

I broke your majesty's com I crave your royal ruth.

Why, I could only pray That God would bless your majesty And when along the way The horses drew the stones, I gave To one a wisp of hay !"

Damien

story !

glory;

Divine,

thought

night cell

be known

ty see

alone.

Self glory was my aim ; The woman gave for love of God, And not for worldly fame, 'Tis my command the tablet bear The pious widow's name."

## LADY KILDARE

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

The old hall was deathly still when

the guilty and frightened Bissantyne crept back to its shelter. No light gleamed from any of the windows, and ye', as before, he fancied that keen eyes were peeping out from be-hind blinds and from between the folds of the lace curtains. But he had no time to yield to fears and terrors. He must move, and move quickly.

was more than maddening. It made him desperate. He must fly within the hour.