...RTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR."

"KEINE SCHONHEIT HAT DIE WELT."

Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty source and spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the daybeams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

When, as the moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the awful thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to Jesus mount,
As the best and purest Fount.

Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute with quivering strings
Far more sweet than every tone
Are the words "Maria's Son."

Sweetness fills the air around
At the echo's answering sound;
Far more sweet than echo's fall
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

Let Thy Deity profound
Me in heart and soul surround;
From my mind its idols chase,
Wean from joys of time and place.

Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell;
Thus to me the power impart,
To behold Thee as Thou art.

—*Translated from the German of Angelus Silesius (Johann Angelus Schaffer) by Frances Elizabeth Cox.*

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.*

Honey in the lion's mouth,
Emblem mystical, divine,
How the sweet and strong combine;
Cloven rock for Israel's drouth;
Treasure-house of golden grain,
By our Joseph laid in store,
In his brethren's famine sore
Freely to dispense again;
Dew on Gideon's mowy fleece;
Well from bitter changed to sweet;
Shew-bread laid in order meet,
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase,
Though no rain in April fall;
Horeb's manna freely given,
Showered in white dew from heaven;
Marvellous, angelical;
Weightiest bunch of Canaan's vine,
Cake to strengthen and sustain
Through long days of desert pain;
Salem's monarch's bread and wine:—
Thou the antidote shalt be
Of my sickness and my sin.
Consolation, medicine,
Life and Sacrament to me.

—*Translated from the Spanish of Pedro Calderon De La Barca by Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D.*

*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 XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

All of which plunged the young man into profounder helplessness. The real cause of this sadness during Mr. Heywood's discourse on color, the rocks, the digamma, and atmospheric pressure, had been somewhat apart from the subjects. He had been almost wholly occupied with thoughts connected with his business in Killard. At first he had felt it hard that by unlucky chance he should come at so inauspicious a time.

As Mr. Heywood went on, and all semblance of reason appeared to depart from the philosopher, Cahill began to wonder whether in any case there would be much good in confronting the deaf mute and a man who spoke fables about color and the air, and talked so unintelligibly about rocks. If a man said that the sea wasn't blue, and that there was no such a thing as blue, and this with the blue sea and the blue sky above him, could it be likely he'd be able to make anyting out of David Lane, who for years and years had defied the scrutiny of the shrewdest?

But wait! Didn't they say, 'Set a thief to catch a thief?' Well, maybe, a man who spoke words no one could understand, and said things weren't that every one saw they were, might be the best at David Lane. But then there did not remain the ghost of a chance of David Lane leaving the island now, and there was no use in thinking any more about it. His plan had failed for the present.

When the two men got back to the village it was dark. They found supper set for them in the back parlor, and without much delay or ceremony they sat down and began to eat. When they had finished, Cahill produced his pipe and filled it. He put his hand into his pocket for the paper and drew out the rough sketch he had found on the road. He was about to tear a piece off; suddenly he changed his mind, lit his pipe at the candle, and flattened the paper out before him, looked glooming at it through the white tobacco smoke. While thus engaged he heard a voice in the shop, listened, and said to his companion:

'Mr. Heywood, there's Tom outside. Would you object to my asking him in?'

'Certainly not.'

Cahill left the room and returned with the Fool. 'Sit down, Tom, and get something to eat.'

It was an invitation Tom seldom declined: he was [illegible] looking when his eyes met the paper. He made a sudden snatch at it. Cahill angrily anticipated him and plucked it away.

'Where did you get that? Where did you get that paper? Did the boy rob his father of it?'

'What is it to you where I got it? How dare you try and take it?' demanded Cahill sullenly.

'Because it's my friend David Lane's, and you have no right to it. Give it back to me until I bring it to its rightful owner.'

'Maybe I have as good a right to it as David Lane or any one else.'

'You haven't! You haven't! It's his. I saw it with him often, and if you don't give it to me on the spot I'll get some one that'll make you, if I have to go to Clonmore and inform on you.'

'Very well; and I'll keep you company; and while you are telling about this paper I'll be telling how some one who has no license bought a gun last night. Are you ready to be off?'

'Whist your talk!' cried the Fool, in consternation.

'Aren't you coming to Clonmore with me? Sergeant Murphy wouldn't mind getting up to hear two such pleasant stories.'

'Whist, I say, and don't be a fool. But the paper is Lane's, and it's no good to you. It's a likeness of his own property and of no use to any one but the rightful owner, and, Chris Cahill, although they say things against you, you're not the man to keep another man's property, and a widower and on a desolate island.'

The young man reflected a moment.

'Does Lane think much of this paper?'

'He wouldn't give it up for a shoal of herring.'

'Very well; if it's any use to him he can have it by coming for it here to-morrow at eleven o'clock. This gentleman and I will be waiting for him.'

'But—'

'Oh, if that won't do, I'll start for Clonmore. The evening is cool, and I know Sergeant Murphy won't mind getting up to have a chat about that gun.'

'I believe all the bad that's said against you, Christie Cahill, and worse; and only for what you know, I'd do my best against you.'

And shaking his fist at the young man, he dashed out of the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER THE EXPULSION.

The calm sea, the bright air, the plenteous sunshine brought no consolation to the heart of David Lane on the day he drove his son from the island. Since his earliest recollection the pageantries of nature had been familiar to his eyes. He lived among them, but they were independent of him. In his youthful manhood he had taken a wife. He had selected her from all he met by the exercise of reason, and by love or passion. In time she grew into his life; filled out and made perfect what was perfectable in his dark soul.

Then a child—a son—came, and a new feeling arose in his heart. The phenomena of external nature had, he knew, been displayed before he was there to see. His wife had grown from infancy to childhood, from childhood to womanhood before he met her. He had acquired her as any man acquires what has been provided for him outside the range of his own eyes, and never displayed until the hour of want had come to him. Over what went on among the elements he had control; over his wife, before he had found her, he had no control.

There was a dark and inexplorable past behind her advent. As far as his nature permitted him he had grown to love her. But she had come to him out of an uncertain, indefinite bygone, and when she died it seemed as though she had gone back to the dimness out of which she had approached.

But his son was his son. No uncertainty existed about his boy's past. He had come a tiny infant and grown into childhood under his own eyes. He himself had married in hope of having a son. The son was given to him, and hence he felt a double sense of proprietorship in the boy. When he set out inland eleven years ago to find a wife, he had thought nothing of her, all of an heir for the Bishop's.

Ten years ago his hopes were realized. He had an heir; and though he was kind and tender to the woman, all the fierce love of his rugged nature clung to the boy and wound around him as the days went on. Here was this young being, his own flesh and blood, given to him that he might bring him up as he chose, teach him how to fish, how to seem to live by fishing only, and in time impart what his own father had communicated to him.

Now, after all his year of love and hope, this boy turned out not to be like himself or his dead wife. Worst of all, his father had warned him that certain evil would follow if such a child was born. If there had been but one fear, that of the secret being revealed, he could have endured betrayal, if only the doing of the treason fell not into the hands of this one being. All the world besides might conspire against him; who chose might come and find out all, yea, fling him head-long from the cliff if they would only leave him the certainty that this boy had been loyal to him. But to see in front of all his enemies the face of his child, and to feel that he had been done to ruin by a curse working in the blood of the single creature he loved, goaded him into a rage of horror and repulsion, in which no tender emotions could prevail.

On that day he paced the Island with a solemn, weary step, head sunken on chest, arms clasped behind, as though the weight of a world's sorrows were upon him. Then suddenly his manner would alter; he threw up his head, looked round defiantly as though weariness of his intolerable sufferings made him desire a circle of foes. Anon he shaded his eyes and scanned the downs narrowly from the highest point of the Island, seeming to watch for the messengers of fate. But soon his face would change to a bitter smile—the boy knew nothing the telling of which could harm. That was well!

In the afternoon he descended to the low ledge fronting the ocean and, with his face to the scorching sun, sat until the great red disc had sunk through the cloudless air into the realm of shades below the broad and margin of the sea.

Then he arose, and with heavy faltering steps ascended the steep path. Frequently he stumbled and paused to examine the way as though it were new to him. When he reached the summit he shook himself as if he had been sleeping, and sought to disencumber himself of heaviness. He looked at the mainland with vacant, hollow eyes, and was crossing to the hut when his foot struck something. Glancing down he saw the basket lying as it had fallen from the boy's hands. Quickening his pace he gained his own room and shut the door.

All within was unaltered. Nothing had been moved since morning, and in the dim light, which entered at the small, narrow window, the table and chairs and bed lay in a brown gloom.

No food had passed his lips since morning, yet he did not seek any now. He stretched himself wearily on the bed, and covering his face, for a while remained motionless.

It was dark before he stirred. With a deep worn-out sigh he got up, struck a match, and lit a candle. Putting the candle down on the table, he looked around. His eyes were fixed and staring like a sleep-walker's. There was in all his movements a vagueness which made it seem as though his sight had suffered. When he stirred he knocked up against things lying in his way; when he stretched out his hand to place the candle on the table, he miscalculated the distance, and his hand did not reach until he had made a second attempt. He looked like one losing sight, or receiving it after long deprivation of it.

All at once light, angry light, flashed into his eyes. He stooped swiftly, picked up something and held it in the dull glare of the candle.

The boy's clasp-knife!

For a moment he stood a pale and furious. Through his nostrils the hot breath came and went with a loud snore. Suddenly he tore open one more, then in the direction of the village, and finally muttered:

'He said eleven, and it must be long after ten now, and 'twill take a good half-hour to get there.'

The watcher stamped his feet and wrung his hands in despair.

Presently the head and bust of Lane rose into view.

The man on the mainland uttered a cry of joy and made rapid signs to he other.

In a listless, dull abstraction the deaf mute approached and stood on the brink confronting Tom. His eyes were vacant and bloodshot. His hair hung down in shaggy disorder about his white face. Over his bare chest his long tangled beard spread, matted and hard. He looked at the Fool, made a gesture of recognition, then he became immovable. His coat, waistcoat and shirt were open; his shoulders drooped forward; his arms hung nervelessly by his side.

The Fool made a gesture to rouse the others attention, but Lane did not acknowledge it.

Then Tom opened his waistcoat, held the left side in both hands, bent it backward and forward frequently, turned up the lower edge, examined the seam carefully, and finally pointed to Lane's waistcoat.

The other man followed the gestures of his friend with interest, beginning at attention, ending at fear. He rapidly subjected the left side of his own waistcoat to a similar course, and when he arrived at the seam found it open. Thrusting his hand between the lining and the cloth, he held it there a moment. His face flushed; wild, baleful light shone in his eyes, and, uttering a yell, he with one hand made a fierce questioning gesture to the Fool, while holding the other parallel to the ground at the height of his son's head.

'Had his son the paper?'

'No. A low-sized man.'

'Of Killard?'

'No; Clonmore, where they bought fish and sold hooks.'

'How did the man get the paper?'

'Don't know.'

'Son had stolen and given paper to low sized man?'

'Don't know. But some ashore. Come ashore at once. Low-sized man would restore paper if he (Lane) came to Killard, not give up paper to anyone else. Come! Sun gone past where man had marked sky for meeting.'

Swiftly Lane drew up his rope bridge, and hung the loop over the iron hook. In a minute he was in the network, and in less than two he stood panting beside the Fool. 'Let us run,' he signalled to his friend, and the two set off as quickly as they could go towards the village.

As he ran his thoughts were in a tumult of anger and dread. Now, has not the curse come? was it not operating already? His son, influenced by the malignant spirit inherent in him, had stolen the paper, the one only paper connected with the secret. But how had he got it? He himself did not know how long it had been out of his possession. Had the boy while he fondled him in his arms, abstracted it at the bidding of the evil resident in his ears? Would all be known when they arrived at Killard? What form has discovery to take, marauders or police? But however discovery came, in the centre would be the boy, his son, his only child!

The last thought drove him like a goad, and he dashed fiercely forward, leaving Tom far behind. He gained the village by himself, and waited angrily for his companion to come up.

'Was the boy with the man who had the paper?'

'No. At least, not last night.'

In a few minutes the two men entered Casey's shop. Tom led the way into the back room. Here they found Cahill and Mr. Heywood waiting for them.

'Which man had the paper?'

Tom pointed to Cahill.

For an instant the mute seemed about to spring on the young man; but by a powerful effort he restrained himself, and held out his hand, peremptorily demanding the draft.

Cahill shrank from him, saying at the same time to his companion, in a tone of mingled triumph and fear:

'Now, Mr. Heywood! Now, keep your eye on this man. He's David Lane of the Bishop's.

Lane seemed as though another moment's delay would rouse him beyond his power of restraint.

'Watch him! cried Cahill, in great excitement, 'but don't touch him. He's more dangerous than a wild beast.'

'The paper! The paper! The paper!' demanded Lane, furiously.

'You'd better give it to him without any delay,' urged Tom, 'or he'll be at your throat.'

'Have you enough of him yet?' said Cahill to the philosopher.

'The time is certainly short, not above a minute, I should think. It might require more time to make a nice analysis; but for a general idea I have had sufficient opportunity.' Mr. Heywood was perfectly unmoved.

Cahill threw the draft on the table and drew back hastily.

With a loud, discordant cry, Lane seized it and thrust it into the pocket of his unbuttoned coat.

Tom interpreted, 'Where did you find it?'

'What's that to you?

'If you do not tell where you got it, I'll break the table into staves, and kill you where you stand.'

'Leave the place. There is a curse on you and your race, and no christian man would tell you anything.'

Tom signified the curse by pointing to Lane's ears. When the father saw this all anger against Cahill died out out of him. His arms fell, his head drooped, and with a heavy tread and eyes bent vacantly on the ground he strode slowly out of the room, followed by his only friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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