THE DEATH OF FRANCIS XAVIER.

BY REV. BEN JOHNSON.

[Suggested by the noble painting by Raphael Menge in the gallery of Mr. John G. Hopkins, Baltimore. The flame-hearted "Apostle of India," here shake triumphantly into the army of death; the dark-winged angel becomes the radiant messenger of consolation; the arm that strikes down the mighty as a pillow of down supports the head of the spiritual conqueror. With the grace of a willing sympathy the angel yields the victory to the Christian hero, disarmed by the peace which crowns his brow and the smile which lingers upon his eloquent lips! By a miracle of art the Christ breaks away from the crucifix before him to welcome and receive his spirit, while upon the opening heaven two cherubs of Raphaelite beauty smile down upon the scene, a noble conception worthy of the successor of the divine Raphael.]

Angel! with thy raven wing
Couch of mortals shadowing;
Darkening, blinding human sight,
Shrouding earth in starless night,

Mighty is thy mastery,
Power and empire bow to thee!
Thou to guilt so terrible
Where thy sting and terror tell!

Strongest loves 'tis thine to part,
Here love's minister thou art;
Foiled its strength to crush or harm,
Downy-soft thy pillowing arm.

Gracious thy transfigured face
Triumph lost in tenderness;
Heavenly fair art thou to faith,
Where thy victory, O death?

Canst thou from God's love, so great,
Soul of love e'er separate?
Canst thou, dark-winged angel, ever
That bright golden life-cord sever?

Ah! he loved this hero-saint,
Scorned all hardship's weak complaint;
Cross upon his heart of flame,
Word of battle—Jesus' name!

With the zeal of God inspired
Sovereign duty's ardor fired
Faith that tired not, drooped, nor failed.
Seas he traversed, mountains scaled.

India's ancient plains he trod,
Claimed a continent for God;
Toiled with apostolic grace
To redeem an abject race.

One great thought—"one thing" supreme
Dying Christ his living theme;
Gloried in the cross alone—
Mercy's cross—Messiah's throne.

Wrought and died! but is this death?
Triumph fills his parting breath;
Victory's majesty of peace
Glorifies the martyr's face.

Conflict ended, cometh rest,
Death's fair bosom holds him blest;
While upon the bending sky
Cherub forms smile graciously.

Miracle of art and grace,
Breaking from His cross-nailed place,
Christ with arms of royal love
Bows to bear His saint above.

Blessed end of love and faith!
Grand discomfiture of death!
Glorious life that never dies,
Conquers earth and wins the skies!

—*Catholic Mirror.*

LADY KILDARE;

—OR,—

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

'Come in dear,' said the Lady Nora wearily, flinging herself upon a low luxurious silken couch. 'I am alone.'

'You're very tired, Nora, darling,' said the Lady Kathleen, approaching her young stepsister, and kneeling beside her. 'Your guardian's are here.'

'So old Dennis told me. They have gone up to their rooms, I suppose?'

'Yes. Sir Russel is looking very ill and very anxious. His lawyer is also here.'

'So much the better,' said the Lady Nora. 'I have made up my mind to fight for Kildare, if I have the faintest ground of hope to go upon. What do you think of my rival claimant, Kathleen? He has frightened old Dennis till the poor old man looks frightfully. He has quarrelled and fought with Mr Mahon, and asserted his ownership to Kildare in the most vulgar manner. My aversion to him has increased to loathing.'

'And so has mine. You saw Larry?'

'Yes; and—and Kathleen,' returned Nora, blushing vividly, 'he has offered me a home at Glen O'Neill. He loves me, and has asked me to be his wife. And though I don't intend to marry him under some years, for I won't be a clog and incumbrance to him, yet I am glad to know he loves me.'

'I have known it all along,' said the Lady Kathleen. 'Did you see Lord Trechan?'

'No; he has gone to Belfast to consult the lawyers, and see if he cannot break the strange marriage.'

The Lady Kathleen's face glowed with a great joy.

'He has not deserted me then,' she said. 'And yet it would be better for him if he would. I cannot break this marriage, Nora. I dare not.'

'Bassantyne has not been here this morning.'

'No; but I expect him here every moment. He is liable to come at any time. And that reminds me that you will have scarcely time to dress for the audience with your guardians and Sir Russel's lawyer. I will leave you.'

She went out. Lady Nora touched her bell, and soon after her maid, or companion, Aileen Mahon, the land steward's pretty daughter, made her appearance.

Her ladyship's toilet was then entered upon. The Lady Nora's pride had been stung by her rival claimant's proceedings, and she was determined to show to him that she had not succumbed to adversity yet, or wholly given over her belief in the justice of her own claims. Therefore she paid unusual heed to her attire.

She was fairly radiant when at last she stood before her long pier-glass and surveyed her reflection in the mirror.

Her small feet were inclosed in dainty, high-heeled bronze slippers. Her dress was of bronze-hued silk, soft and thick, and with a peculiar golden gloss on its shimmering folds. It was worn long, with graceful tunic and train. Her hair rippled as usual over her shoulders, and just above her forehead a coquettish bronze-colored bow nestled among her perfumed tresses.

'There, Aileen, I'll do,' she said wearily. 'My hair, eyes, dress and slippers are all of a color. I look like a 'Brownie,' as papa used to call me.'

She turned from the mirror and went to the window.

She was standing there in a sorrowful attitude, when a knock was heard at her door, and a servant entered, bringing a message that Lady Nora would join her guardians in the drawing room.

'Say to them I'll be down directly,' she made answer.

A minute later she set out to obey the summons.

In the wide corridor outside the door she encountered Redmond Kildare, the rival claimant, who was walking slowly back and forth, evidently awaiting for her.

He sprang toward her, offering his arm.

She declined the civility haughtily.

'I wish to escort you to the drawing room, Lady Nora,' he said. 'We are both about to appear before a tribunal which is to decide upon our respective claims to the proprietorship of Kildare. It is fitting that we should appear together, in seeming friendliness, at least.'

'I cannot feign a friendship,' said the Lady Nora, coldly. 'And it occurs to me that your faith in your triumph has been not very delicately asserted already, Mr. Kildare.'

'I'm afraid I'm no courtier,' responded her rival, with considerable complacency, 'but I am honest. I fear that want of delicacy is a family failing. I have displayed it in the assertion of my claims, you think, and you have displayed it in your morning call upon a lover, I think.'

He laughed softly, looking at her with his half-shut, gleaming eyes.

The Lady Nora paled, then flushed to the hue of the wild rose. Without a word she swept past him with the hauteur of a duchess, descended the broad stairs, and made her way to the drawing-room.

Redmond Kildare followed her, still laughing softly.

He opened the door for her, and she swept into the drawing room without a glance at him. He followed her, closing the door behind him.

There were three gentleman grouped around a table near the sea windows of the drawing room. They arose as by one impulse, at the entrance of the young heiress.

These gentlemen were the Lady Nora's associate guardians, Sir Russel Ryan, of England, Mr Michael Kildare, of Dublin, and Sir Russel's lawyer, Mr. Wedburn, an Englishman.

The Lady Kathleen was seated at one of the windows.

Mr Michael Kildare came hurrying toward his young kinswoman, with a little dash of impetuosity.

He was an elderly man, with the family features of the Kildares in his features, although not in his form. He was a small man, with soft, noiseless movements and a soft, amiable manner. He was renowned for his gentleness, and it had often been said of him that he would remove a worm from his path rather than to tread upon it. He liked birds and the flowers, and all pretty, dainty things, and was fond of perfumes. His love for his neice was proverbial, and he was wont to say that he had never cared to marry while her innocent affection remained to him. He was called a confirmed old bachelor, and indeed he seemed to care for no woman save Nora.

His face was mild and gentle and amiable, the features being delicate. His forehead was retreating. He wore spectacles, which gave him something of the appearance of a professor.

The Lady Nora's heart warmed at sight of him.

'I am glad to see you, Mr. Michael,' she said, giving him her hand, which he lifted to his lips. 'You are kind to come to me so promptly.'

'As if you didn't know I would die to serve you,' returned Mr. Michael, enthusiastically. 'I should have been here earlier but that I waited for Sir Russel.'

The baronet came forward at this allusion to himself, and greeted his lovely young ward.

Sir Russel was a sturdy, honest, uncompromising sort of man, with rather a stern countenance. His complexion was florid, his hair and beard hay-colored. His judgement, Nora felt instinctively, was more to be relied upon than that of her kinsman.

She saluted him respectfully, and the English lawyer, Mr. Wedburn, a keen-brained, clear-headed elderly gentleman, was presented to her.

'I believe now that matters have been put on their proper basis,' said Mr. Kildare, rubbing his white hands softly together. 'Nora, love, I beg you to be seated.'

He placed a chair for her. The young heiress took possession of it.

The gentlemen resumed their seats. Redmond Kildare also sat down, a little apart, yet where he commanded a view of the entire group.

'The question before us, gentlemen,' said Mr. Michael Kildare, 'is to decide in an amicable manner, and to settle to the best of our ability the pretensions of these rival claimants of Point Kildare. Two of us are guardians of the young Lady Nora Kildare, the present proprietress of the estate, and as such are naturally prejudiced in her behalf. Acting, therefore, in her interests, and yet as Christian gentlemen who desire to deal justly, we will proceed to business. It is not necessary for me to say anything concerning the Lady Nora's claims. Their foundation is too well known for discussion. We will now proceed to the examination of the young man's evidences of identity, and I will then tell you, as a witness who is compelled to testify to the truth against his will, all I know in the matter.'

Redmond Kildare came forward and laid on the table his formidable packet of documents. Mr. Wedburn untied the red tape that confined them, and engaged in their close examination, assisted by the associate guardians.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OFFERED COMPROMISE.

For an hour or more the two guardians of the Lady Nora Kildare, in conjunction with Sir Russel's lawyer, Mr. Wedburn, studied closely the various documents in support of Redmond Kildare in support of his claims to the Kildare title and estates. The Lady Nora looked on in silence. The Lady Kathleen Connor kept her seat by the window, and busied herself with her needle. Redmond Kildare watched the gentlemen and the Lady Nora furtively and with equal impartiality, and with the calmness of assured victory in his manner.

At last with a gesture of utter weariness and sorrow, Mr Michael Kildare the Dublin attorney, withdrew himself from his associates and their discussion and approached his young kinswoman.

'You look tired and anxious, Nora,' he said, in his soft, gentle, feeble voice. 'This is a wearisome business, but I hope it will soon be settled. I telegraphed to Sir Russel the other day and he came on to Dublin with his lawyer sooner than I expected, so that we have arrived here not much behind Redmond himself. And by to-night, I hope, all our suspense will be ended and we shall have settled upon a course of action.'

'I hope so,' said the young Lady Nora wearily.

'My poor child?' said Mr. Kildare in a tone of sympathy and tenderness. 'This is a terrible trial for you! I wish I could tell you to hope, but I dare not. You must be prepared for the worst! We may mourn and grieve, but justice must take her course! And I know you are too honorable, proud, and just to desire wealth and honors at the expense of another.'

The young Lady Nora's lips quivered.

'Then—the case will be decided against me, then?' she asked.

The Dublin lawyer replied only by a significant silence.

Before Nora could command herself to speak again, the London lawyer, Mr Wedburn, dashed down upon the table the last of the documents submitted to his examination, and exclaimed:

'These documents seem to be perfectly genuine. And if genuine, of course they put the most serious aspect upon this business. Oblige me, Mr. Kildare, by telling us at this point all that you know concerning this new claimant to Kildare. That will give us the additional light we want, and enable us to see our way more clearly!'

'Certainly, certainly, sir,' said Mr. Michael Kildare a little nervously. 'I will tell you all I know concerning Redmond Kildare's claims. Unfortunately I know more on the subject than I wish I did!'

He glided back to his seat, and with a grave face began his narrative.

'You all know,' he said, 'that the fifteenth Earl of Kildare, the Lady Nora's grandfather, had two sons, Redmond and Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald was the father of our young Lady Nora. Redmond was supposed to have died a bachelor, some four and twenty years ago. He suffered his last illness at Point Kildare, and died here. At that time I was living in Dublin, as now, and was in the early practice of my profession. It may be as well for me to state here that I belong to a remote branch of the family, and out of the line of succession, but that I was always a favorite with the Kildares of the castle.'

'We know all that,' said Sir Russel with a slight impatience. 'Pray come to the point, Kildare!'

Michael Kildare bowed deprecatingly, his meek, pale face flushing slightly.

'I beg your pardon,' he said rather timidly. 'To come to the point. Some four and twenty years ago, Redmond Kildare lay ill here at the castle, and given over to die. It was then he sent a special messenger to me at Dublin with a letter, bidding me to come to him post-haste, as he had something to say to me before he died. I set out at once, reaching the castle two days before his death. And the day before he died, he made to me a secret communication of the utmost importance!'

'He acknowledged a marriage with an actress?' demanded Sir Russel.

'He did. He told me that he had been mad enough to marry an actress belonging to a London theatre, and named Madeline Bonham. This woman was very beautiful, gay, and dashing, and in an evil moment he made her his wife. One child—a son—was the offspring of that marriage. While this son was a mere infant in arms, Lord Redmond Kildare tired of his wife. His disenchantment was brought to a crisis by the discovery that before her marriage she had not been a woman of pure life. To introduce her as his wife, with her past record, to his proud, stern, honorable father, to his noble younger brother, and to the pure and honorable wife of his brother, required more courage and audacity than he could command. Therefore he abandoned her. He asked me if he had grounds for a divorce, but it was too late for such a step, had it been feasible. He had previously asked my opinion secretly, while on a visit to me in Dublin, on the feasibility of obtaining divorce, but it is only his death-bed revelation I desire to submit to you. The other was of less importance, and divested of the solemnity which gave the last one weight.'

'He abandoned his wife?' asked Mr. Wedburn.

'He did, and told her he should divorce himself from her, and repudiate his child. The woman, bad as she might have been, loved him, and went mad at his desertion. She was sent to a mad-house. The child was put to nurse in the country. Lord Redmond Kildare acknowledged that child to me as his own, but declared that he could not permit the son of his mad marriage, the son of his actress wife, to inherit Kildare to the detriment of Lord Fitzgerald's heir. He said the boy had bad blood, and would be but a blot upon the noble and ancient line of Kildares—'

'My father was decidedly flattering!' observed Redmond Kildare, with his sweet smile.

'I am but repeating what he said to me,' said Mr. Michael, with a feeble, deprecating way. 'You cannot blame me surely for his sentiments. Lord Redmond desired that his son should, therefore, be brought up in a position, and in total ignorance of his birth and rights. He said if the boy ever discovered the truth, and demanded of me my knowledge in the matter, I could speak, but otherwise I must keep silent. He bound me to secrecy. And then he made an pension to look after his son, to have him educated, and put into a position to earn his own support. I have kept that promise faithfully. I have never breathed Lord Redmond's secret all these years. I dared not, if I had been free to do so, tell it to the stern and proud old Earl. I dared not tell it to the late Earl, the Lady Nora's father, for he was my best and truest friend. And I would have died, if I had been permitted, without telling it to poor Lady Nora, whom I love as if she were my daughter! I would have spared her this trial at the expense of my life!'

He removed his spectacles, wiping them with his handkerchief, and then rubbed his eyes forehead.

'You know, then, that Lord Redmond Kildare left a legitimate son?' questioned Sir Russel Ryan.

'I know it!'

'You know this young man to be that son?'

'I do. I have kept trace of him all my life long. For several years he remained with the humble family in whose care he had been placed. He supplied himself their son. But when he was old enough to be sent to school, I sent to his foster parents, paid them a sufficient sum of money for the lad's expenses, and ordered him to be sent to a good free school. At my desire his foster parents informed the boy that his real name was Redmond, and that his father was dead and his mother in an asylum for the insane. At school the boy was known as John Redmond. He used at times to visit his mother, but I never showed myself to him, fearing to excite suspicions of the truth. I continued to pay his expenses and supply him with money out of my own pocket. I kept up my communications with him through his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dux. At last he chose a profession and began its study. He was still engaged in study for the law when, a month ago, his mother recovered her reason. She was sent to him. She told him her story. He set to work to gain his proof of his mother's marriage and his own identity, and finally came to me. And then I dared conceal the truth no longer. The secret was known to him, all I could do was seek to avoid scandal. I telegraphed for Sir Russel; I wrote to Nora. You know the rest.'

He concluded with considerable apparent nervousness and anxiety, and drew a long breath of relief, as if his task had been disagreeable to him.

Mr. Wedburn looked thoughtful; Sir Russel Ryan looked thoughtful and perplexed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Chapel Point Works" will be received until Tuesday, the 4th March, inclusively, for repairing and extending the Pier at CHAPEL POINT, King's County, Prince Edward Island, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to Mr. Joseph H. McDonald, Georgetown, P. E. I., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signature of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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By order,

A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 3rd February, 1890. } Feb. 18, 21

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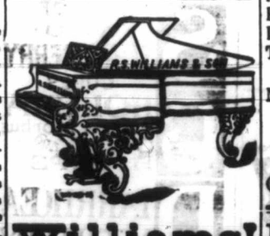

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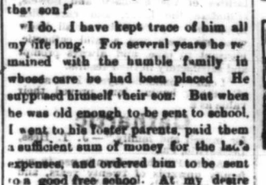

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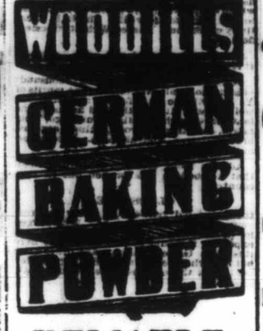

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STATIONS.	No 1.	No 3.
	A. M.	P. M.
Charlottetown	7 15	1 00
Royalty Junction	7 34	1 12
North Wiltshire	8 17	2 01
Hunter River	8 30	2 20
Kensington	9 03	2 57
Emerald Junction	9 09	4 07
Postdown	9 23	4 22
Kensington	9 40	4 45
Summerside (ar.)	10 10	5 20
Summerside (dp.)	P. M. 12 40	
Miscouche	1 03	
Wellington	1 27	
Port Hill	2 05	
O'Leary	2 23	
Bloomfield	2 45	
Alberton	4 20	
Tignish (ar.)	5 15	

TRAINS FROM THE WEST.

STATIONS.	No 2.	No 4.
	A. M.	
Tignish (dp.)	6 00	
Alberton	6 55	
Bloomfield	7 30	
O'Leary	7 54	
Port Hill	8 07	
Wellington	8 40	
Miscouche	10 15	
Summerside (ar.)	11 05	
Summerside (dp.)	P. M. 12 40	A. M. 8 00
Kensington	12 57	7 05
Postdown	12 [illegible]	7 25
Emerald Junction	12 38	7 42
Breakfast	12 45	7 52
Hunter River	1 15	8 20
North Wiltshire	1 30	8 45
Royalty Junction	2 12	9 27
Charlottetown	2 30	10 0

STATIONS.	No 8.
	P. M.
Emerald Junction...dp.	4 10
Cape Traverse ...ar.	5 00

STATIONS.	No. 10.
	A. M.
Cape Traverse...dp.	6 30
Emerald Junc...ar.	7 20

TRAINS FOR THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No 5.	No 7.
	P. M.	
Charlottetown...dp.	1 00	
Royalty Junc'n	1 30	
Bedford	1 39	
Mt. Stewart Junc. (ar.)	1 55	
Mt. Stewart Junc. (dp.)	4 15	
Midgegash	4 35	
Georgetown ...ar.	5 05	
Mt. Stewart Junc...dp.		P. M. 1 00
Bedford		1 20
N. Potton		1 31
Bear River		1 42
Hunter River...ar.		2 07

TRAINS FROM THE EAST.

STATIONS.	No 6.	No 8.
	A. M.	
Georgetown ...dp.	6 15	
Curdigan	6 45	
Mt. Stewart Junc. (ar.)	7 00	
Mt. Stewart Junc. (dp.)	9 00	
Bedford	9 10	
Royalty Junct'n	10 05	
Charlottetown ...ar	10 20	
Hunter River...dp.		A. M. 7 35
N. Bear River		7 45
N. Potton		7 56
Bedford		8 17
Mt. Stewart Junc...ar.		8 55

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