narrow plank, and feeling that to pense for an instant, or to swerve to the right or left, was as much as his life was worth.

Barney, at this moment, was leaning

forward on his left hand, and seemed to be counting something on the floor with his right. The effort was evidently too

much for him, for, scratching his poil, he looked about him in a bewildered way.

"Mr. Dick," said he, on seeing the dector, "come here and count 'em for

Os coming near enough, the doctor and

"I have id over me."
"What is it you have over you?" Rich-

n the drama.
"The pinance, sir," replied Barney.

And Barney moved away as if a great load had been taken off his mind.

out to proclaim the joyful news among her neighbors; and men, woman, and chil-

dren came crowding around the inspired

over again to play his new composition

ely, handed it to Mat the Thrasher.
Richard let down the window softly, to

try and catch their conversation.

After looking at the instrument, Mat

"I'll reg'late that. I'll put a new ferl

He handed back the fife to the owner.

who put it to his lips and seemed to exe-cute a pantomimic tune—for though his 'flying fingers' played nimbly over the

stops, no sound was audible. By degrees he breathed more and more strongly into the orifics till a lively air began to

be fi.fully distinguishable even to the two young men in the window. Mat the Tarasher commenced to "humour"

the tune with his head; and, after a while, resting his hands on the tail board

of the cart, he performed a few steps of a complicated character. Billy Heffersan moved a pace or two backwards, keeping

his eyes fixed on the dancer's feet, evidently determined not to lose a single

group-who had also moved back and

formed a ring-were riveted on the danc-

er's brilliantly polished shoes. Mat's shoes presented a contrast to those of his

caught some of the enthusiasm his per-formance excited.
"He's a splendid fellow," he exclaimed,

as Mat finished with a bound in the air followed by a low "bow to the music."

pointing to a man who came from the

kitchen door towards the group collected

round Mat and his musical admirer, pick

ing his steps carefully, and taking long

strides, as if he were walking upon ice that he feared might break under him.

He was dressed in a black frock coat

and dark trousers, very much the worse for the wear. His well-bleached shirt

(save that the "blue rag" had been too

perally drawn upon in its "making up"),

"Take notice of him," said Richard,

Indeed, the eyes of the whole

on id.

"abuffle."

greased.

Mr. Lowe saw a pretty long score chalked

keeper.

dector,

KNOCKNAGOW THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER V.

THE DICTOR MAKES HIMSELF COMFORT

"If fear, Mc. Lowe," said Mary, "you will be put to some inconvenience to morrow, se we are to have the Station."

"What is that?" he inquired.

"Oh, don'r you know? Well, Catholics of the Confession and communion at

"Oh, don't you know? Well, Catholics go to confession and communior at Christmas and Easter. And, in country districts, instead of requiring the people to go to the chapel, the priests come to certain houses in each locality to hear confessions and say Mass. So that our house is to be public property for some hours to morrow, and I fear you will find it unpleasant. But you can remain in your room: and I suppose you will have no objection to breakfast with the priests?"

"By no means," he replied; "It will be a pleasure. Shall we have the gentleman who preached that remarkable sermon?"

"Oh, of course. He is our parish priest,

"Oh, of course. He is our parish priest, Father M Mahon. He is a most charitable man, and almost adored by the people. It man, and almost adored by the people. It is commonly said that when Father M Mahon dies he will not have as much money as will bury him. I must warn you, however, that you will find him reserved, and you may be tempted to think him haughty. But it is only his reasoner."

manner."
"He looks awfully proud, at all events,"

said Grace.
"He astonished us all a few weeks ago," Mary continued, by making this peculiarity the subject of his discourse from the

"He began in such an extraordinery "He began in such an extraordinery way," said Grace, "I was very near being obliged to laugh."
"Very near?" said Mary. 'Why, you did laugh; and it was really too bad for a

did laugh; and it was ready to but sandhle young lady like you."
"I could not help it. Only think. Mr. Lowe, the first word he said was—'Ye say walk." And then he I have a proud walk. And then he went on to explain to them in the most carnest manner that when they thought he was walking proudly, he was, perhaps, not thinking of himself at all. 'Indeed,' he said, 'I never knew until lately that I had a proud walk. And I fear it is too late to try to correct it now. 'Tis hard to break an old dog off his trot.' Sure everybody laughed then."

"It was a most instructive discourse.

was a most instructive discourse,

aid Mary.
"Oh, of course," replied Grace. "And it must have been very consoling to people who give themselves airs, as we people will give transsives are, as we are not by any means to infer from the said airs that tiey are not all humility in their hearts. But I hope it is Father Han nigas Mr. Lowe will have an opportunity

of hearing to-morrow."

Yes, I think it is not unlikely, as
Father M Mahon has not been strong for
some time back, and one of the curates usually says Mass now at the Stations. You can have no idea, Mr. Lowe, what an amount of labor an Irish priest has to go

"I can imagine it must be very considerable from what you tell me," Mr. Lowe observed.

"Come, Gace," said Mary, "the Rossry. Hugh stood up, and went with them to

the kitchen, as be always, when at home, "headed" the Rosary.

Instead of summoning the servants to

nastead of summoning the servants to prayers in the perior it is the general custom, among Irish Catholies of the middle class, for the master and mistress of the house, with their children and guests—naless the latter should happen not to be Catholies—to "say the Rosary" in the kitchen. in the kitchen.
In Hagh's absence the duty of begin-

ning and ending the Rosary—the same person always 'heads' and 'finishes' person always 'heads' and 'finishes'
—fell to Mrs. Kearney or Mary, which
was looked upon as a grievance by Baney

During the Rosary Richard and the stranger lighted their clears in Hugh's room, and had a pleasant talk-the doctor s usual having the lion's share. His volubility was considerable; but though peo-ple generally found it pleasant enough to listen to him-young ladies particularly -it was not easy to tell what it was al Hugh came in with a large book under

his arm, and seemed unprepared for the honor that had been done him.

Mr. Lowe was standing by the fire, with his elbow on the chimney piece. The doctor had his two heels on it, and re clined in a curious old arm chair at th

other side of the fire.
"We're just talking," said the latter, "of what we are to do with ourselves to-morrow. Mr. Lowe votes for the suipe."

"Very well," Hugh replied, "I'll have everything ready; but you must be sails died with a slegle burel." "Oh, 'tis all the same, except that I can't make so much noise. Curlous," continued the doctor, contemplatively, "that there are some things that some people can't do. Though I bleze away, the birds don't fall. I generally forget

people can't do. Though I bleze away the birds don't fall. I generally forge that there is anything required but to pul the trigger. Or when it does occur to un that I must take alm, somehow I firs think of my feet—a graceful stititude, you know. And before I am all right the bird is a mile away. And then I fire."

"You can ride better than you can shoot," said Mr. Lowe.

"Pretty well at the riding; but I never could do that either like Hugh. The

could do that, either, like Hugh. The cursed attitudinizing rulus me there, too. Do you remember Kathleen Hanly?" he

red, turning to his brother.
"Yes, I remember," Hugh replied,

'tls misery to think of it," the doctor continued, taking his feet from the chimney piece, and thrusting his hands in the pockets of his shooting jacket.

"Wast was it?" Mr. L. we asked.
"The prestion girl in the country," replied the doctor; "Fil show you where she
lives to morrow."

"Well?" said Mc. Lowe.

"Oh, you want to know all about it.
Well, Hugh and I were out schooling one day, and I caught a glimpse of Kathleen walking up and down by a hedge not far have been a twento," said the doctor, as he turned over the leaves, "But do you really keep your accounts in this way?

about three feet high near where ahe was walking; and I thought I might as well ride down by the ditch and take a jump over the wall. I waited till she had turned at the end of her walk, and came on at the wall in a cauter. I was thinking of a picture in one of Lever's novels, and my only regret was that the wall was and my only regret was that the wall was not five instead of three feet high. Juto me that my left clow was not at the proper angle. So I glanced at it and turned it more in—forgetting the necessity of keeping my seat and everything elso but the chow and Kathleen."

The dostor paused and looked at the lighted end of his cigar, as if it were the miniature of a departed friend. 'Well, what happened?" said Mr.

Lowe. "Well, I was spun," replied the doctor, with a sigh, "out between his two cars. I resolved to get out of a window in the middle of the night, and run away and

middle of the night, and run away and enlist in a regiment under orders for India. But I changed my mind."

The doctor looked sgain at the ashes of his rigar and shook his nead.

"Kathleen said afterwards," he resumed, "that she always thought of me with my heels in the air. Back view, you know. And my legs are rather long."

The doctor took a last look at the ashes of the clear, and flang the butt into the

of the cigar, and flung the butt into the file. He then stood up, and taking a cigar-case from the chimney piece, carefully selected the best one in it for him.

"Have a cigar ?" said he, presenting one "Have a clear?" said he, presenting one to Mr. Lowe; which was very civil, seeing that the case and its contents belonged to Mr. Lowe himself.

"Do you know," said the doctor, turning to his brother, after resuming his place in the arm chair, "we may as well make ourselves comfortable."

"By all means," replied Hugh, tearing

the corner off a newspaper, and offering it to him to light his eigar.
"Hold on, old boy," said the doctor.

He left the room and returned in a few minutes, with a decanter in one hand and a sugar-bowl in the other. Placing them on the table, he rither surprised Mr.
Lowe by producing three tumblers and a
wine glass from the pockets of his shoot
ing-cost. He then sat down, with his
feet on the fender, and poked the fire. While thus employed, a servant came in with a kettle, which the doctor took with his disengaged hand, and spilled a little of the water under the grate to see that it "All right, July," said he. 'Mam's the

'Yes, sir," the girl replied, and left the

The doctor then mixed a stiff tumbler for himself, and motioned to Hugh and Mr. Lowe to follow his example, which they did. Having lighted his clear, he turned side-

ways in his chair, throwing one of his long legs over the other, and said:

"Now, Hugh, your opinion is worth having on most subjects. But I want your opinion now on a subject, of which so far as ever I could see, you have had

no personal experience."
"What is it?' Hugh asked.
"Love," replied the doctor, commencing to puff so vigerously that he was soon enveloped in a cloud "Well, what about It?"

"Do you believe in first love, and lov "Of course, if there's love at all, there must be first love to begin with. And," he added, after a pause, "I rather think love at first sight is not an impossibility."

"But is the first love the true love? The 'never forget,' you know, and so "I don't think so, It may or may not."

"The fact is, you think there is no limit to the number of times a man may be really in love ?"
"Well, I do believe a man may be really

in love more than once in his life. But I'il tell you what I believe," he continued, after a pause. "I believe it is the destiny of many to love once, or meet somebody was looked upon as a grievance by Dhiney and some of the other servants.

"I'd always like to have Mr. Hugh to head the Rosary," Barney used to say.
"He never puts trimmins to id like Miss the mistress."

"The mistress."

"I believe it is the desirate of many to love once, or meet somebody whom they feel they could have loved as they never loved before and never can love again."

"The they can love again!" said Mr.

"But they can love sgain!" said Mr. Lowe, who began to feel interested in the conversation.

"Yes, certainly," replied Hugh. "A man can love again, and be happy in the love of another. But it will not be the love of another. But it will not be the same kind of happiness as might have been his."

"Do you think this higher sort of happlness is the lot of many? I faucy, in the majority of cases, people must be satis fied with the secondary kind of happiness you allude to.

Yes, I think so, too," replied Hugh. "And why so?" Richard asked, as he took the kettle from the fire, and poured the boiling water creafully on the lumps of sugar in his tumbler. "Why should they not be supremely blessed?" And while pourlog in the whiskey after

the water, the doctor sang in a pleasing Our life should resemble one long day of

light,
And our death come on holy and calm as
the night." accounted for," replied
Hugh. "The feeling may not be mutusl;
and even when it is, how many insurmountable obstacles may be in the way? But if it ever does happen, that a man or a woman can love only once, it is when two spirits rush together in this way, and are then parted by death, or some other cause that does not involve weakness of any kind on the part of either.'

any kind on the part of either."
"Now, did a case of this kind ever come
within your knowledge?"
"Yes," Hugh replied. "I know of one
such case. And it is what I have observed in this instance that has made me think

bout the matter at all "
'You seem to think," said Mr. Lowe "that reciprocity is necessary to give im mortality to the sentiment, if I may so

express what I mean to convey."
"I am inclined to think," Hugh replied,
"that without that it will die a natural

"Have you been taking large doses of poetry of late?" said Richard. "It would scarcely surprise me to find some tender stances in this." And he opened the

"Manufacturers? Do you mean that you are a butter maker?"

"And a manufacturer of arable land," said Hugh.

"That's nonsense," said the doctor, who had a dim recollection of a lecture on political economy which he had heard some time before. "Land cannot be manufactured."

"Well if I were writing a treatise on "Well if I were writing a treatise on the said way to the parlor, he beat a hasty retreat back to his bedroom. His attention was arrested by Barney Brodherick, who, holding the beads between his fingers, was knessing luth the lobby, praving with great energy and volubility. Burney sat back upon his heels and muttered his prayers in a breathless sort of way, evidently afreid of losing the clue before he had got all around the beads. When he did come to the end.

"Well if I were writing a treatise on the subject I might besitate to use the expression; and yet it could, I think, be detended."

'You mean a producer," said Richard, pedantically.
"No, that would not express my mean

ing. I'll show you an example of it tomorrow."
Richard commenced rubbing his chin with a rather serious expression of face, as he ran his eye down a column of figures. He opened his eyes and his mouth on coming to the "carried forward," and was about finding the page when Hugh glanced over his shoulder, and said.

"Come, shut it up. You will look in vain for a stanza of any sort" Saying this Hugh shut the book and pushed it

away.
The fact was the doctor had lighted upon a page where sundry sums were entered, which he bimself had received in the shape of half notes and postoffine orders; and his brother good-naturedly wished to prevent him from seeing what would be a very loreible illustration of the proverb that "many a little makes a muckle."

The doctor tock up a note which slipped from between the leaves of the account book and read it. It ran thus: 'DEAR HUGH-Send me five pounds

by return like 'the quintescence concen-trated of a sublimated brick,' as you are. I was obliged to pop my watch last night. Particulars in my nest.—Yours, "Dick." The author of this pithy production shook his head gravely, and, folding the paper, was about lighting another cigar with it, but changing his mind, he took a short pipe from his pocket and lighted that instead

"I believe," said he, "I have been a little unprovident in my time. But you have no idea how economical I have become, I got eleven bob from a Jew for two pair of trousers and an old coat." Here he pulled vigorously at his pipe till it was well kindled, and threw what remained unburned of the note into the fire "And bought a second-hand clarionet at the back of the Bank," he added. "I'll give you a tune as soon as I get a new reed. Keating has given me

me lessons." He smoked on with a placid look, evidently deriving exquisite pleasure from the contemplation of his economy, as well as from the weed, which he seemed to economize, too, so tiny were the wreaths that glided from between his

Hugh thought it well to take advantage of this virtuous mood, and suggested the advisability of retiring to rest. The doctor took Mr. Lowe's arm and conducted him to his room. And, after embracing that gentleman affectionalely six times, he retired to his own apartment. Hugh made an entry or two in his

account book; and after totting up a column of figures at one side, and comparing the amount with the sum total of a shorter account at the opposite side, he shook his head doubtfully, and closed the book. Opening his desk, he took out a letter and read it over. It was from Sir Garrett Butler to his father, referring him to his agent, Mr. Isaac Pender, on the subject of renewing the "I fear," he thought, as he put the

letter back into the deak-"I tear that there is foul play somewhere. And yet this old man is said to be so simple and kind hearted it is hard to suspect him. But Pender and his hopeful son are a bad pair. Well, there's nothing to be gained by broading over it. Let me think of something else."

He was startled out of what was evi-

dently a pleasant reverie, by a noise, cluded was the death-shriek of an un lucky goose. Reynard was unusually active at that season, and he resolved upon going out and setting the dogs upon his track. But the sound being accounted in a country that less expressions. repeated in a somewhat less excruciating key, he smiled and proceeded to his brother's room.

The doctor, with his coat and one boot off, was in the act of unscrewing the mouth piece from the second hand clarionet.

"D-n it!" he exclaimed examining it with a solemn look, "I can get no good of it."

Then putting the instrument, without the moutapiece, to his lips, he nummed "Believe me if all these endearing young cherms" through it, with great feeling.

"Dick," said his brother, "have you se mind to disturb the whole house? Do you know 'tis past twelve o'clock ?" "All right," said the doctor, with a jerk of his head sideways. And he dropped sottly into "Nora Creena"

"Come, go to bed, and don't make a fool of yourself." "Hugh, isn's Kathleen Hanly a devil.

ish pretty girl?"
"Decidedly. But what's the use of freezing for her? Go to bed and dream The doctor was so struck with the wisdom of this suggestion that he pulled off the other boot with extraordinary

quickness and energy; evidently bent upon following his brother's advice without the loss of a moment.

Mr. Henry Lowe had his reveries too.

"No, no," he thought, "it cannot be

he thought, "it cannot be anything of that sort. He was thinking of the tracks in the snow, which Grace accounted for so logically.

But even Grace's "solution of the

systery" was not altogether satisfactory o Mr. Henry Lowe.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STATION - BARNEY BRODHERICK'S PENANCE - MRS. SLATTERY CREATES A SENSATION.

Everything was so quiet about the house next morning that Mr. Lowe quite forgot the Station. But on reaching the hait he was taken by surprise to find it a striking contrast to the dinginess of from where we were. There was a wall thought it was only merchants did that," filled by a crowd of people; and, instead the rest of his habitiments. He had

come from the house without his hat, notwithstanding the coldness of the morning; and carried a prayer book, with his finger between the leaves, in his left her first property of the coldness of the coldnes left band. "I suppose he is the clerk," said Mr. Lawe.
"No; that is Phil Laby, our tailor." "Why, he is quite an important looking personage. Yes," he continued, turning his head to listen, "he is remon-

losing the clue before he had got all around the beads. When he did come to the end, it was with a rush; and throwing himself forward, with his chows on the floor, he performed some ceremony which Mr. Lowe was quite unable to comprehend. After this Barney fell bick upon his heels and commenced "the round of his beads" again. Altogether, he had the look of a man walking over a river or ravine on a person plank and feeling that to nause strating with them for their levity." "What's the harm in a bit uv divasion ?" said Billy Heffernan, drawing the tip of his nose, which was very blue, across the sleeve of his coat.
"That's thrue, Billy," Phil observed,

gravely, "but there's a time for every-thing. And when a man is goin' to his thing. And when a man is goin to thing. And when a man is goin duty," he added, still more impressively, "he ought to turn his mind to id."
"He's right," said Mat the Thrasher,

The manner in which he hurried on at the end and flung himself forward, completed the cart, resting his chin on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, with a the parallel. "In the name o' the Lord, Barney," penitent look.
"Mat," said Phil, evidently satisfied exclaimed the housekeeper, "what are you with the impression he had made, "I'm not neglectin' you. I won't disappoint you. I'll do that job before Sunday." doing there?"
She stood near Barney, with a cilver

coffee pot in her hand, and her look of astonishment satisfied Mr. Lowe that you. I'll do that job before Sunday."
"Faith, 'twould be time for you."
"But consider, I had two full shoots to Barney's proceeding were something out the common.
Salvation seze your sow!—God forgive make for Ned Brophy and Tom Brien. Ned is to be married as soon as every thing is settled; an' Tom is going to match make down to the county Limme for carsia'- be off out uv that, and don't set me astray."

"A nice lad you are," muttered the housekeeper, as she walked away, "to be goin' to your duty."

Richard here made his appearance, look-

erick. "An' didn't I tell you I was to be Ned's sidesman?

"I won't disappoint you," "I won't disappoint you,"

And Phil, taking his pipe from his
waistoost-pocket, was in the act of
catching the wooden stem between his
teeth, when his hand was caught by ing as if he had not slept enough, and Mr. Lowe called his attention to the figure near the window. He, however, appeared quite as much puzzled as the house-

Billy Heffernan: "Aren't you goin' to resave?" Billy asked with a baif-alarmed, half-reproach

ful look.
"Yes, Billy; but I have liberty to take a blast on account of my constitution.'
And there was something quite pathe

tic in Phil's look as he pressed the spring of a small iron tobacco box, in which an ounce of "Lomasny's" was tightly rolled up.
"Give me a light, Mat," said he, after

filling his pipe, with the air of a man about performing a solemn act of duty. Mat produced his flint and steel, and, upon the boards.
"How many times, Mr. Dick?" Barney asked anxiously.

Richard stooped down and coun'ed the marks; and when Barney was informed of the number, he drew a long breath of the number, he drew a long breath of lighting a bit of touch paper, laid it with his own hand on Phil Laby's pipe, while Phil commenced to "draw" with such with such effort appearing to cost him some pain.

"Glory be to God!" he exclaimed, pressing the knuckles of his left hand igour that his first "shough" frightened the sparrows from the fresa straw spread over the yard, as if a shot had been fired at them, and the sight and the fragrance esinst his back, as if trying to straighten of the blue tobacco smoke, as if curled in the frosty morning air, made more than one mouth water in the crowd that ard asked, who had only seen the last act loitered about the yard awaiting the arrival of the priests. It may be necessary to inform some realers that a "shough o' the pipe," without special leave from the priest, is considered a violation of the rule "to be fasting from midnight" before communion. "The pinance he put on me the last time; an' I'd have no business nixt or near him if I wasn't after doin' id."

When the two curates rode into the yard by the back entrance, Phil Lahy, evidently vain of his privilege, puffed away ostentatiously—which impressed upon the beholders an idea of Pail's im-

load had been taken off his mind.

The two young men stood at the window and amused themselves by observing the people who loitered about the house. Mat the Thrasher stood leaning against a cart, surrounded by a group of admirers, among whom were Jim Dunn and Tom Maher. But even their admiration evidently fell short of that of Billy Heffernan, the musical genius of Knocknagow—who dreamt a piece of music entitled "Heffernan's Frolic," and played it next morning, to the wonder and delight of the whole hamlet. For Billy's mother ran out to proclaim the joyful news among portance, that all but placed him on a level with the priests themselves. Father Hannigan was the first to dismount. He was a tall man, in the prime of life, and the frieze riding coat, flung leasely over his broad shoulders, set off his manly figure to the best advantage, and gave him a homely, warm, Irish look altogether. The other curate, Father O'Neill, was a very young man, with an air of refinement suggestive of drawing rooms rather than of Irish cabins and farm houses. They were met by the "man of the house" before they reached the kitchen door, and as he gave a hand to each, Father Hannigan's hearty "Good-morrow, Maurice," struck Mr. Lowe as being a tmirably in keeping with till Billy, fairly out of breath, put his fife in his pocket and asked them all, with an injured look, "did they think he had Jack Delany's beliows in his stumack?"—Jack Delany being the village blacksmith. his appearance. And the words—"The top of the morning to you, Miss Grace," From which query it may be inferred that B lly Heffernan was under the impression suggested the idea that Father Hanni that his stomach played an important gan affected the phraseology of the peas part in the production of sweet sounds,
Billy Heffernan now took his fife from

"There is Father M'Mahon," said his pocket, and, after examining it minu-Richard, as a car passed the "Is he not to be here?"

"Yes; but he is going round to the front gate. Come into the room, and you will see him arrive."

The first thing that struck Mr. Lowe was that Father M'Mahon's servant was n livery, and that his horse and car were a decidedly handsome turn out. When he leaped lightly from the car and walked towards the hall door, with his shoulders thrown back, and his head raised and slightly leaning to one side, Mr. Live was not surprised that people said Father M'Mahon had a "proud walk."

Barney Brodnerick hurried to the car, and was taking the priest's cloak, which he had let drop from his shoulders upon alighting, to hang it up in the hall; but the servant snatched it from him. He was rushing headlong to resent the affront, when the return of the priest, who had left his breviary on the seat of the car, prevented hostilities. Barney shock his first at the man in livery, from behind his master's back; but withou deigning to notice the challenge, that mportant functionary led the horse to the car-house and commenced unharnessing him.

companions in this respect; for while his shone resplendent, theirs were only The priest, without exchanging a word with anyone, walked into the drawing. As Billy Heffernan "loud and louder room. After saying a short prayer, b he bliv," Mat the Thrasher's feet "fast and faster flew;" and letting go his hold on the cart, he gave himself "ample room and verge enough," till even Mr. Lowe put on his stole and sat down in the arm. hair which was placed near the fire.

on his knees beside the chair, and at once commenced his confession. The door was now surrounded by a closely packed crowd, who went in one by one, in their turn, to be "heard" finding it no easy matter to push their

The "man of the house" was already

An almost equally large and quite as eager a throng stood round the parlor door at the opposite side of the hall where Father O'Neill sat,

Father Hannigan, by his own choice remained in the kitchen, which was filled by his penitents—principally women—who, in spite of his loud remonstrances, would crush and tumble almost up against his knees. He had repeatedly to stand up and push them off force; and was at last obliged to fer co himself in with two chairs and a form. "If ye come apast that," said he, ex-

citedly. "except in your turn, 'twill be

worse for ye. Things got on pretty smoothly after this, save for a suppressed scuffle now this, save for a suppressed sculls now and again when two equally resolute dames happened to meet in the front rank and disputed the question of precedence with an energy only second to that which they threw into the "Hail Mary" or "Holy Mary" that accompanied every shove and jostle. One of those who had been several times pushed the rank of the rank property when pictors. seemed certain, lost all patience, and re-solved to gain her point by strategem. She walked along a form and stepped from one to another of two or three chairs ranged along the wall, with a dogged sort of determination to conquer or die. She was in the act of climbing over a high-backed settle behind the priest, when she missed her footing and fell backward, bringing down with her a dish cover and several other utensils with a tremendous crash and clatter. reat was the noise that Richard and what could have happened.

Father Hannigan jumped to his feet as if he thought the house was falling about his eare, and looked all around him, but could see nothing to account for the clatter. At last be looked behind the settle, which was a few feet out from the wall, and there beheld the too eager devotee on her back.

"Get up, now," he continued, seeing her

show no symptom of changing her post-tion. "Sure you're not hurt?" he asked, tion. "Sure you're no reaching her his hand.

The poor woman suffered herself to be "Are you hurt?" he repeated.

She seemed to think it necessary to weigh the question well before replying to it. So long did she continue to ponder over it that Father Hannigan asked again, with some concern:
"In the name of God, Mrs. Slattery, is

there anything the matter with you?"

Mrs. Slattery looked all around her, as if expecting that some one would come forward to set her mind at rest, "What in the world alis the woman?"

exclaimed the priest.

Mrs. Slattery looked into his face anxiously, and after another long pause,

"I wonder am I killed ?" said Mrs. Slat-

tery. "Wisha, there's great fear of you," replied Father Hannigan. "And now go and say your preyers and take the world alsy like a Christian. Sure I'll be able to hear ye all before I go, and what more do ve want? There's a strange gentleman from England looking at ye; and what will be say of the Island of Saints when he goes back, if this is the way ye behave he goes back, it this is the way ye value, yourselves. Look at the men, how quiet and decent they are. Can't ye take pattern by the men? But 'tis always the way with the women," exclaimed Father Hannigan, with a gesture of both hands, "to run headlong, and never lock

After this there was comparative order among Father Hannigan's penitants. But poor Mrs. Slattery made her way slowly to the hall, looking as if she were still quite unable to settle the question whether she was "killed" or not.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The fountain of perpetual youth was one of the dreams of antiquity. It has been well-nigh realized in Ayor's Sarsap-arilla, which purifies the blood, gives vitality to all the bodily functions, and thus restores to age much of the vigor and freshness of youth.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our column some time since, an-nouncing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatlise on the Horse and publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Olseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address to B. J KENEALL & CO., (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenominal sale throughout the United Sales and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."

Minard's Liulment Onres Diphtheria.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

To mest a demand for a line of reliable remedies of unquestionable merit, the Hospital Remedy Company obtained the prescriptions of the celebrated hospitals of the Old World-London Paris, Berlin and Vienna. These bospitals are presided over by the most brilliant medical ininds in the world, and to obtain the prescriptions, elaborate and place on the market the remedies in use and ender on the market the remedies in use and ender on the market has remedies in use and ender was a bold and brilliant plees of enterpies of the market, each absurdly canning the market, each absurdly canning to the public will turn with relief from such blatent as the recommendation of having been originated (not by the old woman or the beastly Indian, as the quack advertisements read), but by educated gondomen, who are physicians and specialists of the highest standing in Europe, and whose patrons have to pay from \$55 to \$500 to command their services. This is the greatest capartyr's known to modern medicine. The specifics, which are sold at one dollar each, are eight in number, and cover the following aliments: No. 1. Catarrh, Hay Fever, Rose Cold. No. 2, Diseases of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds Bronchittis and Consumption. No. 3, Reemailsm and Gout. No. 4, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney. No. 5, Fever and Ague, Domb Ague, Neuraigia. No. 6, Fermale Weskness, Lenorrheas, Irreguiantites. No. 7, Nystem Toute and Development of Form and Figure. No. 5, agolden remedy for Nervous Debinty. We send a circular describing the above discase and HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

VICTORIA CARBOLIC SALVE is a great aid to internal medicine in the treatment of scrofulous scros, ulcers and abcesses of all kinds.



LECTURE ON THE CELIBAC

On Sunday, the 24th inst, the George R. Northgraves, editor CATHOLIC RECORD, delivered and interesting lecture on the cell the clergy, in St. Mary's Church, stock. In Woodstock, notwiths the fact that the Catholics are pund another water it has been the and unobstrusive, it has been the of some of the Protestant clergy f time past to invite such scurrile violent firebrands as Chiniquy, a wild to deliver no Popery harang last week the notorious Justin D. delivered in the Baptist church town two of his scurrilous and table lectures, one of which m town two of his scurrings and table lectures, one of which in sented the cellbacy of the clergy, subject of Father Northeraves, was "The Ceilbacy of the Ciergy," he explained that it was intention to enter upon any con with the itinerant lecturer w spoken so malicicusly and falthis subject. He stated that it v derogatory to the sacred char the house of God to introduce a versy with a disreputable per this it was not his intention to merely to explain the doctrine a tice of the Catholic Church.

We give below a synopsis of ture, which was listened to w greatest attention by an audienc completely filled the church, an two-thirds of those present were tants. It would seem that on tants. It would seem that on effects of such slander as is ut Dr. Fulton is that many Prodesirous of knowing the truth, a by induced to go to the Catholic SYNOPSIS OF FATHER NORTHGRAY

In his introductory remark.

Northgraves said there was a sit in the announcement of the le was about to deliver. It was intention to make it a reply to individual who had been lecturing the country and in this town against the Catholic priestoconsidered it beneath the dignit house of God for him to banay with a characterless individual. characteriess because the per notorious both for the lies and indecency of his lectures. In o he required a certain standing of the challenger, otherwise degrade his position.

He took his text from Matt
11: "All receive not this word

to whom it is given."
These words were spoken by viour to the Apoetles on the marriage. Jesus Christ had plained to them what the law of

was under the Christian dis He had explained that under th

law of marriage the union of and wife was indissoluble, but the hardness of men's hearts God had made a dispensation divorce for certain reasons, bu not according to the original larisge. In the Catholic Church had been lifted up to the di sacrament which conferred gr husband and wife to live happi and bring up in the fear an God the family which it might will to commit to their or Christ's estatement the Apos if it were not better marry, and it was in that that He replied: All n not this word but they to given. And then He explaine were euruchs had been eur their mother's womb, others made cunuchs and some who selves so for God's sake. An said, who were able to take them take it. This on the Lord Jesus Christ was a recon to perfect chastity or celibacy. of celibacy meant the unmarrit was the law of the Church the West that the clergy of should be unmarried. The Church held marriage in the spect, not as a mere civil co contract sanctified by the in Almighty God Himself, So marriage considered in scrip Paul compared the union of wife to the union of Chr Church. So in the Catholi was regarded as a great sac much so that while outside man and wife was allowed courts of justice were empowed ivorces, in the Catholic Chu of the kind was allowed. N civil or ecclesiastical court, no judge or parliament, no decis Rishop. Pape or council cou Bishop, Pope or council couvalid marriage. Instances min literature of how easy it a divorce, but these were far were never granted in Church. Even to the great had been denied. It was der

> 200, immediately after tays that the law of celiba tuted by Peter, and other w celibacy was practised in age. Of course it was onl Cnurch and could be altere but so long as it is a la obeyed. There must have why the Church adopted Christ told His Apostles ceived not the word but the was given. He that was abl let him take it, meaning the

when he essaved to obtain a

Josephine; it was refused and it was for that reason the

thought he would establish a modating Church. But it m

if the Catholic Church held r

so sacred why were not p to marry? The Church

legislating. She has pow laws. St. Paul, we are told

when he was going throug Celicia, instructed the peop

commands of the ancie Apostolic body. And in also told how the Apostles

laws and the people were cobserve them. The Apostle fore empowered to make

Apostles had successors a

cessor were found to day

ordination in the Catholic C

tullian, the oldest Christi

the West, who lived about

marry ?