

AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCK-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRLAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD D. O'BRIEN, D. D., BISHOP OF LIMERICK CHAPTER V THE VISITORS

Some two or three hundred yards from the public road on a gentle eminence—and snugged in among a number of healthy elms, is or was at the period of which we write, a residence known far and wide in the land of Kinmarra.

A red brick dwelling it was—of two stories, rather long than high; it had a great stack of chimneys, all together in the middle of the roof; the windows had Venetian blinds and mullin hangings very white; the hall door, we have twice said, was green, with an uncommonly bright brass knocker—more frequently called "rapper"—and there it stood—the house that should be happy.

We have said nothing of the orderly appearance of the little walks—the two box trees, like fat porters, at the door—the green mound in the middle of the field, and the great sun-dial that puzzled many an honest folk, and frightened some people too, it had so many odd-looking figures upon it. We will only add that this dwelling looked down upon the lands of Kinmarra, and glowed in the red light of the great sun as he set behind the Atlantic Ocean.

That was the residence of Father Mick Quinlivan—God bless him! The parish chapel of Kinmarra is very near—a narrow and very neat pathway leads from the good parish priest's house to the chapel-yard.

A pretty parlor, too, has Father Mick Quinlivan, and a room wherein to meet a friend at dinner, or half a dozen of them. Job offered more to charity the more he had of wealth; and Father Mick always gave abundantly when he was threatened with embarrassment. He gave to get; for Father Mick believed in God Almighty, so he did.

The parlor of the priest's house was pretty—most certainly—it had a plain but well-brushed carpet; a round table, with a handsome cover; a polished mantelpiece—true Killenny marble; a book-case—mahogany, from end to end of the wall, and the book-case was filled with books. There was, moreover, a vase, a copy of an antique—on a pedestal, and a bust of Daniel O'Connell; the latter at the top, and the other at the lower extremity of the room.

On the day here spoken of, there was a lady's bonnet on the parlor-table, and the lady herself was not far away. There were also five or six volumes of books.

Ailey Moore was the angel of the old man's home; her gentle hand was traced in all its arrangements, and her filial affection in the enjoyment it gave her to make them.

finately, about the colour of their "ie" than about the altar of the Virgin Mary, and who talk of "spirituality" as a thing only just not "absurd." Poor little things! They lengthen life's road only to find it short and narrow; they seek its pleasures where disappointment pales by the ashes of hope, and they forget the sweet smile of Mary!

Having entered the pleasant little parlor, he was about to call out, when he heard from the oratory, sweetly and softly sung, by a voice which touched his old heart like a melody of the sky:

"Vita dolocissima, Speranza mia, Salve purissima! Vergin Maria!"

"Hail purest Virgin, Hope of my heart, Our life and our sweetness, Oh Mary, thou art."

The good man paused over his mantelpiece there was a fine print of the Immaculate Conception. He felt the truth of the simple words which he had heard—a long life and hard labors were a development of the declaration.

"The old priest, as he looked towards the Madonnas repeated: 'Our life and our sweetness, Oh Mary, thou art!'"

and the memory of youth, and fresh manhood, and college times, and gone companions, and the zeal and hope of the young missionary, and dashed upon him—for Mary was present to him in all his life, and her name gave animation to the dead past. Years upon years were before him. Let us not feel surprised if the old man's eyes filled with tears—the tears were a luxury.

"Thou art!" he said, and laid the great breviary upon the table.

"Signorina," he called out.

"Well, sir," answered the voice which had already so deeply affected him.

"I suppose Ailey could find you that, Miss Tyrrell," answered Reginald; "Un'aura dolce senza mutamento" (The changeless sweetness of an odorous air.)

"At all events she seems to enjoy it," remarked Frank.

"Pray, walk in, my dear young lady," said good Father Quinlivan.

"What did you say, Kathleen?" said Father Quinlivan. Kathleen blushed, and was silent.

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"How is that, Biddy?" "Oh, kase Skerin is crowned," answered Biddy; "an' wilful murder again som' un'not knon'."

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hearts by her beauty, simplicity and sterling goodness.

A battery of the Royal Horse Artillery had come down from Wester for field practice, and had made things rather lively in Sleepinville. The soldiers were encamped upon the moor about a mile from the town; and as Mr. William Gerling was one of the few leading men of the place, he received an invitation to be the officer's mess on "guest night."

"The officers, ever ready for a good thing," would, without doubt, have accepted the invitation were there no other inducements; but they were very anxious to do so now, for Major O'Byrne had seen Mary at Mass, and being struck with her beauty and piety had asked the priest, Father Keith, who she was.

She was indeed a beautiful girl. Her features were regular, with soft brown hair, a pair of large hazel lustrous eyes, and an expression of sweetness played about the corners of her pretty mouth that betrayed habitual goodness.

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FOR THE FAITH

Mr. William Gerling was in the primitive sense of the word emphatically a lawyer, who apart from his business led a somewhat solitary existence in Sleepinville, a remote country town in the west of England.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

"Of all the means," wrote St. Vincent de Paul, "which God gives to men to reform their lives none has produced results more marvellous or more numerous than the exercises of a retreat.

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