# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

# GIENANAAR

2

A SIORY OF IRISH LIFE

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## THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

During that eventual year Owen onnors and his sister leit the old ome at Glenanaar-the former, to take a situation in Limerick, and the latter to become companion to a maiden aunt, who was also her godmother, and as it was supposed and had "lashing of money." The great snow had dis of money." The great show had dis-appeared, relactantly enough, as even far into the month of May white patches still could be seen, nestling in ditches and deep down in ravines, where the sun could not pierce. But the roads and byways were open; and the spring work progressed gaily, the ground being softened and warmed for ground being soltened all warmed for the plough and harrow by the genial influence of the snow. Except for the departure of Owen and his sister there was very little to trouble the peace that slways slept over that cottage at Glenanaar; and even this sundering of ties, as close as life itself, was accepted with that mute resignation, was accorded resembling the aspects of fatalism, which has always been a chacteristic of

Donal's marriage took place a few weeks before Advent. It has been de-ierred for many reasons; for a little difference about business details in Ireland is often the occasion of the "breaking off" of a match, or at least of considerable delay. And the Hegartys were always notorious for drivg a hard bargain. The families had et at fairs in Kildorrey, Kilfinane, and elsewhere; had spent hours in and ensewhere; had spent hours in public-houses, arranging, debating, changing and setting the details of the marriage contract. At length it was decided, according to the singular but universal custom, that the old t universal custom, that the old ople should surrender the farm, and all farm assets to their son, Donal; that they should receive in lieu thereof the Hegartys the sum that they should have the right to room in the house, and their mainten-ance; and in lieu thereof, should there be any difficulty about deciding what ant by "proper maintenance," should have each £15 a year they should have each £15 a and finally, the grass of three heep This kind of arrangement is the univer-sal custom. Sometimes it works well. and custom. Sometimes it works well. More frequently it is the occasion of much heart burning. But there seems no other way of setting so complex a question. At last, alter coming to an nderstanding on these knotty points, the great question about future was discussed. It was at a famous fair, held in Kilmallock on the eve of All Saints' Day, and known as Snap Apple Fair, from the ancient customs and amusements connected with All Hallows' Eve from time immemorial in Ireland. There were present cld Edmond Connors, now grown feeble enough : Donal ; and the father and mother of Nano Hegarty. They met in an upstairs parlor of a public house, kept by a "friend," who mag house, kept by a "friend," who mag-nanimously kept away all the other who were unable to find matairs. The usual rather customers room downstairs. The usual rather squalid fencing and sparring that goes on, on these occasions, gave way be-fore the calm, dignified attitude of old Edmond Connors, who simply made one quiet, determined statement, and no "Av she was wan of yere own flesh

and blood, we wouldn't mind," said Mrs. Hegarty, referring to Nodlag, "altho' it is usual to give up the clear on these occasions. But a thucka, who

to keep sich a wan under an honest roof." Donal fidgeted a little; and his father grew white beneath the eyes. But in all other outer appearances he remained perfectly composed. "I never mind what people do be sayin'," he said. "They'll let no wan pass. But what do they say, Mrs. Hegarty; for 'tis better to have the thruth out, than keep it in ?" "Tell him, Kate !" urged Hegarty. "Twill kun better from a 'uman !" Kake couldn't see this at all. She

Kate couldn't see this at all. Sh

could not perceive where the feminine element came into the matter. "Wishs, betther let it slone," she said, pulling up the hood of her black cloak. "Let there be an ind to the

cloak. "Let there be an inc." mather, as we cannot agree." Then her husband assumed an atti-tude of great determination, as of one about to make a tremendous sacrifice. about to make a tremendous sacrince. "Come, Ned," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an' the ould 'uman the grass of anither sheep, an' a new feather-bed that was never slep' on, av you sind away that—" here he was about to use an opprobrious ex-passion, but a glance from the harm pression, but a glance from the keen blue eye of the old man stopped him, and he added-" gorlach."

Edmond Connors rose up, a signal that negotiations were at an end, when Hegarty seized him, and put him back in the chair.

"Wisha, thin, Ned Connors, Jon're the divil intirely at dhrivin' a bargain. We'll give in to you here. But," he said solemnly, raising his floger and emphasizing his words, " av anny har-rum comes av it, the blame be yours, not mine !"

No harrum can kum," said Donal "excep' to those who wish harrum. An' let thim beware !" So then it is decided by the Fates

So then it is decided by the Fates that Nodlag shall not be cast upon the world to beg her daily bread, or other-wise degenerate; but shall get shelter, and clothes, and food, not as a menial, but as a legitimate member of a family. For herself, poor child, now bursting from childhood into girlhood, with all its dynama assistations and ambittome tom childhood into girnlood, with all its dreams, aspirations, and ambitions, she knew nothing of all that men were conjecturing about her mysterious past, or plotting about her uncertain future. or picting about her uncertain luture. But she wept somewhat when Owen and his sister, amid many kisses and tears, and other signs of love, crossed the threshold of the old home, which they should never re pass but as strangers and then went about her daily avoca and then went about her daily avoca-tions as usual-took up the scd of turf, and her well-worn books every morning, and hied her to where the old hedge school was hidden near the bridge that school was hidden near the bridge that crossed the Own an aar, and conned over her Voster, and her Carpenter's spelling-book, and won the admiration of the old schoolmaster for her chedi ence and intelligence; and got back in the evening to her humble dinner of potatoes and milk, and the warmth of the beloved fireside, where every day she became dearer and dearer. And sometimes the old listening habit would come upon her, and she would stop at bridge to hear the far-off voice the Or, in the middle of her lesson about the bad boy that used to say, care," she would suddenly pause, and put her hand to her ear, and listen; and the old man, who had heard some and the old man, who had heard some thing of her history, would look at her compassionately, and her companions would nudge one another. "There's the Fairy Child agin listening for the good people. I wondhher whin

they come, and fetch her away ?" At home, she was queen and mistress by virtue of her right and faculty of by virtue of ner right and faculty of loving. One thing troubled her these latter days. She often found Donal watching her intently; and she vaguely conjectured, by that curious instinct or presentiment such sensitive minds possess, that the advent of the new would mean in some way or nistress other a disruption of the blessed p that alw hung around this Chris household. The feeling was shared, in great measure, by old Mrs. Connors, who feit that, the moment the deed assigning the farm to Donal and his future wife was attested, her supremacy was over — her long reign of nearly fifty years was at an end. "There'll be changes, alanna," she used to say, drawing out and combing carefully Nodlag's yellow tresses, "aa" they won't be good for you nor me. But all the same, we'll be together, an' sure that's a great matther.'

in a resignation that broke her heart. It was pitiful to see her going around the old familiar places, as if she were not only a stranger, but an intruder; to watch her face when another voice than hers gave orders to Peggy or Larry; to hear her pitiful appeal even to the beggars that thronged the door: "I have nothin' for you now, honest man. I am as poor as yoursell."

"I have nothin' for you now, honest man. I am as poor as yourself." It is true the bonds between her husband and Nodlag and herself grew closer after her abdication and conse-quent humiliation; but every one that knows the imperious and arbitrary man-ner with which these grand old "Irish mothers" reigned and ruled over their households will easily understand how the new order cut into the very heart of this good old Christian mother. The old force gradnally died out; the spirit old fires gradually died out; the spirit waned; a general listle-sness super-vened over the former restless activity; and before the autumn came again, or rather in its earliest days, she fulfilled her own prophecy : "Ye'll be berryin' me at the fall of

the lafe.

the lafe." There were fewer friends left there-fore to Nodlag; but these were fast and true. She was everything now to and true. She was everything now to old Edmond Connors; and Donal, for-ever watching her with those keen, sor-rowful eyes, was cautiously kind. His wife, bitterly hostile as she was, re-frained from any open demonstrations of dislike. But gradually as a clever, windicative woman might, she reduced Nodlag even below the level of a menial. The girl was taken from school and put to hard work. The servants, imitating their mistress, and cognizant of the secret that was no longer a secret, for the iwhole parish knew it, treated her with contumely. By de treated her with contumely. By de grees, and under one excuse or another grees, and under one excuse or another she was quictly kept away from the family meals, and even the servants would not eat with her. And all was arranged, quictly and without offence. Donal was not blind to this. He saw through his wife's manceuvres clearly; but he had no concertanity of intertain but he had no opportunity of interfering. He swallowed his wrath in silence, and went about his work, moody and dis-tracted. But he took every opportun-ity of consoling the lonely girl for her bard fatte. Whenever he went to the hard fate. Whenever he went to fair or market, he brought home a fairin or market, he brought home a *fairin* to Nodlag, sometimes a cheap brooch, or a hair comb to keep back her rich hair; sometimes it was a Book of Fate, found by Napoleon in the Pyramids of Egypt, sometimes the Key of Heaven, or the Garden of the Soul ; but in or the Garden of the set of the s smote the girl across the face, cheek and eye were swollen. asked what had happened. n. Donal Nodlag sked would not tell. Then he called his wife into his bedroom. He was one of those quiet men, who give way some times to paroxysms of rage. "Nano," he said with a white ter

" Nano, rible face, "you struck Nodlag. If ever you shtrike her agin, you'll re-mimber it to the day of your death !"

#### CHAPTER XVI. WHAT OF THE FATES ?

This did not smooth matters much for the poor girl. Her life very soon be-came a misery and a martyrdom. As her intelligence developed with her physical strength she began to per-physical strength she began to perceive, at first dimly and reluctantly, then swiftly and certainly that her lot then swiftly and certainly that her lot in life was a peculiar one. She had become faintly conscious of this at school, where she was isolated from the farmers daughter's around, who would have made her school-life a burden, were it not for the friendship the master evidently entertained for her. Bat etimes an awkward question would be put by some stupid fellow :

"Why do they call you Nodlag? That's a quare name. An' what's yere The significance of the fact that she had no name beyond a kind of nick-name gave her the first inkling of her isolation from her kind. of her isolation from her induring She made one or two inquiries which were answered evasively; and then with the ease of youth and perfect health she forgot all about it. Now, it all came back with tenfold force; and as she gradually under-stood that she had no family name, no family connections, no relations, no friends, in the usual sense of the word, her peculiar position gave her many hard, bitter hours of sombre and melancholy reflection. For now she sprang into womanhood with that swiftharacteristic of highly nervous an ness cnaracteristic of nighty nervous and sensitive organizations. She grew swiftly tall; and without a trace of weakness or delicacy she became a jealous con-trast to the coarse, heavy, lumbering figures of the farm yard She was, in text, in here distantly weakness to the fact, in her sixteenth yard one was, in fact, in her sixteenth year, a tall, handsome mountain girl, who could leap the Ownanaar at full flood, and jump lightly from the ground on the back of the tallest horse in the yard. And as her thick hair deepened in hue and became an auburn color, her long, straight features, slightly browned and freckled, took on a delicacy and reaned tone that was specially exaspera ting to those with whom she was brought into daily contact. But all this superiority, unnoticed by the this superiority, unnoticed by the modest girl, did not tend to relieve her from the ever-painful feelings of her oneliness and isolation ; and once of twice at school, and more frequently n the farm yard and fields, she heard herself called by a name, the oppro-brium of which she took long years to brium of which she took long years to realize. Once or twice she approached Donal with a question; but then shrank from the dread of the revela-tion. She felt that she could not bear tion. She felt that she could not bear to be told of some secret shame, or mis-fortune, that would blight all her after life. In her ignorance, she had at least the consolation of knowing that least the consolation of knowing that she did love and was beloved. Why she could not say; but at least it was a salve for the ever-present fore, that whatever secret was kept in the arch-ives which she feared to open, at least t could not estrange her from the affection she prized above all things else on earth. The suspicion that a revelation, even to herself, of that secret might force her into a con-scientious disruption of those sweet ties that made all the happiness of

life prevented her from seeking a knowledge that might be fraught with evil. So she determined to remain silent, and accept the uncertainty with all its present rewards. For she could not be insensible to her own personal attractions. Instinct told her that she had great advantages, not only over these poor girls who slaved in the farm yard, but even over their mistress herself; and modest and humble though she might be, she could not be insensible to facts that left an ever-growing impression on her imagination. Then, sometimes, she felt that, with all the coldness and aversion with which she had been treated, and was still treated, even by neighboring families. treated, even by neighboring families there was somehow blent a note of there was somehow blent a note of admiration ; and it was not altogethe admiration; and it was not altogether a maiden's fancles, or mere vanity, that made her feel that the eyes of people rested on her face and figure, going to or coming from Mass; and there was sometimes a little feeling of exuitation, which died away again into despondency, when she had to near

despondency, when she had to pas through an avenue of cars and carts and was ungreeted, save by the col stare of silent admiration.

She became dimly conscious, how ever, that besides her friends at Glenanaar, now reduced to Edmond and Donal, there was one other spot where her presence was greeted like a sun beam. This was at the forge, down near the bridge. There was always a welcome and a warm corner for her near old Mrs. Casey, as she sat by the kitchen fire ; and there was no taking the cheery salutation :

"Mile failte, alannav ! mile failte ! What a stranger you're becoming ! We didn't see you sin' Sundsy. Did we, Reddy ?"

"No. Mother ! Nodlag is getting so big now, she has too much to do, be side comin' to see us !"

side comin' to see us !" Here was a note of impatience that meant much. But it was very sweet, nevertheless, to the lonely girl, who made the humble cabin almost her home, not so much in the way of resi-dence, as by a kind of proprietary right she assumed in arranging and manag-ing Mrs. Casey's humble belongings. For ever since she was a child it was Nodlag's invariable custom, whenever she came to the forge, to fling aside the particoloured shawl which served as a snood ; and letting her long hair fall parti-coloured shawl which served as a snood; and letting her long hair fall down, she would move around the little kitchen and bedroom, setting all things to rights, cleaning there and tidying there, until everything came to look spick and span under her dainty touch. And the old mother would bless her from her sugan chair, and say : " If God 'ud only sind us a daughter

like you !" And the young smith, with his grimy

and the young shirts, which mis gramy shirt open, revealing his strong chest, would lean on his sledge with blackened arms, knotted and gnarled with huge muscles, and sigh and think :

" If that purty picture could remain what a blessed life would be mine !"

But now Nodlag had grown to woman-hood; and the jest and the langh had died away from the young smith's lips. A deeper feeling than his cheerful child-affection had taken hold of him; and he became silent and shy and reserved. A new life had entered his veins. The A new life had entered The great transformation had taken place. great transformation had taken place. To the unconscious Nodiag the change was alarming. She could not interpret it. Old Mrs. Casey was as kind, as loving, as solicitous as ever. Her welcome to the forge was unstinted in its warmth. But the attitude of the young smith was a purely. Instead of

young smith was a puzzle. Instead of the broad, deep gaze into her blue the broad, deep gaze into her blue eyes, he looked at her in a shy, furtive nanner; answered rather shortly, and never now performed the chivalric courtesy, to which she had been ac-customed from childhood, of lifting her, She

or helping her, into the saddle. concluded, after a good deal of reflec-tion, that Redmond's mind was also poisoned against her; that the deep secret of her life had averted his face noisoned from her forever. She little knew how deep a hold she had of that strong, manly heart. She little deemed that a hundred times a day a very smutty, but not unhandsome face, crowned by a mass of rusty hair, fairly well dyed with soot, stared through the little square window of the forge up along the wind-ing road that led to Glenanaar; and ing road that led to Glenanaar; and that his honest heart leaped with pride that his nonest heart least with price when he saw her well known, shapely figure come swaying down the white road, or bending with every movement of the white or bay horse she was bring-ing to his forge. Why didn't someone of the white of bay horse and the bring ing to his forge. Why didn't someone tell her the boy's mighty secret ? Or why didn't Redmond himself speak and solve the riddle of his future happi less forever ?

pause of shame, " whin she's allowed

by her supariors." "There's somethin' in that, surely," said Redmond. "But your father, Doual, is binding

but your rather, Dohai, is binding a good deal, and wakening, since your mother's death; and if anythin' should happen to him, what would become of Noding?'

"Thin I should take care of her,

said Donal. "Av coorse, av coorse," said Red-mond, coughing violently, for the smoke had gone the wrong way, he said. "But yon know Nodlag now is no child; an' we know what wimmen are, whin they git jealouslike."

whin they git jealouslike." "Thrue for ye, Red," said Donal e of meaning playing around "but if Nodlag is no longer with a smile of me

with a smile of meaning playing around his mouth; " but if Nodlag is no longer a child at Glenanar, she wouldn't be a child ayther down here." Redmond coughed again violently, until his face was as red as his hair. " I know what you mane, Donal," he said. " But—" here he stopped sud denly, as if to gather his faculties to gethar. Then he continued, " But I wouldn't ask her to come here, onless I had a right." had a right." "That manes only wan thing," said

"That manes only wan thing," said Donal, reflectively. "Only wan thing," said the smith. If you and your father consint, I'm satisfied to make Nodlag my wife!" "But tare an' 'ouns, man," said Donal, highly delighted, "what about Nodlag herself? Have you spoken to her, or is it all arranged betune ye?" "Never a word on the matther passed my lips," said Redmond. "This you, Donal, must do the good turn for me !"

"Begor, I will with a heart and a half," said Donal, "tho' 'twould come much betther from yerself. But have you thought, Red, of what it all manes ?"

" Have I ?" said Redmond. " Was "Have I?" said Redmond. "Was there anny other thought in my mind for the past twelve months but what I'm spakin' now? God forgive me! Manny's the time it came uppermost in me prayers, and even at Mass!" "And do you think 'twill serve your bisness ?" said Donal. "Twill, and it 'twon't," said Red-mond. "If ther could do midout me

they could do widout me,

they might. But you know there's not another blacksmith within six miles !! Donal thought long and deeply. • You know," he said at length, • that Nodlag has nothin' but what's

on her !" "An' did I ask for anythin' ?" Red-

mond said, half angrily. "Did I min-tion money, or annything else, Donal Connors?" he continued. "Come now, as man to man did I ?" "No," said Donal. "Red, you are

a brave, good man, and if Nodlag likes you, me father and me will be the happy couple." "Thin, you'll snake to Nodlag?"

Thin, you'll spake to Nodlag ?" said Redmond, anxiously, "and lave me know her answer as soon as you can

"I will," said Donal, drawing his horse's reins over his shoulder; an' 'twon't be my fault if she doesn't say yes to you !'

'God bless you, Donal," said Redmond, fervently; "and may it come to my turn yet to do as good a turn to

you I" Here, then, was the solution of a good many difficulties, if Time and Fate would allow. A fair vista of an honored life stretched smilingly before the feet of the lonely girl. It was only the little Yes, to be enlarged and emphasized in to the more solemn I will, and all would be right forevermore. But here come the Fates, and Chance, and Evil ; and, lo ! down rush the clouds and rain, and blot out the sunshine and the glory,

apparently forever. But Donal's heart was singing with delight, as he trudged lazily up the hill; and he often smiled as he imagined the surprise and the delight of Nodlag when he broke the matter to her. He urned over in hi in which he would make the solemn c nunication with most effect. Would he broach the matter in the comic and bantering style so usual in Ireland ; or would he speak to her seriously, as if ather to a child? Or would he put i enigmatically, or by way of parable, pretending that it was a piece of match making going on in another parish, and with no reference to herself until she gave her opinion? He de ded, at last, that this was the parior plan; " and he arranged his story as neatly as possible towards a

MAY 18, 1907.

IN THE SHADOWY GLEN.

The night was calm, and long shadows from the rising moon fell over quiet for the rising moon fell over quiet Glenna night. It was May-time and the odor of blossoming shrubs filled the air, the peculiar, haunting scent of the air, the peculiar, haunting scent of the hawthorn predominating. Seen over the far hills, through the moist atmos-phere, the moon looked startlingly large. A poet would have likened its majestic and glowing face to the burr-ing disc of Cuchulain's brazen shield. The Suir flowing near by was at full tide, its murmurless waters lapping the verdure of the banks. Amid the groves a belated and querulous black-bird broke into intermittent song. The white walled villages framed with dark white-walled villages framed with dark and heavy foliage were suggestive of peace and contentment; but the pasons of men were astir.

Gillkiernan, gun in hand, left the high road and went forward through the fields. In the sbadowy moonlight his tall form loomed giant like, and there was a suggestion of relentless purpose in the onward swing of his quiet shoulders. A chance wayfarer quiet shoulders. A called wayfare gazing on his face as the light struck it would have been appalled at the tunuit of passion there depicted—the mad fire that gleamed in his eyes. Gillkiernan's wind early over the avert of the mind went over the events of the past few days. He saw his home, which he had given the best years of his man-hood to redeem and hold, surrounded by the armed forces of the Crown. He re-membered his.futlle and desperate at-tempts to ward off the dreaded evic-tion. How be had abased himself, begtion. How he had abased himself, beg-ging with tears in his eyes for a little time in which te make up the balance of the rent! How he had pleaded the sickness of his wife. Alleen, lying on what proved to be her deathbed 1 But the landlord, the Earl of Holon, was inexerable, and bade the cruel work to go on. This heartless nobleman at-tanded in persons and seemed to the

go on. This heartless nobleman st-tended in person, and seemed to take a disbolical pleasure in the sordid and pitful details. A dull pain throbbed in Gillkiernan's brain as he recalled the pale face of his sick wife where she lay by the roadside in the bitter wind and rain. His Aileen of the sweet and rain. His Aileen of the sweet voicel-the shock has proven too much, and her gentle, uncomplaining spirit had fied, ere the night, to a fairer land where there are no such words as rent

and evictions. To Gillkiernan the whole thing seemed a monstrous and revolting crime, and that it was abetted by the law and the forces of the Crown did not lessen its malignity ; for the law did seemed to him a resistless machine formed for the purpose of crushing the poor and of exalting the rich. It ap-peared to him that justice should be done on his enemy, and, since the law would not do it, he had sworn a deep oath that he himself would be the

avenger. By stealthy inquiry he had become acquainted with the fact that the Earl was dining this evening with a neighbor-ing and result return home late ing squire, and would return home late at night by the park entrance to his mansion. There and then would the mansion. There and then would the sated voluptuary meethis doom! Never more would he grind the faces of the poor. Swift and sure death would leap be deathered and his apon him from the darkness, and his aked and frightened soul would be swept into the presence of the Judge. The guarding soldiery of a hated and hostile Government could not save him

in that hour of need. Although the night was so and still throbbing noises beantiful and still throbbing noises surged through Gillkiernan's brain, and a world of whispers seemed to come to him from the tremulous trees and tremulous trees and

grasses. All his life he had been a stranger All his life he had been a stranger to the fearful passions that now pos-sessed him. He acknowledged to him-self with a shudder that the Evil One was exulting in the anticipated deed, but there was no idea of faltering in his purpose. Crossing a narrow belt of wood he came suddenly upon the ruins of an ancient abbey, and full through its time worn chancel the solemn moon stared him in the face. The startled eyes of Gillkiernan a blood red band surrounded its disk ! Incredulously he surrounded its disk i infordations, he passed his hand across his eyes and looked again. The blood red mark had dissppeared. A huge night bird dark-ened the face of the luminary for a second with his dusky wings, and vanished through the trees with a harsh, ished through the trees with a hardy discordant cry. A laugh, strained and unnatural, died on Gillkiernan's lips. "This will never do," he muttered. "I must keep my head and hand steady to-night." With a grim smile he took a firmer grip of his weapon, skirted the ivy-covered walls, and came to the hedge that bordered the park road. Along this he strode cautionsly till he came to a small stone stile some few perchas from the demesne entrance. With deadly deliberation he seated himself on one of the steps, placed his gun on top, commanding the roadway, and waited. The long minutes dragged by ; an thour passed, and Gillkiernan remained motionless at his fearsome vigil. Mean-while his brain was busy with many thoughts and fancies. He saw all the consequences of his dread act—how he would become a hunted outlaw; capture and the shameful death of gallows would be his.

### MAY 18, 1907.

the wheels of his memo the wheels of his memo through the years. Ab, the scent of hawthorn i It was the perfume of was May itself—the mo Mary, and all that it me

It brought back vi It brought back vi bright, happy days why with other innocent one ered flowers for the i Mother. How delightfi ful evenings of the '' M when he had sung with and girls of his age in th God and His Blessed M so near him at the hallo the Benediction that thrilled to the rustl

The lights of the alt the fragrant incense-h it had all seemed to h and what holy raptures stinctively a prayer ro Holy Mary, Mother of us now !"-and as he p purpose melted like ice A horror of the deed h commit took possession he, who was once so in loved of God's Mother, this ;—a murderer wit Cain upon his brow ?

No, thank God ! the -he would not commit there came at that me expected sound of carr the devil seemed to sh "Ha! Ha! it is too lat gone too far! Whe enemy's bestial face y to fire. Think of Aile roadside!—think!" A was going on in the sou His great chest heaved his frame, but once grace he prayed : Mother of God, pray Then he got his streng do it, " he cried, an do it," he cried, an far behind him into th

Just then the Thi reins were dragging a feet and the moon she Earl's upturned face. face of a dead man ! Gillkiernan could no Black, livid and dist already to have upon

God's reprobation. With a weight of s apon him, Gillkiernar sered homeward thro lens, and as he wen his childhood rose to forted him,

A shock of horro the countryside when next morning that t had been stricken wi

way home from the fe night, and that his fa carried back a blacke There was only of knew that the justic closely forestalled man.-The Rev. Jan Donatoe's Magazine

## THE DISGRACE I

Mr. Andrew Car credited with having that the man who die But the real origina Ruskin. In his le (see Crown of Wild livered more than th Mr.Carnegie's oracu John Ruskin said: one great principle unfailing—that whe principal object of 1 or nation, it is both ill: and does harm | and spending; but a principal object, it will be well got, and here is the test, whether money is with him or not. could enough to live upo and having well e well spend it, and poor, as I came int not principal with enough to live in t his character and to make more, and himself italicizes th money is the principal of the principal the man who make some one else; and for the maker to know best its val a man does not cl his money, he mus lend it, and the generally do is to are nearly always with lent money th done, and all up; Thus Ruskin sugg idea that a man of but Ruskin, being noble views, give dangerous love of the possessor the principal object i in accord with th that the love of m evil, while Carney ist, whose whole popularity, gives grace that will at rich when he coul as Carnegie is no best calculated to Of course, both lare wrong. Wea are wrong. Wea erations without it, and there is n dying rich, provi used his money Catholics, who h between all extre erty and greatly their Master did that in themselve are indifferent coming evil or go are ill or well us ake is merely a truth, due to the parts genius an while Carnegie'

ame from no wan knows where, and who was got by no wan knows who-be-gor, 'tis the quare business intirely."

gor, 'tis the quare business intirely." "There's isn't much use in argyin' the matther," said Edmond Connors. said Edmond Connors. " As I said at the fair at Kildorrery, Nodlag must remain, and be thrate like wan of oursels.

like wan of oursels." "Can't you lave her as a servant girl?" said old Hegarty. "We'll put her on good wages, an' you'll have nothin'to complain about. Come now, Ned, 'tis only a thrifle of a misondhertnaing," he said, in a wheedling tone. "Twould be the quare thing, out and sanding, out, an' aithegither, that such a thescaun should stand atween us. Spake Donal!

"Av she was to remain as a servantgirl, there 'ud be nothin' to prevint those who are comin' in'' (this was the delicate way Donal referred to his future wile), "to give a month's notice at anny time, and turn her on the wurruld.

the wurruld." "Oyth1 shure now, you're jokin', Donal," said Mrs. Hegarty. "The idee of Nano doin' annything that you wouldn't like; and she so fond of you!" "Didn't she say, Kate," said her husband, "when the Bagleys wor comm' around matchmakin', that she'd have Decal (formars and no one else in

have Donal Connors and no one else in the wide wurruld; and that she'd rather beg the whole wurruld wid him than wear silks and satins wid others?" "Indeed 'n' she did," said Mrs. Hegarty. "An' more'n that. She

Hegarty. "An' more'n that. She often said to meself, sez she, that she'd marry Donal, or no wan; and shure now here he is turning his back upon her, as if she wor the blackest shtranger.

I'm not turnin' me back upon ' said Donal, uneasy under the tion, " but nayther me father, Nano." accusation, "but nayther me father, nor I, will do a wrong thing to an orfin for anny wan."

' is the poor little crachure an said Mrs. Hegarty, seizing on d. "Sure, they say her father An' orfin ?" said word. and mother, bad scran to them, are safe and sound in America."

And she screwed her eyes into the face of old Edmond Connors as she

spoke. "How can they say that," he replied, "whin nobody but the grate God knows who her father and mother plied. might be

Av coorse, av coorse," said old Hegarty. "But people will say the quarest things: but shure, av 'twas thrue, you'd be the last man in Ireland

bate me, granny ?" the Will child would zsk. "No, alanna. She won't, because

won't lave her. But there's many a way of killing, besides chokin' with

way of Rilling, boston choald with buther, agragal !" "Wisha, don't be makin' the child lonesome wid that kind o' talk," the old man would put in. "We'll be all together, Nodlag, till death us do part, the Catechiz says. What did you

as the Cateniz says. What the you larn to-day, alannav?" And Nodlag should go over her whole lesson, line by line, the old man nodding his head, and putting in a word here and there.

Then in the early winter, the fatal day came. A stranger crossed the threshold of Glenanaar as its mistress; and the old people sank down into the condition of dependents. Clearly, Donal's heart was not altogether in the matter. He went about his work, but with none of that light-heartedness and enthusiasm one would expect from a newly-married man, who had found the desire of a lifetime. His wife, cantiously, but firmly, took up the man-agement of the little house - hold agement of the little hcuse - nota and quietly, but unaggressively, assumed absolute control. The old people cowered by the fire side; took their meals in silence; and submitted patiently to their lot. But one could see how the sense of her dethronement and subjection was telling on the old woman. Once or twice, through sheer force of haber, she gave little orders through the house, which were at once silently, but firmly, countermanded by the young mistress. Then she appealed to the filial affection Donal to support her. But he through a sense of justice, and possibly to avoid a chronic condition of hostility between the old order and the new, said :

sald : "Better let Nano manage, Mother I She understands the matther betther." And the old woman bowed her head

Well, he did; but not to Nodlag. He took Donal into his confidence in

his shy, reluctant way. "I think," he said to Donal one day as they smoked together leisurely after the horses had been shod, "Nodlag is not lookin' as well as we'd wish her." "I didn't notice," said Donal, some-what alarmed. "Do ye think she's looking badly ?"

Maybe 'tis the way she's growin',' said Redmond, " she's runnin' up very fast for her age !"

'I'm afeared she's not as continted as she ought to be," said Donal, sady. "Thim that ought to be a mother to the lonely girl are more inclined to be stepmoth

"Twould be aisy enough to betther that, begor," said Redmond.

"What do ye mane ? How ?" asked

Donal, sharply. "I mane that me and me mother would be the happy pair, if Nodlag could make her home here, and lave where she isn't welcome !"

where she isn't welcome !" "That's dacent of you, Red," said Donal. "An'I suppose you know all —I mane all that the people does be sayin'?" he corrected himself hastily. "I do, and perhaps more," said admond. "An' I don't care a thra-Redmond. neen for all that the gossips can say agin her. There's not a girl like her in the County Cork or Limerick." Donal looked at him inquiringly; and

And the young smith swung to his work with redoubled efforts, for now that he had cast the die he was anxious for the result. A thousand times he told himself that he would be contumeliously rejected; and he often regretted his smutty face and sooty hair. No girl could see beneath such a grimy appearance the pulsations of a strong brave, loyal heart. And then, again brave, loyal neart. And then, again, hope revired. Donal's eloquence, and her own loneliness and dependence, would do all. And, as he rang his small hammer on the anvil in short, quick strokes, he knew that the musical steel echoed the word that was in his heart : Nodlag ! Nodlag ! and Nodlag

ful issue.

#### TO BE CONTINUED.

#### None Dares Defend Him.

Every newspaper, has had its experi-ence of the delinquent subscriber. The Catholic paper is no exception. Every Catholic publication has had its troubles with the man who will not pay for what he has received. A Western editor, whose soul has evidently been seared by sorry experience with this sort of subscriber, unburdens himself as follows :

"A man may use the mole on the back of his neck for a collar button; he may ride a freight to save three cents a mile; he may light the lamp with a splinter to save matches he may stop his watch at night to save wear; use a period for a semicolon to save ink, and pasture his grandmother's grave to save hay : but a man of this

kind is a scholar and a gentleman com-pared to a man who will take a news-paper and when asked to pay for it put it back in the post office marked 're-fused.'"

Comment on this would be like paint.

But these things, terrible though they were, affected him not a particle

The dead face of Aileen was before him, and his distorted imagination pic-tured upon it an appeal - not for mercy but for vengeance. Yes, come what might, she would be avenged. The

migut, sne would be averged. The blood of the guilty would be but par-tial payment for the blood of the inco-cent. But the night wore on, and still no carriage wheels grated on the road-way. Would his victim never come? Had he roturned by another way and way. Would his victum netway and Had he returned by another way and

A little breeze came up and stirred a thousand blossoms round about the silent watcher. A sweet odor filled the air, and strangely stirred him in the

depths of his being. What was this odor? And why its subtle effect upon him, that for the first time he half forgot his dread mis-

sion. Laboriously unclogging themselves