THE NEW BELL OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, SEA ISLE CITY, N. J.

BY MARION W. NEWMAN.

Methinks the voice of an angel
Is hid in the tongue of a bell,
Of a church bell (sweet evangel!)
Chiming its silvery knell;
Swinging, ringing, singing the praises of God on high,
Calling to hallow'd worship the thought-less passer-by,

It cries aloud to the living,
It tolls for the holy dead;
It sounds with a merry music
A peal for the newly-wed;
Swinging, ringing, singing, between the earth and sky,
It lifts our thoughts to heaven, and Him Who reigns on high!

'Tis washed with the blessed water,
To symbol the clean of heart;
'Tis signed with the sacred chrism,
For God's use set apart;
Swinging, ringing, singing, while winds and storms go by,
It tells of the power and mercy of Him Who dwells on high!

Above it and within it,
The incense waves are driven,
A type of the prayerful spirit,
Whose incense mounts to heaven.
Swinging, ringing, flinging its silv'ry tones abroad,
Like the old Levitical trumpet, *this* bell belongs to God!

Over the marshes and meadows,
Its echoes haunt the gale;
And out in the deep sea-shadows,
The waves its music hail!
Ring on, O Bell of Sea Isle! ring out, both far and free,
Sweet-toned bell of St. Joseph's—St. Joseph's—by the Sea!

From Cape May Co. Times.

PRAYER.*

Fire of heaven's eternal ray
Gentle and unscorching flame,
Strength in moments of dismay,
Grief's redress and sorrows balm,—
Light thy servant on his way!

Teach him all earth's passing folly,
All its dazzling art,
To distrust:
And let thoughts profound and holy
Penetrate his heart,
Low in dust!

Lead him to the realms sublime,
Where thy footsteps tread!
Teach him, Virgin, so to dread
Judgment's soul tormenting clime,
That he may harvest for the better time!

—Translated from the Spanish of Rodrigues Del Padron by Sir John Bowring.

VASCO DE GAMA AND HIS MEN IMPLORING THE ASSISTANCE OF GOD BEFORE STARTING ON THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO THE INDIAS.*

Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,
A sacred fane its hoary arches rears.
Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,
And at the holy shrine devout we bend.
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earnest vows to Heaven we raise.
"Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
Still to the sailor's eyes displays his grave;
Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untried,
O! mighty God! be Thou our watchful guide."
While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine
In holy faith's most solemn rite we join.
Our peace with Heaven the Bread of Peace conforms,
And meek contrition every bosom warms.
Sudden the lights extinguished, all around,
Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
A sacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie,
Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky;
Then, breathing fixed resolves, my darling mates
March to the ships, while pour'd from Lisbon's gates,
Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thousand white-robed priests our steps attend,
And prayers and holy vows to Heaven ascend.

—Translated from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens by Thomas Roscoe.

*From "Gems from Foreign Catholic Poets," collected by James J. Treacy, Editor of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," "Conquests of Our Holy Faith; or, Testimonies of Distinguished Converts," etc.

THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

PART I.—THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

'Edward Martin,' said the priest solemnly, 'you have done well to take this child, and as you answer for his worldly necessities, I will look to his spiritual requirements, as far as it is given to me to do; and, moreover, should he prove capable of taking in worldly knowledge, I shall see to him; for it is but fit he, who by infinite mercy has been delivered out of bondage and placed in our hands, should have the best that we can give, as in gratitude to God, who has been pleased to favor us with such a charge. This is what I have come to say.'

He held out his hand as he spoke. Martin took it cordially, without any show of modesty or embarrassment. He stood in fear of no man, but he respected all. He considered every man as a complete and independent being responsible to himself for all he did, and responsible in minute details for lapses in duty at the charge of others. He looked on conscience as the tribunal for all acts; and mere worldly honors or distinctions seemed to him no more than sky or sea, things wherein he had no interference, and which were for the uses of those who enjoyed them, leading neither importance nor majesty. There was no one in the parish showed less exceptional respect to Father Murtagh; but then no one showed so much respect to each one of his neighbors without distinction.

'We're all the same,' he would say. 'Where is the difference between us? I don't know but the man who seems worst, may be better than the man who seems best; such matters, when they don't affect me, are no part of my business, but such man's own.'

On the evening of that day, Edward Martin went to sea as usual; his wife had to go down to the village, and the two children were left awhile together. When she returned, she found John Lane sitting on a chair at the open door, and little Mary on a stool at his feet. A cloud passed over the face of the mother. The intruder had dissipated the likeness of home, and was a cold and forbidding impertinence. Her daughter ran eagerly towards her, and catching her by the skirt, cried in a loud, happy, cheerful voice:

'Oh, mother; come, come!' dragging her in the direction of the boy.

For a moment the little maiden looked out of her bright, joyous blue eyes at his sombre face, and then, pointing to herself, said, 'Who is this?'

'Mayee.'

The mother started back and gazed in terror awhile at him, then catching her own child in her arms she shook her, and pressed her almost savagely in her arms, to the astonishment of the girl, who began to whimper at the rough treatment and ungentle looks.

'Who taught him that? What villain taught this child of darkness my child's name for a first word? Who? tell me!'

'I,' murmured Mary, between sobs.

'You! you! you!' The woman seemed half frantic with supersitious terrors. 'How dare you, miss! How dare you, you bad child! Oh! misfortune on the day that brought him to my house, to be under the same roof with my child. Edward Martin, if evil comes of this, how will you answer me?'

'Mayee,' repeated the boy, looking up with some slight awakening of interest. These people were becoming less shadowy to him by this time.

At the repetition of the strange, thin, unfamiliar sound mocking her child's name, the woman sprang back and glared at him in an affrighted agony. The little girl now cried out, and sobbed and wailed.

The crying of the little girl struck a chord in the boy's slumbering mind. It seemed somewhat analogous to his own case; the big woman was making the little woman cry; his big father had made him cry. He stretched out his hands as though he would take the child.

With a shriek Mrs. Martin sprang past him, and rushing into the house, put her weeping daughter into the sleeping room, fastened the door, and stood sentinel on the outside, gasping.

'Take my own child out of my own arms! He must go to-morrow; he or I.'

PART II.—THE WHIMS OF RUFUS

CHAPTER I.

THE LOST MARY.

'Ah, yes! Ah, yes! It is a good while ago. Let me see; let me see. How long? Was it not the year I came to Clonmore?'

'Yes, sir, the very year. You may remember I was crossing over the bridge and found you standing here, and we had a talk about the matter, and you told me a lot of learned things about what water might do to the human mind.'

'Did I?' in a tone indicating pleasure at the thought of finding his past learned self-confirmed by history. It was not easy to see the features of either clearly, for it was a heavy summer night. Below the bridge of Clonmore the plain lay wrapt in a dim, warm mist; overhead the stars blazed in the moist air; and from the abutments of the bridge and the shores of the river rose a thin murmur of whispering, like hushed voices of children.

'And you may remember we walked home together, and saw Lane and the Fool, and the next day we went over and you met David Lane and Tom, and I gave the dummy the paper I found on the road.'

'Right, quite right! I remember it all.' Yet still something in his voice seemed to indicate that he preferred to have it recollected for him. The memory of the philosopher had begun to fail. His voice was not querulous, but just a little uneasy, as though this weakness of memory, now familiar to him, hinted at a dark problem to be solved only in one way.

'You may recollect you could make nothing out of the dummy, and less out of the fool.'

'There I fear you are in error. We cannot conceive anything less than nothing; and I'm sure that, even though my faculties were not then as matured as they now are, I could scarcely have fallen into the error of declaring one set of discoveries to be inferior to nothing.'

With memory there seemed to have been weakened the easy confidence of years ago. Trouble now underlay his voice when he spoke so certainly of that visit to Killard, and he alluded to the maturing of his faculties rather as if he were protesting or praying against some mute denier of his words than spontaneously uttering uncontrovertable matter.

'I don't say you said those words exactly.'

'Ha!' with a tone of triumph and great relief. 'I thought not. Nothing could induce me now to say anything so monstrously absurd, and I do think even then—how long ago did you say it was?'

'It was this summer six years.'

'Well, I do think I could not have used language so loosely even then.'

The tone of triumph had increased, and, to judge by his voice, the old man's face must have been radiant when he uttered the emphatic now and then.

'I ask your pardon, sir, if I have done amiss. I had no harm in what I said. I thought that learning could do almost anything, that a simple man like me often talks of less than nothing;' it looks only natural that one of your great knowledge could talk of it as well. I must have forgotten your words.'

'Do not trouble yourself further about the matter, my dear Mr. Cahill, but allow me to set you right on one point; we can never forget anything. We may cease to revive a fact of long ago, but we cannot forget it. The fact is stored up somewhere in the mind.'

'Ah, now?'

'Yes, stored up somewhere in the mind—'

He paused. His voice had grown low and tender as if he were sadly recalling something to his recollection. When he spoke again his accents trembled, and something bright like a star sparkled on either cheek in the faint silver light.

'Do you think I could ever forget I once had a daughter?'

'A daughter!' cried Cahill, in astonishment, turning towards his companion. 'Why, I did not know you were ever married, Mr. Heywood.'

'She wasn't exactly my own daughter, but the orphan of my only sister. When my sister died I took the child to live with me; that is now a long time ago—in my better days.'

He sighed, and leaned against the parapet of the bridge.

Cahill drew near.

'Is she long dead?'

'Yes, a long, long while; years before I left Limerick. She was a most sweet and intelligent child. When first she came to stay with me I found she knew not a word of any language but her own—I mean English; and I assure you in less than a year she had acquired a very respectable stock of Latin, German, Italian, French, together with the rudiments of natural philosophy, and she was about to enter on theology and metaphysics, when—when I lost her!'

He waited to steady his voice, which had become most unphilosophically shaken.

'I taught her no Greek, because, as it is with all children, she needed correction now and then, and when she did anything displeasing to me I always chid her in Greek. That put my conscience at rest, and never disturbed her gaiety or smiles.'

'And how did she die?'

There was a touch of human sympathy in Cahill's voice.

'The doctors killed her. She fell ill of a disease which it is unnecessary to particularize to you, as you have not read physic. I had made that particular disease a favorite study. In the pages of my 'Galen' you might have seen a thousand references respecting his complaint. Well, no sooner were the doctors in the house than they would not listen to my suggestion of treatment. I made a philter—with my own hands I made it—and brought it to the room, but they forbade me to administer it; turned me from the place, and would not allow me to re-enter. In a week my child was dead.'

'Oh, the villains!'

'Yes, she lay slain with their new-fangled ways and upstart theories. When they came and told me she was dead, I struck at them with all my might'—he raised his thin, weak arm and shook it feebly over the whispering river—'but they, cowards as they were, never offered to strike me back, but held me until men were sent for, and these men remained with me night and day until—until—we buried her, my child!'

His voice had completely deserted him, and the tears slipped quickly one after another down his dimly visible cheek. Suddenly he waved his hand over the river, crying out in a choked voice:

'Why didn't they strike me back like men? They murdered my little Mary; why could they not do likewise with me?'

'And was her name Mary, Mr. Heywood?'

The dead child's name on the lips of another acted like a charm, and his anger died out of him.

'Yes, her name was Mary. I do not often speak of her, it disturbs my mind, and the mind of a philosopher should always be calm. She died when she was just twelve; she had chestnut-colored hair and bright blue eyes, and a forehead like a lily, and white teeth between red lips. I often look at children when I meet them, hoping to find some one like her; but not one of all I have seen resemble her in the least. She was sturdy and light of heart, mark you, and often grieved me with her wilfulness, so much that for a while I used to feel sorry that she did not know Greek.'

'Poor child! I feel for you. And you never saw any little girl like her; and if you did you'd feel a bit as if she wasn't dead, only maybe gone away to live with some other relation.'

'I do not think it would be just to my reason to allow myself to indulge in such a delusion, but there could be no harm in my looking at the child and believing I saw a portrait, an animated likeness.'

'I know a child very like the one you speak of, both in her looks and ways.'

'Ah!' sighed the old man, his interest gone.

'Maybe you wouldn't object to another drive to Killard with me, Mr. Heywood? I'm going over some day this week, and the air would do you good and cheer your heart of its sorrow. Will you come?'

'Where did you say you were going?'

He had not been listening to Cahill's voice; the shrill murmur of the stream beneath had been harping to his fancy, and he was beguiled of the present, and listening to heart-echoes of the childish voice hushed forever.

'To Killard,' answered Cahill.

'On the sea?'

'Yes.'

'I have been there, have I not?'

'Oh, yes; many times; and once with me, you remember, six years ago.'

'Of course I do. It was freezin bitterly.'

'No, in summer—a hot day in summer.'

'Ah, so it was. I am so deeply plunged in speculation, sometimes, that matters of present or personal fact get cloudy. All visible fact must then have been very misty to his sight, for once more the tears were slowly toiling down his cheek.

'But Mr. Heywood, won't you come with me to Killard some day this week?'

'Yes.'

The old philosopher turned away, and dropping his chin upon his chest, walked slowly towards the town.

'If he only takes an interest in her it may be useful to me,' amused Cahill, as he refilled his pipe and sat upon the parapet to think. 'And I'll risk the other thing, whatever may come it,' he mentally added, after long thought.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEREDITARY TAINT.

During the six years John Lane had grown into a tall, long limbed, awkward lad. He had learned to speak both Irish and English, but there was a peculiar rugged depth in his voice which sounded startling to strange ears. The words seemed propelled forcibly from a lower portion of the throat than ordinary, and often when he was excited they would rush in such a rapid torrent as to confuse one another. He had also a way of using words in unfamiliar contexts, so that often the simple fishermen were at a loss for his meaning. In action he was abrupt and decisive, rarely condescending to argue, and still more seldom altering his opinions.

The priest had taken a particular and lively interest in him, and when the boy could be spared from his duties in the boats Father Murtagh instructed him in the elements of education, teaching him to read and write and use figures. He found young Lane eager to learn, extraordinarily apt, and with a grasp of mind and power far beyond his years.

The priest had often said to Edward Martin:

'John Lane is a man in thought. When the infliction was removed from his race there seems to have rushed in a wonderful mental force, governed by enormous activity of intellect. My only fear is that the boy may not to me be guided by justice under religion.' To which Martin would reply, quietly: 'We must only hope for the best and do our best for him,' and this smote the priest like a reproach for want of faith in Providence.

Among the fishermen John was retiring and unsociable. He rarely spoke beyond the requirements of business. None of the other lads of the village could call him companion; he gave confidence to one. The people looked on him with fear, not unmingled with respect. They never took any familiarities with him, and he had never been known to laugh. In fair or foul weather he was always the same at sea, silent, attentive to the work in hand and full of expedients and resources in emergences. He seemed to regard the ocean as a thing with so many means of destruction; in storms he was as cool and collected as in sunshine. He had been often out in great gales when life hung in the balance, yet no man had ever seen him quail where others were unnerved by fear. This was not so much the insult of active courage as indifference. He would have been quite unappalled by the knowledge of approaching death, for he was somewhat of a fatalist, but inside his fatalism lay a principle that it was equally designed he should offer all the powers of mind and body against attack or seeming danger. It was in a great measure owing to his self-possession and readiness that the fishermen looked on him with respect.

In the house he was different in many particulars. Speaking still very little, except when addressed, his manner was absent and distracted. Often, for hours, he seemed quite unconscious of his surroundings; and when roused he took some time to realize the nature of any demand made upon him.

Mrs. Martin's original repulsion had passed away, to be succeeded by a vague feeling of pity, mingled with awe. She still believed a shadow from his race hung over him, but she looked upon him now rather as the sport of evil destiny than a positive factor in evil itself. Towards her he was always gentle and submissive, showing more animation when she spoke than at any other time, and always displaying a willingness to do any little service she required.

Between him and Edward Martin the feeling was not so well defined. Martin treated him with the solemn kindness he showed to all, and the lad, although never murmuring against the word of Martin, often half revealed a spirit of revolt. Little Mary regarded him as the most wonderful being in all the world. She loved to sit by him, no matter how dark or sullen he might be. She waited for his coming as the great event of the day; set his chair for him at the table, arranged his cup, plate, knife and fork, and treasured up all the good words she heard of him. But she was so unlike him, and she so plagued him with her wilful, passionate ways that she had roused a feeling very like hatred against her in his heart. He could scarcely endure her ceaseless questions, her endless prattle her wild rompings, and most of all he resented the easy familiarity with which she treated him. All others stood more or less aloof from him: but this child though believing his like did not exist, pulled him about and played tricks with him, and made fun of his shyness, so that he often found it impossible to bear the house, and he went out. On more than one occasion she had so provoked him that he had seized her by the shoulders and shaken her till she cried.

To a close observer the most prominent characteristic of young Lane's social view would have appeared an absence of vulgarity. There was nothing common, or mean, or low about his dealings with those around him. His temper could not be relied on, but there was no smallness about the boy. It may be that continually confronting nature in her simpler and sublimer form of life lifts the mind above petty matters of social intercourse or detail; for certain, people who dwell by the sea are more straightforward and guileless than their brethren inland. They do not fill up so much time with idle talk; the waters are incessantly speaking, and there is an unobserved disinclination to break in upon the inarticulate soliloquy of the waves. Then again, these people by the waters have usually some interest in the men who sail the sea. The risk to friend or relative and the vast, vague uncertainty beyond the meeting of sky and water at the horizon, set a grave, grand background to life, against which it is impossible to take so vivid an interest in trifles as in a town, that magazine of trifles, or in a valley, where your neighbor's land seems to lean upon yours and compress it. But on the sea no one is king. No routine prevails. No social distinction is visible when men curse or pray as they lash themselves to the masts and spars. No neighbor disputes a right of way. There are no hedges, no claims for trespass, no challenge, 'Who goes there?' steer what way you will. To be a sailor is to be a cosmopolitan. That slender web of humanity binding the remotest harbors of the world together is the best knit of all human webs. It is composed of men from every nation, creed, and moral code; all are bound in a universal brotherhood, inhabitants of one gigantic continent, the countries of which are oceans vaster than any spaces of land. Sailors are the people of an old world sunken beneath the waters, and they float over their submerged country, now and then visiting places of risen land where a race distinct from them dwells. Many sink down the blind, green abyss, to their ancient homes, to lie at the rest among the bones of others of their race.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Ch'town, July 22, 1891.—tf

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A Rich Brown

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Aug. 5—4i

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April 15, 1891.—1y

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