

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO- DAY.

The poem "Work While it is Called to-Day" is just as applicable to Irish condition and Irish needs as it was when it first challenged the admiration and aroused the spirit of thoughtful men thirty years ago...

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED. "Eh? I beg your pardon, you know, draws Freddy; but have I ever had the pleasure of—er—seeing you before, madam?"

CHAPTER XXIV. VENETTA!

"DRAW that curtain, Niece Cyrilla, and don't sit moaning there, out of nothing. You might know all that glare of light would hurt my eyes, if you ever thought of anybody but yourself..."

make it in all this pain and misery—she has not time to die. When she is better she will make it, she will send for a clergyman, she will read her Bible, she will try and prepare for death...

It is odd she has not written, but I have a conviction she will yet. I never saw such hatred before in human eyes. "Miss Jones has eyes exactly like a cat," says Cyrilla...

pleasure of making your acquaintance. I have long desired it, and even under the present melancholy circumstances. "Mrs. Fogarty has recently and smilingly got thus far when Miss Dormer, with a harsh cry, cuts her short..."

great bond. The next moment she knew better; if anything like that had occurred, she would have been instantly summoned by the dead old domestic, she felt sure. She hurriedly arranged her clothes, made her hasty ablutions, smoothed her dark rippling hair...

last night—ladies" she asks, watching her keenly. "Yes, aunt, and I have been wondering who they could be. Joanna doesn't seem to know..."

(To be Continued.)