TALES OF THE JURY ROOM By Gerald Griffin THE FIFTH JURYMAN'S TALE

2

DRINK, MY BROTHER

CHAPTER IV

Turning into a narrow bridle road they proceeded for some minutes in silence, the clergyman with difficulty preventing his horse from stumbling over the huge stones and masses of broken earth that filled the track. At length, an opening in the wood disclosed the cause of their perplexity. The light was seen to proceed from a small cabin, which fronted the narrow road, and was almost hid on every other side by the close ash and fir trees that grew around. From the small window, but more especially from the doorway which od wide open the light proceeded.

What in the world came over me, an' not to know the place 'till now ?' exclaimed Fitzgerald. "Sure it ought as well known to me as our own hall-doore. "Tis Sam H little tinker that lives there." 'Tis Sam Hare the

Proceeding onward until they arrived opposite the door, they be held within a figure which had enough of the grotesque to . have afforded them amusement under any other circumstances. On the floor was seated a small sized, thin featnred man, his hands bound together at the wrists, and passed over his knees in such a manner as to allow a long broom handle to pass beneath the flexure of the latter and over that of the elbows, so as effectually to keep him pinioned in his sitting posture. without the power to stir a limb, and at the least motion in imminent danger of falling on either side, in which case his misfortune have been as irremediable as would that of an inverted turtle. His countenance as he looked up betrayed the most pitiable terror and anxiety. Dismounting, Mr. Magrath gave

his bridle to Fitzgerald, and proached the door. As he presented himself at the threshold, a harsh cry broke from the little man, which was echoed by a female voice from an inner room, and for some minutes, a screaming duet was kept up which rendered it impossible to distinguish any other sound. His appearance to make however, contributed more it cease than anything which he could say. The terror of the pinioned tinker changed on seeing him to the most extravagant joy. Drawing out handle and releasing his the broom wrists, Mr. Magrath inquired for a time in vain the cause of his being found in so extraordinary a position The poor tinker, however, was too thoroughly affrighted to be able to give any account of the occurrence, and it was only from the female he learned, that while they were at their supper, their house had been suddenly invaded by two men in boatman's dress, who, after menacing and ill treating Hare in various ways, administered an oath to him, to what purport she could not say, as had taken the precaution remove her at first to another chamber where she could only gather an indistinct account of what was passing. In the meantime, the bewildered tinker did nothing but moan and laugh with a kind of incoherent joy, when he looked upon the clergyman. The fire-place was occupied by an enormous heap of burning turf, which the woman told him had been made by the strange men, who threatened to burn the tinker behind it in case he persisted in refusing to it, in case he persisted in refusing take the oath. "So these people have made you take an oath, Sam ?" said the priest. "Hi! hi! the Poundher! he! he!" 'Oh! ho! the Pounder was it? Well what did he swear you to?' The tinker was silent. 'Of course you are well instructed enough to know, Sam, that you had no right to take an unlawful oath, and are as little bound to keep it, more cspecially if it binds you to anything unjust. You know what is erty sin of Cain ! Still the connection of his dream said of the ways of becoming a partaker in the sin of another. Don't continued. He entered on the gay be guilty by concealing; participans, mutus, non obstans, non manifestans. are all alike." "Aye, sir, that's the way," said Fitzgerald, whose curiosity had led him to fasten the horse at the door, and follow his master unseen into the house, "give him enough o' the Latin, an' I'll engage you'll soon bring him to, if anything could do as a life of pleasure. Nothing however could do it, it appeared, for neither by Latin or English could the tinker be induced to reveal a word of what had passed between him and the Pounder. Still it was evident that some thing had occurred, in which Mr Magrath was personally interested. for when that gentleman, weary of anguish in the draught. the scene, was about taking his departure, the tinker flung himself be-fore him, and embracing his knees seemed entreating him in the most piteous manner not to venture abroad. In answer to the clergyman's repeated questions, he only exclaimed in broken sentences. "Don't-don't!-Go home!-I can't!

he had best take. Some mischief was evidently afoot, but he could hardly persuade himself that it was against his life. The direct thought seemed too extravagant. but Richard's benefit No motive but Richard's benefit could be imagined for it, and he never could persuade himself that his brother could really even for a moment entertain so horrible a thought.

Amid all his thoughtlessness violence," he said to himself, "I have he was told that a most holy priest, celebrated throughout the country for letected traces of a bitter spirit, that makes it seem impossible he should his skill in directing consciences, was within, and engaged in hearing the proceed to such atrocious lengths. I have seen him on more than one confessions of the people. Immedi-ately the idea occurred to him of seekoccasion bestow his best coat, or pair of shoes, on a poor man, when ing relief from his remorse, by ac-knowledging his guilt at the feet of he thought he was entirely unobserved. It is impossible that he can this saintly minister. Entering the church with this intent, he was how-ever diverted from carrying it into be a party to such a plot, and without him what motive can any other per son have to injure me?" execution by the extraordinary sight

He determined to pursue his jour ney, and dismissing Fitzgerald on the ground that he did not require which he beheld within. The people were on their knees and praying in silence ; a great number of candles his attendance, he took the road which led to the appointed place road were lighted on the altar, before

alone In the meantime Richard continued to sleep profoundly on the uneven resting-place, which he had taken up within the ruined kiln. The drug which had been mingled in his drink while it oppressed his senses, quickened his imagination and rendered it more susceptible of those vivid and singular impressions which the mind often receives in dreaming. murdered brother ! The terrible dream continued with At first his visions were confused and the same consecutive distinctness mingled of the pleasing and the He now thought, that while he still norrible. Sometimes he fancied himgazed as if spell-bound on the features self borne upon a strong wind, with a speed that, excessive as it was, yet of the awful figure, it returned his gaze, and slowly descending the steps filled him with a sense of buoyant of the altar, approached the spot on delight and exultation, over houses, which he stood, bearing in his uprivers, towns, churches, gardens, seas lifted hands the silver chalice which and continents, all of which seemed he used during the sacred ceremony. gliding rapidly away beneath him, in The people gave way in silence, and brilliant panoramic succession. Then a sudden and intense darkness overformed an open passage between the brothers, along which Richard saw spread the face of all things-terrific the figure still approach. He thought unds re-echoed through the gloom to fly, but all power of motion had and a crash like that of falling deserted him, nor could he even avoid mountains, with rocks rolling upon rocks of an unfathomable depth, turned the very sense of hearing to Then again the series an affliction. of phantoms assumed a pleasing character. Green fields and gently vessel. which he so well remembered :--flowing streams, with waving groves and rustic music, succeeded to the congregation of terrors from which he had just escaped. For a considerable time these incoherent phantoms

occupied his fancy. At length whether that the influence of the potion he had drank was worn out, or from some other cause, this extreme confusion ceased, and his visions began to assume a more conecutive order. Again he thought he was seated in

could no longer support the oppres-sive vision ; He awoke with a cry of terror, and springing to his feet, for a the cabin, where he had left the He was alone and medita-Pounder. ting on the deed to which the latter time could neither remember where was nor whether he still slept. sought to urge him. While he deliberated, now dwelling listlessly The darkness contributed to bewilder on the advantages which he should him ; he could only discern the open sky alone, where a few stars twinkled derive from its accomplishment, now recoiling horror-stricken from the faintly between the masses of clouds means suggested, he thought the and the broken outlines of the roofless walls around him. The night had changed in his sleep, for the wind Pounder entered and beckoned him from the cottage. Led by some now rushed hoarsely through the strange impulse, he arose in silence and followed. The Pounder led the way to the shore, where he turned trees, and drove a mizzling rain upon his person; circumstances which had and awaited him. As they walked probably some influence in producing the latter changes in his dream. together on the beach, the river So strongly was the intense feeling of terror still upon his mind, that one corsair renewed his instances, and with so much force and artifice, that of his first impulses was to fly, suppos the dreamer could no longer hold out ing that the dreadful scene might be against him. He consented, but as, renewed. He darted through the open when he had done so, the tempter doorway, and again involuntarily turned to look apon him with a gespaused as he reached the grassy slope outside. He gazed around him. Gradual recollection stole upon him, the ruin, the distant river, the little hat and matted hanging locks, the valley, every new sight restored him malignant features of the arch enemy to himself, and as the thrilling idea, of mankind. The consent, however, was given, " It is only a dream !" flashed upon his mind, with a wild cry of ecstasy and it was not recalled. The deed he and it was not recalled. The deed he now thought was executed exactly in the manner which had been proposed to him when awake. Their whole scheme succeeded to their desire. and gratitude, he flung himself upon his knees and gave vent to his feelings in a burst of joyous weeping. His ecstacy was not of long dura-Detection was effectually baffled, and tion. Recollection awoke, the occur Richard, as his brother's legal heir, rences of the preceding evening re turned to his mind and filled him entered into possession of the prop-

which he had acquired by the

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ng caused the latter to leave the One evening, scourged in spirit by while he received the con such thoughts, he sought relief by walking out alone by the river side ession of the penitent, he drew for that purpose a low rush-bottomed chair close to the bedside, and pre-Insensibly he found himself pursuing the same path, which he had actually pared to enter on the office of his followed during his walk on the pre ceding evening. On arriving within view of what, in his waking moments appeared to him to be a ruined church, he was surprised to behold it ninistry. Before doing so, he knelt as was usual with him, for a few moments to offer up a customary prayer. In this attitude he did not he was surprised to behold it thronged with people as at the celeerceive what was done by the pre perceive what was done by the pre-tended penitent, who arose softly from his pallet, and drawing from beneath the bed-clothes a large and pointed knife, he lifted the right bration of some great festival. Making inquiry at one of the doors,

hand and leaned forward to reach the spot on which the priest was kneel-ing. At this instant a rush of hurried eet and a rapid voice was heard out side. The clergyman turned his head to listen, and the penitent shrunk again beneath the bed-clothes. The outer door was dashed back upon it hinges, and a figure drenched in rain. and wild in look and gesture, rushed into the room. It was Richard Magrath. Standing between his was Richard

brother and the bed, from which with one arm he held him back, with the other he dragged off the bed-clothes. which stood a priest with his back and revealed to the eyes of the turned, and engaged in the most solemn part of the Mass. While he astonished clergyman the figure of the Pounder, fully dressed, and with stood fixed in wonder, with his eyes the knife exposed and gleaming in riveted on the officiating minister, the his grasp. For some moments all latter slowly turned as if to give a three remained motionless and withbenediction to the people, and re out speaking. The baffled assassin vealed to the conscience-stricken Richard, the ghastly inexpressive seemed irresolute what he should do and glanced from one to another as if doubting which of the two he should features and meaningless eye of his select for the object of his assault,

Prospiciens, summa while the clergyman lifted his hands and eyes in mute astonishment, and Richard pointed out the detected ruffian with a look of deprecation and elf-abasement. At length Richard, turning to his

still irresolute accomplice, addressed him in a low and agitated voice : sisting that the patriot sh " Go !" said he," and provide for

your security. It is not for me to be your accuser, who have more reason to accuse myself. But never see nor speak with me again." The fellow arose with a sullen look. and quiet was restored.

and after muttering something which they could not distinctly hear, de the cold and fearful glance that met parted from the house. Richard then his own. At length the figure stood, turning to his brother, and casting and presenting to his lips the sacred himself at his feet, confessed with which now he saw was filled sentiments of the deepest remorse with blood, said with the gentle smile the whole extent of his criminality relating at the same time the tempta

tions by which he had been assailed. At the same instant one universal and the awful dream of which he had cry of execration burst from the asbeen recalled from the very vorge of embled multitude. Some rushed

upon him with hideous looks, some ruin. "But now," he added, " I place my. enaced, some railed loudly at him self in your hands to do with me as while one dipping his fingers in the silver vessel and drawing them forth you will, to deliver me up to any punishment my crime deserves. I resign the trust which you reposed in is at the other side of the Channel. all steeped in blood, with a smile of sharp contempt, sprinkled some drops me, and which I have so grievously upon his face and dress. His senses From this time forward it abused. shall be my chief care to repair the injustices I have committed, and to avenge against myself the unnatural was not half so bad as England. war which I have so long made on

my own happiness and peace.' It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the astonishment and horror of the worthy priest at the extraordinary scene which passed before him, or his heartfelt thankfulness to heaven, not so much for his own providential escape, as for the re pentance and restoration of his lost brother. After a full reconciliation and forgiveness, Richard returned with him, and by his advice and his own perseverance, became and continued for the remainder of his life a model of exactness and regularity to all the neighborhood, never ceas

ing to recall with feelings of terror was out of his senses he couldn't and of gratitude the awful precipice to the very verge of which he had think that.'

been led by his precipitate and head-less conduct. The fate of his seducer is public, so that it is scarcely necessary to mention it. Touched his native country spoken of in such by some impulse, the nature of which was known to few besides him-self, he surrendered himself into the self, he surrendered himself into the hands of a gentleman residing near the river which had been the scene the river which had been kind of facit understanding with the authori-noise?" to which another having retacit understanding with the authoriplied that "he believed it was a rat ties whom he so long had baffled, he the first speaker flung a sod of tur was tried on a minor offence, and at the cupboard, remarking that the sent into perpetual exile in one of whole town was pestered with them the great South Sea colonies. On reflection, he judged it better to

Gay Fancy's feet with fetters tire countenance, and gazing with fiery eye-balls on the last speaker—while he placed his clinched hand on the And give to Genius rules. d bounteous Nature's counsel hung Ha Upon your will severe, table to express determination : "I most emphatically, sir, deny the cor-

rectness of your last position. Crimes take place in Ireland as in

all countries, but I deny, sir (with a

'order" and "chair !'

spirits of monopoly-

the Æneid.

uproar. At the word "monopoly,"

tuous cries of "chair !" "order !" deafening calls for "silence."

much as known in this country."

England.

storm arose, in the midst of

sir

Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin sung, Nor Burns the banks of Ayr O'erawed I ween Both bards had been, Nor dared to strike the simple lute

slight rap on the table) - I deny In your majestic presence mute ! "Two or three voices called When the fifth Juryman had ended

his song, which was received, as the playbills have it, "with the most un-The political union man still kept "It is most incorrect," said he, "to charge a whole country with the ounded applause," the Juryman next in order was called on for his

deeds of individuals, and most un tale. The sixth Juror, after surveying true to say that Ireland exceeds, aye the company for some moments, with or equals other countries, either in the number or quality of the crimes an air of gravity and importance, as if deliberating with himself whether or no he should resolve his thoughts which stain her soil. You may smile, sir, in the consciousness of into words, and striving to form an your own fancied superiority, but I estimate of the frame of mind of the tell you (another rap on the table) company, to which he was about adthat nothing but the most engrossing lressing himself, said :

"This was the signal for universal Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen. nay I be allowed to ask you a question

which Certainly," said several voices. the vehement gesticulation only 'I wish to know them," he said the political union man, and the words "temerarious," "foul calumny," before I begin my story, such as it s, whether you object to impossibil and "sinister intentions," which at ties in the tales we are to tell?"

intervals were heard to escape 'Object to impossibilities !" ex lips, were all that gave a hint of the nature of his oration. Amid tumulclaimed a juror in astonishment How can you ask such a question "order !" and Why impossibilities are the very life the and soul of fiction, and for aught ] foreman arose like Neptune, amid know of history too. By no means whatever. It is in describing imposthe breakers, in the first book of

sibilities that the genius of an author placidum appears in all its splendor. Was caput extulit unda, but had not the here anything in all the wars of same facility in obtaining silence. Having procured a hearing, he en-Hanibal at all comparable to his melting a passage through the rocks eavoured to reconcile all parties, by with vinegar? For my part I candid reminding them of their covenant y confess to you I would not give a but for a time in vain, one party in button for a narrative that had not ould ex three or four good stout impossibili plain what he meant by the word "monopoly," and the other deties to show the author's mettle, and keep one from falling asleep over the manding a retraction of the calumny

course of the tale." "All depends," said the foreman upon the character of the country At length both were prevailed on to explain, each paid the stipulated fine, upon the genius of the author. There are some writers who will de scribe a journey to the moon with a The incarcerated tourist, who lay greater air of verisimilitude than all this while in the lower cupboard, others can throw into their account much diverted by what he conceived of a trip from Dublin to Liverpool to be so frivolous a dispute amongst One can make a lie look like truth, fellow-countrymen, was now doomed another will maul the truth in such to experience the truth of that adage a manner, that the whole world shall which tell us that "listeners hear no take it for a lie. So in the hands of a good of themselves." "There is one thing at all events, stupid dunce, an every day fact will wear all the awkwardness of an imsaid a juror, in the calm which fol-lowed, "which all will readily admit. possibility, while in those of another better skilled in the use of language Whatever may be thought of crime a physical or moral impossibility will n Ireland, I believe everybody will and as smoothly as an every day

allow that it is not half so bad as it read fact. "Since that is your feeling gentle To this there was a general and men." said the sixth Juror, " I will immediate expression of assent. no longer delay, but supply my lack Every one agreed that, let people of invention by relating for your en say what they would of Ireland, she tertainment, as closely as my memory will enable me to do, one of thos "There is something naturally bad about all the English," said one. numerous ancient Irish romances which are at this day circulated so 'You read every day in the news extensively in their original langupapers of crimes committed in Engage in the cottages of the Irish peas land, the like of which are not so antry, but for the most part so totally

unknown in any other circles, "Gentlemen," said fhe juror, who hether literary or polite. "The one I am about to relate is, had given rise to this discussion perceiving that all those remarks erhaps, the most popular of them, appeared to be directed toward his nd a purely literal translation of a

side of the room, "you must under-stand me. When I alluded to the national romance, the great antiquity of which is indisputable, must be recondition of our own country on the garded as a literary curiosity. You have all heard of the mournful his You score of moral offence, I was far from designing to insinuate that the ory of the children of Lir, if not its case was at all so bad as it is in in the riginal language, at least

autiful melody of our island bard, "Ah, we all know that," exclaimed which commences: a number of voices. "Except a man Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy

waters,

It may be imagined what feelings a narrative, in the original, of pathos agitated the breast of the tourist. so affecting, yet wild withal; so while he was thus compelled to hear deeply wrought, and uniformly susso affecting, yet wild withal; so ined to its close, that an Irish peas ant at this day cannot hear it named without a sigh. The attention of the company being excited by his preamble, a general silence prevailed when the sixth arose to his lips, when he was recalled to his senses by one of the jurors asking. "what was that Juryman commenced the story.

**JANUARY 25, 1918** 

His teachers had noted that Joseph Darcy never failed in any kind of re-view. But he was slow of thought and slow of speech, and his classmate George Coulson, who was quick to grasp, often profited from Darcy's hours of patient labor by suddenly jumping at a conclusion and taking the honor which did not belong to

him. Again and again he had done this. Joe never could understand just how. In his heart he knew that Coulson was an adept at bluffing, but the bluff always succeeded. Now, for once they stood equal.

they stood equal. The theme was assigned, "Chiv-alry," and the pupils were allowed three weeks of preparation. Then they were to come into the class without notes and write the theme under supervision. Five hours were to be allowed for the actual writing. Good news travels swiftly. As Joe Darcy entered his home his mother met him at the door, her eyes shin ing proudly.

I'm very, very glad, Joe."

Joe brightened with pleasure. thanked her gently, then passed in side to receive the greetings of his brothers and sisters. The news had also reached the

great mills by the river, where his father worked. Your boy is giving the Governor's grandson a run for the prize," said one of his fellow-workmen, and it went from man to man until he was overwhelmed with

congratulations. "Tell the lad to do his best; our good wishes are with him," all said. Feeling ran high in the academy. The "Hill Fellows," a coterie of boys who lived in the aristocratic Hill section, rallied around George Coulson. Those whose homes were in less pretentious "Milltown" favored Joe Darcy. The wise coun-seled, "Let the best man win," and it was generally conceded that the best man was George Coulson.

The three weeks of fervent prepar ations were not long in passing. evening before the Friday appointed for the writing of the theme Joseph Darcy wearily laid aside his books. 'It's of no use," he said dispiritedly. 'Unless a miracle happens, Coulson wins. It isn't in me to do anything

brilliant enough to beat him." "Cheer up, boy," said his father; "the fight hasn't begun yet. Do your best, and you'll win. Of course, it's in you." He dared not say how much he wanted him to win.

His mother placed her hand affec-"Don't be dis tionately on his arm. couraged, Joe. We are all praying or you. Do your best.'

Joe sat for a minute with bowed nead, then burst forth vehemently No one can understand how much I want to win! It's been pinch and grind ever since I can remember, and f I get the opportunity for a technical training it will mean so much to you all! I ought to get it. I've worked hard-harder than Coulson ever dreamed of working, yet he will step in and take the prize. The con-temptible snob! I'd just like the chance to get the better of him."

"Joe, Joe, don't talk like that," his mother said : "It's wrong. Beat him if you can do it honestly, like a man, but if you can't win, take defeat pravely. It's the test of courage. Don't lose your self-respect or selfcontrol. They are better than any prize.

She trembled with excitement

Joe stood shamefaced before her. "Tm awfully sorry. I should not a little defiant have said so much " " that's the way I often feel now." This little display of passion

strengthened in his mother a vague uneasiness which had been on her of late-that Joe was growing away from When the young people had gone to bed she sat brooding over her sewing. She recalled Joe's face with the flashing eyes, the firm mouth, and the mother's heart prophesied : "There will be no half way with Joe." Then as a sudden, sinking fear took possession of her, she whispered God grant it may be the right way. "Unless a miracle happens, George Joe Darcy Coulson will win!" Joe Darcy echoed this remark again the next day as he laboriously strove to ex-press his thoughts on paper, and glancing up for a moment he saw George Coulson writing with that free, graceful sweep of his. When the bell rang Coulson was the first to rise from his place, his theme done. They still had fifteen minutes for finishing touches, but the discipline was relaxed and conversation was general. "Whew, but it is hot!" George Coulson exclaimed. He raised the window and stood enjoying the stiff breeze which blew in upon him. Joe busily fastening his papers, caught this remark : "Yes, I had half a mind not to enter at first, but the folks at home want me to have the honor. I don't care much either way. I can pay my way through." There was a significant pause, and Joe bit his lip and bent more closely over his work as Coulson's sneering voice continued : "I suppose if I had dropped out it would have made a big difference to some people-not mentioning any And names Joe's face burned with an angry flush, but he said nothing. Some of his friends turned from the speaker in disgust. Suddenly George gave a hasty exclamation. He had been so interested in making his classmate uncomfortable that he had carelessly left his manuscript on the window ledge, and a particularly stiff breeze had caught the papers and whirled them away.

-Go home

'Why should I? What is it you desire me not to do? What have I to fear ?'

agony.

"I can't—I can't tell—I can't speak at all-I'd be burnt -I'm desthroyed -I'll be burnt behind the fire."

'You may surely tell me at least what is the nature of the danger you see for me? You will not? Then do not annoy me with your noise."

Abruptly leaving the house, Mr. Magrath deliberated with himself for more regain. a few moments on the course which

with alarm. "What!" he exclaimed—" A dream? This hour-this very instant all may

become real. Already-" and dissipated course of life which Without waiting to give full exhad been for so long a time the object pression to the terrible doubt, he started from his knees, and forgetting of his ambition. He kept hunters attended and bet at race-courseseven his hat, which had fallen from won and lost at cards-indulged in him in his sleep, he rushed with the speed of madness through the fields. all the varieties of what he had re garded and heard spoken of by others While this was passing Father John

" Drink my Brother !"

continued his journey towards the place appointed, still unable to per-He did not however find it such suade himself that any evil was really In the midst of his tumultuous delights remorse haunted him, and the intended him. The night had already memory of what he had done was for changed to wind and rain. On arrivever present to his soul. It was in vain that he shut out reflection at ing at the cross, he found as has been led to expect, a person waiting for him on the road. The man answered one sense, she instantly re-entered through another, and as he hurriedly his question without embarrassment swallowed cup after cup of the intoxi-cating waters of delight, she was for or hesitation, and recommended him to dismount as the way was rather ever present to mingle bitterness and difficult to ride. Mr. Magrath, who aw nothing to be gained by any show of distrust, at once complied, and ac-Wearied out by the incessant strife, sick of his disappointed hopes, and stung almost to madness by tormentcompanied the messenger on foot, conversing cheerfully as they proceeded. About a quarter of a mile ing recollections, a settled gloom and from the common road they reached the house, a miserable cabin, in which melancholy at length took possession of his mind. Every kind word that they found only the man for whom had been ever spoken to him by his the clergyman's assistance was re-quired. The loneliness of the place, the discomfort of everything, and the brother in their days of familiar intercourse, every gentle tone and mild orbearing glance came back upon deserted look of the house, in which his mind, and pierced it through with scarce even a spark of fire was lighted The love which in childhood on the hearth, added nothing to the confidence of Mr. Magrath. A wretched partition divided the hut, he had felt towards his brother re vived with a more than redoubled force, and as he reviewed his

on the inner side of which the sick man lay on a low pallet, covered by a whole career of quiet generos-ity and kindness, he experienced tattered quilt. These particulars the a torment somewhat similar to that clergyman was enabled to discover by he might imagine of a lost spirit, rethe glimmer of a rushlight stuck in membering the happiness which it slighted, and which it could never the fissure of a cleft stick, which was handed him by the messenger. Hav-

All the jurors courteously returned thanks to the fifth Juryman for the pains he had taken to entertain them ov his narrative.

'An incident, somewhat similar to "and perhaps," he candidly added in his own mind, "with as little justice what forms a main feature in the story we have just heard," said one or due balancing of circumstances of the company, when the murmur of after all.' voices had subsided, "is related of one of the later Greek emperors the fifth juryman was called on for his song, which after a little pause who, if I mistake not, afterwards came to a violent death while absent he gave to the company as follows : from his dominions. But unfortun-ately in his case the dream came after the crime and not before it." The merriest bird on bush or tree The only fault that I would pre-When, in the jocund spring-time, sume to find with our friend's story, said another juror, "is that in accord-ance with the vicious taste of the day, he has made the interest turn Unknowing he the art of frame

too much upon the evil dispositions of our nature. I know that vice itself can be so represented as to make the picture serve the interest of virtue, but I cannot relish the continual harping upon guilt and

crime which overspreads what people still persevere in calling our litera ture. For my part, as I never could take a pleasure in reading such productions, so when it comes to my turn you must not expect anything

of the kind from me." "If you tell about our own be loved isle," muttered another of the company, in a half-sneering tone, "I fear you can scarce be so choice of your subject and adhere to the truth.

"I emphatically deny, sir," ex-claimed one of the patriot's, (who was a member of a political union

and secretary to a liberal club). rising from his seat with an inflamed

TO BE CONTINUED THE HOUR OF VICTORY

Excitement ran high at Davis

remain quiet, consoling himself with the thought that whatever they Academy, for the names of the pupils fortunate enough to be allowed to might say of his country, he had often heard their own as ill spoken enter the contest for the Davis scholarship were to be ready to-day. Only of at the other side of the Channel those having an average of 80 per cent. for the four year's work in the academy were allowed to compete. Mr. Davis, the donor of the scholar ship, had made that condition. The Harmony being perfectly restored. scholarship provided not only for four years' tuition in any college or

technical school of the winner's choosing, but also for necessary living expenses. "Of course, Coulson will get first

place; he'll win sure," said John Hartley, president of the senior class. "I hope I get on the list, though. My folks will be pleased, and it means honorable mention."

The names were read, beginning with the lowest allowed. John Hartley's was called, and he could scarce ly disguise his delight. He was on the list.

The last average was 85 per cent. Now there is a jump from 85 per cent to 90 per cent., which is first place.' All eyes turned to Coulson. for first place there are two contestants, George Coulson and Joseph Darcy. A murmur of surprise went about

the room. "Joe Darcy!" As a pos-sible candidate he might have a place, no one had dreamed of such a thing. Perhaps the least surprised was

Joe himself. He knew his own standing, his abilities and his limitations very well, and day by day, year by year he had worked faithfully to ob-

yea tain this reward.

George dashed down the two flights of stairs after it. Several of his friends followed him, but a diligent

Methodic numbers vain, But as each varied feeling came He wove it in his strain. With freedom gay He poured his lay, While heaved his little breast of fire To rival all woodland choir. II Upon a day. a luckless day,

To catch poor Robin's feet.

note To change his woodland strain ra, mi, fa, he heeded not, He never sung again ! His joy is o'er ;

He sings no more, Nor knows the genial kindling thrill, That only freedom's children feel.

III You who would dull the poet's fire

With learning of the schools,

When drove the wintry sleet, Some urchins limed a willow spray They sought by measured rule and

Was Robin of the grove,

Sang to his nesting love.