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## ROBIN THAT SINGS AT MY WINDOW.

Robin, abob in the top of the sycamore,
Swinging and singing and flinging your song
Out on the April breeze,
Over the maple trees,
Like a gay cavalier lilting along.
Over the hills to the valleys of Arcady,
Through dewy dells where the spring blossoms blow,
Out of gray shadow-lands
Into May meadow-lands
Starry with wind-flowers whiter than snow—
Oh, let me ride with you, Robin, to Arcady,
Swift through the cool of the dew and the dawn!
Oh, let me sing with you—
Make the road ring with you—
Gaily and gallantly galloping on!

Sing, Robin, sing a wild ballad of Arcady,
Fresh as the fleet rosy clouds of the dawn!
Sing as I ride with you,
Sing side by side with you,
While we go galloping, galloping on!
Sing of the deeds that were done while the world was young;
Sing of brave stories that never were told;
Sing of the olden time;
Sing of the golden time:
Sing of the glory that never grows old!
Sing the grand hymn of the pines and the summer seas;
Sing the wind's song and the rush of the rain;
Sing of the mystery,
Older than history,
Sung by the seed in the growth of the grain!

Sing me the song of the sun and the summer time;
Sing me the song that the bumble-bee drones
As he goes blundering
Home from his plundering
Deep down in orchards that nobody owns.
Flute throated herald of June and of holy-hocks,
Ripple-tongued singer of roses and rain,
Earliest, merriest,
Bravest, and veriest
Promise of summer and sunshine again,—
Come, let me ride with you, Robin, to Arcady,
Over the hills in the dawn of the day—
Out of the shadow-lands
Into the meadow-lands,
Where it is summer forever and aye!

—St Nicholas.

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Sold by GEO. E. HUGHES.

## THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

Lastly, the spirit sent the serpent, and it burrowed its way through earth and stone and returned to earth in safety to tell of the gladness and peace of the valleys below. And, putting his finger into the serpent's track, the evil one tore the mountain asunder, and went forth among the children of men. Then it was the tomahawk gleamed in the forest, and the war-whoop sounded on the hillside, and the tribes fought until their warriors lay thicker than the ears of withered corn the squaws gathered from the smoking fields.

So darkly, according to Indian tradition, came the devil's Cut, that yawned wide and deep in the western ridge of old Bear Cap, and served, so rumor whispered, as the meeting place of the hushers, the lawless band that, originating fifteen or more years ago, simply to conceal and protect the illicit distillers of the mountains, had quickly drawn to itself the worst elements of the community and developed into a criminal organization of the worst type.

Pressing up the rugged sides of Devil's Cut to-night, came a group of eight or ten men, that seemed fairly typical of the dark spirit, that, according to Indian legend, had cleft this fierce passage into a world of joy and peace. There was Welsh Aptomas, and a couple of his mates, black-browed, swarthy, bitter with want and hate, like evil gnomes from their o n lar mountains; there was Mike McGarrahan with his brutal jaw se and a cruel light in his restless ferret eye; there was Dutch Dirck, as he was called among the miners, lean, long-haired, wild-eyed, a newcomer, who would have been laughed at in better times as a madman, but whose rhodomontades found listeners in these days of idleness and woe. Lastly, towering in his giant height and strength above the rest, was Terence Magee, with the broken convict fetter still on his brawny wrist and his whole fierce nature ablaze with the suppressed passions of nearly ten years of prison life. Terence Magee, mad with the drink that had been his destruction, a very demon of despair.

"An' ye let him live this long and howld it—howld the sayorits that he stole from poor old Dan Rourke's dying lips," he was saying fiercely. "Curses on the black Popish schamer, he should niver have seen another sun."

"Never has there been a stroke of luck on the mountain since he came among us," said Aptomas in his harsh gutturals. "He is the spy of the bosses, he is their ear, he is their eye. Is it not with the great people at the Manor that he visits, that he dines? It is to watch us only he is kept up here. I have heard there are strange things under that Mass House of his, guns and powder and—"

"It's de old story dat I tell you my frients, vich I tell you all the time," interrupted Dutch Dirck volubly in his broken English. "All bowers, all rulers, all vat you call tyrants are pad, but vurst of all de tyrants, de bowers, de rulers, is dat olt man dat sits in Rome und vatches all de rest. He is the devil-fish, he reaches his claws efery vere, efery vere; you dunt see until dey clutch and dey grasp and dey holt and dey crush; dey c-r-r-rush. Mein frients, it is dat olt man's claws have reached here. Look around you, vat is it you see? your hearths are mitout fire, your hands mitout work, your children mitout food. Vas it so before dis olt man reached out here and touched you mit his wicked hant? I say no, no, no! My frients, I tell you dat efery wort dat poor, weak, dying fool spoke into dat priest's cunning ear has gone to ten, twenty thousand ears before now. I know, I tell you before this dat your name, my name, efery brother's name is marked for Romish vengeance, unless—"

"What's the use of all your blasted prate," blurted out McGarrahan. "Terence knows his work and means to do it."

"We'll all do it," came the angry mutter. "We'll make a night of it, we'll burn him out in his rat-thr p of a Mass house, we'll smoke out his divil's din, we'll shwing him up in his black gown for the crows to feed on."

"Whisht, ye fools," whispered McGarrahan, suddenly catching Terence's arm. "Luk, liethen, yer wurrks came aisy to ye—there, there is fornenst us now."

CHAPTER XV.

MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS.

Father Paul had set out as he promised at the moonrise. It was a six-mile walk to the cabin, and he had but a brief rest between his visits. But Tim and his sturdy little nag would not return until morning, and then it might be too late.

The young soul might have gone forth, hungering for the bread of life, and in the stress and strain of the dark hour, it might have fainted by the way.

Tender compassion, as well as priestly duty spurred Father Paul on his mission of mercy to the poor little lad, on whom God's grace seemed to have fallen like the dew on Gideon's fleece, when all around was barren and dry. And even as that miracle of old had nerved the heart and hand of the warrior of Israel, so Father Paul felt cheered and strengthened to-night.

It had been a wearisome day to him; McGarrahan's visit, Eric's rebellious flight had left him under that depressing sense of failure and defeat, from which even the highest efforts and holiest aims are not exempt. His labor had seemed in vain, yet God had given the increase; like the wild bird of the forest, Eric had borne the good seed to a young soul, where it had blossomed into beauty a hundred fold.

So it was with a strange, solemn gladness in his heart, Father Paul took his journey over these silent heights to-night. Poor little Andy had taught him a lesson he could never forget. It was as if his Master had tenderly rebuked his doubts and spoken a word of cheer. Never had these white mountain wastes seemed so tranquil, so beautiful.

The moon that had at first swung low in the horizon like a silver lamp rose higher and higher, flooding the peaks with a tender radiance in which the stars paled and the shadows trembled, and all poor sin-scared earth seemed to grow pure and fair.

Beautiful moonlight! type of that sweet mother mercy that veils and softens all the ruggedness and deformity that the sun of justice must reveal; may your tender beams fall upon us when we pass into the shadows of the night.

And as Father Paul kept on his rugged way, made glorious now by a more dazzling light than even the piety of a Roman priest flings before the bidden Lord he bore in his breast, his soul seemed to shake off all its darkness and weariness, and almost unconsciously he began to intone the Psalm that rose to his lips in the consecrated language of the Church.

"In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be confounded, deliver me in Thy justice."

Rich and full the deep-toned notes swelled out into the mountain silence in which the singer believed himself alone with his God.

"Bow down Thine ear to me, make haste to deliver me." Ah, how little Father Paul dreamed of the bitter need of that cry now.

"Be Thou my God, my protector, and a house of refuge to save me," was the verse that reached the group of black shadows struggling up from the gorge below.

"It's him, lads, whisht, I tell ye it's him," said McGarrahan, trembling all over.

"Aye, aye listen, he's singing some of his divil's lingo," muttered Aptomas.

"For Thou art my strength and my refuge, and for Thy name's sake Thou wilt guide me."

"It's your man, Terence, and no other. Back into the shadow, men, stop him whin he reaches the turn beyant."

"Thou wilt bring me out of this snare that they have laid for me," went on the unconscious singer, "for Thou art my protector,"

"Curses on ye Popish hell hound. Bind his arms, men. Gag him, throttle him, drag him back to the cut. We'll settle with the blasted Romish spy there. Back to the cut wid him, back, mates, back."

They were upon him, ten to one, fierce human brutes; wilder, baser, more pitiless than the beasts of the forest and jungle.

"Scoundrels, villains, cowards, here, help—help—murder," shouted Father Paul, struggling in vain with his half-score assailants.

For a moment his blood boiled, his eyes flashed, as he found himself overpowered, bound, gagged; as he saw his doom in the vengeful faces around him—then he uplifted his gaze to the radiant sky and voicelessly finished his Psalm.

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of Truth."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANDY'S MATE.

The rising moonbeams had reached Andy's little window, and flickering through the rags and patches that shaded it, fell with wan pitying radiance upon the wasted form, that lay so silent and motionless upon the narrow bed, that more than once poor Gran bent her ear anxiously to her boy's pale lips, to catch the faint, fluttering breath,

But each time Andy had opened his eyes and looked at her with a smile so bright, that Gran had turned back into her shadowy corner with a feeble thrill of hope stirring in her heart, the poor old heart that had grown so heavy with age and want and woe that it could only quiver faintly either with joy or pain.

She had "reddied" the room at Andy's bidding, bathed the little shrunken face, brushed the soft fair hair that was the sick boy's only beauty, and now sat in the shadow watching her lad with dim patient eyes. At last he spoke:

"The moon is up; Father Paul (its that the priest bid me call him) will be here soon now, Gran. D'you think father will be back too?"

"I think he will, lad, mebbe it's gone for the doctber he is. He's not forgetting ye, ye may be sure of that. Ochone, ochone, it's not lying like this ye'd be, avourneen, if me poor Terence had been left to take care of his own. Luk at the illigant things he sint us this evening; the tay and sugar, the wine and jellies and grapes. I'm thinking ye're betther for thim already, lad, ye've been sleeping so quoit and aisy to-night,"

"Not sleeping, Gran," answered the boy softly, "though I've been wonderful easy. I've been lying here thinking, Gran, and praying—praying as Father Paul told me. O, I wish father would come back, I want him to hold me in his arms to-night, Gran, I want him to see and know the grand blessed thing I am going to do. Isn't it wonderful, Gran, for God to come to a poor boy like me, and take me with Him home?"

"Shure it is, jewel, it is," sobbed poor Gran, uncomprehendingly.

"I've been so afraid and trembly lying here in the dark cold nights," continued Andy, "And when Eric told me all that he had heard beyond about heaven and God and how He came down to earth, and all that He did for the poor creatures here, curing them, and helping them, and dying for them, it was in me head night and day, Gran."

"Shure, I know it, lad, I know it," faltered Gran. It was fayver drames that ye had."

"Oh no, no, Gran, they were not dreams, not dreams," repeated Andy, tremulously. "They were all true, they are all true; I've had such longings lying here in the dark, Gran, to get to Him, that was in the church beyond, as Eric told me. I thought if I could touch His hand or His gown, mebbe, and ask Him to be good to a poor boy, and not let the dying hurt much or me be too scared. And Father Paul says He will come to me, that He will be with me in the darkness, no matter how black it is, and I wont mind the dying for it will be only going with Him home. And I know it Gran, I feel it," the speaker's eyes kindled, "the longing in my heart tells me——"

"Andy, Andy," the cabin-door was flung open, and bare-headed, wild-eyed, bleeding from a cut in his forehead, Eric burst into the room: "Murder, murder, Andy, the boys have got Father Paul. They've took him off to the cut. They're going to hang him. And—and it's yer divil of a Father, Andy, that is at the head of them all."

"Me father," echoed Andy, in bewilderment, "me father! I don't understand what you say, Eric, I don't,"

"They've got your Father Paul," shouted Eric, dashing the blinding blood from his brow as if it were but drops of sweat, "the priest, Andy, they took him as he was coming to you. O, the cursed cowards, they made you a trap for their dirty work. It was McGarrahan gave me this lick when me and Boar tried to stop them. An' they gave Boar a cut that'll be his death, I'm thinking; but what's a dog," sobbed Eric hoarsely, to him they're going to kill now; and it's your father that is doing it, yer devil of a father, Andy. He swears that he'll swing him up where the crows will pick every Papist bone bare."

"Me father!" Over the dying peace of Andy's bloodless face there came a terrible change; every wan pinched feature seemed to quiver and twitch convulsively. It was as if a corpse had been galvanized into torturing life.

"Ye blating fool," cried Gran, fiercely to Eric, "ye have thrown him into a fit."

"No, no," panted Andy, sitting bolt upright in his bed, "give me, give me some brandy, Gran,—devil's drink that it is—fill the glass, quick ——"

"No, Andy avourneen, no," pleaded the old woman, lie down again, lad, be asy and lie down."

"The drink—the drink"—repeated the boy, passionately. "I must have it—I must have strength—I must stop this devils work. O, me father! me father! And it was to me the good priest was coming—to me. The drink, Gran, I say——"

"Ochone, it's the death throe that is on him," wailed Gran, striving to hold the struggling boy in her trembling arms.

"Loose me," he cried, freeing himself from her grasp, and snatching the brandy that McGarrahan had sent, from the stand by his bed, he poured some into a tumbler of water and swallowed it eagerly. "Now may God in heaven give me one hour of life! and then, then——"

"Andy, Andy be still, avourneen; ochone it,s trying to get up he is, lie down asthore, fer your poor Gran's sake."

"I tell you I must go, Gran," panted the boy, give me my clothes, I must go--to—to—me father. He'll listen to me when he wouldn't to God or man. My clothes, Gran, my clothes—oh, oh, I can't stand," and the boy tottered back to his bed.

"Eric can't you help me? for the Lord's sake, Eric lad, help me to—to—father. I'd stop him if I could could get to him, Eric."

"You shall, Andy, you shall," and Eric's eye and voice and lithe young frame seemed to quicken with fierce energy.

"Give me them clothes of his, old woman," and he snatched Andy's worn garments from a peg on the wall—wrap that old cloak of yours about him. Easy now while I dress you, Andy. Where's the stockings for his feet?"

"Murther! Murther! ye omadhaun! What is it ye are going to do," cried Gran, as Eric completed Andy's hasty toilette.

(To be continued.)

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