BY T. K. T.

No words express, O lovely Child, What I behold in Thee; Nor have they power to paint the thoughts That spring to life in me;

Whene'er I gaze upon Thy face, Illumed with heavenly light, Whose radiance, brighter than the sun, Dispels my mental night.

Thy tender cheek, of white and rose, Thy lips like ruby red, Thy gentle eye, Thy winning smile, The curls about Thy head-

Awaken ever in my breast A thought of Thee above, Compassionating all my woes In Thy abiding love. At midnight, when upon my couch

I tosa in fitful sleep, I see Thee coming to my side, Thy nightly watch to keep. Impulsively I cry aloud,

Dear Saviour, stay Thou near! For, in Thy blessed company, What perils need I fear ? Oh, cleanse my heart, so oft defiled. Sweet Saviour Child Divine, And, through Thy wondrous clemency,

Bestow the grace of constancy !--My weakness, who can tell !--Until Thy angels bid me come Fore'er with Thee to dwell.

May I be wholly Thine!

BY ANNA T. SABLIER.

7 HILE Wicklow has been most justly styled "the garden of Ireland" from the extreme beauty of its hills and dales, those incomparable glens, those sparkling rivulets, those mighty hills, its most delightful scenery is in the neighborhood of the romantic Glendalough, not far from which I spent a summer with friends. I could never tire of that city of the past containing ruins which speak so loudly of a civilization as high, perhaps higher, in its character, than that of which we can boast at present, but which nevertheless was swept away in Time's relentless progress, leaving only these fragments as if in contemptuous mockery. Within that enclosure, round which winds the lovely Avonmore, had been the Abbey, the Cathedral, our Lady's Chapel and most "perfect of all the churches," as ancient chroniclers tell us, "St. Kevin's Kitchen."

It was after one of our expeditions to this farfamed solitude, that my friend suggested we should go to see Peggy O'Toole.

"I want you to see Peggy and hear one of her stories," said she. "No one should visit this part of the country without enjoying that pri-

So we set off one fine afternoon and found ourselves at the door of an ivy-covered lodge, which belonged as Peggy would have said to a gintleman's seat." Peggy had been installed there from time immemorial. We found her seated in a straight high-backed arm-chair, a very picture of peaceful old age. Her gray hair almost entirely hidden by the snowy cap which matched well with the starched muslin apron. Her hands were folded in her lap; her knitting had fallen from them, and her eyes wandered about the room, or fixed themselves musingly upon a stray sunbeam which lay upon the floor. There was a half smile upon the wrinkled face, as if some pleasant thought were passing through the old woman's mind. When she saw us she rose with native politepers to offer us a chair, and dropping a curtsy, said in a kindly voice:

"God save you, ladies. He pleased to sit down. Mrs. Lacy, ma'um I'm glad to see you, an' the honored lady that's with you

"Sometimes," she continued, "I get weary down-hearted sitting here by meself, especially when the quality up yonder, God bless them, do be away. When they be at home I'm never lost for company. But I try to keep up me spirits an' thank God I do be always merry."

indeed you are merry. Peggy, said Mrs Lacy, "as theory as a sunbeam. I've brought my friend, who comes all the way from America, to hear one of your stories, and drink a cup of your tea, if you will give it to us."

"Shure, ma'am," cried Peggy, "well you know it's proud I am to do that same. It's with me heart I give it to you, an' I'll go this minnit an' put on the kittle. We'll have it in

When the tea was ready and a snowy little table drawn up before us, upon which was some home-made bread and a pat of fresh butter, supported by the delf ten-pot and quaint-looking cups, Peggy demanded:

Well honored ladies, what's the story to be about? Not about St. Kevin, I'll go ball, for the lady's had her fill of them kind of stories, from every gossoon in the country round You heard, to be sure, how he put his holy feet into the house of a woman that was known in the neighbourhood for a temper like the mountain storm. Well, she gev him nothin' but abuse from his goin' in, an' when at last he asked for a glass of water, she bade him take off his coat an' go draw it for himself. Off he went, on'y first hanging his coat on a sunbeam on the wall. When the woman seen it first, she thought it was the Saint still there, an' she called him an idle vagabone, but when she seen it was on'y the coat hangin' on a sunbeam, she fell upon her knees an' asked the Saint, who zame in at the moment, for a blessin' an' a Fenance. An' he tould her she'd have a long Purgatory afore her on account of her evil Oh, there's great tales told about here of the Blessed St. Kevin's dalin's with the evil spirits, an' his victories over them. But 1 know it's none of them you want to hear at all,

"I want you instead," said Mrs. Lacey, " to tell my friend the story of Dark Dick Cronin." "The Lord atween us an' harm," said the old woman, growing as serious as her sunny nature permitted, "he was dark, indeed, an' threw the blackest shadow that ever fell on this country-side. But I'll tell his story, what I know of it, if the lady cares to hear."

The drew her hand once or twice neross her lips, always a preparatory gesture with her, and leaning back in her chair, began her

"I was a young slip of a girl at the time, an" in sarvice up yonder at the Coort, with the gran'father an' mother of him that's in It now, I mane the young master. This Dick Cronin, or Dark Dick, as he kem to be called, was in Farvice, too, about the stables. An' when the young master, not this one in coorse, was a growin' lad, Dick used to teach him to ride, an' they'd go off together of an afternoon, Well, one dark, stormy lookin' evenin, when the sky was as like Dick's own scowlin' face as one ponny is like another, I was busy in the mornin' room where the ould madam was sittin'. All at wunst, sliegot up an' went to the

winddy: " 'I'm gettin' very uneasy, says she, ' Master Louis has not returned yet, an' there's goin' to be a storm.' I said nothin', for I didn' quite wan to save me the trouble of watchin' him.' know whether she was speaking to me, or not, an' I knew my place too well to put in my flend out of the pit.'

tongue unbidden. But she turned round, an speakin' direct to me, mild an' gracious as she ever an' always was, said :

he has often been late afore. "' Deed he has ma'am,' says I, though all the time I was thinkin' not on such a stormful afternoon. She sat down again, but by an by she rose up and began to walk about.

" ' I am terrible anxious, Peggy,' says she. "Well indeed, ma'am, you needn't,' says I for there's not a man knows the country better, nor can manage a horse better than the man that's with the young master, God bless him. Shure he's as safe with Dick Cronin as If he were in God's own pocket."

" Peggy,' says she, comin' close to me, 'I don't like that man.'

"It was on the tip of me tongue to say 'nayther do l, but I didn't. I was all in a flutter for, besides that the misthress never spoke of one sarvant to another, good, bad, or indifferent, I knew that the family had lavished favors on blck, an he owed every thrancen he ever had to them. So that the sarvants used to say, that he had, savin' your presence ma'am, the devil's own luck.

"'O ma'am dear,' says I, 'if ever one deserved well of the master an' yourself, an' it's all of us that do, he's the one."

"I don't like hlm, Peggy, repeated the misthress, 'an' on'y last night I tould your master so, an' that he must go. I have rayson to think Dick Cronin overheard an'-I wish I hadn't let Master Louis go out with him."

"Just then the storm came on. Such a storm! The memory of it will never lave me. There was streaks of lightnin' against the black sky, an' claps of thunder fit to wake the dead, an' the wind howlin' like lost souls about the house. Oh, thinks I to meself, the wind's not right at all, at all, it has a human voice an' a sorrowful one at that. The storm grew worse au' worse, and the night darker an' darker, an' the misthress like one disthracted. The master himself wasn't expected home till the next day, havin' gone up to Dublin.

"Well, all that night Mrs. Delaney, the housekeeper, an' meself, kept the misthress ompany, an' we repeated over an' over to her that Dick must have taken the young master In for shelter somewhere, an' would bring him back bright an' early in the mornin'. But she on'y made answer every time, puttin' her hand on her heart. 'I feel here that there's somethin' wrong."

"The mornin' dawned an' no Master Louis. In the coorse of the day, the master kem home, an' was fit to be tied when he heard what had happened. He did all that man or mortal could do, but day after day went by, an' no tidin's of Master Louis, At last one evenin' I was comin' home, just as the night was fallin', an' I had to pass, as it chanced, by the blessed ruing of St. Kevin, for I had been down to see an aunt of mine, that, rest her soul, she's dead now, kept the inn at Glendalough. All at wunst I heerd a voice, though I couldn't see face or form, strain me eyes as I would. The sweat came out on me forehead, for, says I to meself, 'it's some poor soul askin' prayers for itself, or still worse, mebbe it's an evil spirit. or one of the good people that some do say are all around us.' He that as it may, I was terrified, shure enough, an' I prayed as best I could, an' stood stock-still as it somethin' were holdin' me.
"Peggy O'Toole, you omedhann, said the

voice, that somehow didn't seem strange to me, an' I began to think perhaps it was some one of me kin that were callin' to me from the other world. On'y I never heerd tell of a spirit that would be callin' one ugly names.

" 'Whoever you be,' snys I, 'spirit or fairy, keep your distance. I put the Cross of Christ atween me an' you. With that I heerd a laugh that curdled the blood in me veins.

"The Mother of Christ be near me, this minnit,' says I, 'an' ask her holy Son to send him that's discoorsin' with me, for well I know that it's nothin' good, back to its place.

"'If it's hell you're maynir', says the voice, close to me car, 'you're wrong there, Peggy. for I haven't got into it yet, though I may one or those days. Listen hither, Peggy O'Toole." "I looked aroun' an' about me, but close as the volce seemed, not a livin' bein' could I see.

" ' Who are you?' says I. " Why then, Peggy acushla," says the voice, I'm no one clse but that black-browed an' black-hearted Dick Cronin."

" Me own words, ladies dear, which the vil lain had overheard me speak, how, the Lord only knows, for I was safe indoors when I spoke them. To hear them now in this lonesome place, from his own lips, just as the night was closin' in, an' I not able to see where he was, froze the blood in me velus. But I put a

" Black-hearted you are. Dick Cronin', says I, 'that could bring pain an' sorrow on them that's been good an' kind to you, an' to every wan about them \*

"With that the villain gave another laugh. "'You're a simpleton, sure enough, Peggy, not to know that they're spendin' on themselves what belongs to us, an' makin' us work hard while they live in the lan of luxury An' we must be thankful, inogh, if they throw us a crust, when, if right were done, every man

would be aioual, an' no one dispensin' charite "That man," whispered Mrs. Lacy to me, was in advance of his time. A little later on he would have been a reformer, and reformed every bit of love and charity and kindliness and gratitude out of the poor, without giving

hem a crust the more for their pains." ""You bud-hearted wretch," says I," went m Peggy, "forgettin' me fear in hearin' him speak so of a bountiful master, ever an' always the friend of the poor, an' a lady that was goodness itself. 'You bud-hearted wretch,' says I, thow dar you speak that way of your

good master an' misthress.' "" Dat.' said the villain, 'faix, I can dar a good deal with the boy in me hands. As for hlm you call the master, I've no quarrel with him, except that only for the ill luck of bein' born as I am I might have been his master. For the misthress, didn't I hear her with me own cars biddin' the master to send me advirt. turn me out of me comfortable place, where f was livin' an honest life for a chark. So you see, Peggy asthore, if I had to go I made up momind that I wouldn't go without company. So I just brought Master Louis for a pleasure trip, where he's safe and well-cared for with a few friends of inthe. If the peelers lay hands on me while I'm out, there's them at home that'll put a bullet clean and clever through Master Louis, an' if they following home, sure

I'll do it mescit, an' who's to stop me?" "Oh aleea stru," says I, "is this how it's with the young master? Where have you put him at all, at all?"

" Where you or them that's lookin' for him Il never find him. So tell them as I bid you, to stop the search for fear they might be the cause of the boy's sudden death. An' if they do this, in me own good time I'll bring him back, on me own terms. So run now, Peggy or I might be tempted to remember the ugly

names you called me "I took to me beers, ladies, but the villahi

called me back. " 'Tell them.' he says, an' his voice was thick and busky, 'that the peelers have pressed me pretty close once or twice of late. If it happens again, I'll put Moster Louis out of the "'You're no mortal man,' says I, 'but a

your fool's tongue there." "Remember, you black-haired villain,' says

that God's above all, an' His curse'll come " I dont know why I feel so anxious, Peggy down on you hot an' heavy." ""Arrah Peggy,' says he, 'but it's yourself

'ud make a fine preacher all out. Be off with you now an' do as I bid you.' "To make a long story short, ladles dear, it was mebbe three days after the time I spake of, when wan night the master was away again,

an' a storm was raging just like when Master Louis was stole away. An' all at wunst there came a messenger, beggin' of the misthress for the love of heaven to come with him, for that black Dick Cronin lay at death's door, an' was screechin' for the master or misthress to be brought. Well, me lady wou'dn't walt a minnit, but callin' me to come with her, an' Connors, the groom, she had the car round to the door, an' Flynn, the coachman that had been with the family for forty years, drivin'. He wouldn't trust anyone but himself with any of the horses such a night as that was. an' the misthress herself in the car. The gossoon that had come for us jumped up beside Connors an' away we went, the wind blowin' against us with that force you'd think wo'd be blown off into the road, and a mist blowin' in our faces an' piercin' the very marrow of our

" Drive fast, Flynn,' said the misthress, an' she never spoke another word, as we new along the road in the pitchy darkness. I think meself she was prayln', for she kept her hands tight clasped. When we kem to the rains of St. Kevin, Flynn would have driven the faster, for it's a fearsome sort of place to be near latter nightfall, an' the people did be sayin, at the livin in his ruins." time, that lights were seen movin' about it on dark nights. But the gossoon called on for church-yard?" asked I. him to step, for that this was the place.

" Is it in the ruins of the blessed St. Kevin?

ried Cannors angrily. ""Just there an' nowhere clse," says the

I'll stop anyway.' when the misthress made a move to get out, I leave of the light-hearted fodge-keeper. laid me hand upon her arm.

night it. No good can come from it. for the the good saint credit for all manner of intergood people do be about it by night.

slow, 'I will go alone.' "Deed an' you'll not ma'am, says Connors meakin' up mighty bould.

An' deed no, says I. "It's me belief that Flynn had the worst of dalough." the job, for he couldn't lave his horses, an' there he was glued to the spot all alone in that awesome place. For I tell you, ladles, it made me blood run cold to see the ruins, black and bare, with a wind howlin' round them that

curdled the blood in our veins. " Peggy, said me misthress, speakin' very that Cronin accosted you, years agone ?

""It was, ma'am, in this very spot," said 1. remblin' the more, when I remembered the fright of that night. She said no more an' on we went, stumblin' and pickin' our steps, an' strivin' to follow the guide. I never rightly knew how we got there, but in the coorse of a few minnits we were inside of a kind of room, that looked like a vault, an' was, as true I'm a livin' woman, under the ground. An' therwe seen Dick Cronin, his face wild an' hungrylookin', an' his black hair grown long an' fallin' about him. For all the world like a wild beast in his lair.

". So you've come, says he, risin' up a be when he seen the misthress, 'come to hear the joyful news that black Dick Cronin's dyin' Yes, dyin'; the peelers came close to me a day or two agone, an' they've done for me this time. But that's not what I brought you here to listen to. I'll give you back him that I took from you, if you'll promise to let me die in peace, an' to give beca sum of money to get out of the country.

"He pointed, as he spoke, to an ould hag who sat crouching near a fire on the floor with want, misery, an wrong-doing in every

"That's me mother, me lady, sald he with a horrible laugh, 'she brought me up well. I'm a credit to her. But she stuck to me through thick an' thin an' with your son's life, me lady, But where soe'er thou art, by Seine or Scheldt, "If buy her freedom an' the means to live when

" But, where, oh, where is me Louis,' cried the misthress, clasping her hands, her face white as snow, her lips tremblin', 'oh man, man, you cannot know what agony you have cost me. Theg of you now that you are about ONYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD o appear afore your Maker to have pity on

' Your promise,' shouted he, your promise,' " Anything you like, anything, anything," eried me lady

farther questions would be asked about himself, the place he was in, or his mother. An' the misthress had, besides, to promise that a thousand poun's should be paid down at a place an' time appointed, an' to a messenger who should give up Master Louis. The time was to trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr be at four that mornin', the place outside the

"'An' now, I'm about done,' says Dick Cronin, his tace growing ghastly pale, and his voice weak. 'I have no other business in this | way to get it?"" Yes, there are divers' ways."

" Miserable man, said me misthress, forgettin' her own sorrows for the moment, and preventits return. Carter's Little Liver though she was ready to faint with gold, excitement, an' dread, 'have you not seen the

"A priest, 'eried the villain, tryin' hard to rise on his elbow, 'I, who turned me back on them all me life, who despised their counsels. an' belonged to a society they condemned. It was that same society, he went on, sinking back on his pillow, 'that made me steal your boy I was the one picked out to do it. Shure, we swore to take revenge on every landford. In the country for the deeds of wan or two, an' besides the money was wantin' an' we hoped to get what'ld do us for a while from the master. I never had luck since. But as I was ayin' I'm no hypocrite to be callin' for the priest now 1

All the white the ould woman on the floor had kept repeatin' with somethin' atween a groan an' a cackle;

The priest inagh; is it the priest they'd bring upon us? To black Dick Cronin, inagh, "I'd on'y be wearyin' you, ladies, if I were to tell of all the arguments an' persuasions



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"Hurry you away home, says he, an' wag | that the misthress made use of, kneelin' down at last herself on the damp floor, an' prayin' for the soul that was drawin' near its end. An would you believe it, all at wunst the wretched bein' opened his eyes, an' he spoke clear an distinct.

"'You prayin' for me? What is it to you, it I dle an' go to the place marked out for me? I stole your boy. It wasn't the first nor the last of the black deeds I done. But get up off your What's the use of prayin'? God doesn't forgive the likes o' me."

" Since I have forgiven you, Cronin, says me lady, 'how much more a good an' mereiful

God, who died to save your soul.'
"Well, ladies, the struggle wasn't long after that, an' proud an' happy Connors set off to bring Father Casey to the spot. An' shure we heard that the villain come to his senses then an' died a happy d ath, through the prayers of that angel, for it's nothing less me misthress was, an' of the blessed St. Kevin I make no doubt, for all he had been descerating his rulns by misdeeds."

"And the boy?" asked Mrs. Lacy.

"Shure, ma'am, he was restored that very night, thin an' wake as a child. An' when me misthress held him a moment in her arms she fainted away for very joy. We thought at first she was dead. But she kem to, an' very soon after the ould master arrived from Dub lin, an' they were all as happy as the day is long. So that's the story of black Dick Cronin black he was, body an' soul, an' if he repented I m sartain shure that, as I said afore, it was by the prayers of the misthress, an' of holy St. Keyin, for if the saint didn't want any wan buried in his church-yard to be lost, mebbe he gave the same helpin' hand to him that was

"What's that you say about St. Kevin's

"Oh, it's just a sayin' of the country-people ma'am, an' I'm not denyin' it aythur, for St Kevin was a great saint, that whoever lay in his blessed church-yard in death, would rise to gossgon, 'believe me or not as you like, but glory at the last day. For that was the prayer it's here I was bid to bring you, an' it's here he offered for wan an' all of them."

"A strange tradition," said I to Mrs. Lacy "With that all of us began to tremble, an' when we were walking home, after taking

"Very," said Mrs. Lacy, "but only one of a vention. But, extravagant as some of these "But she took me very short. legends are, believe me, the simple faith that "If you are afraid," she said, quiet like and underlies them is a rare and beautiful thing nowadays,'

"That was a wild story, too, of local crime," said I. "and black Dick, alive or dead, is not pleasant to think of in the shadows of Glen-

"Forget him," said Mrs. Lacy, " and think rather of the beauty, the poetry, the wild romance intertwined with every object in this favored region. And look there,"

I turned round and saw old Peggy standing in the lyy-covered porch. Her wrinkled hand shaded her eyes, the evening sun fell upon her low, wasn't it here or somewhere about through the dark green of the leaves, and she made, as before, in her high-backed chair, a picture of peaceful old age, of poverty to which all the riches of the world could not have added one into of happiness.

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#### SARSFIELD.

By Patrick J. Collinas.

Not shamrock-swathed in Irish hill or field. Beneath the azure vault of Irish skies. With Irish larks to pipe his obsequies Spartan-like borne bomeward on his

-hield, But smitten where the British battle tealed At Landen, far from Limerick he lies Soul-glad, since yet ore death had seated his

Before his exile England's conorts rected the Shannon's side were sweeter to the Cell

Than allen river; yea! and sweeter Twere To fall for Ireland than for France's weal; Sars ield, thy name to Ireland's heart is

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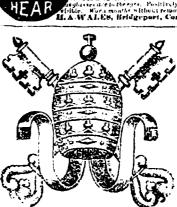
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