THE CATHOLIC RECORD

BORROWED FROM BORROWED FR
THE NIGHT

## 

Molly the next morring, Mre.


## 

rokis gemme
"High hearted bixicoanoert, over joyed
Thie held, hoevily, oet in blue
 out for milee tow mara the west.












 nunharmed by axe of ourt. Hould ryioma Toroes ondadared. Whas there hat toartul tragedid? She marvole


 vand lea them tharough the "Quartore
 in the white yard, the morning sann
ight tolling on her $u$ uncovered head negro woman, on her wiy to the
 Good - mamm nin' -Milee.












 The nograes mex etudying her thoes,




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graytulad there.

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| bent bo low that hib ohin reateo don |  |
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| (that war halt a eob broke the silinoed |  |
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| pas. From |  |
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| key, his mind flow back to the night he had mandered out tonow grave in the " olearing " to pout |  |
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| now hiv soun's agony through longoonely hours, while below in the |  |
|  |  |
| When the song of the earliest bird warned him of his vigil's close, he |  |
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| gathered a fow of the violeta whioh covered her bed, and thene he had coattered over his |  |
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| kefore him on the desk, looked upon |  |
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|  | trom every page, as he openea thei |
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|  | hatily ore aretatil, pened ilinee, |
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|  | and as his eyes went over the words, he saw again his gran the trusted |
|  |  |
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|  | in his eager, boyish hand. There |
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|  | theo laet was reaheo, one that hit |
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|  | (tomnd its way into the room throggh |
| the ourl and warmed its ohestrut into pale gold. Then he took up her pieture, and gazed on hair and por. |  |
|  |  |  |
|  | orait until the sunlight crept from the desk, across the floor, |
|  |  |
| A atreak of white on tho dark vall |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |
|  | Koward for rowing har homet |
|  |  |
| of orimson of the smiling JamesRiver; a handrerohief of fimgy lace,With the attar-ot-rosen dill clinging to It ; Dink ribbon, whioh the had |  |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |





1oved dirnoert, bobet, oven more than their Hivest to oonvert heome. Hit


COMPARISON
















 All ot which wuild bere as a seri.






























