THE LAMP OF ST. JOSEPH.

Published by the first Irish Northerling [illegible] Belfast, 1868, after [illegible] of Wexford, who wrote, when [illegible] that the Order of [illegible] Joseph, in Belfast.

There were many bright lamps burning
In the dear old church we love,
There were many fond eyes turning
To the shrines of light above;
But we knew not to whom, lonely,
Pray and sorrow-fraught souls, in Joseph,
Only St. Joseph's only,
We whispered with fling regret.

A [illegible] mern,
A [illegible] chilled thoughts
Cold and soft and warm
It sends up its velvetest prayer,
Who knows, that these kneeling
Are not the heart's love to him?
Which falls, like unwarried trembling
Lets not the light dim?

Only a few who rather
Sweet thought from the olden days,
When the home of their glorious Father
Were filling our land with praise.
Only a few, who, clinging
Close to St. Joseph's name,
Yearn for the dei-dawn bringing
Mary's own white-robed band

Back to the Irish mountain
Back to the vales whose cul
Moved with the life-blood's fountain,
Love's last greatery to God,
Saint of the weak and lowly,
Saint of the hidden home,
Holiest of the holy,
Joseph, to thee we come.

Think while the lamp is burning
Ever before thy shrine,
Ever our hearts are turning,
Dearest of saints, to thine;
Ever our fond hopes pressing
Close to thy gentle ears,
Soon may thy potent blessing
Rest on our answered prayers.

THE Squire's Grand-daughters.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

'Margaret,' she cried, suddenly wheeling round, and ceasing to stamp with her little, elegantly-shod feet about the floor, 'do you think that there is any fear that grandfather is losing all his English money?'

'I hope not, Fifine. Such an idea has not entered my head.'

'It came into mine last night. These men sit here till morning sometimes after we have gone to bed. Perhaps they play at cards! But there! I must not scold any more, or I shall be as red as a penny, and spoil the effect of my costume, and I do not want to vex that Madame Vilaine!'

After the departure of Fifine Margaret's thoughts went to work upon a new idea. Might it not be true that M. Dunois was in the hands of gamblers, of persons to whom he owed some overwhelming debts of honor in the past? Could it be possible that he was trying to retrieve his position with them, and that not until the affair should be arranged would they suffer him to return to his home? She had heard of men who had lost fortunes, houses, lands, in a single night! But no! this was only an unwholesome imagination. Why should she allow herself to rush to such extraordinary conclusions?

Victor came to bring her some luncheon. He was sorry to see Mademoiselle looking so lonely, so *triste*. This he expressed by his manner of taking off the covers and placing her chair.

'Would Mademoiselle allow him to fetch her anything agreeable—books from the shops—some trifle she could fancy?'

Margaret felt grateful for his unobtrusive sympathy and attention. He could not get her anything; she had all she required. When she had returned to her embroidery, and Victor found his duties in her presence ended, he still lingered with his hand on the door. Could Mademoiselle tell him how soon she intended returning to England?

'I am sorry to say I cannot, Victor. Has M. Dunois not given you instructions?'

'He does not speak of going, Mademoiselle; and this place does not agree with his constitution. M. Dunois is looking ill. Could not Mademoiselle persuade him to return?'

'He is here on business,' said Miss Huntingtower. 'Until it is finished he cannot return.'

'It is a business that will never be finished, Mademoiselle. I am an old servant, or I would not venture to speak. He ought to be persuaded to escape to England.'

The word "escape" surprised and displeased Margaret. She thought Victor, even though an old servant, persuaded too much. Unwilling, at all events, to discuss her grandfather's affairs with him, she could not encourage him to say any more. Victor, reading her countenance, retreated with a sigh, and left his young mistress more perplexed than before.

He had not been many minutes gone when another step was heard on the stairs, slowly and wearily ascending to the landing, and M. Dunois came into the apartment.

'My daughter,' he said, 'I have torn myself away from my affairs to look after you a little. You have had no amusement since you came to Paris. I propose that we go to some theatre to-night.'

'We three alone, *grandpere*?'

'Not quite alone, my little one. The general will be kind enough to accompany us.'

'Why always the general, grandfather?' asked Margaret, her color changing.

'But why not the general, my Margaret? Have you forgotten your enthusiastic approval of him?' said M. Dunois, with just a slight flavor of sarcasm in his tones.

'No,' said Margaret, doubtfully; 'but he was one person in England, and he is another person here. On further acquaintance, I do not approve of him.'

'You speak boldly for a *jeune fille*! My friends ought to satisfy you. By and by we shall go back to England. You may as well do me the pleasure in the meantime of being civil to my friends.'

'If they are your friends' [illegible] to me to be unhappy in his company. I hope your business with him will soon be over, grandfather. I want to carry you off with me—back again, home.'

'Ah!' said the old man, wearily; and his sigh seemed an admission of a want of power to fulfil her desire, which was also his own.

'Grandfather, you have your own business here.'

'I do, *par ciel*!'

'Do you really wish me to go to the theatre in company with General de Vedrasse?'

'Why, naturally, my child. He who [illegible]

'No; he will not kill me,' said Margaret; but she thought within herself that if Lance knew how she felt about enduring the man's society, he would be almost willing to hurt M. de Vedrasse.

'He is to bring the tickets to us this evening, my little daughter; and I hurried here to give you notice to be ready.' And now, in the meantime, there will be time for me to take you for a little walk. Get on your mantle, Margaret. Afterwards, you know, there will be England. Sir Harley Winthrop will not be pleased to see you looking so pale.'

'Sir Harley Winthrop!' Margaret paused in crossing the floor to look back in astonishment at M. Dunois.

'I mean all your friends, of course. Go, child! I am waiting; and we have not a great deal of time.'

He took her for a walk in the Champs Elysees, and exerted himself to amuse her all the time with stories of the time when he was a light-hearted young man in Paris, and contrived to amuse himself well.

'You have seen absolutely nothing since you came here,' he kept saying. 'It will not take you back with me to tell such a story as that!'

'But when, grandfather?' asked Margaret; 'when you are going back to England?'

'Ah!' sighed M. Dunois, wearily; 'when?'

CHAPTER XIX.

A HELPING HAND.

Silence had followed M. Dunois' burst of unusually lively conversation, and a shadow had fallen on both faces, when they suddenly saw a beaming countenance they knew coming towards them in the sunshine, and were in the presence of Sir Harley Winthrop. A flash of genuine pleasure lit up M. Dunois' thin visage as he became aware that this was fact and no illusion.

'Ah,' said Sir Harley, shaking him warmly by the hand, but with his eyes on Margaret, 'how fortunate I am! I was just setting out to look for you!'

'You are fond of Paris. You are often here?' said Margaret, eager to suggest that this friend had not left London for the sake of their company.

'Yes, I often run over. Indeed, I have scarcely been in England at all during the last two or three years What a lovely afternoon it is? I suppose you live completely out of doors. I think, however, that the air of Paris hardly agrees with Miss Huntingtower as well as her native air. She is looking somewhat pale.'

'She has not been out of doors as much as I could have wished,' said M. Dunois. 'I came here on a matter of business, and it has proved more absorbing and tedious than I had foreseen. I have just been telling her she must have a little more amusement. To-night we are going to the theatre. If you will join us—'

'I shall be delighted,' returned Sir Harley; and Margaret, despite her uncomfortable misgiving on the subject or his feeling for herself, was glad at the [illegible] of his presence at the theatre, where he must in some degree save her from the detested attentions of her grandfather's 'friend.' They sat some time under the trees, the gentlemen conversing and Margaret reflecting. She was wandering if her presence in Paris had anything to do with the arrival of their neighbor of Gorseley. Lance's declaration that Sir Harley was not aware of her engagement rang in her ears. It is true that Fifine's word was not to be depended upon absolutely, and yet, in a matter of this kind, what motive could her cousin have had for deceiving her? At all events she must, as soon as possible, find an opportunity for enlightening Sir Harley as to the state of her affairs. It might be awkward, difficult, unnecessary, but, as Lance thought it right, it must be done. And there was another reason which made the desirability of a perfect understanding urgent. Her grandfather's late remark, taking for granted that Sir Harley felt a special interest in her, had startled and displeased her. Was it true, then, as Lance suspected, that he wanted to part them and give her to this other man? Her face grew hot as she sat thinking and declaring to herself that she was capable of putting these crooked matters straight. She would watch her opportunity; she would make everything clear. In the meantime she could but be thankful to heaven that Sir Harley would be with them at the theatre.

After some time he left them to make arrangements which would enable him to meet them there, and Margaret and M. Dunois proceeded slowly home. The latter no longer chattered about the amusements of his youth, being too deep in the perplexities of his old age. A new hope was shining in the underground regions in which those perplexities lay hidden from the vulgar ken. If, during their stay in Paris, Margaret could be persuaded to forget Dangerfield, and take Sir Harley as her accepted lover in his place, how much the anxiety of her grandfather's life would be allayed! In proportion as Lance was acutely perceptive, instinctively and almost unerringly conscious of any truth that lay in his neighborhood and might be expected to drag it mercilessly to light, just so was Sir Harley amiably short-sighted, indolently indulgent, slow to look for or recognize, or disturb under muffling veils the outlines of any hidden, however intolerable, fact. Apart from the superior fitness as to worldly position and the neighborhood of his property to Amberwolds, Sir Harley was just the sort of man with whom M. Dunois could be pleased to ally himself. As for any absolute stability in woman which could, by divine virtue of his own indestructibility, survive temptation, opportunity, and the temptations of wealth and a high estate, M. Dunois was without faith in its existence. Therefore he could see no insuperable difficulty to his plans. Lance's influence removed for a time, Margaret must come to her senses under the genial sunshine of Sir Harley's sweet attentions. That the time for these processes to be had begun should have appeared at the right moment, seemed to the old man an extraordinary stroke from fortune, and not only in old hate of Lance, but in his desire [illegible]

'True; the play interested me much. And, by the way, who was the Englishman who forced his company on us this evening? I remember seeing him at your place on the night of your ball. Miss Huntingtower came to meet us, I think, leaning on his arm.'

'He did not force his company on us,' said Margaret, quickly, without waiting for M. Dunois to reply. 'We invited him to come. He is Sir Harley Winthrop, a gentleman, and our neighbor at home.'

'How you do harp on that perpetual home,' Miss Huntingtower! Is there nothing we can do for you in this beautiful Paris that will make you forget the world for a month?'

'Nothing,' said Margaret, raising her eyes and looking at him with fearless straightness. She hoped he would understand that her 'nothing' was intended to convey a great deal.

'And you are anxious to return to England?'

'Yes, M. de Vedrasse.'

'We must give you a little more amusement. M. Dunois and I have been busy until now. We have still a great deal wanting to be done, but we must manage a little time to give you pleasure. Meantime Sir Harley will take back your *amities* to England.'

Margaret was disdainfully silent, and M. Dunois glanced at the floor. Instantly glancing up again, however, the latter said with a smile:

'She will not be tricked into admitting anything, you see. She is spoiled and must go her own way.'

'No, by heaven, she shall go my way!' muttered the general, not on the moment or in the salon, however, but as, having quitted his victims at last, he stepped into the street.

Nevertheless, Margaret slept sweetly, unconscious of this threat; and M. Dunois, also unaware of it, lay awake and planned how best to take advantage of Sir Harley's visit to Paris. He thought he saw a steady purpose plainly shining in the honest gentleman's eyes, and that, if at all encouraged, he would immediately propose to Margaret. He thought of sight seeing excursions here and there which might easily be arranged if he himself were suffered so much freedom as would enable him to accompany his girls. But all such movements the general had in his power and keep him, M. Dunois, his unhappy slave, always by his side, the Squire of Amberwolds could not permit himself to doubt.

'He will do anything to hinder Sir Harley from enjoying her society,' thought the old man impatiently, 'and if Winthrop be driven away from us, how will it all end?'

This sudden, audacious fancy of M. de Vedrasse for Margaret had disturbed all his calculations, and it did not seem so merely ridiculous to him as to the girl herself. M. Dunois, looking all around him, began to think that it might perhaps have been better if it had tried to make a friend of Lance, and given him Margaret at [illegible] with a comfortable fortune. In that case she, who had grown to be his darling, could never at least have come in contact with the "general." Throughout all his fears of attacks from the enemy, to be met by the cunning and vigilance of Victor and himself, he had never imagined that the ruin he dreaded could include a personal danger to his Margaret. And yet, as Lance's bold attitude and searching eyes rose before him, the old gentleman's courage asserted itself again, and he declared within herself that he did not regret having kept Dangerfield at a distance He was not so thoroughly cowed as to acknowledge himself defeated. If only Sir Harley Winthrop and Margaret could be married privately at once in Paris, and depart together for England! 'After that he could eat me up if he liked,' said the squire, thinking of M. de Vedrasse. 'Better to eat me than her. But if she were suddenly and hopelessly gone he would probably forget her in a month. At all events I will scheme a little to outwit him. I will telegraph in the morning for Rene to come here from Oxbridge. Then the girls will have an escort of their own, and can go anywhere they please in company with him and Sir Harley Winthrop!'

(TO BE CONTINUED).

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