

LOVE WAS TRUE TO ME.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Love was true to me True and tender. I who ought to be Love's defender. Let the cold winds blow Till they chilled him. Let the winds and sun Shroud him—and knew That I killed him.

Years he cried to me To be kinder. I was blind to see, And grew blinder. Years with soft hands raised, Fondly reaching, Wopt and prayed and praised. Still beseeching.

When he died, I woke, God, how lonely! When the gray dawn broke On one only. Now beside Love's grave I am kneeling, All he sought and gave I am feeling.

Unpublished poem from the life of John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassell Publishing Company.

The Mystery of Killard.

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

CHAPTER III. Continued.

"And suppose?" pursued Cahill, who now thought the old philosopher was in a trance, during which he could see things hidden. "That one thought there was something more than earthly things had to do with it—suppose he thought Darkness had a hand in these things, would you count a man a fool if he asked his life to find it out?"

"No." With a sudden movement, the old man rose upright and uttered a hoarse cry of grief. He attempted to rush forward, but stumbled over Cahill's feet. Evidently he had completely forgotten the other's presence. With hands outstretched and haggard face, he stood a moment as though he had seen an apparition, then moaned out in a hoarse, heart-broken voice. Laying his hands down, and sinking down on the old mat:

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOADSTONE ISLAND.

The dull day passed into a gloomy evening. No cheerful sunshine broke through the oppressive monotony of cloud overhead. Gradually the light faded away over the dull leaden water of the ocean, and heavy darkness descended. There was not a breath of wind. The air hung to the earth like a sodden garment; all elasticity seemed to have departed from it, and it lay as though nature were settling down for ever into prodigious calm.

"If he keeps on like this, I don't know how things may go," thought Cahill; "but for the present it's just as well as it is." At a little after eight, Cahill turned to Mr. Heywood and said: "The journey and the sea air, and the sight of little Mary Martin have tired you greatly, sir; don't you think you'd be better in bed?"

the light, and lay down without undressing himself further. Thus he remained an hour, until the old man's regular breathing showed that he slept soundly. By this time the whole village was plunged in darkness and the silence of the grave, save for the weary moaning of the ocean on the invisible shore. Then Cahill, who had not closed an eye, but lay planning and hoping, and fearing, rose as slowly and softly as a cat, caught up his coat and boots, took the candle out of the socket and put it carefully in a pocket of the coat; after this he stood a moment breathless, listening intently. Not a sound outside the room but that of the uneasy sea; in the room the quiet breathing of a sleeping man. All was right so far.

Treading on his toes he approached the window, and raised the sash, inch by inch, with elaborate care; when it reached the level of the button he turned the button up, let his coat and boots fall out of the window, swung himself softly over the sill, and reached the ground of the yard. With as great stealth as before, he lowered the sash, and having put on his boots and coat, crossed the yard, climbed the low wall, and found himself in a narrow alley leading to the main street of the village.

"So far so good," he muttered to himself, as he trod softly into the main street, and took the way towards the beach. When he had gained the sands he paused and listened. No footfall came from the village. He looked—no light burned. He was quite familiar with the place, and moved without hesitation. Often before had he wandered on the sands by night, or sat upon the cliff near the Bishop's when the people of Clonmore wondered where he was and when the villagers had no suspicion he lingered in their neighborhood.

It was impossible to see anything on land; a faint phosphorescent light shimmered over the water, the lower lines of the cliffs and the vast rocky bars at the mouth of the bay were dimly revealed. A while he bent his ears toward the sand. "Yes," he whispered, "it's near High water now; I'll not have to pull for far, and the old will help me out of the bay."

Thrusting his hand into a pocket, he took something out, and walked, without any symptom of hesitation or doubt, to a low, flat rock where several curachs lay bottom up. Raising one of these, he crept in under her, let her fall back, struck a match and lit a dark lantern, which was the thing he had taken from his pocket a few seconds before.

"It struck it in the open air, some one might see me, and I don't want that," he said. He shut the door of the lantern and directed the light from the bull's-eye upon the mast, and sail, and oars, and thowp-pins lying under the boat.

"All right, all right; this is the best curach; she has thowp-holes for souls; I saw that to-day. But I must have a second mast. I got it from under the next boat." Smoothing the slide across the bull's-eye all was pitch dark again. Then he crawled out from under the canvas boat, placed his lantern on the ground near the next curach, and began carefully cutting the boat he had been under toward the water. This was no very difficult task, for the rock was quite smooth and sloped gently outward.

mammoths, and sea serpents of prodigious size and lathsome forms. The terrible melancholy of the scene crushed this solitary man's spirits until, notwithstanding his physical exertions, the cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and down his face, and hung upon his beard. He was now widely wishing he had never undertaken this desperate adventure. The portentous calm and ominous silence roused his superstitious terrors. Were these ramparts a safeguard set by Darkness round that solitary man on that lonely island? Had he really relations with the invisible, and was the invisible befriending him by thus making hideous the night upon which he, Cahill, essayed to pierce the mystery of that man's solitude?

Could it be that the invisible itself re- sented his design, and would the resentment go no further? Where would it stop? Might there not be some vapor on that rock which would suffocate any man but Jane himself or one used to it, like the Fool? The Spirit of Tears, the peaceful, sad Spirit of the coast, had often been seen grieving over the Bishop's; was this because wicked spirits held sway there? Did it not seem that Darkness had there founded a colony on earth, and there held malign sway for the protection or in the service of the pagan outcast of a Christian race? What might not be there? Shapes that would affright to madness, sounds that would drive the currents of the blood back into the heart until the heart burst in terror?

Miserable fool that he was! Why did he not live his life quietly at Clonmore, and give himself no trouble about this accursed man and this accursed island? He had money enough of his own; why could he not let the dead nute be? Should he go back? Turn the curach's head toward Killard, stall with all his might, replace the boat, push into his room and cover himself up securely against this awful night and the unendurable fancies of what might be on that appalling island?

To lie safely in bed, in a good man's house, free from evil design, or design that the invisible might deem evil, to lie and think about the morning, the fresh sweet morning and lonely whistles and talk with homely, wholesome men and women who worshipped God and did no great wrong to neighbors, and were applauded by ekeymen and other honest folk—what a blissful picture compared to this!

Compared to floating through this soul- deadening air, through this impenetrable darkness towards, perhaps, a darkness more abominable than the fancy of man had ever pictured! He loosened his necktie, but did not alter his course. The influence of a life-long fascination overrode the reasons or qualms of the hour. It seemed to him, debate it as he might, the boat's prow would continue to point south until it touched the Bishop Island, just under the terrace. The Loadstone Island of fable never drew ship more surely than the mystery of this rock sucked Christopher Cahill towards it through the blind, sightless air. He now became conscious of his utter helplessness.

He couldn't go back; no, not if he had the assurance his worst fancies would be realized. At his start he had detested the guarding influence of the place, and that influence which would have repelled him before he had launched the boat now impelled him irresistibly to follow out his scheme. He felt as though his will sat by, manacled and powerless, and saw him, with headlong but a chasm whose depths were peopled with things too wild and too vile for human eyes to see without destruction.

A sharp shock. Merciful heaven! he had arrived already. He jerked the curch in out of the rowlocks, dropped his head into his open palms, and sat covering and half-simmered for a long while. The sea was not as tranquil as might have been expected, and shivering that there had been some wind on some days. The water was not as smooth as it was, but it was not as rough as it was, and the light curach glided as smoothly as the top of a feather. She was still lying in the bay, but had drifted half a cable's length from the island.

into the step, he got his shoulder under the mast, raised it upright, and clasped it with the iron hoist-stay in the wharf. This double-top-weight made the curach very crank. She rolled dangerously from side to side. Seizing the oars he pulled once more to the island. Meanwhile, the opening in the vault of cloud had greatly increased. It was no longer circular, but stretched in a narrow defile from east to west, the eastern end reaching almost to the shore, the western nearly to the horizon. The edges of the clouds shone white as though a moon had risen behind them, but no trace of moonlight fell upon the ocean or upon the shore. Owing to these shining clouds and the great addition of starlight the island could be plainly seen, and even the detail of its front made out.

Cahill knew every crevice of that storm-worn shaft. Without hesitation he pulled in under the northern corner of the terrace. Here opened a narrow gap or cleft. The sides were smooth, and when the boat had been dragged in, she rose and fell on the broken swells, now lightly touching the polished side to the right, now that to the left. Above Cahill hung the perpendicular side of the island on the left, as he stood up and faced the bow. On his right, the rock rose twenty feet in a straight line; then there was a break—a notch, as it were, in the great wall, and above this notch the surface looked irregular and jagged, and slanted inward. This notch was the terrace, and this broken ground the region of the path. Over the cliff, above the damp glittering sides of the island, spread a visible plain of dark heavy cloud.

[To be Continued.]

What Have You Done?

Glancing over the newspapers devoted to the interests of the various mutual associations we are struck with the space devoted in all to appeals to the members to take hold of the finances with more vigor, and a greater determination to make the work of the association a success. Splendid articles, written by society men of national reputation, are constantly printed and the surprise is that they apparently have so little effect. It would seem that very little reflection should be needed to show the members that the success of the association depends upon the efforts of the individual members; that they must work in order to insure the safety of the protection they have provided for their families. The clearly marked distinction between the old line companies and the mutual associations is that while the former have an army of well-paid agents always ready to further their interests, the latter must depend mainly upon the voluntary and gratuitous work of members. Self-interest is usually the keenest possible incentive to work. In one form or another this principle governs all the business and social life of the community. It is eminently true of the mutual associations, where self-interest should lead every member to do some hearty and earnest work in securing new members.

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Reserve Fund.

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By some means the Reserve Fund Article has been changed, so that instead of one of the trustees who is under bonds, having possession of the Reserve Fund prior to depositing it in Bank, said fund is, by section 5 of Reserve Fund Article, new constitution, placed in the hands of Supreme and Grand Presidents, who are not under bonds. The Treasurer of the council is, per order, to remit to the President of the council the Reserve fund money by drafts payable to the order of the Board of Trustees of the council. The President on receipt of said draft "shall endorse the same and procure the endorsement of the trustees." Then what? The constitution says, he shall deposit it, etc. He may do so, or he may not; "we trust to his honesty." Then why not trust to the honesty of those other officers (equally as honest so far as we know) and not exact bonds from them? Perhaps the chairman of the committee that compiled the new constitution, and who, we are informed, is Grand President of New York Grand Council, can explain why so important a matter was overlooked.—Catholic Record.

The Artist and the Mechanic.

Who is the artist and who is the mechanic? An artist is simply a workman who knows what he is doing, and does it as well as he possibly can. The workman of whom this may be truly said is always an artist, and generally obtains an artist's pay. The mechanic, properly speaking, is the man who does things in a mechanical way. Workmen may do the same kind of work with exactly the same tools; but one may be an artist, and the other is called an artificer or mechanic. The one is learned by the uttermost use of the principles, and the measuring of what he does, but the very best way of doing the tools to produce mechanical results is to use the other, perhaps, has gone no deeper than the surface of it, and does it more or less automatically, as he has been taught.

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