

"They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait."

"The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain. I long to toil among the reapers there: What fairer shew than I'll gather ere the fall. To prove my gratitude for God's dear care."

KNOCKNAGOW

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXI—CONTINUED. In the matter of smiling faces, however, we should make one more exception besides the bashful young women whose potatoes fall to pieces. Miss Lloyd was haunted by the bold goose. That doughty looking object seemed both to fascinate and frighten her. She stared at it as a shy horse will stare at a white wall.

Now, this young farmer partook of boiled goose in his own house on an average once a week—that is to say, every Sunday—since Michaelmas. But then the goose was always dimembered before it was put into the pot with the dumplings. And a very savory dish, too, is goose and dumplings cooked in this way.

Miss Lloyd stared helplessly at the morsel of pork on her plate, which, in her bewilderment, she continued to hold out at arm's length. Whereupon, the young farmer added a liberal supply of cabbage, and Miss Lloyd laid down the plate before her, looking as dejected as Mat Donovan's cock when he was going to walk into the fire, after falling from the collar-beam upon Phil Luby's head.

"Haste to the wedding," which was the signal for removing the two rows of tables, and the floor was immediately cleared for dancing.

Mr. Robert Lloyd led out the bride; and, after a good deal of rough shaking and pushing, Mat Donovan persuaded the bridegroom to go through the usual bowing and scraping in front of Miss Lloyd, who was roused from the stupor into which the fat pork had thrown her by the words, "dance to you, miss," which were uttered by Ned Brophy, much in the same tone and with the same look as usually accompany the phrase, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

"Come, Mr. Lory," said Father Hannigan, "don't you see Miss Isabella there, throwing sheep's eyes at you? Out with you and join the fun."

"Mr. Lory, your owl," exclaimed Nelly Donovan, clapping him on the back, "be sure the furo is full!" And Nelly seized Lory by the hand and pulled him along till they found a place among the dancers. Hugh Kearney walked down the barn looking to the right and left among the blooming damsels, but it was evident the object of his search was not in sight.

"You want somebody," said Mat Donovan, with a meaningful look. "Well, I do," replied Hugh. "I want a partner."

Hugh asked in surprise. "I know her very well, but I have not seen her for a long time."

"She was in Dublin at her aunt's, sir," replied Mat. "I think she's gone into the house now to put a stitch in the bride-maid's gown that Watlerose is after driving his fat through—would you doubt him! I'll run in for her."

"I really did not know you," said Hugh, as he shook hands with her, "ill Mat told me who you were."

"Do you hear him!" exclaimed old Phil Morris, turning to Hugh Kearney. "Well, to a great extent," said Hugh, after a short silence—for he saw they all expected he would speak—to a great extent I agree with Father Hannigan. But there is no use in denying that the dread of assassination is the only protection the people have against extermination in this part of Ireland."

"I say 'tis justice in the eye uv God," exclaimed old Phil Morris, "to punish the bloody tyrants—the robbers and murderers that rob the people uv their little spots, an' turn 'em out to parish. 'Tis justice an' 'tis right, an' 'tis the way to punish the bloody robbers!"

"The man that believes he is robbed or persecuted," said the priest, "cannot be an impartial judge. If every one was to judge his neighbor, it would be a confusion of tongues."

"Well, what do you say to giving the exterminator a fair trial before judge and jury?"

"That's the question," said the priest, "that we can drive the invader out of Ireland—wud square-wattles, as Mat the Thrasher said the other day."

"I don't run down the farmers—except when they deserve it," continued Father Hannigan; and we'll have enough of them when our fine harbors are crowded with the shipping of America—and of the whole world. But for all that I'd be sorry to see the names of the peasantry disappearing from the records of our people, and the people crowded into factories."

"There it is," observed Larry Caney, as if that settled the question, and Father Hannigan had thrown up the sponge.

"Well, now, Mr. Lory," said Father Hannigan, "what's your opinion of this matter?"

"I'm afraid I haven't id be heart right yet, sir," replied Mat. "Oh, we'll excuse you; we'll excuse all mistakes," rejoined the priest. "Come, Mr. Hanly," he called out to Lory, with a dozen others was battering the floor to the tune of 'O'Connell's Trip to Parliament.'—'We're going to get a song. Give the poor pipers and fiddlers a rest. Come, Mat, uv with it!'"

"I fear you are forgetting your promise," Hugh observed.

"What promise?" Phil asked.

"Not to drink anything stronger than cordial!" Phil Luby stared at the speaker for half a minute; and then stared at the double entendre for half a minute more.

"Will that please you?" he asked, turning to Hugh, as if that didn't satisfy him nothing could.

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THE ANGELUS AT ROME.

THE MOST SOLEMN TIME OF THE DAY IN THE ETERNAL CITY. Among the most striking impressions which a visit to the Eternal City produces upon the religious mind there is one peculiarly sacred and sublime.

Every day the sound of a cannon fired from the Castle of St. Angelo, announces the hour of noon. At this signal the bells of the city peal forth, inviting, as it were, all the people to attend the solemnity which is thus caused by the bells of Rome as they ring out the evening Angelus or Ave Maria, as the Italians love to call this sweet prayer to the Queen of Heaven.

When the Ave Maria sounds, all labor ceases, the streets are deserted, students return to their colleges, monks to their convents, the monasteries are closed, and no one can gain admittance under any pretext.

The Ave Maria is thus the most solemn time of the day at Rome; it is also the most impressive. There are three hundred and seventy churches in the city, and the sound of their numerous bells, forming a grand harmonious concert of praise to the Queen of Heaven and Earth, is of all music the most pleasing to the ear, and the sweetest, most touching to the heart of the devout listener.

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