

JIM.

It was a peaceful little village in the North of Ireland, far away from the noise and tumult of the busy world; its inhabitants were simple people, interested only in their daily labor and the gossip and scandal of their immediate neighborhood.

The summer sun shone on the village street, playing on the white-faceted houses, and creeping through the Gothic windows into the cool, dark church, where a few of the little school children were playing a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament on that small village there were six different places of worship; for, besides the usual Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian churches, there were also Methodist and Unitarian meeting-houses, and an old and venerable shopkeeper, not being one enterprising himself with any of these able to satisfy a religion of his own.

He declared he "had found the Lord," and forthwith he built a meeting-house, and for himself and his family, and for the benefit of his neighbors, had founded a religion of his own. The two old sisters, who, this Sunday of their lives, trudged off to the little school children were playing a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament on that small village there were six different places of worship; for, besides the usual Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian churches, there were also Methodist and Unitarian meeting-houses, and an old and venerable shopkeeper, not being one enterprising himself with any of these able to satisfy a religion of his own.

As they got outside the church door, Katty heaved a sigh. "I doubt it's not many more times I'll be going down there, Anne," she said. "I'll not be long before I'm carried there in my coffin. I'm nearly spent. And Anne could not deny it, as she glanced at the bent, feeble form beside her.

"Maybe you'll get stronger," she said cheerfully, as she pushed open the garden gate and helped her sister up the little path. To their surprise, they found the house door half open, for they always carefully closed it when they went out.

"Why, Katty, there must be someone within," Anne exclaimed as she hurried into the house, but she stopped amazed on the threshold of the kitchen. Seated by the fire, crouched close up to it, though it was a warm summer's evening, was a tall, thin man, with long moustaches.

He turned his head as Anne entered, then rose to his feet, and the next minute both the sisters had rushed into his arms. "It was Jim come home at last. 'Oh, man alive, where have you been, and what have they been doing to you? You're terrible faded. You just look fit to walk into your coffin.' Katty cried in consternation, when at length they released him from their embraces and were able to see how thin and worn he was.

"So I am, just fit for it," Jim answered with a grim smile, as he sank back into his chair again. "I've come home to die." Anne, being alarmed at this evident weakness, hurried off to get him some food; and then in the deepening twilight he told them his story of failure and disappointment—no appointment, indeed; of how he expected and contended for a position of honor and confidence in America, full of expectation and confidence of success. At first he got some odd jobs to do, and then he did pretty well for a time, but he got tired of it and gave it up; and so he went on from one thing to another, never doing any good, until at last his health broke down, and he had struggled home, weary and disappointed.

Later on he went to bed in his own little room, which had always been kept ready for him, and he never got up again. The old aunts nursed him day and night, but they could not save him. His constitution had been completely undermined, and he was sinking rapidly. Father McConville came to see him every day, and it was a great comfort to the poor old sisters that their boy was surrounded by all the helps that the Church could give him.

It was another lovely evening, about six o'clock; the little children were still playing in the dusty street, their shrill voices calling to each other breaking on the stillness. A few men were standing idly at their doors, enjoying their pipe in the cool evening air, after their hard day's work. Two of them stood together opposite the cottage where the old sisters lived. Father McConville had just gone in. Anne had thought that Jim was getting very weak, and sent one of the little boys who were playing about the street to ask the priest to come up.

"I doubt he'll not last long," one of the men remarked, nodding his head towards the little upstairs room where Jim lay dying. "He's greatly faded. I never saw anyone go so fast, and he a great strong, young fellow when he went away."

"I would be as well he went soon," replied the other; "he'll do no good." The Northerners are not a demonstrative race; they feel sorry for their neighbors when they are in trouble, but it is not in their nature to express their sympathy. The two men stood silently watching the little window for a few minutes, and just as the Angelus bell was beginning to peal, a withered hand went up to the window and drew down the blind. "May God have mercy on his soul," they exclaimed together as they stood with uncovered heads, for then they knew that Jim was dead.—L. M. W. in Irish Monthly.

THAT TIRED FEELING Is a common complaint, and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

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Miss Yearey: Do you think a woman ought to work for a husband? Miss Quick: Yes, till she gets him.

tea, Anne. You'll find the kettle behind the wee creepie yonder, and the tea is in that box before you."

Anne found all the necessary articles, and having made the old woman comfortable, with her teapot in front of her, she prepared to go.

"And now, Mary," she said, slipping a few pence into her hand, "I want you to pray for our Jim, that he'll come back to us soon, before we're dead and gone."

"I will, Anne, I will; and have you never heard no word of him yet?"

"Never a line since he left," said Anne, the tears standing in her eyes.

"I'll pray for him, Anne, so I will, for he was a nice boy, and I'm real sorry for you."

It was just a week later that Anne and Katty started down the sunny street for their daily visit to the church. Very slow Katty walked, clinging to Anne's arm, and when they reached the shady porch, she stopped for a minute to rest. Then they passed on into the silent church. There was no one there except Mary Fagan, who was once again in her accustomed place, in front of the Blessed Virgin's altar, praying fervently with her hands in her hand. She said the fifteen decades of the Rosary every day of her life, and she was now "just giving it a last turn," as she expressed it herself.

The two old sisters knelt down in front of the high altar, and prayed earnestly for their boy, with just as much hope and faith as they had when he left them three years ago. Then after a few minutes they rose and left the church, Mary Fagan still remaining, wrapt in her devotions.

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HOME RULE.

The Irish World Says the Elections Strengthened Its Position in Ireland.

Notwithstanding the unhappy discussions, the recent elections have resulted in strengthening the position of the Home Rule cause in Ireland. This is frankly recognized as follows by a British Tory paper, the London Saturday Review.

"Upon the single question of opposition to the existing system of government the Irish electorate has revealed itself to be more of one mind in 1895 than it was in 1892. Not only have two Ulster seats been taken from the Unionists, but in more than half the remaining seats in the North where there were contests the Nationalists have either increased their own majorities or diminished those of their opponents. With the exception of the two Dublin seats, where Mr. Kenny and Mr. Horace Plunkett more than held their own, the poll of the scattered Unionists in the three Catholic provinces is this time on the whole rather less imposing than usual. Indeed, in Cork, Waterford, Kilkenny, and, in fact, every other borough or partially urban constituency, except Galway, comparatively few Unionists took the trouble to vote at all. Upon the face of the figures, which show a total of eighty-two Nationalists of all shades, as against eighty in the late House of Commons, Home Rule has strengthened its position in Ireland."

Eighty-two Home Rulers and twenty-one opponents of Home Rule. Such is the result of the latest appeal to the ballot box in Ireland. The total number of members that Ireland has in the House of Commons is 103. Of this number eighty-two are Home Rulers. In two provinces of Ireland, Munster and Connaught, not one opponent of Home Rule has been elected. The total number of members for these two provinces is forty. They are all Home Rulers. The province of Leinster has twenty-eight members, not counting the two for Trinity College. These two are not chosen by the electors of any district. They are elected by the graduates of the college, and this being a Protestant institution, the members elected are, of course, always Tories as well as Protestants. But of the total twenty-eight Leinster members elected by the voters of the province in their respective districts, only two are opponents of Home Rule.

For three of the four provinces of Ireland, then, the result stands thus: Total members for the three provinces, 68; total opponents of Home Rule, 2. So if or ninety-five years of legislative union with Great Britain it has been found impossible to get in three of the four Irish provinces more than two supporters of that union elected to Parliament. In other words, after close on a century of so-called union, three-fourths of Ireland all but unanimously condemn that union and demands the restoration of Ireland's Legislature.

As for the remaining fourth of Ireland, that is, the province of Ulster, it is not against Home Rule, though this is the constant claim of the Orange party. Ulster has thirty-three members in the House of Commons. At the recent elections in the province sixteen Home Rulers were elected, leaving the opponents of Home Rule only a majority of one for the whole province. A few years ago the Home Rulers had a majority in Ulster, but it was lost through the Parnellite dissensions. As the situation stands, however, it is, of course, ridiculous to talk, as the Orangemen do, about "Ulster" being "dead against" Home Rule. The enemies of Home Rule have hardly half of Ulster on their side. Against them is the other half of Ulster, with the three other provinces all but solid—three and a half of the four parts of Ireland for Home Rule; only a half of one of the four parts of Ireland against it.

Such is the attitude of Ireland toward British rule—an attitude as hostile today as at any period since the union was carried in spite of the known wishes of the vast majority of the Irish people. The Tory Saturday Review sees the fact and declares it would be "simple folly" to ignore it. "In the face of the increased Home Rule majority in Ireland," it says, "it would be simple folly to ignore the prevalent feeling in that country and to proceed during the next few years as if nothing had happened." Perhaps Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour may proceed as if nothing had happened, but we think that in such case they may get some wholesome reminders, which it will always be in the power of the Irish people and their representatives to give when needed.

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