6

"Traveller's joy," in olden time, We children called that plossom fair; And oft would twine, in laughing glee, Its fragrant garlands around our hair.

But, like to every joy of earth, That bloom so sweet of summer days Would fade whilst yet we hore it home, Beneath the scorching noontide blaze.

Now childhood's years are past and gone, And childhood's joys are fading too; The flower of the roadside hedge 'Midst thorns and dust is hid from

Yet onward I must wend my way, Through dreary paths, till life be done; My heart still seeking, as of old, 'A "Traveller's-joy" to cheer me ou.

Look up, my soul! There is a joy That shines for thee from heaven afar Like earthly joys, it will not fade,-They sweetly call it Morning Star.

Mary! the Morning Star of hope, Fair herald of the heavenly morn; Pure art of God's own Covenant, Of whom "the Efernal Joy" was born

Mary! the sound of whose sweet name Is music in the mourner's ear; "Tis thou shalt be my "Traveller's-joy,"
My comfort in this vale of tears.

No earthly bloom is haif so fair, No star so bright in heaven above, As thou, sweet Lily of the Vale, The Mystic Rose of Jesus' love.

Lead, then, my weak and faltering steps; Shine down each day from heaven

Life's darkest ways I'll bravely tread, With thee for guide, sweet Morning

S. M. B. in Ave Maria.

The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.-THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"That child disturbed his head," he "and put all his thoughts away; and talked words about nothing, and knew nothing a man cared to know; and wasted his memory by not allowing him to strengthen it with committing verses, an exercise greatly recommended in a book on the mind. He never spoke to her; why did she come bothering him, and asking him to play with her? as it men played like foolish girls! If, indeed, she had been a lady, such as poets wrote about, all clad in white, wreathed in flowers, and carrying a wand, then a man might stay indoors occasionally and ask her what she knew of which he didn't; what she had seen out there."

These words had been poured into no human ear, but imparted to the October wind, as it blew seaward from the shore.

"Was he ever to be let away out of this grey green life on the moss, among worthy men dwelling outside the world? The pillars of the great world must be rubies and sapphires and topaz, and not like those red-brown rocks; and in the great world it is always sunshine and the singing of birds." He paused. A lark puzzled expression. was singing right overhead. He listened and tears came into his eyes. When the yours of age?" song was over, he cried out passionately:
"What is the lark formed of that he

can sing so? He seems made altogether drives him mad. But I have only that perception of beauty which makes me conscious his imperial beauty lies hid somewhere concealed from my drill eyes. The lark sees all; I little. Shall I ever see all? and if the lark of this dull shore sings so, how must the larks of the great world sing? and, maybe, if I heard the larks of the great world sing, I should know of a greater beauty than this lark spoke of. Perhaps if I heard a finer songster still, I might be able to reach the revealed, as far as the bird which has

Now, this neglect of home most serious ly grieved little Mary. In her heart she believed that no one in Killard was to be compared to John Lane. She felt sure he was far cleverer than Father Murtagh and Mr. Heywood in one. Lest she should be accused of heresy and ingratitude, added to pre-umption and ignorcome Father Murtagh." she asked imaginary skeptics, "make small currachs like their John?" and supposing for a moment, admitting for a some the state of the stat the absurd supposition that the priest could make the currachs, "Could be and perplexed by this question. He please," she asket in all meckness, because she was certain of an overwhelming victory, "Could be make oars and taken enough notice of you to love you sails and masts for those currachs as as I now do my dear, only that you rereached the village that one of them, which John had given to a young boy, It's because I don't remind him of one had been sold for five silver shillings in the knew long ago. the wise vast town of Clenmore, where these currachs were, seriously, as no-

had had a celd and was forbidden to go might read what she chose, fiction and out, what had that really to do with the fairy-tales.

Had not be sat in the chimney-place, should now go on with her education. she on a stool, that one there with the big chip out of it belong the great work? walk with her along the beach, explain-by meditation and a desire to practice to be here in the body doctrine found therein. -yes, helping; for she had letched and ling matters to her, and that would be stirred the glue, and he had allowed her; better than books. She should have letto drop one large bead of glue on a join- ters for instruction and books for pasing when he could not remove either of time, if she could only come back to him. Pil.s? They are a positive cure for sick his hands from the pieces of wood he Ah! he awoke from his dream and looked headache, and all the ills produced by his hands from the pieces of wood he Ah! he awoke from his dream and looked held. And had she not plagued her down. mother until her mother taught her to knit, and then she made that quilt for much of, my dear, was very fond of read-the bed? For some reason or other the ing books, books for people of her age," quilt was all in puckers and would not he murmured very tenderly.

iie flat; but who cared for that if it kept her doll beautifully warm, and was, moreover, part and parcel of, or at least a necessary addition to, the bedstead; no one had ever seen a bedstead without a

Why wouldn't John remain some time in the house, and not be always going out to sen or to read? It was those books did it all. Yes, they solely were man's face, to blame for John's absence, for of course "But you every man must fish, but no other man in the village gave up his spare time to had it."

Dut you can t read, my dear."

"No. but I'd do something with it if I had it."

Then again, why was he so universally contemptuous to her? She could do things he couldn't do, and often mended his clothes when they wanted it, and often even when they didn't, and he could no more set a stitch than she could handle one of the great heavy oars. Why would be always call her "child," now that every one else said she had grow; such a big girl?

It was all the work of those hateful books. He had never spoken of any big girl mentioned in one of those books. They were all fearful accounts of hateful places far away, and wars and deserts "Whose is this?" he asked. and villages, that had water streets and red men and poetry, and such things that never were anywhere -- that was, at least, anywhere any one went to, Killard or she might speak out. lonmore, for instance. "Mine," she answe

Why Jos, poor our seed, times kinder, and sat by her, and tolowed her, and lay in her lap ever so long, and purred when she rubbed his poor old ingly.

"I got it for you, John."

"For me!—for me? Got such a book where we will be a child where a child." in the dark, coming on her unawares. She hoped poor dear old Jos would never learn to read those abominable books, for, if he did, all would be over, and he'd never do anything but sit on a chair near the candle, with his shoulders stuck up, reading away and turning the leaves over with his paw, after first wetting it at his mouth. And he'd never come and sit beside her, and he'd his if she rubbed bad.

I you cough, succee, sign of yawn, according to the provided miserably, and, worse than all, it not loud but privately; and speak not in your yawning, but put your handker-chief for hand before your face and turn aside. (The original French bids one avoid yawning because it shows weariness him, and scrape if she took hint in her arms; and as to frightening her in the

And here the poor little maiden would break wholly down, and cry at the heartreading picture her imagination had painted.

But it was John's contempt for her.

first because she happened to be a girl, and second because she knew nothing, that stung her most of all. She often thought over the distressing situation, and at last she resolved to consult her friend the old philosopher, because she felt assured the knew everything, and because he never retailed anything that others said to him, and he'd speak to no one about the sad matter. So one day, when they were together, she introduced the subject covertly to him.

what is in books?"

and stroking her chestnut hair, and look-

every subject in the world." "And are there books about all kinds covers. of people?"
"Yes."

" Men and women, and fishermen, and learned men and clever people?" "Yes. They are called biographies, or

Her hones were rising.

And are there books about girls of tweive?" "Eh?" he said, looking at her with a

She was very earnest and very eager.

"Girls of twelve," he muttered, (o):
sidering the question. "Well I don't
limits of the pression. "Well I don't
sidering the question. "Well I don't
limits be that Lane did not recognize the result of the pression of the result of the pression."

It might be that Lane did not recognize the result of scientific point of view; and up to that

"Ah!" she thought, "he says the same. Then, why do you like me asked boldby, looking straight into his eyes.

"Because—because, my dear," his voice shook a little, "you remind me-you are very like some one I once knew." He had never told her of the dead Mary. He did not wish to sadden her with such a tale.

" And is this the reason?"

"Yes, my dear."
"And if I wasn't like that person, you You'd stay

wouldn't like me a bit? You'd stay away all day and read books in Father agency, not only to a knowledge of who

Mr. Heywood was rather confounded

summarized it, and answered widely: "It is most likely I should not have

John had? were not these very same minded me of some one."

currachs the wonder and admiration of "Then," she said, dropping her eyes Killard? and had not a distracting remore and her hand and drooping spiritlessiy. "I know why our John doesn't like me,

She had betrayed herself, but the old everything could be got in shors. But man only smiled, he was thinking of that some one long ago, and he words reached inattentive ears. The talk of books with Think of the wonderful day of happisher worked strangely in his mind. ness she had spent beside John when he He remembered how he had led another is a well of thought there which has no fashioned that marvelous bedstead for her little girl to read abstruse sciences, and bottom. The more you draw from it the rag doll! Yes, atter all, the day so spent how sometimes he had found out she more clear and pleutiful it will be. John, was more miraculous than had put away the books of his selection the bedstead i self, though all had said, and taken up some idle fairy-tale. Ah! the bedstead's likeness had never before it she might only come back again he issued from human hands. He had never should never think of chiding her, even

Somehow he did not feel as though he

"The person that you remind me so

"And are there books for girls of twelve?" she asked rapidly.

"Yes; there are books for girls of twelve. I did not think of that kind of a

You s. all have one."

Kissed his cheek.

The old man kept his promise, and in less than a week she got a brand new copy of "Cinderella." With the greatest secresy she placed this book where she knew John would be sure to find it as he went to bed. Next morning when she went to bed. Next morning when she came out, she found him looking at it. She grew searlet with excitement, for

She had been secret so far, because she did not feel certain he would look at the to be with some sign of respect to these book if he knew 'twas hers. But now

"Mine," she answered timidly, exam-Why Jos, poor old Jos, was a thousand ining his face for symptons of reforma-

for a man! Why, do you know, it's a might be added nowadays, but in Washsilly fairy-story that no one but a child would care to look at? It's not true, not more location. a word of it."

Peor little Mary! Her fine plot had If you cough, sneeze, sigh or yawn, do

After a space of grief she stiddenly sprang up, left the house, and sought the

breathlessly. "Yes, my dear." "And they can read men's books if they're taught?"

"Certainly.

"Could you teach me?"

very interesting at first, but afterwards out to leave it uncovered." it becomes so.

our John ?'

"Will you teach me and begin today?"

"Yes, my dear."

ing sadly and fondly into her eyes, perhaps he'd sit and make a car for her that opening windows and raising or "There are books that deal with almost dolly, while they both spoke of those to the per-every subject in the world."

perhaps he'd sit and make a car for her that opening windows and raising or dolly, while they both spoke of those to the per-every subject in the world."

CHAPTER IX. JOHN LANE WANTS TO SEE.

That night on which Cahill visited the Bishop's Island proved too much even for his resolution. He introduced Mr. Heywood to Martin and Martin's daughter, and leaving him in Killard—for the old man had been easily persuadod, once he saw and spoke to the child— Cahili went back as quickly as he could not the eyes, latt not one cyclrow higher "Are there books about girls of twelve to Clonmore. Even on the way he felt, than the other, dry not the month, far from easy; the dumb man might at land bedew no man's face with your that moment be on the road, following spitth by approaching too near when you

of some fine perception of beauty that difference from the difference from a difference from the differenc disquieting reflection, and worn out as not on any one. (The French adds, age they generally do nothing that would be was, he kept his eyes busy with the "Pluck not any person's dress while make a man write their history or bio- road, now this way, now that, until he speaking to them. graphy. There was Joan of Arc, but she arrived at the town. On finding himself was more than twelve, I think, before tonce more in his old familiar room his she became famous. Yes, more than twelve. You see, girls of such an age are uninteresting to writers, as a rule."

and the became famous. Yes, more than abaved, and yielding to his exhaustion, he threw himself on his bed and shept soundly and dreamlessly until night.

When he awoke it was too late to think of going out, and even if it had been carner, he did not like the idea of risking an encounter with that man. Why Lane had brought his gun with him down that path, Cahill could not understand, but he might at this moment be opposite his him also by invisible and superhuman the intruder had been, but also to some hideous form of vengeance? This was the most alarming of all thoughts; better, a thousand times, an infuriated man with a munderous weapon than an invisible and supernatural form of destruction.

He arose, stole softly to the window, and peered cautiously into the street.

Not a soul in view. This native evidence went far to con-

him in no usual way. After a long period of agonized care neglected. he became somewhat more reassured, for it suddenly occurred to him that although several hours had passed since his visit, the operations of Darkness had not been employed against him.

(TO BE COSTISUED.)

You cannot fathom your mind. There

sat a whole day indoors before; and if he in Greek, for such a transgression. She dealers persuade you that some other solved to return to his home to visit his

Often read spiritual books; then, like a the holy doctrine found therein.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver disordered fiver. Only one pilea dose.

Murmurs are ravenous wo'ves that destroy the flock into which they enter. -St. Vincent de Paul.

YOUTHS DEPARTMENT.

A SORROWFUL SONGLET.

twelve. I did not think of that kind of a book a while ago. They often contain something about little girls."

"Oh, how I wish I had one!" she cried, clasping her hands amt looking with full sweet blue eyes into the old man's face.

The bullfrogs wept by the river bank, And the water tood combed her hair; The sea serpent sigh d as down he sank; And the caples shricked in dispair.

"the, why did you came." Why are you here?" they dry under the merimaid, in accents of wee, The obster called through the twilight drear, "Say, why in the world don't you go.""

"But you can't read, my dear."

"No, but I'd do something with it if I ad it."

"You shall have one, little Mary.

She put her arms round him and signed the cheek.

"The sea horses kicked up their heels.

-Harper's Young People.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

The following from an ancient French book on manners may be studied by the young with profit:

that are present.

Show nothing to your friend that may affright him. (Faire mol an cour is the original; "grieve or affright" conveys the entire sense.)

In the presence of others sing not to yourselt with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet. (Do not whistle, able.

of one's company,

Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you dark by putting his cold rough nose in old philosopher.

"Can girls read like men?" she asked should hold your peace, walk not when

Put not off your clothes in the presnce of others, norgoout of your chamber half-dressed. (The French rule adds to this, "And although you have a servant "If you wish me to do so. It is not to make your bed, take care when you go

At play and at fire it is good manners "How soon could I learn? How long to give place to the last comer, and affect would it take be ore I could read like not to speak louder than ordinary. (This last phrase is a mistranslation. "That would depend greatly on your. The French warns players not to become noisy.)

Spit not in the fire, nor stoop low before it, neither put your hands into the uced the subject covertly to him.

"Mr. Heywood, would you tell me and read the books he read, and all in upon the fire, especially if there be meat secret, and then some day or other, some before it. (The original alds that unless "Oh, my dear! that is a question I day of purple triumph, she would speak there is very great need of giving atten-could not answer in a hundred years," to him of matters in the books he read, then to it, the care of the fire should be he replied with a smile, taking her hand; and he would be astonished; then he'd left to those having it in charge. Any have to talk to her about these matters; person of moderate intelligence can see

> When you sit down keep your feet firm, and even without putting one on the other or crossing them.

Shift not yourself in the sight of others, nor gnaw your nails. (The French says, "Stretch not yourself," and warns against paring the nails in public, a thing which is too often done in these manicuring days.)

Shake not the head, feet or legs, roll

declare, and maintain that his Holiness Leo XIII, held the conversation, which

Keep your nails clean and short, also your hands and teeth clean, yet without showing any great concern for them.

Do not pull up the cheeks, loll not out the tongue, rub the hands or beard, thrust out the lips, or bite them, or keep the lips too open or too close. (The French says, "Vest une ribanee to do these things.")

Be no flatterer, neither play with any that delights not to be played withal,

Read no letters, books or papers in vulgar means of chastisement against come not near the books or writings of him? Could not the Power which helped another so as to read them. asked; also look not high when another is writing a letter.

> Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave. The gestures of the body must be suit-

> ed to the discourse you are apon, Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor desight to put them that have in mind thereof.

Superfluous compliments and all firm his worst fears. Anger would reach affectations of ceremony are to be avoided, yet, where due, they are not to be

OBITUARY.

By the death of Patrick B. Barrett, which took place at his father's rest-dence, Godmanchester, County of Huntingdon, Monday, Match 23rd, a gloom has been east over the entire community. Deceased was the eldest son of Mr. Denis Barrett, and was born in this county 34 years ago. After spending several years in California, he went to Alaska, where Why suffer from catarrh and all its he held, for the past five years, the disagreeable symptoms when Nasa' Bam position of foreman in the Ireadwell will permantly erre you? Do not let Mining Co. A tew months ago no reremedy is just as good; ask for Nasal parents, and to renew the former friend-ship of his companions, intending to return to the place of his choice in a short while; but, a few days before the expirasheep, running the good thou I ast taken, by meditation and a desire to practice the holy doctrine found therein.

tion of his visit, he was attacked with pneumonia, and died after a brief illness to 10 days. He had the consolation of receiving the last Holy Sacrament and all the spiritual contorts which the Catholic Church can afford, and in the presence of his grief-stricken friends he eatmly breathed his last.

> Ethel (ambitious): "What would you do if you had a voice like mine?" Maud (spiteful): "I'd try to put up with it."

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A curious story is going the rounds of the Roman press. A young French writer, one of the editors of the Figure, M. Jean de Bonnefon, applied for an audience with the Pope a short time against the estence. audience with the Pope a short time ago with the ostensible motive of asking pardon for having published a book entitled "The Coming Pope," which was placed on the Index last year. Like the merciful father that he is, Leo XIII. Key's Low Water Alarm, eceived the prodigat in a semi-public audience and spoke a rew berevolent words, of no political consequence, to him. The interview lasted one minute. Now this was not at all what M. Bonnefon had expected and by no means coincided with his jeurnalistic plans concerning his visit to the Vatican. He had the good forcune to become acquainted with certain details of the conversa-tion wihch Leo XIII, had just had with the French Deputy, M. Piou, with regard to Cardinal Lavigerie's views. His fertile imagination appropriated the conversation as having been addressed to himself, Jean de Bonnefon, instead of to M. Pion. Of cours: numberless contradictions did not fail to immediately follow the bold assertion. But with effrontry that nothing seems to shake the clever French journalist persists in his declarations in spite of many and indignant contradictions. He argues "Can anyone deny my interview with his Holiness? Most decidedly not, for everyone could see my audience letter. Can anyone deny that the Pope spoke with me? On this head there can be no doubt. Who can say what passed during my audience? Only the Sovereign

Between the acts, "Do you think Wagner's theory of music is sound, pro-tessor?" "Yes—too much."

Pontiff and myself, as there were no other witnesses. Well, then I repeat,

I have reported, with me. Of course

the imaginative journalist knows that

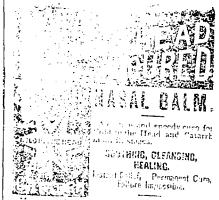
Leo XIII, will not notice his statements.

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