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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OCTOBER 15, 1910

He walked on until he ottage of his childhoodtage despite its wintry gathin that in the prairie h ictured it in its summer He stood by the garden og with saddened eyes at detail. Then he noted

it: "Lost between Lords East Dulwich, a rosary. bringing it to Vine Cotta warded."

moted was been prime waited. The door was opened Canadian was so taken apparition that met his a moment he found no worr A pair of wonderful, eyes were looking into hi "I have brought you lery blurted out at last, may be yours," he add figure on doing a little s one living in my old hon Nora Mulligan smilee "Why, you must be J.

Why, you must be J. said. "We have

erys built this dear l

Hillery's heart gave a was an excuse to set foo the old home. Strong man though he trembled as he lifted th excuse to set foo

gate. He knocked upon the noted was still painte

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Hillerys built this dear l that their only son wer sixteen. Come in. M bid you welcome." Hillery entered the n noted the stairs (up w often run when he had co his father approved), a front sitting-room, the r had "done his lesson rose in his throat. The little cupboards on eit fireplace, just as he rer But his mother's worl stood on top of the one dow, and on the top

stood on top of the one dow, and on the top longer stood the littl Joseph under a shade. Nora took down the between the snowy mus turned and faced him. seemed to fill the room. "Sit down." she sai "Sit down," she sai never thanked you for b

rever thanked you for to rosary I was so tak you were Joseph Hiller thought of you, and w got on. You see, we how you had to go awa fortune, and I have off prayer for you—a poor

prayer for you-a poor d alone. Hillery looked at h

Hillery looked at h figure in a blue serge round face revealin dimples as she smilet hanghing, violet eyes i the sweet expression o " Do sit down," she to fetch mother, and y have dinner with us i and then go over the h would like to do that."

ould like to do that.' would like to do that. Hillery was quite ov "I thought," he said I should only see th away. I didn't know He got no further, the little sofa, staring Nora ran out to the ing with her mother.

ing with her mother,

ed woman. "I am glad to see "I am giad to see she said. "Make y We have often talked dinner will soon be boiled mutton, not mu you will excuse that. folk, but you are wel we have."

we have. Hillery, who had po hat there was no o eft of the friends of h left of the friends of 1 him a welcome to the quite overcome. The found to say was: right up against it Lordship Lane, and left of the friends 1 h -well I guess I'm in right here, I haven't many a year. It was my finding that rosar Mrs. Mulligan stin blaze. The room se

blaze. The room se homelike. "I came right or Hillery." went on Hillery. just look at the out and go." "Now which room

surely such a fait explorition before, threw its shadow on the room before, Even with his dimmed eyes, the priest looking down on the pale face, just now i washed by the wintry rains, and slightly flashed from the rudeness of the winds. discerned something strangely and weirdly beautiful beneath the bood that framed it; and large, dark eyes looked up at him with a half-solemn, half-merry look, that was to his lonely soul some-thing wonderful and almost alarming. "Here I am, uncle," she said, holding out one gloved hand, "an't you glad to see me?" He murmured something; but looked so surprised at the apparition that she thought it necessary to explain. "You know I'm your nicce," she said. "My poor mother was your sister at

"Ah there now, that's sarcasm. Well, well, just think of a dear old priest, like we had but the vaguest last enterprise he had but the vaguest last enterprise he had but the vaguest last enterprise he had but the vaguest last the Sacred Heart Church was very fond of taiking in that way. You never, knew when he was serious. In fact, he used to boastthat he never spoke serious ly to the Sisters or the children. Well, you know, we used to laugh—people cally when they are said about others; but somehow, we didn't like him. You never, we expect priests to be serious."
" Wery good," he cried, rising and gentle, and—and—awful."
" Very good," he cried, rising and going to the teatable, " after that little saucity, as she removed the cosey:
" I think, uncle, 'tis my place to pour out the tea, is it not ?"
" I that you are going to take it that you are going to take the yourself? Why kint He murmured something; but looked so surprised at the apparition that she thought it necessary to exclain. "You know I'm your nicee," she said. "My poor mother was your sister at rey said to me, Now you go right on; your uncle is a great man at the other side, and he will be swfully pleased to "My poor mother was your size at the safe to the surprised at the other society people." "On, well," he replied, "we don't give society people a monopoly of such

. × .

when you were a Mulligan, as she spri the table. "We she and I, and there a occupied. But if friendly like and h ised to have, we will you comfortable. I would like to mot had been killed in and that the home v Nora, who was a typ After dinner Hill After dinner fills friends the room he boy, and mother a work to prepare it f That Hillery sho pitality of stranger was not odd. He Canadians gize hos Canadians give hos to strangers and

their turn. their turn. The days passed happier than he had be made much of women folk, after " in the prairie was upon earth. He ov freely, in the soli under the eaves th under the eaves, th Irish eyes which lo pretty face had n making of the enco he found himself. There was no se home, so Hillery mother while Not

where she did typin at Peckham Rye. not a little ast hot a little ast knowledge of house tion with which he hold tasks. Hill known to himself., Mrs. Muligan ab had built, and ab perity, and about