Copyrigh CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XI

"Wooden hands could do some thing after all." It was Mrs. Powel spoke those words to Judge Todd the night of the fete given to introduce her niece, and probable heiress, to the society she herself

Time had changed both since their last meeting. It has dealt more harshly with the woman, and as the Judge bowed before the black-clad who extended no welcoming hand to her guest, he sought in vain for a resemblance of the child who had been his playmate and the girl who had been his friend. Their eyes met in silence, until they went out to the veranda to see the effect of the decorations of the grounds. It was like fairyland. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees and arched the drive; the great house, from attic to basement, was a blaze of light. On the chairs, dot ing the lawn and lining the long verandas, were the youth and beauty of the land. The murmur of their voices and laughter mingled pleasing ly with the low, dreamlike music coming from the pavilion, which had been erected on the south side of the house. No expense or labor had been spared to make the occasion a notable one, and success attended the effort. The Judge had so expressed himself as he stood with the stern-featured mistress of the Park, and after a moment's silence, she had re-

"Wooden hands could do something, after all !"

His thoughts went back to things time had buried as it had their lost youth, and he unconsciously said

"Yes, they could!" And knowing he was not seeing what they had done to make beautiful the old place in honor of a stranger's coming to possess wealth to which neither had a right, she drew her thin lips into a hard line, but said nothing. Then the Judge asked: "Will you

Then the Judge asked : never forgive him, Angie ?" "Mrs. Powell, if you please, Judge Todd!" she said, in her rasping tones. "I paid well for my title!" "Pardon me," said the Judge. "But old times bear in on me so forcibly to night. Seating all these

forcibly to night. Seeing all these happy · hearted young

He stopped abruptly, and she said These things are of a time that is That question you asked not ours. me once before," she continued going back to his previous words "and my answer then is the same now, and will be the same forever."

"Do not say forever," cautioned the Judge, solemnly. "Forever is God's word, not man's. This life of our eyes, is but an infinitesimal wave in the sea of eternity. Think of its daring to rebel against the current sweeping on to the throne of Omni

tent love and forgiveness!"
'The individual was always of too little account with you, John," she said, forgetting her decision of the moment previous that the privilege of addressing each other as friends from childhood belonged to the past it were better to forget. "The spark of the eternal that animates this mortal, giving it life and power of will always remain an individual force. It will never lose lite sways it here will sway it forever. and its motive will be felt, just as of the musicians a while ago was

eard above all the harmony."
"Love is good, hate is evil; car what is avil ever become an insepar able attribute of the soul which we are taught to balieve, a part of God? Bent to evil in its mortal sojourn though it may be, do you not think it will, when the mortal has released its hold, bound back, like a Damascus blade, to its straight stature of goodness? No, no, say not that you will hold out your hatred him forever. You have dominion over your soul only to the close of life. Death hands it back to God. He may punish or He may forgive it, that it lent itself to evil; but think not that evil will continue to exist in what is then purely spiritual.

The hard lines again formed around the mouth.

"There are subjects upon which we could never agree," she said, "I must leave you now, for I hear carriages coming. But to your words I say: If I thought my soul could ever meet his and experience none of this hate which has made me impervious despair, which has sustained me under a life that otherwise had hell itself; if I thought the pain that not be felt, remembered, forever, I would believe God more cruel, more unjust than man was. I would do as the wife of Job counselled, 'Curse

The Judge lifted his hand, his fac whitening under the tender light flowing over them from one of the licately shaded lamps.
'Mrs. Powell !" he cried, his hand

She moved away from his touch

and said, bitterly :
"Ah, I have shocked you! It is not often people have the courage to ex-press their evil desires, though we hear their good ones, or affected good ones, proclaimed from the house-tops. What I am, I am, and house-tops. What I am, I am, and make no attempt at concealment, though I have not many confidants. The respect and esteem I entertain

Did I ever hold a secret from you? I had no brother, I had no sister. You amply filled their never-to-be-occupied place in my childish heart. As pied place in my childish heart. As I grew older, you were my friend. I told you how I loved him. When he proved the traitor after what I had done for him, and my love turned to hate, I told you that that hate de-

hate, I told you that that hate demanded revenge. I have had it, and it almost cheered my loneliness."
"I would not have left you lonely. I wanted to continue your friend, but you would not let me," said the Judge, for there was the bitterness of reproach in her voice as she uttered the last words.

"You could not have been true to one without having been false to the other," she said. "I knew you loved him. I would not accept any saori-

nim. I would not accept any sacri fice from my friends in the achieving of my revengeful desire, which they must naturally condemn; least of all from you, the playmate of my childhood and the friend of my youth. My affections and memories are dead, except what I have kept for you All these others, these men and women who come here to night with their sons and daughters, are as strangers to me. Their faces, almost their names, are forgotten, swept away by the revolution my soul has You alone are as a friend, and I have given you the privilege of a friend.

Then may I come again to see you ?" he asked. 'You may not," she returned, mov ing away, leaving him standing by the veranda pillar, his eyes resting on the brilliantly lighted drive be-

Looking over the velvety, sloping lawn, with its great caks and that were old when they sheltered the last red-men from the hatred of the pale faced intruder, it did not seem so long since he and Angie Kertridge had played there as boy and girl, walked there as man an. His thoughts carried him on, until they brought him to an

"Poor Angie!" and forgot the horror he had known as he had listened to A voice at his elbow roused him

hour from the remembrance of which all his life he shrank; then he said,

and turning he saw Mrs. Dallas, lean-ing on the arm of her son. "Ah, Judge," she said, sinking on one of the convenient chairs, and dismissing her son with a nod, "thinking of past times, were you, off here by yourself? I saw dear Mrs. Todd a minute ago. It is charming in her to assist here this

evening."
"What else could you expect?"
asked the Judge, the thought of his wife chasing away all his melancholy and making his tones glad.

'There was never another w like her," said Mrs. Dallas. "I didn't want to come at all this evening, but Howard insisted. You know how like his poor father he is—will not take 'no' to a wish of his, but can say 'no' readily enough, and never waver after saying it, to any-body's else wish which does not coincide with his own pleasure."

You must not come to me with fault-finding against Howard," said the Judge, smiling down on the face that still looked fresh and pretty in spite of its fifty fars. "You know he is a favorite of nine."

"I think," she said, the motherwith everybody. Even Mrs. Powell. who sends down a 'not at home' to other callers, welcomes Heward's frequent visits — more frequent, to tell you a little secret, Judge, since the advent of the charming Miss Clarisse. Now, what do you think of the young lady, who, rumor says, is Mrs. Powell's heiress?"
"What you have just said to her,

said the Judge, who had scarely given the girl a thought. "One could never get an opinion

from you, Judge, outside the court-room," commented Mrs. Dallas. "Is she not charming ?" asked the

Judge. "There she is now, going down the steps with my son The I repeat, is she not charming in that

"And the Powell jewels!" put in Mrs. Dallas, with the flicker of a laugh in her low tones.

'They become her," said the Judge instantly

That necklace of pearls she is wearing was a wedding gift to Walter Powell's mother from her husband," put in Mrs. Dallas, in a slow voice 'In the few lucid moments granted to him before he died, the old man asked that it should be given to his

wife's only son."
"That may be only hearsay, some slave's idle talk," said the Judge.
"You know his will gave all the jewels to his widow."

"It was a madman's will," said Mrs. Dallas, "and I myself heard his disposition of the necklace."

"Still the young lady is not to be blamed," urged the Judge. "Possi bly she has never heard any of these things. Her cousin gives her a pretty necklace; she does not ask it came from, nor would you expect her to do so, but wears it with all a girl's pleasure. Really, now, I am inclined to feel sorry for Miss Sears. I think there is a tendency to visit all the failings of her cousin

on her innocent head." "And so you and Mrs. Todd have taken her under your wing, as it were?" remarked Mrs. Dallas. There never was one less in need of sympathy or protection than Miss Sears, and I should advise you not to take her up too quickly, not until you have studied her character, at

for my friends and acquaintances, said the Judge. "If he prove worth of them, I shall not have to reproac myself with the early unkind senti-ments; if otherwise, he is a loser not I. You would not have me to act less generously with a woman?"
"Ah, Judge?" she laughed, "a woman can blindfold a man's eyes allothrough his life, if she so desires.

You do not understand a woman as well as a woman does. We are something like mirrors reflecting each other," and again she laughed, sottly. "Isn't that Clay Powell walking with Virginia?" she asked, motioning her fan toward a couple passing along the walk. "Howard tells me," she went on, without wait. ing for a reply to her question, "that he is a remarkable young man, one who will become a distinguished figure in political affairs. How close to truth do you think are my son's surmises?" and she turned and

gazed attentively at the face before

"In the ordinary course of events he would prove no false prophet," said the Judge. "But Clay Powell has come on the scene at no ordin ary time. As great occasions some-times make small men reach up to greatness, so they may unmake those who are already great. These latter only see in the occasion something worthy of their genius and are not impressed by the undertaking; the former, beholding a task worthy of a hero, strain every nerve to perform it heroically; and the people, mis-takingly judging from the effort, and not from the ease of performance award the victor's crown accordingly. Young Powell is in the race for the legislature, as I suppose you know. He has won his way to the front apparently without any strenuous labor. Chance or circumstance, a leap to the breach at the proper time makes half our public men, but not so with him. He has reached the head of the column simply because he be-longs there, and under ordinary conditions he would remain there without difficulty, a leader of men. But the conditions that confront us are not ordinary. Each man may soon e called upon to make his etween certain institutions of the country and abide by his choice thereafter. And Clay Powell will make the wrong choice," finished the Judge, sorrowfelly. Mrs. Dallas knew the trend of Judge Todd's political views, but as the great question had not yet developed its most alarm-ing features, she felt slight interest in it, and found discussion of it a

"The Powells may always be de pended upon to make their mark, whichever side they espouse," she replied; and gave the conversation a drift more in accordance with her gossip loving nature, by asking:
"Were you not surprised, Judge, on
finding! Walter Powell's son invited to the Park ?"

A feeling of loyalty to the woman who a little time before had spoken out her heart to him made him say evasively :

What was there surprising in it? The young man was visiting in the neighborhood. Isn't it what one would expect from the lady who was his grandfather's wife, to ask him to spend a few days with her?"

Judge Todd's loyalty to all who were or had ever been, his friends, was a

"Do you know what I think?" she said, lowering her voice. "Like the rest of us, as we grow old and time shows us how vain and foolish are all things, our poor Angie has begun to repent. I think she would like to undo all the wrong she did, only she is too proud. She will not return by the road she came, but her penniless cousin here, gives out the impression that she intends making the young girl her heiress, and invites poor Walter's son to stay with them; throws the two young people together, and trusts to fate, in the shape of Dan Cupid, youth and sweet June days, to do the rest. Miss Sears is charming, we have both agreed on that point. I am certain you will not gainsay me when I assert that Mr. Powell has all the magnetism of his father's personality, as he inherits his handsome features and noble bearing. What more natural than that her plan should succeed and Mrs. Powell's heiress give back to the grandson of the Powell of Willow-wild the heritage of which his father was defrauded?"

As she spoke the last words her before the Judge might have accepted this as the logical conclusion But the memory of his recent con-versation forbade the acceptance of that opinion. While such undying hate against the young man's father lived in her heart, he felt that the invitation had in it nothing of the good Mrs. Dallas ascribed. He smiled.

lowever, and said: " As you remarked a little while ago, women best understand each other. Some cynic has said that all women are matchmakers : first, for themselves and the man they love ; afterward, for other women and other men. No, I am not agreeing, neither would Icondemn. More good, lasting good, and happiness have been wrought by matchmakers than this world wots of."

"Yet who gives us any credit for it?" she laughed, "and who thanks us?" Her eyes left the Judge's face, and his glance following them saw that they lingered on Virginia Castle-ton, whose hand was resting lightly on the arm of Clay Powell as they stood before a beautiful arrange-ment of lanterns which represented a great American flag.

Mrs. Powell much assistance in making ready for the occasion, had disapproved of placing that emblem of her loyalty to the North in such a conspicuous place, for the flag was so arranged as to greet the eye when the sharp curve in the drive led out from the trees into full view of the house. Fully three fourths of the expected guests were firmly opposed to the political creed the national emblem was fast coming to repre-sent, and the questionable taste dis played in thus flaunting it before them jarred on his artistic temperament. But his suggestion was dis-missed with a few sharp words by Mrs. Powell, whereat Dallas shrugged his shoulders and proceeded to give the slaves the necessary directions. The majority of the guests entirely ignored the combination of colored lanterns, or raised a significant eye brow in answer to a companion's quick smile; others, more hottempered; read there a gratuitous insult, and said some things not pleasant to hear about the mistress of the Park; while one irritable old gentle-

on the great stone door step, and sharply ordered his coachman to drive him home. The rare smile crossedClay Powell's face as, with Virginia, he left the house and caught sight of the illu-mined flag.

"This is surely proclaiming one's

deposited his wife and daughter

loyalty from the housetops," was his

If we can not commend it for good taste, we must certainly admire it for its beauty," said Virginia. The effect was striking, and the gentle waving of the lanterns made a con-tinuous ripple and break of colors.

"Is it not sad," she added, after a noment's pause, "that those colors which, for our fathers, typified all that is most sacred in national life. have come to be a party emblem to inflame opposition, hatred, and dis

When the flag ceases to mean liberty, it symbolizes nothing holy to men who would be free," answered Powell. "It was evolved from the struggle made by men who held that liberty was their birthright; that when any existing form of govern-ment threatens to destroy that sacred heritage, the enforcement of that government is tyranny. This was the spirit that made the Stars and Stripes sacred, and this is the same spirit which will make it execrable the present course of the party that would deprive us of every clai

to it is followed longer.
His voice was low and earnest, and as he finished his eyes left the bars of color before him and rested with an unspoken question on his com one of the lanterns fell over his slightly bent head and touched his white brow like the flery stamp of tate; then, slanting down to Virginia, lay across the breast of her white silk bodice like a long, slender sword of blood. It reflected partly on her face with weird effect, which, catch-

ing his eyes, made him break from his thoughts to say: "She should have hung her flag higher, Why?" asked Virginia, finding

the remark a strange conclusion for his thoughtful speech. See how low its reflection falls We can not properly appreciate the effect of an illumination the light of

which is poured into our eyes." "Neither can we criticise its defects," she said. "Far enough off, you might discern that some of the lanterns are slightly out of line."

So you would have me to believe there is an extenuating circumstance in every mistake, Miss Castleton?' he asked.

You will usually find one if you "Even," asked a voice from be-hind, "in the hanging of a light so low as to mar the effect of one's toilet

and destroy one's complexion? Turning, they saw Howard Dallas. Pardon me," he continued, after an exchange of greetings, " for playing savesdropper, but my companion was overtaken by a friend who held us both, and so near we were to you I could not but catch your words. To answer your question, Mr.

Dallas," said Virginia, smiling, only occasion when there are no palliating circumstances, according to a woman's views, is when her her that any light mars her toilet or destroys her complexion. It is as trying on her Christian patience as it is for some one to tell a gentleman there is a doubt abroad as to his right to that honorable title.'

Nothing was further from the thoughts of Virginia than a personal application of her similitude, but conscience has an uncomfortable way of holding up words, however heed-lessly uttered, as a mirror for our past actions, and Howard Dallas felt a sudden warmth run along his veins. We had imagined Miss Castleton

superior to the failings of ordinary "You do not call it a failing in man that he is sensitive on a point of

" But there is a long call from the honor of a man to the vanity of a woman," he replied. "You should argue from likes. But coming from things general to things particular, may I ask if you have forgotten that we are to have dancing this evening? The grand quadrille is now forming. May I have the honor of dancing it with you, if you are not already en-

gaged ?' There was a tone in his voice that nettled Clay Powell; while a certain arrogance of face and manner, but partially concealed under the easy, indolent air, struck against his reserved, proud nature with disagrees

ble sharpness, unconsciously forcing him into an attitude of resistance. "We had not noticed the lapse of time," he said, answering before

Virginia. Then turning toward her he asked, " Is not the honor of dance

ing this quadrille mine?"

Nothing would have been easie than for her to give assent to this implied engagement, and the pleas-ure of having him for a partner above the other she would not have denied; but Virginia Castleton could not make other than the reply she did

Mr. Dallas asked for the dance first.' Young Powell caught and under-

stood the expression in her eyes, and said, instantly : "I am truly unfortunate in having forgotten, in the pleasure of your conversation, that our hostess had provided this amusement for the evening. But it you will permit me?" and he took the program and wrote down his name for half the remaining dances, Virginia making

not the slightest demur.

Dallas bit his lips, and when he found himself alone with her he asked: "Was that quite fair, Miss

Was what fair?" she questioned. "Giving all your dances to Mr. Clay Powell?" and he dragged out the name with something like scorn

"I think you will admit it is my privilege to give my dances to whom I wish," she replied, coolly. "But I did not give them all to Mr. Powell."
"May I claim those he left?" he asked, suddenly.
"You are not the only gentleman

of my acquaintance here to night," she replied, in light tones, turning to greet a group of young men approa

ing.
"Miss Castleton," he said, as they left the pavilion at the conclusion of the dance, "there is a subject upon which I wish especially to speak to you to night. Will you come with me, for a little while, to Miss Sears's nook by the morning glory trellis?"

She could not have said why she

clusion that the subject was a declar ation of his love and a proposal of marriage; but accepting it as a cer-tainty, she replied: It is too chilly after dancing Moreover, Miss Sears may object to

intruders in her favorite spot; or she may be occupying it herself." "Will you, then, come with me to the library?" he asked.

"We would not find standing room there. But can not your subject wait until some other time?" she finished. with faintly concealed annoyance.

Certainly," he replied. you know my sentiments sufficiently well to feel assured," he added, " tha there is nothing on earth I deem of such importance as your good pleas ure," and, bowing, he left her side as Clay Powell approached.
TO BE CONTINUED

THE AWAKENING OF MADELINE O'LEARY

The people about Slieveboy wer oth shocked and amazed when they neard of Denis O'Leary's marriage to Protestant, Master Denis, "such good Catholic himself with never one of the family but was that same and then to choose a wife of ar alien faith!

When with the outbreak of wa Madleine O'Leary came for the first time to her husband's Irish home the amazement to a great extent died away, though the shockedness still remained. For no one who saw the girl-she was only twenty-could many a cottage by the wastern sea prayers rose to heaven for her conversion. Perhaps in taking her to Slieveboy for those last days before his sailing orders came, and in asking her to stay at least for a time in hi old home, Denis O'Leary had had some thought of gaining these prayers, whilst at the same time placing his wife in an atmosphere of faith and Catholicity.

Like so many others, he had not the slightest idea, before he married, of the void their difference in religion would leave in his life. Had he would likewise have felt the want less deeply, but now that war was declared, and his ship was one of the first to go, his wishes for his wife were more for her sake than for his own. If it were not for him to come back, where could she, ignorant of all religion look for comfort? The few months of their married life—except fer this one cloud on his horizon-had been a time of unmixed happiness, and though she had friends galore across the water, Madeline O'Leary was glad to spend some quiet weeks of early autumn in the peace and glorious loveliness of her husband's Con nemara home, hearing of his boyhood

visiting the places he had known and the fisher folk who had loved him. With the breaking of the weather she was to return to England; but meanwhile came bad news from the North Sea, and though as yet her husband's ship was safe Madeline was unhappy and afraid.

s upon the eve of her departure that, passing the little Celtic church upon the shore and seeing its doors standing invitingly open, sho had crossed the threshold, seeking she knew not what. The building, it seemed to her, was empty, yet to her surprise a red lamp hung before the altar lighting the gloom. Only once before had she been in a Catholic Church, and that was on her wedding day, now nearly a year ago. The feeling of peace that came over her

as she sat looking up through the gathering twilight at the twinkling red light was something far beyond

her understanding.
Religion had had so little place in her life, but lately she had learned that it was religion which had made bearable the hardships of her neighbors at Slieveboy, and this new knowledge set her wondering.

As the darkness deepened the rays the red lamp seemed to give more light, and as the soft thud of bare feet on the boards beside her made Madeline aware that she was no longer alone, the glimmer showed her the face of the newcomer

Only that afternoon Madeline had had a talk with Mrs. Fyvie. They were a most dissimilar couple, one young, one old, one rich—or, at least comparatively so—the other so poor that only a Connemara peasant could have kept body and soul together on was a strong one, for each had a sailor belonging to her away in the North Sea. Fourteen children of her own, seven step sons, and a waif, adopted for the love of God, these had been Mrs. Fyvie's family. "An' never whilst himself an' me had the work in us did one of them all go to bed without their supper." Yet now she was alone. Fever and the sea, so she told Madeline, had taken a good few. Some had died in infancy. There were daughters married in America, but the sailor lad, the

America, but the sailor lad, the youngest, wildest of the lot, was all she had remaining.

All this, learned in her afternoon's talk, Madeline O'Leary turned over in her mind, as now she watched Mrs. Fyvie at her prayers. A straight, white figure, shadowy in the gloom, was visible on a little altar where the woman knelt. Madline was too ignorant to give the statute her title it to be a representation of the Virgin and for a moment she thought ho sad it was to see such heartfelt prayers being wasted upon a plaster image. Then, with a start of sur-prise, she heard her companion's muttered words and noted how tender and motherly were the graven fea-

"Mother of God," Mrs. Fyvie prayed, "your own Son was taken from you an' you couldn't get for to save Him. Maybe you couldn't get to save mine for me, but you can ask God Almighty what He wouldn't heed from the likes of me, an' that is never let me poor boy pass from this world without the assistance of His clergy." Then came repeated over and over again, "Hail Mary," and the petition to the Mother of God to pray for us "now and at the hour of our

Before Mrs. Fyvie's rosary was said Madeline O'Leary knew by heart her first Catholic prayer—the Hail Mary Outside the church shesspoke again to the old woman whose lifestory she had heard that afternoon.

When you're praying for your son to come home safe, Mrs. Fyvie,' she said, timid at making such a re quest, "you'll-you'll pray, won't you for Master Denis?" For thus she knew did the people still designate her husband.

'Mornin' an' night, an' every min ute do I pray for the two of them, daughter," came the reply. "I pray that God may guide them, an' bring hem home safe, if that's His will But for my Johnsen I have another prayer that Master Denis doesn't eed, thanks be to God! Didn't I see himself the morning, an' he goin' with the priest at the altar-rails"— Slieveboy church boasted of no con beyond a chair for the priest in the sanctuary, while the penitents took their turn beside him at the altar rails—" an' after," conceivin' his God."

Madeline had seen the chair, and some half-understood words of her husband's came back to her, as with a quick question she turned to her inormant: "Do you mean-" she stammered-" do you mean that-

hat he confessed ? What else, daughter? An' if it's blessin' upon him, an' his conscience clean of sin ?

girl's mind, called into being by her I'll never come back no more.' Then companion's words. The church with a sudden return of distrust, 'Do filling on a Sunday morning, men and women, baineen clad, praying. The priest in the wooden backed chair, and Denis, kneeling before them all to get forgiveness of God, in the way he had been taught was right, through the medium of God's minister! With a glow of pride that the man who had done this thing was hers and overwhelming wonder at the faith that made it possible, Madeline turned her mind to Mrs. Fyvie's further words.

But Johneen," her voice sank there's no badness away to a sigh, in him, but he's wild an' careless like He didn't come back to me before he went out to fight the Germans, an' without the Mother of God will see to 't I fear maybe he'll not have got to go to the priest. I wisht to God I At first he was deaf to all persuasions had him back an safe this minute, but I wouldn't ask for him only his start. He wouldn't, couldn't delegation of the start of the wouldn't couldn't delegation of the wouldn't couldn't delegation of the wouldn't couldn't delegation of the wouldn't couldn't what's God's holy will. But the other—daughter, I'd be wore prayin' is in the prayers the Queen of Heaven is offerin' this minute for Johneen."

With only a further word or two they parted, the sailor's mother to continue in her home her prayers to Mary for her son, the officer's wife to wonder and think, for the old wo man's words, the thought of her husband's last confession, and the knownedge that, lonely and poor as she was without him, Mrs. Fyvie prayed the most, not for the safe return of her most, not for the safe return of her most, and the knownedge that, lonely and poor as she was praying for him. This he did not reduce that, lonely and poor as she was praying for him. This he did not reduce that, lonely and poor as she was praying for him. This he did not reduce that, lonely and poor as she was praying for him. This he did not reduce that, lonely and poor as she was without him, Mrs. Fyvie prayed the nost, lonely and poor as she was without him, Mrs. Fyvie prayed the nost, not for the safe return of her him. This he did not reduce that, lonely and poor as she was without him, Mrs. Fyvie prayed the nost, not for the safe return of her nost, not for the s

out there, unshriven-these things gave to Madeline O'Leary her first glimmering idea of spirituality.

The philanthropy that filled the days and weeks of Madeline O'Leary's ife in London after her departure from Ireland put the thoughts of Catholicity and of spirituality that had began to dawn upon her into the background. So far she had had nothing but good news of her husband and neither had the name of John Fyvie appeared in any casualty list; the need for prayer, which at Sileve-boy had begun to make itself appar-ent to her, became less insistent though she did not forget the old woman who had begun her awakening. The branch of work she had undertaken was naturally for the fleet, and it was as sailor's friend to a district which had supplied a dozen at least of Fyvies to the infinitesimal pittance that was that the second process in her hers. Yet the bond between them awakening came to her through her first conversation with a Catholic priest. He was an elderly man, very businesslike and to the point, and what he sought from the Soldiers' and Sailors' association was help to locate the home of one John Fyviehelp that no one was better able to give than Madeline O'Leary, for it was apparent to her almost at once that it was the son of her old friend at Slieveboy who was wanted.

The widow Fyvie, Slieveboy, Bally. divnagh Connemara. Yes, yes, that will be it, and many thanks to you and your excellent association. priest was turning to go, when a question from Madeline, timidly put for she was fearful still of a

man" priest—detained him.
"I hope you have no bad news for her?" she asked. "He is the only

son who is left to her."
"You know her then?" said the You know her then?" said the priest. "You are not going back to Ireland soon, I suppose? No? Ah, that's a pity. You could have told her better than a letter will." 'Then it is bad news?" questioned

Madeline anxiously.
"On the contrary, it is good news," replied the priest, "the best of news. You are not a Catholic, I presume?"

he added abruptly.
"No," replied Madeline, "but—but I understand a little—and Mrs. Fyvie told me what her prayers for Johnsen were.

'And they were?" asked the priest.

The color rose in Madeline's cheeks. She was not used to mentioning such

things as prayers and souls. "She prays for his safety of course," she said, "if it is God's will—and for him to go to his confession—" she broke off, and something in her face made the priest decide to tell the story he yet had to write to Johnsen's

mother.
"Then I was right," he said in a tone of voice that Madeline thought to herself was "understanding." It is the best of good news I he for her," and a smile came over his face. "He has been to confession." face. "He has been to confession." He glanced around the room, temporarily in use as an office. "I should like to tell you about it," he said, if you can spare the time, for s letter may not mean so much to the old lady as what you could tell her, next time you are in Ireland."

"I should like to hear," replied Madeline, eagerly, forgetting her first feeling of fear and drawing forward a

chair for the priest. "It was just after the war was de-clared," he began, "when, traveling north, I found myself alone in a railway carriage with a young sailor, who after looking with some distrust at this," he laid his hand upon his Roman collar, "and at my black coat, decided that his need for a light was greater than his distaste for my cloth, so he asked me for a match. The by an offer on my part of cigars, started our conversation. I soon learned that he was journeying to Hull, where he was under orders to go out the following morning mine

laying in the North Sea. " 'An' I'll never come back no more,' he concluded. 'That is as God wills,' I replied. 'He can preserve you from danger, even from this great danger you are going into." clean of sin?"

'He can, maybe, replied the lad decidedly. 'But this time He won't. you know the Reverend Mr. Horrock in Hull ?'

"I said the honor was not mine, adding that I was not a minister but a Catholic priest. This silenced the boy for a minute, and he turned quickly to the window, and drew in his breath. Such a development was clearly unexpected, as unexpected to him as was his next remark to me.

"'I am one of yours, then,' he said, and for the first time I recog nized under the intonation, picked up from his English comrades, an Irish accent. After this the conversation was easier. I learned of his home in Connemara, of h and her care of him. I learned of his last visit to her, a year ago, of his last confession, made over beyond. it. It was too long since last he went. "I have always found," the priest spoke now in explanation to Made-line, "that in such cases, the inter-cession of Our Lady, the Refuge of Sinners, obtains from God the softening of heart that no words or prayers of my own could gain. So I asked the lad, whose name I now had learned, if he would at least wear a medal to remind him that his own mother and the Mother of God were