REMINISCENCE.

To the chapel, just at twilight,
I passed from the world outside,
And there, in the sacred cloister,
By the Cross of the Crucified,
I cast aside all worldliness,
And all of earthly pain,
A fuller sense of blessing
And of heavenly peace to gain.

Softly I murmured the "Ave,"
In love and deep gratitude,
To her whose gifts are unceasing,
"Our Lady of Infinite Good;"
And as reverently I knelt there,
Soft strains fell upon mine ear,
And mingled with fresh volume,
That were slowly drawing near.

Two by two passed the white-veiled maidens,
Soft chanting the Vesper Hymn,
A vision of fair children,
To my eyes by tears made dim;
But when all the portal had entered
The sweet strains died on the air,
And lips lily pure as the veiling
Gently whispered the evening prayer.

Long, lonely days have passed since then,
Many freighted with bitter pain,
But each night as twilight approached
I close mine eyes and dream that again
Within the dim, cloistered chapel
I pass from the world outside,
And see the vision of children,
And the Cross of the Crucified.

—*Gertrude Eastman, in Boston Pilot.*

# MOY O'BRIEN.

## A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

By Miss Serpington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Then, sitting side by side, Lady Catherine and Moy O'Brien—the first looking flushed, indignant, haughty; the last pale, sad and gentle. Poor Moy, she hardly analyzed her own sensations, but she had a vague feeling that she had endured almost as much as she was able to bear, and that life for her in this world would soon be over.

Presently Lord Arthur suggested that after the extraordinary accusation which Mr. Hackney had made with regard to the events of the previous night, it was rather unseemly for him to be sitting there in his magisterial capacity.

*Mr.* Hackney at this moved into the back-ground behind *Mr.* Syms until called upon to speak.

Then the deposition of the wounded man was read aloud, in which he stated that, sitting on the side of the car nearest the wall from whence the shot was fired, he saw (a moment before the flash) a man's face, with a dark hat drawn down across the forehead.

Then the sergeant of constabulary repeated how, hearing a gun, he saddled his horse and rode along in the direction the sound had come, as only a few minutes before M. Hackney had left Ballyvorna and driven that way; how very soon he had come upon the scene and found the wounded man in the ditch, and Mr. Hackney standing beside Miss O Brien and protesting that she had fired the gun which lay on the ground beside the two.

After the cross-examination of this witness Mr. Hackney was called upon to give his account of the affair. He came forward holding his head not quite at the acute angle usual to him Neither had he put up his eye-glass; but he began with great effrontery to relate how, calling to inquire for his friend, old Mr. O'Brien, for whom, out of kindness, he was in the habit of doing business, he had found Miss O'Brien alone, and had taken the opportunity of asking her most respectfully to be his wife; that instead of giving him a civil answer, which every man was entitled to on such an occasion, she had flown into a violent passion and ordered him out of the house; that at first he refused to go, and tried to reason with her, but that she became so infuriated he thought he had better leave, as she really looked as if she could murder him then; that perhaps he ought to add that he had discovered one reason for Miss O'Brien's violent hatred of him, which was the fact that he had most unfortunately invested nearly all her grandfather's money in a concern which was not prospering very well just at present, and Miss O'Brien was afraid they would be left penniless, and, of course, did not like the idea—indeed, it seemed to madden her; and by this, and her long attendance on her sick grandfather, he would seek to account for and excuse the extraordinary circumstances that followed. He left the house (he went on), and found Peter Brady, the car-driver, at the gate, waiting for orders; that he returned with him to the inn, put the horse in at once, and set out homeward; that not long after they passed Mr. O'Brien's house he saw a flash, heard a report of a gun, and the next moment the driver fell off the car, and he, jumping down, had hard work to prevent the horse backing over the wounded man as he lay on the ground; that as soon as he had moved the man out of the way he got over the wall to see if he could find any trace of the cowardly assassin, and there he found Miss O'Brien, who, instead of expressing any sorrow for what had occurred, seemed rather to glory in her awful position; and, therefore, the kindness and the only supposition under the circumstances was that, at the time, poor Miss O'Brien was quite out of her senses; and knowing all the trouble she had gone through lately, this was perhaps not to be wondered at—her brother's death, her grandfather's illness, and the loss in money affairs.

In cross-examination Mr. Hackney admitted that he was driving the car himself, that he always did at night, on account of the threatening letters he had received.

Then Tim O'Leary was called upon to give an account of his movements on the previous evening. 'When I left home,' he said, 'I did not mean to be long, so I never shut the door. My mother had gone to see a friend, so there was no one in the house, not even a dog. The gun I left safe on the wall. It was not loaded, but the things for it were handy on a shelf below. I went down to my master's house, and it was quite dark then. I went into the kitchen, and I heard a man's voice talking in the dining-room next door. I asked who was there, and found it was that scoundrel, Mr.——.' Here he scowled in a fearful manner at Mr. Hackney, and Lord Arthur interrupted the evidence by warning Tim that every word he said would be used against him at the trial.

'Thank you, my lord. Then I'll only think it. Sure they can't hang a man for what he thinks. Well, the talking went on, and knowing who was there, I got that uneasy like I walked into the hall and back into the kitchen, my fingers just itching to lay hold on the— Yes, my lord, I'll be careful this time. As I went backward and forward from the hall to the kitchen, once, as I had got as far as the easy-chair by the kitchen fire, and was just speaking, in a fury like, about the man being allowed to walk the head off our young lady, I heard her voice calling me, clear—like a bell—'Tim, Tim O'Leary.' Lord, but there never was a man born that could beat the pace I went at into the next room, and there stood Miss Moy alone. And 'He's out of the window,' says she; 'that will do. I'm, you made him go,' says she, quite easy like. Now he was gone, but it did not do for me, you double-dyed— Yes, my lord, I'd remember. Tim swallowed down the unspoken word 'villain,' but his eyes seemed to throw it at Mr. Hackney. 'Well, I says to myself, I'll teach him to come here asking Miss Moy for the twentieth time to marry him, and teasing the life out of her that's worried enough already; and with that I seized the master's whip, and tore, like one possessed, down past our cottage and along the road to the turning. Now, says I, settling myself and getting my breath, come on, you (I won't mention the names I called him, my lord) —come on, and Tim O'Leary will break every bone in your body. Of course I didn't mean to do as bad as that. I meant to do it all fair like, and to have the driver for a witness that it was fair and above board. I'd have followed him to the inn and done it there, only I knew the constables would stop me and the villain would not get his deserts. You see, my lord, it was an old score I had to settle; it wasn't only for Miss Moy's sake, but because that man turned me out of house and home and murdered my poor old father. Sure it was only by the greatest persuasion I had kept my hands off him all these long months.'

Tim paused to take breath, and Mr Syms, thinking he had finished his story, said:

'Well, young man, after what you have just confessed, I think my brother justices will look no further for the man who attempted to murder Mr. Hackney.'

As Mr. Syms sat and listened to his employer's account of the affair he made up his mind to throw up the agency at once. So he cared little what Mr. Hackney might think of his difference of opinion as to the sex of the would be assassin.

Tim shook his head and smiled. 'No, sir,' he said very respectfully; 'I did not do it. God knows that if I had I'd say so now to save my dear young mistress any trouble. Sure she wasn't even wishing him to get a good licking, but ran after me, thinking I meant murder, and she determined to prevent that. Miss Moy knows that all of us would die for her, and gladly; but I cannot tell a lie. I must go on now and finish. I waited long on the road for him to come, and at last the car quite empty, dashed by me. Then I knew that something had happened. I walked back, and very soon met the Constabulary, and heard all.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

"How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!"
—Shakespeare.

When Tim O'Leary had finished his account of the events of the night before, there was no one in the room who really believed him to be the guilty person in the affair; but if Tim was innocent, who was guilty? He was severely cross-examined, but never wavered in the least. The last question had just been asked and answered, and Lord Arthur was nerving himself to address Moy, and request her to 'be so kind' as to give them her version of the whole affair, when there came such a noise of talking, struggling, and knocking at the door that all eyes were directed toward it. Suddenly it opened, and little Barney's acquaintance the guant-looking denizen of the caves, stood before the astonished justices.

In one instant Mr. Hackney was crouching behind the large arm-chair that contained the portly form of Lady Catherine's father. From behind this substantial shelter the terrified being called out to the constables to see that the man was unarmed, while Lord Arthur requested to know his name.

'My name's Dan Riley,' said he, in a loud, defiant voice; 'and I've come here to make a statement.'

There he stood, wild-looking and dirty, trying to shake off the hands of the men who held him, his bloodshot eyes glaring savagely in the direction of the arm-chair.

'Has your statement anything to say as to what occurred last night?' inquired one of the gentlemen.

'It has, your honor. I'm the best witness you could have. I'll tell you the whole story now.' Then he began and drew a vivid picture of all the woe that Mr. Hackney's coming had brought upon him and his; how one unreasonable demand after another had proved to him what Mr. Hackney really wanted—namely, to turn him out of the farm that he and his father before him had been born and brought up on, and worked in and loved; how all the worry and drink; how he refused to pay the increased rent, and told Mr. Hackney (what proved to be the truth) that he only wanted to turn him and his out to make room for cattle; how at last the bitter day came when he found himself on the road with his wife and two little ones; how the youngest—a mere baby—died in his arms from cold and exposure, and three weeks after his wife herself breathed out her last sigh in a neighbor's cabin, where the people promised to take care of 'Little Dan' while the father went away to get work; how in a few weeks he got word that fever had broken out, and that little Dan was dying, and hurried back only to find the child lying in his coffin! And then he had taken a dreadful oath 'that he would be the death of *Mr.* Hackney.'

He never had paused for a word, and no one interrupted him.

'I waited a little,' he continued. 'I wrote him a letter, and I followed him about, but I never got a chance, and was near locked up one night, and had to fly. I gave out that I was going over the sea, but I only went where I wasn't known. It wasn't much I got anyhow, and I mostly drank it. I was hunted here and hunted there, like the bad man I was become; but I say, 'There's a just God as knows all we went through, and knows how I was drove to the drink.' Well, last night I knew that man there came into town—I saw him. Peter was driving then, I think; I was going across the country to see a friend; I had no gun, I did to let him pass: they stopped at a gate, and I heard him tell Peter he didn't think he'd be long, but to come back for orders when he'd put the horse up. I went away up the bank then to the road above to sit down a bit and think if I'd time to go back, and there I saw a cabin door open, and a gun on the wall. I took it down and loaded it, and while I was doing it I caught a button on my coat against a drawer, and it fell off. I dare not stay to find it, but if any one will look they can match it these, and prove my words are true. I crept down the bank again, and waited for the man who has made me what I am now. At last he came driving along. I heard his cursed voice speaking to poor Peter, and I—I fired the shot, your honors. Dan Riley, and none but he, was there! I fired the shot, and thought I saw him fall over, and then I threw away the gun. I never looked behind me, for I seemed to hear a rustle in the wood. To-day I know what I heard, and how it all was. I know that one (too good for the likes of me to name) was there to try and stop murder.' His wild eyes turned for one moment to where Miss O'Brien sat beside her friend. 'I know, too, it was poor Tim O'Leary's gun I took; but worse than all, I know I wounded Peter Brady! So here I am, your honor.'

He concluded with a little bow to Lord Arthur, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a most merciful expression.

The constables closed round the man, who went with them willingly from the room.

While Lady Catherine sat beside her friend, Moy O'Brien, at the magistrates' private inquiry, Miss Wentworth, suddenly deserted by Lord Arthur and his daughter, and finding the older lady busy writing letters, devoted her lonely hours to inditing a long epistle to Mr. Gilmartin, in which she said: 'I dare say you remember a nice young Irish lady you once met at our house in town, for you said her name ought to be 'Maud,' not 'Moy,' because of her 'exquisite face.' Do you remember?—but, indeed, now I think of it, you may have met when you came over here; only, perhaps, she was still in England then. However, you will, I know, be sorry to hear that she is in terrible trouble through a wretch of a man who for a long time has persecuted her to marry him. (I am sorry to say he is an Englishman.) Last night when he came with the same old story she called her servants to show him out of the house; one of them, being rather a fiery creature, dashed after him with—it is feared—a gun. Miss O'Brien, very naturally followed to try and prevent murder. I can't quite understand how it all happened; but the wretch (no doubt in revenge) says now that the young lady fired at him. Of course that is perfectly absurd, and no one believes it; but there is a private inquiry going on to-day, and Catherine has hurried off to be with her friend, Miss O'Brien. Lady Arthur is writing; my brother is out fishing—so I am alone.'

Ten minutes after Mr. Gilmartin had received this letter he started for Ireland.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Of deserving works there is no dearth in our midst, but one has lately been brought to our notice which because of its great aim claims special mention at the Christmas season. This is St. Joseph's Apostolic School, a good work of whose existence and object, perhaps, many of our readers may be unaware. And yet there is none more important in the whole field of the Church, since its end is to afford young men who are called to the priesthood, but have not the means to pay for the necessary training, an opportunity to fulfill their vocation. Outside of the little the students can pay, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart depend for the support of the institution on the charitable faithful. What nobler and more meritorious work than to give priests to God's Church! And yet all can have a share in it by purchasing a copy of the "Apostolic School Number" of the *Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart*. This special number will appear just before Christmas and will be sold for the benefit of the Apostolic School at 25 cents a copy. We learn from the Director that it will be a very fine issue and will contain stories, poems, etc., by such well known writers as Maurice F. Egan, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Rev. Father Edmund, C. P., E L Dorsey, Sarah Trainer Smith, Marion Ames Taggart, Henry Coyle, and others, and beautiful half-tone illustrations. A certificate entitling the holder to the spiritual advantages of Benefactors will accompany each copy. 25 cents could not be better expended than by ordering a copy. Address Rev F. Derichemont, M. S. H., St Joseph's Apostolic School, Watertown, N. Y.

### His First Appearance.

HE ARRIVED AT AN HOTEL AND FOLLOWS OUT INSTRUCTIONS.

Detroit Free Press.

He was a country fellow from away up the creek and paid a visit to the county town accompanied by his wife. He drove up to the side entrance of the hotel, left his mule and rockaway at the door, took the lady in, and followed a hall along until he came to the office.

'Anybody here keep a tavern?' he inquired, sticking his head in the door.

'Yes'; I do,' responded the landlord, coming forward.

'Can I get stoppin' here over night, for me an' the old woman?'

The landlord informed him that he could.

'I've got a mule and a rockaway outside,' he went on. 'Kin you keep them too?'

'Oh, yes, we've got a nice livery stable attached to the house.'

'Good enough; I'll stop with you.'

'Well, step this way, please, and register,' and the landlord got behind the counter and shoved the book out.

The guest approached it cautiously.

'Got to do any writin'?' he inquired nervously.

'Not much, only your name and whoever is with you.'

'Its safe enough to do it, I reckon?' he half inquired, taking up the pen awkwardly.'

'Certainly,' said the landlord, assuringly. 'All the guests did it.'

'What have I got to write?'

'The name, where from, and so forth.'

The guest wrestled with the pen for a minute or two, sticking his tongue out about two inches in his efforts to get it straigh', and shoved the book back again.

'Thar, that's what you want, I reckon?'

The landlord looked at it, and with a soft and sunny smile, said it would do.

'The guest had written:

'John Bigley, mule and rockaway and wife, Bigleyville, Perry county, Ky., and so forth.'

### Proved an Alibi.

Detroit Free Press.

It was a case of chicken-stealing and the prints of bare feet were found in the sand around the hen-house The lawyer for the prosecution was one who, if he had been Napoleon Bonaparte, never would have crossed the Alps; he would simply have pulled them up by the roots and thrown them over the fence. The prisoner was an unknown tramp, and lame at that.

'You say you don't know anything about this theft?' queried the lawyer fiercely.

'That's what I swore to, sir,' replied the tramp meekly.

'You were in the back yard of Slamtipp's house about supper time?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You know the location of the hen-house?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You were seen on the road in front of the house some time after dark!'

'I was there, sir.'

'You were in the yard after dark?'

'Yes, sir, and after supper also, sir,' replied the prisoner, with a wan smile at his innocent little joke in such a place.

'And you were seen by the cook sitting on the door-step with your shoe off?'

'Yes, sir; there was a pebble in it that was too big to get out of the hole it got in at.'

'Now, sir, I suppose to prove that you made those tracks with your bare feet while you were stealing the chickens of the plaintiff.'

'You can't do it, sir,' said the prisoner, mildly but firmly.

'And why not, pray?' asked the prosecutor, with fine sarcasm.

'Because, sir, I've got one wooden leg,' and he gave a kick that sent it clean across the court-room and almost knocked a constable senseless.


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