herb that had been plaining in the carry ness beneath. But the skies were lowering and heavy, and leaning too closely with their weeping burdens on the earth; and the whole landscape and sea vista was tinted in a melancholy grayness of colour, that made men sit down and think, rather than stir themselves to work within or without of doors.

Gray was the old Dunkerrin keep against the steel face of the sea; gray were the granite walls without, where they held up their faces to be lashed by wind and wave, gray were the walls within, except where they were blackened with the smoke that crept out from the gypsies' fire and coiled itself round and round the great stone chamber and lingered on the arched

## INCHARGE OF ME. CAN PROVIDE AND CONTROL OF METALES AND CONTROL OF

JANUARY 21, 1911 "I can't see a thing !"

sister. She jumped up o ing to see above the her who preceded her. ing to see above the her who preceded her.

As in a dream John be palette and his brushes.

"John cried Mary, beg alittle, "you can't work hand you have no ease! What are you thinking began to mix his pait trembling. "I can see cried. Don't move—I h It will do until I can canvas. Don't stir, I palatte! There!"

In mad haste, he had the crook of his arm, thupon it, and began to upon it, and began to Mary held the palette, s

"I can't see a thing !" But John did not ansu.
The crowd broke up clericals went into the followed by the more solemn chant rang or light from the door st lost itself in the dan reached our friends who reached our friends who
to notice; and John st
laboured breath and
Mary said afterwards t
see his strokes, so dark
He finally stopped w
his hands across
reach leaving it stress neck, leaving it streament. He shuddered and u hroaty sound, as one w

dream.

"Oh, for light in v
this!" he panted. "I
thing like it. Such a g
He shivered.
Mary tried to see
painted, but could not
"But I'm going to se But I'm going to se She ran to the door o she ran to the door of empty. There was no that could have beet range at which they that this was so, but John another day to of this. Then they ha pastor of the flock and the head which John h

good old priest gazed lovingly, and sighed "I never saw anyt whispered at last. Mother must have loo glorious, glorious! face like it in our p There is no statue of that you could see church door. Yes, ye nay, it is miraculous!

Before returning took the head of the lead master in Paris. old master in Paris. old master in Paris.
name, and he was a
greatest this day
gasped when he saw
the hurried rough an
John had again paint
"Marvellous!" th
strangely sighed. "
talent, but not like th
He gazed at it lone He gazed at it long head upon his hand.

up his eyes were dim.
"Do not go back said unsteadily. "I

and I need some on and to fill my plac When you studied know how great you has shown me. Let

has shown me. Let ners. One-half my yours, if only you wil Mary Madden wer

The family fortunes John Madden did no John Madden did no his wife and himself "I knew that for Holland!" cried of "But I did not know to John in the div lous!"—Jerome Ha

A PRODIGA The closing nigh missionary had alresubject of his sermed Sacred Heart for Si What better crowlabor? It would to and win it back to Hawerton judged ri ness lighting up the gregation all told his lit was into the m tion that a poor si dark and starless winds of a March tinued drizzling rai tinued drizzling rai spark of otheer from before, with hat ro eyes, his collar cand his hands was slowly trampi when he met an ele way in the directic "Say, old man," him on the should where a poor wret

> plied slowly. "W This is the last
> never is a strang
> the house of God.
> "Church!" gru
> "Oh, no; no chur
> crossed the thres spoken to a priest
> "All the more
> in to-night. So
> you're afraid to m
> "Well, somethir
> the stranger, rath
> He had spoken He had spoken life and the lack frightens many ar childhood day and church, and words in this vocabulary. Mai spent in the ho often served as a

the happy hours peace, his para temptations cam treaties of a lo

where a poor wret shelter for a night all: any old she enough."
The old man, th
winter cap over hi at his rough inquis "Yes. I can tell