"ERE THE SUMMER PASS."

BY E. LUMMIS.

God has spoken where the whirlwind
[illegible] and love,
[illegible]
In the thunder's solemn tone.

But more sweet and loving whispers
To the hearts that love Him best,
He has hidden in the beauty
Of the flowers in glory drest.
For He knew that man so earthly,
Ever bends on earth his eyes;
Bent with sin and low with weakness,
Has not courage to arise.

So He spread a glowing carpet,
That [illegible], in language sweet,
Might, like childish voices, lead us
Upward to the Saviour's feet.
In the lily's purest chalice,
We His Holiness might see;
At the hidden violet's fragrance
Deeds of His humility.

Might His burning love imagine,
From the rose's glowing breast,
And in practice of all virtues,
Practise those that please Him best.
Once, of old, in solemn story,
He, the loving Lord of all,
Drew a lesson from the lily,
Growing near Him, fair and tall.

Praised its pure and simple raiment,
More than garb of royal might;
Solomon in all his glory
Could not match that robe of light.

God Who clothed the flowers in beauty,
Meant us not to pass them by;
Things His face o'er in the dew-drop,
That reflects the morning sky.

We can read another lesson
In the loveliness they draw
From the dark earth full of poison
Where the rank weeds grew before.

And the fragrance that exhaling
Mounts upon the evening air,
Is an image of the perfume,
Borne to Heaven on wings of prayer.

And as stem of fabled Lotus,
Ere its jewelled crown unfold,
Grows and bears its glowing secret
Through the slime of darkest mould;

Stainless through the mire passest,
And at last its goal attained,
Burst in purest bloom and fragrance,
When the lak's pure breast is gained.

So the Christian soul uprising
Must through mire of sin and sense,
Through dark waters of temptation,
Bear a stainless blossom hence.

Here on earth we see the promise
That the buds of life conceal;
Heaven will show the perfect flower,
And its loveliness reveal.

So lay flowers upon the altar,
That their perfume may arise,
In the language of devotion,
To the Lord of Paradise.

May He, as He marks their beauty,
Read in them our humble love,
From the flowers of His footstool,
Rising to the Lord above.

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

'So I believe,' returned Martin, thoughtfully. Soon after the two fishermen separated and Edward Martin walked towards home. As he went his thoughts came slowly, and to this result:

'Has that man, Cahill, been on the Bishop's, and if so, for what? No good; no good, I'm certain. He did not go with Lane's knowledge, and I'm sure he went against Lane's will, if Lane was only consulted. He went at night, and told lies when he came back. I don't like this man.'

It was not often Edward Martin's judgment leant so near severity. He continued thinking:

'And, now, after this, when he comes to pay me the hire of the boat and for the damage done to her, he introduces this old man, Heywood, to me and my wife, with some story about my little Mary being like a dead relative, a dead niece of the old man's; and moreover, he tells me that the old man, Heywood, has made up his mind to change his place of living from Clonmore to Killard so that he can be near my little Mary, and have the comfort of thinking she is the child who is gone.

'I don't like all this. It seems a plan of some kind; but why he should plan anything about my Mary or my place, and why he should be so curious about the Lane's, I have no glimmer of sight.

'What can he want with us? There is nothing dark or hidden about us that he can wish to find out. Nothing like the Bishop's about us.

'Ah! I never thought of that before. The boy, John Lane, living in my house, and this man Cahill hungry for news. Well, I don't like the whole thing. I don't like plots and plans, and over-inquisitive people. The old man doesen't seem like one who could carry out much of a plot or plan, does he? No. But still I don't like it. Could it be that all about Mary and the dead child is not true. I don't like the look of the whole thing. I wish those people of Clonmore would keep themselves within the four corners of their own town, and not trouble Killard. I wish that, anyway. If this old man stays at Killard, he needn't, because of that, have much to do or pay with me or mine.'

Martin was thoughtful when he got to the top of the hill. At the door of his cottage stood his wife knitting. She knew her husband well, and judged him now to be in one of his silent moods. He stood before her for a moment, laid his hand gently on her shoulder by way of salutation, and then passed into the cottage.

The boy was still on the beach with the gun. Little Mary sat on one side of the chest in the chimney place; and by the table, his elbow resting on it and his head on his hand, was the bent, shrunken figure of the old philosopher. Martin drew back a step in surprise, not unmixed with displeasure.

'God save you, sir,' he said coldly, addressing the old man. He did not his grey and plain, but at the same time he respected age and the claims to good breeding of any person under his roof, until that person should be guilty of misconduct.

Mr. Heywood looked up and stared rather vacantly at the tall, powerful figure of the fisherman.

'Did you speak?' asked he, in a weak, faltering voice.

'I said, 'God save you, sir,' repeated Martin gravely.

'It is a most beautiful form of salutation One of the most beautiful. It is not, as you no doubt are aware, universal. In England they say, 'How d'ye do?' in France, in the French language, of course, they express greeting in another form, which I cannot recall. It is some time,' with a weary attempt at a smile, 'since I have studied the rudiments of the French tongue, and of course the form of salutation is radical.'

'It's a good thing to mention a good name when people meet,' said Martin, with great slowness of speech, 'for it may keep evil from between them. The man who could name a good name, and after speaking it, do a bad action to him he named it to, is a man I should wish to live without meeting.'

Although this speech partook of the nature of an extract from Martin's private unalterable code, nothing but a general statement of an article of an moral law, the tone was such as almost to imply particular application or perhaps, more accurately, indicated the determination of the speaker to make this idea apply practically, should occasion ever arise. Mr. Heywood saw nothing in the words or manner but an abstract theory.

'You are right,' he said, 'speaking generally of mankind, a name has often more influence than an idea, or right which requires to be thought over before it may be recognized. I, at one time, devoted myself very much to metaphysics and moral philosophy. We class names under moral philosophy, and ideas under metaphysics. You must know that people, especially the young and frivolous, use words without knowing the exact meaning of them. There now, for inatance, is the word idea. It is a most beautiful and expressive word, and comes from—from—a foreign tongue.'

He seemed painfully startled at not being able to recollect the Greek, for this was a pet theme of the old philosopher's. In a second he picked up courage and started afresh.

'And one of the first of English philosophers, named Mill—or was it? No. Strange my head feels tired of looking back at things I know quite well. I have it!' he cried, with a flush of pride on his withered face, 'Locke. You see they are both philosophers, and locks are often on mill courses; that is how I made the mistake. Quite natural, as you perceive. Well Locke defines an idea to be a—a—John Locke— . . . . idea . . . . Pray, sir—but I trouble you with such subtleties?'

'No. I am listening.'

Little Mary had risen, and was setting the supper things on the table. Mr. Heywood followed her faithfully and tenderly with his dim eyes.

'An idea'—he attempted to go on. 'Spinoza defines an idea—did I say Spinoza? But I only trouble you with all this metaphysics.'

'It pleases me to learn,' answered Martin, a little sternly. Could this old man be trifling with him, and was he an impostor? He had often heard of his learning, but he now made little show of it.

'We will then, if you please, sir, at my request, discontinue the discourse. I—I never could collect my thoughts sufficiently for discourse when my little Mary moved about, and I seem to see her once again. Since I saw your child yesterday I seem to grow wearier and wearier of looking back on all I have read. In my little Mary's life-time I always felt weary of looking back when she was by I used to look forward—to look forward then, and then only. My learning, often to my shame I speak it, seemed only a musty hoard of barren skeletons; my Mary—my little Mary, a bright and beautiful volume fresh from God's great hand! I used to sit and watch her, and make up a future for her. I used to see her grow into womanhood; and then I could see her with her baby in her arms, for no woman is fully blest, or fully perfect, or fully beautiful, or fully holy, or fully the sacred priestess of God's noble scheme, until then. I know my Mary is dead, but I think of her when I look at yours. Will you, sir, let your Mary, who is alive, kiss an old man whose Mary is in the grave?'

'Mary, come and kiss this gentleman.' The fisherman had found out he was a gentleman.

'And,' said the old man, rising, when he had released the child's hand, 'I shall go now. May I come again?'

'As often as you please, and welcome, sir.' Martin took the hand of the old man as he stood. 'You will have some supper with us? You must not go from under the roof without eating.'

'You are very kind, but I could eat nothing now. I could not swallow anything. I'm tired and my throat is very dry, and I want air. Good-night!'

'God save you sir!'

'God save you kindly,' answered the old man, as he walked feebly through the doorway.

'What do you think of him, Edward?' asked Martin's wife, coming in after the old man had gone.

'I think his heart is right, and when that is so, I trust a man.'

'To himself he thought, 'I saw his heart bleed over the grave of that child, and he will do no hurt to me or mine—no, not for all the gold in the world.'

CHAPTER VIII.

A SILLY FAIRY-STORY.

Thus it happened that, in his declining days, Mr. James Heywood, gentleman, hired a room of one of the fishermen of Killard, and came to reside in that village. A great change was observable in the old philosopher. His interest is learning greatly decayed, and his long dissertations disappeared almost wholly. The former bland, infallible manner altered to one of gentle dogmatism, which gradually yielded to assertion, almost timid at times. He also acquired the habit of observing more closely those around him; his interest awakened slightly towards the people among whom his latter days were cast. The humanity of the man broke somewhat through the scientific coil in which it had been wound for years, and the gentleman of Killard changed some of his knowledge for activity of sentiment. The head was going; the heart was coming back.

He became a favorite with the villagers. They, by nature, had a respect and reverence for learning, and the old man's guileless ways won upon them daily. But it was his love of children, and his gentle way of talking to them and of them that chiefly endeared him to those simple people. He seemed never to weary of the companionship of the little folk. In a short time he could call them by name, and had learned the cottage where each lived. And yet with all this save in the matter of little Mary Martin, he appeared to regard children somewhat abstractedly; they were fresh and joyous youth, harmless gaiety, innocent men and women, rather than distinct personalities. He looked on them as a species, rather than as a number of various beings.

But with regard to the fisherman's chestnut-haired daughter, all this was different. He had never been able to dispossess his mind utterly of its impression when he had seen her first. She was to him, in a manner, the little Mary he had lost long ago. The unskilful physicians had slain his darling; and, by some merciful interposition of Providence, a substitute was given to him for his consolation in this far-off-time. Accordingly, he could not be too patient in painstaking, or too mild to her. Though she was often even more wilful than the dead child, it never once occurred to him to teach her Greek. All these changes did not arise very rapidly; it was months before they became apparent to those who remembered the old man during his six years at Clonmore.

Every day he came and sat for a while with Edward Martin and his family. Mrs Martin regarded him as second to Father Murtagh in deserving respect. His age, and feebleness, and knowledge, all tended to elevate him in her esteem; but his strange attachment to her child lifted him clear above all others, even Father Murtagh himself, in her love. She made the case her own, and supposed that it was her child had died and his niece lived, what would she not have thought of his cruelty if he denied her access to his niece. To fancy he, for no good reason, would not permit her to come and look at the likeness of her dead child—the thought always overcame her, and she could not refrain from tears; after which she would protest to herself a hundred times that nothing should keep the old man from his only earthly pleasure now. But no one wanted the philosopher to stay away; he came without let or hindrance, and always found a good word of welcome for him, and, still better, smiles.

The boy Lane was very little in the house when Mr. Heywood visited Night he usually spent out fishing with the boats. Edward Martin, now very prosperous for a man of his class, did not always go to sea, and when he did not, the lad took Martin's place, and although some of the elder fishermen grumbled at finding a lad of sixteen over them, they had to admit, even among themselves, that none of them knew better the business of the sea.

The time which John Lane did not devote to fishing or sleep was much spent in the open air, reading the priest's books, or in the kitchen of the priest's house, where he was free to come as often as he chose, and stay till he wished to go.

'That child disturbed his head,' he said, 'and put all his thoughts away; and talked words about nothing, and knew nothing a man cared to know; and wasted his memory by not allowing him to strengthen it with committing verses, an exercise greatly recommended in a book on the mind. He never spoke to her: why did she come bothering him, and asking him to play with her? as if men played like foolish girls! If, indeed, she had been a lady, such as poets wrote about, all clad in white, wreathed in flowers, and carrying a wand, then a man might stay indoors occasionally and ask her what she knew of which he didn't; what she had seen out there.'

These words had been poured into no human ear, but imparted to the October wind, as it blew seaward from the shore.

'Was he ever to be let away out of this grey green life on the moss, among worthy men dwelling outside the world? The pillars of the great world must be rubies and sapphires and topaz, and not like those red-brown rocks; and in the great world it is always sunshine and the singing of birds.' He paused. A lark was singing right overhead. He listened and tears came into his eyes. When the song was over, he cried out passionately:

'What is this lark formed of that he can sing so? He seemed made altogether of some fine perception of beauty that drives him mad. But I have only that perception of beauty which makes me conscious his imperial beauty lies hid somewhere, concealed from my dull eyes. The lark sees all; I little. Shall I ever see all? and if the lark of this dull shore sings so, how must the larks of the great world sing? and, maybe, if I heard the larks of the great world sing, I should know of a greater beauty than this lark spoke of. Perhaps if I heard a finer songster still, I might be able to reach the revealed, as far as the bird which has ceased.'

Now, this neglect of home most seriously grieved little Mary. In her heart she believed that no one in Killard was to be compared to John Lane. She felt sure he was far cleverer than Father Murtagh and Mr. Heywood in one. Lest she should be accused of heresy and ingratitude, added to presumption and ignorance, she kept this opinion to herself. 'Could Father Murtagh,' she asked imaginary skeptics, 'make small currachs like their John?' and supposing for a moment, admitting for a second, the absurd supposition that the priest could make the currachs, 'Could he please,' she asked in all meekness, because she was certain of an overwhelming victory, 'Could he make oars and sails and masts for those currachs as John had? were not those very same currachs the wonder and admiration of Killard? and had not a distracting rumor reached the village that one of them, which John had given shillings in the wine vast town of Clonmore, where everything could be got in shops. But these currachs were, seriously, as nothing.'

Think of the wonderful day of happiness she had spent beside John when he fashioned that marvelous bedstead for her rag doll! Yes, after all, the day so spent by John was more miraculous than the bedstead itself, though all had said the bedstead's likeness had never before issued from human hands. He had never sat a whole day indoors before; and if he had a cold and was forbidden to go out, what had that really to do with the matter?

Had not he sat in the chimney place, she on a stool, that one there with the big chip out of it, helping the great work?—yes, helping; for she had fetched and stirred the glue, and he had allowed her to drop one large bead of glue on a joining when he could not remove either of his hands from the pieces of wood he held. And had she not plagued her mother until her mother taught her to knit, and then she made that quilt for the bed? For some reason or other the quilt was all in puckers and would not lie flat; but who cared for that if it kept her doll beautifully warm, and was, moreover, part and parcel of, or at least a necessary addition to, the bedstead; no one had ever seen a bedstead without a quilt.

Why wouldn't John remain some time in the house, and not be always going out to sea or to read? It was those books did it all. Yes, they solely were to blame for John's absence, for of course every man must fish, but no otherman in the village gave up his spare time to books.

Then, again, why was he so universally contemptuous to her? She could do things he couldn't do, and often mended his clothes when they wanted it, and often even when they didn't, and he could no more set a stitch than she could handle one of the great heavy oars. Why would he always call her 'child,' now that everyone else said she had grown such a big girl?

It was all the work of those hateful books. He had never spoken of any big girl mentioned in one of those books. They were all fearful accounts of hateful places far away, and wars and deserts and villages, that had water-streets and red men and poetry, and such things that never were anywhere—that was, at least, anywhere anyone went to, Killard or Clonmore, for instance.

Why Jos, poor Jos, was a thousand times kinder, and sat by her, and lay in her lap ever so long, and purred when she rubbed his poor old nose against her hand, which sometimes frightened her when he did it suddenly in the dark, coming on her unawares. She hoped poor dear old Jos would never learn to read those abominable books, for, if he did, all would be over, and he'd never do anything but sit on a chair near the candle, with his shoulders stuck up, reading away and turning the leaves over with his paw, after first wetting it at his mouth. And he'd never come and sit beside her, and he'd hiss if she rubbed him and scrape if she took him in her arms; and as to frightening her in the dark by putting his cold rough nose in her hand—never! never! Oh, never!

And here the poor little maiden would break wholly down, and cry at the heart-rending picture her imagination had painted.

But it was John's contempt for her, first because she was a girl, and second because she knew nothing, that stung her most of all. She often thought over the distressing situation, and at last she resolved to consult her friend the old philosopher, because she felt assured he knew everything, and because he never retailed anything that others said to him, and he'd speak to one about the sad matter. So one day, when they were together, she introduced the subject covertly to him.

'Mr. Heywood, would you tell me what is in books?'

'Oh, my dear! that is a question I could not answer in a hundred years,' he replied with a smile, taking her hand and stroking her chestnut hair, and looking sadly and fondly into her eyes. 'There are books that deal with almost every subject in the world.'

'And are there books about all kinds of people?'

'Yes.'

'Men and women, and fishermen, and learned men and clever people?'

'Yes. They are called biographies, or lives.'

Her hopes were rising.

'And are there books about girls of twelve?'

'Eh?' he said, looking at her with a puzzled expression.

'Are there books about girls of twelve years of age?'

She was very earnest and very eager.

'Girls of twelve,' he muttered, considering the question. 'Well, I don't exactly know. You see, my dear, girls of twelve are not very interesting from a scientific point of view; and up to that age they generally do nothing that would make a man write their history or biography. There was Joan of Arc, but she was more than twelve, I think, before she became famous. Yes, more than twelve. You see, girls of such an age are uninteresting to writers, as a rule.'

'Ah!' she thought, 'he says the same. Then, why do you like me?' she asked boldly, looking straight into his eyes.

'Because—because, my dear,' his voice shook a little, 'you remind me—you are very like someone I once knew.'

He had never told her of the dead Mary. He did not wish to sadden her with such a tale.

'And is this the reason?'

'Yes, my dear.'

'And if I wasn't like that person, you wouldn't like me a bit? You'd stay away all day and read books in Father Murtagh's kitchen, and do everything, and never care a bit for me?'

There was sorrow and indignation in the tone.

Mr. Heywood was rather confounded and perplexed by the question. He summarized it, and answered widely:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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ANGUS McMILLAN,
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Aug. 6—tf

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