face, her strong coarse dress keeping

her afloat. "Katie!"

"Katie!" Thady flung himself on the ledge. "Mother of God, what have I done to desarve this. Katie darlin." "Thady." The girl's voice came to him clearly, she was quite calm, "there was somethin' snapped in me head whin I seen ye kiss her and thought ye were tuk from me. There's something in me heart that's too something in me heart that's too strong for me whin I'm angered about ye, Thady. An' now 'tis all a mis-take"

take."

The oily currents, crossing and recrossing, drew her down towards the open sea. She came in a little on the swell of a wave, it passed, and she was drawn out, sinking now.

"Katie, catch on a rock till we bring a rope. Mollie is away for help."

All wild from terror, Molkie had rushed shrieking towards the road.

"For sure I never loved another sowl but yerself. I was striving to tell ye so to-day, an' ye brought Mollie. Howld on. Oh, Hiven!" Katie almost sank.

"I'm bein' tuk out to the breakers, Thady, the say is callin'. Pray for me. "Twas all for the love of ye. Oh, Mary! merciful Mother."

A great wave swept greenly beautiful to the mouth of the inlet, the return seized Katie relentlessly. Outside a smother of broken water clamster.

side a smother of broken water clam-ored for its victim. "Katie!"

A crash and splash of white spray, a choked scream, and merciful darkness fell on the tortured man who lay on the ledge, safe at least from the cruel waters far below.

THADY lived on at Dunhaven for many years, gray-haired before his time, farming sensibly, yet with gentle piteous eyes, which did not see everything. Day after day when his work was done he would come up the road and hang over the bank at Poule Na Quirka, calling foolishly for some one to wait for him.

The fisher people tell you that a shriek rises at Poule Na Quirka which no wave could make, and the deep gulf is avoided when the dusk falls. And that Katie was always quare in herself, an' not like the Irish at all.

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## THE CALL OF THE ENGLISH.

ROUGH-HEWING enough there has been in the methods by which the British Empire has been brought to its present stage; but there has been evidence of an increasing pur-pose, and most assuredly a widening of the the of the thoughts both of the race which has extended its Empire and of the races over which the Empire has been extended. There is no cant or hypocrisy in the view that all peoples have their world and that crisy in the view that all peoples have their work to do in the world, and that the English are one of the races to whom overseas work has been allotted. "By their fruits ye shall know them." If the end of England came to-day, and the island were merged in the sea which has ever been its good friend, the work would remain behind.

But the island is not yet submerged. It stands four-square still, the original home of the race, the corner-stone of

But the island is not yet submerged. It stands four-square still, the original home of the race, the corner-stone of the Empire. And be sure it is only when Englishmen cross the ocean that they realize what the Empire means, and what the island stands for in the minds of millions. It is the Mecca of the race, and to multitudes who are not of the race it is more than one of many lands. By the smaller peoples and by the native races it is associated, dimly or clearly, with liberty. It is a new thing in the experience of men that a people, who have been constantly taking and constantly profiting, have none the less been constantly giving, and that in some strange way annexation has spelled freedom. Englishmen would perhaps value the Empire more, if they appreciated the value which is placed upon it by those who are not English; they would think of their island as spot of the world into which they have been cast by the accident of birth.

—SIR HERBERT LUCAS. been cast by the accident of birth

—SIR HERBERT LUCAS.



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