AILEY MOORE

A TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., BISHOP OF LIMERS CHAPTER IV

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT KINMACARRA AND HOW IT WAS DISTURBED

The Lord of Kinmacarra was new comer, and was ambitious of being considered a good neighbor; so, on the third day after his arrival, he invited a large party to his noble mansion. His lordship had "stooped to conquer," and therefore Mr. Joyce Snapper was of the company. Mr. Snapper being only a land-agent and attorney at law, and as law and physic are never, unless wantonly, disassociated, Dr. Creamer, surgeon, came, by special pre arrangement, in Mr. Snapper's gig. Our former acquaintance, Mr. Salmer, was early acquaintance, Mr. Salmer, was early in the drawing room, prepared to guest and parson; while, as it was a well-known resolution of Mr. Salmer never to divide his household, even Lord of Kinmacarra recognized domestic attachment which forbade any social indulgence to eithe in which both the reverend gentleman his lady were not united. In word, Mrs. Salmer made one of the number who graced the house-warming of the illustrious heir of the

To do Lord Kinmacarra common justice, he had gathered in a great crowd every one that was any way ound views; and little doubt can be entertained of the influence of such dinner parties, not only confirming sound views, but even in inspiring We would be inclined to lay a wager, if it were not vulgar to do so, that much external sanctity and high political principle are drunk in good old claret during down in good old claret during "holiday" reunions and disinterested family hospitalities,—one reason for "ministerial dinners" and Lord

But the Lord of Kinmacarra was wise as well as a noble man, and therefore was not going to be 'bored' by the vulgarity which he might benevolently tolerate. His lordship had a select circle of guests who had accompanied him from Englandtew, but select—and who were very much charmed with the opportunity of seeing some phases of Irish life which would raise them to the posi tion of critics upon "travels," "stories," and plays. It is something to see life—even Irish life—provided you are not obliged to live it. People will talk of it, and write about and one must be able open one's mouth; so we would recommend all gentlemen of en-lightened views, and ladies of decided literary taste, to go over to Ireland, if, however, they have courage

enough to do so. We will spare our readers the description of the drawing room Everyone knows what a drawing room is. The carpet was very rich and the furniture splendid; the chairs covered with rick silk, and so were the sofas, ottomans, and "faute The magnificent tables bore many magnificent things that sorely some of the well-informe persons who stood near them. There were three most complicated chan-deliers depending from the ceiling, and there was—a crowd. All the above, and twice as many other were seen twice over in th mirrors-two majestic ones, which every well-dressed gentleman and lady there into a most self com

nt tone of mind.

There is a gentleman leaning over the back of a curious Gothic chair, which contains a curious Gothic lady The gentleman wears many rings, which appear most dazzling when he twists a moustache that very likely will grow on his upper lip-in time; time is required for everything, particularly for every great thing. That is the Hon. Hyacinth Wilkins. Evidently he had very nearly been a tall man, and a dignified man; indeed he was a dignified man, though not tall. In fact, the Hon. Mr. Wilkin's body grew very long, as far as the hips; but somehow or other, the lower part of the system would not stretch in accord; he therefore was a short man with a long back; and, moreover, he had a sulky, sallow look, and he squinted. The lady is an Honorable too. Her dress is a great protection to her person; for no one can come within any distance of her in front. There is a semicircle of silk, in fact, spread all around her like a little field, and, of course, that is ground on which no one dares to tread. She wonderfully avoids tread ing upon it herself. The Hon. Miss Felman is the worthy person alluded to. She is only about thirty—a period at which she has stood still for many years—a thing not to be surprised at, when we reflect that the sun and other luminaries appear to stand still at a certain point of their periodic courses. She is a very plain person, with very thin hair, to which the coiffeur has added some other poor body's, a countenance rather bitter, and a nose rather trousse. lady has for some time been settling into a species of misanthropy —that is, a dislike of men and of things in general. She has serious things in general. She has serious notions of joining Miss Sellon—"Ye, Reverend Mother"—and thereforeshe looks with much pity on the weak ness of the world, and the contemptible vanities of fashionable life. The Hon. Hyacinth has just heard as

much from her, as she pulled the lace

trimming of her dress from the approach of his amorous t the hon. gentleman But assures her, as Leicester once did Queen Elizabeth, that all society would lose its centre were she to bandon it, and that it would be an injustice to the whole world to deny the people the light of her face. The Hon. Miss Felman smiled faintly—but not incredulously—and told the gentleman he was a thing which was not indeed very unlikely, considering all things; though, of course, we cannot take upon our-

selves to judge.

Let us direct the attention of the reader also to a sofa near the window, and to a young lady—a real young lady—who is sitting upon it. Beside her is a splendid looking your man say about twenty five years of age, and who, if he be at all vulnerable, is in danger. Miss Tyrrell, the lady alluded to, has a finel-shaped head, and a face like those of which Petrarch dreamed. If the reader be retract dreamed. If the reader be acquainted with the angels that is with the angels of Raphael and Domenchino, he would say that Cecily would make a model for pencilman or sculptor—a model for the cherubim class of Heavenly Citizens. The first thing which struck you in her was the soul-the eyes, and presided in her noble bear To low spirits her air looked like

pride, and meaner natures, feeling the influence of her character, vainly mitated it. She had little or n color, but she was dazzlingly fair, and she had a smile and a grace that wrought magically—at least, so many good folk declared—and which "won good folk declared—and which "won all hearts with softness. or with spirit awed." It was quite remark-able, that Cecily Tyrrell never covered the whole floor with silk and lounces-that she wore her bonne on her head—and that she could never be induced to hang the lower part of her garments from a hoop of wool or cotton tied below her waist. It must be admitted, however, that nany young people, who admired these matters, came to a decided conclusion that Cecily Tyrrell was ec centric, and "self opionated"—defects which, of course, the aforesaid young

ladies very properly avoided.

Cecily Tyrrell looked rather paler han usual, and the young cavalier smiled knowingly as he remarked it. Ve have said he was a fine young man, which we beg to repeat. In ruth, he was a manly resemblance of Cecily herself. He was tall with black hair and black eyes like her the same mouth—the same quiet, elf possessed air-the same engaging look—the same everything, un-less an indescribable majesty, which was peculiarly—his sister's. Now we will warrant the reader thought hat we were going to create a condition of things proper for a love tale. We hope that, having found his error, ne will be more charitable in future and give us more of his confidence.

The Lord of Kinmacarra was o ourse everywhere about the drawing room. He stopped more than once near Frank Tyrrell, and the "charm ng Cecily," as his lordship called her. He even stood near the Hon. Hyacinth for a few moments, but saw e was not absolutely necessary to his sister, and be had, at the momen we have been describing. ettled between the attorney and Mr almer (and Mrs. Salmer of course). His lordship was a fair specimen of an animal nobleman. He was five eet eleven, portly and fresh looking. with blue eyes, and a great quantity f auburn hair, kept duly and profusely curled.

The parson was talking of the progress of evangelical instruction," n every place where the hearers had been ; the Hon. Hyacinth was his attention; and the brother and sister looked out upon the western sun, that sent its golden beauty from he ocean's verge, in a flood of mellow glory upon the ancient mansion of the Felmans.

Frank was very fond of Cecily ; indeed, a good judge, the Hon. Miss Felman, said the attachment was absurd. It would have been more reasonable, certainly, had he appreiated such attractions as the Hon. Hyacinth had more than once that very evening described, and of course. discovered in Miss Felman.

But Frank sat quietly by Cecily, and it may be, that when the light feil full upon her noble figure, haloing her round, and outlining more perfectly her beautiful symmetry, Frank Tyrrell was proud of his sister. You look pale. Cecily." he re

marked. Do I?" she answered; "I had never less reason. The mountain air was fresh and even odorous, and the view magnificent in the extreme."
"Well, confess, Cecy, that you were frightened when the horse took head

at the shouting."

Cecily smiled. "There, again," she said, "for the hundredth time. Why, Frank, I begin to be alarmed for you.'

or you."
And she smiled again.
"Diplomacy!" softly whispered
the brother. "Now, Cecy, you could
the brother. "Now, Cecy, you could the brother. not but have admired that young fellow. I never, in all my days, saw such intrepidity as he displayed, as

the horse dashed towards the little bridge." Yes, indeed, and I do admire him," was the steady reply. "I never saw more grace and truer gallantry;

we both owe him, perhaps, cur lives."
"Decidedly," answered Frank,
"most decidedly. Had he not seized the animal, we should have been dashed to pieces; and had he suddenly

seize the reins, and run with the frightful rapidity of the creature herself, saved us."

"And you think he risked himself much?" asked Cecily.

"Much!" answered her brother;

why, he has not got off without in-ury, and I am sure he risked his

He would do it for any human being," said Cecily, ardently; a noble young man!"

Who ?" asked Lord Kinmacarre his lordship having approached the speakers without having been perceived. "Cecily, I give you notice that I intend to be quite jealous of all 'noble young men;' I envy vastly have you that a How vastly, I assure you, that—a—Hovis he called, Snapper?" continued the nobleman, addressing the land agent, who stood at some distance pparently anxious to join the group "His name is Moore," answered Miss Tyrrell, in her own quiet way; "his name is Reginald Moore, and I believe his family live near thi

They hold a considerable shar of land under your lordship," said Snapper, with a low bow to the land-lord, and a very low bow to Cecily and her brother.

"What kind of people are they

demanded the lord.
"It is an old family; my lord, and an excessively proud one. If they spared half the money which they squandered in making a lady ot—"
"Sir, I pray you," remarked Frank, reddening very slightly; "I pray you will be good enough."

will be good enough-Dinner, my lord," said a soft

voice, coming from something yellow, blue, and white, which stood at the And the lord of the mansion

Tyrrel, laughing.

"'Pon my life, Cecily, we've just escaped a—a something, I do declare. Snapper quite a -forgot, or rather he did not know-a-the nice things Frank had been saying of that young person and her brother, I do think a-we've-or Snapper has escaped a something;" and h s lordship drew his fingers through his curls and

Where is Lady Kinmacarra? The good nobleman is a widower, but be-trothed to a cousin of Cecily Tyrrel!, whom Cecily has just left at Rome That was the accurate state of the case at the time of which we have

been writing.

A great crowd indeed stood round that dining table.

No one will desire a description of

a dinner, nor do we desire to give it. It is all very well, if a man be going to get a good dinner; he will read of it quite ravenously, of course, because he can eat the viands, and drink the vintages, in imagination first, and in delicious reality afterwards. But unless reality be about to follow imagination, the latter is a tormenting knave—something like reading the theory of the English constitution, and then listening to a debate on Maynooth.

Can any one explain how it is that we are all subjects of the same crown when the gatherer comes to look for the income tax-equal, as equal can be-but when we are making laws in Parliament, we talk of "our policy towards our Catholic fellow country men," as if the said fellow countrymen lived in Jericho? This is merely parenthetical, however, and written for the special advantage of any secretary for Ireland who may wish to profit by truth. When will the man be found for whom it is intended, then? - Who knows? art of printing took many thousands of years to be discovered; and we have not been five hundred years vet looking for an Irish secretary of the foregoing stamp.

The reader will please suppose that ing favorably with the fair object of his attention; and the brother and been in danger from Mr. Salmer's "grace," and many people were dis-tracted by looking at his helpmate one of the "squireens" made a wretched pun upon that word "helpmate,"—we are bound to say that s large a quantity of solids and liquids rarely had disappeared before the same number of people as disappeared on the occasion, when the Lord of Kinmacarra made his first essay at "popularization."

The conversation at dinner was not very general—the people were too varied, too numerous, and too much distinguished by differences of grade. So the ladies left soon, and the lord and the doctor with Hon. Hyacinth and Frank made their appearance in very proper time and in very proper order. We have not mentioned the parson, because it is always to be understood that he is where his wife directs-and that is beside herself. The attorney at law was left in the dining room, with a number of guests, who wished to drink something that works more rapidly than wine; and his lordship considerably left the ground to give them more freedom, desiring the land agent to do the honors of the man-

Cecily was at the piane, and Dr. Creamer stood at a short distance; Mr. Salmer and (as we have admon-ished the reader was always to be the case) Mrs. Salmer were near him they sat at a small round table, not far from Dr. Creamer, and with them was Frank Tyrrell; while a few feet away from this group sat the Hon. Hyacinth and Lady Felman, apparently not tired of one another's com-pany. For the last two hours her pany. For the last two hours ladyship had not spoken of reverend mother."

What and who is Lady Felman? Both questions require only one answer, viz.: She is the sister of the

stood opposite Frank, and formed s portion of Mr. Salmer's party. His lordship's hands were under the skirts of his coat, locked amicably in one another, and his shoulders being bent in the direction of Frank, the full globe of crush hund. full globe of curls hung gracefully forward.

"Salmer—a—has been saying," said the noble lord, "that—a—I do declare it is very hard to be so bored by the ignorance of these people—Salmer says, Frank, we must conver

them to the Establishment."
"Certainly," said Mr. Salmer. The way of the impious is dark,' dded Mrs. Salmer.

And they know not where they must fall down," rejoined the parson.
"But," said Frank, "are you so sure that you can convert hem? and that conversion will improve them? The process of conversion seems verv gathered are hardly presentable. At least, in England there is nothing a man feels a greater horror of encountering than one of your converts.' They drink, Mr. Salmer

"I beg your pardon, sir," mildly answered Salmer; "hundreds upon hundreds of the poor Romanists of Connaught and Kerry have seen the ight, and have learned the consolation that comes from the sacred vol ume. They have suffered a martyr dom for their constancy, and the lesert has become a garden by their industry."

watered garden." said Mrs Salmer. Yes, my dear." said Mr. Salmer.

"So-a-a-you perceive, Frank, again his lordship remarked, "we must change those people to right ways—a—we must—" Give them the Bible, my lord,"

aid Mr. Salmer.

"More penetrating than a two-edged sword," said Mrs. Salmer. "Quite true," said the doctor smil-ng; but it was not a new smile then put on—the doctor always smiled when from home. He had very small, dark, piercing eyes-the doctor had; he was very yellow-had a small, spare igure—his clothes were large for his dimensions—but he always smiled when from home, as before remarked Quite true," said the doctor.

Ha, then, doctor," said his lord. ship, "you know something of these

"A great deal," answered Dr. reamer. "I have just travelled Creamer. "I have just travelled over the whole ground mentioned by Parson Salmer and his lady, and the Bible has been there a two edged sword indeed.'

And the doctor showed all his teeth ne smiled so, when he said this. In fact, the doctor felt he had said something very good.

The Bible has improved them so nuch ?" inquired Frank.

Why, when you say 'them,' ans wered the doctor, "it supposes a large share of success; but our clergymen have not been able to do such wonders, I regret. In the barony of Dingle, for example, there are about 80,000 of a population, and the con verts, men, women, and children de not amount to 200. The proportion of success in Connaught is not near so great, and in all places the wretches

are flying back to their priests. at you saw their houses, their cleanliness, their industry," said Mr

Salmer.
"Unless the lord build the house you know," said Mrs. Salmer.

" Oh, I assure you," rejoined Creamer, "the converts are the off-scourings of the population; they have been completely demoralized. Habits of labor have utterly disappeared from among them; they are filthy in their appearance, and have an expression, every one, that marks them as the countenance marks a word, Mr. Salmer, they have cost us nearly £1,000 a head, and only there is hope of their progeny—the Bible has been 'more penetrating than a two edged sword' among these wretched creatures, indeed—it has destroyed them, and the social harmony of the districts where they live.

"Doctor," said Frank, "you confirm views which force themselves upon the prejudices of any honest The characters which we give to the Catholic Church — the best among our clergy and our nobility — com-pared with those whom we have received from it-the worst and lowest of humanity — afford only one explanation to common sense—that we purchase men's passions, and Rome wins their convictions."

Why, Frank!" exclaimed Lord Kinmacarra. 'Mr. Tyrell!' said the minister. "I have loved Jacob," said Mrs. Salmer, chidingly, "but Esau I have

hated.' "Indeed, I regret to say," added the doctor, "that many reason in this way; yet we are not to despair. England was once Romanist, and she has now freedom and prosperity; may we not in Ireland yet hope, by the same road, to obtain the same blessings?"

blessings?"
"Just so, truly," said Salmer;
"look at the Papistical countries—"
"With desolation is the whole earth made desolate," interposed

Mrs. Salmer.
"I was going to say," continued Mr. Salmer—but stealing a small, half-fearful look of reproach at Mrs. Salmer,-" I was going to say, look at their slavery, - their degradationtheir poverty-their ignorance-their

Oh, pray, Mr. Salmer," 'pleaded Cecily, turning round from the piano —"oh, pray, do not speak so depreci atingly of the Catholic countries brought her up, we should have been Lord of Kinmacarra. We should thrown out; the presence of mind to have remarked that the said lord least, know them intimately." "Why, Miss Tyrrell, every one

But, no. does not care to know," interposed Frank. "Liberty! why, is not the Italian free? My servant has liberty according to law, but he dares not use it according to fact; in Italy my servant has no liberty according to law, and no limit to his liberty ac-What liberty?" asked the doctor

"Why," answered Frank, only liberty worth anything to the mass of mankind. The liberty of feeling themselves equal to those who are richer; of feeling—that poverty places no bar between them and intercourse with those above them: that though they may have an humbler class of duties, they are in all things equal to those whom they

And do you say," said the lorddo you say—a—a—high people, and —a—low folk are all equal abroad? I say that no one can feel poverty

humiliation," answered Frank that there I've seen all the effects of liberty without the theory: and here I find the theory with few of its effects on the population." But they a re wretchedly poor?

asked the doctor.

"Poor!" said Cecily: "oh! they have not much money; but is it not the same, if they can buy for a little money what will cost us a handful?"

"Certainly," said the doctor. In fact, the poor doctor would say anything to agree with such a pleader.

"Money could not purchase the state of society, the union of high born and low born, the love and sympathy between the exalted and the humble, the frank, free intercourse between prince and peasant, all so full of enjoyment of the most exquis-

ite character."
"Well!" said the little doctor, who

Well, and are not these things worth money; is it not money to purchase felicity !' Let us have it with the money,' said the doctor.

"Ah!" said Cecily and Frank, in the same breath, "there is our curse; we cannot teach England to make money its last end, and inspire the spirit of equality which comes only from the actual or habitual sway of humility,-in other words, from

the presence of God!"
And these discussions engaged all parties, save and except the Hon. Hyacinth and the object of his attention, the Hon. Miss Felman. In fact hours flew by unperceived.

It was far advanced in the afternoon—the rapid approach of horse men was heard, and voices, earnes and loud, attracted the attention of the little party.
A start, as of many people on their

feet, showed something had occurred in the parlor. There was a moment's frightful pause.

Lord Kinmacarra rang the bell vio lently, Lady Felman fainted, the Hon. Hyacinth stood behind Frank's chair, nd Cecily's eye was fixed upon the drawing room door. The clergyman and his wife were in such a way as people generally are of their hopes ears, and courage. A servant presented himself .- be

looked pale and flurried. Two armed men at the door, who want your

'Let them come in, if they be friends," said the nobleman.
"They will not enter," said the servant. "They say a man has been

murdered at the entrance of the Pardon !" said a fine full sono

ous voice, and an able looking, well

dressed, handsome man, of

age and middle class, walked into the Your lordship will pardon this intrusion, but a man has been are amagistrate?"
"Who is he? where police?" said the nobleman. 'I have done all I think needful

the police are at your command," said the stranger. "The dead man is Jepson Skerin, Esq., justice of the peace," added the man.
"Skerin!" cried the doctor.

"My God, do you say Skerin?" cried the parson. 'Oh, merciful God!" cried Mrs. Salmer.

In the midst of the confusion, the stranger, who was calm, bowed, par-ticularly to Cecily, and retired. "Stop him!" roared the land agent, in the hall. "Stop him!" shouted ten others,

as well as drunken men could. Frank was in the hall by a bound

Snapper was sitting on a chair; he appeared frightened to death.
"What is the matter?—say, I pray

you!" cried Frank.
"Oh, sir," murmured Snapper, the most fearful man, of these bad days, has been here. I knew not himself, nor his voice, but his whis per, which makes the blood grow cold. He said, in my ear, ' Take care, you may go next!

TO BE CONTINUED

Love is of God, and they who debase or misuse the things that are of God, which are holy, ally themselves with the first enemies of the Almighty, and, in consequence, fashion for themselves the same punishment.—Anna C. Minogue.

If we knew the secrets of the lives of those—alas! innumerable — who seem to have no real apprehension of anything, none of the light which it is said lighteth every man that cometh into the world, it would probably be found that they have not been born without it, but have forfeited their noblest human heritage by repeated practical denials of the things which they have seen.— Coventry Patmore.

THE RECKONING

Well, Charles, have you been led into any new truths since our last conversation ?"

On the contrary, father, I have been gradually losing ground. In-stead of gaining, I am almost con vinced that yours is the true religion; it is one that attracts and in spires. Her liturgy and her cer-emonies, appealing to the senses, arouse all that is poetic in one's

Always the poetic side, Charles Always the poetic side, Charles. You look upon our ceremonies as a beautiful pageant, all glitter and pomp. You have not come to believe these the outward expressions of the divine and sublime truths of our faith.'

You mistake me, father; I be lieve that there is more than the external show. I was always a pariah in religion, wandering from one sect to another, and at each trial I thanked God for bringing me to the truth. Alas! I was drawn to them like a bee to a painted flower, only to find them mockingly false on account of their apparent reality.
Within your fold I find myself more deeply interested than ever, but then comes the feeling that your Church stands apart like a monarch, to be admired and feared."

Does not the Church unite high and low, rich and poor, the scholarly and the illiterate, bringing comfort and happiness to all ?"

That is true, for it holds sway over all. But does it reach their hearts? The millions upon millions of your creed follow in childlike submission because their religion is hereditary: it is part of their rou-tine of life; not that it has their hearts, but their fears and superstitions. I know what arguments you will bring up. They seem true but they elude and baffle me; and some inward power persuades me to hold off—to look for a sigh, a strik-ing proof of the right time."

You are overwrought this even ing," quietly remonstrated

Forgive me. father : my recent researches have tossed me between belief and doubt. Alas!" he con-tinued gloomily, "in the hands of tinued gloomily, "in the hands of fate I am the plaything for an hour. If I could look upon the world and while laughing at the follies of man kind, join in the gay revel, all would be well. But I was cast in a differ ent mould, and must follow the path

of my inevitable fate."
"You speak truly. We must not laugh at the world's follies. Our mission is to uplift and ennoble mankind. And you, Charles, are not the plaything of fate, but the child of Providence. I am sure God will direct you to the right path. The rising and falling of your hopes and fears will cease, and you will settle

into perfect contentment."

"It is my one desire, for not only my spiritual but my temporal happi ness depends upon the path I take too sincere in her faith to trust to a union with one who is of no pro fessed religion; and I love her all the wait." he said, rising to leave.

It was an evening in early June that the above conversation took place on the rectory porch in the little village of Jefferson. The first speaker, Father Stone, was for years the faithful pastor of the faithful village flock. He was a man of medium height, with long silvery locks rippling over his slightly stooped shoulders. Of a kind and sympathetic nature, he was honored and loved by all, while his influence

was felt in every circle. His companion, Charles Berry, was the superintendent of the the village. He was a young, energetic man of the world, and, although of no professed religion, similar tastes and habits had drawn him to Father Stone, and they worked hand in hand for the welfare of those around them.

The stream of life had flown smoothly in Jefferson until of late. There appeared in the village a demagogue, a disciple of the new civilization who flaunted a banner on which was emblazoned "Socialism." His teachings spread discontent among the people, and Father Stone was, perhaps, the first to notice the change, for the former love and reverence of some of his flock turned to suspicion and distrust.

After Berry's departure on this June evening his thoughts lingered on their conversation and on this undercurrent of discontent until he was interrupted by another visitor. "Good evening, Agnes," he greeted cheerily as she approached.

"Good evening, father," she re turned faintly, in a troubled tone. As Father Stone drew a chair for her she said: "I have come to speak about George. Of late this strange politician is his steady companion, and George constantly reads his books and pamphlets. He has given

EOb. that man's work wherever I go. I agree or suffer."

hearts." Agnes valiantly checked

would be angry at my interference."
"No, no," replied the priest, and quickly changing the subject, he short route to the mill. said: "Did you meet Charles Berry Berry, working in the on your way? He left a few min-

A blush suffused Agnes face as she answered, "No, father."

utes ago.

"Charles is a beautiful character.

"Charles is a beautiful character, and I know God will soon settle his doubts, and then, he said, taking Agnes by the hand, "there will be more than one happy heart."

"Yes, father, I love Charles, but these obstacles must be overcome. He knows the difficulty, and is too

honest to urge any step until he is convinced of the truth." Do not worry, Agnes ; watch and

pray."
Agnes and George Kane had blossomed from childhood under the priest's loving care. Both were employed in the Croton Mills, an assistant foreman. Agnes a book keeper in the office.

Three days sped by since Agnes'

visit to the rect visit to the rectory. Father Stone's effort to see George Kane were unsuccessful until the evening of the third day when they met by accident in front of the latter's home, George was about to pass with a sullen nod. when the priest gently placed hand upon his shoulder.

"Why do you avoid me of late, George? Are you in any difficulty?

Yes, I am troubled : but you can

not help me."
"You are mistaken, George, and I am sorely grieved over your neg-lect. Why did you not come to me

with your difficulties?"
"I knew what you would have told me, for religion and wealth go hand in hand. Both try to hold us down. The rich, by continually crushing, keep us in one condition and you priests tell us to be con-tented with our lot, to look beyond for reward, and by these means you help the power to keep us from get-

George, you have become thor-thly imbued with the poison of ughly those misleading pamphlets. These men pretend to be for the interests of the working classes. If they were they would try to lead them away from the love of their homes, their State and their God? Ah! if men would but realize that we do not destroy their rights, but guard them, they would not be so easily duped by these empty-minded men. Do you not understand that these men seek to gain their own end, regard-

less of the rights of others?' "I knew you would say this," Kane said impatiently; "it has been said before, to no avail. We want men in politics to bring about these

reforms not priests." "George, a day of reckoning will come, when you will see the foolishness of your way. I trust that you will see the light before the calamity falls.

The conversation stopped at the arrival of Agnes Kane and Berry. A flush of anger mounted George's cheeks. The revolution of his moral and political doctrines has aroused hatred for authority and those who exercised it. Father Stone placed a restraining hand upon his shoulder and said to Berry in a cheery voice: "If you are about to return, Charles, "If you are about to return, Charles, I shall accompany you." Without further ado, the two men retraced their steps.

'You are aware of the revolution ists among us?" Berry said.

"And that Kane is one of the new 'I was talking to him upon the

subject. Father, for the past few weeks I have felt a dark presentiment. How ever hard I try, I cannot shake it

In this life we are continually followed by a vague fear, but we must not be deterred from our course by any intangible something.' Suddenly Berry grasped Father Stone's arm and whispered: "Here

comes the cause of all the trouble. This is Parlow, the Socialist.' Approaching was very looks stamped him a demagogue. He was thick set in body and coarse in feature. As he passed

he threw them a look of surly de fiance. "We shall feel the weight of his hand before long," continued Berry.
"He is succeeding in spite of us." 'Well," returned Father Stone as

they clasped hands in parting, shall leave it all to Providence. The long summer days passed like dream, and the vague fear which had haunted Berry assumed a terrible form. A sweeping panic spread broadcast over the country and, coming to Jefferson, silenced the hum of the wheels of industry.

A year back, Mr. Croton, in com plying with the demands of his tired nature, retired from the more active management of the mills. Entrusting all his interests to Charles Berry, he started for an indefinite stay in Europe, Berry worked day and night to straighten the mills' finances, and promised a speedy opening. But a snake was in the grass, for Parlow had aroused the impatient men's passions to the straining point.

One evening as Agnes Kane stepped upon the side porch of her home she perceived her brother and Parup his religion, and is so changed low approaching. Hidden by the at home that he is breaking our trellis, she paused and let them pass, when Parlow, raising his voice, hissed: "Berry will be at the mill Ah, I am meeting the results of to-day. We'll get the rest. He'll

that man's work wherever I go. I fear we shall have troublesome times before we are rid of this stranger. I shall speak to George. Be of good heart, my child."

"I thank you, father; but do not tell George that I spoke to you, he can be seen as we interference."

"What am I to do?" she whispered in agony. "I cannot stop them. Can I reach the mill before them? I must! I must! Oh. God, give me strength!'

She sped out of the yard, taking s Berry, working in the office, start-ed and listened as the rapid footfalls

drew nearer and mounted the steps. He sprang to the door and threw it open.