TWO

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XXXIV

THE FULFILMENT OF "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM"

Two years had passed since the return of the brother and sister, and Ellen Courtney, no longer very youth-ful, but as lovely as ever both in character and person, was still an inmate of her parent's home. Gossip found a very prolific theme in the indifference which she manifested to all suitors, and made itself exceeding. ly anxious to know if she intended to adopt a conventual life; but, caring little for the comments which her conduct might occasion, she pursued her course, God and her own heart alone being aware of the secret sorrow which she still endured. metimes Malverton Grosvenor's image rose before her in a manner that required minutes to put it away and recover her wonted calm resignation, and at such times wild thoughts would flash into her mind that something must occur to cause Malverton to know the true circumstances in the case; but even such thoughts were destined to receive their death blow, for Howard came in one day with the news of Lord Grosvenor's death. Ellen grew pale and faintfor with the nobleman's decease died all her hopes of Malverton ever knowing.

Courtney was full of inquiries, but Howard was unable to satisfy them. He had not heard from Malverton. His news was only a report gleaned from the press; so the matter rested, and Ellen stifled her anguish in secret and silence. One day, three months after Howard had communicated that news, he suddenly entered his sister's room.

She started up in some alarm.

"I did not know you were in the house," she hastened to say by way of apology. "I have something for you," he

said, holding up what appeared to be a letter, and then she noticed that he was strangely excited. She extended her hand for it; he

still withheld it, and at length, as if he imagined he had tired her patience sufficiently, he caught her to him, and said, with an expression in his face which made her heart beat wildly

'My faithful, faithful sister !"

He released her, leaving the missive in her grasp, and turned away as if to conceal some emotion. But in a moment a cry made him turn back -a wild, glad cry, and Ellen flew to his extended arms, sobbing from the

very plenitude of joy. Well might she be happy! That letter was from Lord Grosvenor himself, one of the last penned by that nobleman prior to his death, and contained an entire release of Ellen from her promise !

Then Howard gently acquainted her with further good news-Mal-verton himself was below! The tidings rendered her so weak that she was obliged to cling to her brother, to lean on his arm while she descended-she wanted to fly, but her trembling limbs had scarcely power At last she stood in the to walk. doorway of the parlor-some one rose from converse with her parents ome one advanced to meet her. her blurred vision could not rightly see who, but in another moment her hands lay in the passionate grasp of

her lover. Father, mother and brother, deeming that meeting too sacred for their presence, withdrew, and Malverton soul. only waited the subsiding of Ellen's emotion when he repeated to her what he had already told Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Courtney.

shed its golden beauty on those two tried and faithful hearts. Gotham had an unusual sensation. Select and elegant circles had a sub ject with which the ears of American aristocracy love to be tingled-the marriage of an American lady with a

gentleman of title-and little was heard, at least among the feminine beard, at least among the feminine portion of the *élitê*, but that which concerned the approaching nuptials of Miss Courtney and Lord Malver-ton Grosvenor. He had spent the year of mourning for his father in New York the mest of the Gourtney tain New York, the guest of the Courtneys, and as each day unfolded more and more to him the lovely character of upper her he was about to espouse, his impatience increased for the arrival of the happy time.

Pure-minded Ellen! With her ustomary piety she was thinking of the responsibilities which her new state would impose, as well as of the happiness it would bring her, and when, on the evening preceding the day appointed for the ceremony, mother and daughter held a long, sweet converse, the former felt how little necessity there was to counsel this Heaven-inspired girl. You will not," she said, clasping

Ellen to her, " give to your husband the idolatrous love I gave to mine. In my heart the creature was firstfirst. The very prayers I uttered, in my time of suffering, were wrung from me by the love of the creature, and yet, Almighty God granted my wish. Oh ! wonderful love that gratifies us even when we are not seeking Him."

always

60

Mother and daughter bowed their heads in a mental tribute to Him Who had so strangely guided and blessed their lives.

The wedding ceremony was all for which the most fastidious could wish. The bride was superbly beautiful, the bridegroom so handsome, and, espe-cially, so distingué, that, alas ! envy ! sadly disturbed the hearts of some of the fair ones present.

The couple were to depart immediately for the old world, where Malverton's presence had been for some time required, and when father and mother had been lingeringly and tenderly embraced, the newly-made wife turned to Howard. The brother tenderly loved, so wonderfully, and, as it were, miraculously reclaimed, the object of so many prayers, and tears, and sacrifices, it seemed almost harder to leave him than to part from her parents. Evidently the same thoughts were actuating his mind, for he folded his arms about her, and while the tears, of which he was not ashamed, streamed down his cheeks, he murmured softly : larger

'Oh Ellen ! my precious, precious sister !

Years have passed. Lady Grosvenor divides her useful time be-tween London and New York, but but she does not forget Ireland-there her benevolence finds its freest scope. Once, when on the continent with her husband, she met in a French convent a face which she strove in vain to recall, till the owner of the countenance said in French :

You do not recognize me-I am Vinnette !

It was indeed Vinnette-but Vinnette with so sweet, so pure, so peace ful a countenance, that she reminded one of some of those seraphic repreentations of a martyred saint.

A few days after, in one of the emeteries of Paris, Lady Grosvenor beheld a tombstone, which, from the inscription upon it, she had little doubt marked the last resting place of her old friend, Mrs. Boland, and it was with tears in her eyes she knelt to murmur a prayer for the departed

stopped by an accident which had just occurred. With her customar benevolence, seeking to know if the poor victim was an object of charity, she encountered a strangely familiar face, but this time a moment's look was sufficient to tell her that the wretched man who lay before her was Taggart-Taggart of the old and painful club days. Her purse opened more freely, and the poor wretch and lived long enough to know that he was supported by the bounty of her on whom at one time he sought to inflict dire injury. The husband and wife, so long and so cruelly separated, are models of conjugal affection ; and the reverend Howard Courtney has lost none of the fervid piety with which he first entered upon the duties of his sacred vocation-his zeal for souls, his tender charity for the erring, increase with every day of his priestly experience; and, as his early youth had been devoted to Ambition's Contest and the delusive charms of Intellect without Faith, so now is the prime of his manhood given to the promulga tion of that Faith which alone can insure a right use of God's gifts.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ing it up to be.

Laughlin of Magheramore,

luxury of missing Mass.

the parish.

ALL ON THE BROWN KNOWE

By Seumas MacManu Michael Connolly was now warm

and well to do-trig and snug, as we say, with a faithful little wife and five rosy-cheeked children, and twenty acres of prime land lying along the bottom of Cronaraid Moun Though, indeed, one strip of this land, the Stony Park, tore away from the remainder, and sprang up the side of a hill for the length of long gunshot, enclosing within its upper limit the one little green patch of the whole hillside, the choice

dancing-ground of the fairies of Cronaraid, with its little well whose waters were sweet, and which was called though in Gaelic-The Fairy Bowl. With his dear little wife Mary, and his five chubby children, and his snug farm, Michael should have been, and was, a happy man, as well as a prosperous. To be happy and prosperous he well deserved, for

he was a model to the parish, a com fort to the sorely tried heart of Father Luke, and preeminently a religious man, whose fervent prayer in trial ever was, "Thy will, O Lord,

'Twas had else had I no story. under the Fairy Bowl that the cause of his trouble lay. At the bottom of this little basin of water—as all the world knows, and as anyone can find for himself by testing with his umbrella, and as anyone may often-times see laid bare, when in the summer the well goes dry—is a great broad flag-an unusual well-bottom, but be it remembered that this was a fairy well-a great, broad flag that (as all the world again, and particularly the parish of Kilachtee, knows) covers a crock of gold that was hidden there about two thousand years ago by an old pagan, who at the same time left an ugly big serpent to guard it. This fellow had done his work well and faithfully, having now for two thousand years, day and night, embraced the crock with many coils, quitting his charge only for five minutes on the morning every Sunday and holiday-the five minutes of the Elevation during

Mass in the chapel of Kilachtee, which stands in full view, and lies only half a mile away from the well. During these sacred minutes, the monster, free to quit his charge, uncoils himself, and by way of an underground brooklet makes rapid journey down the hillside to the

stream below, returning immediately-a weekly walk for exercise merely. It was this crock of gold that at one period of his life weighted for

years Michael Connolly's soul, threatening the happiness that had always een his, and certainly undermining it, had not his good angel suddenly and surprisingly saved him in the manner which this story concerneth. That the crock of gold, with its demon guardian, lay securely under the flag beneath the Fairy Bowl was

beyond a doubt; for any aged man in the parish could tell you that the fact was an admitted one in his barefoot days four score years before, and had been, too, in the like days of his father, and of his father's father; and on account of the demon that dwelt in serpent shape beneath the pleasantly set Fairy Bowl, the Fairy Bowl was dreaded and shunned then as now. All his days, of course, Michael had known well of the existence of this treasure upon his land ; yet it had not given him Again, in the streets of London, much concern. It was there, and it

was not meant for human hands ; Again, in the stress of was was not means for human and and and Lady Grosvenor's carriage was that was sufficient. He toiled and that was sufficient. moiled, gathering gold in the way in which it brings most benefit and least bane in its train. But at length, when, through his own persever

uable addition to any man's little farm. It would delight Michael's one solitary occupant (to wit, Manis heart also, to see little Patrick (his O'Gallagher's goat, which was taking eldest) made into a priest-but it a delicious lunch off a heather bush would take money to do that. And little Johnsen, too, was destined for threw himself down full length in paths of jurisprudence ; for Michael face of the sun, pulling his hat over had often noticed with stealthy his eyes that he might properly laze admiration that, no matter what without any disconfort, and pursue little gifts in the way of either the absorbing train of thought on

sweets or toys or else came into the which he had been engaged. possession of the other children of Oh, if only he could become posses an evening, little Johneen owned sor of that crock of gold, how happy them all in the morning; and money he would be, as well as beneficent would certainly be most useful in But, alas, sure he had looked at it in developing Johneen's marvelous every light, and tried every contriv-legal talent. Altogether, money was ance, and was now forced to the confar from being the ill thing that those who needed it were for the delectation of those who hed it means of obtaining it-not any possi-It was at the time that Manis Macble means, that is, short of missing Mass-which, of course, was utterly who astonished his neighbors by building impossible-or nearly impossibleor very hard, at least. When, howa house with a dozen windows and ever, one permitted one self the hazardous pleasure of dwelling upon purchasing farm after farm of land, that Michael, who never gave the that impossible possibility, what a matter a thought before, began to gorgeous castle one could raise—a crimeful castle, of course—bad as brood upon the great wealth which was so temptingly within his reach Blue Beard's - still undoubtedly a -so temptingly within it, and yet so tantalizingly beyond it. During the one little space of time each week crime were not a crime! If a man when an enterprising man might with impunity lift the crock of could once-only once-remain away As Michael was blessed, his trials with impunity lift the crock of from Mass—a man, too, who had have knocked the cursed animal were few. But one great trouble he gold from under the Fairy Bowl, a never missed Mass in all his the head with their sticks as religious man, such as Michael, dare life before, since he came to years of not be there to do it. Even the discretion ! If only a man who had very outcasts of the parish who desnever missed Mass before, and who ecrated the Lord's day by playing cards for horny buttons at the back could for once—only one single little minds. He cursed them — Michael of a windy ditch, (for, of course, no time-remain away, thereby enriching himself, and securing his happi-Christian house would harbor them,) dare not be guilty of the crime of ness for all time — in this world, of missing Mass—missing, too, that course that is! When one came to missipg Mass-missing, too, that most sacred part of it which was the think of it, if a man, even at cost of time chosen by the wily serpent for taking his weekly saunter. Farrel McKeown, the ne'er-do well, it is one little sin, acquired enormous Farrel wealth, could he not redeem his debt ten times over-ay, a hundred true, purposely remained away from times over-with the wealth he Mass one day, five years before, in should become possessed of, giving, say, as much as a quarter of the order that when the coast was clear, money to God's poor, and another he might steal the loan of Mick Meehan's game rooster for the Cock-Tuesday fights in Killymard. But if country, and living a rich, happy, contented, virtuous, religious man he did, Father Luke gave him Carrigna-Mlaguard for it three successive upon the other half himself ! Sundays, making him journey hat-

less and shoeless to Carrig na. Mlguard, or the Blackguard's Rock, and kneel there, telling his sin to an unsympathetic congregation filing past, and in plaintive voice beseechonce !' ing their prayers. This price was too dear, even to an outcast, for the But in Michael's case, the pious principles science should overtake him ere he of the man were deterrent enough, not to speak of his moral prestige in now, He sought for long to find a way

of compassing the crock without gripped a pick and spade there, and incurring the contingent sin. He tried attending the Mass which in the neighboring chapel was cele-brated an hour earlier than that appointed for the Mass in Killachtee. This scheme failed him ; for though he quitted the Ballagh chapel the moment the priest had reached the whose cow is in a hole, and though, likewise, Father Luke never stickled delayed Mass until even the laggards reckoned it by minutes - that then and perspiring, coatless and breath-less, always perceived — for the Killachtee chapel was just over against the rocks above, and with teeth set him, and a goodly portion of the firm as a vise, holding fast his descongregation ever knelt, for fresh air and for freedom's sake, outside the door-that 'twas after Elevation eyes on the Killachtee congregation. time with Father Luke, and the The instant their falling serpent had again encoiled the prize indicated the arrival of the sacred which he had striven for as strenu. it is highly creditable to Michael's at the ground with pick and spade

gate, he toiled up the Knowe, past its | tails and streaming behind, heavily weighting him. He could see its dire, sinuous form each time he cast over his shoulder a fearful glance Halt, stop, or delay meant death, well knew. Michael His only chance of safety lay in speed, which would keep it at a safe distance If once he allowed his coat-tails to overtake him, he was undone. leaning still further forward to bal ance the pull behind, but with head thrown back and eyes starting forth anticipating his tardy feet-to his

impatient soul they seemed tardy that were truly fleet—he flew, as flies the hare, straight ahead, down the hillside, across the valley, up the opposite slope, unto the highway led past Killachtee which As he neared the chapel and the kneeling congregation, he cried out with all his might that they might be ready to relieve Disturbed in their devotions, they turned heads over shoulder, and were seized with wondrous amaze sight of Michael, hatless. at wild-eyed, speeding, and shouting, as he sped, from the serpent sailing behind. But their amazement was gorgeous one. Ay, if only this great too profound to admit of their acting with the promptitude that the cir cumstances demanded. They should have knocked the cursed animal on passed-a thing which, unluckily, no man had presence of mind to and, alas, Michael could not wait on minds. He cursed them — Michael Connolly, who had never breathed banned word before !-- and swept on. They got again their presence mind, when they were in good t when they were in good time to be late; for, immediately he had passed, Michael heard their wild cries in pursuit, and he could know in bitterness of heart that they were now brandishing sticks and doing doughty deeds against harmless air. And when they cried after Stop, stop, till we get a crack at sarpint, Michael !' Michael quarter of it scattering chapels to His honor all over the face of the wished in his heart that he only could stop to get a crack at senseless amadans who so shouted. He turned his head and flung

Put defeat upon the devil by flight, fervent curse at his following, while is a wise maxim surely. It is ill to he strenuously strove for increase play with forbidden thoughts. Sud- of speed; but the tug behind redenly crying out, "I'll do it-this strained his career, he thought, ever Michael sprang to his feet, more and more. Away up the road, his face toward Cronaraid and he beheld Patrick McGloan hacking the Fairy Bowl, tore down the Brown at the hedge with a bill-hook, even Knowe, and literally flew in that direction—flew—for fear his con-Michael rejoiced for that Patrick's sin might now be his salvation. had reaped the benefit from the sin He yelled upon Patrick as he came jure, committed - which near; the congregation still more would be pitiable mismanagement. He went by his own house, well directed blow of Patrick's billhook would give to Michael the life shouldering them, sped onward with which, otherwise, he felt he bounding up the Stony Park, and must soon part. In a minute stopped not till he stood beside the Michael, to his mortification, beheld Fairy Bowl, which, today, after a Patrick bound into the middle of the fortnight's drouth, was dry as his own hearthstone. He gasped, trying to recover his breath; he looked Patrick must think him gone mad, trimmings, and ran like a man away toward the chapel and saw and the people pursuing to put him that the congregation were dropping to their knees after the first gospel. then made aim to fly on one side strait waistcoat. Michael on the point of punctuality, but During the tedious age-mortals had past Patrick, who, seeing bounded to that side getting directly (to whom he gave a reception with intervened before he observed the in his course again. There was only his stick) lumbered in, when he arrived at the Fairy Bowl, panting and perspiring, coatless and breath-these algebra is ribs so loudly that the start is the atom of the start is the atom of the start is the start he thought it waked echoes among rick, ramming him in the stomach. Clearing his curled-up body at a bound, he continued his fleet career. Manis O'Gallagher, who was clean perate resolve leant forward over the spade handle, his protruding ing out his byre when the shouting reached and roused him, got before Michael with a graip; and Eamon forward O'Beirne stationed himself in the moments - moments pregnant for way, somewhat farther on, armed with a scythe. Good Mrs. Bridget Boyle, still farther on his course, religious principles that under such alternately. It was hard and tough, trying circumstances he could (as he and troublesome, but he found he the tailor, came forth with lapboard came out with a pot-stick ; Terry, ten men's strength. So made stone and clay fly that an on- But all of them ingloriously bit the brow, and say aloud as best he could he stone and clay fly that an on-for breathlessness, 'Thy will, O looker might not discern his figure dust—in each case quickly arising amid the clouds of debris which again, however, and throwing them into the pursuit. filled the air around. But at length Behind him now was babel. But he had unbound the great flag at suddenly rising over 'it, sharp and clear, he heard a "Hi! hi! hi! there !' that was from none other the well-bottom, and, for the min utes were too rapidly passing, throwing himself hurriedly on his than Father Luke. . Casting back a knees, the while big beads of sweat came rolling from his brow, hurried glance, he was wrestled with it. It came with him. surprised to find that Fa surprised to find that Father Luke, And, at the sight disclosed his eyes on whose start a handicap in favor were dazzled-dazzled! A crock of of his congregation must necessarily golden pieces, every one of them the have been imposed, now was waving his stick and calling in size of a silver crown, and the rich color of his wife Mary's yellow the imperative tones of a pastor butter, calmly sitting there, now accustomed to obedience, "Hi! hi! accustomed to obedience, butter, calmly sitting there, unguarded, awaiting the human hand there, Michael Connolly !" pastor or no pastor, Michael could not halt. The weight at his tail to lift it ! I said he was dazzled, I might have said he was dazed. Because for the space of several minutes he Instead of obeying, he bent him for could only gloat over the elbow deep renewed exertion. Yet Father Luke crock of yellow pieces, which were (who had got miraculously fleet of to make Michael Connolly a prince foot) had in another minute overon earth. He could not yet reach out to lift the crock ; he could not the fact ; and, at the same time, the rise him from his knees ; he had not priest's voice, in his ear, saying to yet power to move one muscle-but him angrily : it was delicious paralysis, during " It's to Carrig na Mlaguard you'll which he could feel the tears of joy march for this, my lad! Slumber-ing like a sloth, and bellowing like a crushing at his eyelids. Like a lightning flash struck him the thought of time and the serpent! calf, on the Brown Knowe, while the holy sacrifice of the Mass is sup-posed to be celebratin. And the And instantly he was himself again. He bent over the crock and laid his remnants of the tails ate out of your new broadcloth coat, too, by Manis arms lovingly around it, enteringoh. Heaven !--- into joyful possession! His ecstasy was interrupted by a O'Gallagher's goat-who'd have got a taste of yourself likewise (and the terrific tug at his tail. He threw a hasty glance over his shouldivil's cure to you !) if I hadn't hap pened along just in the nick of time Up with ye !" and he gave Michael and lifted up his voice in frightful scream ! For the serpent had come who, in sitting posture, was rubbing his eyes and trying to collect his senses, a sounding whack in the up unawares from behind, and laid ribs that lifted him to his feet, and hold upon his coat-tail ! sent him down the Brown Knowe in He had delayed a minute too long. quick time, and scurring along the The joy of his possession had proved his undoing. He was on his feet in road to the chapel. The congregation wondered why the fraction of a second, and flying afar over the country, but with the Michael Connolly looked so dazed as

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When Howard had been arrested in Ireland, Malverton, pleading for him to Lord Grosvenor, discovered fully the latter's implacable hatred to the Goaded by his father's young man. stern denials to interest himself in Howard's behalf, Malverton, in the heat of passion and despair, avowed his attachment for, and his inten-tions towards Miss Courtney. That alarmed the peer-he could endure his son's death rather than permit him to marry a Catholic, and he immediately devised the scheme by which he might thwart Malverton's resolution. He knew, from his pre vious conception of Ellen Courtney's character, that she would suffer death rather than break her word, and acting upon that knowledge, he exacted the promise which had so cruelly wrung her heart. He was careful afterwards to speak of the Courtneys in such a manner that Malverton could have no suspicion of what had happened, and not till the nobleman was on his death-bed, did his son know the cause of Ellen Courtney's inexplicable conduct Then the peer, touched by the filial affection which had forced its way to his dving bedside to beg a last bless ing, though debarred from a father' heart and a father's home for over two years, received Malverton and imparted the confidence which told

the latter how his happiness had been wrecked. But Lord Grosvenor was anxious to effect reparation, and for that purpose he gave into his son's hand the letter which released Ellen Courtney from her promise. But though Lord Grosvenor became thus conciled to all which he had so bitterly opposed, no influence could alter his own religious convictionshe died as he had lived, and Malverton, preferring to be himself the bearer of his good news, had restrained his impatience till the settlement of affairs after his father's death permitted him to hasten to her

whose image had never left his mind. So everything was explained, and once more "Love's Young Dream" Visitor.

THE END

REWARDED HUNDREDFOLD

commendation to teachers of religion when it says. They who instruct stars for all eternity. They who " Holy Scripture gives a beautiful perform faithfully and conscientious- the world was going ill with him, ly the office of teaching Catechism and it would be mighty pleasant if to the little ones of the flock of Christ are certainly to be included ing this, of doubling his landed posin the Scriptural category of in- sessions; and there was a field of structors unto justice.

and whatever sacrifice may be en-tailed in giving up an hour or two

ance and the kindliness of his soil, he attained that height of enviable affluence where a man may sport an unpatched broadcloth coat, Sunday holiday, fair day and market, and look with pardonable pity upon less fortunate, more bepatched neighbors, whom, cheerily saluting, he passes on the way. Michael's he going to become a brooder-for mind, mysteriously enough, began to surely the world wasn't again' him, mind, mysteriously enough, began to run more and more upon the hidden and trouble coming down on him. crock of gold. It was pity to have so much good wealth going to waste, of no benefit whatsoever to the old pagan who owned it, or to the ser- old self again-and something better pent which guarded it, any more than to the world at large. It was wonderful to think that such a pile But until that was accomplished he of yellow gold lay on his land only a few spades deep beneath the surface. What good might not Michael do if he had in his possession this hoard Good to all his poor neighbors around him; to the chapel that sorely needed a new roof ; to Father Luke whose black coat was very green ; and to the world-wide-not to mention of course, the direct benefit resulting from it to Michael Connolly

assured, weighed least with himthough to be sure, there was a neat They are working for eternity of a field, of course, but still a field-

each week to the performance of a any man had the pluck to dar' him from the wayside just within a gun-duty voluntarily assumed for the with a neat price; and there was—shot of the chapel—since there was sake of the Church and its religion and for the sake of souls, must bring the reward of a hundredfold of which which would fatten fine calves and the reward of a hundredfold of which the sake of souls. The sake of souls are be-the sake of souls are be-the reward of a hundredfold of which the sake of souls are be-the sake of s the Saviour spoke." - Providence raise a mortal grand crop of potatoes bors who would be chatting too

did) bend forward perspiring Lord, not mine be done !"

He thought and planned, contrived and recontrived, ever unsuccessfuly, till at last, from being one of the most cheery and companionable of men, even an unsuspicious parish was beginning to ask had anything come over Michael Connolly, or was Michael knew well he was a changed man himself. But he meant, with God's help, that he would soon be his -as soon, in short, as he got that

But until that was accomplished he could not keep the thought of it from his mind, strive as he would. Not even (God forgive him! and contritely Michael uttered it), during his prayers-what time his head was sure to be running on the crock. So matters were coursing when

Michael found himself sauntering to Mass on Easter Sunday-of all days -turning over again in his head for the ten thousandth time a new con-This latter, Michael felt trivance for securing the crock of gold and happiness evermore. It was a warm, bright, lovely Sunday It morning, with blackbirds whistling in the hedges, and the brook running in the glen, and the young people airily and merrily tripping past him, decked out in their gayest. But to these gay sounds and sights Michael's heart did not thrill as once it used to do. The merry voices of der, let his great armful of the passersby jarred on his ear, and riches drop back to its bed again, Jimminy Hegarty's-no great things the genial heat of the day oppressed his frame ; so that, when he reached

yet plenty of time and to spare be-fore Mass began, rather than mingle raise a mortal grand crop of potatoes and which would make a very val-bors who would be chatting too cheerily for him around the chapel-monster, fastened to his flying coat-wonder was supplanted by subdued

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