

In Memoriam Father Alex. McMillan.

BY W. H. MACKENZIE.

In mournful cadence now is ringing, Our loved Cathedral's warning bell; To our townsmen solemnly bringing Some poor souls' departing knell.

It is for all a knell of sadness, And fills those hearts with grief and pain, To whom it once brought nought but gladness, Whom pealing forth its soft strain.

"Our loved pastor is no more," And the words which each one speaks, As scalding tears in streamlets pour, Adown each tender loving cheek.

No more in life shall we behold That noble form we loved so well, Nor hear his silver voice unfold Those truths on which he loved to dwell.

In Nova Scotia he was born, Longside that rough and rock-bound coast; Here too, he first adored at morn His Saviour in the Sacred Host.

His manhood's hue adorned his brow, He joined our Saviour's sacred band, Whom member's peace and trust avow, Religious precepts understand.

He fondly kissed the cross of love That rose supreme o'er Palestine, And placed his trust in God above To conquer souls for faith divine.

Up rose serene his vision pure, That troubled off his saintly soul, And soft the scenes of fame allure Him onward towards the distant goal.

Fair Canoe first his service claimed To labor there for Jesus' sake, And soft his heart with love inflamed, That urged him that good work to take.

What then he labored with a zeal That won for him the people's love; He taught them to in homage kneel, In praise of Him who reigns above.

A few years past the Saviour's child Had sacred found a moment's rest, When toward Prince Edward laid He turned his eyes by virtue blessed.

And here in Charlottetown he landed, In eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, And soon the faithful he had banded, By bonds of love and truth divine.

The little ones he fondly taught The sacred truths of God above; The erring one he also sought, To worship God with fervent love.

To them with sweetest voice he'd tell Of one who died the widow's tears, Whose sacred heart inflamed with love, Whose life to works of love was given, Whose prayer draws mercy from above, Whose death admits the soul to heaven.

To such a one the good, the kind, Our present joys and glory was one; And grateful hearts should surely find A fitting tribute to bestow.

And also in the temperance ranks Our friend both fame and glory won; For this he humbly gave God thanks, But worldly fame he wished for none.

To every class and creed he turned, While on Prince Edward's placid banks; His noble soul now calmly yearned, To swell God's great and saving ranks.

But here he could not long abide, For now his earthly work was done; July the fourth he calmly died, Proclaiming love for God's great Son.

Though we his flock do deeply feel The loss of him, our noblest friend; But yet when we in homage kneel, We'll ever pray for his great end.

Ah yes! on bended knees we'll pray, That though he sleeps beneath the sod, His soul beholds the light of day, Before the heavenly throne of God.

ONLY AN IRISH BOY.

THE FORTUNES OF ANDY BURKE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DROP GAME.

Fairfax had an object in remaining behind. He wanted to see if there was any way for him to get into Andy's room during the night, that he might rob him in his sleep. To his great satisfaction he found that there was a door between the two rooms, for the accommodation of persons in the same party who wished to be in adjoining apartments. It was, however, locked, but Fairfax was not unprepared for such an emergency. He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and tried them, one after another, in the lock. There was one that would very readily fit. For this again Fairfax was prepared. He took from the same pocket a file, and began patiently to file away the key till it should fit. He tried it several times before he found that it fitted. But at last success crowned his efforts. The door opened.

His eyes danced with excitement as he saw this.

"I might as well be in the same room," he said to himself. "Now, you young rascal, I shall take your money, and be revenged upon you at the same time."

He carefully looked the door, and then, feeling that he had done all that was necessary to do at present, went down stairs and took supper. Andy was out, and did not see him.

Meanwhile our young hero was out seeing the sights. He walked up Washington street, and at Boylster street turned and reached Tremont street, when he saw the Common before him. It looked pleasant, and Andy crossed the street and entered.

He walked wherever fancy led, and then found himself after awhile in a comparatively secluded part. Here he met with an adventure.

Rather a shabby-looking individual in front of him suddenly stooped and picked up a pocket-book, which appeared to be well filled with money. He looked up, and met Andy's eyes fixed upon him. This was what he wanted.

"Here's a pocket-book," he said. "Somebody must have dropped it."

Andy was interested.

"It seems to have considerable money in it," said the finder.

"Open it and see," said Andy.

"I ain't got time. I have got to leave the way by the next train. I mean I haven't time to advertise it, and get the reward which the owner will be sure to offer. Are you going to stay in the city long?"

"I'm going out to-morrow."

"I must go to-night. I wish I knew what to do."

"He seemed to be plunged into anxious thought."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, as if a bright idea had suddenly struck him.

"You take the pocket-book, and advertise it. If the owner is found, he will give you a reward. If not the whole will belong to you."

"All right," said Andy. "Hand it over."

"Of course," said the other. "I shall expect something myself, as I was the one to find it."

"I'll give you half."

"But I shall be out of the city. I'll tell you what—give me ten dollars and I'll make it over to you."

"That's rather steep," said Andy.

"Heft it. There must be a lot of money inside."

"I'm afraid the reward might be less than ten dollars," said Andy.

"Well, I'm in a great hurry—give me five."

It is possible that Andy, who was not acquainted with the "drop game," might have agreed to this, but a policeman came in sight, and the shabby individual hurried away without further ceremony, leaving Andy a little surprised, with the pocket-book in his hand.

"What's he in such a hurry for?" thought our hero.

He opened the pocket-book, and a light flashed upon him as he perceived that there was no money inside, but was stuffed out with rolls of paper.

"He wanted to swindle me," thought Andy. "It's lucky I didn't pay him five dollars. Anyway I'll keep it. The pocket-book is worth something."

He put it in his pocket, without taking the trouble to remove the contents.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE QUEST OF TWO HOTELS.

Andy wandered about till nine o'clock, determined to see as much of the city as possible in the limited time which he had at his disposal; but at last he became tired, and returned to the hotel. Fairfax was seated in the reading-room. He looked up as Andy entered.

"Have you been looking round the city?" he asked.

"Yes," said Andy; "I wanted to improve my time."

"I suppose, as this is your first visit, you see a good deal that is new?"

"It's all new," said Andy. "I feel tired walking round so much."

"No doubt. Are you going to bed now?"

"I shan't go up quite yet. I have been staying here quietly and I don't feel tired. I shall go up in the course of an hour or two."

"Good-night, then," said Andy.

"Good-night. I hope you'll sleep soundly," said Fairfax, who was certainly entirely sincere in this wish, as the success of his plans depended on the soundness of our hero's repose.

Andy went up stairs and lighted the gas in his bed-room. He noticed the door communicating with the next room, and tried it, but found it to be locked.

"That's all right," said Andy. "Nobody can get in that way."

He looked the principal door, and bolted it also, which seemed to make him perfectly secure.

"Now," thought he, after undressing, "where shall I put the money?"

This was an important question, as he had between five hundred and a thousand dollars belonging to the Misses Grant, of which it was his duty to take even more care than if it belonged to himself.

"If I guess I'll put it under the bolster," he reflected, "covering it up with the sheet, nobody can get in that I can see, but it is best to be careful."

In emptying his pockets he came across the pocket-book with its sham contents, of which mention has already been made.

"I'll leave that in my pocket," he said to himself, with a smile. "I'm not afraid of losing that. By the powers, it wouldn't be such a prize to the man that took it; I'm sure of that."

He laid his clothes on a chair in the middle of the room and jumped into bed, when he soon sank into a deep sleep.

Meanwhile Fairfax remained below in the reading-room. He was not at all sleepy, as he had told Andy, and his mind was full of the scheme of robbery which appeared so promising. He was glad Andy had retired so early, as he would be asleep sooner, and this would make things favorable for his entering his young companion's chamber. It was his intention, after he had secured the "plunder"—to adopt a Western phrase—to come down stairs and leave the hotel, not to return, as otherwise, as soon as Andy should discover his loss, the door between the two rooms would naturally point to him as the thief.

He didn't go up to his room till half-past ten. This was an hour and a half later than Andy retired, and would give him a chance to get fast asleep.

"He must be asleep now," he thought.

On reaching the corridor on which both of the chambers were situated he stood a moment before Andy's door and listened. It was not often that our young hero was guilty of sneaking, but to-night he was weary, and had begun to indulge in this nocturnal disturbance. The sounds which he heard were very satisfactory to Fairfax.

"The boy's fast asleep," he muttered. "I'll go into his room and make quick work of it. Fairfax, you're in luck for once. Fortune has taken a turn."

Softly he opened the door of his own room and entered. He lit the gas, and then going to the door of communication between the two rooms, he listened again. There was no cessation of the sounds which he had heard from the outside. He determined to make the attempt at once. Taking the proper key from his pocket he fitted it into the lock, and turning it the door opened and he stepped into the adjoining apartment. It was dark, for Andy had extinguished the gas on going to bed, but the gas from his own room made it sufficiently light for his purpose. He at once caught sight of Andy's clothes lying on the chair where he had placed them. He glanced cautiously at our hero as he lay extended upon the bed, with one arm slung out, but he saw no reason for alarm. Quietly he glided to the chair—with noiseless step he had removed his boots by way of precaution—and thrust his hand into the pocket of the coat. It came in contact with the false pocket-book, which seemed bulky and full of money.

Fairfax never doubted that it was the right one, and quickly thrust it into his own pocket. Just then Andy moved a little in bed, and Fairfax retreated hastily through the door closing it behind him.

"Now, the sooner I get out of this hotel the better!" he thought. "The boy may wake and discover his loss. It isn't likely, but it may happen. At any rate it's best to be on the safe side."

He did not stop to examine the prize which he had secured. He had no doubt whatever that it contained the money he was after. To stop to count it might involve him in peril. He therefore put on his boots and glided out of the chamber and down stairs.

To the clerk, who was at the desk, he said, as he hurriedly gave the key: "I'll be back in half an hour."

"Certainly," was the reply.

"All right, I may be out late."

He left the key and went out into the street. He hailed a passing car in Tremont Street and rode for some distance. In Court Street he got on board a Charlottetown car, and in half an hour found himself in the city, everywhere known by the granite shaft that commemorates the battle of Bonaventure Hill. He made his way to a hotel where he took a room, entering himself here under the name of James Simmons, Portsmouth, N. H. Anxious to examine his prize, he desired to be shown at once to a chamber.

He followed the servant, who conducted him with impatient steps. The stolen money was lying in his pocket. He wanted to know how much he had, and was more than half resolved to take an early train the next morning for the West, where he thought he should be secure from discovery.

"Is there anything wanted, sir?" asked the servant, lingering at the door.

"No, no," said Fairfax, impatiently. "It's all right."

"May be a little more polite," muttered the smug servant, as he went down stairs.

"Now for it!" exclaimed Fairfax, exultingly—"now let me see how much I have got."

He drew the pocket-book from his pocket and opened it. His heart gave a quick thump, and he turned ashy pale, as his glance rested upon the worthless roll of brown paper, with which it had been stuffed.

"Curse the boy!" he cried, in fierce and bitter disappointment, "he has fooled me after all! Why didn't I stop long enough to open the pocket-book before I came away. Blind, stupid fool that I was! I am as badly off as before, nay worse, for I have exposed myself to suspicion, and haven't got a penny to show for it."

It is needless to dwell upon his bitter self-reproaches, and the intense mortification he felt at having been so completely fooled by a boy, whom he had despised as verdant and inexperienced in the ways of the world—to think that success had been in his grasp, and he had missed it after all, was certainly disagreeable enough. It occurred to him that he might go back to the Adams House even now, and repair his blunder. It was not likely that Andy was awake yet. He was very weary, and boys of his age were likely, unless disturbed, to sleep through the night. He might retrieve his error, and so no one would be the wiser.

"It is his," he said, at length.

He went down stairs, and left the hotel without the knowledge of the clerk. Jumping into the horse-cars, he returned to Boston, and entered the Adams House about half-past twelve o'clock. He claimed his key at the desk, and went up stairs to his room. He had scarcely lit the gas, however, when a knock was heard at the door. Opening it unsuspectingly, he turned pale as he recognized the clerk in company with an officer of the law.

"What's wanted?" he faltered.

"You are wanted," was the brief reply.

"What for?" he gasped.

"You are charged with entering the adjoining room and stealing a pocket-book from the boy who sleeps there."

"It's a lie!" he said, but his tone was nervous.

"You must submit to a search," said the officer.

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded Fairfax, assuming an air of outraged virtue.

"Not at all. I am only giving you a chance to clear yourself from suspicion."

"I have a respectable name in my own town. I was never so insulted in my life," said Fairfax.

"I can charge you with groundless lies, if you don't submit to a search," said the officer.

Fairfax was compelled to submit to the search. He cursed his stupidity in throwing away the worthless pocket-book, but this he neglected to do, and of course it was very significant evidence against him. Not only this was found, but the variety of keys already referred to.

"You carry a great many keys," said the officer.

"It isn't a crime to carry keys, is it?" demanded Fairfax, sullenly.

"Not so fast, Mr. Marvin, as made of them. I suspect that one of them will open the door into the next chamber."

They were tried, and one did open the door.

As the light flashed into the room, Andy got up.

"Come here, young man," said the officer.

"Can you identify that pocket-book?"

"I can," said Andy.

"I'm here."

"When I went to bed it was in the pocket of my coat, lying on that chair."

"It is certainly a wonderful pocket-book. I have just found it in that gentleman's pocket."

Fairfax's eyes were bent malignantly upon Andy. A light flashed upon him. Now he recognized him.

"I know you," he said. "You are the man that stopped Colonel Preston, and tried to rob him."

"You lie, curse you!" exclaimed Fairfax, springing forward, and trying to throw himself upon Andy. But he was not quick enough. The officer had interposed, and seized him by the collar.

"Not so fast, Mr. Marvin, or whatever your name is. We don't allow any such games as that. Sit down till I want you."

The baffled adventurer was jerked into a chair from which he continued to eye savagely.

"What that affair you were talking about, young man?" he asked.

Andy briefly related his adventure with Fairfax on a former occasion.

"I'll trouble you to come with me, Mr. Marvin, or Fairfax," said the officer.

"There's another hotel, where lodgings are provided for such as you."

Resistance was useless, and the detected thief, though his name was registered at two hotels, was compelled to accompany a few agreeable men at a station-house. How he was detected will be explained in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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