

"Well, Dan, I have just passed through an ordeal worse than war days. I will not go into detail now," said he, glancing at Margaret. "The papers will give you the gruesome particulars soon enough."

CHAPTER II.

After supper, and a hasty toilet, Mr. Dillon rejoined the family. Mary hastened to decorate his button-hole with red carnations. Like Mrs. Redmond, he had that rare combination, met in the people of Galway, eyes of tender blue, raven hair, and skin delicately white. He was very tall, but so shapely, that there was no suggestion of awkwardness. His smile was at once kind and discriminating, as if he saw his neighbor's follies, but viewed them comically. An acute observer would pronounce him a staunch friend, and a formidable antagonist. Eloquent the pauses that occur, when friends, long parted, meet again. Apprehensive that a question may be unwelcome, keeps it unspoken. In such a silence, Mrs. Murphy asked the girls for some music. Kathleen sang very sweetly, her voice, a mezzo soprano, was very sympathetic, well suited to the old-fashioned selections of her repertoire. The "Robin's Good-bye to Summer" was encored. She asked her cousins to join her in some of the College songs, to which Mary's banjo accompaniment formed a fitting back ground. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Murphy had been boys together at old St. Joseph's. Mr. Newland had been very proud of them as choir members. Devotion supplied, in some degree, the deficiencies of a

musical education. It is an incontrovertible fact that true piety inspires the soul of art, and gives to the painter or musician an eloquence impossible to mere technique. Many of the melodies in the collection were familiar to the elders of the party. Mary's pure soprano, Margaret's fervent contralto, were well supported by the men's voices, which gave volume to the harmony, and resulted in a concert that would have gratified many a critical audience. Mary made a mental note to inform the committee, that available talent could be secured for next week's concert at "Our Neighbors."

After breakfast next day, the men went into town. Mrs. Redmond and Margaret set off on a shopping expedition. Mary directed the maids in the restoration of the house to its usual condition. Mrs. Murphy needed rest, and proposed to Kathleen to share her retirement and occupation. This invitation was very agreeable to the maiden, on whom the unusual exertions of the past week were beginning to tell. She was very fond of her Aunt Fanny, whose vivacity frequently reminded her of her father. Mr. Redmond and Mrs. Murphy had been a very congenial brother and sister. Aunt Fanny cherished a wise tenderness, for the interesting young creature, so rapidly approaching maturity. She was attracted not only by her beauty, and the noble possibilities she perceived in her character, but in Kathleen she recognized the daughter of him, who had been to her a fond guardian and devoted brother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EPIPHANY.

BY PIUS B. MAYER, O. C. C.

THERE is a peculiar charm in this festival, particularly for those, who sprang not of Hebrew blood. It is the day, that opened wide the gates of truth and the hopes based upon it to the nations. What the prophets so often and emphatically foretold came to pass on this day, when the Wise Men of the East were led by the Star of Bethlehem to the crib of their new born Saviour, to kneel there as the representatives of the Pagan nations, and offer their mystic gifts of gold, frankincense and

myrrh, the gold of faith, the incense of prayer and virtue, and the myrrh of mortification and penance.

Where did these men come from? What became of them? These questions are often asked, and the Augustinian nun, Anne Catherine Emmerich, in her visions, gives us the following information:

"The people living east and south of Palestine knew of the prophecy of Balaam, and expected the star rising out of Jacob, that should herald the expected of the