## Titus, a Comrade of the Cross A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY.

of the water ; but the sight of the food

sickened him.

Then he gave himself up to the agony of listening. The untended wound in his head had festered, and his veins ran hot with fever. He half forgot for what he was listening, as the hours dragged slowly on; and when, at last, the great bolts turned in their sockets, and the door opened, he started up with crimson cheeks and a light, blood-curd-

l'hou hast come at last !" he said

airily. The centurion stared at him. "Bring him out quickly!" he commanded, "and bind upon him the "What!" said one of the soldiers.

"Shall we not the first scourge Him?"
"Nay," said his superior. "Twas not so ordered. Besides, we must hasten; they must all be dead by the going down of the sun; and it is already near the sixth hour."

Quickly they bound upon his back the transverse pieces of the cross, and hurried him out from the prison gate. As the fresh air smote Him, his dazed senses cleared a little. He saw that Dumachus, also bearing the ominous pieces of wood, and similarly guarded by four soldiers, was waiting in the courtyard. He had been scourged, as His blood-stained garments witnessed His blood-stained garments witnessed, and he was blubbering and blaspheming

ler his breath.
'Ha, Jew!" he yelled hoarsely, as he caught sight of Titus. "Now, in-deed, lookest thou the son of the high

But the centurion smote him on the mouth, and bade him be silent.
Under the escort of a strong detach-

ment of legionaries, the two cross-bearers were marched rapidly forward. Not far from the prison they came to a "Why did they not bring Him to

said one of the soldiers in a "He hath but just been condemned;

there was no time. They will join us here," said another. "Hark! They are coming now. Dost hear the roaring of the mob?"

Then came the slow, measured tramping of soldiers; a few sharp, quick orders; and again they moved

They had reached the city gate, and were about to pass through, when again came the order to halt. "What is it?" asked "What is it?" asked one of the soldiers who guarded Titus.

The fellow hath fallen under His cross," answered a man who was perched aloft. "They have caught a stout countryman, who but just came in, and have bound it upon him. Thou shouldst see his face!" And he burst

into a great laugh.
Outside the gate a seething mass of humanity! On either side of the road the people stood packed in serried they clustered in dense masses on roofs, and walls, and trees. Titus looked, and His brain reeled. Had all these come out to see the torture of three wretched thieves?—for so read the accusation which was bound in star-

ing letters on His breast.

Amid the savage, unceasing roar of the multitude He could hear the shrill the multitude He could hear the shrill wailing of women. And now another sound caught His ear; 'twas a voice which He had thought never to hear again: "Father! Titus! Jesus!" shrieked the voice. He caught a shrieked the voice. He caught a glimpse of a white face as it fell back

into the crowd. the first time he struggled with His bonds. "Let me go!" He screamed. "Hold thy peace, Thief!" said the

centurion savagely. "Save thy shrieks for Thy cross!" And He smote Him on the head with the flat of his

After weeks of fruitless search and forlorn wandering, Stephen had reached Jerusalem. He had determined to go to Caiphas and give into his hand the embroidered tunic, and tell him all that he knew of Titus. Ragged, hungry and footsore, he had knocked at the great gate of the palace, and been refused entrance by the portress.
"See the high priest, indeed!" she had said scornfully. "Go thy way,

"But indeed," persisted Stephen,
"I must see him. Tis a matter of the

"Well, thou shalt not come in, for

all of that. Thy urgent business can wait!" And with a loud laugh of derision she had slammed the heavy door in his face.

Then he had wandered away to the

temple, with the vague hope of seeing man he sought. "Where is the high priest?" he in-

quired innocently of one of the temple

police.

"The high priest, beggar! What dost thou want of him?" said the man.

"I must speak with him; and I can-I must speak with him; and I cannot gain admittance at his house."

" Canst thou not!" said the man de

risively. "Tis a wonder! The should have urged thee to come in, an given thee the best room !" Stephen looked steadily at the man,

while a slight flush rose to his cheek.
"I am not a beggar," he said.
"Though 'tis like enough that I look one. But I must see the high priest; I would tell Him of his son."

"His son!" answered the man.
"Thou art mad! He hath no son. Go thy way. Thou canst not see the high priest. 'Tis a notable day with Caiphas, and indeed with all of us, for tonight we eat the Passover; and to-day we shall see a great sight—the Nazarene is to be crucified.

"The Nazarene!" said Stephen ildly. "Crucified! Oh, it cannot—

"But it can be, my impudent young All the city will be there to

I myself-But Stephen had gone. He was run-

wildly, though he knew not why, then one and another began to look un-whither. Presently he found him- easily upward. There was no cloud,

self in the midst of a great throng, all hurrying like himself.
"Let us stop here!" shouted a man
to his fellows. "We shall see it all

finely here !' Stephen looked at him beseechingly.

"Is it true?" he gasped.
But the man did not answer. shall climb up here!" he shouted again, scrambling, as he spoke, into a stunted tree, which grew by the road-

The crowd still poured out from the city gate in countless thousands, and Stephen, carried along by its resistless tide, found himself near the verge of a little hillock not far from the highway.

Here the people were kept back by a triple cordon of soldiers.

"Tell me," said Stephen again, this time to a sad-faced woman who stood next him in the press, " what doth this mean? Is it true that — " and his voice broke in a sah—" that they are mean? Is it true that—" and his voice broke in a sob—" that they are going to put the Nazarene to death?"
"Alas, yes!" she answered, "'tis true. Ah, the pity of it!—and the

shame! 'Tis the high priests; they have a lways hated Him. 'Twas only last night that they took Him in the garden of Gethsemane. Early this morning they delivered Him to Pilate, and now—" And the woman hid her this And the woman hid her

face in her long veil.
"In Gethsemane?" said Stephen "Is it an olive orchard yoneagerly.

der?"
"Yes," answered the woman, her
throat quivering. "He went there
often—for quiet and prayer." And
again she stopped, struggling with her

"I was there," said Stephen. heard the noise—but I knew not what it meant. I had been sleeping. "Hark!" said the woman. "They

are coming." Above the roar of the multitude arose the sound of the regular tread of soldiers, and presently the vanguard of the procession, a detachment of Roman troops, came into view. They were marching stolidly along, their shields glittering in the bright sunshine Then the three cross-bearers, guarded each by a quaternion of soldiers, and bearing each upon his breast a whitened board with the accusation for which he was to suffer, blazoned thereon in large letters. That of the Nazaren bore the strange words: "Je Nazareth, the King of the Jews.

Stephen gave one look, and there arst from his lips that frenzied cry: 'Father! Titus! Jesus!' Then he

sank back like one dead. The woman ceased her low wailing and knelt at his side. "Stand back a little, good people!" she cried. "The lad hath fainted; he must have air.

'He is nothing but a beggar!" a man contemptuously, giving he push with his foot as he spoke. him be; thou wilt lose it all. The are going to take the Nazarene first.

The woman hastily sprinkled some water from a small gurglet, which she carried at her girdle, on the face of the unconscious boy. Then, as if impelled by a resistless force, she stood up and fixed her eyes upon the awful scene

before her.

The soldiers were working swiftly The Nazarene, already stripped of His garments, was laid upon the cross, which was lying on the ground. few dall, heavy blows of the mallet and the great nails were driven through the palms of His outstretched hands; then and laid the one over the other.

And now they were lifting the cross with its Burden of agony; dragging it roughly along, a dozen strong arm raised it up and with a shout dropped the hole previously dug to re-

The body of Jesus settled forward with a siekening shock. What was it that He was saying?—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they

Now followed the thieves; they had drunken deeply of the drugged wine, which the Nazarene had refused. The older man fought savagely with the soldiers, when his turn came, but was quickly overpowered and thrown down, and amid a torrent of horrid oaths and screams, his cross was raised to a place on the left of the Nazarene.

Then the young man-"A mere lad!" said the woman, her lips livid with horror. He was silent, even as the Nazarene, save for his piteous groans. But now the form at her feet stirred. She looked down, then stooped, and raising his head, gave him to drink

from her water bottle.
"God!" he gasped as he beheld the three crosses. "My Jesus! My brother! My father!"

rother! My father!"

He seemed about to fall back again, but suddenly he leaped up, a fierce light burning in his eyes. "Where is the burning in his eyes. "Where high priest?" he said wildly. young man is his son; he might yet be

"Hush!" said the woman pitifully. "Thy trauble hath crazed thee. Noth-

The lad sank back again weakly. He had eaten nothing for hours; his brain reeled, and things looked dim and strange.

ould save him now.'

"I must be mad!" he said aloud. Then he was silent. He heard vaguely the voices of the mob, as they reviled the Man on the middle cross: "Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself! If Thou be the Son of God, come down

from the cross!" And he saw a group of men gorgeous ly robed, who stood near the cross, stretching out their arms with mocking gestures. "He saved others; Himself greatures. "He saved others; Himself He cannot save. If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him! He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him; for He said,

I am the Son of God."
"Those be the chief priests," said the woman to Stephen.

But he made no answer.

The sun was nearly overhead now, and beating down with noontide fierce ness, but gradually the brilliant light paled; there was a strange hush in the air. The people, frantic with excitement, did not note the change at first; then one and another began

no sign of storm, but the light was momently fading. Now it was a ghastly yellow; and now it gloomed into a lurid twilight.

The people looked at one another with white faces. "What is it?" they whispered. Then they gazed fearfully at the Man on the middle cross. He motionless. His was hanging motionles sunken upon His breast.

The man on the cross at the left was groaning and blaspheming horribly; in the frightened hush his words could be distinctly heard. He was cursing the Man at his side, "If Thou be the Man at his side, "If Thou be the Christ," he shrieked, with an awful

imprecation, "save Thyself and us!"
He who hung on the other side of the
Nazarene had been silent till now, save for his piteous sighing; but now he spoke—the fierce agony had cleared his rain at last.

Wilt thou not hold thy peace!" he cried in his clear young voice; and Stephen listened breathlessly. "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds. But He is inno-

Then he turned his dying eyes on Jesus, and said tremulously, bese ingly: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

And into the face of Jesus, bloodtained, befouled and ghastly with the pallor of approaching death, there lashed a look of joy so divine that

Stephen's heart leapt.
"Verily I say unto thee,"—and His voice was clear, beautiful and far-reaching as of old—"to-day shalt thou with Me in paradise.'

Titus smiled radiantly. What cared a now for the pain, the shame, the ring! "To-day—with Him—in para-

Stephen started forward with a great ery of longing: "Oh, take me too!"
Suddenly he became aware that not far from him stood Mary, the mother of Jesus, and with her two other wo and John, the beloved disciple. other women could see them all quite plainly in the lurid half-darkness, for the crowd, in oar had drawn away from the neigh borhood of the crosses, leaving then almost alone save for the Roman guard He crept timidly nearer, till he could have touched the hem of Mary's robe but he did not speak to her.

"My Son! My Son!" she wailed; and again the dim eyes of the dying Man brightened.

He looked at His Mother with an ine tenderness. "Woman!" He said tly, "behold thy son!" Then turnfaintly ing His eyes upon John, who was sup porting her half-swooning form, He said, "Behold thy Mother!"

The hours crept heavily onward. The darkness was that of night now-a starless night. The thousands who had come forth in holiday attire, full of nsolent triumph, to witness the agon; of the crucifixion, were waiting, full of terror, for the end. They dared not ove in that ghastly darkness. for the groans of the dying Man, the

silence was almost unbroken. About the ninth hour, Jesus cried in voice of agony: "Eli, Eli, lamma abaethani!

It was the simple Galilean speech of His childhood, and signified those sad-dest of all words: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" But someone who was watching, hear-

ing only the first words, and under-standing them not, said: "This Man lloth for Elias." Then Jesus spoke again, this time faintly : "I thirst."

Now there was, standing near, a vessel full of the common sour wine which the soldiers had brought to resmitten with remorse, hastened to fill a sponge with wine, and putting it upon the stem of a hyssop plant which grew near, lifted it to the parched lips of the Sufferer.

ence, and never dare to enter it again!

Get thee away or I will kill thee!"

And with the howl of a demoniac, he rushed forward.

But Malchus was constituted in the sufferer.

of the Sufferer.
"Let be!" shouted another. "Let us see whether Elias will come to save

Another silence, broken only by the gasping breath of the crucified One, then in a moment all was over. A look of supreme joy and triumph flashed into the face of the dying Man. "It is finished!" He cried. A last low prayer—"Father, into Thy hands I ommend My spirit !"-and with great cry of mortal agony, His head fell rward on His breast. He was dead.

Then followed a sound of crashing and grinding rocks, as the earth shook vith wave after wave of earthquake. The people shrieked aloud, and prayed

wildly in a frenzy of terror.
"We are undone!" they wailed; and they rent their garments and smote upon their breasts

The Roman centurion, also, and the soldiers that were with him, trembled with fear. "Truly," they said, "this was the Son of God!"

Then the darkness vanished as suddenly as it had come; the sun shone out gloriously, and the multitudes returned into the city, still wailing and beating their breasts. They remem-bered the words which they had spoken: His blood be upon us, and upon our

CHAPTER XXX.

Though He Who hung upon the middle cross was dead, the others who vere crucified with Him, still lived. The younger of the twain ently unconscious, for his head hung forward upon his breast, and he made neither sign nor motion. But the other rolled his great head from side to side,

and talked wildly.
"Send me now the high priest!" he cried, "I am a dying man; I must tell him of something before I go hence." The words caught the ear of Malchus,

the high priest's servant, who had stood near the crosses since morning. "What wouldst thou with the high priest?' he asked. "Give me to drink," groaned the

man, "for I am tormented with thirst.

Malchus dipped the sponge into the wine, and gave it to the miserable wretch once and again.
"Where is the high priest?" he

repeated huskily.
"He hath returned to the city,"

answered Malchus. "Tell me what thou wouldst say to him. I am his trusted servant; I will bear him word.

"I will tell thee—since I cannot tell im, and the time is short. "Here he him, and the time is short. paused to groan, then went on with a isible effort. "The young man on the urther cross is the son of Caiphas the high priest. Thief, thou liest!" cried Malchus,

starting back in undisguised horror.
"I lie not," replied Dumachus. "I am a dying man. I stole him with his nurse, Prisca. The girl I loved; the boy I took to avenge myself of a seourging at the hands of Caiphas, which I deserved not, and which helped to make me the devil that I am.'
When Malchus heard the
Prisca, he shook with fear. "W heard the name th fear. "Where is

the woman?" he asked. "I know not," answered the thief, peaking with difficulty. "She was in Capernaum. I have a son, also, Stephen by name; I know not where he is.

wear to me that thou will tell Caiphas

He will remember the scourging

And the man ground his Malchus now ran to the other cross and looked keenly upon the face of him who hung thereon; and as he looked, the conviction forced itself upon him

that the man had spoken the truth.

He reached up and laid his hand ove heart of the lad; it was beating still, but so faintly that he could still, but so faintly that he could carcely detect the pulsations. almost gone, happily," he thought. Then the words which the Nazarene had spoken flashed back into his mind. is near paradise—wherever that be!" he murmured with a heart-

reaking sigh, as he turned away. Calling one of the soldiers who kept uard, he slipped a piece of gold into is hand. "I must have the body of this young man, when all is over," he whispered. "Manage it for me, and

?" he said. I will come to fetch him · Here.

away. Do not let them take him accur-till I return."
"I will see to it," said the man, looking at the coin in his hand.
Then Malchus sped swiftly away.
When he reached the palace he went straight to the private apartment of his

Caiphas was alone. He was sitting notionless in his great chair, his eyes

ixed and staring.
"Master!" said Malchus, trembling before that terrible, stony face. "I must tell thee something—something which hath to do with thy son. And he cast vainly about in his mind for erciful way of telling his frightful

But Caiphas did not answer: But Caipnas did not answer; he seemed not to have heard.
"I have found thy son!" cried Malchus, drawing nearer and stooping over the chair. I have found thy son; and he is dving, or even now dead.

stirred, and turned his eyes slowly till that terrible unwinking gaze "Thou hast found my son? My son is dead! What is it that thou are saying?"

Then did Malchus, in his desperation, pour forth the whole awful story.
Caiphas did not move. "He is crucified, thou sayest,"—still in the same dull tone—"with the Nazarene. My

son and the Son of God! Crucified together! Then a frightful change came over his aspect. He sprang up, his eyes flaming. "Thou liest! he shricked. Thou art trying to make me afraid for what I have done! But I am not afraid. I am glad—glad! Dost thou afraid.

Get thee away out of my pres-

for a moment on the stones, and pressing his trembling hands together,

groaned out: "My God! My Master! Help him, I beseech of Thee. And forgive, if it be possible!" Then he arose, and went swiftly away towards Calvary, stopping only to purchase supplies of fine linen and

As he turned the corner of a narrow street he met two men; one of them called him by name. He paused for an instant to look, and saw that it was

John, the follower of the Nazarene. "I have with me a lad," said John under his breath, "who hath a woeful errand with thy master. He knoweth the whereabouts of his son, lost so long ago. I was bringing him to the palace he cannot gain admittance alone
"Hath he tried before?"

Malchus eagerly.
"Yes," said the lad, speaking for himself, "many times yesterday."
Malchus groaned aloud. "I know all that thou wouldst tell my master," he said. "But it will avail nothing to let her remain in ignorance of the thing for a time. She hath enough to bear."
And he told them briefly of what had passed between himself and Caiphas. "I am going to see to the burial of my young master," he said, in connow, for whom I would have given my

"I love him too," said Stephen imply. "But I am glad for him; for simply. he hath gone to a better place than this—to be with the Master." Then all three went sadly on, till

heart's best blood."

they came to the place where the The body of Jesus was being taken

approached, a number of persons assist-

ng, among whom Malchus recognized wo members of the Sanhedrim, Joseph

of Arimathea, and Nicodemus. "They believe on him at last," said John sadly. "They have long believed on him, but have not dared to confess it openly," replied Malchus, "even as I, myself,"

e added humbly.

The soldier to whom he had given the coin, now approached him. "The lad is dead," he said in a low voice, "and the other also. Wilt thou that box he had carried so carefully.

we help thee? We must, at all events, take the bodies away—and soon, for it is near sunset." Yes, help me. Here is gold," said

Malchus huskily.

And so it was that as the sun sank behind the horizon, all three rested in the peace of death—Jesus in the new the peace of the p tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in a fair garden near to the place where He d and the others not far away. Sten had besought Malchus with tears, that the body of his father might no left to the brutual hands of the

As they went away in the twilight, wilt thou go?"

"I know not," answered the boy forlornly. "There is no one, now, to whom I can go; and no place!" and he "Thou shalt abide with me," said

Malchus warmiy.

But John, who had joined them, drew the lad to his side. "Wilt thou come with me?" he said. "His mother, now mine, shall be thine also; and thou shalt be my brother.'

Stephen looked up into the face of the disciple whom Jesus loved, and his heart went out to him; and he was comforted in his sorrow. Then they went away into Bethany to wait till the Sabbath should be past.

TO BE CONTINUED. SHAMROCKS OR DIAMONDS.

BY MARY E. GORMLEY.

CHAPTER I. Martin Lynch whistled a lively air in the gaiety of his heart as he left his comfortable home in Mount street, and ceeded on a brisk walk towards the suburb of Donnybrook. He was a tall, good-looking young man, not exactly handsome, but having an honest, kind ly expression which is better than mere physical beauty. He was warm-hearted and honorable, with a special horror of anything deceitful. He was commercial traveller for a prosperous Dublin firm, and having received a marked adce in his salary, he thought the time had come when he might put an im portant question-the answer to which would affect his whole life—to a young lady he had long admired and loved he had resolved that on that evening-St. Patrick's Eve-Marion Walsh

would decide his future for him. Marion was a very lovely girl, very animated and gay, ever longing for an endless round of pleasure, and with no erious thoughts ever troubling her pretty head. People said of her that he was frivolous, a flirt, a coquette, quite heartless, not a girl to make any man happy. Martin Lynch knew that these things were said, but he refused to believe them. Love made him blind Marion's faults, and although he had often to admit to himself that she was always ready for a lively flirtation always ready for a fively induction with any one that crossed her path, he ascribed it to the thoughtlessness and gaiety of youth, and was sure she would not deliberately wound the feelings of any one. He believed, too, that she had a genuine affection for him; she was so much kinder to him than to others, she teased him less, and when she did amuse herself in this way she would then put on such a pretty air penitence, and want him "to be friends again," with a playful, childlike, inno-cence that in Martin's eyes was very attractive; although a man who was not in love with the fair Marion, or who was more worldly-wise than Ma point of the art of coquetry. however, the young man had felt some uneasiness at the attentions paid to Marion by a new acquaintance whom she had met at a ball-an elderly man, of little education or refinement, without any personal attractions, but having a large, secure income. Mar-ion's parents looked with great favor on this gentleman. They had a numerous family to provide for, and the most anxious that the eldest daughter should make what is called a good

match. As may be inferred from the descrip-tion of Marion's disposition, that roung lady was well inclined to agree with her parent's view of the matter. She loved society, admiration, all the social pleasures that money could bring : indeed she declared "she really could not exist without them." She was perfeetly conscious of her beauty, and not a little vain of it, and although she really preferred Martin Lynch to all her other admirers, indeed had as much affection for him as it was pos-sible for a selfish, frivolous nature like hers to have : she had, nevertheless, determined to stifle her better feelings, and to marry money and social posi-

As I have said, Martin could not believe anything unfavorable of her, and he felt very cheerful and sanguine as he walked along briskly that fine March evening to the home of the fair Marion. He had a small parcel in one hand, only a little, cardboard box, but he carried it as carefully as if its contents were fragile. As he was walking up the short garden path to the house the hall door opened, and a stout elderly man came out, a grey-haired ruddy-faced, vulgar-looking individual. It was Mr. Williams, Marion's rich admirer. Martin saluted him politely, other scarcely deigned to acknowledge the courtesy, and the young man passed into the house and upstairs to the drawing room : but somehow the meeting his rich, elderly rival had brought a strange, unaccountable feeling of un-

easiness—a chill to his heart.

He found Marion alone, looking love lier than ever; her eyes were bright, and her expression animated, and she wore a pale blue dress, with cloudy trimming of tulle and lace that set off her fair complexion and golden hair to perfection.

She seemed a little embarrassed on seeing Martin, and was not at all loquacious as she was wont to be. Martin, too, was not in his usual happy mood. Often his eyes wandered to a small table where, half-hidden in the relvet cushions a magnificent diamond necklace was glittering and sparkling.

"See, Marion," he said, "I have brought you shamrocks from the Hill of Tara. I went twenty miles out of my way when coming home yesterday to gather them at that historic spot. You will wear them to-morrow, will you

very wide, and looked with a half-pity-

ing smile at Martin, and at the hu little trailing plant he showed her. "Really," she said languidly, How nice of you to take all that trouble and go so far out of your way but I suppose you think it was worth it, you are such an enthusiast about old

t, you are such an environment, it, you are such an environment, and things."

Martin would have At another time Martin tried to rouse her interest in the hitory of the country he loved so recounting the ancient glories Tara, but on that evening he had co with a very different intention, and he was soon telling her eloquently of his love for her and asking her to be his

Marion turned very pale, and appeared really distressed while he was speaking, and when he had ceased she emained silent for some moments, then

she said nervously:
"Ob. Martin, I am really sorry for you, but you see what you ask is quite impossible, because — because — oh, dear! You should have been told: some one should have told you, and not leave it to me, when I don't know how to the little when I don't know ho to tell you," she concluded weakly, an with tears in her eyes. "But—but the fact is—I'm engaged to Mr. Williams,
She avoided looking at Martin whil

she spoke, she gazed into the fire, and toyed nervously with the lace of dress; she could not look into frank, honest eyes of the man with whom she had trifled and a self as long as it pleased her, and whose faithful heart she had just grieved so deeply. But no remorse fo this troubled her; her uneasiness are from the fear that Martin would b

angry, would reproach her, and make her feel uncomfortable. She need not have feared it. He bore his grief in dignified silence, in one moment all his cherished faith in her had been swept away, and he saw her in her true colors—vain, selfish and deceitful. He soon noticed the splendid diamond ring she wore, and again his eyes rested on the sparkling neck lace in its velvet case. this, and her vanity and love play getting the upper hand, s and took the costly ornament i resting place. "A present fro Williams," she murmured, in low tone, as if ashamed of wh was doing. "Isn't it sweet? I perfectly lovely? I just worship monds, and oh, it's so nice to be rich.
I can't help it, indeed I can't; but ouldn't exist without lots of money and every luxury I fancy." said in a kind of apolegetic manner, a the same time she was clasping necklace round her fair throat, and turning round to contemplate herself

in the mirror. This was too much for Martin to endure, and with a few formal words of farewell he abruptly quitted the room, house, never to enter it again.

And what a change had come ove him in one short hour! He entered that house cheerful, light-hearted, san-guine; he left it bowed down with the itterest of all griefs-that of finding the one he loved false: he left it with his faith in huma nature sadly shaken, an unhappy change, indeed, and a great sorrow that oothing hand of Time alone can

can heal. A month later, Martin Lynch, having given up his appointment, stood on the deck of the great ocean liner, bour for New York, with a sad heart at tear-dimmed eyes, watching the st gradually fading away, and h had looked, he knew not but be for the last time on the land of his birth.

CHAPTER II. Ten years passed away, and in his adopted home Martin Lynch had found success and wealth, but he had not found real happiness. He had made few friends, for he was grave and silent and his new acquaintances considered him cold, and even cynical. honorable, truthful and just in his dealings with his fellow-man, and consider ate and generous to all in his employment, he was greatly respected

every one. Some there were, accustomed to look beneath the surface, who believed that Martin Lynch had not always been s grave and reserved in manner, some great trial had marred his life. some great trial had marred his his Among those who held the opinion was Nellie O'Mara, a sweet, pretty Irish girl, who held the position of book-keeper and typewriter in Martin Lynch's establishment.

Three years before this part of my story opens Nellie's brother, Michael had written to her (she was then engaged in one of the large establishments in Dublin), saying that he had succeeded very well after six years' hard work, and could at last offer her a comfortable home, urging her to come at once, and she need never worry herself again about obtaining employment, as he had enough for both. Nellie gladly accepted the offer; her brother her only near relative; she was greatly attached to him, and delighted at the thought of seeing him again.

A month after she received the letter Nellie arrived in New York, to find a great trouble awaiting her the happiness she had expected. Her brother had met with a very serious accident, which would disable him for a long time, and it might even be permanently from following his occupa-tion. What he had saved in years was then spent in obtaining for him the best medical advice, and all the com-forts necessary for him, and at the end of twelve months Michael, being a confirmed invalid, brave Nellie set about finding employment to support herself and her brother. She was very well educated, so she first tried teaching; she had daily tuitions, and soon fou

it hard enough, esp severe winter; so, in she learned bookkeeping ing, and at the end found herself settled in prosperous establishme
"My poor Nellie,"
to her when she came to her when she came istening all over he that you have to wor

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sitting her perfectly u a very different life But I don't work Michael," said Nellie is so much better tha all right now. I have cosy little office to w good salary, and Mr. kind. All I went n getting strong, and better, don't you, M
"Yes, Nellie, I fethat I won't bear
longer. I am well a

of home employment, writing or some of once. I am glad to Lynch is kind, I wa not be, he looks so s "Yes," answered very grave, and ofter I fancy he has had life, for althe cold, I know he ha real warm, Irish he and considerate to Michael O'Mara

ing the home emple and felt much hap contribute somethi their expenses. Another year pas ck's Eve arrived Lynch opened a tichim by an old frie shamrocks he felt the pangs memory that alwa each anniversary, i years he had not is had felt for Mar grief at finding her The next morning was bright and be tin sat at his lonel bands playing fan

looking out, he say trymen, each wear

on their way to j hinking, first of in Ireland, and he ever see them age mind the many encountered in following this co not surprising t thinking of h Nellie O'Mara. for more than a ye a bright and indu however, he had she was also very indefinable winning smile, pression in her was very attract that her only re who was rather not acquainted v illness, and its voted care of courage and courage and courage and courage and courage and courage and courage are she faced the course are she are sh was yet to lear that on the pr Miss O'Mara d usual. Perhap doors ; he was s of telling her th the office that

and see the St in the city.
to let her know Half an hour the stairs to th and her broth little sitting Martin could something on half unconscio or and neve "Oh, Mich

ly : "do look

arrive in tir fresh and gre them so caref " Well." r are very we thing I could "Oh, inde Michael, I w sight of the all in one ins in Nellie's e rocks to her vently, and tears fell on

> bright, uns girl with the Marion Wa strange fee furnished. and told th of Mr. Ly longer tha

Surely su

be familiar

significance

accident great love bring him long, lone to spend lightness of mind

with a small bo cases, fo as Micha