LAUS REGINAE. An Apology. ing, white pearl in its shell, Lies the thought or the wish in 'Tis as slight—but 'tis precious as well, As a gleaming, white pearl in its shell, Or the note of a silvern bell,

Or the scent of a springing violet.
Is a gleaming, white pearl in its shell,
Lies the thought or the wish in sweet! O strong! O glorious hymn To the Queen of the Ninefold Choir Hark to the rich-toned Scraphim!
O sweet! O strong! O glorious hymn!
Thrilled with the love of the cherubim,

With the virtues' peace, with the Po O sweet! O strong! O glorious hymn To the Queen of the Ninefold Choir!

Regina Patriarcharum Grave and magnificent souled,
They rejoice in the light of her face.
One thought in their hearts they enfold, Grave and magnificent-souled,-Grave and magnificent-souled,

They rejoice in the light of her face.

Regina Prophetarum. O singers of God, whose songs inspired Foretold your Queen in the dawn of time, She has borne Him at last, the Long- his better nature was found. O singers of God, whose songs inspired

Thrilled the world's heart, and your hearts To praise her anew, in new songs inspired O sinyers of God, whose songs inspired Feretold your Queen in the dawn of

Regina Apostolorum. /rom twelve white thrones with hearts a-flame

They rise, and pay her homage meet: They rise and bless her holy na From twelve white thrones with heart Mindful that in their hour of shame

She was their strength, their refuge

They rise and pay her homage meet.

That turn to thee through whom all graces

And shining robes of the martyr band ! Regina Confessorum. They live with thy love in their heart. They die with thy name on their lips. Ah! theirs is the better part; They live with thy love in their heart.

Thrust aside in the world's fierce mart, Torn with the world's red whips, They live with thy love in thy h They die with thy name on their lips Regina Virginum.

Sweet virgins, aureoled, white, Surround thee, O lily of God! Who art nearest thee, left and right Sweet virgins, aureoled, white, Whose lamps from thine took light, Whose feet where they went trod. Sweet virgins, aureoled, white, Surround thee, O lily of God!

Louder and fuller, till God's vast domain Throb with the passion of the mighty

Tremble! O ye that sadly and in pain

Regina sinc Labe Concepta. Perfect, stainless as a star From the hand of God new-springing ! No least clouds thy pure light mar,-Perfect, stainless as a star And near with this rare grace are ring

Perfect, stainless as a star From the hand of God new springing. Regina Sanctissimi Rosarii

For their buds one March were bright at

At Elizal-eth's door they opened, thy com-

We are thine own, thy belted Knights,

MAUREEN LACEY.

Con Lavelle, stopping short, as the two wasked along in the moonlight, "I'll violence an hour or two earlier, Biddy give you one warning before I part with you, I have loved Maureen Lacey the dance that Hallow Eve. About eight o'clock Nan Lavelle was bending as if to meet them.

Seeing she liked you heart. I would not some heart and he was she with you have the wasked and he was she with you have the wasked and he wasked as the dance that Hallow Eve. Seeing she liked you best, I would not over her pot-oven inspecting the brownhave meddled between you. But with ing of her cakes, and Con was nailing azure kerchief tied over her pretty gold her own free will she took an oath tonight before my face and, mind. I'll window to make the place look more and the men saw the rim only of her make her stick to her bargain. Look enug than usual. The wind bellowed thin, white cheek as she pas too it well, and come home for your down the chimney, and its thunders by without seeming to see them. wife, for not a day, nor an hour, nor a overhead drowned the noise of the

be it falls out that you fail her.'

shall never touch her.'

ney,' he said, sulkily. ' but only to have door, tuy chance.'

CHAPTER III.

she moved through the house, that worse than it is.' bade defiance to all external powers to Maureen shook of his touch with a was. She repaid her mothers forbear-From twelve white thrones with hearts Christmas season was midsummer to dance to, and pelting rains like the dark.

Reging Martyrum.

May dew. All the frost of her nature on the waving palms, and the burning on the burning was thawed. She laughed with the she cried, clasping her hands, and raise is sing his voice to a roar. 'My God! And shining robes of the martyr-band, stories when her work was done. Her appeal. 'Oh, Con. make it twelve.' Chanting thy praise from their lofty places! eyes were brighter, and her lips more Oh, the waving palms! and the burning softly curled. Her words to all were on the ground in dogged shame. Let Maureen had been crouching on he

> So the winter passed and the months your bargain. of early spring, and then this happy The widow began to sigh, and cast bridegroom start.
>
> they saw Maureen, not floation bridegroom start.
>
> 'You let me off!' she said scornfully. ip her eyes when Mike was mentioned

to, and began to creep gradually back you, Con Lavelle, there's nothing on again into her old reserved self. This land or sea, but death only, will bring the men were quickly at her side.

'It is Mike!' gasped Maureen. lating her on having won a thrifty night I saw a ship coming sailing, and indeed, it was the body of a man man like Con Laville Still Maureen a mebody waving, waving, and a big ondured, going steadily on with her wave rolled over the ship, and then work, never seeming to hear what was there rose one screech. I woke up, and old comrade, Mike Tiernay.

Louder and fuller, till God's vast domain said. nor to see what was meant. Fought out life's battle, fill the empyrean change his demeanor; growing regular ful of cold water?" fuller, till God's vast domain and systematic in his attentions; sendrack, and do odd rough jobs for her by her. stealth. Her stern rejection of these real services made very little difference to Con who went steadily on laying

subtle ways. The stepmother grew he cried, grasping her cloak to detain more sickly; and how gould Maureen, her. 'You dame not go out alone in the tell him,' she added, holding up her who had little to give her, turn Nan rage of you gind. Stop a bit, and—' hand—' will ye tell him Maureen Lucey bas a ring upon her finger? Levelle from the door, when she came miling in of an evening with a nice shaking him off. 'You'd better let me fat chicken under her cloak, or a go, for I will not answer for all my morsel of mutton for broth? Or how doings this night. With love's red roses, O Queen, thy ways could she throw in the fire the gay new

With love's red roses, O Queen, thy ways bold but shy. He did nothing that white face vanished in the darkness

Tierney return? So the year went on and October arose to a horrible putch, Thy champions, Queen of Beauty and came round again. There was much speculation in the island as to how it Thy banner we've borne through a though a mould go with Maureen Lucey. Some abroad before morning.

would go with Maureen Lucey. Some abroad before morning.

would go with Maureen Lucey. Some abroad before morning.

Aye! muttered Con, as he stalked time, and others that Maureen ought restlessly up and down with his hand.

ran high. Men made bets and kind-bearted women said prayers for Maureen. Con Lavelle went about their treacherous enemy. It rocks the BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

A silence fell on the group. The blaze of the fire dropped down, and a blaze of the fire dropped down.

minute of grace will I give you, if so hammer, and the sound of someone e it falls out that you fail her.'

knocking for admittance outside,
Mike Tierney drew up his towering Suddenly the door was pushed open

'God knows!' said the other.

When you are asked for a day, or storm driving in like a troop of fiends an hour, or a minute of grace, Con let loose after her heels. Her face was Livelle, he said then come and give white and streamed with rain; her ting out to now? Mother of Mercy me your warnings. You may wish me dripping hair and the soaked hood of i 's not going to drown herself she isf what evil you please, but the Almighty her cloak were dragged back from her The men were still on the beadlands In her womb, she, the child of their race ! Himself will blow the blast that will cad upon her shoulders. She tried to but Maureen had descended to the bring me over the seas to make ruin o close the door behind her, but could beach. Now ploughing her way on your evil hopes. I'm leaving my wife not, and the yelling wind kept pouring through the wet slippery shingle, she in His hands, and heed me, man, you in, dashing everything about the had gained a line of low rocks on shall never touch her.'

kitchen as though the place was invadwhich the surf was dashing, and she

Shame fell on Con for a moment, and ed by an army of devils. 'I do not wish you evil, Mike Tier ber knife, and rushing to shut the difficult of the chain yet bared.

Maureen's year of trial began in wet cloak from her shoulders. 'If you wouldn't carry him within miles of peace. Her mother's tongue was less had any word to say to me, asthore, Bofin last night. Look! what's you harsh than usual, and Con Lavelle had you might have sent one of the chil-black thing far out there against the left her untroubled. There was a light dren early and let me know. I'd have sky? Show us your glass in her eye as she faced the blast of the walked twenty miles for your bidding morning, and a pride in her step as forbye one, and the night was ten times smuggler's telescope, and turning

make her less happy and blest than she shudder, and retreated a step or two-'I haven't much to say,' she said nce with extra care and exertion hoarsely, only this. What time of Hard work was play to her now day have you settled for to-morrow.'

children at supper-time, and told them ing her wild eyes to his face in a pitiful I feared she was mad. Maureen!

less scant than they had been, and the it be twelve, then,' he said. 'I cannot knees, dangerously bending to the tone of her wice was sweeter. Her stand your white face, though the same foam as if searching under the curve Flow to men from God's right hand! days went quickly pash, because every white face might harden a man, seeing of each breaker as it crashed up and task her she wrought, and every hour that is to happen so soon. This much split its boiling froth upon the rock that she filled, brought her nearer the Pil grant you, but you need not ask Now she rose up with her terrific cry, next Hallow Eve. Her trust in Mike more. I have stood my chance fair and, turowing her arms wildly over had as whole as her trust in God.

and Con Lavelle to come dropping in 'If you, or any man or mortal had it ing with them, up to her waist in the in the lengthening evenings to smoke in their power to let me off, I wouldn't seething foam, clinging with one hand in the lengthening evenings to smoke in their power to let me on. I made in the lengthening evenings to some praying to you here to-night to the rook besides her, and with the concerning her rum:tics. Maureen But I swore an oath to my God, and other tugging in desperation at some pretended to take no notice, only went to Him I must answer for it. And thing dark and heavy that rose and to bed earlier of nights to be out of the was the rash swearing when death way, gave short answers when spoken wasn't put in the bargain. For mind of the tide. Dashing into the water went on for a time, and then the stepmother began to speak openly of Mike
ohapel. 'Whisht!' she said, as a long
'Bring him in!'

Bring him in!' as a deserter, sneering at Maureen for thundering gust roared over the roof, They loosened her fingers from that pu ting her faith in him, or congratu- 'there's death abroad to-night. Last dark, heavy something, and found that there was the storm keenin', keenin'- uttered no more wild cries. She took

She drank the draught eas Throb with the passion of the mighty ing boys to cut her turf and carry her then she gathered her wet cloak around given him, attached round his neck by

> now. Good night to you.'
>
> Con wakened out of his black reverie siege to her gratitude in a number of and sprang to the door. 'Maureen.' the men, 'and tell Con Lavelle

Her hands were wrenching at the are sweet,

And a crown of roses is better than gold which the widow ware tied on her and the door flew open as she

The wreck of the ship in which Mike which the widow wore tied on her head, and which Con had not dared to its frightful gambols. Con Lavelle and disasters whose details fill the daily present to Maureen? Con was not his sister fell back, and Maureen's Maureen could resent, but he kept her Nan Lavelle made fast the door again, in constant remembrance of her pro- and returned to her pot oven with a mise. Often, as he smoked his pipe at weight upon her heart. Thoroughly And they burst into perfect flower on his farm-house door at sunset, he matter of fact as was this young Maureen's stepmother, and all her would slip out a little brass ring from woman, it did not occur to her now for is pocket, twirl it on the top of his the first time that to-morrow's wed- sold all their worldly goons, and deown huge finger, and smile at the ding would be an ill-omened event. parted for America, crrrying her little

And a crown of roses is better than gold or bay.

And a crown of roses is better than gold or bay.

And a crown of roses is better than gold or bay.

Sunny before him. Why should Mike the brother and sister, and then Nam eried, aghast, as the crashing overhead

'God keep us, Con? it's true wha speculation in the island as to how it Maureen said. There'll be death

restlessly up and down with his hand Thy dear face cheers, thy dear face lights
Our path as we ride to the Court above.
We are thine own, thy belted Knights,
Thy champions, Queen of beauty and connections all she would say in answer not here, before heaven, I'll have my to hints and inquiries. As the end of rights!

The people of Bofin are acceptomed

their treacherous enemy. It rocks th his mind about shadows.

'You'll drink to that all around?'
said Con Levelle, presently.

'Aye, we'll drink to tt,' said Mike, themselves. People began to feel again to its deeds of destruction.

Aye, we'll drink to it, said Mike, gally; and Maureen mending the fire, a jovial glow lit up the house one more.

On Lavelia had become a different man within the past few minutes. His dejected face was kindled, and his heavy hand shook as be poured the liquor into the glasses.

Here's to Maureen's happy wedding on this day year? be said, knocking the glasse against his feath as he galsed in the past few minutes. His case of the storm had subsided, and the black in the past few minutes. His case to Maureen's happy wedding on this day year? be said, knocking the glasse against his feath as he galsed.

Charlottetown, Jerokas Con, Lewell, Mans. Anight like this brings spoils to the shorts, and many are abread, leoking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the northeast headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black liquor into the glasses.

Here's to Maureen's happy wedding on this eiter Nan were bury at house, making ready for that wedding of the government of the tousing surges, whose Minding.

Charlottetown, Jerokas Of Alles But Con, Lewell, Mans. An ight like this brings spoils to the shorts, and many are abread, leoking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the northeast headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black liquor into the glasses.

FOR SALE—100 bbils, very superfor the accepting ocean, tinying the foam of the tousing surges, whose Minding.

Charlottetown, Jerokas Of Alles But Con, Lewell, Mans. An ight like this brings spoils to the shorts, and many are abread, leoking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the northeast headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black in the spoil of the storm had subsided, and the black in the storm had subsided.

FOR SALE—100 bbils very superfor the accepting of the storm had subsided.

FOR SALE—100 bbils very superfor the acc

the spirits to his lips, 'Amen, amen,' discussion at Biddy's tea table to-night. wreaths thickened the air like angry and in reply, and matters being The wedding feast was to be spread at a mow-drifts. Now rosy bars begs neleded, the two men presently Fawamore, and many guests had been left the cabin to-invited. ether.

It was a rough, wild night. If the
Look you here, Mike Tierney, said Bofiners were less hardy a race, or if
the fiery wings of the Angel of Deat

and her wedding cloak, with a new

'Preserve us!' said one; 'she's ready for her wedding early. Where is sh figure and looked contemptuously into and Maureen Lacey came whirling never saw a soul get so wild like. It is the feverish face of his rival. ' But where under heaven is she get

> was now clambering on hands and 'God save us!' cried Nan. dropping knees to reach the farthest and mot

Oh, it's looking for Mike she is 'Maureen,' said Con, with a blaze of poor girl! said one of the men, 'and surprise on his tace, coming eagerly to meet her, and attempting to draw the The safest ship that ever he sailed in The other produced an old, battered

about, they peered long and steadily out to sea. ' Ob, sure it's a wreck! said the one

' Aye, faith!' said the other. Well,' said the first, 'God rest to

A long, unearthly cry was the ans-Con glanced at her and cast his eyes wer, ringing through the dawn

our bargain.' appeared.

Maureen's supplicating face at this Bunning swiftly down the headlands of early spring, and then this happy Maureen's supplicating Isso at the men gained the beach, and there has on the sight and cast bridgeroom start.

Maureen's supplicating Isso at the men gained the beach, and there they saw Maureen, not floating out to

Presently Con Lavelle began to Nan Lavelle, will you give me a mouth it up to bis chin. She put her shoulders and spread it up to bis chin. She put her hand a string, and slipped it at once up "Thank you.' she said; 'I'll be going her finger. Then she sat down and laid his head upon her knee

'Will you go,' she said calmly, t And this was all the wedding that

But little further of Maureen Locey is known to the writer of this history newspapers in wintertime. Sewn in the poor fellow's jacket was found of note for a good little sum of money The following year a fever visited th island, sweeping off, amongst others, ohil dren but one. After this Ma

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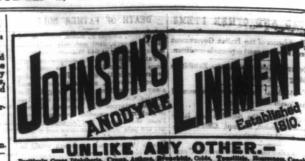
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