TWO

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXXIII

Thurston took his way to Robin son's study. Cora was still there reading aloud from the daily paper, and her uncle released her from the task on seeing Gerald. The latter nnounced that he had come for an interview.

"Methusala !" exclaimed the fac "What's the matter tory owner. "What's the matter? Here's Cora been telling me Miss Burchill wants to see me, and now you want an interview. Well, run you want an interview. out, and you Gerald, take a seat. Gerald did so, beginning immediately

Did you insist on Mrs. Phillips visits to Miss Burchill? I understand that she has your permission to come everyday and read with her, but] have reason to believe that her visits are now and have been for some time quite an infliction." "Been talking to Miss Burchill,

eh ?" and Robinson's face evinced the keenest interest.

Yes ; I have just left her, but she fid not tell me this about Mrs. Phillips. I discovered that fact, and I discovered also that these visits are one means of making Miss Burchill desire to leave The Castle.

To leave The Castle," Robinson repeated, his voice slightly trembling, and a crimson spot beginning to show on each cheek.

Yes : it was in reference to that she wanted an interview with you, but she has promised to remain another year.'

The factory owner seemed relieved.

And you think this little widow's visits ain't agreeable to Miss Burchill ?" he said. I know they are not," was the de-

cisive reply. "But what can I do. Gerald ? It "but what can I do. Gerald ? won't do to tell Mrs. Phillips she can't

done

had finished :

Robinson resumed

He

chair.

acter

come to The Castle,-that's agin my principles of hospitality; and besides, the little widow's too poots and too nice to be kept out in that fashion.'

"You needn't ask her to keep away from The Castle," was the somewhat quick and sarcastically spoken reply. "Only allow me to spoken reply. "Only allow me to request her to keep away from Miss Burchill's part of the house."

"Rackon you hate her pooty strongly, Gerald ?" and the factory owner laughed. "Well, can't blame owner laughed. "Well, can't blame you much, as she's got your rights but she's a pooty woman, and you be mighty hard to touch when you ain't moved by them eyes of h you like, Gerald, for I don't want Miss Burchill to go away on no account, and I don't want Mrs. Phil lips kept away altogether from The Castle, neither.

Don't fear," said Gerald with a m smile. "I shall not deprive a of Mrs. Phillips' company." And grim smile. "I shall not deprive you of Mrs. Phillips' company." And he turned to depart, but the factory owner called.

Don't go, Gerald, till you git Cora back.

It was singular, and, were it not for a certain something which seemed to forbid the merriment, laughable, his fear of being left alone in his study during a certain time of the evening. It was a well-known fact, that he was afraid, and the very vants gossiped and wondered out it till, on more than one servants his eyes. occasion, some of them began to have strange imaginations of their own, and to put into circulation mysterious stories about the numer ous lights in his study and bedchamber that did little credit to the factory owner's heart or head. Even looked as if he felt some contempt for Robinson's childish weakness, but he pulled the bell and

sentiment that made her weak and trembling she tore it open. Her eyes became fixed as she read, and she continued to hold the note before her, even when she read the con-tents three times. Then she threw hereelf into a chair, and burst into a passion of tears. That the note had grown out of her own unlucky

remarks at dinner the previous even-ing she felt assured, but her mind was further tormented by thoughts of the possible conversation which Gerald might—nay, which he must —have had with Miss Burchill, in order to produce such a peremptory She was puzzled to de message. cide what part, if any, Mr. Robinson had taken in it, and at length, when her paroxsym had spent itself, and her thoughts grew maddening she started from her seat, and began a

careful arrangement of her toilet. She would seek an immediate ex planation from Mr. Robinson, even if that explanation should result in deeper chagrin than she already felt. Barbara was careful to be in sight when Mrs. Phillips, resplendent in one of her newest and latest cos-

tumes came from her room Ah !" she said, pursing up her lips and eyebrows, "spreading your net again for Gerald Thurston ; and does he consent at last to fall into it Poor little angler! What a desperate tug you will have to pull him in !"

But her last words might have remained unspoken, for Helen had rushed down the stair and out, slamming the door violently behind her. Robinson was descending to lunch when Mrs. Phillips was announced, and instead of continuing to the dining-room, he turned into the parlor, where she waited with her most bewitching smile, while at the same time she feigned to be extremely

agitated. What does this mean, Mr. Robincon ?" drawing forth Thurston's note, and placing it open in the factory owner's hand. "What have I to Miss Burchill, that she should early. seek Mr. Thurston to champion her cause? And was it in accordance with your wish that this was written? She put her dainty hand in most confiding fashion on Robinson's arm

as she spoke. He thrilled at the touch, while at the same time he tremblingly put on his spectacles, nized Mrs. Phillips. and read the note, saying, when he 'You mustn't blame me, Mrs. Phillips. I ain't no party to this thing further'n being told by Gerald

that he knew your visits wan't agree-able to Miss Burchill; and then I jist let him take his own way of arranging matters, only that I told him h mustn't interfere with your comin' to The Castle to see me. Thank you, Mr. Robinson," and the little neatly gloved hand, still resting upon hisarm, slightly pressed

ing about my heart that won't let me it in token of ardent gratitude. 'You see, Mrs. Phillips, there's no accounting for a woman's whims when she gits ideas into her head,

and I look on this thing as one of Miss Burchill's whims. But I didn't want to force her to anything agin ing the note to her." her liking, because she might go away from The Castle, and that would throw Cora on my hands."

"And is there not another reason, ar Mr. Robinson, why you do not her hand eagerly, while she said : "I shall be most happy to do any wish Miss Burchill to leave The favor Castle ?" and both dainty hands were

placed confidently on his arm, while, with a most significantly arch look coming to see the man? When I and smile, Mrs. Phillips gazed into spoke of you he said he would like to ee you first.

himself, and stirred uneasily in his company the woman, and the latter's expression of gratitude had hardly Will you not trust me ?" pursued

the insinuating voice. "And have not I myself, observed sufficient to discover your feelings with regard to He in whom Mrs. Hogan had been Miss Burchill? Believe me, Mr. Robinson, when I assure you that Miss Burchill? Believe me, nothing would make me happier than, further | their florid hue, for in a moment the

CATHOLIC RECORD The

attentively the early part of

ced that the offertory collections

not catch his name—who was travel-ing through the country to obtain help for his destitute Chinese mission.

He announced, also, that the Father

would preach at the High Mass, so Mr. de Chapelle instantly determined

to hurry back to the church as soon

while Father Maginnis preached, he

tried to devise some way of affording an offering larger than a nickel. As

means to be hungry and to shiver in clothes so neatly brushed and mended

that no one suspected they were

church he had resolved to sacrifice his Sunday paper for five weeks.

After all, it was an extravagance, he

told himself; more truly, he might

The visiting priest did not talk long, but his simple, uncomplaining

words told a tale of great poverty

and hardship. He spoke of small

unheated houses ; of monotonous and

scanty diet; of bare, barnlike churches with homemade altars and

no pictures to attract the ignorant

neophytes, and of others, even worse

that were falling into disrepair. He

dwelt at length on the crying need for schools, and more schools, if the

faith is to come into her own in

fired with a desire to help. As for Mr. de Chapelle, he was not only

deeply moved by the story, the marked French accent with which it

was told, and the typically French

voice and manner of the speaker

went straight to his homesick heart.

circle, with its rigid etiquette and

exquisite refinement; of his gentle,

queenly mother, his high-spirited

father, and a troop of merry younger

After a time he roused himself

from dreams of home and tried to

listen intently. Hearing the Father tell more and more details of such

poverty as even he had never known.

Mr. de Chapelle began to think scornfully of the twenty five cents

They were often cold. and how

When the collection basket passed

him he dropped two dollars into it,

feeling that he was doing very little.

every

must he have dinner nearly

lavish he was of coal.

All who listened were edified and

China

brothers.

dav?

have named it his one pleasure.

as he had had his breakfast,

Was

the same breath demanded her in-AN OLD MADONNA formant's business. The woman did not reply for a moment, and she twirled her hands in her shawl in a Mr. de Chapalle had slept poorly and felt so tired and listless and drowsy that he found it difficult to way that bespoke embarrassment.

"Oh," said Barbara sharply, and follos with a look that made her listener the Mass; but his weariness shiver, "if it's any secret about Mrs. forgotten when Father Maginnis an Phillips you had better say so.' Dear, no!" Mrs. Hogan, some of that day would be given to a French Jesuit-Mr. de Chapelle did

what alarmed by the fierce demeanor of Barbara hastened to answer. 'It's to secret about Mrs. Phillips at all. doesn't know what I want her for. It's just a little private business of my own, and being as she was so good to us there awhile back—comng to see us, and not alone helping me, but giving a lift from her purse to other poor creatures-I thought I'd make bold to ask a favor from her, and---'

'There, there; that will do?' interrupted Miss Balk, putting her hands to her ears in offected horror. Mrs. Phillips has gone to Mr. Robinson's, and I don't know when she will be back," and the door was closed almost in Mrs. Hogan's face. The action was so abrupt that the

threadbare. By the time he re-entered the woman stood for a moment, 'still twirling her hands in her shawl, and looking if she did not realize that she and been so rudely shut out. When she did, she said to herself :

"Faith, them that call Miss Balk queer have good right to say it. She hasn't the manners of a kitchen maid. I wonder it her mind is touched ?" And as she turned away and out to the road, she continued to soliloquize : " It won't do for me to call there again. It might raise queer suspicions in her mind if she aw me, and I can't tell why, but I'd rather, somehow, she'd not know what I want to see Mrs. Phillips for. What shall I do? He'll be so disap pointed, poor man, when I go back again and tell him I didn't see her. Vell, there's no help for it. I'll have to put a bold face on myself, and ne again to-morrow

Having thus decided, she began to walk at a more rapid gait, but when she arrived at a turn in the road More vividly than for many years was he reminded of the atmosphere of his aristocratic, exclusive home which would take her directly to the other side of the village, she saw a richly dressed lady advancing to her whom, to her delight, she recog-

"Ob, ma'am !" she burst out eagerly, forgetting in her delight that it was not an equal she addressed; "I've been to your house twice looking for you. There is a man stopping with is who wants a note taken to Miss Burchill. He says he knew friends of hers long ago, and that he doesn't like to call on her as he is in poor circumstances, and can't dress preentable, but he is in a hurry to her at our place. I'd have taken the note to herself, but there's a squeez-

put foot on Mr. Robinson's grounds. and I thought of you. You told me the last time you came to see us that you used to visit Miss Burchill every Maybe you wouldn't mind givday.

and during the remainder of the Mass prayed with unusual fervor for the Helen's eyes glistened. A note missionary and his difficult work. Afterward he walked home very, be intrusted to her for Miss Burchill from one of the sterner sex was a rare opportunity, and she extended very slowly, thinking both of his own home and of all he had heard con-cerning China, and longing to help not only the missions in general, but particularly the one in charge of the

for Miss Burchill. Let me have the note.' like himself, an exile from France. "Ob, ma'am, if you wouldn't mind

reddened slightly in spite of Helen turned immediately to ac-

ceased when they arrived at her own

so interested rose on their entrance. He had been sitting with his face buried in his hands, a posture which probably had given to his features clatter, and he did not know it; for, the dinner table-he suddenly looked as he left the kitchen he had realized that there was another way in which he might help the Chinese mission, and in consequence a

struggle was raging in his heart. It was a bare, cheerless room in which he sat. The bed was parrow, the chairs were old and dilapidated. Against one side of the wall a few clothes hung on nails, and not far from them there was a clumsily made shelf containing some books. Opposite, carefully placed to get the best possible light, hung an exquisite oil painting of our Blessed Mother with the infant clasped in her arms. Brought from Italy by his greatgrandfather a hundred and fifty years efore, it was indeed a treasure, and it was his only one; and he was sitting under it, alone, friendless, poor and old, with his face hidden in his he walked homeward he puzzled over the problem—a real one—for only too well did he know what it hands and his heart almost breaking. At last be raised his head looked at the picture, the only link that bound him to home and kindred. Never had it seemed so beautiful. Somehow Our Lady's smile was more motherly and more tender that ever before, and her Child more lov than able and sweet. But in China the church walls were bare. No picture of Mary and her Son looked down

who must often find it hard to grasp even faintly, the infinite tenderness of God's way with man. Suddenly there was a knock at his

door, and he opened it to find Mrg. door, and he opened it to find Mrs. treasures; a beautiful picture so Hudson standing in the hall with a like this that—that you see, we all tray in her hands. came back, and we owe it to Felix. Even though you're not hungry

you must eat a little. Mr. de Cha pelle," she said. "You're my guest to day, and I won't listen to any obhis hands, but when Father de Chajections," and placing the tray on his bed-the only available spot-she pelle laid two tender hands on his shoulders he looked up and whis fled down the stairs before he could pered tremulously: "Jules! Dear, little Jules! It think of a word to say .something then, wondering all the while if Mrs. Hudson had understood that he could not afford a dinner that day, and afraid that she had. She had always loved his Madonna, and he had been grateful for her admiration. What she say if-

He drew his chair nearer to the picture and sat looking up at it. Half an hour passed : an hour : and then a second one. It was late in the afternoon before Mr. de Chapelle rose, lifted the picture from its hook, dusted it tenderly, and with infinite land of Ireland away from the Irish care wrapped it in an old newspaper. His heart was light by this time ; sacrifice was made.

which he thought a plain farmer was Old though he was, weary, too, and exposed by participation in politics. He had a model farm, to whose proburdened with the picture, he walked swiftly towards the parish house, and at the door asked to see the mission duction and increasing fertility gave unceasing and intelligent attention. One of the old Irish bards ary who had preached that morning. which he had planned to give. The missionaries were often hungry, and The Father came almost instantly and they had hardly shaken hands whose chanted story of the William ite wars has come down to us, de before he began : voted a rather bitter quatrain to the

Father, I have brought a picture for one of your poor churches. Money would be a more acceptable gift, I know; but I have very little -none to spare. I teach French, but I'm old, and old fashioned, and slow. I never had many pupils; I have very few now." And then, hardly pausing, he added : "I should like to ever. Och, ochone-O'Kelly's well-tended highly-producing fields were show you the picture. Father, andand to have one last look at it my. self. It is beautiful. I am certain that you will think so."

The missionary warmly expressed his thanks as Mr. de Chapelle slipped cealous Jesuit, his countryman, and the paper aside. He was touched by the old man's generosity and glad to It was twenty minutes after twelve o'clock when he reached the shabby receive a picture, but little imagined that he was about to see a work of house in which he and fifteen other men, almost as poor as himself, art:

boarded with a widow named Mrs. Hudson; a shy, gentle, kind hearted Why it is exquisite!" he ex woman who, because her four children lay side by side in little graves, through it they will learn to love our Before

Blessed Mother! But are you ceralien church sustained by levies upon tain, quite certain, that you can part a people it did not serve brought into with it?"

'I am glad to give it," Mr. de existence the Fenians, men not soft in will. The movement, springing

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has been hard. I have been ho DR. BRUCE E. EAID sick-but my reward is greater than Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 6653 I can bear."-Florence Gilmore

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across the table at mother, an out that he could bear it no longer. Felix must be found and bro home. I will never forget. Mother tried to speak, and began to weep instead; and we all cried, even staid old butler whom Felix used to tease unmercifully.

But it was too late. My brothe

FORCING FRAMES OF

FREEDOM

The battle of Aughrim was fought

sion when Cromwell was taking the

believed in making the best of his

farm and fought shy of the perils to

sang, are now all that his heart

would wish. They will never lack

for plentiful manuring from this time forward. There is enough of

the rotting carcasses of men and of

horses on them to fertilize them for

In Ireland they have long recog

-that their ability to achieve their

high resolves is in direct ratio to the

willingness which they bear the re-

sulting inconveniences and to their determination not to be denied.

When Ireland asked Parliament in

the famine years for an order to

close the ports and feed the people

from the harvest-and got a coercion

act, there was a rebellion and the

leaders of Ireland were deported as

mand for disestablishment of an

The seemingly hopeless de-

nized,—as where is it not recognized

given to one of William's soldiers.

man. He

he

O'Kelly was a " practical "

worthy man. O'Kelly's

had been gone for seven years, and we had no trace of him. When it became evident that our search doomed to be fruitless, father failed fast. Before the end came he kept Felix's boy picture always in his hand-and he asked to see a priest Mother went to confession on the same day. She lived for five years more, lived the life of a saint. And we boys one after another, we found the road to Rome. Jacques we first. He was with his regiment in Africa and wrote home tremblingly to tell that he had been received. Rene is curs of Maubessant, and I, a Jesuit missionary. We owe it all to Felix, and he has never known. Neither does he know that Jean holds the old chateau and all the land only trust for him, if he ever cares to claim them.' Again the priest paused before h

upon the childlike Christians there, Mr. de Chapelle.

waited until the servant who an-swered the summons reappeared with Cora. Then he repaired to his room and penned the following to Mrs. Phillips : Madam :-- In your future visite

to The Castle you are requested to refrain from going to the part of the house assigned to Miss Burchill and her pupil.

"GERALD THURSTON."

The next morning a servant was him. dispatched with the note the Mrs. Paillips. When she received it, recognizing the permanship, she became violently agitated. Not trust-ing herself to read it immediately, lest Miss Balk might appear, she put it into her pocket and took her way to her room. Barbara had heard the knocker and looking from a window, recognized in the bearer of the note one of Robinson's servants.-the man had been sent occasionally from The Castle with messages during the summer. She descended immediately, meeting Helen at the foot of the stair.

Has Mr. Robinson sent to inquire at my health?" she asked sarcast-circumstances have made me the about my health?" she asked sarcastically, in order to let Helen know that she was aware from whom the messenger came, and at the same time she stood in such a way that it was quite impossible for any one to pass her in order to ascand.

'No; the message this time is from Mr. Thurston to me," answered Helen stung into replying that which an instant before she did not dream of telling.

But the only effect the announce. ment had on Barbara was to make her shrug her shoulders and laugh her horrid laugh, from which Mrs. Phillips retreated precipitately into the open parlour, where she waited until her tormentor disappeared.

ill of its contents, and, with a pre- the same information, but who, in

if it were in my power, to further your suit. As it is, I think Miss color disappeared, and left him white as from illness. About forty years Burchill may have been a little jealous of your attentions to me and of age, and tall and well formed. hence may have arisen her complaint there was a slight and not ungraceful Thurston, which resulted in stoop in his shoulders that gave him to Mr. the air of one accustomed to deepe thought. Thestubble of an unshaved such a rude message from him.' "Jealous, eh !" repeated the factory owner, childish enough in his petty beard covered his chin, which, like conceit to swallow the bait with which she so cunningly tempted

Burchill and Gerald'll come around all right by and by, especially when Miss Burchill gits to be Mrs. Robin

son," and the factory owner smiled, and winked his little greenish eyes

very hard. "But come in now to lunch," he continued; "won't be no one there but me. Gerald's so busy

CHAPTER XXXIV

Mrs. Hogan called twice at the

the rest of his features, was large and strongly marked. He was evidently man of great nerve and will, and "I am sure, dear Mr. Robinson, of my assertion; I make it from my were it not for a certain restlessness

of the eyes, must have been capable of any command he undertook. As observations of Miss Burchill's charit was, despite his clothes, which "It ain't onlikely," he answered, were exceedingly shabby, there was a nameless something about him that with such an evident belief in his own power of fascination that Helen proclaimed him far above what he with difficulty repressed a laugh. seemed, and even dainty Helen was

She rose to depart. "Now that I know, dear Mr. Robinimpressed in a way most unaccount. able to herself. son, you do not exclude me from The Castle," with a most marked empha-

Mrs. Hogan introduced him as Mr. Wiley, and he said at once, in a deep. sis on the word "you"—"I am quite satisfied. With regard to Miss Burclear voice : "I shall be much obliged to you

chill's and Mr. Thurston's feelings Mrs. Phillips, if you can get a note from me to Miss Burchill to day." "Certainly," she answered sweetly. object of their animosity." Her "I have just returned from Mr. Robinson's but it will be no trouble handkerchief was to her eyes. "Oh, don't now, Mrs. Phillips ; Miss

to call there again to-day. I would do anything that has reference to dear Mildred." "You know Miss Burchill so intim-

ately, then ?" the stranger said. "Intimately," was the enthusiastic reply. "Mildred Burchill is my very dearest friend." A smile overspread his features for

at the factory he can't git here for more'n an hour yet," and Helen gracefully accepted the invitation. an instant, as if in cynical doubt of the friendship so warmly attested; but it disappeared, and he was asking gravely, as he sealed package : he extended to her

TO BE CONTINUED

home of Mrs. Phillips in search of that lady. The first time she was The widow had at last an oppor-tunity of reading Thurston's note. From the fact that the bearer had pot required an answer, she augured the required an answer, she augured the promotion but the processing the procesing the processing the process what is looking out of your own.

to her. He could hear her singing door leading into the back hall

berself when h

tenderly mothered every lonely homeless man in the house. Before

climbing up to his attic room Mr. de

Chapelle went to the kitchen to speak

Good morning, Mr. de Chapelle, she said pleasantly, the moment he appeared in the doorway. If she was surprised to see him she did not show it

Mr. de Chapelle was plainly embarrassed, as he explained : "I came to tell you that I shall

not want any dinner to day." Mrs. Hudson smiled, as she ex-

claimed

Then Mr. Monserrat has invited or where

He had dined at Mr. Monserrat's him: home two years before, on the only occasion since he came to America that he had received an invitation; and she was glad, although her boarders paid only for meals which they ate at her table. Mr. de Chapelle flushed :

"No, I am not going to Mr. Mon-serrat's. He-he is out of town, I believe. It is only that I-am not very hungry to-day," he explained and hurried away. He would have shrunk more sensitively than a boy from explaining his little sacrifice.

Mrs. Hudson looked after him pity ingly: "He hasn't the money," she said to herself. "He hasn't the money. I wonder if the Copelands fifteen years older than I, found his have stopped their lessons. What will become of him if they have? about twenty-four years of age. Father was furiously angry, and mother, even mother, was bitter He has seemed sad of late; he has talked often of France, and that is always a sign that he's particularly homesick." She did not sing any ore over her work; she was too they drove him, penniless, from heavy hearted. home.

Slowly and wearily Mr. de Chapelle climbed the three flights of stairs that led to his room, and on reaching on very softly : it sank down into his rocking chain

It sans down into his rocking chair and buried his face in his hands. Minute after minute crept by and he did not move. Two of the other boarders passed his door and noisily that

Chapelle replied, and he meant what he said, although there was a big lump in his throat, and two tears had from a peasant tenantry, by which the Irish land was re won, was prob ably the highest single achievement overflowed his eyes and were rolling passive resistance has to its credit down over his cheeks.

felons.

but Michael Davitt did not begin that The priest did not see them, for he was looking at the picture, not movement until he and the constitu-admiringly now, but in a puzzled tionalist leaders had enlisted the tionalist leaders had enlisted the support of John Devoy, Matt Harris way. After a moment he said haltly: It seems to me that I have seen many a man hidden away in quiet ingly

this before—or, perhaps, a copy of it. It is strangely familiar. But when corners of Ireland whose temper had been hardened and whose temper had been tested in the earlier struggle. -I can't remember. Mr. de Chapelle gently contradicted Today the friendliest thing one hears said about the Maxwell régime is

You never saw this. Father, for that in putting Pearse and Connolly and the others out of the way those who represented the English intenit is quite forty years since I brought it to America, and it has been in my room ever since. You were a little tion to rule Ireland as a conquered child forty years ago. As for a copy, I am almost certain that none was ever made." "The priest continued to gaze at methods of force.

the picture, and there was a long pause before he spoke, still facing it What is perfectly patent in Ireland now is heat, if the elected of Irish instead of looking at his guest. At first, what he was saying seemed to At constituencies stay away from Westminister, set up a government of their own, and address themselves Mr. de Chapelle entirely irrelevant; with every show of confidence to the "My people were violently anti-clerical—had been for generations," he began; " but my eldest brother, development of Ireland in all its attributes as a nation despite the presence in Dublin of a foreign government backed by an army of way back to the Church when he was occupation, it is the dispersion all over Ireland of men who have been confined with them in English prisons upon which they must and against him. For a time they argued do depend for that solidarity without with him and pleaded, pleaded; when they saw that he would never yield which they could have no great hope of success. "Labor in Ireland," George Russel (AE.) explained to me,

"has advanced by leaps and bounds since James Connolly gave Labor a martyr." Afterwards I stood with He paused for a second, and with out glancing at Mr. de Chapelle went one of the Labor leaders in Liberty Hall in front of a map in which the

"Home was never the same after I was only a child, but even I progress of the Labor movement was did not move. Two of the other boarders passed his door and noisily entered their rooms, but he heard nothing; fire angines came down the street, making a deafening clang and

The Bible and the Blessed **Virgin Mary** And Some Correspondence BY Rt. Rev. M. F. Fallon, D. D. BISHOP OF LONDON

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