

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

CHAPTER I.—Continued. I wished not to speak of Rupert to his sister, and avoided the subject. The question, therefore, was simply repeated. Lucy inquired if it were not possible to land our passengers without bringing up, and hearing the truth on the subject, she renewed her entreaties not to land. Room was taken accordingly, and the rounded-up, and the boat lowered. The portmanteau of Post was placed in it, and the Dretwets were told that everything was ready to put them ashore.

"Surely we are not to part thus?" "I am not to accompany you to Ballston? The waters might prove of service to Miss Wallingford." "Doctor Post thinks not, but advises us to return tranquilly down the river. We may yet see far more of the Hook, or even into the Sound. It all depends on dear Grace's strength and inclinations." "Protestations of regret and disappointment followed, far everybody appeared to think much of Lucy, and very little of my poor sister. Some attempts were even made at persuasion; but the quiet firmness of Lucy soon convinced her friends that she was not to be diverted from her purpose. Mr. Hardinge, too, daughter's decision; and the travellers reluctantly prepared to enter the boat. After he had assisted his mother over the slope's side, Andrew Dretwet turned to me, and in a fair, gentleman-like, manly language expressed his sense of the service I had rendered him. After this acknowledgment, the first he had made, I could do no less than shake his hand; and we parted in the manner of those who have conferred and received a favor.

"I could perceive that Lucy's color heightened, and that she looked exceedingly gratified, while this little scene was in the course of being acted, though I was unable to comprehend the precise feeling that predominated in her honest and truthful heart. Did that increased color proceed from pleasure at the handsome manner in which Dretwet acquitted himself of one of the most embarrassing of our duties, or was it in any manner connected with her interest in me? I could not see, and of course did not learn. This scene, however, terminated our intercourse with the Dretwets, for the moment, the boat pulling away immediately after.

CHAPTER II

"Misplaced in life, I know not what I could have been, but I am not what I should be—let it end." Sardanapalus.

Glad enough was I to find the quiet and domestic character of my residence. Lucy had vanished as soon as it was proper, but, agreeably to her request, I got the stop's head down stream and began our return passage, without even thinking of putting a foot on the then unknown land of Albany. I was too much accustomed to submit without inquiry to the movements of the vessel he was in to raise any objections, and the Wallingford, her boat in tow, was soon turning down with the tide, at a light westerly wind, on her homeward course. This change kept all on deck so busy, that it was some little time ere I saw Lucy again. When we did meet, however I found her sad, and in a state of apprehension. Grace had evidently been deeply hurt by Rupert's departure. The effect on her frame was such, that it was desirable to let her be as little disturbed as possible. Lucy hoped she might fall asleep, for, like an infant, she had no physical powers sought in this resource, almost as often as the state of her mind would permit. Her existence, although I did not then know it, was like that of a flame which flickers in the light, and which is extinguished by a more slight increase of the current to which the lamp may be exposed.

We succeeded in getting across the Overhaul without touching, and had got down among the islands below Coe's Point, when we were met by a Dutch boat, not an Indian name, and belongs to a respectable New York family, when we were met by the new flood. The wind dying away to a calm, we were compelled to select a berth, and anchor. As soon as we were snug, I sought an interview with Lucy, but the dear girl sent me word by Chloe that Grace was dozing, and that she could not see me just at that moment, as her presence in the cabin was necessary in order to maintain silence. On receiving this message, I ordered the boat hauled up alongside; Marble, myself, and Neb got in, when the black skulled ashore—Chloe grinning at the latter's dexterity, as with one hand and a mere toss of his wrist he caused the water to foam under the bows of our little bark.

The spot where we landed was a small but lovely, gravelly cove, that was shaded by three or four enormous weeping-willows, and presented the very picture of peace and repose. It was altogether a retired and rural bit, being near but no regular landing, no reefs for selues, nor any of those signs that denote a place of resort. A single cottage stood on a small natural terrace, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the rich bottom that sustained the willows. This cottage was the very beau ideal of rustic neatness and home comfort. It was of stone, one story in height, with a high pointed roof, and had a Dutch-looking gable that faced the river, and which contained the porch and outer door. The stones were white as the driven snow, having been washed a few weeks before. The windows had the charm of irregularity, and everything about the dwelling proclaimed a former century, and a regime different from that under which we were then living. In fact, the figures 1608, let in as iron braces to the wall of the gable, announced that the house was quite as old as the second structure at Clawbonny.

The garden of this cottage was not large, but it was in admirable order. It lay entirely in the rear of the dwelling;

and behind it, again, a small orchard, containing about a hundred trees, on which the fruit began to show itself in abundance, lay against the sort of amphitheatre that almost enclosed the little nook against the attraction and sight of the rest of the world. There were also half a dozen huge cherry-trees, from which the fruit had not yet altogether disappeared, near the house, to which they served the double purpose of ornament and shade. The out-houses seemed to be as old as the dwelling, and were in quite as good order.

As we drew near the shore, I directed Neb to cease sculling, and sat gazing at this picture of retirement, and, apparently, of content, while the boat drew toward the gravelly beach, under the impetus already received.

"This is a hermitage I think I could stand, Miles," said Marble, whose look had not been off the spot since the moment we left the sloop's side. "This is what I should call a human hermitage, and none of your outlandish solitudes. Room for pigs and poultry; a nice gravelly beach for your boat; good fishing in the cove; I'll answer for it; a snug abode of retirement sort of a home, as big as a two-decker's lower masts; and company within hail, should a fellow happen to take it into his head that he was getting melancholy. This is just the spot I would like to letch-up in, when the business time goes into dock. What a place to smoke a cigar in! What a place to ponder under the cherry tree; and grog must have a double flavor alongside of that spring of fresh water!"

"You could become the owner of this very place, Moses, and then we should be neighbors, and might visit each other by water. It cannot be much more than fifty miles from this spot to Clawbonny."

"I dare say, now, that they would think of asking for a price like this, as much money as would buy a good, wholesome ship—a regular A Number 1."

"No such thing; a \$1,000 or \$1,200 would purchase the house, and all the land we can see—some twenty or fifteen acres, at the most. You have there, about 2,000 salted away, I know, Moses, between prize money, wages, adventures, and other matters."

"I could hold my head up under 2,000, of a sartality. I wish the place was a little nearer Clawbonny, say eight or ten miles off; and then I do think I should talk to the people about a trade."

"It's quite unnecessary, after all. I have quite as snug a cove, near the creek-bluff at Clawbonny, and will build a house for you there, you shall not tell from a ship's cabin, that would be more to your fancy."

"I've thought of that, too, Miles, and at one time fancied it would be a pretty good sort of an idea; but it won't stand logarithms, at all. You may build a room that shall have its cabin look, but you can't build one that'll have a cabin nator. You may get carrels, and transoms, and deckers, and bulkheads, and all sorts of things, but where are you to get your motion? What's a cabin without motion? It would soon be like the sea in the calm latitudes, offensive to the senses. No! none of your bloomy mollusks at Clawbonny, say eight or ten miles off; and then I do think I should talk to the people about a trade."

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The old woman gazed at Marble like one who scarce knew what to make of such an animal; and yet her look was mild and indulgent.

"I account for the boatmen's preferring other places to this," she said, "by the circumstance that there is no tavern here; while there is one two miles above, and another two miles below us."

"Your remark that there is no tavern here, reminds me of the necessity of apologizing for coming so bodily to your door," I answered; "but we sailors mean no impertinence though we are so often guilty of it in landing."

"You are heartily welcome, I am glad to see them that understood how to treat an old woman kindly, and know how to pity and pardon them that do not. At any time of life we get to learn the value of fair words and good treatment, for it's only a short time it will be in our power to show either to our fellow-creatures."

"Your favorable disposition to your fellows comes from living all your days in a spot like this, where it comes to mind much rather than it does from God. He alone is the source of all that is good within us."

"Yet a spot like this must have its influence on a character. I dare say you have lived long in a very happy life, which, old as you profess to be, seems to be much older than your self. It has probably been your abode ever since your marriage?"

"And long before, sir. I was born in this house, as you may see, and got out of that when your account must be pretty much all credit, and no debtor."

"That is a state that befalls none of earth, my young friend—Marble was not so much of a philosopher, as you are, though a plump fitty. My sin was no less than to break one of God's commandments."

"I could see that my mate was a good deal confounded at this ingenious mode of thought, and he said, in a sort of consoling tone, 'You may have fallen into some oversight, or mistakes; but this breaking of the commandments is rather serious sort of work.'"

"Yet I'm not the fifth; I forgot to honor my father and mother. Nevertheless, the Lord has been gracious; for my days have already reached three-score-and-ten. But this is his goodness, not any merit of my own."

"It is not, I presume, that the error has been forgiven? I ventured to remark, 'If it please you purchase peace, I feel certain you have earned that relief.'"

"One never knows! I think this calamity, and the danger I run of dying without a roof to cover my head, may be all traced up to that one set of disobedience. I have been a mother myself—may say I am a mother now, for my granddaughters, and I have a son, and a daughter—and it is when we look down, rather than when we look up, as it might be, that we get to understand the true virtue of this commandment."

"I'm so impatiently curious that instigates the question, my old friend," I added, "it would not be in my power to look you in the face, as I do now, while begging you to let me know your difficulties. Tell them in your own manner, but say nothing of this conversation, for I repeat, we have the power to assist you, and can command the best legal advice of the country."

"Again the old woman looked at me intently through her spectacles; the as she said, 'I'm glad to be made up to confide in our honesty, she disburdened it of its secrets.'"

"It would be wrong to tell you a part of my story, without telling you all," she began, "for you might think Van Tassel is alone to blame, while my conscience tells me that little has happened that is not a just punishment for my great sin. You have patience, therefore, with an old woman, and hear her out, for she has a long and a hard life to mislead any. The days of white heads are numbered; and, as it is not for Kitty, the blow would not be quite so hard on me. You must know, we are Dutch by origin—some of the best of the colony—and we were Van Duizers by name. It's like, friends, added the good woman, hesitating, 'I cannot say I am,' I answered, 'though of English extraction, but it does not mount back quite as far as the time of the Hollanders.'"

"And your friend? He is silent; perhaps he is of New-England? I would not wish to hurt his feelings, for English blood will bear a little hard, perhaps, on his love of home."

"Never mind me, mother, but rouse it all up like entered cargo," said Marble, in his usual bitter way when speaking of his feelings, for he was not the man breathing that one can speak more freely before such matters, than Moses Marble."

"Marble that's a hard name," returned the woman, slightly smiling; "but a name is not heart. My parents were Dutch; and you may have heard how it was before the Revolution, between the Dutch and the Yankees. Near neighbors, they did not love each other. The Yankees said the Dutch were fools, and the Dutch said the Yankees were knaves. Now, as you may easily suppose, I was born before the Revolution, when King George II. was on the throne and ruled the country; and though it was long after the Revolution, he got his masters, it was before our people had forgotten their language and their traditions. My father himself was born after the English government came among us, as I've heard him say; but he mastered not the English tongue, and he kept the customs of his father."

"All quite right, mother," said Marble, a little impatiently; "but what of all that? It's as natural for a Dutchman to love Holland as it is for an Englishman to love England, and I've been in the Low Countries, and must say it's a much sadder sort of a life the people lead; neither about nor ashore."

The old woman regarded Marble with much respect at this declaration; for, in that day, a travelled man was highly esteemed among us. In her eyes, it was a greater exploit to have seen

Amsterdam, than it would now be to visit Jerusalem. Indeed, it is getting rather discreditable to a man of the world not to have seen the Pyramids, the Red Sea, and the Jordan.

"My father loved it not the less, though he never saw the land of his ancestors," resumed the old woman. "Notwithstanding the jealousy of the Yankees, many of the former came among us to seek their fortunes. They are not a home-seeking people, it would seem; and I cannot deny that cases have happened in which they have been known to get away the farms of some of the Netherlands stock, in a way that it would have been better not to have happened."

"You speak considerably, my dear woman," I remarked, "and like one that has charity for all human failings. I ought to do so for my own sins, and I ought to do so to them of New-England; for my own husband was of that race."

"Ay, now the story is coming round regularly, Miles," said Marble, nodding his head in approbation. "It will touch on love next, and, if trouble do not follow, set me down as an ill-natured fellow, for I'm sure, something like getting heated out, or shifting ballast, into a ship's hold."

"I must confess to it," continued our hostess, smiling in spite of her real sorrow—sorrow that was revived by the recollection of the events of her early life. "A young man of Yankee birth came among us as a schoolmaster when I was only fifteen. Our people were anxious enough to have us all taught to read English, for many had not the disadvantage of being ignorant of the language of their rulers, and of the laws. I was sent to George Wetmore's school, like most of the other young people of the neighborhood, and remained a scholar for three years. If you were on the hill above the orchard yonder, you might see the school-house at this moment; for it is only a short walk from our place, and a walk that I made four times a day for just three years."

"One can see how the land lies now," cried Marble, lighting a cigar, for he thought no apology necessary for smoking under a Dutch roof. "The master taught his scholar something more than his spelling-book, or the catechism. We'll take your word about the school-house, seeing it is out of view."

"It was out of sight, truly, and that may have been the reason why my parents took it so hard when George Wetmore asked their leave to marry me. This was not done until he had walked home with me, or as near home as the brow of my hill, for a whole twelvemonth, and had served a sentence almost as long and as patient as that of Jacob for Rachel."

"Well, mother, how did the old people receive the question? Like good-natured parents, I hope, for George's sake."

"I'm sure they like the children of Holland, judging of the children of New-England. They would not hear of it, but wished me to marry my own cousin, Petrus Storm, who was not greatly beloved, even in his own family."

"Of course you did not anchor, and said you never would quit the moorings of home?"

"If I rightly understand you, sir, I did something very different. I got myself married to George, and he kept school near a twelvemonth longer, up behind the hill, though most of the young women were taken away from his teaching."

"So, the old way; the door was locked after the horse was stolen! Well, you were married mother—"

"After a time, it was necessary for me to visit a kinswoman who lived a little down the river. There my first child was born, unknown to my parents, and George gave it in charge to a poor woman who had lost her own babe, for we were still afraid to let our secret be known to my parents. Now comes the punishment for breaking the fifth commandment."

"How's that, Miles?" demanded Moses. "Is it again the commandments for a married woman to have a son?"

"Certainly not, my friend, though it is a breach of the commandment not to honor our parents. This good woman alluded to her marrying contrary to the wishes of her father and mother."

"Indeed I do, sir, and dearly have I repented of it. In a few weeks I returned to my parents, and was followed by the news of the death of my first-born. The grief of these tidings drew the secret from me, and nature spoke so loud in the hearts of my poor parents, that they forgave all, took George home, and ever afterwards treated him as if he also had been their own child. But it was too late; had it happened a few weeks earlier, my own precious babe might have been saved to me."

"You cannot know that, mother; we all die when our time comes."

"His time had not come. The miserable wretch to whom George trusted the boy, exposed him among strangers to save herself trouble, and to obtain \$20 as a cheap rate as possible for her services. In the name of heaven, my good woman, what year did this occur?"

"Marble looked at me in astonishment, though he clearly had glimpses of the object of my question. It was in the month of June, 17—"

"For thirty long, long years, I supposed my child had actually died, and then the mere force of conscience told me the truth. The wretched woman could not carry the secret with her into the grave, and she sent for me to hear the sad revelation."

CHRISTMAS AT KILLEARY

By Honor McMorris

Christmas bells and Christmas greetings—the air was full of them, even in quiet Killeary. Sir Maurice Delaney snatched impatiently as the joy bells from the church—where the singers were practicing vigorously—clashed forth, and, in the distance, Mickey Dolan, at work in the avenue, accented the coachman as he passed with the accustomed "A merry Christmas to ye, Larry!"

Sir Maurice was not a sour or un-Christian man—the very opposite, as any of the people on his estate would tell you heartily, but Christmas time, of all the year, was most hateful to him. It had not always been so. Time was, only a few years back, when he had been as happy and as ready to wish "A cheery Christmas" to one and all as his daughter, Terry. How gay she used to make the old oak hall with garlands of ivy and shining holly and mistletoe, how she used to trip forth daily, carrying good things to the poor who lived the ground she walked on, more of her interest in every detail of their simple lives and for her bright, sweet ways than for her gifts. And about each other, evenings they had spent together, she singing to him in her dear mother's voice, or sitting on the rug at his feet for a chat, with only the glow of the wood fire for light and only Pat, her faithful Irish terrier, for other company.

He had come out to get away from the memory of it all, but it had followed him persistently. "Good evening," Mickey, he said, as he came up to the man.

"Then, kindly, 'How are all at home?' 'Well, sir, thankin' you kindly, Kitty, my eldest, is goin' to be married to-morrow,' volunteered Mickey. 'Ah, that's the little girl with the curly hair, I hope he's a good fellow Mickey.'"

"Well, your honor," Mickey scratched his head, "he's not the one I'd have chosen for her myself. But there—thee's that young man, Mick, who's married I'd rather see Kitty happy nor anythin' else."

"So you've given in," said Sir Maurice, the loneliness in his heart deepening as he reflected that he might be a happier man to-day if he had put Terry's happiness first, and "given in," instead of making her choice between her young English husband and her father.

"Besides, sir," he went on, "I'm with respectful talkativeness, the man remembered that Our Blessed Lord came to bring 'Peace on earth, and to teach us to forgive as we hope to be forgiven as Miss Terry, (God bless her!) said to me one Christmas time when I was angry with some one, 'May I make a bold, your honor,' hesitating with the inborn delicacy of the Irish peasant, knowing, as every one did, something of the state of affairs, 'as to ask how Miss Terry 's well, thank you, Mickey; very well,' answered his master hastily, passing on his way. He wondered, what this man would think of him if he knew Terry's address even was unknown to her father. And her father, who had often wondered of late did she know up in heaven, of his hardness to the little girl she had left in his care, a mile of four, two and twenty years ago. In his bitter indignation (but old aristocrat that he was) in his opinion so lover herself as to marry Jack Stanley, whose position depended on his own brains and energy, not on his ancestors, and who was not even a professional man, he would not forgive. He had torn up, unread all her letters, and now she never wrote."

"I will go to London till this wretched season is over," he told himself fiercely as he pursued his lonely walk. "There, at any rate, nothing will remind me."

Perhaps, deep down in his heart, there was the thought that Terry was in England, probably in London, and that by some strange chance—his might meet her. His mind once made up, he could not get away fast enough from memory-haunted Killeary. He was off next morning, before his bewildered servants had realized that he was going and by night was established in a hotel in one of the western suburbs of London.

"What is my little girl crying for?" asked Terry Stanley, gazing over her tear-filled eyes down from the big photograph on the wall before her to the little troubled face of the miniature Terry at her knee.

"'Cos you're cryin' mamma,' answered the child, 'Daddy should be glad at Kilmara, daddie says so.'"

"And daddy's right, of course, darling," taking the little one to her knee and kissing the baby face framed in its scarlet cotton lawn hood. "With you and daddy to love me I am glad always—all the year round but just now I was thinking of the time when my daddy and I spent Christmas together at Killeary—when old Killeary—that you've never seen, Terry's where the grass is green, real lovely green, not hay-colored, and the great mountains are all shine and shade in changing light and the sea murmurs always in the distance. Her blue-grey eyes darkened and softened as Irish eyes are wont to do at thought of the land where they first saw the light."

"Lovely! lovely!" breathed little Terry, gazing up at her mother as if she saw it all.

"A shaggy head was pushed between them, a shaggy paw scraped Terry's arm impatiently, two other Irish eyes, the favorite Christmas hymn is the well known 'Adeste Fideles,' which is sung at the early Mass on Christmas morning and is a worthy piece of the more solemn service later in the day. The authorship of the work is a matter of doubt. It has been ascribed to St. Bonaventura, the great Franciscan doctor and contemporary of St. Thomas Aquinas, but no trace of such a hymn is found in St. Bonaventura's works. It is probably from a French or German source. The present musical setting had its origin in 1787, and is popularly attributed to Vincent Novello, who was the organist at the Portuguese legation in London at that time."

TO BE CONTINUED

The "Adeste Fideles"

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Christmas bells and Christmas greetings—the air was full of them, even in quiet Killeary. Sir Maurice Delaney snatched impatiently as the joy bells from the church—where the singers were practicing vigorously—clashed forth, and, in the distance, Mickey Dolan, at work in the avenue, accented the coachman as he passed with the accustomed "A merry Christmas to ye, Larry!"

Sir Maurice was not a sour or un-Christian man—the very opposite, as any of the people on his estate would tell you heartily, but Christmas time, of all the year, was most hateful to him. It had not always been so. Time was, only a few years back, when he had been as happy and as ready to wish "A cheery Christmas" to one and all as his daughter, Terry. How gay she used to make the old oak hall with garlands of ivy and shining holly and mistletoe, how she used to trip forth daily, carrying good things to the poor who lived the ground she walked on, more of her interest in every detail of their simple lives and for her bright, sweet ways than for her gifts. And about each other, evenings they had spent together, she singing to him in her dear mother's voice, or sitting on the rug at his feet for a chat, with only the glow of the wood fire for light and only Pat, her faithful Irish terrier, for other company.

He had come out to get away from the memory of it all, but it had followed him persistently. "Good evening," Mickey, he said, as he came up to the man.

"Then, kindly, 'How are all at home?' 'Well, sir, thankin' you kindly, Kitty, my eldest, is goin' to be married to-morrow,' volunteered Mickey. 'Ah, that's the little girl with the curly hair, I hope he's a good fellow Mickey.'"

"Well, your honor," Mickey scratched his head, "he's not the one I'd have chosen for her myself. But there—thee's that young man, Mick, who's married I'd rather see Kitty happy nor anythin' else."

"So you've given in," said Sir Maurice, the loneliness in his heart deepening as he reflected that he might be a happier man to-day if he had put Terry's happiness first, and "given in," instead of making her choice between her young English husband and her father.

"Besides, sir," he went on, "I'm with respectful talkativeness, the man remembered that Our Blessed Lord came to bring 'Peace on earth, and to teach us to forgive as we hope to be forgiven as Miss Terry, (God bless her!) said to me one Christmas time when I was angry with some one, 'May I make a bold, your honor,' hesitating with the inborn delicacy of the Irish peasant, knowing, as every one did, something of the state of affairs, 'as to ask how Miss Terry 's well, thank you, Mickey; very well,' answered his master hastily, passing on his way. He wondered, what this man would think of him if he knew Terry's address even was unknown to her father. And her father, who had often wondered of late did she know up in heaven, of his hardness to the little girl she had left in his care, a mile of four, two and twenty years ago. In his bitter indignation (but old aristocrat that he was) in his opinion so lover herself as to marry Jack Stanley, whose position depended on his own brains and energy, not on his ancestors, and who was not even a professional man, he would not forgive. He had torn up, unread all her letters, and now she never wrote."

"I will go to London till this wretched season is over," he told himself fiercely as he pursued his lonely walk. "There, at any rate, nothing will remind me."

Perhaps, deep down in his heart, there was the thought that Terry was in England, probably in London, and that by some strange chance—his might meet her. His mind once made up, he could not get away fast enough from memory-haunted Killeary. He was off next morning, before his bewildered servants had realized that he was going and by night was established in a hotel in one of the western suburbs of London.

"What is my little girl crying for?" asked Terry Stanley, gazing over her tear-filled eyes down from the big photograph on the wall before her to the little troubled face of the miniature Terry at her knee.

"'Cos you're cryin' mamma,' answered the child, 'Daddy should be glad at Kilmara, daddie says so.'"

"And daddy's right, of course, darling," taking the little one to her knee and kissing the baby face framed in its scarlet cotton lawn hood. "With you and daddy to love me I am glad always—all the year round but just now I was thinking of the time when my daddy and I spent Christmas together at Killeary—when old Killeary—that you've never seen, Terry's where the grass is green, real lovely green, not hay-colored, and the great mountains are all shine and shade in changing light and the sea murmurs always in the distance. Her blue-grey eyes darkened and softened as Irish eyes are wont to do at thought of the land where they first saw the light."

"Lovely! lovely!" breathed little Terry, gazing up at her mother as if she saw it all.

"A shaggy head was pushed between them, a shaggy paw scraped Terry's arm impatiently, two other Irish eyes,

The favorite Christmas hymn is the well known