drawing a piece of folded paper from her bosom, " read this, and judge for

look up and spake to me." "Who's that ?" murmured the boy

You're not Sambo-nigger Sambo.'

Don't you know me ?

Nelson."

And where's your father ?" "My father-where's my father well, let me see, my father-where's my father?" "Where does he live ?"

"There," she muttered, "that'll

" This is to let you no, that"-here

no more at prisint but remanes your abaident to com-

ing you some trick, perhaps." "Lanty! no, no-it's a mere trifle;

LANTY HANLON.

make you sleep for the nixt hour ; and

' Natty what ?

" Natty

" Who 1 Your father."

patient.

MARY LEE

2

or The Yankee in Ireland BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XIV.

KATE AND ELSE AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE CABIN BOY.--ELSE BEGINS TO SUS-PECT THE LITTLE FELLOW WILL YEI UNRAVEL A MYSTERY.—A VISIT FROM KATE PETERSHAM, WHO RECEIVES A LETTER FROM LANTY HANLON AN-NOUNCIG RANDALL BARRY'S ARREST.

A severe attack of fever, resulting from the hardships he endured in the life boat, had now confined the little cabin boy to his room at the lighthouse for several days, during which Mary Lee was his constant attendant, hardly ver leaving him, day or night. Dr. Camberwell had called to see the ever

patient several times, and as often found Mary patiently watching by his bedside, with the fidelity and affection of a sister. Strongly did he remon strate with her (as did her uncle also on the imprudence of shutting hersel up so constantly in the sick room, espec ially when Else Curley and Roge O'Shaughnessy were there to attend him. But all in vain. Nothing could prevail on her to quit her post. She only smiled, and assured them she ap-

only smiled, and assured them she ap-prehended no danger whatever. The room in which the boy lay was a small apartment on the north side of the lodge, directly over the Devil's Gulch, and looking out on the far-famed Swilly Rock, which lay in the very month of the lough, about half a mile distant, showing its long black back now and then, as the swells of the sea broke and seethed down its sides. Be yond it, in the distance, appeared the rngged outline of Malin Head, casting rugged of the of Main Head, casting its deep shadow far out into the sea, and frowning a sulky defiance at each passing ship as she rounded the danger-ous bluff. It was to avoid that headous bluff. It was to avoid that head-land the ill-fated "Saldana" ran for a harbor, and struck on Swilly Rock. On that rock she lost her helm and asts, and then, broken up by the fury of the ocean, drifted in fragments to the shore. Every soul on board perished, that

Every soul on board perished, that night, but one little infant; and that infant, now a lovely girl of eighteen, her eyes turned to the fatal spot, was praying for the little wrecked cabin boy, lying beside her. She was kneel-ing bafers a crueft with a second ing before a crucfix, with a rosary in her hand, and old Drake, resting his nose on his shaggy paws, was peering

up in her face. Suddenly she turned, and looked to wards the bed. "Sambo-Sambo," muttered the boy

"where are you, Sambo?" Mary rose, and advancing to the bed-side, laid her hand gently on the fore-

side, laid her hand gently on the fore head of the little sufferer-it was burn ing hot.

"Sambo, dear Sambo," he again repeated, "It's the crisis," murmured Mary ;

"six hours more will terminate the con-test between life and death. O Mother of God, Mother of our Redeemer," she added, "save this wandering boy." And slowly sinking on her knees again, she prayed and wept over him, till the tears rolled down her cheeks, and dropped unheeded on the bed.

What's that you're doing, Sambo?" muttered the boy; "you scald me with drops of lead."

'Hush, hush," whispered Mary in ear. "Keep quiet; I'm with you." his car. "Keep quiet; 1 m who you "Take me home, Sambo, take me home." "Where ?"

"Where! to Old Virginny. There it is, right before you; don't you see the Old Potomac? Massa shan't blame you a mite—it was all my fault, and I'll tell him so, Won't you take me back, Sambo ?"

ends. 'How very like my own fate is this little wanderer's !' said I ; 'per-haps he, too, has neither father nor mother left to watch over him.' Just ner bosom, " read this, and judge for ourself, if it's at Araheera Head ye ught to be." Kate took the paper from her hand, as I muttered these words to myself, he Nate took the paper from her hand, and accompanied Mary to the parlor. "Ha!" said Else, now that she found herself alone with the sick boy; "if he hasn't lost his senses, I'll try what can be done to clear up this mystery. If the nigger started back frightened, as Lanty says when he raised his eves to mine, and seen raised his eyes to mine, and seemed to make such an appeal to my heart that I couldn't, for the life of me, say a syl-lable in reply. So I only nodded a promise. He understood it though, perfectly, and smiled his thanks as I cave it?

gave it." "And you feel bound by that prom-ise," said Kate, "though not a word was exchanged between you." "O, indeed, as for that, Kate, I be-

lieve I had made the promise to the Blessed Virgin before he looked at me at all. For why should he have been wall somewhere worth the ferretin. Look up," she continued, touching the lad on the arm with her fore-fingercast ashore that night, of all the nights in the year, and consigned to my care too, by the doctor, if there hadn't been something mysterious in it ?"

turning on his side, and gazing at the old woman; "are you Sambo?" "Ay, I'm Sambo." "And now, you're prepared to risk

your life to save his ?" "No, no," replied Mary, throwing her arm round her comparion's neck, and leaning her head gently on her bosom—"no, no, dear Kate, there's no risk for me, since the Queen of Virgins her new ined to ave me." "Yes, but you sare you're Sambo-very sure you're Sambo Nelson ?" "Quite sure—and what's your name?" " My name—my name's Natty."

risk for me, since the Queen of Virgins has promised to save me." "But may not this be superstition?" "Superstition? O Kate, Kate, if you only felt for one short hour the blessed hopes which the Mother of God inspires in the hearts of her suffering children, you would speak less coldly of our beautiful religion. Indeed, bate only for the consolations I have Kate, only for the consolations I have drawn for the last six years from that pure fountain of pity and love, I should long since have sunk under the weight

of my sorrows." "Ah," responded Kate, compassion-ately ; "you've had sorrows enough, poor child." "And yot, strange as it may seem, "the the observed" multiply which be

"And yet, strange as it may seem, it's the cheerfu! with which he bears his misfort that wounds me the most." "His misfortunes. Whom do you

mean ?" " My uncle."

"O, I thought you were speaking of your own griefs." "No; I never had any thing to

grieve for but him-he is all the world, though, to me; for, indeed, I think, Kate, he loves me more than his life." "Don't wonder much at that,

when ye waken, if yer senses haven't come back, I'll try some other manes to rache the sacret." Then drawing out her stocking, she sat down on a low Mary." "To see him falling, step by step, from the proud position he once occu-pied among the best and noblest of the land; to see his friends-alas! they stool by the bedside, and commence tool by too both the second sec were sorry friends — descring him day after day; to see his creditors, who were wont to come to him bowing in lowly reverence, now insolently rebuk "Good, so far ; now for the inside. Eh! what in the name of all the fairies ing him for his reckless extravagance ; to see his stables empty, his hounds all is this? 'Lanty Hanlon is my name, and Ireland is my nashin, Donegal is dead and gone, his servants forsaking him one by one; and to see himself smiling and happy-looking as a bride-groom in the midst of all that desola-tion,-O, Kate, it was that which al-

and ireiand is my nashin, Donegal is my dwillin plas, and heven is my xpectashin.' His expectation, the vil-lain ! Ha, ha ! if heaven were full of angels like him, I'd rather be excused from joining the company, It must be the fly leaf of the fellow's prayer-book. But hold here's something on the "" On the contrary, Mary, I think it should have consoled you to see him bear his misfortunes so bravely." "Ah, yes; but it's all deception— an outward show. He only affects to be But hold, here's something on the other side."

happy on my account." "You may be mistaken, Mary ; it's

"You may be mistaken, Mary ; it's his natural disposition, perhaps." "O, no," replied the gentle girl ; "I can tell his very thoughts, though he fancies them hidden from all the world. Often have I watched his coun-tenance as he read over those insulting letters of his creditors, and seen how he struggled to hide his indignation under a smile. And now. Kate, they have found us out at last."

What-discovered your retreat ?" "Yes; and threaten Mr. Lee with

" Because, dear Kate, I fear I'm not

Kate, Kate, how often have I told

arrest, if their demands are not imme diately satisfied. One man has bought up several of his bonds, and demands payment before the first of next month." "And what's to be done? Can my brother do any thing to avert the blow?

to-morrow: but "Yes to-morrow — to-morrow; keep still now, or I must leave you Il I speak to him on the subject ?' Not for the world, Kate." The threat of desertion seemed to Shall I speak silence the little fellow completely. Mary then applied a napkin steeped in "And why so ? you know he loves your uncle vinegar and water to his burning temples, and after smoothing his pillow water to his burning 'Yes, but for that very reason h was returning to her seat near the win-dow, when all of a sudden she found herwould be the last man of whom he should ask a tavor.' " To whom, then, will you apply for self clasped in the arms of Kate Peter help ?" "I have applied already, Kate, to a "Kate !" she exclaimed ; " is it posdear friend sible ? You have ?"

on her companion's shoulder, and look-ing wistfully in her face, she exhibited ing wistually in her lace, and characteristic beauty. a form and features of exquisite beauty. The rays of the declining sun had just then entered the window, and for a second or two bathed her whole person is cold light illumining her counterpoor fishermen's wives the scanty necessities of life, so in return for earnest promises of payment when the good time came, she gave with a ready hand and generous heart. Her father was old and unable to do much, so it law with Marrare to do much, so it in gold light, illumining her c ce with that celestial glow which holy men say overspreads the features of the seraphim. Never breathed a fairer seraphin. Never orestned a fairer form than hers-never shone a fairer face; and yet the beauty of her soul transcended far the loveliness of body and soul unites in woman, how truly does lay with Maureen to do what was in her frightened, as Lanty says, when he first seen Weeks at Mr. Guirkie's, he power to keep the little household together, and at the same time help those around who clung to her in need. must know something about him; and accordin to all accounts, the nigger and the boy come from the same plant-ation. Ay, ay, there's a hole in that mult computers worth the ferretin those around who clung to her in need. Sometimes the struggle seemed too hard to bear, and it was in moments like these that she would tell Shawn of her ambition, and the wild bopes she had of doing good, if Shawn but tried his fortunes in America. she then reflect the image of her Crea

As Mary stood there, leaning her arm

tor-the great source of purity, beauty and love! "Kate, dear Kate," murmured Mary, "when shall we kneel together before the same altar? When shall we become sisters in faith, as we are now in affec-

tion ?' tion?" "Sooner, perhaps, than you antici-pate," replied Kate, kissing the fore-head of the lovely girl. "You've read the little books I gave

you "Yes, and liked them too; but I've been reading another book, which speaks more eloquently of your faith, and draws me nearer to the threshold of your Church, that all the controver-

sial works ever written." "O, I'm so delighted, dear Kate! What is it?"

"I can't tell you that."

"Why so?" "You would blush all over, and run

"Did I ever read it ?"

"Your father." "Sambo, Sambo, whisper; don't be afraid; he shan't flog you." "Who shan't flog me?" "Father—old Danger, you know. So take me back to old Virginny—take me back, mother calls me. Listen, ain't that the wash of old Potomac cominent the chic's ride?" "Never, I believe, though it belongs to you, and to you alone; for there's not another like it in the whole world."

ain't that the wash of old Potomac against the ship's side ?" "Hush! don't speak so much, Natty-tell me, Natty." "Ay, ay, sir, by the mark-seven-send all hands aloft-take in sail." Else, finding it now impossible to draw any further information from the hear took a small wild from her

the boy, took a small vial from her pocket, and pouring a few drops of the contents into a spoon, gave it to her of steps, looking down at the boatmen

"Randall's coming here to night," said Mary. "Poor fellow! I wish he were safe

off to the south; for, indeed, he must soon be caught if he stay here much longer. Do you remember him in your prayers, Mary ?" "Sometimes," murmured the blush-

ing girl, looking down on the grass at

ner feet. "Then pray for him earnestly to-night," whispered Kate; and tenderly embracing her dear young friend, she ran down the steps before the latter had time to ask a single word of exthe little street.

planation. "Now, my lads," she cried jumping into the stern sheets, and taking the tiller in her own hands, "now for it— out with every oar in the boat, and stretch to them with a will; we must make Castle Gregory in an hour and twenty minutes, if it can be done with oar and sail." morning. Amidst the dancing and amusement Shawn and Maureen slipped par and sail.'

"Can't, Miss Kate! impossible !" strolled down to the beach. "Ye must be brave now, Maureen," said the cockswain, tautening the fore-sheet; "the ebb tide will meet us at Shawn

Shawn said, as he saw the large tears rolling down her soft cheeks. "Let me feel I'm a man, an' not a lazy Kate suddenly dropped her voice, and read over the remainder in silence— "Randall Barry lies woondid and a Dunre "Not if this breeze freshens a little,' spalpeen idlin' here all me life." responded Kate, looking over her shoul-der; "and it shall-for there it comes Maureen's emotion was the greater, and, bursting into tears, she again pleaded with Shawn, as she had done prisoner in Tamny Barries, i'll met yer ladyship this evenin at the castil about dusk, behint the ould boat-house, dancing in to us from the mouth of the As she spoke, the little boat, impelled by four stout oarsmen, shot out from under the shadow of the rocks, lough. for days past, not to leave her. Shawn, however, had often listened to Maureen's playful upbraiding of his idleness, and had at last determined to and began to cut her way through the "Anything amiss?" inquired Mary, waters. Mary stood for a moment look-ing down at the receding form of her sail for America, and prove that he could do as others had done, although as Kate finished the reading of the precious document "you look alarmed." "Alarmed! do I? O, no, it's noreckless, light-hearted companion, as she sat in the stern with her hand on his heart was breaking at the moment. "I'll come back as ye wished, Mau-reen, with plenty of gold, and then we the rubber; and then, waving a last adieu, returned to resume her charge thing particular." "Lanty's full of mischief-been playcan be good to the village folk, and buy new boats and nets and be very

of the cabin boy. TO BE CONTINUED.

MAUREEN.

arranged, so they made their way to vag slackenin the sad hour approaching Shawn was to leave in the morning, and his own little smack was to make a last journey, rowed by its owner, to the next fishing village, where a number of young lads like himself were awaiting the steamer that was to take them to Galway. The morning was foggy, and every moment the mist was thickening, but Shawn started off as gaily as could be expected, though some said his strong hand trembled as he said good-bye The whole village has assembled to give him a send off, and many were the cors shed and fervent pravers uttered Maureon stood amongst the crowd, pale and white, shedding no tears, but looking in helpless agony on the com panion of her childhood and the love o her youth. A kind womanly hand tried to lead her away, but she clung to the rocks gazing after the little boat in a

out small quantities of tea, sugar and meal to the fishing folks around ber. one last effort to save Shawn, even if When the winter was bad, and the boats unable to face the harsh weather, Maureen felt it hard to refuse the

She had fallen into a reverie as she

Starting up, she saw old Nancy Maguire, the village crone, whose superstitions were so much dreaded amongst the fisher folk as her prophe-

"What are ye dhramin' idly for here,

Maureen O'Brien, whin there's so much to be done at yer home?" she

Maureen feared Nancy, whom she

doubt as to what she had done. Nancy waited to say no more

"Min' what I said Maureen O'Brien

CHAPTER II.

The American "Wake" was in full

wing, for Shawn was leaving in the

out into the bright starry night and

But

" Mau-

earing a voice behind her cry

reen.

cried.

one last enort to save Shawn, even if she were to risk her life in the act. She thought she could see a large dark mass looming in the distance, with a light twinkling here and there. It was surely the steamer that was to take the lads to Galway. Some few more dozen strokes and she would be near the landing place are she here? more dozen strokes and she would be near the landing place, so she hurried forward, but as she did so something struck the little boat, and in a fey econds she knew no more.

a ledge of rocks close by, while beside it was a little boat, whose keel just ap. neared above the waters.

only Shawn Daly guessed the truth, and when he returned to his village that night, and heard from Nancy Ma-guire the whole story, he was a changed

a tall white-haired man, loved by the women and children, always ready to give a share in his boat to anyone who needs it, but eve rrefusing to carry a lad to the steamer for Galway on its way to America.

cried. Maureen feared Nancy, whom she regarded as an old fortune-teller, so said nothing. "Don't ye know I heard what ye had to say to Shawn Daly this evenin'," she cried, in a wild voice. "Don't thry to hide anythin' from me, Maureen O'Brien. I know yer proud idle thoughts, bat the day Shawn Daly laves this shore for Ameri-kay it'll be the cursed day for you, and ye'll mind me words whin it's too late. Don't I know what happened Jim Maguire. Did he iver come back ? Do you think you and Shawn Daly 'ill meet agin wanst the seas are be-tween ye. Ochone!" she cried, as she swayed herself to and fro; "it's the cursed day for Ireland whin her women dhrive the men from the land niver to come back agin," and as she looked out on the wide expanse of ocean the moon hid itself behind a dark cloud and for the first time Maureen felt a doubt as to what she had done. Now that the glorious festival of Row that the global source of the provide fully day in and day out, for the past six weeks. It is for those of us who, like the servants of the parable, are found standing idle at the close of day. But we may take comfort to ourselves even at this eleventh hour, in the thought of how sweet and gracious and sympathetic Christ was to sinners who repented.

There are no more impressive ser-vices than those which the Church holds during Holy Week in remembrance of the Saviour's Passion and Death. Neither is there any mistaking the Neither is there any mistaking the spirit in which she commemorates these great mysteries, for her prayers are ones of pity and sorrow and her songs are lamentations of woe. If she re-joices on Maundy Thursday in her possession of the Adorable Sacrament which was instituted at the Last Supper, the empty tabenacies of Good Fulder no, but hobbled up the rocks. Maureen watched her receding figure in awe, and when she had climbed some diswhich was instituted at the Last Supper, the empty tabernacles of Good Friday show that she is not forgetful of Cal-vary's Sacrifice, and she keeps her vigils at the tomb until the alleluias of Holy Saturday bid her prepare for the joyful feast of the Resurrection.—Cath-olic Columbian. tance she again turned round and raising her stick in the air, cried : cursed be the day for Ireland that the women dhrive the men from the land they love." Then she disappeared up

One sent me a few days before Easter a lily with two unopened buds. Easter morning they were both in full bloom. So will the lives of children that pass from earth with powers undeveloped unfold in the warmth of the love of Christ. We may carry the Easter lesson beyond its primary application to the dead in life. There are other graves besides those in which we bury our dead. There are sepulchers in in which our heart's hopes are buried away. But in Christ nothing that is good and lovely can be really lost. The visions of beauty which once hung above your soul, and which you strove to grasp, but which now seem to have vanished and to have been lost-they are not lost; they are in the depths of your soul-yours forever, part of your own being. The outer form may have own being. The operished, but the inner spirit remains. perished, but the inne -J. R. Miller, D. D.

Easter is a resurrection festival. It celebrates that great event when death was vanquished by the Lord of Life and it celebrates also that yearly occurring miracle of death yielding to life the palm of victory. Only man is dumb palm of victory. amid this chorus of comparatively praise. Man. gratitude on this birthday of the green new year, too often fails to lift glad eyes to Heaven or raise his voice in praise. And yet what better time could there be to start a new growth of of faith, a new flame of devotion, a new of latth, a new name of devotion, a mo-life of service than right now, when lassitude, ennui, jaded ambition are giving place to buoyancy, hope, and vigor. It is now that seeds gorminate the thirty time and tender grasses push their tiny fingers through yielding clods. Why not give faith a fair chance? Open the soul's window's: give the heart sun-shine and warmth. The Lord of Life, the Christ of Easter, is here and waitng.

happy here again." It was no use talking now, all was

APRI

APRIL 2, 1904.

The steamer delayed till the fog cleared before starting for Galway. When it passed out of port those on board saw a woman's cloak hanging on lodge of rocks close by while being

Much was the consternation, but watched the moon beams glittering over the waters, but was suddenly roused by

"He is still seen in the village,

EASTER THOUGHHS.

when Our I ude that He had to l wished to m cast their cried "Ho if at any of them this have been love. But which He of Jesus to

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"Yes-your own Kate-and I love you now a thousand times better than

"You won't scold me, will you ?" Scold you ! for what i

" Not going to see you, according to

promise. " And abandon your little charge worthy to approach Him; and I know, besides. He will hear the prayer of the "And abandon your little charge there. No, no, Mary, I know your heart too well for that. But I must scold you for something else, Mary. I must scold you for staying here so con-Mother who bore Him sooner than

nine. stantly in the sick room." "There's no danger in the world,

"Then you apply to her merely as an intercessor? Why, I always thought you expected aid directly from Kate. Danger! Why, Dr. Camberwell

says it's typhus fever, and of the most you the contrary !" "Yes; but I have heard it preached malignant kind, too." "Well, but, dear Kate, you need not

feel the least concern about that, for I'm not afraid of it; and you know where there's no fear there's no about so often in your pulpits. "Hush ! some one knocks. Com The door opened, and Else Curley, danger.

wrapped in her old gray cloak, entered I don't know any such thing. Or the contrary, I'm sure you're running a the room. Without uttering a word of recogni great risk.'

Not the slightest. The Mother of

" Quite certain. She never forsook me yet.

and rashly, why should she protect

you ?" "Listen to me, Kate, and when I tell you how all this happened, you'll say there's something mysterious in it. say there's something mysterious in it. It was just eighteen years, to the hour, since the wreck of the Saldana, the night this poor boy was cast ashore on Ballyhernan Strand. The circumstance struck me as something strange when I heard it mentioned by the warrenkeeper in the cabin, and pondering over it as I wet the lips of the little mariner with a spoonful of wine and water, the idea occurred to me that the d Virgin had committed him to my special care. You may smile, Kate, but the providence of God has its own

tion or apology, she advanced to the bed, and laid her withered hand on the God will protect me." "Ah, you can't be certain of that." temples of the patient. Then, having satisfied herself as to the progress of the disease, she turned slowly round, But if you've acted imprudently and throwing back her hood, addressed Miss Petersham in her usual hoarse, ollow tones : Young woman, why are you here ?' she demanded. "That's my own affair," replied ate. "By what right do you ask ?" Kate. "By what right do you ask?" "The right which the age and ex-perience of eighty years give me. I seen many a faver, girl, in my time, but niver yet so dangerous a faver as this. Away from the room-it's no place for idle visitors."

"And pray, old woman, what reason ave you to feel so much concern for have you to ha my sau " The safety ?'

raison's too ould," replied Else, "to spake of now. Yer grand father, if he lived, cud hardly remin bardly remined Yor grand-

I must get home, however, as soon as possible. Please ring for Roger-I want him to call the cockswain." As Mary turned to ring the bell, Roger made his appearance at the door, carrying the old silver salver, and awaiting the command of his young mis-

tress to enter. "Come in, Roger; what have you got there ?'

"A little refreshment, please, madam. Mr. Lee sends his compli-ments to Miss Petersham."

"Is he at home?" "No, madam; he went out in the

direction of Arabeera a few minutes ago, and gave orders to have cake and vine sent in afore he left."

"Yes; to one who never refused me in my need." "Ah! I understand you. Indeed "What kind of wine is it, Roger?" inquired Kate, smiling over at Mary as

she put the question. "Ahem! what kind, madam? why, it's a-it's -a very delaceous currant wine-very pure and delicate." "Indeed!"

"And just twenty-five years old next Christmas. No, I make a mistake there-hem !-twenty-four years next Christmas - ahom ! just twenty-four

"O, it don't matter," said Kate laughing; "a year, you know,

nothing. "It's the wine Lady Templeton ust to like so much when she visited the castle, if you remember," observed Roger, bowing to his mistress.

"Currant wine's but a sorry bever-age at best, Roger," said Kate, mis-

"Well, perhaps, ladies, you would prefer Champagne or Sherry ?" "O, no; no, Roger, don't trouble

yourself. 'No trouble in life, ma'am; only

just say so, and I'll be happy to serve them. But if you try this here, you'll find it delaceous

Very well; we must taste it on your recommendation : and now, Roger, end my men aboard-we must leave instantly.

When the old servant left the room Mary laid her hand on Kate's shoulder, and looking at her affectionately, again expressed her fears that something was

wrong at Castle Gregory. "Nothing, Mary - nothing whatever.

And yet you look deeply concerned Has Captain Petersham or Mrs. Wil-

Has Captain Fetersham of Antheory longhly been sick?" "No, no, dear child, they're both quite well. It's something I'must at-tend to before to-morrow, having no immediate relation to any of the family "

CHAPTER I.

Maureen sat on the rocks watching the boats as they pulled out to sea. She was leaning against a great ledge, and her brown checks rested on her still smaller hand. She was a beautiful girl, not a rarity on the west coast of Ireland, where the Celtic beauty still remains unmixed with Saxor still remains unmixed with Saxon blood, and as she stood wistfully gaz-ing after the receding boats, with the moon's pale beams enveloping her graceful form, one might have taken

er for some unhappy syren exiled from

her for some unhappy syren exiled from her home beneath the sea. But Maureen was no spirit, her bosom swelled with every human thought and emotion, for 'neath it lay a heart capable of deep love and great pity. The villagers did not under-stand her, yet they loved her for her-self, and though at times they criti-cized her new-fangled ways since she left the Convent school, they loved the child that had grown up amongst them,

child that had grown up amongst them, and there was never a home where sor-row entered but Maureen's soothing The women and children were wend-ing their way up the one little street that the village boasted, but Maureen

village remained alone by the shore dreaming. The boats had drifted afar, but still she could hear the last strains of the boat song waited across the waters, and her heart was full of love, while she shuddered with an unknown fear. The

waters were calm and beautiful, so there was no danger to Shawn's little smack that night, but something more occupied her thoughts as she gazed out on the silent ocean. She had at last persuaded Shawn to

leave his native village to go to an uncle in America, who offered him a bright future. Shawn loved the vil

d the wild free life he had known lage al from childhood, but he loved Maureen from childhood, but he loved Matreen more, and his one great hope was to win her and make her happy. Now, more than ever, she seemed to struggle against her surroundings. She had been lifted out of them for a

spiration was pouring down her cheeks, so she threw off her cloak and hood and

time when her uncle, a priest in Gal-way, placed her in a convent school for a few years, but his sudden death ob-liged her to return to the old home and renew the old life. Her father kept the only provision store in the vil-lage, and her time passed between keeping house for a number of mother-

"cursed be the day for Ireland when her women dhrive the men from the land

"So he's gone," cried a voice behind and Nancy Maguire's tail from over

shadowed her. "He's not," cried Maureen, starting up, and stung by the old woman's words. "He's not gone yet." She ran towards old Jim Malone, who was smaking his pipe quite near and mor-alizing on the scene. He was used to the young lads leaving the village, and was now only longing for youth and was now only longing for youth and strength to do the same himself.

"Push out your boat, Jim, it's not yet too late; we must overtake him be fore he reaches the steamer.'

"Shure, ye wouldn't be mad, mayour-neen, to put gout on a sea like that. It's only Shawn hisself as ud push his way in that fog."

But Maureen was impatient, and pulling down the little boat she jumped in, seized the oars and pushed out to

It was not her first time to handle an oar, and though the fog was dense, she felt confident of her knowledge of the

coast. It was but two miles up, and she pushed along with all her strength, determined to be in time. The per-

resumed the oars with more vigor. At times she pulled with one oar, using the

other to probe the distance before her for fear of the rocks. In every splash she could hear Nancy Maguire's words.

SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC.

Archdeacon Davies, vicar of Sapperton, a village in the county of Glouc ter, adjoining the poet's county in divides the following entry, in a manuscript biographical dictionary which he kept: Shakespeare was much given to "Snakespeere was much given to an unluckiness in stealing of venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft-whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county, to his great advancement. He died April 23, 1616, probably at Stratford, for there he is buried and hath a monument on which he lays a heavy curse upon anyone who died a shall remove his bones. Papist." (See Halliwell-Phillips "Oat-lines of the Life of Shakespeare," seventh edition, for facsimile of the

original.) This corroborative testimony on the This corroborative testimony of part of Davies and Rowe concerning the "deer stealing" places that epi-sode beyond the shadow of reasonable doubt, and it will appear obvious to the least observant accurate when he says Shakespeare died probably at Stratford (subsequent research proved that he did die there); but with regard to the poet's religion he manifests no doubt^{or} misgiving. He expressly and positively declares, "He died a papist."—Dona" hoe's Marazine. declares, "He di hoe's Magazine.

St. Joseph's Month.

St. Joseph's clients will during this month be more than ever solicitous and ecial time for hopeful. March is his special time for favors. And the more he grants the