TWO CATHOLIC EXPLORERS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

Toll ye bells! Ye holy bells of Genoa, toll!
Your saintly mariner's friend is dead,
To him was given the genius to explore
The seas of glory round your sailor spread.

His was the joy to tell how first the sacred shore
By loved Columbus blessed our darkened land,
And how he brought us faith and hope and love divine
To cheer and light and save our desert land

Flowers of the south—buds by every southern flow,
Send on your breath as incense for his grave;
Winds of the North! bring down your spotless snow
To shroud in whiteness a gentle heart, and brave.

Shea's name is linked fore'er with Genoa's son;
The twain were sailors on dark seas—unknown:
Both in new lands their highest glory won
And now their new found land is lit with heaven's throne.

Rev. William P. Tracey.

Swedesboro, N. J.

HE SEES

I.

When Jesus, dear children, was here among men
Where 'tis ever his pleasure to be,
He said to the multitude gathered around:
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
In blessing He laid a soft hand on each head,
As they clustered about at His knee;
He looked in their eyes, and deep down to each heart,—
Oh, how kind, yet how piercing that look!
He smiled then in love at the story so sweet
That he read in each soul as a book;
For pure as a snow-drift those little ones were,
And clear as the bright mountain brook.

II.

Suppose that our Saviour was close to us now,
And he called you to stand by His knee;
Suppose he should deep deep down in your eyes,
Would he smile at the heart He would see?
Are gentleness, kindness and truth found therein?
Is it pure as a angel's might be?
Ah! Jesus, dear children, is here among men,
As he was in the ages of old;
He calls you to come, and He looks in your eyes
All the depths of your heart to behold;
He dwells on the altar; draw near, then, with love,
That He may His rich blessings unfold.

Ave Maria.

THE Squire's Grand-daughters.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

'Oh, Lady Kirkofield's son. But he cannot be the eldest son, Fifine?'

'But I tell you he is,' said Fifine, shrugging her shoulders, and quite certain now that Margaret was jealous. And she went off in great contentment to dream of her conquest and a coronet.

The next day Lance heard all about the party and Sir Harley's attentions, from Margaret herself, sitting in the sweet Sabbath stillness of the woods.

'He was very nice,' she said, 'and I made myself as agreeable as possible—on two accounts; to please the grandfather, and—'

'What was the other account?' asked Lance, who was only half-teased, and as proud as could be.

'You must guess that for yourself,' said Margaret slyly, turning her engagement ring slowly round on her finger.

'I can't,' said Lance, looking quite blank, 'unless you want to have him in reserve, in case—'

'Exactly,' said Margaret. 'You are getting preternaturally clever. I am beginning to believe in your prospect of being Lord Chancellor.'

That was a pleasant Sunday at the Abbey. Everyone was in good spirits. M. Dunois' first heart-beat, after wakening in the morning, had been a throb of triumph, his wrinkled brows were smoother, his tones more indulgent than usual, and he was even tolerant of, and gracious to, Lance Dangerfield. He now saw his way clearly out of the difficulty with regard to Margaret's engagement, and congratulated himself on his prudence, in that he had never bullied her on that subject. He perceived a means by which he could be lifted out of what he considered her unlucky entanglement; and her fortunes divided from, and placed high out of, the sphere of those of the presumptuous barrister. Fifine mused on her own good luck and good management, thankful that she had not now, like Margaret, to begin the troublesome task of getting off with an old love before giving her attention to the approaches of a new. Lance and Marigold made of the day an idyl all too short, rambling and talking, jesting and teasing each other, and getting very serious now and then, coloring the hours with their own rainbow-hued happiness, and running the gamut of that human delight in 'each other' which brings two loving, fervent and honest souls into such exquisite harmony with all that is beautiful, lofty, pure and true in creation, and which seems to be the secret force which, in spite of the sorrows, disappointments and pains of this world, is able to give warmth to the daily returning sunshine and keep the old earth flowering and green.

Margaret told Lance about the dancing proposed by Sir Harley Winthrop, and how he had offered to teach her the waltz. And Lance said:

'Dance as much as you please, my dearest. I like to think of you happy; and I suppose it is natural that all young and light-limbed creatures should want to dance. The very winds and flowers dance, as well as young animals. Who is it that says:

"Oh, then my heart with rapture fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

'One would think you were a patriarch of ninety, at least,' said Margaret, half-provoked that he showed no dislike to the idea of the dancing lesson. 'Sir Harley is, at least, ten years older than you; and he is hardly a light-limbed creature!' she added, with a little gleeful laugh.

'Is he very stout?'

'Oh, no, I am sure he will teach me delightfully. And as you do not mind at all—'

'Madge, do you want me to get jealous? Only think what a life I should have, tied up there in my chamberr, if I were to take it in my head to mistrust my golden daisy.'

Margaret opened her eyes wide and fixed them on him with great interest.

'Could you be jealous?' she asked, 'and what would you do if you were?'

Lance laughed. 'You ask that as if it was a conundrum,' he said, 'and I believe I need to think it over before I answer it.' Then after a moment or two he changed his tone.

'Dear,' with a certain tender solemnity, 'I think I am the sort of a man with whom things mean all or nothing. I believe I could be jealous if I thought I saw real cause, and my suffering would be great in proportion as my faith is strong. It is also possible that, if once stirred up to such a feeling, I might be unreasonable and even cruel in my pain. But that is only telling you what jealousy is, of what you happily know nothing, my most true and most transparent of sweet-hearts.'

Margaret mused a few moments with a grave brow, while her hand lay in her lover's grasp, which had closed on it firmly while he spoke. And then her lips began to curl with fun again.

'So Sir Harley can turn dancing master as soon as he likes?'

'Surely you can learn without his teaching. Cannot Fifine give you lessons?'

'I fancy the mere music can almost teach me,' said Marigold, with one of her happiest laughs. 'Fifine played for me the other day, and I waltzed by myself all around the drawing-room. The grandfather nearly caught me; and you know he looks on me as a rock of common sense. What would he have thought if he had seen me whirling about the floor like a dancing dervish, with only the tail of my gown over my arm as a partner?'

CHAPTER XII.

THE DANCING LESSON.

By this time all the desirable neighbors had called, and M Dunois, bearing in mind Sir Harley's taste for dancing, conceived the idea of giving a ball at the Abbey. Invitations were immediately sent out, and meantime the dancing rehearsals went on, Lady Winthrop herself driving over from Gorseley to arrange for one at the Manor, to take place in the week following on the dinner-party. Lady Winthrop having thought deeply over the unexpected aspect things had assumed, had resolved to make the best of them. After all, if Harley did take a fancy to Margaret Huntingtower, his marriage with her, if he must marry, would be in favor of Justina's prospects of becoming mistress of Amberwolds. She talked these matters over freely with, or rather to, her daughters in the mornings while Justina stitched and Cordelia yawned. Sometimes little Dorothy was in the room doing some task appointed her, and sometimes she was not. Lady Winthrop counted her as nobody, and did not think it necessary to be discreet in her presence.

On the morning of the dancing rehearsal Justina went up to Dorothy's room, where she was accustomed to sit sewing, casting up accounts, or doing other little works in the service of Lady Winthrop. Justina's arms were full of garments for the poor, and she wanted Dorothy to help her to finish them before the afternoon.

The little room in which Dorothy sat was like a cottage chamber. It had been long empty and unused, and the girl had got leave to fit it up very simply for her own use. There was a bare, sanded floor; and short chintz curtains hung by the lattice-window, which was placed so high in the wall as to be on a level with Dorothy's shoulders as she sat. Through the diamond panes, or better still, through the half open lattice, she looked down on the same wild landscape surveyed by Sir Harley from the top of Gorseley Common. Its colors were full of magic for Dorothy; its undulating lines were crossed and written all over with her thoughts. Round her window hung festoons of a ragrant passion flower, that had wandered up the wall with the help of a sturdy ivy stem, and seemed to take pleasure in draping the outside of Dorothy's lattice, and setting its blossoms like stars round her head as she bent over her work. Dorothy's pale, pure, young face among the passion flowers would have made a study for an artist, only it was too high out of the ken of all the artists in the world to be of any use to the brotherhood. As she sat at work making delicate compositions of lace and muslin for Lady Winthrop and Cordelia—the sort of airy fabrication which, when bought ready-made, costs so much money, and is blown away like a mist-wreath almost as soon as worn—she dreamed a pathetic dream, and sewed like one sewing in her sleep. The dream was so beautiful that it seemed to have colored that far-off line of the sea, now with azure, and now with sapphire, hung the distant cuckoo haunted woods with veils of filmy gold, and given even to the turning sails of the old windmill a rhythmic movement, as if they turned to the measure of music sung low by her own heart. Her dream had swifting-scenes; but the fairest of all was one in which a brave knight held forth a strong hand to a frightened maiden, giving her, in a royal fashion, a home, a footing, a hiding place from the terrible world. His look, his gesture, was forever reproduced in this picture, on which Dorothy's soul hung like the soul of another Elaine; of which story she had never either heard or read.

'You are to make yourself at home in my house as much as like, and as long as you live, and nobody is to attempt to interfere with you. I intend you to have a home here; and here you are to stay.'

The words were writteu on her heart in letters of gold, more enduring than those of any royal charter. Lady Winthrop herself could not turn her out, could not insist on her going forth from the neighborhood of her benefactor. The house was his, and though Lady Winthrop herself might have to go forth one day, when Sir Harley's wife should come, still would be left to her, Dorothy, even then, this tiny room with its landscape which understood her dream. She would learn to be tolerant to his wife, and she would idolize his children. For them she would go on making pretty decorations, inventing dainty clothing which would make her services invaluable to the household. There would be no necessity for her to quit her little room at all then, except to steal a walk among the trees at twilight when her work was done. And when time was up, and she had grown a tiny, white-haired, aged woman, she would turn her face to the wall and die—blessing the hand that had given, and the roof that had sheltered—without any one ever having guessed at the dream which had given color to all the days of her life.

Justina was the only one of the ladies who ever visited Dorothy here. Lady Winthrop and Cordelia sent for her when they wanted her, but Justina would sometimes come up craving assistance with her sewing for the poor, assistance which was always sweetly and readily given, and in return for which Justina would occasionally give help for help, stitching at frills for her mother and Cordelia when Dorothy was overpressed. Even Dorothy trembled, lest her dream should in some way shine out of her eyes or ring forth in her tones. But this was only a momentary shyness, for Dorothy was glad of Justina's visits as the only occasions when she enjoyed companionship, and was able to laugh and chatter like a girl. As for Justina, who had chosen for herself rustic paths through life and a lowly home, she felt happy in this pretty yet frugal bower with Dorothy Lea, and came to it deliberately with the intention of educating herself up to an appreciation of abodes that were not luxurious, and occupations that were not vain.

'Here I should like to see the dancing this evening!' said Dorothy, dropping her sewing for an instant, and gazing appealingly at Justina. 'Do you think I might get behind the curtain to look at it?'

'I don't see why you should get behind a curtain,' said Justina. 'Of course you can come down. I will speak to another about it. And for your dress—'

Dorothy was in the habit of dining with the family when no strangers were present, but when company came to the manor she was not seen, unless required for some reason. Her wardrobe was of the scantiest dimensions.

'You may have my black satin frock,' said Justina, 'if you have time to make it fit before evening.'

'I am afraid it is quite too good,' said Dorothy, coloring.

So long as a garment was neither frayed nor torn, nor otherwise worn to shabbiness, Dorothy believed it could not by any possibility accommodate itself to her insignificent form. Over every frock that fell into her hands for her own use, she was wont to weave a sort of spell with fine darning threads, and deft smoothing irons, and magic acids that take out stains; after which the gown, having been gathered and tucked, and drawn in here and there, assumed the proper Dorothy look and became suitable apparel for her to wear. Justina's black satin was in good condition, and perhaps Lady Winthrop would think her too fine in it!'

'Nonsense!' said Justina, 'why should you not have a decent rag for once?'

'When the poor's garments were finished, Justina fetched the gown in question and threw it into Dorothy's lap; and Dorothy went to work with needle and scissors to prepare the raiment in which she might be fit to go down to the drawing-room, not so much to see the dancing, though that was new to her, as to behold the girl whom Sir Harley Winthrop admired.

Then Justina left her, and having sent her maid down to the schoolhouse with the finished clothing, she put on her hat and followed in the direction of the school, walking leisurely across the meadows, musing in her own fashion as she went.

In one of the fields a little boy, chasing a butterfly came running to meet her; round, glowing face, golden curls from which the wind had carried the hat, little hands waving wildly in the ecstacy of the chase. He stumbled against Justina and fell into her arms; then started off again crying out to her to follow and help him to cage the butterfly! Justina obeyed, flying twice, thrice, round the meadow with him, pounched upon prickly bushes, to the detriment of her gloves, dashing at the sun with his butterfly cage, and making as many rapid flights and quick dives and turns as though her fate had been involved in the issue of the hunt. But the end of it was that the lovely brown-winged, golden vested, creature refused to be caught, and the boy flung himself flat on the grass and wept, and would not be comforted. It was Mr. Farnley's little boy, the child that had no mother.

From Justina's intense pity for this boy it would seem as if she thought no other child alive had ever lost its mother; and yet she was more afraid of this tiny being than of any one else in the world; for, if he persisted in repelling the love she was always longing to pour out upon him, he must snap one of the tenderest cords of her heart. She sat looking at the small, impassioned creature, as he dug his knuckles into his eyes and mourned, and she thought of how a mother would wrap him in her arms and coo him till her kisses had won him from his sorrow. She touched his small hand softly and experimentally, but, accustomed to sob out his grief alone, the little fellow paid no manner of heed to the timid caress

'Jack,' said Justina, humbly, 'I would have caught the butterfly for you if I could.' And then she watched for a sign of gratitude and affection from him, as if her life was hanging in the balance. But Jack mourned on and took no notice of her.

'Jack' (suppliantly,) 'I will make you such a beautiful gold and silver butterfly, and I will put it to a long wire, so that you can let it fly where it likes, and always pull it back again when you want it.'

Jack's knuckles went down from his eyes. 'How soon will you give it to me?' he asked.

'To-morrow.' And then she caught him in her arms at last, and the little urchin condescended to endure her embraces. While she held him it seems as if his dead mother's love had gotten into her heart, and her arms were as the arms that had rocked him when a baby. Meanwhile, he was taking the earrings out of her ears and the brooch out of her collar, and would probably have next tried to pick out her eyes had not Justina decried the figure of a nurse approaching from the other end of the meadow, whereupon she immediately set the child upon his legs and vanished.

The music-room at Gorseley was a capital place for a little dance, octagon-shaped and silken-panelled, with a diaden of wax tapers burning softly all round the walls. One great open window looked down into a darkling forest of chestnut trees, the spikes of whose scented blossoms were fairly defined against the night purple firmament. A few languid stars hung above the upper boughs or glimmered below as if caught and entangled among the lower branches. The yellow light within the room lit up the gay, figures engaged in practising the waltz Justina, who had all the most bewitching strains of Waldteufel and Strauss and their melodious kindred on the tips of her useful fingers, sat in a corner behind the grand piano, playing, her bright eyes moving absently over the moving figures on the brown floor, and all the time she was feeling the warmth of a pair of chabby arms around her neck, and the little, darling fingers picking the ear-rings, unforbidden, out of her ears. Mr. Farnley had not been invited to come up to see the dance-practice. What had a staid vicar to do with the hopping of light feet over a glittering floor? And yet, through the vast open window, Justina almost fancied that she could hear the strains of her music floating down through the chestnuts, and in at the window where he sat alone with his book and his lamp. Would it touch him unconsciously to melancholy? and would he get up disturbed, and pace about the room with folded arms, and stop and look long at a picture on the wall? He was looking now, perhaps, at his dead wife in her beauty; and Justina's music got a more mournful tenderness as she seemed to stand by his shoulder, and to watch him as he gazed and remembered. So he stood look, and so he should remember, even after he had led her (Justina) into his home—as she believed he would one day ask to lead her; and she vowed in her soul that she would never be jealous of that picture. It should be to her as sacred as the portrait of a saint who is in heaven. For her it would remain to be to the lonely man what a picture and a memory, however holy, can never be. If he wanted her to bind up his broken life, to be as the return of health to one who had been stricken, she would give herself to his service without grudging and without stint. She would be the roses on the breakfast table, the laughter of the children, the song in the silence, the sunshine on the hearth.

All the time she was setting these thoughts to the melodies poured out by her fingers. Justina's bright eyes never ceased their observant outlook over the dancers, and she had been quick to detect a candle that leaned to one side, and to nod to a servant to put it straight. Neither had she failed to see Dorothy Lea enter the room in the middle of one of the dances, while she was playing Strauss' 'Immortallen,' that strange *in memoriam* strain with a sob in it, composed over the grave of a friend. Dorothy steered her way outside the dancers with a frightened yet resolute look, as if she thought she was running a blockade, keeping along the walls till she ensconced and half hid herself among the curtains of the great window. Justina remarked within herself that Dorothy had managed the dress cleverly in a short time, and that it became her well. 'It looks far more dainty on her than it did on me,' decided the second Miss Winthrop, as she dashed into yet another air.

The dancers were very few, as this was only a practice for Margaret Huntingtower. Dear old Lady Kirkofield sat on a sort of throne at the sheltered end of the room quite away from that yawning window, with the world of romanee behind it, and Dorothy perched on its verge, looking as if she might at any moment unfold a pair of wings and escape into the chestnut trees. Lady Winthrop, always afraid of a draught, only came in occasionally from the drawing-room within to have a look at everything and to offer Lady Kirkofield a smelling bottle or a fan. Fifine had possession of her milord of Kirkofield as she called the small, ginger-colored young man who hovered around her. And then there were two unfledged youths out of the neighboring homesteads, who had been called in to make up a group, and who had gladly hied them on horse-back across nine miles of country to stay the night at Gorseley, both eager for any kind of sport, and each longing for a smile or even a snub from the beautiful Cordelia, For the beauty of Gorseley was not always above playing with their ardors, sending them from fevers of heat to shivers of cold—'in pastime ere she went to town.' And Sir Harley was devoted to Miss Huntingtower.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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J. B. McDonald is daily opening up large quantities of Men's and Boys' Clothing, and will this season show the finest stock ever shown on P. E. Island. Will be sold cheaper than the cheapest. The reason we can sell cheap is, first, because we pay spot cash for our clothing, and second, because we have no big rents to pay, which nesessitates big prices. Don't fail to see us, We will serve you right and give you the best value for your money.

J. B. MACDONALDS,
GREAT CLOTHING STORE.

DAILY OPENING NEW GOODS
—AT THE—
Dominion Boot and Shoe Store