardon me, young lady, but our boys would like that hymn for their concert tonight. Could you-that is, would you-sing it for them ? I am president of the Hibernian club," giving her mother his card.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hogan, but would rather not," as visions of Kathleen in a faded gown rose before her eyes. Kathleen's eves were dancing. She

noon? still kept patting the clay in her

hands. "How is that ?" holding up a hamrock pipe. "You don't mean to say you make

those ugly things by just patting them "There's a great deal in a Pat, Mr. ogan !" said Kathleen, smiling up

Hogan !" at the giant. 'That depends on who gives it, J

suppose. 'Or wears it, eh ? See, I have two hundred shamrock pipes. I'll them to the boys for \$1 apiece, but to

'Prot' for \$5." "Allow me to be a 'Prot' said Mr. Hogan, picking up one of the pipes and depositing a crisp fiver on the table.

"Oh, no," cried Kathleen. But he was out and on the march. Needless to say, "all the boys' were admonished to buy a hand

made shamrock pipe, and before evening most of the two hundred were gone.

At 10 o'clock Kathleen received a note from the rector of St. Patrick's requesting her to sing "All Praise to st. Patrick," at the close of High Mass. The "boys," he said, were very anxious for it. Kathleen was rather excited. She had nover sung anywhere except in the convent chapel at home. She looked down ruefully at her fast fading shamrock. When she and her mother were starting for the church a carriage drove up to their door. A trim foot nan stepped down, and bowing to them, opened the carriage door. He then handed a bunch of fresh sham rocks to Kathleen.

'This is some mistake," said her

mother, drawing back. "No, madame; Mr. Hogan sent it for Mrs. and Miss O'Brien," bowing. As they neared the church whom should they meet but the long line of Hibernians. Hundreds of them-those who had heard her sing lifted their hats, and she bowed and smiled and gaily waved her shamrocks. At the end of the line was Mr. Hogan, but somehow, of course by accident, she did not see him; Mrs. O'Brien not what, short of actual violence," said Prosser Williams. "And even that, if need be, shall not be left out the carriage stopped opened the

door. "I am going to the choir," whis-

tears were in her own eyes. She mistress stood a moment frowning at Phone Main 6240. After Hours: Hillerest 3812. felt strangely lonely. If her father them, then said angrily, "Why are Society of St. Vincent de Paul 

 PIPES
 were only here !
 you singing you shiftless minxes ?

 It was St. Patrick's Day in the
 boy, "Father wishes to see you in the
 you singing you shiftless minxes ?

Kathleen followed him silently. At the foot of the choir steps was Mr. Hogan, smilleg beightly. But her smile was all gone, and only a the same was an gone, and yn a diring ar berry's hait ouay. Our little woe begone face looked up at the giant Hibernian. It was very strange yet somehow it made his heart go thump way down to see her sad. "She must have felt all that, "The faces of the girls before her fund." When the there were the same set of the girls before her fund."

"And what if it is. Margaret

"Sure," said Margaret,

eathen as the mistress has grown o be. 'Tis not like herself she is at

were to have, and the new dress

made all by myself. Oh, 'tis cruel

the hedge, with kind eyes peering

the old gentleman, "but would you tell me to whom this grand old place

belongs ?" Patrick straightened up proudly, and a pleased light came

Mrs. O'Donnell, standing before a

"But let me tell you of it.

myself. I

We've been

ashered into her presence a

down on him. "Pardon me,

younger. "I never saw such

in vain. Why they came was a maken of the fact of the fact of the fact of the fact that he and his brother Hibernians were, in reality nothing bat exiles— aviled from the bright "surproved on the fact of the fa were, in reality nothing but exiles-exiled from the bright "sunny shore," girls looked one at the other in sur the dear old Ireland ? prise. "My dear child, this is some mis-

take. take. I sent for Miss O'Brien, who sang "All Praise to St. Patrick," said to be. the rector. all, at all. And the fine picnic w "I sang it," answered Kathleen

sadly You ! Why, you are only a child !"

she is and no mistake," and the tears sparkled on her long lashes. But "I am eighteen, Father." "And you really sang that! Why the other girl reproved her gently, "Twas today, Margaret," she said, "that she lost her son, Master your true voice so carried me back to the dear old County of Tyrone. Again I was hunting the cuckoo's Donald, poor lad. It's broken her heart, and that's the truth." "Sure, est in the black, sodden bog. Again lay on the bank of the Mourne I always forget," said the other ten heard the lark singing for all Ireland. derly, and she turned once more Again a barefooted boy, I ran along her work.

her work. "'Tis sorry I am for her, the poor thing." But the girls' day was spoiled, and there was no more ditches, spying out the wren's little nest, or mimicked the corncake in the hawthorn." Tears were in his eyes. "You have laughter and singing as they continued scouring and ironing. made even me young again. Will you sing it after Vespers this after-Will

"With pleasure, Father."

And all the Hibernians were there and after Benediction Mr. Hogan drove home with Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, and on one St. Patrick's Day in the evening Kathleen became Mrs. Hogan !---M. de Paul in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred

SORROW GIVETH PLACE TO JOY

into his faded eves. "All praise to St. Patrick !" quavered on the listening air as Pathe answered with true Irish courtesy 'tis the property of Mrs. O'Donnell rick gave a last loving pat to the descended from the great O'Donnell earth he had heaped over himself." With undisguised pleasure one of his choice bulbs. the visitor continued, "And tell me

now, had she a son ?" "She did have," replied the man sadly, "but 'All praise to St. Patrick who brought to our mountains The gift of God's faith, the sweet

sure 'tis many long years the day since we've heard of bim, and we've light of his love." given up hope of him long since. He went to Natal with the British." "Ah !" the gentleman's eyes bright "Patrick !" Mrs. O'Donnell stood in her beautiful old garden directing the work. "Patrick," she said crossthe work. ened, "and was his name Donald "those weeds must be taken up "Why, yes, sir," answered Patrick, "do you know of him, sir? Could

today. You are a lazy, good for you tell us of him ?" With a radiant nothing fellow. I have been telling you to weed the garden for the last smile the gentleman hurried down reek, and it is not done yet. the street till he reached the en-Unbounded surprise showed in the

trance to the grounds. The old gar-dener was surprised to see him enter old man's gentle blue eyes. "Sure, ma'am," he said, "'tis the first time the house, with long, quick steps. I've heard you mention it." "Well, weed it today," answered Mrs. O'Donpicture of her son in her spacious nell. "and don't be so impertinent. drawing room was even more sur-"Mrs. O'Donnell, ma'am," the old man's voice was pathétic, "you don't prised when, unannounced, Margaret mean to weed it today ? Sure, 'tis the birthday of the glorious saint bearded man, whose eyes scanned Her face eagerly. 'Mrs. O'Donnell," himself. You can't have forgotten

he said warmly, you must pardon my intrusion, but I have brought you news of your son." Trembling, the old lady motioned the stranger 'Well, what of it ?" snapped Mrs. O'Donnell, "weed the garden and then do whatever you please." And the old hady motioned the soranger to sit down, and said weakly, "where is he?" "He is here, madam, here in Dublin," answered the man: then Weeing her agitation, he added hasturning, she moved up the path towards the house, a deep frown on her fine old face. The soft light died out of the gardener's eyes. "Sure," he said to himself sadly as tily, First, I must introduce he watched his mistress, "its changed am Sydney Brooks, Donald's com the mistress is these years since panion during the war. We've close friends all these years. Master Donald's gone away." And with a sigh he turned again to his nursed me through fever in Natal work, thinking all the while of St. Patrick's days of past years, when he had been granted a holiday and had awful days and months we spent awful days and months we spent donned his best suit, kept always for there, the misery of it ! And all the

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the

Master

said

"Indeed. sir.

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Meanwhile Patrick was weeding out the flower beds. At best he was

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slow, but today he seemed slower than usual, and occasionally he would shake his head and murmur, "My feast day, too. Sure, what will the boys think of me working on St. Patrick's day ?" As he stooped over one of the beds, he was startled by a man's voice, and looking up he saw a handsome bearded face just above

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AND PROVIDENT AND AND A DECEMBER OF A DECEMBER OF

Where have you been hiding this long time that I have not seen you?" In answer Evalue information?" answer Evelyn informed her that she had remained a good deal in the house because of Madam Van Cortlandt's loneliness after the marriage of her granddaughter.

age of her granddaughter. "Do not let her tie you to her apron strings too much," my Lady cried petulantly. "The young were never meant to be weighed down by the heaviness of the old.'

To this Evelyn made no reply, as the speech jarred upon her.

its ;"

And your father ?" continued my

And your integers. Lady inquiringly. As the girl, taken aback by the stiddenness of the question, was at a stiddenness of the question, was at a proceeded calmly 

absent." The girl could scarcely repress a start. "I regret it on my own account," went on the speaker lightly, " for I have heard that he is a charming, agreeable man, and I would fain have met him." "You Evelyn responded that her father expos

Evelyn responded that her father went very little abroad, that he was of these days it will cost you dear. books, but that the pleasure would have been mutual, she was sure. "There are other things?" I the sum of the

"There are other things," Lady Bellomont said significantly, "which I have been told about him, and which interested me more. I liked what I had heard of his courage and tagonize the man, caused her to folloyalty in these time serving days."

Evelyn was astonished, and it re-quired all her self control to conceal the consternation which possessed her.

"But," my Lady said, dropping her voice a little, "it was an enemy that told me this—one hostile to that told me this—one hostile to your father and of whom you must ages at all," he answered, with a

"You shall hear me," he said in-sistently, "that I may know from

he said almost roughly

Your association with these per

drawing back a pace or two. The remembrance of her father, how-ever, as well as of those other inter-

ests which might be at stake and of

low his lead, albeit with a disdain

which she strove to cover by a half

Ferrers' warning to her not to

this moment upon what footing I My infatuation for youstand. she dared to refuse an offer which seemed to him so great a condescenit by whatever name you will-has made me reckless. If you will not listen to an avowal of love, you shall sion and so admirable a bit of good fortune for her, then he would bring at least hear my determination to force to bear upon her -such force win you for my wife at all costs, as would compel her to yield-through Greatbatch or through the or-

"The alternative, pray let me hear prison cell. He would terrify her the alternative," cried Evelyn paswith the grisly spectacle of the hang sionately, for indignation had now man himself, and snatch her, as it overmastered every other feeling. "Will not so generous and chivalrous were, from the gibbet prepared for a recusant and a traitor, a seducer of a suitor, whom one cannot choose but detest, put his meaning plainly the savages, a " consorter with Jesuand would make her his wife into words? The man's face was white with

fury, so biting was the tone and so scathing the words, but he answered sullenly

You know very well with what you are threatened, you and your Papist father, as recusants, traitors the King's Majesty, consorters with Jesuits, seducers of the sav-You had best come away from

ages. He poured out the words fast and furious, as if they were in danger of choking him. "I know enough," he finished, " of your father's antecedents to have

him hanged as high as ever were hung those two godly and innocent men, Leisler and Milborne. It is the duty of one loyal to the King and to his country to denounce such a and the land of her choice. one

For the life of her, Evelyn could not repress a shudder. "And as for your dainty ladyship, there is matter enough against you

laughing petulance. "What have the Wilden done to to make it a choice between a dunyou, Captain Williams," queried she geon and a gibbet." But Evelyn was brave again, and

faced him with proud composure. TO BE CONTINUED

Christmas and St. Patrick's day hand, with the air of a princess.

And "I will show you the way.' conducted by the giant Hibernian she found herself in an immense church. She looked down at the sea of people, momentarily increasing and her head swam. "Oh, I never can sing here. When it is nearly over I'll run home. Yes, I'll the weeding.

Mrs. O'Donnell's thoughts also I could never sing here. Why run. I can hardly see the priest. I wonder where all the people come from." After Communion the leader of the seventy fifth birthday she choir passed her a hymnal open at handsome woman with her silvery 'All Praise to St. Patrick." Kathleen shock her head. She had no need of hair and delicate features. Her a book. A moment before the last heart, too, was sad, but bitterness was mingled with her sadness. Gospel, just as the congregation rose Today was St. Patrick's day—"the glorious saint," the old man had to their feet, the organ pealed forth the opening melody. The priest had just finished the said. "had she forgotten it ?"

she ever forget it ! It was on this day gospel as her voice caught up the words, "All Praise to St. Patrick." Why he stood there he did not know; that Donald, her only son, had gon to Natal to fight for the British against the Boers. With all her nor did he know he stood there. Out into the dim cathedral came a heartshe hated the British-therobber voice fresh as air that drinks in the nation, she called them. And to dew from the green grass of reland; deep and sad like the sea, suggestive, think that her son, on whom, after her husband's death, she had layished all her love, to think that he had too, of its immensity and power; true with that instinctive trueness; gone to fight for them. Even ye she remembered her words when informed her of his purpose. rich with the melody that stirs the heart and elevates the soul. Now rising, now falling, gathering strength had called him traitor to his country and hurt to the quick he had left as it went, burst forth triumphant. The voice of the singer seemed to b "for that green sunny shore," herself that she had been harsh with sob him, but her pride prevented

How it pleaded with those Hiber. from inquiring after him though The congregation fell on their some intelligence regarding him. But never a word had she of him knees as the priest now descended The Hibernians since his departure.

the altar steps. The Hibernians tried to wink back the tears, while

while he talked of you, Mrs. O'Don Christmas and St. Patrick's day! And he thought regretfully of the hours spent with a few of his cronies, telling stories of Banshees—those weird, fantastically poetic tales so weird, fantastically poetic tales so dear to the Irish soul. Today all we are to be here again. Don seems dear to the Irish soul. Today all was changed, and Patrick's simple all right, dear old fellow. He is old heart was heavy as he bent over longing to see you, but he dared not

come home-" here the voice interrupted him. "Oh. bring dwelt on the past as she moved along him home to me, bring him home to the path, her proud head held high. Though she was already past her the result of his visit. Sydney hasas still a tened to recall the prodigal mother's welcome.

Margaret and Annie working in silence in the kitchen were surprised at the sight of their mistress hurry. ing in to them with tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips, "He's Could come home !" she cried. come home ! Oh go away to your picnic, girls, and leave me alon with him ! And," she continued, brushing the tears from her eyes and faughing like a child, "take that foolish old Patrick with you !"-Mary S. Egan.

## THE TWO GATES

Into the great Temple of Truth, the Church of God, there are two gates the gate of wisdom and the gate I am inclined to think that beauty. I am inclined to think the the narrow gate is the gate of win her dom, and the wide gate, through How it pleaded with those Hiber-nians in the last verse ; pleaded for virtue, loyalty and faith. The congregation fell on their some intelligence regarding him. and thinkers who crucify themselves by thought; but she welcomes un

When Mrs. O'Donnell entered the ceasingly the countless numbers who the rector took out his handkerchief and passed into the sacristy without genuflecting. Kathleen knelt down; kitchen her two maid servants, Annie and Margaret, were singing and chatting at their work. Their warmth and light of the spring sun.



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