

The Queen of Seasons.
 CARMINAL NEWMAN.
 All is divine which the Highest has made.
 Through the days that He wrought till the
 day when He layed;
 Above and below, within and around,
 From the centre of space to its uttermost
 bound.

In beauty surpassing the universe smiled
 On the morn of its birth, like an innocent
 child,
 Or like the rich bloom of some delicate
 flower;
 And the Father rejoiced in the work of His
 power.

Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter
 than these,
 And a brighter again, He had made, had He
 chosen;
 And never could name that conceivable
 best,
 To exhaust the resources the Maker
 possessed.

But I know of one work of His infinite hand
 Which special and singular ever most stand;
 He perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
 That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May and the sweetness of
 June,
 And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
 Mellowest August, and September serene,
 Are together no match for thy glorious
 Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine
 own,
 In the tasks their joyousness, when they are
 gone;
 And we give to thee May, not because it is
 June,
 But because it comes first, and is pledge of
 the rest.

KNOCKNAGOW
 OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ARE YOU IN LOVE, MARY?

"Mary," Grace asked, "do you ever hear from Arthur O'Connor now?"

She was sitting at the window in Mary Kearney's little room, precisely in the same attitude as when she set about solving the mystery of the footprints in the snow. The snow was gone now; but it was evident those mysterious footprints were still visible to her mind's eye, and she followed them across the gravelled walk, and the box-bordered flower beds, and through the laurels, and over the stile in the corner, and out upon the road to the Bush, and where then?

Grace was puzzled.

A letter she had from her brother Edmund that morning, in which he spoke of his friend Arthur O'Connor—whom he called "M. l'Abbe"—had set Grace thinking. There was a mystery about her brother, too, in which his friend Arthur was somehow mixed up. Edmund was what Grace called a "jolly good hearted fellow," and he used to tell her how he and Arthur were, by some fatality, always involuntary rivals in their boyish days; and declared it was quite fortunate that Arthur had decided upon becoming a priest, as otherwise there would be no knowing what might happen. He also often alluded to a certain romantic adventure at the seaside, a year or two before, in which Mary Kearney played a prominent part; and any allusion to which would be sure to bring a glow into Mary's pale cheek to this day. And so Grace could not help connecting either her brother or his friend with those provoking tracks in the snow.

"But why on earth," she asked herself, "should either one or the other of them stand there under the window till he must have been half frozen to death?" For Grace held fast to her own "solution of the mystery," and dismissed the idea altogether that the person, whoever he was, had been in Mary's room and dropped into the garden from the window. If she could find out who wrote the note that Barney threw up to her, it might enlighten her; but Mary laughingly refused to tell her anything at all about it. And so Grace went on puzzling her brains, till the old grey cat, stealthily picking his steps close to the fried wall under the window, startled a blackbird that had been hopping fearfully among the flower-beds; and the harsh cry of the blackbird startled Grace from her reverie; and turning round she asked:

"Mary, do you ever hear from Arthur O'Connor now?"

"No," Mary answered, looking surprised. "Why so?"

"No reason in particular," she replied. "But you saw what Edmund said about him; and it occurred to me that he was looking quite pale and thin when I saw him last—and so old. I think he must be unhappy."

Mary bent her head over the sewing she was doing, but remained silent.

"And yet," Grace continued, "you are not unhappy, Mary."

"Indeed I am not," returned Mary, looking up in surprise. "Why should I be unhappy?"

"Oh, you are one of those angelic beings who are always contented with their lot. But I doubt very much that he is contented. I never could like him much, he is so proud and so cold."

"You told me the other day that Miss Hanly pronounced me 'as cold as ice,' and you say she is mistaken."

"She certainly is. But if you would try to appear warm towards people you do not care about, it would be a decided improvement."

"I try to be warm," she replied, "but I cannot always succeed. Now, would you say that Hugh, for instance, is cold?"

"Not cold," returned Grace thoughtfully. "He may be reserved, or dark; but he is certainly not cold. Of course I know Arthur can be hot as well as cold. But a genial warmth is what I like."

"Are you glad to be going home, Grace?" Mary asked gladly.

"I believe I am always glad to go home—but I'll be sorry, too."

"If Richard and Mr. Lowe were going before you, you'd find this place very dull."

"Well, it would be dull; but I don't think I ever feel very dull when I am with you, though I confess I do like society very much. And, after all, Mary, there is a magic in polished society which can scarcely be found anywhere except among the upper ten. Don't you feel it in the case of Mr. Lowe?"

"Well, I like his manner, certainly; but I have seen quite as good manners in my time, though I know very little of your 'upper ten.'"

"Well, I'll never be satisfied till I set foot within that magic circle," and

Grace walked to the looking glass with "a hundred coats of arms" in her glance.

"If you wished to lead a life of usefulness," returned Mary, "to promote the happiness or alleviate the sufferings of others—if you even wished to distinguish yourself as a writer or an artist, I could understand you. But the ambition merely to belong to the upper ten, as you call it, is what I can't understand at all. Where can you have got such notions? Not from Eva—and surely not from your papa."

"Oh, papa is a democrat—that is, in theory. For, between you and me, Mary, I can see that in his heart he 'dearly loves a lord.' I have heard them discuss the question at one of the literary dinners, and though the 'Brehon' gave the aristocrats some hard knocks, I was not convinced. What a pity it is that Mr. Lowe is not rich. This black-eyed cousin of his, I suspect, is in love with him. And I really think you have to answer for turning him from his allegiance. There must be something unpleasant in the letters he gets from his mother. And in the interest he takes in hearing about his uncle's romantic marriage looks as if he were thinking of doing something of the kind himself. He is quite a treasure to your mamma, he tells her so many opportunities of talking of her uncle Dan in connection with Sir Garrett and his music and poetry. But then comes the shrew with the black eyes, whose slinging of the Coolin brought the tears to Mr. Kearney's eyes, he says. Do you feel afraid of her, Mary? I hope she is not revengeful."

"You are altogether mistaken," returned Mary.

"Why he is the picture of misery; and 'his eyes plain as a pike-staff he admires you.' 'So do several others.'"

"Well, how that modest remark would make some of our mutual friends stare. But, candidly now, are you in love with anyone?"

"I am not," Mary answered, very positively.

At which Grace turned round, and, resting her elbows on the window, followed the tracks in the snow across the flower-beds, and out to the bush, through the laurels—and over the hill and far away; perhaps over the sea.

"Come, Grace," said Mary, who began to feel afraid of her, "we have had quite enough of idle chat for one morning. I wonder what is delaying Bessy Morris? Is this she coming down the mountain?"

"Yes," Grace answered; "and that's Billy Hoffman stopping his mule to shake hands with her," she added, on seeing Billy reach his hand to Bessy Morris, over his coach, in which he was standing.

"And there is Mat Donovan strolling up to the Bush to meet her," said Mary.

"I suspect Bessy is turning the heads of all the boys since her return from the city."

"She is very nice," Grace observed.

"And really think the rustic know how to appreciate refinement."

"I always remarked," returned Mary, "that it is the smartest and most intelligent girls that are most admired."

"The tastiest," said Grace, "as Nelly Donovan would say."

"Nelly herself is tasty," returned Mary, "but she is not like Bessy Morris. Even before she went to Dublin there was something refined about her. She was always borrowing books from me."

"Then Mat has no chance?"

"I don't know that. With all his queer ways, Mat Donovan has something superior about him. And he is such a fine, manly, good-natured fellow; and such a hero with the people, as the best hurler and stone thrower. He has made the name of Knocknagow famous."

"Did you remark that roguish glance of his?" Grace asked. "It must be very effective under favorable circumstances."

"He only glances roughly at rough people," returned Mary, laughing.

"Pray don't be personal. But it strikes me you luncheon looking people have just as much mischief in you as your neighbors."

"You are quite right," said Mary, staidly earnestly. "What are called quiet, steady people, are often as full of mischief as those who have a turn for saying satirical things, and are consequently the terror of their acquaintances."

"That reminds me," returned Grace, "of what the 'Brehon' said in defence of a literary lady of his acquaintance, of whom people were saying hard things. The 'Brehon' is dreadful when, as papa says, he takes to wielding his battle axe."

"And what did he say?"

"I got his speeches off sometimes," returned Grace, pressing her forehead against her forehead. "Yes, it was something to the effect that a cultivated woman who happens to have brains and is of a lively disposition—has, in fact, 'the flash of the gem' in her—in apt to be set down as heartless, and indelicate, and designing, and all that sort of thing; while malleable, ductility, and all uncharitable things, pass for goodness and sincerity; and so forth, when they are found kneaded into a good big lump of the commonest clay, particularly if it be cast in an ugly mould. So you see, my dear Mary, wit and beauty have their disadvantages; particularly," added Grace, with another glance at the look glass, "when they happen to be combined in the same unfortunate individual."

"Well," returned Mary, laughing, "I suppose I am pretty safe; for at worst I can only be charged with one of these disadvantages."

"I don't know that. In the difference, I think beauty without wit is a greater sin than wit without beauty. It is easier to forgive a woman for being clever than for being handsome. I heard a gentleman, not long since, praising some ladies he had met to a lady from their neighborhood, and when she said, 'Margaret is a good sensible girl, she was always my favorite,' I made up my mind that Margaret was the plainest of the lot; and such I found afterwards to be the case."

"Well, as I often said, I don't know what to make of you; and I am puzzled to know how much of what you say you have heard from your literary friends, and how much is the result of your own observation. But what can be keeping Bessy?"

"Come and see," returned Grace.

"Wouldn't they make a picture?"

"They really would," said Mary smiling.

"Is there not something graceful in Mat's attitude?"

"And how coquettishly she looks up into his face," returned Grace. "And the old

withorn tree, with Billy Heffernan and his male in the distance. I wish I could make a sketch of it."

Mat Donovan was leaning against the Bush, talking to Bessy Morris, who carried a small basket in her hand, and looked up at him, as Grace remarked, with a very coquettish air.

"Mat has been coming out in his usual style," said Mary, as Bessy turned away from him, and ran laughing towards the gate.

"There is the horse for Mr. Lowe," Grace observed. "He was only waiting for Barney with the letters. We ought to see him before he goes."

"Oh, it is not necessary," returned Mary. "He is only going to call on Mr. Pender."

"And on some of the tenants," Grace added. "And by the way, I think he is afraid he is to be made a target of."

"Why should he be afraid of that?" Mary asked.

"Well, you know he thinks we Irish are a peculiar people, and as the rumor has gone about that he will be his uncle's agent for some future time, he fancies it would be quite in character to shoot him before-hand."

"Why Morris is below," said Ellie, who had come in unobserved.

"Oh, send her up," returned Mary, spreading out the material for the new dress on the table, and assuming an air of business. "Let us lose no more time, Grace."

Ellie hurried back before she had reached the stair head, and with her hand on the door handle, the following short dialogue passed between her and Grace:

"Grace, we are going to play hide-and-go-seek in the stacks. Will you come?"

"I'd look well."

"Oh! my dear!" And Ellie turned away with a scornful look of the head.

"We may as well see Mr. Lowe," Mary observed.

"I thought so," returned Grace, with a meaning smile.

The young gentleman was reading a letter, which he entirely eroded his attention that he did not observe their entrance. On looking up, and seeing Miss Kearney, he crushed the letter into his pocket, and stammered something by way of apology for his apparent rudeness.

"Oh, by no means," said Mary. "I'm glad you will have a fine day for your ride."

"Yes," he replied, glad of an opportunity to look another way, "it is very fine. The mountain has quite a summer look."

"It is more like an autumn evening look," said Grace. "Those little white clouds remind me of the last time I was on the mountain. Edmund and Arthur O'Connor were with us that day, Mary."

"I remember," she replied, quickly. "But let us not detain Mr. Lowe."

"But let us not detain Mr. Lowe," said Mary. "Mr. Kearney that nothing could induce him to dine anywhere but with herself he mounted the horse that Barney held for him, and rode slowly up the avenue."

"He certainly is in a sad way," Grace observed. "And there must be something strange in those letters, too."

"Maybe it is something about the tenants," returned Mary. "There are two of them to be ejected."

"That is quite a natural explanation," said Grace. "I wonder it never occurred to me."

"I hope 'tis nothing about my lease," observed Maurice Kearney, who had just come in, looking troubled and uneasy.

"That rascal Pender 'll never stop till he makes Sir Garrett as great a tyrant as Yellow Sam. I'm after giving that unfortunate man, Mick Brien, some straw to tatch his cabin that was strip the night before last by the storm, and he tells me they are going to pull it down. I wouldn't stand in Pender's shoes this minute for the wealth of Damer. But," added Maurice Kearney, suddenly becoming cheerful, "if we could get Sir Garrett himself, Sir Garrett as great a tyrant as Yellow Sam. I'm after giving that unfortunate man, Mick Brien, some straw to tatch his cabin that was strip the night before last by the storm, and he tells me they are going to pull it down. I wouldn't stand in Pender's shoes this minute for the wealth of Damer. But," added Maurice Kearney, suddenly becoming cheerful, "if we could get Sir Garrett himself, Sir Garrett as great a tyrant as Yellow Sam. 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