

**A Foolish Wish.**

Why need I seek some burden small to bear  
Will not a host of smaller souls be there,  
Whom heaven's will to do?  
Of stronger hands, unfeeling, unafraid?  
O' my soul! what matters my small aid  
Before I go?

I tried to find, that I might show to them,  
The path of purer lives; the light was dim—  
If I had found some footprints of the way;  
It is too late their wandering feet to stay,  
Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer,  
Before I go;  
But still the chords ring false; some jar of  
some jangling woe,  
And at the end I can not weave one chord  
To float into their hearts my last warm word  
Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell  
Before I go,  
That one word, how I have loved them well,  
Could they but know!  
And would have gazed for some gleam of good;  
Have sought it long; still seek—if but I  
could!  
Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing on the beach at play;  
'Before I go.'  
He begs the mother "let me stay  
One hour to throw!"  
'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs the shore—  
'Ah, let me toss one little pebble more  
Before I go.'  
—Edward Howard Hill, "The Hermitage."

**KNOCKNAGOW**  
OR,  
**THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.**

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

**CHAPTER LXVI.—CONTINUED.**

"Yes," she replied, throwing her hair back from her face; "because, when he went to get married last winter, the priest sent him away. He asked him, 'What is matrimony?' and Barney answered: 'The marriage money; and so Father Carroll refused to marry him till he had learned his catechism.'"

"An' d— a hard work I had makin' up the same marriage money," returned Barney, with an injured look. "An' when I had it, 'tis little I thought I'd be troubled with any other money."

"And what sort of a wife are you going to get?" Mrs. Kely asked, turning round and bending her black eyes on the odd figure before her.

"A good labourer's man up a wife, ma'am," Barney answered readily. "Peg Brady."

And so Barney and Peg Brady added one more to the "jobs," which happened to be neither few nor far between that season—though very like "angels' visits" to Father Carroll's mind, notwithstanding.

But one more of these "jobs" concerns us too intimately to be passed over. Do you recollect the still, summer day when the glad tidings that Noraah Leahy was sitting out under the beech tree ran like wildfire from end to end of Knocknagow? And how, while Miss Kearney stopped to talk to Noraah, a shy young girl ran into the house to talk to the old lunnet? And how she was caught in a motherly embrace as she jumped down from the chair?

Well, that same shy girl was clasped to the same motherly heart in the pretty house where Mat Donovan was so warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained, near the city of Boston, a few months before.

"Oh, the villain of the world!" exclaimed Honor Leahy, "never to tell me a word about it!" He said 'twas going to see the Pope he was.

"And I did go to see the Pope," said Mr. Tom Leahy, laughing.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Leahy," Edna added, "we were in Rome, and saw His Holiness. I have a badge blessed by himself for you. And we have got our portraits painted, and have a great many other things that you will like."

"Don't talk to me about anything but yourself," returned Honor, with another pang. "Oh, did I ever think my poor old heart would ever feel the joy that's swollen 'till up this minute as bid as Silve namon? Glory to be to God for all His mercies! Wonders will never cease. But, O my darlin' Edna, will I ever again kneel down on the green grave in the old churchyard where my own darlin' is asleep—at home in beautiful Ireland?"

"You will," Phil Leahy answered, emphatically. "There are bright days in store for beautiful Ireland, as you call her, and as she deserves to be called. There is a spirit growing up among the outcast children of beautiful Ireland that will yet cause another English monarch to exclaim: 'Cursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects.' The long night of her sorrow is drawing to a close. And, with God's blessing, 'we'll all be in beautiful Ireland again."

"You are right, father," returned the fine young Irish American. "We will never forget old Ireland."

But, however glad we are to have to record these happy events, we have not the least notion of attempting a description of them. To our mind, Ned Brophy's wedding was worth them all put together—including the bishop, whose presence so honored Mrs. Kearney's head that she all but cut the O'Shaughnessys for a whole month after. To be sure, Father Hanigan was at Edna's wedding, and did something to make it like a wedding. But, if the truth must be told, the "wedding" of the whole affair weighed heavily on the spirits of all present. Father Hanigan came all the way from his mountain parish—where he was looked upon by his flock as an oracle in all matters, whether spiritual or temporal—and gave them the news of the week, with his own comments, from the altar every Sunday, after the last gospel. Not one newspaper, except his own—and a single copy of the *Weekly Catholic Illuminator*, which two policemen and a process server jointly subscribed for—ever found its way into Father Hanigan's parish. And yet we grieve to say, his parish supplied the *London Times* with more than one text for an article upon the well-worn theme of agrarian crime in Ireland. But Father Hanigan had a habit of addressing any member of his flock, against whom he happened to have a complaint to make, by name, in a manner that was very trying to the nerves of the congregation, and kept them upon the rack until he had come down from the altar, each dreading to hear his or her own name blurted out by the preacher at any moment. Hugh

Kearney, who visited Father Hanigan the Sunday before his marriage, had an opportunity of witnessing this, when, as he rose from his knees, at the conclusion of the Mass, he was startled by the words: "Mrs. Morrisey, why don't you send your daughter to the chapel to teach the children their catechism? 'Twould be come her better than dancing. 'Follow me down to Carlow,' over these at Bahaenacorrige."

"She'll come every other Sunday, sir," returned Mrs. Morrisey, with a respectful look at a young girl who knelt next Hugh, and whose burning cheeks told all too plainly that she was the delinquent who performed the dance at Bahaenacorrige to teaching the catechism to the children in the chapel.

"If ever a man died of a broken heart it was poor Father M'Mahon!" was Father Hanigan's remark, as he and Hugh came to the turn of the road near Mat Donovan's. "Knocknagow killed him. He never raised his head after. And 'tis a terrible change, sure enough," he added, as he turned round in the gig, and looked down the hill. "'Tis a terrible change, and 'tis hard to know where 'twill stop, or what will be the end of it. You had a narrow escape yourselves. Only for the new lease Sir Garrett gave you before the property was sold, 'y'd be in a bad way. There's nothing like security."

"That's true," Hugh observed. "And those new landlords are raising the rents to the last shilling the land will make. They look upon their purchases solely from a commercial point of view, and I fear many that will prove harder masters than their predecessors."

"How Edna and Kely getting on with Woodlands?" Father Hanigan asked.

"Oh, first-rate," returned Hugh. "He is becoming a capital farmer. But he may thank Mat Donovan, who is his right-hand man."

"'Twas a great consolation to the old baronet to die in the home of his ancestors," the priest observed. "But I believe he could not have saved it from the wreck, only for the doctor's money. But I believe the doctor had the best of the bargain after all. What is he going to give yourself?"

"Oh, I never spoke of such a thing," Hugh replied, looking displeased.

"Oh, when the money is there, I don't see why you shouldn't get it," returned Father Hanigan. "I'll talk to Kely about it."

"I request that you will not," said Hugh. "It would be most disagreeable to me."

"Well, very well—I won't mind it. And, indeed, I believe there's no occasion. He won't forget Grace, I'll be bound. But are we going to have Flaherty?"

"Yes," Hugh answered, laughing at the abruptness with which his reverend friend changed the subject; "he promised to come."

And Mr. Flaherty kept his promise. And, though the crimson-velvet bag was somewhat faded, not so was his music, which was as brilliant as ever. Indeed, when, at Father Hanigan's request, he commenced to play the "Gullin," there was a little scene which surprised many persons present. Mrs. Edmund Leahy could not control her emotion, and, pressing her face against her husband's breast, she sobbed aloud, and was so overcome by her feelings that Mrs. O'Connor, who was, perhaps, as deeply moved as herself—though you would never guess it by looking at her—led her impulsive friend from the room; the blind musician, as they gilded by, raising his head with that listening expression, as if an invisible spirit were whispering to him what was going on.

Arthur and Edmund followed them out after a little while.

"Rally, Annie, you surprise me," said Edmund.

"I couldn't help it, Edmund. It brought poor papa so vividly to my mind. The night is very fine. Let us walk for a while."

"I object," said Arthur, touching her shoulder with the tips of his fingers. "So they remained standing at the window."

"I believe," said Mary, after a silence of several minutes, as she raised her blue eyes to the clear sky—"I believe there is no happiness in this world without a shadow upon it."

"And what shadow do you see now?" Arthur asked.

"Poor Edna, so far away," she replied sadly.

"She is a happy girl," returned Arthur. "Yes, I hope and believe so."

"And surely Grace is happy," Edmund observed.

"Y'd be talking of happiness," exclaimed Maurice Kearney, who had come into the room unobserved, and somewhat startled them by the abruptness of his address. "Y'd be talking of happiness. Wattletoes and Peg Whack—Mr. Kearney had a genius for nicknames—are the happiest pair in Europe. Come, Mrs. Kely; you must come in and give us a song."

mamma when she was dying. These two little ladies are their grandmamma's pets; and even "dressing dinners" is not half so important a matter now in Mrs. Kearney's eyes as it used to be. But they have been observed, lately, feeling their noses carefully, and climbing upon chairs to look at them in the glass; for people are continually telling them that the said noses are "out of joint" since the arrival of the plump little stranger in the cradle; and they wonder much how that can be, seeing that the plump little stranger never touched their noses at all, but, on the contrary, seems to devote most of his waking hours to vigorously thumping his own nose with his dimpled little fist, which, fortunately for him, has no knuckles, and therefore cannot hurt him very much. The nose, his grandmother avers is her uncle Dan's; and the nose bud of mouth—that is never done blowing bubble—his aunt Mary's; and the double chin, his grandfather's "all over."

"And," Mrs. Kearney would continue, "he'll have his father's eye-brows." "And his mother's cheek," Hugh added one day. At which Grace laughed, and shook her fist at him.

And who so happy as Grace! For a while there was one little vexation that used to put her into a scolding humor. Hugh was as great a stay-at-home as ever; and Grace was as fond of a dance as ever. There was a round of very pleasant little parties at Christmas time among their acquaintances, to not one of which Hugh could be induced to go—except to Woodlands. He was ready enough to go there, Grace said. And when her father was at Woodlands on these occasions, and he and Hugh and Edmund discussed literary or political subjects—with Dr. Arthur O'Connor to contradict everybody and object to everything; for Arthur was nothing if not critical—Grace used to say it came fully up to her ideas of what refined and intellectual society ought to be. And the old mansion, and the ancestral trees outside—for the timber at Woodlands was not all cut down—and a certain high born air in the hostess, were not altogether lost sight of. Grace's notions about the "upper ten" were considerably modified since the time she used to edify Mary with her views as to what an aristocracy ought to be.

But though Hugh would go nowhere but to Woodlands, he wished her to go, saying that her account of all that had happened would be better than being there herself. And this was quite true. But equally true was it that Hugh Kearney found it very pleasant to be alone with his book of an evening, reading and thinking. Yet, let the page or the vision be never so fascinating, the moment he heard her voice or her footstep, his heart leaped to welcome her.

One night Grace was home earlier than usual. She drew a chair close to his, and Hugh shut his book, prepared to listen to a lively description of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's party. But to his surprise Grace remained silent and thoughtful. He looked anxiously at her, fearing that she might be ill. But there was no sign of illness in that bright, bewitching face; for, though thoughtful, it was bright, and to him, at least, it was bewitching in all moods. It was pleasant, too, to look at her dressed in such perfect taste.

"But why does she not begin to talk?" Hugh asked himself.

Not a word; she only leaned against his arm, and gazed into the fire.

"Do you remember the time when Mr. Lowe was here?" she said at last, without moving, and still gazing into the fire.

"I remember it quite well," he replied. "Indeed, I have been thinking of him and Richard to-night. It is a strange coincidence that they should be together again in another quarter of the globe."

"This very night," continued Grace, still gazing into the fire—"I can't think of the year just now, but it was this very night—they were in this room. Richard sat in the old arm chair, and Mr. Lowe was standing there with his elbow on the chimney piece. Do you remember?"

"Yes; they used to come in here to smoke."

Richard asked you whether you thought a person could love more than once? Here Grace seemed lost in thought for some minutes. "And you said yes," she continued, as if unconscious of the pause; "that a person might really love more than once! but that you believed it was the fate of some to love ones as they never could love another. Do you remember?"

"Not exactly. But I dare say I said so, for I always thought so."

"Do you think so still?"

"Yes, I certainly do."

"And you said, if it ever happened that a man or woman could never love but once, it was when two spirits rushed together in this way, and were parted by death or some other cause that did not leave him or her either."

"That has been a theory of mine," Hugh replied.

"It is still?"

"Well, yes. It is," he answered, thoughtfully.

She was silent again, gazing into the fire.

"Hugh."

He bent over her, and looked into her eyes.

"Tell me—"

"What am I to tell you?" he asked, smiling; for she had relapsed into silence.

"Was it of me you were thinking when you said that?" She bent back her head, and raised her eyes to his with a confident smile.

He was on the point of answering seriously. "Yes," when he recollected himself, and, leaning back in his chair, laughed heartily.

She looked up in surprise, and even appeared troubled.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked.

"Just remember how old were you at that time?" he replied.

"Ah, no matter," said Grace; "can't you say it was of me you were thinking?"

"Well, perhaps I had some sort of a prevision of what was to come—"

"And now I find the fancy true. And, after that the vision made it."

But how did you remember all this?"

"I don't know. I was passing the door while you were saying it. I didn't mind it at all the time, but it occurred to me afterwards. That and Bessy Morrisey's story about the Beauty Bess, and Fionn Macool, and 'the one little girl that he'd

rather have than any of them,' were constantly in my mind."

"How much I owe Bessy Morrisey," said Hugh, half laughing, half solemnly, laying his hand upon her head. "She and Mat Donovan are the happiest couple in all Tipperary this moment."

"No; not the happiest," said Grace. "I sometimes fear we are too happy, Hugh."

"Not too happy, so long as we do not forget the Giver." She made no reply, but continued gazing into the fire.

"Now, Grace, do you think I can allow this? Where is the use in your being here, drinking this 'tis hot. I thought you were in bed an hour ago."

It was Mrs. Kearney, who roused them from their dreaming a full half-hour after Hugh had last spoken. She came into the room with a posset for Grace; who, Mrs. Kearney would have it, required all sorts of nursing just then.

"This is in the winter—the 'dreary winter' some people call it. But no one in that old cottage ever thought of calling it dreary."

It is now autumn, towards the end of September.

"I can't help feeling a little discontented," said Grace. "Whenever Edmund makes his appearance Hugh is never home till long after 'tighf'night. And if they chance to go near Woodlands, I may give him up till eleven o'clock or later."

"What would you do if you were like me?" Mary asked.

"Well, I suppose," Grace replied, "I'd console myself with the idea that we were getting rich. Arthur seems to have great practice."

"Practice enough," returned Mary. "But 'tisn't the red-ribbon-runners are more plenty than 'fay.'"

"What are they?"

"I thought you knew everything. They are the red dispensary tickets which require the medical officer to attend at the residence of the patient. Arthur said this morning, when he saw those young ladies in the garden, that if the times did not mend he did not know what to do with them. But I told him he need not give them fortunes at any rate. And Mary's mild eyes beamed with all a mother's pride as she looked into the garden where her two lovely little girls were playing among the formal flower-beds."

"You meant that, like their mother, they would require no fortune."

"Yes," Mary replied innocently. But seeing Grace beginning to laugh, she added, with spirit—"I'm proud that I had been a bar to my happiness. I think if I were poor Hugh would not have concealed his love for me as he did. It is appalling to think I might never have known it only for an accident. And it would have been a just judgment to punish me for my mercenary notions."

"I remember I used to be shocked at your notions," returned Mary. "But I know you would see things in a different light. If once your heart was touched, but look at mamma—with the children. Oh, here is Arthur!" he exclaimed with a start of delight. "I did not think he'd be back for hours."

"Yes, he knows that still behind the laurels," Grace observed. "But where are those shots from? If we could intercept the sportsmen before they get to Woodlands we would be well."

"I see them," said Mary. "They are in Billy Heffernan's turnings. Let us all walk round by the village, and they will see us when we reach the bridge."

Dr. O'Connor agreed to this arrangement; and after a glass of wine, and a kiss from each of his little daughters, went with Mary and Grace to prevent Hugh's escape to Woodlands.

O'Mahony was among her best-biases; and it was pleasant to catch a glimpse of her white cap and her sad, trilled face through an opening in the clipped hedge. Mary always liked to see old Mrs. Donovan whenever she passed by the neat little thatched house. Grace liked a chat with young Mrs. Donovan; they were congenial spirits. And so, perhaps, were Mary and old Mrs. Donovan. And so you afraid to leave the child so near the best?" Grace asked.

"I am, then, and very uneasy," Bessy replied. "But his grandmother only laughs at me."

"Oh, he's a tremendous big fellow," Grace exclaimed, as she lifted Mat Thrasher's son and set him up in her arms. "I thought my young Maurice was a 'bunty,' as Barney calls him. But this lad is once and a half as heavy."

"Mat says he'll be a stone thrower," returned Bessy, laughing, as she took the infant athlete from Grace's arms, and laid him upon the ground; to roll and tumble, or lie still upon his chest, or his back, or to make short excursions upon all fours—over and anon stopping suddenly, propped up by his fat arms, to stare at a white head of cabbage with all his eyes—till his own sweat will.

"Do you ever wish to live at the Three Trees now?" Grace asked.

"Oh, never," returned Bessy. "Mat wanted to take the farm when my father sent us some money; but I would not let him."

"Is it the same place?" said Mary, sadly, as she looked down the hill. There was a low stone wall at each side of the road, the mortar of which looked very new and unpleasant to the eyes. Perhaps the mortar looked all the more fresh because of the dark stones that seemed to thrust themselves through it here and there, in order that the traveller might read the story of quenched hearths and scattered households in their soot-browned faces.

An old tree, a perch or two in from the road, marked the boundary of a "baggart" for where an ash, or an elm sheltered the peasant's cabin the tree was allowed to stand. The beech tree escaped in this way; and the pointed gable of Phil Leahy's old house, now roofless and crumbling to decay, seemed to regard the change wrought by the rule of the stranger with a grim smile—such as Phil himself might have worn while emptying the vials of his sarcasm upon the head of "that poor crawler," Tom Hogan. No

smiling faces now as they went on; no children's voices; no ringing of the mill, Mary even regretted Kit Cummins' awfully tongue, and the next-door neighbor's "Gir r-r-ont, you big guard"—of which she was reminded by seeing a cat run across the road, and over the wall at the other side, pursued by a small red terrier that always accompanied Grace in her walks.

"It is an awful change," Mary observed.

"It really is," returned Grace. "I thought of it when you said we would go through the village."

"And think of the happy crowd that used to follow the big drum to the Bush," continued Mary. "And where are they all now? Not a word, I may say, left."

"There is one melancholy relic of the crowd you speak of," Grace observed, pointing to a man in the field a little farther down.

"And what a handsome young fellow he was!"

"And for what is he rolling that stone from the wall into the field?" Arthur asked.

**FATHER LOOKHART'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CONVERSION.**

I have said that Newman never alluded to Anglican difficulties, or unless pressed, in private, by direct questions. Once I had been to confession to him; and in other ways he knew I was a great devotee about the Church of England ever since I had read "Miller's End of Controversy." After I rose from my knees I said to him, "But are you sure that you can give me absolution?" He did not speak for a few moments, then he said in a tone of deep distress, "Why will you ask me, ask Pusey." This was the first indication I had received that he himself was seriously shaken as to his own position in the Anglican Church. He soon perceived that I was more unsettled than ever. One day he came to my room and said, very kindly, but abruptly as if it were something unpleasant that he must say: "Now you must promise to remain with us for three years." I answered, "In my present state of mind I could not promise that." He said, "Will you go and see Ward and have a talk with him?" I assented, and the next day I went by appointment into Oxford to see Ward at Balliol. I remember he took me for a walk. I think we talked for three hours, walking round and round the parks, beyond Wadham College. In the end, I found myself without an answer, thoroughly puzzled, but unconvinced. Ward had just published a huge volume, "The Ideal Church," in which he made a great point of the relations between "Conscience and Intellect." His line with me was, that I must know that however convinced in my intellect that I ought to leave the English Church, I must not trust it, unless my conscience was up to the same measure as my intellect, and that knowing myself, could I say that I had cultivated my conscience, by obedience to all that I knew was the will of God, so as to justify me in being confident in the judgment of intellect? I went back to Newman in a state of perplexed conscience; but not seeing what else to do and hesitating in my judgments about the duty of submission to Rome, since I saw that such a learned, wise, and saintly man as Newman did not see it to be his duty, I gave him a promise to remain for the stipulated three years at Littlemore. Years after I found that Newman had not expected me to have given the promise. I kept my promise for about a year, but I was dreadfully unhappy. I thoroughly believed in sin and in baptism, and that there was no revealed way for the washing away of past baptismal sin except the sacrament of penance, confession, and absolution, and now I doubted seriously about Anglican jurisdiction, but still could see no Church on earth but the Visible Church in which the successor of St. Peter is the Visible Head and Source of Jurisdiction, with the power of binding and of loosing, given by our Lord to His visible Church under the Visible Head appointed by Him. At last I could bear the strain no longer, and with great grief I left my master, and was received into the Catholic Church.

In August, 1843, Newman and my friends at Littlemore and Oxford were dreadfully pained by my secession. Newman considered himself so compromised by it that he immediately resigned his parish of St. Mary's and preached his last sermon—his last sermon in the Anglican church—at Littlemore. It is entitled "The Parting of Friends." Two years later, in 1845, Newman, and many of his companions at Littlemore, and many others, made their submission to the Catholic Church. One of the first things he did after this was to pay me a most kind and loving visit at Ratisbonne College, near Leicester, where I was studying. He and other many learned disciples left the Church of England because through profound grief, and earnest seeking after God, during long years of patient waiting, so as to test thoroughly, they had come to be utterly convinced that the English Church had forfeited all claim to teach from the moment it separated from the Visible Church, whose centre is at Rome, its circumference the round world itself. Our work among English Church people was annulled. Few of the friends we had cared any longer to associate with us. We became, for most men believed we were sincere, however mistaken; but we were "the outcasts of our people." And still more was this the case when the storm arose throughout all England against the Catholics, on the occasion of the erection of the English hierarchy, and what was called the "Papal Aggression" Act of Parliament. But a reaction came, the Anglican Catholics were from the Statute Book, as the result of this revision of public opinion. After a time, too, we found our old friends, long estranged, venturing to come near us again.—*Patristic Review.*

**A HALF-BREED PRIEST.**

Bishop Grandin, O. M. I., of the Canadian diocese of St. Albert, has just ordained priest Edward John Gunningham, O. M. I., one of the "half-breed" (half-white, half-Indian) population in which the North-West Territory abounds. Father Gunningham is the first of his race to be elevated to the priesthood in Canada. A Jesuit Father in the Missouri province was the first "half-breed" priest in the United States.

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**Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. C., writes:**

"I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all.

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**Minar's Lintment is used by Physicians.**