

HOME AT LAST.

It is a holy spot to be buried in—that old Dominican Abbey which skirts the river Nore, where it rushes through the city of Kilkenny.

Close by the tower of the great ruins of its twin sister, St. Francis' Abbey, both founded by two illustrious brothers, the Earls of Pembroke. One, Richard Marshall, lies with his corselet pierced by traitor's hands beside the bubbling spring which waters the Franciscan graveyard, whilst the other, William, rests with mailed arms crossed under the present shade of the Dominican friars of the "Black Abbey."

"It is a holy place to be buried in," repeated Mary Maher, whilst she pursued her voyage of discovery amongst the tombs. "When shall I revisit you, sweet city by the Nore, and hear the mighty bell booming across your pleasant waters? Who can tell?"

"Who can tell? Only God," was the reply, and turning round she perceived the venerable prior of the Black Abbey, who, like herself, was taking an evening stroll.

"Are you really going to leave us to-morrow?" he asked, kindly.

It was only too true. This was Mary Maher's last evening among the haunts of her youth, and this was the last time she would again gaze for many a year on the hoary outlines of the Abbey against an Irish sky.

She was to start for Queenstown early next morning en route for New York, in one of those "monsters of the deep"—an emigrant ship, which lay waiting its prey in the Cove of Cork.

She was leaving behind a mother and two young sisters. Three years previously her father had thrown aside his spade, declaring he would never turn another sod in hapless Ireland, and now that he had become comparatively rich, he had sent for his eldest daughter, who resembled him in her love of roving.

Thus it was that the old priest addressed to her this question: "Are you really going to leave us to-morrow?"

He had heard, in common with others, of her intended emigration, and he embraced the opportunity of giving her advice on her future life. In his younger days Father Patrick had shouldered a knapsack and crossed the Rocky Mountains in quest of booty, but when a graver mood stole upon him he hung aside such attentions and entered the Order of St. Dominic. Thus we find him pacing to and fro in the gloaming, instructing the young girl in her coming duties.

She had known him from her youth, and had grown up under the shadow of the venerable Dominican pile, regarding the white habit and black mantle as heavenly badges. Not that Mary Maher was religious. It was true she was fervent by fits and starts, but her character was essentially worldly. Obstinate may be termed her leading trait, and obstinacy formed her leading trait, and obstinacy may be termed her leading trait, and obstinacy may be termed her leading trait.

The father gave her his blessing and impressed on her not to forget her mother and sisters in her new home. Then, taking a crucifix from his belt, he made the sign of the cross over her head.

"When tempted," he said, "recollect this sorrowful face and outstretched hands on the hard tree of the cross. This crucifix has accompanied me in all my travels, and has a special blessing attached to it for wayfarers."

Mary took the sacred symbol reverently in her hands and examined it. The figure of our Lord was exquisitely carved in ivory, and the cross was of cedar wood. After many years she saw it again. She was then no longer the simple Irish maiden who craved a blessing at the Dominican Father's feet.

CHAPTER II.

On Mary Maher's arrival in New York she had no difficulty in securing a situation. Her father was employed in laying iron tracks for the cars, which overran the city, and therefore was a protection for his daughter. In the eyes of the world it was prudent to have a parent for a connection, but there the boon ceased. Mary Maher was unimpaired and able to work, and Mary derived but small advantage from living near him.

The monotonous duties of indoor servant soon disgusted her, and after a lapse of three months we find her in one of those giant warehouses that line the thoroughfares of New York.

She wrote home and sent money, and said her morning and evening prayers regularly. Thus, so far, Father Patrick rested satisfied with his restless protegee, and penned a letter of encouragement for her in her new sphere.

An ominous silence followed. The priest trembled for her perseverance, but did not despair. At last came a letter enclosing six pounds, and saying she was leaving New York and going South. Further particulars she did not impart, but added if letters were directed to a certain Madame Lehon in the city they would reach her. This shred of information reached Father Patrick at an opportune moment, when he found himself obliged to make an appeal in favor of Mary Maher's mother.

To the husband he had applied in vain, and now he told the pitiful tale to the daughter with the like result.

Father Patrick had leaned on broken reeds. From Tom Maher he expected little, but he trusted in Mary to prove true in the hour of need. In both he had been disappointed.

Death is a swift courier. Nothing blunts the point of his shaft, once his victim is marked for destruction. Mrs. Maher died after some months, of rapid consumption, and Father Patrick's heart bled when he heard the grating door of the workhouse close behind the motherless children. There was no help for it. Again he wrote, and blank silence ensued as before.

Three years passed away without any clue to the wanderer. At length one morning brought a newspaper containing a minute account of a stage piece

lately put on the boards by Madame Lehon, owner and conductress of the world-wide burlesque company known as "The Mermaids."

The principal role was played by the celebrated Irish actress, Mademoiselle Mehère, and under this thin disguise Father Patrick recognized his former pupil.

Advanced as he was in years, and inured to the phantasies of the world, he was unprepared for this relation. Duty had ever been his watchword, and in the present crisis he was not going to lower his standard. His decision was speedily taken.

He despatched another letter to Mary Maher, representing the forlorn condition of her sisters. An anxious interval followed. Day by day he saw the pinched faces of the children grow sharper and paler, and an idea seized him.

He got photographs taken of them in the pauper garb, and despatched them to America.

The hair took. In reply a money order for £30 coupled with a promise that this sum should be annually paid, and requesting that for the future all further demand should cease.

"That depends on how the agreement is kept," said Father Patrick, folding up the welcome donation, and hurrying off to the workhouse to arrange for the removal of the children.

CHAPTER III.

Parting day was dawning on the grey battlements of the "Black Abbey," Kilkenny, when a lady dressed in all the vagaries of fashion wended her way through the graveyard surrounding the ancient pile.

Eagerly she scanned the headstones one by one, and then seating herself on the lid of a granite coffin, sighed, William Marshall, "the younger" Earl of Pembroke, founded this home for the Dominican Order in the year 1225.

Here he lies, a stone's throw removed from his brother Richard, founder of the Franciscan Abbey. Both sleep under the monastic institution they had raised to God's honor and their neighbors' edification. On the coffin lid of some mailed follower of the doctory Earl, Mary Maher rested.

She had not attained the object of her search—a grave,—and the gathering shades of evening warned her that the darkness of night was about to fall.

She was returning by the same route she came by, when in the waning light she perceived the gleam of a white habit. It was Father Dominic who approached—the newly elected prior of the "Black Abbey."

She paused to frame her question, and then in a high pitch inquired: "Who is the head boss in yonder stack of buildings?" pointing to the gabled ends and gargoyles grinning through the ivied screen that concealed the Abbey.

"If you mean the superior," replied the priest, quietly, "I am he."

Subdued by the reproof conveyed so pointedly, and yet so gently, she acquiesced him with her mission. It was to find the last resting place of her mother, one Honora Maher, who died in the city some years previously.

"I am a stranger," continued Father Dominic, "but in the Abbey is an aged Father who knows every grave, though he is blind, I shall ask him, if you kindly wait."

They were not kept long in suspense. Advancing towards them with the help of a stick came Father Patrick. Father Dominic told him of the lady's request, and disappeared to finish his office.

Left alone with her companion Mary Maher (for it was she) repeated her inquiry about the grave. Her voice trembled when she put the question, because she had recognized Father Patrick.

To those favored souls hemmed in by the cloister from the turmoil of the world, the lapse of ten years makes but slight havoc in their outward appearance, and the old Dominican Father proved no exception to this rule.

He was yet hale and strong, though his hair was bleached with the snows of seventy winters.

Father Patrick was unaware that his companion was Mary Maher. Even if eyesight had remained to him, it would have been difficult to reconcile the powdered and painted dame who accompanied him the fresh Irish face he had looked on a decade of years before.

Coming to a cluster of green mounds, he pointed with a stick. "Under the middle sod rests Honora Maher," he said, turning his sightless eye-balls on his companion. "Perhaps you are a relation of hers? Something in your tone of voice recalls her."

"Yes," was all Mary could command in reply.

The hesitating manner was not lost on the old priest.

"Your accent tells me that you come from America," he continued. "If you have lived in New York, perhaps you have met a girl from this city—Mary Maher, who left Ireland ten years ago. This is her mother's grave."

He ceased speaking. Mary walked away, and he could hear the rattle of her parasol against the railings as she passed along.

"Are you a Catholic child?" he asked; "if so, you will like to see our church?"

Concluding that the dangerous topic had died out, she answered in the affirmative and they passed under the ancient Gothic portals.

Advancing towards the altar, he knelt down, whilst she remained standing, gazing at the carved windows and chiseled pillars, once so familiar to her.

Suddenly an object arrested her attention. Far up the wall, between the lace like windows of the Black Abbey, reposes the wonderful group of the Trinity, carved by a master-hand six centuries ago, and before this quaint representation a lamp burnt in a niche.

Lower down hung a crucifix, and Mary Maher recognized in the delicately-cut features on the cross, the same with which Father Patrick had signed her ten years before.

The last evening in the grave-yard flashed before her mind, and the sentiment she had then uttered, "It is a holy place to be buried in, this old Dominican Abbey."

not wish to be buried anywhere; and death held nothing but terror for one whose life was spent in a whirl of wild excitement. However, she approached nearer the beacon, and gazed up at the niche. Underneath the crucifix she read the words: "A Prayer for the Wanderer's Return."

Unpleasant memories were thronging her mind, and tears gathering in her eyes, and she felt relieved that no one witnessed them. The aged priest still remained absorbed in prayer, his face turned towards the flickering lamp, though he could not see its light. A few moments more and he rose. They walked on in silence—the actress and the Dominican friar.

Standing before the monastery door, the latter extended his hand to bid good evening.

Mary Maher's object in visiting the graveyard had been to erect a monument to her mother's memory, and now that she was on the eve of departing for America, she lacked courage to reveal herself. She feared Father Patrick would recognize her, and sift the secrets of the past.

Striving to nerve herself she said in a forced voice: "I am starting for Queenstown to-morrow, father, and before I leave I am anxious to ascertain the cost of a monument over Honora Maher's grave."

"Are you a relative of hers?" asked the priest.

It was beginning to dawn upon him who his companion might be, and with a practised hand he determined the commission she had come from the girl's own lips.

"I am her daughter," answered Mary in a voice so low that he drew near to catch the faint accents.

He heard them, and he raised the latch of the door without a reply. Instinctively she followed him. Through a winding corridor they passed into the reception room of the Abbey. A lay brother entered, laid a lamp on the table, and disappeared. Then the floodgates of Mary Maher's soul were opened, and she poured forth the tale of her checkered career into the ear of the priest.

It had been ten years since she left Ireland, and seven years since she had joined Madame Lehon's troupe. Whilst there she formed an attachment to an actor of the same company, and her marriage day was named. Her father in the meantime had become impotent in his demands for money, and his intemperate habits reflected disgrace on his daughter. Lying in an ambulance one dark night, he surprised her lover, and in the heat of passion, the young man slew him. The actor fled for his life, was captured, and met his death on the gallows.

Such had been Mary Maher's history. The fate of her fiancé had made a deep impression on her excitable temperament, and she was ordered a change of scene to Europe.

Thus it was that at the end of six months' tour we meet her, having wandered through the continent and taken Ireland in at the finish. She had amassed a modest fortune, and when Father Patrick asked her to increase her donation towards her orphan sisters, she opened her purse and drew from it a check for £100.

"I shall give you more, father," she said, "when I return next fall, because I always thought this Abbey graveyard was a holy spot to be buried in, and I don't think I shall last much longer. When I return to America I am to undergo an operation for cancer."

"It matters little where our bones lie," continued the priest, "provided our souls are prepared to meet God, and the life of an actress is one exposed to many dangers. Remain at home, my child. It is now five years since I first lit that lamp in the Abbey church before the crucifix, craving a prayer for the wanderer's return. I have prayed daily for that hour, and, thank God, I have lived to see it. If you must leave, then make a general confession of your whole life. With the tell disease of cancer threatening you, it is madness to hazard your salvation."

Mary's sobs were the only response to this appeal. To the priest's ears it sounded as sweetest music. The wail of one who had wandered through sinful byways, and searched by the world and the devil, was dragging her weary steps homeward.

She explained to Father Patrick that she had entered into a year's engagement in the United States and was bound to return. If the operation proved successful she was to appear that day three months on the stage in New York.

He ceased to urge her to postpone her voyage. It was clear to him that if life remained to Mary Maher she was bent on returning to Ireland, but pending this he insisted on her making a general confession of her sins.

The lamp burnt low, and the wick licked up the last drop of oil, and still the stream of sin and sorrow continued to pour into the sympathising ear of the priest.

Then the penitent stood erect, and looked into the calm, cold moonlight, and saw the silver beams playing on her mother's grave. The placid scene was a fit picture of her own soul at that minute. The galling yoke had been lifted off, and she felt as cheery as the skylark rising in the morning clouds.

She kissed the hem of Father Patrick's habit in gratitude, and sallied out into the night air.

The old man's heart was overjoyed. His prayer had been heard. The Blessed Mother had answered his daily rosary. The wanderer had returned.

"Good night and God bless you," were his parting words, and Mary Maher had hurried up the narrow street and bent her steps towards the principal hotel in the "Faire Citye."

CONCLUSION.

Six months after her meeting with Father Patrick the wanderer returned home to die.

The best medical advice which New York could offer was procured, but all in vain.

The cancer was momentarily arrested, but not exterminated, and the doctors agreed the patient's case was hopeless.

Feeling her strength declining, she was seized with a burning desire to see her old friend once again.

Her wish was granted. She made a second pilgrimage to Ireland, took lodgings close to the Black Abbey, and whilst every moment of a visit to Father Patrick each day, and underwent a preparation for death.

At times the devil sought to undermine her courage by exhibiting dreary memories of the past. Then she would open her mind to her saintly director and the temptation vanished.

Her disease belonged to the painless branch of cancer. Painless, we term it, when compared with the more virulent kind, but the word is only used in a comparative sense.

Restless nights, days burdened with lassitude, and its accompanying symptoms, and seizures of pain at intervals.

When Mary Maher came too weak to visit the Abbey, Father Patrick attended her daily. Her beads, recited during her wanderings, were a constant companion. He soothed her last moments with his paternal presence, and when the momentous hour of death hovered about its victim, the sting had been extracted from the dread visitor. At her desire her sisters were present at the closing scene. She pointed Father Patrick their guardian, and left an ample sum of money for their maintenance.

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

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A few nights before her decease she asked for the crucifix that hung in the church.

"You may take it down, father," she said. "Its mission has been achieved. The wanderer has returned and is home at last. Lay me down beside my mother in the old Dominican Abbey, for it is a holy spot to be buried in."

And her request was granted.—The Catholic Register.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS. Among the prizes distributed, on the 23rd instant, by the Society of Arts of Canada (1096 Notre Dame Street), was one worth \$2,000 to Mr. N. Mayer, 210 City Hall Avenue, in partnership with Mr. J. B. Langelier, 221 1/2 Visitation Street.

"TALKING SHOP" AT HOME. THE BUSINESS AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITH BUSINESS HOURS.

"There are times when it seems that a man's house is the best, and at times it is the only place for a business consultation of importance, and no wife will resent such occasions," writes Edward W. Bok, in an editorial protest against "talking shop" at home in the October Ladies' Home Journal.

"Those times are, however, rare, as every man knows, and they should be kept so. Business, at its best, interests a woman simply because it interests her husband and because his interests are hers. She has no inherent love for it. She cannot have it. It is not her sphere. And, therefore, to impose business talk upon her every evening, or nearly every evening, is nothing short of an imposition and an injustice. Men ought to be wise enough to see this. And they ought to be sensible enough to understand that, for their own interests, it is best for them to drop business matters, so far as possible, with business hours. A man's mind needs diversion; it requires exercise in entirely different channels from those in which it has been running during the day. For this reason the proverb is so full of common sense that every man should have a personal hobby as far removed from the nature of his business as possible.

A sensible hobby has saved many a business man from early collapse. The mind needs rest, and a man's home is the one place in all the world where such rest should be given it. And American wives should more rigidly insist

that this mental rest be taken by their husbands. It is not an easy matter in some cases for the woman of the home to take such a stand and persist in it. But she can do it if she will. A woman can do almost anything with the man who loves her if she only goes about it in the right way. The trouble is that so many women choose the wrong way. The practice of "talking shop" should cease in our American homes. Our wives are right in the interest which they take in their husbands' business affairs. Their influence is frequently seen and felt in the business world. And it is an influence which every right-minded man respects, knowing, as he does, that a woman always acts for the best interests of the man she loves. In her interest and sympathy she is right. Nothing works as much good in a man's capacity and enjoyment of business as his wife's faith, interest and co-operation in that business. So long as she permits her interest and sympathy to act only as a means of encouragement she is wise."

It is a Pleasure For Mr. Hamilton to Speak. An Esteemed Citizen of the Ancient Capital. What He Thinks of Paine's Celery Compound.

The following letter from Mr. Wm. Hamilton, of No. 2 Oliver Street, Quebec, P. Q., is so very plain and lucid that it requires no explanatory remarks. His object is to draw the attention of the sick and afflicted to that fountain and source of life from which he received supplies of new health. He says:

"It is with sincere pleasure and gratitude I refer to your Paine's Celery Compound, and the wonderful blessings that I received from its use.

"To tell the truth, before using it I had little confidence in it, but concluded if it did me no good it could not make any worse than I was.

"I had suffered for years from indigestion, liver complaint and kidney disease, and began with Paine's Celery Compound in order to give it a thorough testing. After a fair use of the Compound I am as well as ever I was, and all my troubles have disappeared, and I am enjoying good health.

"Your medicine is a wonderful one; it is far superior to all others, as it truly gives life, and puts the entire system in a healthy condition. As a purifier of the blood I find it has no equal, and I heartily recommend its use to all sufferers."

"Can stronger proof than the above be required to convince any sick and diseased man or woman that Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world?"

Surely, dear reader, you will admit that it is worthy of a trial. You are seeking for new health, and therefore need the very best. Be sure you ask for and use only "Paine's," the only genuine celery preparation in the world.

IRISH PRIESTS. The Melbourne Advocate says:—The vigorous constitutions which some of the old Irish priests in the colonies have exemplified in the longevity of the elder Jesuit Fathers. A clerical friend, who came to Victoria about thirty years ago, writes:—It is strange the old men are getting very old and hard de combat. Father Mulhall in his 77th year, Father Dalton in his 80th year, Father Frank

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Murphy in his 81st year, and Father Duffy in his 82nd year, the combined ages of the four priests making 324 years. Father Mulhall, I am told, was lately successfully operated on for a chest disease. Father Dalton was lately confined to his room but is about again; but the oldest of the four (Father Duffy) is reported to have preached a sermon quite recently at Malthead. The report says:—His robust voice, and the apparent freshness with which he carried a sermon of over an hour's duration was a revelation to many who were wont to associate venerable old age with infirmity." Father Duffy's name will be familiar to many in Dublin, who will remember his many years devoted service in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Gardiner-street. As a secular priest Father Duffy acted as one of the Chaplains to the British troops in the Crimea, and underwent the hardships of a terrible campaign.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, OF CANADA. 1066 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$200. Tickets 10 cents.

OFFICE BOY LAWYERS. COLLAPSE OF A GRANDILOQUENT BOY BY A BUDDING LAMB OF THE LAW.

In one of the big downtown office buildings, tenanted principally by lawyers, a reporter rode down in an elevator car with two boys, who, to judge from their conversation, were budding lambs of the law. One of them was about 15 years of age, and the other perhaps a couple of years his senior.

"I had that judgment opened this morning," remarked the younger of the two flecking the ashes from a cigarette, "but I thought Giegerich was a little slow about it."

"Yes," drawled the other, "it's certainly a great bore to have to spend so much time in court. Remember my bond and mortgage case in the supreme? Well, it was enough to try anybody's patience. The trouble with some of our judges, Frank, is that they don't know the rudiments of landlord and tenant law. I cited Pebbles versus Bubbles, and it knocked him out. Where are you bound?"

"Oh, I've got a little corporation matter on hand to-day!" was the reply. "Receiver wants to be relieved. I don't know whether I'll consent or not. I've got a demurrer to argue besides, and—"

"By that time the car was at the ground floor. A stout, matronly woman stood waiting to get in.

"Well, young man," she said, addressing the boy who had been called Frank, "I was just about to go up and give you a talking to in front of your boss. Why didn't you get father's shoes that you took to be half-soled?"

"Hash, mother!" whispered Frank as his face reddened. "I don't want to be talking about that down here. I'm going to court."

"You're going to court, are you?" responded the stout lady in a loud tone. Very well, go to court. But if you come home to-night without those shoes you get no supper, and you don't stir a peg out of the flat the rest of the week. Do you hear?"

"Sny," said the elevator man as he stuck his head out of the car and grinned, "you've run up against the chief justice of the supreme court, haven't you? Gee whizz!"—New York Mail and Express.

"SATISFACTORY RESULTS." So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Disease and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

Boss—Wiggins, what did you do with my pen? Clerk—I put it on your desk, sir." Boss—You did? Well, don't do it again, please. Next time you take it just put it some place where I can find it when I want it.—Roxbury Gazette.

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