Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Mystery of Killard.

PART III.-ORDEAL BY GOLD.

CHAPTER I. Continued.

"Christic Cahill!" He laughed long and heartily. "And what did Mary say to Christie

Cahill?"

"I told him I could not listen to him, and I wouldn't. I spoke about you. But don't laugh at him, John, dear. It made me very sorrowful and very frightness to see him the way he was."

ened to see him the way he was." "Well, there, I won't laugh at him. Indeed, Mary, all I wonder at is that half the town of Clonmore and all the village of Killard have not been doing what he

"But all the village knows about you and me, and no one would say anything

"And didn't he know about me?" "Yes; and that was the worst of it, don't you see?"

The young man frowned, and looked down a minute. Then, raising his face with a quick smile to her troubled face. he said:
"Well, Mary, in less than a month

you'll have something on your finger that will put all such notions out of his knows about me, and Ph be there the fear on that account. whole time, he isn't likely to bother you

any more, my darling."

She leaned her head on his sheakier with a delicious sense of security and peace. All was now at rest for ever; no more going away—no importunity from any antive country? Is it not now all the folial had returned, and was any landed possessions? I am thinking here; her head lay on his shoulder, and it was spring all round and summer in What do you think or building a harbor

is not to leave it until he gives it up to

Commore; 1 might go preceded by the band and my temantry. But no, that can't be. My temantry must remain on the Island to welcome the heir. I hope or heave them over the side." my tenantry will do the thing properly --have a triumphal arch, and a tane-way of pretty girls with bouquets all up the ings in foreign lands, and my ----

He paused, and looked as her. Your what, John?" she asked with a smile.

'My wonderful love for my wonderful

darling." They discussed a great variety of subjects; now they hughed together, now they were serious over the death of the young man's father; again they were his figure. Her mind was busy with tender with one another. It seemed the the past, and it seemed as though John shortest eleven miles Mary had ever was once more bidding her adieu for a travelled when they drive up to the long while. But when she saw him erect white cottage on the edge of the southern downs.

What an evening they had! The and kissed her hand to him. young man and girl seated at one side of the chimney-piace, and the woman and gaily, and waving his hand to her, diman of the house at the other, and a few appeared with the Feol in the direction favored friends in various parts of the of the but. room. All he had to tell, and all he had to hear! It seemed as though a century would not have given room room enough used to sleep in."

Freeeded by the Fool, the young man

He had not been quite as successful at the diggings this time; the place was too breathed his last. well explored now, and claims of sensational values had become exceptional, his back turned upon the great world. But, comparatively, he had done very | and he found himself once more face to well, and he had, while yet a young man, made enough to satisfy him for the present, and to last him, with prudence, ail

He kept his listeners wondering or laughing all the time, and every one this dead father; but the fact that the thought what a lucky girl Mary Martin only parent he could remember well had sore, was to have so clever and bright and rich passed away forever from the lonely land, the could be sore. a sweethcart.

entered.

'John Lane, why don't you come to your own house, the house left you by your father, and that I'm keeping warm for you?" Tem would not sit down, but stood in the middle of the floor reproseliing the heir.

Young Lane got up and shook hands with Tom, thanked him for his trouble in looking after the property while he nway, and promised to go over and take formal possession the next day.

"Come now! come at once, and take your own! It's to the Bishop's you red in a lifetime, should have faced—not here!" Fifteen years up

the door after him angrily.

CHAPTER II.

THE HEIR IN POSSESSION.

The next morning, like the former, was fresh and full of sunlight. John Lane came up early from the village, where he had slept, and breakfasted at Martin's. It had been arranged during the previous night that he and Mary were to walk along the cliffs to the Bishop's; he was to go to the island, take formal possession from Tom, stay a few minutes, return to the village, and spend the day with her.

All, with the exception of his going to the island, seemed too good to be believed. She did not know why, but the thought of his once setting foot in that region of doubt filled her with vague uneasiness. But with the bright sunshine go and leave you." lying on the downs and sea, and the larks singing high in heaven and John by her side, it was hard to feel anything but light-hearted and joyful, as they bruised the short. brittle grass under their feet and chatted on the way.

"I'm very sorry." he said, "that you can't be present at the imposing ceremony of my entering upon possession of my ancestral acre. It would elevate me in your eyes, and flatter your vanity to see me, while seated in the great hall, receive, in the hollow of O'Brien de Lacy Lane's famous chosen shield, the keys of the locked blacking box containing the three bullet sinkers

used by me on my own private lines when I was a boy."

"I'd rather you hadn't to go, John," she answered, after a forced laugh; "I want you for myself this day, the first

after so many years."
"Now, don't put it in that gloomy way, as if I was going to make a voyage to Africa in a leaky currach, and with only twenty-four hours' provisions. Of course you can't be expected to cross that famous suspension bridge, although. I hear, it's a new one. But at the most, we won't be separated by the sea more than twenty minutes or half an hour, or by more than a few yards, and, after our long separation, you neightn't to mind that. You're not afraid the bridge will break? I have grown somewhat stonter, and my beard is longer and heavier than head, and between this and then I'll when I was last here, but I'm not yet never stir away from Killard; and as he become such a porpoise as to cause any

"No," she answered, still thoughtfully, "I'm not afraid of the cope, but I don't like the Island. I never did, and who

"Why, you ought to like it. Isn't it and a railway? That district between "And so," said he, after a while, "Tom is still living on the Island aff by himself, just as my father used?"

and a railway? That district between Lane House and the lowlands on the sea-bar is very dangerous, both by reason of its exposed situation and its raccosi-"Yes. But I believe he has dogs to ness. Suppose I have a lift made. You frighten any one not wanted there. He know that in big buildings they have things you get into, and are whisked to you."

"Oh, then, I suppose I must enter into formal possession of my ancestral acre." I mean the bull-dogs—I think I shall enter the bull-dogs—I think I shall enter the policy of the Island—I mean the bull-dogs—I think I shall enter the bull-dogs—I think I shall enter the bull-dogs—I think I shall enter the bull-dogs. should like to observe proper ceremony, courage emigration among them, get up. What a pity there isn't a brass band in a line of steamers between the Island

edge of the cliff awaiting him.

steps to the castle. The castle of Bishop's "We must have a regular leaves the mainland.

Island won't look badly in print. Then, taking," said John, "for you know, of course, I'll give a sumptions benguet Mary. I'm going over the sea, into What delay. to my tenantry in the old cak hall, foreign parts again. Perhaps I may run built in the time of McMo, rragh. Dan't great risks with the minibitants, and, in you think. Mary, I ought to renat half-sayeur's rent to my tenantry 7 It's quite proper way." He put his arm round her the right thing to do. But then, you with a smile. "Good-aye, Mary, and the right thing to do. But then, you with a since, cooleaye, Arry, and see, Pil have a lot of expenses this year, take care of yearself all the time I am I'll talk the matter over with my lawyer. I'm afraid I can't aniord to remit the halts as John, won't you. And sit down on the asyears rent, as I have to get at least one pane of glass put into the southern room. Step: I'll have a stained glass window, go too near the cilf; and, Mary, rememwith a history of my wondertal, wonders ber to be true to me, and to talak always without am away that my heart is with you. Good-bye.

He kissed her playmily, laughed, and, releasing her, was quickly in the meshes of the bridge.

As she watched him cross, two large tears stole slowly into her eyes, and ran quietly down her cheeks. She did not notice the tears, although they blurred his figure. Her mind was busy with on the opposite cliff her face brightened she dismissed her foolish fancies, smited,

He returned the salute and the smile

"You needn't be afraid of the dogs, John Lane, I put them in the room you

went to the room in which his father had

Now that Mary was out of sight, and face with long familiar sights and sounds, some of the old feelings, too, crowded

back upon his mind. Time had very greatly dimmished the sentiment he had once entertained for his dead father; but the fact that the mon plumple to the worst scroft-lous filled him with regret. He remembered In the middle of one of his stories vividly his own life here. How narrow the door opened, and Tom the Fool and barren it seemed to-day! He had been sent away from that place when his soul was nothing more than a blank, save for the little barvest his acute and

> ed spur of rock He had come back a man, full of knowledge of the great world, and of men, and [of love. The gloom of his former days seemed rather the memory of some previous state of existence, some inferior development of human nature, than the records of events which had really occur-

Fifteen years ago he was little better

late now. Won't you sit down, now all care is off you when when I'm back, and you can sleep ashore to-night?"

"No, no! I'll do as I was told!"

And there was this strange father of his, with that cruel explusion, that explusion which had seemed so hard to endure then, but which had been association which had been association. without another word he left, banging which had borne such good fruit-know-

ledge, wealth, and love.

But what had been this secret after all? Had the bygone misery and isolation of his race been brought about by a little gold? He now had gold fairly got, more gold than any of his people ever dreamed of. Had all their gold—the gold which had been the source of so much pain and trouble at one timebeen dissipated? Should he never know further than he now did?

As soon as they were in the hut, Tom

closed the door and said:
"John Lane, I was to stay here until you came, minding the Island for you. Now you're here, and I'll be going soon. This is your Island, but there are some things hidden, and your father, David Lane, my friend, told me I was not to let any one know of them but you, and that when once I showed them to you I was to

This looked as if he were to know everything at last. He had no curiosity; he would have preferred ignorance. He felt perfectly content to remain as he was, and shrank back a little from reopening, as it seemed, the baneful book of his family.

"I kept my word to your father, my friend David Lane, and often when there were storms that old she-wolf used to yell at me and try to frighten me out of my promise and make me run away, but I stuck to my word, given to your father, my friend David Lane."

Well, Tom. go on, I'm ready."

He wished to have it over as speedily as possible and get back to the external sunshine and his sweet-heart Mary on the green downs.

In a few minutes the deed had been taken from the box, the hearthstone was raised, and the paper which Cahill had found on the road that hot day years ago was in John Lane's hands.

Tom allowed the stone to fall back to its original position. Having placed the young man's toes at the chipped spot in depot, including books, tracts, periodicals the outer edge, and, with his face to the counted in numbers, eards, and mis-wall, he took up a dried mackerel and celianeous issues, has reached 58,242,100. put it in the right hand of the young man, so arranging that the tail of the mackerel pointed towards the door be-hind, the head towards the fire-place.

you fike of the two dogs. Thought thom with your father's metery, to keep his vious year's balance added (£2010 1850). son's property safe."

Without waiting for a word of rely, Tom opened the door, went out, leaving the young man standing with his toos to the outer edge of the hearth-stone, a dried mackeret in one hand, and the

paper in the other.
When Mary sawahead rise over the surface of the Island, she at first thought John was coming, but with a little throb of disappointment discovered her mistake. To be sure, John had not yet been away much more than half-an-hour; but them why didn't be come with the Fool?

"He's on his father's property that I kept safe for him this long time and it's only right he should step there a while. Mary Martin, out of respect to him that's deal, his father, my friend David Lane."

"Yes, he told me."

When, at length, they had arrived, doint found the Fool sitting on the inner the ioop over the evel of the hook, let go the loop over the evel of the hook, let go the rope, and cast the Island adrift from just seen made at the British Meseum

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Truth Society's publications, and similar works, for free distribution.

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3. Relief Fund.-For the assistance of convertst who temporary losses through their conversion.

Gifts of Catholic literature, for free distribution, may be sent to H. J. Codd, 1106 Notre Dame St., City. Extract from the Catholic Times, Lon-

don, Eng.

The work of a Protestant Tract Society -Fox es ab hoste doceri: "It is quite right to take a lesson from the enemy," and it is well to note the work they are performing. We find in our evergreen contemporary the Rock a record of the operations of the Religious Tract Society last year, and from this it is evident that the organization is well supplied with "the snews of war." The report says: "The total circulation from the house of which 23,526,700 are tracts. issues from foreign depots may be safely stated at 15,000,000, making a total cirhind, the head towards the hre-piace.

"Now, John Lane," said the Fool. "I spo since the formation of the society.

The total amount received from sales, all I was to do. You can make what use missionary receipts, investments realwas £2011,19 5s 5d., while the total expenditure in both trade and grant departmonts has been \$199,444 Us. 10d, leaving a balance in favor of the society of £1674, 10s 7d. The amount received from subscriptions and other contributions was £24.945 ds., the whole of this sum being available for the missionary objects of the society. The missionary expenditure has amounted to £39,572 14s. 3d." This report should be an effective stimulant to every Catholic. It shows how gigantic and how magnifihy don't he come with the Fool?
As some as Tom landed, she asked him the Catholic Truth Society has been cart him.

A MODEL RAILWAY.

founded to counteract.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with terdead, his father, my literal David Lane," Et operates come moss of road, with terAs to how soon the young nour was thin. In Calcago, St. Louis, St. Pari, coming back, or what he was doing. Tom 'Omaha, Kansas City and Lenver. For would answer nothing, and he became so speed, safety, comfort, equipment track, angry when the girl pressed, that she had to be him alone.

"Are you waiting for him?" he asked, home.

Thomas a Becket.

A recent number of the Liverpool Cataonic Times says: "A discovery has Stary attered a cry of terror.

"What in I you do that for?" she asked. To ones a Beaket were really borne by order of King Home. which appears to settle finally the con-Low will be got back again?" order of King Henry. Some notes have "The way lie father did before him." been found containing a synopsis of a soronswered the Foc. sullemy, as no torned, mon-to-be delivered at St. Patris Crossa n his beet. Short time after the murder, and in these Mar, grew hearly sick with disappoints the writer declares that he and been com-Mar, grew hearly sick with disappoints the writer declares that he had been come ment and dim feats and when the figure i manded by the King to controlled the of the Fool grew small in the distance. Statement that Bocket's manes had been salt controlled to the flames of statement which had received confirmation from the A long winds the sat motionless, with dulf, sad eyes find but the Island, but had spoken of Henry as being guilty of the mough the screenesky, the long sechion that the same further lines, which me broke upon the chore, the wild larks sang the cossed torough in the manuscript, but in the bine, and in the manuscript, but which had received conditional successions. in the bine—anit; there she neither saw (which have now been decipiored, says) nor nearly. Her eyes were directed to "They the bones) are buried beneath one wards the Island, as though he had in to the control towers of Canterbury Cathedeed crossed the accounts seek once more deal." Our readers will remember that a long drenry at seace from him. What about three years ago Father Morris, S. could be keeping him? He knew she J., and others who have devoted special would not more until he came; and now attention to the life of St. Thomas, were it was ever so long since Tom had cast, much interested in what were said to be off the tope and gone towards the vil- the remains of the deceased. That this surmise was correct is clearly proved, if reliance can be placed on the words of the manuscript in the British Ma I southi.



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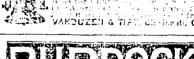
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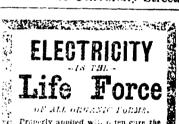
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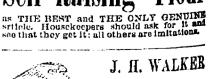
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