JUNIPERO SERRA.

BY ESTHER TINDALE.

(The [illegible] was tried at the [illegible] monument to Father Junipero Serra, Monterey on June 24.)

Bright the beams of golden sunshine
In the June-tide's early day
Shone upon the peaceful waters
Of the bay of Monterey.

Joyous o'er heavenly arcades
Of that historic dame
O'er the quiet wooded landscape
Bearing welcome tidings came.

Softly stole the cooling zephyrs
Off the billowy hills outspread,
With the groves of dusky cypress
O'er the scene their beauty shed.

Majestic pines, the age-long monarchs
Of long centuries gone by,
Raising gnarled and rugged branches,
Pierced the azure, sapphire sky.

Gleaming 'mid the waving wild oats
Calochortus glittered bright,
Azure bells off Tritelels
Rare in their shades of love and light.

Mariposa lilies with frondate drooping
'Neath a weight of crystal dew
Lent a lingering springtime splendor
To the fair, enchanting view.

Wild birds poured their silvery anthems
Through the smiling, cloudless sky;
All the world seemed thrilled with gladness
On that day of days gone by.

Heavy cliffs, great weathered watchers,
Tireless vigils there to keep,
Stood like grim and threatening giants
Over the seething, foaming deep.

Loud the restless waves of ocean
Beat upon the flower-bright shore,
Throbbing out their heart's devotion
To the fair land evermore.

And amid the glad rejoicings
Of fair nature on that day
Calmly rode a ship at anchor
On the lone sequestered bay.

Grateful prayers, heartfelt thanksgiving,
From the vessel's holy band,
Mingled with the murmuring billows
As they lapped the sought-for strand.

Dancing wavelets paused expectant,
As the ship's boat touched their arms,
To be borne through white surf lashings
To the land of untold charms.

At the helm blest Padre Serra,
Bowed his head in humble prayer;
Glorious strains, a grand "Te Deum,"
Floated through the soft June air.

'Neath an oak's wide-spreading branches,
Draped with lichens grey and old,
Where the beams of sunlight stealing
Dappled the summer's green with gold;

Here the brave sons of St. Francis
On the beauteous flower-decked sod,
Guided by the zeal of Serra,
Raised an altar unto God.

Glad the bell pealed forth its music
While the Holy Mass was said,
And the "Gloria" anthems floated
Thro the sylvan vault o'erhead.

Loud the San Antonio's cannons
Sounded o'er the crescent bay,
Waking all the slumbering stillness
Of the green hills far away.

And the vesper songs were chanted
When the holy star crowned night
Breathed its peace-fraught benediction
O'er the wooded glade and height,—

While the words of the "Te Deum"
Shone from off the glistening strand,
Written there in gleaming letters
By a phosphorescent hand,—

Written there the mystic blazon
Of this spiritual grace
That had led the crown of worship
O'er the beauty of the place.

* * * * * * *

One and six score years have vanished,
Time and change have lost their spell
O'er the ruddy tiles and arches
Of the mission, fair Carmel.

Death has borne the sainted Padre
To God's home of peace above—
Borne his soul from earthly trials,
Crowned him with eternal love.

Yes his name lives on undying,
Wreathed with virtues pure and grand
Not to-day the generous mother,
Who has blest our sunset land

With a mighty mausoleum
To the memory of her son,
Noble gift to art and science—
In the glory she has won,

Honoring not the humble,
Saintly hero of the West,
Where beside the ancient mission
Lies his hallowed dust at rest.

And to keep alive the memory
Of that glorious bygone day,
Lo! the saintly Serra's statue
Crowns the heights of Monterey.

—*San Francisco Monitor.*

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD

BY RICHARD DOWLING

"PART II.—THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

'They have spoken truth—I am.'

'Look at me; take a good look at me, and say you can tell who I am.'

She stood fixedly at him for a few moments and then cried, as she held out her hand to him:

'Of course, I can; Christie Cahill; but you are a great deal changed. You look grave, stately and older.'

He hesitated a moment before taking her hand. For the first time in all his life he felt thus; what ailed him? It seemed as though it could not be he might touch her hand. At last he did, timidly, saying in a voice of great humility and softness:

'I'd never known you, Mary Martin, never! I'm very glad you look so well.'

Then came some words between them of father and mother, and the christening party, naturally a promise that Christie would take supper with them that evening.

'Why, Christie Cahill, the girl has put the heart across in you,' whispered Bessie as she went away.

'Don't be silly,' he said, but that, I'd never have known her, never.' Wonder was apparent in his manner, and perceptible in his tone.

'Surely, Mary, [illegible] the

you couldn't wish to know a likelier girl than golden Mary of Killard, could you?'

There was a laugh in the group of men, for Cahill was no longer young, looked more than his years, and in no way handsome or fine.

He did not take the least notice of the irony, but said:

'Good-day, men,' and walked off, with his eyes on the ground, no longer in the old way exploring everything on their own level.

'Mary Martin,' he thought; 'and this is Mary Martin! Such a change never came in all this world before. Oh, never! She looks like an angel.' He thus finished mentally the smile he had begun a little while before in speech.

As he had promised, he went that evening to supper at Edward Martin's house. When the meal was over and they were all gathered into the chimney-place, and the fire was brightened up, and fresh sods put on, the talk went back to the old philosopher; and Edward Martin dwelt long upon his goodness, and told how he had taught Mary book-learning until now she could read and write, and was the most learned person in all the village, except Father Murtagh and old Billy Quann, he who did all the clerk's and sexton's work at the chapel on the hill.

Cahill sat opposite the girl, regarding her in a dull, wondering doubt. He could not get his slow mind to believe that this young girl was the same Mary he had left a few years ago; he could not realize the fact that he was there seated in the presence of this girl and finding this strange something all round the room—all through his mind. Other women seemed made of ordinary flesh and blood, were stout or thin, tall or short, red or yellow, fair haired or dark, ate and drank, talked and passed him by as he passed them, with a casual glance of indifference.

But this tall, little, low voiced girl was not of material nature. His eyes wandered to her and lingered on her face or figure, bringing away no definite records of line or hue, but exploring curiously, amazedly, timidly. If he looked down the curve of her cheek a hundred times he still knew nothing of her cheek's form, but must look again, feel himself expanding with surprise, and when he had finished, no wiser than when he had begun. He liked to see her move, hear her speak, but he found it hard to bear her eyes, and he would not have touched her if he might. Should he ever give up this unusual, unintelligible wondering?

Edward Martin had no great liking for Christopher Cahill; the day on which he found out that Cahill had taken the currach he had put the bailiff's son down as a man not to be admired. But, no doubt, Cahill did not regard the matter in so serious a light as it struck him, and then the fact that he had introduced to them the old man who had been so kind and good to them, and that Cahill had been away for some time, weighed with Edward Martin and helped to dull his dislike for him.

It was late for the Killard people when Cahill rose to go. He said he should most likely stay a few days in the village.

'You're not thinking of going to the Bishop's again, I hope?' asked Martin.

'O! no!' he answered in a decided manner, as if he were quite sincere.

'Because harm might come of it. Lane is a man who would not stop at a trifle.'

'I'm not going near him, you may be sure of that.'

'If I were you I'd give him a wide berth in the village should he happen to come down while you're there. The Fool thinks that to this day it would be bad for you to meet him. Lane knows you were on the island.'

'Never fear. I'll not knowingly cross his path. Good night.' And he left the house.

He could remember Martin's face, and his wife's face, as he went down the path, but by some strange fatality the face of the girl had completely faded from his memory, and he could recall nothing of it.

'It's queer,' he thought, 'it's very queer how I can't bring her face to my mind, and I'm not bad at remembering faces. Why is it, I wonder? I wish I could remember her face, ever so little. I know it's lovely, but no more. If I see her to-morrow I'll watch her closely. I only lost my time this evening. More fool I. I'll watch her closer to-morrow.'

He did see her next day, and watched her long and intently, but at night he had no picture.

'It's the very queerest thing I ever knew,' he thought, with a sigh. 'But I must take a better look to-morrow. I was quite careless to-day.'

CHAPTER XIII.

"ALL SETTLED."

For a whole week Christopher Cahill continued in a state of great bewilderment over this girl. Between looking at her without thought, when he was so fortunate as to be in her presence, and trying to find out why it was he could not recall her image when absent, he allowed no time for any consideration of his own condition. He wondered at her beauty when near, and at his singular forgetfulness when away.

The subject of Mary's engagement to John was never introduced at Martin's cottage, and as Cahill had kept himself rather aloof and suddenly became possessed by a great love of solitude, except when he could be in her presence without attracting attention, he had not heard of it from outside sources.

One night he was taking leave of the Martins when his coat caught on a nail in the door and was torn slightly. He made little of the accident, and said it wasn't worth thinking of.

'But,' said Mrs. Martin, 'you're not in such a hurry that you can't wait to have a stitch put in it. Here, Mary, your eyes are a trifle younger than mine, and I'm beginning not to be able to dark stitching by candle-light.'

'Oh! I couldn't think of troubling—'

'Trouble!' cried Mrs. Martin energetically; 'it isn't a bit of trouble. Tell him so, Mary.'

'Indeed, it isn't any trouble, and won't take more than a minute or

s. Do let me, please?' the girl said.

He turned and looked at her in a dazed way.

'And will you mend my coat for me?' he asked, as though he was trying to reconcile the apparent inconsistency of her being such a source of wonder, such a mystery to him, and yet willing to sew up a rent in his coat.

'Yes; of course. Turn about, and hold the candle there.'

She had already brought needle and thread. I was necessary for her to stoop a little, and bring her head somewhat close to his side. He could see by the light of the candle the fresh, pure forehead, and the mist of golden hair that brushed against his well-worn coat. He was conscious that the instant her fingers touched his some change arose in him. It no longer appeared that she was anything unintelligible, or of a different order, or a subject of surprise and chill delight. There she was stitching his coat, as the plainest girl in Connaught might; touching his coat as any other girl in the world might. She was nothing more than any other girl, only that she happened to be the prettiest he had ever looked upon.

As soon as the tear was made whole, he said: 'Thank you, Mary,' in a slow, full voice, shook her hand, and left the house.

'Now,' he said to himself as he went, 'I know why it was I could not recollect her face, because I wanted it forever; because Mary Martin will be my wife, no matter what may come. I'm well enough off to keep a wife, and old enough to marry, and I'll marry her. Of course, Martin and his wife will be only too glad I'm no bad match for Mary.'

When he came even to the thought of her name, his whole nature softened, and he mused, 'And, Mary, I'll be good to you, I know I will. I'm not much to boast of, no doubt, but you could make me a good man. I'll try to be good for your sake. I'll give up all my bad ways. I'll—I'll burn the paper that keeps sin always handy at my door. I'll banish David Lane and his money from my mind, and I'll take you away to Clonmore, and live an honest-minded life. I swear I will.'

Into the dark, self-contained monotony of this man's life a warm and vivifying ray had at last penetrated. Up to this the unaccountable circumstances hanging round David Lane and the Bishop's Island had fascinated him wholly. In his apparently solid nature there lay an uncertain and tremulous apprehensiveness which made him liable to be carried any length by a current of thought, once it set in. His mind was utterly without balance; he either took no interest or became fully absorbed. In the subject of the Lanes and their inexplorable history there had been much to excite the imagination and sustain the interest.

If Cahill had spoken his mind freely, he could not clearly tell why he had felt so absorbing a desire to penetrate the shadows surrounding the deaf-mute and his history. He would have run any risk to find out the secret of the island. In him there was an impelling terror in his very ignorance of the secret which tantalized and goaded him beyond the power of his own regulation or control.

Now he suddenly found himself divested of his old curiosity. His mind could admit of but one leading idea. Of old it had been the mystery of gold, and now it was the mystery of a girl; a mystery of her face and form, voice and youth and subduing beauty. He was no longer a young man, but up to this time he had been heart-whole; now his entire strength gave way before this girl, and he flung his crude, headlong nature before her and worshiped her in an agony of love, as he had formerly wondered in an agony of fear. The Lanes and their secret possessed no more interest for him than the flight of that curlew, or the dashing of those waves.

Respecting himself, he was candid enough to himself. He did not think he was handsome, or clever, or good in any great degree. He told himself, in all these respects, there were better and worse. He knew he was a plain, ignorant man, without a very strict code. Religion entered scarcely at all into his scheme of life. Not that he was a skeptic—he did not doubt; he was superstitious and said to himself that he was not good enough to attract the intention of heaven towards him, lest his backslidings might suddenly be recollected and dealt with. He held the idea that it was best to slip through life, attracting as little attention as possible either among men, or at the other side of the visible.

But now, when he had discovered he loved this girl, he would yield to no man in the intensity of his love. 'If she asked me,' he said to the ocean, 'I'd go over that cliff; if she'd ask me I'd do murder; if she'd ask me I'd take to saying my prayers again.'

Though he said these things, he was certain she would not ask him to do the first or the second, and that she certainly would ask him to do the last if he won her. Here was a huge fascination to be good at her bidding. To have her taking a deep interest in his welfare. Perhaps to have her arms around him, and her voice in his ears, whispering:

'Do, Christie; do for your own sake and for mine.'

Oh, intoxicating picture! Why, he could tear down solid rocks with his naked hands if such a goal lay behind them; he could swim to that ship on the horizon, he could fight an army, he could pray to God!

Pray! Could it be that prayers were sometimes heard, and visible, tangible responses sent from heaven! Did the Powers above really hearken, and were there cases where the thing asked for was given? He had heard of thousands of such cases, and even it was not always good people who prayed and got what they asked for, but the bad as well. And if we tried to pray, tried to pray even now, bad as he was, would his prayers ascend? might he be hearkened to with favor? Ah, no! He had been too long a stranger and was forgotten. Then all at once he remembered the case of a poor publican who had bent his head and struck his breast and acknowledged his unworthiness, and was recommended above another who told only of his good actions.

He looked around. No one was near. Falling on his knees, he bent his head. He remained thus without motion for a short while, then springing to his feet, he raised his arms and looked towards the dull, gray sky with an expression of wild despair.

'I have forgotten!' he cried; 'I have forgotten! It's so long since I prayed that God has taken the words out of my mind, and I can't remember one now—now in my sorest need! Now, when I am willing to try and use them, to try and be good!'

He ran along the downs until his breath failed him, then flung himself on the ground, panting and purple in the face.

Up to this time he had preserved his secret most jealously. He had not allowed it to appear in his words or manner. In Mary Martin's presence he was reserved and taciturn. Beyond the fact that he kept his eyes as much as possible on her, a close observer could detect nothing unusual in his deportment, and no one at the cottage had noticed this. It had never occurred to him to make love to her. In her presence he was altogether absorbed in contemplating her and trying to realize a delicious future. But that day on the downs decided him. He'd wait no longer, but rescue himself from the sea of doubts in which he found himself struggling for hope, for existence.

Next day he met her alone on the beach, and said:

'Good morning, Mary. What a blustery day it is.'

'Yes—very,' said the girl, looking out to sea. She was going from the strand. He saw her turn.

'Mary, are you in a great hurry?' he asked in a low, gentle voice.

'No; not very great.'

'Well, would you walk a little bit down the beach with me? I want—I want to say a few words to you!'

She turned and walked at his side. For a while he said nothing; then he spoke:

'This is a blustery place, this Killard, Mary.'

'It is in winter time.'

'But I suppose you like it?'

'Oh, yes; I like it very well. Why shouldn't I?'

'But you wouldn't care to live all your days here, would you? You'd like a little change now and then, and maybe wouldn't object to staying some time in the town of Clonmore?'

'To be sure, there is more on view in the town; but I like Killard well. Of course, I'd like to see the wonders of the big towns, but I must wait for the right season.'

'That's it,' he cried, eagerly; 'you must wait for the right time; aye,' he added, very softly, 'until some one comes and takes you away with him after putting a gold ring on your finger, for you will have a gold ring and no mistake.'

'But you had something to say to me, Christie Cahill, and what is it?'

'I am coming to it, Mary.'

How those eyes, which had been so long restless explorers of the horizon, now dwelt on her! There was a passionate entreaty in his regard which made the girl wonder what it could be he had to speak to her about. 'It came into my mind,' he continued, after a pause, during which he was running over all the chances against him, his plain appearance, plain figure, unhandsome reputation, and age, 'It came into my mind, Mary, that you might not object to live in the town of Clonmore. You could come and see your father and mother as often as you liked, you know.'

'Some one must have told him that John thinks of taking me away from Killard when he comes back,' she thought; 'but why is he speaking to me about this?' Then, aloud to him:

'I believe I'm not to live all my time in Killard. John says, when he comes back, he'll take me to London even.'

'John! Who's John?' His eyes had now fallen from her face and were resting on the ground.

'Why, John Lane, of course.' He was never very bright nor very sharp, but she wondered at his increased dullness to-day.

'John Lane,' he muttered to himself. 'John Lane—ay, John Lane. But he won't be back for some time. I mean before he comes?'

'Oh, no! I don't think I could; how could I? Besides, I don't think he'd like me to do it.'

'And what reason could he have for disliking it?' He could not at all understand why John Lane's name should be brought into the matter. Why had she said John Lane and not her father?

'Of course you know.'

'Not a bit.' He stood still, but never raised his glance. 'Tell me?' He seemed to feel through a curtain something which he knew would shock him dreadfully when revealed.

'Why, it's all settled between—between us. I thought you must have heard.'

'What's settled between you and John Lane; that's the question I'm asking you?'

The girl blushed, shook her head, and with a low laugh, cried out: 'Go to the village and ask, they'll tell you all about it,' and she ran back as fast as she could. She had got a glimpse of his drift, and thought this the best way of settling matters right.

He did not raise his head for a little while; at last he looked around very cautiously, as though the something he dreaded lay in sight. No and yes. There was no new fact or form—so far, all was well; but she was gone! and the yellow sand looked forlorn; he felt as though hope were retiring afar off from him and covering up her face.

He drew a long breath, shook himself, and started at a plodding pace for the village. At the same plodding pace he walked up the street and entered Casey's shop. Nellie Casey was behind the counter, with her hands on her hips waiting for business or talk. Cahill stood before her, his eyes cast on the ground.

'Tell me, Mrs. Casey, what's the talk I hear of something between Mary Martin and John Lane, that's away in the gold diggings?'

'Is it about their going to be married when he comes back?' the woman asked in return.

'I dare say that's it; but I didn't hear of it until now. It's all settled, I suppose?' His voice never wavered nor showed the least emotion.

'It's settled as settled can be. He made a lot of money at the gold diggings, and is going out to make more.'

'Oh, ay! I was only asking; and talking of money, how much do I owe you? I'm off to Clonmore this evening.'

'So soon! I didn't know you thought of going so soon?'

'I remembered something that I must look after. So, if it is pleasing to you, let me know. I'll start in an hour. Give me a cup of milk.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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PATRICK KELLY,
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October 21,—4i w. ex.—4i

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