# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Future.

2

BY AUGUSTA C. WINTHROP. What may we take unto the vast Forever ?

That marble door mit no fruit of all our long endeavor No frame wreathed crown we wore, No garnered lore. What can we bear beyond the unknow.

portal ? No gold, no gains Of all our toiling; in the life immortal No hoarded wealth remains, Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us We entered here; No word came with our coming to remind us What wondrous world was hear, No hope, no fear.

Into the silent starless night before us Naked we glide ; No hand has mapped the constellations o'e

No comrade at our side, No chart, no guide.

Yet, fearless towards that midnight black and hollow. Our footsleps fare : The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow-His love alone is there, No curse, no care.

KNOCKNAGOW OR.

#### THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI-CONTINUED.

"Good night to ye," said Tom Hogan, rising from his chair. "'Tis time to be goin' home."

"Tis time for all uv us," said Mat Donovan. "I'll come down to-morrow night," he added, "and lend a hand to that chair of Norah's. 'Tis cinkin' too much Donovan. at the side.

Norah thanked him with a grateful tok. Every little act of kindness made her happy.

"Come out, Honor, and get me a berrin'," said Billy Heffernan. "Faith, I'm afeard the spuds 'll be broke. I hung 'em down to bile when I was comin' out."

"Good-night," said Tom Hogen, when he came to his own gate. His hand trembled so much that he could not raise tremoled so much that he could not rate the hasp, and Mat Donovan stopped and opened and closed the gate for him. "God help him," said Mat, as he re-joined Billy Heffernan, "if ever it comes

to his turn.

What ?'

"To be turned out."

"There's no danger uv that," Billy re-led. "He's the snuggest men in the

"All he's worth in the world," returned Mat, "is buried in the land. He couldn't give a fortune to Nancy. An' as for Jemmy, he tells me he'll run away an' Jemmy, he tells me he'll ruh away an' list, he makes him work so hard, and wouldn't give him a shillin' for pocket-money. An' its a hard thing, Billy, to think that any man could come up to you and tell you to walk out uv the house an' place you wor afther spendin' the labour uw your life on " "Begor, Mst," returned Billy, "I could stick the man, as ould Date at the state

stick the man, as ould Phil Morris says he'd do, that 'd turn me out of that ould cabin there, not to say a snug house and farm like Tom Hogan's." "Peg Brady was tellin' me," said Mat,

"that you called into Phil Morris's last night whin you wor passia'." "I turned in to redden the pipe whin I

see the doore open " "She was goin' on about somethin' that

"She was goin' on about somethic' that I couldn't pick head or tail out uv," con-tinued Mat Donovan. "On'y abe said if I knew id I'd be surprised. She said you kem in to light the pipe afther, but I couldn't understand her. But she was dbrivin' at somethin'." Bulk Haffarma put his fungar and thumb

buildn't understand her. But she was briwin's as omethin'." Billy Heffernan puthis finger and thumb ato his waist cost pocket, and was on the boint of saying that he had passed Phil fors is without remembering to give the Billy Heffernan pathls inger and thumb into his waist coat pocket, and was on the point of saying that he had passed Phil Morris's without remembering to give the little box to Bessy, but he felt instinctively that he ought not to speak of it, though he had no particular reason for supposing that it concerned Mat Donovan more than named a large

little thing some people couldn't make harm uv. Well, 'twouldn't be sisy to make me b'lieve any bad uv Bessy Morris; though she is the divil for coortin'." He strained the water off the "spuds" into the pool outside the door, and leav-ing the not on the floor that them and ng the pot on the floor to let them cool, he sat upon his block and shook the little

box close to his car. "Now, as sure as I'm alive," said he, "'tis a thimble. An' sure Nelly Donovan tould me 'twas to larn to be a manty-maker that Beesy stopped in Dublin so long. But 'tis thinkin' uv my two-eyed

long. But 'tis thinkin to be." beefsteak I ought to be." And, considering that he had eaten nothing since he breakfasted in the cellar to thing since he breakfasted in the cellar nothing since he breakfasted in the cellar in Clonmel, it was not surprising that Billy Hefforman should now think of his supper. And while he is reasting his herring on the tongs, we will go back for a moment to Bessy Morris, whom we left sitting in her grandfather's arm chair, with a flush upon her forehead, and nervously tapping with her fingers on the table.

table. "When did he come ?" she asked, with-

"When did he come " ale shado, with" out raising her eyes. "A little start afther you goin', " replied Peg Brady, who had returned to her seat, and was occupied in taking some of the partially burnt turf from the fire and quenching it in the arbas in the corner. "I was goin' to tell him to run afther ye, an' have his share uv the fun." Beave looked at her with surprise, and.

a" have his share uv the fun." Bessy looked at her with surprise, and, drawing a long breath, as if she had escaped a great danger-for she shrank from the idea of the sensation the dragoon's appearance in search of her would have created at the wedding-she said with forced calmness, "You had no right to let him stay." "Was id to turn him out the doores I was? An' how was I to know that ye'd stay so late? I thought you'd be home before twelve o'clock at the farthest. An' he afther comin' for nothin' else in the world but to see you." "But didn't you know how my grand-

"But didn't you know how my grand-father hated the sight of a soldier ? There's no knowing what he might say or do if he eaw him."

"There's my thanks for sendla' him "There's my thanks for sendin' him into your own room till your grandfather was gone to bed, whin I hear ye comin'." "Peg, you are very foolish." And Beesy commenced tapping the table more nervously than ever. "What would be said if he was seen in my room ?" "Faith, you're losin' your courge," re-turned Peg Brady. "I thought you wouldn't mind what any wan'd say." Beaser Morris closed her lina tightly and

Bessy Morris closed her lips tightly and gszed into the fire.

gazed into the fire. "He said he wrote a letter to you from Dublin," said Peg Brady. "So he told me," Bessle replied, absently. "Bat I did not get it. Maybe 'tis at the post office." "Bego he's a fine, handsome man, any-how; an' he's a sergeant. He said that in all his travels he never see' the like uv yon."

you.' yon." The compressed line parted, and a flash of light shot from Bessy Morris's eyes; and, bending down her bend, she covered her face with her hands as if she wished to hide these symptoms of gratified vanity from her companion.

from her companion. "I don't know how you manage to come round the whole uv 'em," said Peg Brady, with a sigh. "I wish you'd make up your mind an' take wan an put the rest out my uv pain. An' maybe thin some uv us might have a chance." "Well Peg" aid Reser, as the rose

"Well, Peg," said Bessy, as she rose from her chair, "don't say anything about it. You don't know how hard the world is"

"Oh, yes ; that's the way ! Partend to

she had to expect. "Well, you may depend on me," re-turned Peg, "I'll say nothin'." Bessy Morris retired to her room greatly

"Did you see Bossy ?" Mat asked, seeing that his companion had offered no remark upon what he had just said. "I did," Billy replied; "the two uv 'em wor slitud at the far ?"

that he was in very deed the owner of six cow-"as good milkers," he muttered, "as you'd find in the pariah." He lifted the latch and pushed against the barn door to see that it was locked; and after paying a visit to the old brown mare and the coil, which he intended putting to the plough that spring, Tom Hogan pushed in the kitchen door, and entered with a show of baste and bustle, as if he were in capital spirite, and in quite a hearty mood that evening. His wife, who was as thrifty and hardworking as himself, was "scalding tubs," and his daughter drying a pail, which abe had just scoured, oppo-site the fire, turning it round and round, and occasionally rubbing the iron hoope a pail, which she had just scoured, oppo-site the fire, turning it round and round, and occasionally rubbing the iron hoops with a woolen-cloth till they shone like bands of bright steel. His son, Jemmy, lay upon his back on a form, with his hands clasped over his face; while Ned Oarrigan, the servant-boy, was driving s few "pavers" in the toe of his old brogue, by the light of the fire-for candles were made to go far by Mrs. Hogan. Tom Hogan est down and commenced holding his hands to the fire, and drawing them quickly through the blazs, and rubbing them trigether—as if he thought it very pleasant to sit by one's own firceide on a quickly through the Dis23, and rubong a them together—as if he thought it very pleasant to sit by one's own fireside on a ' winter's night. No word, however, was spoken by anyone, except the short san. o tence, "Got up, Spot," which Tom Hogan y himself, who was evidently casting about ll for a pretext for conversation, addressed to the doc, and which that drowsy animal, m lying at full length upon the hearth, g responded to by lezily wagging his tail, thereby causing the ashes to fly up into h Ned Carrigan's eyes, who, at the mo ment, was stooping to admire the row of nails he had driven into the toe of his brogue, the sole of which seemed 1 one sheet of iron, that shone quite as brightly as the hoops on the pail. The tubs having been scalded and rubbed dry. and the pail laid upon the stilling, and Ned Carrigan having put his foot into his brogue and retired to his sleeping apart-ment—for it was after supper when Tom Hogyn had walked out for a chat with

ment-for it was after supper when Tom Hogan had walked out for a chat with Phil Laby-Mrs. Hot an lighted a candle, remarking that it was "time for bonest people to be in their beds." But no sooner had she lighted the candle and snuffed it, and carefully removed a little sshes that adhered to it with a large brass pin by which her shawl was fastened, than she exclaimed in accents of surprise and alarm :

"Tom, what's the matther wud you?" Jemmy flung himself off the form, look-ing quite frightened, and Nancy turned round and fixed her eyes upon her father's

"Nothin' is the matther wud me," replied Tom Hogan, looking up at his wife as if he wanted an explanation of

"Tom," said she, "you're as white as "Tom," said she, "you're as white as the wall. Maybe you're not well. Or might id be anything you're a ther seein'? God betune us an' all harm."

"I didn't see anything worse than my-se'f," he replied. "An' glory be to God, I was never in batther health in my life." "Well, you must be afther gettin' a change, an' let me give you a dhrop out uv the battle; there was some left since the last night James was here." Mra

God," Mrs. Hogan observed; "bat I didn't see him look so bad since the cow God,' fell in the dyke. Jemmy, what are you doin' there? You ought to be in bed an doin' there? You ought to be in bea an hour sgo. Get him a bit uv a candle, Nancy. An' don't be stayin' up yourse'f, makin' a fool of yourse'f. 'Tis no wondher for you not to be fresh an' sthrong.

Nancy assured her she would make no nnecessary delay, and Mrs. Hogan followed her husband to the bedroom. "I think you ought to go to bed, Jemmy," said Nancy Hogan, in a sweet low volce.

for you." "I'll never marry, Jammy. All I'd ever ask is to have us all live together as long as God spared us to each other. An' oh ! how happy we'd be. An' wouldn't you take a delight in improvin' the place, like my father ? An' afther a time you'd have some money up your own Yon have some money uv your own. You might have a few helfers or cows-I'll give you my lamb!" she exclaimed sud-denly, as if she were sure that the lamb, beyond all doubt, would banish discontent

beyond all doubt, would banish discontent from his mind for evermore. "You'll never have sinse," he replied, smiling. "Bat why do you say you'll never marry ? Is id on account of that blackguard, Ned Brophy ? I don't know what kep me from-well, no matther." "Don't blame him, Jemmy. Maybe he couldn't help it."

he couldn't help it." "Didn't he know all along what he had to expect?" Jemmy asked, indigoantly. "An' when he knew he couldn't marry wudout a fortune, where was he keepin'

wucout a fortune, where was he keepin' gaddin' afther you, an' makin' you the talk uv the counthry ?" "I don't care about the talk of the counthry," his sister replied, with tears in her eyes. "Let 'em talk away." "But why do you say he's not to be blamed ?"

my mother's fault. She was so anxious for him that the minute she saw he took for him that the minute the saw he took notice of me, she was always huntin' him, an' nearly makin' him come whether he'd like it or not. I know I was foolish my-se'f. But when every wan used to be jokin' about him, an' when I see him so fond of me, I couldn't help it," poor Nancy added, blushing deeply, and struggling to keep down the sob that swelled up into her throat. "'Tis all over now," she continued, plaintively, but more calmly, "an' my mind is at rest, an' I'm satisfied. But I don't think I could ever care for any wan again—that way. Miss Kearney stopped a whole hour wad to talk to her. She says that, no matter

change, an' let me give you a dirop out uv the bottle; there was some left since the last night James was here." Mrs. Hogan alluded to a visit her brother had paid them some months before, when Tom Hogan partook not only of "a bit of his own butter." but of a stiff tumbler of whiskey punch in his own house. "I don't want anything," he answered impatiently, as he took the candle from her hand. "Maybe 'tis nothin', wud the help uv Cad " Ner, Horgan observed : "but to the source of the blessings of this life God is pleased to bestow on us. I couldn't explain it as she did; but every word she said went to my heart. 'Tis a shame for us to be frettin' about every

disappointment, an' so much terrible misery in the world." "Well, that's thrue," returned her brother. "But, for all..." And he con-

tinued gezing into the fire. "Are you there, Jemmy ?" Tom Hogan called out.

"I'm just goin"," he replied, imagining "I'm just goin"," ne replea, imagining that his father meant to order him to bed. But instead of that Tom Hogan continued, "Rin out, Jemmy, and see who is a fiher stoppin' outside the gate. I hear a step." It was said that Tom Hogan knew by in-

among their women would put to shame the inhabitants of our own country dis tricts.

Having to linger, owing to the bad Having to linger, owing to the bad health of one of my children, in a small village of Lower Austria, there was plenty of time to study the people and their ways. The climate was indeed severe during the winter season, yet this village seemed a favored epot, slutated on the slope of a hill looking to the South, which bill me scourard with side indeexet text. hill was covered with rich vineyards, testi-fying to the heat of the summer suo. The scenery all around was besutiful, being close to the Syrian Alps and the far-famed Zemedic area. The site of the subscription of the subscri Zimering pass. The sir, too, was singu-larly pure and healthy, and disease is scarcely known among the peasantry. At last the winter came to an end, and May arrived; a month which fills the heart of every Catholic invalid with a double hope that the fair month will bring with it a return of health, and that the Queen of May whom we love to in-voke as the "Health of the Sick," will, during her month, restore strength, both to body and soul.

At once, the "Month of Mary" devo At once, the "Month of Mary" devo-tions in the little church began. From all the mountains round the poor people flocked to attend the services. The altar of our Lady was lovely, decked with masses of azaleas and hothouse plants. Euch evening the good parish priest preached a sermon, rich in thought, and yet most practical; telling us day by day of some saint, who, because he loved our Lord so well, was remarkable for his love to His Blessed Mother; and how it was through devotions practiced in her honor that they obtained grace and help from God to love Him better and to do great things for Him. things for Him. But I must tell our readers the history

of this good pricet, who was a small, thin man, in delicate health and yet full of zeal and courage.

## IL.

There is hardly a history of a vocation to the priesthood or to the religious life which is not rich in marvels of the ways of God's Providence. And there is also hardly one of those stories which has not in it, as a golden thread running through it, or as the light of a bright star guiding it, or as the light of a bright star guiding one in life through weak and woe, one special thing, and that is the love of a mother. In one case, it may be the love of an earthly mother, who gives the first training to the future priest; in another, it is the love of that Heavenly Mother, who watches over with anothel care those who watches over with special care those whom she knows are destined to be priests of her Divine Son. And not unfrequently it is the love of both these mothers combined ; our Bleesed Luly making use of the mother who gave him birth to dray that child to the altar. And this was that origin of the vocation of this good priest. His mother came from a poor but most plous family in Upper Austria. Early in life she went to service, and was for years

merely known as a steady, good, hard working girl, in the cathedral town of Linz. Truthful to her employers, she was

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to look displeased, while a smille of grati-fied wanty played upon his red lips. "Namey," said he, siter a pause, "I have my mind made up." "For what?" "Not to stay here any lorger." "O Jemmy, don't talk that way." "What is to stay here any lorger." "O Jemmy, don't talk that way." "What is no stay here any lorger." "O Jemmy, don't talk that way." "What is no use in talkin'; go i will. An', for God's sake, don't say i lorg and b throubs. "I will. An', for God's sake, don't say i lorger wate with the source fraction be cough that's on me." "O Jemmy! " do waller, resting her she dupon his shoulder, and trambling tolead." "That's all foolishnes," he replied to the trong the waller is no shoulder, and trambling tolead." "They wall are been as the artific ally life. Zivery house to posed at home, unles I got married and post a forme to give you; ac' the Lord to post that with his are..." "Twill be the best far all ur us. You know to post at here with this are..." "Twill be the best far all ur us. You know to poster you have to do the piece; any then there with this are..." "Twill be the far all ur us. You know to post at home in a will have been as the artific ally life. Zivery house and cone more go into service, so as to and each very life ally life. Zivery house and and each very in the cottages, lide by the there or you. are to all to to bar to how yoursef you never could be set; to to bar then there il be access the other day life. Zivery house and the ory out to have the place; any the there is a dight to to bar then there il be access the place; any the there is a dight to to bar the there is a dight to to bar the there is the out the place; and the there is a dight to to bar the there is a dight to to bar the there is a dight to to bar the there is a bar to be access the to book the bar the area is the standard of morshify to part this to prove the work the place; and the there is a dight to to bar the there is a dight to to bar the there is a dight to to prove the won the standard of morshify to bar the add The sacrifice was made ; leaving him in the hands of some thoroughly good and plous friends, she found an excellent incrative situation in the house of a noble-man, with salary sufficient to pay for his schooling and higher studies. But this good place entailed another sacrifice, her master being soon after appointed to an important position in the Court of the Emperor, so that she had to leave Liniz, and reside in Vienna. Again and again she hurried back from Vienna to Liniz, whenever she could get

Vienna to Linz, whenever she could get twenty four hours' leave, to see that all was well with her boy; and it was in one of these hurried journeys that she nearly lost her life and was saved, as she always lost her life and was saved, as she always said and felt, by Oar Ludy's intercession. In those days the steam-boat communi-cation up and down the river Danubs was very badly managed. She had started as usual one day, hoping to arrive at night at Stein, a small place where she was to land. No pler had been built at this port, and the passengers had to go across a eimole plank from the boat to across a simple plank from the boat to the shore, which was very insecurely fixed the shore, which was very insecurely fixed It was pitch dark, and in trying to go across the plank, she missed her footing, and in a moment was engulied in the water below and borns off by the rapid stream of the Danube. When she felt herseif failing, she cried out : 'O Mother of Poestlingberg ! help me !" And in an unaccountable manner she found herself raised out of the stream and managed to cling to a paddle of the steamboat, which, fortunately, at that moment, was not in motion. Her fall had been seen, and motion. Her fall had been seen, and there she was rescued by a boat, escaping all save a wetting\_a mercy which she ever after attributed to Our Lady of Poestlingberg.

### IV.

But that Heavenly Virgin had also proved a faithful guardian to the son to whom his mother had so earnestly com. whom his mother had so estructly com-mitted him. The boy advanced daily in age and strength, and also in grace and wisdom. None but good reports of his conduct reached his mother, as well as praises of his progress in his studies; but what above all delighted her heart was that his one thought and prayer was to be worthy some day to become a priest of

At last he began his theological studies, and then, of course, his mother saw little or nothing of him, but she redoubled her prayers and devotions to Our Lady on his behalf. But God reserved for her one supreme consolation. It was on the feast supreme consolution. It was on the feast of the Holy Name of Mary that her son, having been ordained prizzt on the Sth of September (the feast of the Nativity of the Bleesed Virgin), was to sing his first Mass in a church in Styria. So that she hurried across the Styrian Alps and arrived in time to be present on that joyful and blessed occasion. Fully was she then repaid for all her toil and sacrifices ; for the long years of separation, and her

"But why do you say he's not to be blamed ?" "Well, I don't say he's not; only not so much as a person might think. I think," she continued, with a sigh, "it was partly

wor sittln' at the fire." "What two ?"

"What two ?" "Peg an' Bessy." "Wasn't there any wan else ?"

"Divil a wan - whin I wint in. The ould man was in bed." "Peg is sich an innocent soart uv a girl,"

said Mat, as if to bimself. "I suppose she wanted to take a rise out uv me. She was hintin' at somethin' or other, but the was hinth' at somethin' or other, but the not a wan uv me knows what id was. She tould me," he added, after a pause, "that Bassy was comin' over to cut a new gownd or somethin' for Miss Mary to-"May Heaven direct me!" exclaime "May Heaven direct me!" exclaimed Bessy Morrie, as she knelt down to say her prayers. "I feel as if some misfortune was hanging over me." "I wish to the Lord," said Peg Brady,

Begor," said Billy Heffernan, putting as she raked the ashes over the embers of "Begor," said Billy Heifernan, putting his hand sgain in his pocket, "I may as well give you a message I have for her." "What is id ?" Ait asked. "I won't mind id," returned Billy, as it occurred to him that if he gave the box to Mat he should tell from whom he got

Billy Heffernan was in the habit of making little purchases for his neighbours in Clonmel, and Mat Donovan attributed his change of mind regarding the message, to what he considered a very natural desire on B lly's part to deliver it to the

desire on B hy's part to deliver it to the fascinating Bessy himself. "Come in an' rest," said Billy, when they had come to his house. "Oh, 'tis all hours. My mother 'll think the mickilleens is afther ketchin' think the mickilieens is atther ketchin me," replied Mat, as he quickened his pace with all the appearance of a man in a great hurry. But Billy saw him stop almost immediately, and, after hesitating for a moment as if he thought of turning

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for a moment as in he thought of turning back to renew the conversation, walk on again very slowly towards his own house. "By mg word," thought Billy Heffernan, as he took the "spuda" off the fire-which "spuda," to his great relief, he found were not broken, owing perhaps, to the lower not broken, owing perhaps, to the length of time the fire had taken to kindle-"by my word I'm afeared he's a bad case too. He lighted his bog pine candle, and ex

amined the little package the dragoon had given him with considerable curiosity. "Now, I wondher what might be in id ?"

"Now, I would be tried to judge of its weight by moving his hand up and down. "Tien't heavy, whatever id is. But what is id to me what's in id? I'll give id into

"I don't know what I ought to do," replied fretfully, as he dropped his chin on his hand, and stared into the fire.

But people are to bad minded." Yet it never occurred to her that if she had not been such a "divil for coortin'," as Billy Heffernan had expressed it, the dragoon, in all probability, would never have heard of the existence of Knockna-gow, where he found himself the previous evening, and learned from Mat Donovan's mother that he had passed Phil Morrie's house and left it a mile or two behind him. He was a singularly handsome young man, with a fresh, clear complexion and light blue eyes. His crisp golden curls, like his sister's, had a tinge of red in them. and it was a common remark among the and it was common remark among the neighbours that Jemmy Hogan was "too handsome for a boy." He certainly appeared delicate and effeminate to strangers; but such a thought never occurred to his acquaintances, for it was well known that he could do as good a day's work as any man in the pariah

well known that he could do as good a day's work as any man in the parish except Mat Donovan; and that at the hurling he was often the first, and always among the first, to be "called" when the match was making. He was generally good-humored and amiable; but it was semarked that then then then the remarked that when strongly moved all colour would fly from his lips, which were of so bright a red as to make the paleness

of so bright a red as to make the paleness of his face more striking, and his white, regular teeth seem literally of pearl. His sister, who bore a strong resem blance to him, looked at him now with the deepest sympathy, the tears welling into her gentle eyes, and seemed at a loss for something to say that might cheer him. She approached him almost timidity and She approached him almost timility, and laid the tips of her fingers lightly on his shoulder. He took no notice, and, after a moment's hesitatloo, she pulled one of his hands from under his chin, and, sitting "Tell me something about the fair," she said. "Did you meet many people you knew ? "I didn't meet any wan you'd care to

hear about," he replied. "Did you call into Mrs. Burke's?" "I did ; an' I don't know what busin

"I have to call in anywhere." Her countenance fell at this, but forcing a smile, she said. "How is Alice ?" "She's very well," he replied, with assumed indifference.

"Oh, yes ! pretend you don't care which !"

"You know very well, Nancy," he said, after a short sllence, "'tis no use for me to be thinkin' uv any wan."

"Well, maybe you're too young to think uv gettin' maried yet awhile, but that's no resson why you wouldn't be thinkin' uv somebody. An' if you knew how light they are about you," she added lauchingly.

oot, of man or beast stinct when a strange f approached that little farm in which "his heart was stuck." Jemmy Went out to the gate, and returned in a minute or still more faithful to her religious duties Imbued from childhood with the tender two saving that it was "only Mick Brien. Imbued from childhood with the tender-est devotion to our Blessed Lady, she made every year a pligrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Poestlingberg, on a mountain, a few miles out of the town of Lintz, where people flocked to venerate a famous image of our Sorrowful Mother; and our Lady richly repaid her love, and watched over her both spiritually and temporarily. "Mick Brien." returned his father apparently both surprised and troubled -for Mick Brien had a larger and a better farm than his own only a few years ago and "look at him now," thought Ton Hogan, beginning to tremble.

"God help him," his wife re-marked; "his poor wife tould me this mornin' that she was afraid 'twas the favor her little girl had, and she was goin' for a ticket for the docthor, to Mr. Kearney. An' where was he goin', jemmy, this hour uv the night?" she are to be a to be heard temporarily. In course of time what appared to be an excellent marriage was proposed to her. The man was no longer very young but bore a good character for steadiness and sobriety. By the advice of her friends she married him, and at first all went on asked, raising her volce so as to be heard by her son, who was in the act of kicking Spot into the yard, before barring the kitchen door. emoothly, and her happiness seemed com plete. But alas! like so many others, she found out after a time that her life would

"He didn't well know that himse'f when be one of continual trial. Her husband was a man of a furlously jealous disposi-I szed him," Jemmy answered; "but he said he b'lieved he was goin' over the short-cut to Pender's."

tion, and developed also a most trying and violent temper. Poor Mary met his suspicions and ill-humor with never-fall Tom Hogan started up in his bed, to the great bewilderment of his wife, who fancied he was going to start off in puring patience, sweetnesss and forbearance ; but even that failed to soften him, and but even that failed to soften him, and she had many a sad and bitter hour of pain and suffering in her once happy home. Two things kept up her courage: first being able to pour out her soul's angulsh in prayer at the feet of the Mother

fancied he was going to start off in pur-suit of Mick Brien. "To Pender's!" gasped Tom Hogan, whose breath seemed quite taken away by the inteiligence. "An' Darby Ruadh tould me to day they wor goin' to thow down the cabin. An' Wat Corcoran remarked he did'nt like the job at all." Tom Hogan was quite a confidential friend and group of the two heilffa: who ware 

respect for him (Tom Hogan) "than for any man in the parish." Neverthelees, it was not fear but hope that took Tom Hogan's breath away. "I know, Jemmy," his sister murmured, " 'tis that young man of Captain French's that's puttin' these notions in your head." "No," he replied, "I'm thinkin' uv it this long time. Don't be a fool. Sure I com with to you any mayba ! micht com can write to ye, an' maybe I might come home afther a few years in flyin' colours." "Is it to America ?" she asked.

their children, and ruin them by over-indulgence in every whim. She had her-self been brought up simply and hardly, "Well, no," said Jemmy, stopping to gezs into the fire again, though he was and she accustomed her boy to the same loving discipline. III.

God's service and our Lidy's!

God's service and our Ludy's! Her joy may be imagined when she saw that darling son come out of the vestry, clad in the sacred vestments, and ascending the holy altar to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Who can describe what passed in the hearts of both mother and son as she approached the altar-rails to receive the Bread of Life Eternal at the hands of one who owed to her his earthly life and his supernatural vocation ! It is only at such a moment that a child can repay all that he owes to his earthly parent.

That happy day passed in mutual joy and spiritual intercourse, and then there was a fresh parting. Hardly second to a death-bed separation is that between a mother and her son, a pricet; when they love each other tenderly and yet sacrifice that almost heavenly bils of living and being together for the sake of God, that is to say, for a priest's first duty—his duty to souls redeemed by the Most Frecious Blood of Jesus Christ. Circum-Circumrectous blood of Jeaus Christ. Circum-stances arose which made their living together difficult, if not impossible; and so, a day or two after this intensely happy meeting, they separated, hoping for future reunions. But it was not to be -the son never again saw that loving mother, not even at her death-bed, which occurred very soon after, and too quickly to summon him to her bedside. A stranger priest attended her, and after she of Sorrows, and next in devoiting herself to the care of her little boy, who was born the year after their mariage. The baby was weak and ailing, and cused her much anxiety for the first few months. had received the last rites of the Church God manifested how acceptable to Him God manifested how acceptable to Him was her sacrifice to their apparent separa-tion here on earth. For, though so far from her son, all along she had kept her-self united to him in thought and deed : and had had a share in his priestly labors and tolls. When she felt her last hour was at hand, she asked "what o'clock it ) was?" and on being told it was 6 o'clock, she joyfully exclaimed : "This is just the hour when my Mathia: says his Mass." But with increasent care and devotion she managed to rear him, and he became the one earthly joy and consolation of her life. The child repaid her love with his whole heart, so that amidst all the abuse whole near, so that aminds all the abuse and ill-treatment of her husband she found relief in her boy, whose character was fortunately like her own, and whom she early trained in habits of obedience and self-denial, for she was not one of those foolish mothers who make do is of those foolish mothers who make do is of the joyfully exclaimed: "This is just the hour when my Mathias says his Mass!" upon which she remained perfectly ellent for nearly half an hour, absorbed in prayer and in union with him in the Holy Sacrifice. Suddenly she looked up, her face all aglow with joy: "My Mother Mary!" she cried, and so lifting up her eyes with an expression of intense joy at exampting she saw—she expired. on the comething she saw—she expired, on the 15th day of the month of May. At the same moment an ineffable feeling of joy and sweetness filled the heart of her son. uv gettin' married yet awhile, but that'a no reason why you wouldn't be thinkin' uv somebody. An' if you knew how light they are about you," she added "That's all nonsense," he replied, trying

CHAPTER XXXVII. DISCONTENT AND RESIGNATION.

Tom Hogan grasped the gate with his trembling hand, after Mat Donovan had closed and fastened it, and resting his forehead upon his arm, remained standing there for some minutes like a man overcome by fatigue or weakness. Rousing himself, he looked round the yard-at the

himself, he looked round the yard—at the stacks in the hsggard, and the snug thatched dwelling-house, and the new slated barn, of which he was particularly proud. There was a look of blank anxlety, if we may use the expression, in his face, till his eyes rested on the new slated barn; and then pride seemed to rain the ascendance over avery other gsin the ascendancy over every other feeling, and Tom Hogan stood erect and looked more like a man than he had done looked more like a man than he had done since Phil Laby placed his helpless depend-ence so vividly before him. From that moment, until his eye kindled with pride as he took in the outline of the slated barn-which was equal in every way to Attorney Hanly's and superior, except in size, to Maurice Kearney's-Tom Hogan was the very picture of a crushed and spirit-broken slave. He tried to bankh from his mind the dread thought that so unmanned him. and, crossing the yard,

her own hands, for maybe if any wan else got id they might make harm uv id, as went into the cowhouse, and laid his little as id is. An'," added Billy Heffer-nan, with a shake of his head, "'tis a d-n. assure himself that they were safe, and

as she raked the ashes over the embers on the hearth, "that he was afther whippin' her away. An' sure what bether match could she expect?' An' who knows but --well, there's no use in countin' our chickens afore they're hatched. What a fool poor Mat is!" And Peg Brady broke off with a sigh as she put the back stick to

the door.