I long to tolt among the reapers there: What full-ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the To prove my gratitude for God's dear

Thus saying, resolute and proud I stood Amid the ever hurrying, busy throng, Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mo The Lord and Master as He came along

He came, and pressing through the eager through the control of the control o

The hot blood to my brows and temples flow, I struggled fleroely with my hapless late. "Ah, Master have you naught for me to "Yes." He replied at once, "here stand and wait."

He passed along, and through the weary hours
I stood with restless hands and aching heart; I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers Beneath my feet, as thus I stood apart.

Again He passed, and in my grief I said:
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait."
One look of sad rebuse—no word He said,
the time weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass, I watch the respect cut the ripened grain I see their heavy sheaves and sigh: "Alea, That I can only wrestle with my pain."

The night draws near-I see Him once again, "On! Master, see, 'tis growing dark and late; I have no sheaves." His sweet voice soothe my pain;
"They serve Me best who patient stand and wait."

So patiently I strive to stand and wait Through all the glories of the col years,
Wait till His hand shall lead me through
the gate
And chauge to smiles my tears.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXXI -CONTINUED. In the matter of smilling faces, however, we should make one more exception be-sides the bashful young women whose potatoes fell to pieces. Miss Lloyd was sides the bashful young women whose potatoes fall to places. Miss Lloyd was haunted by the bolled goose. That doughy looking object seemed both to fascinate and frighten her. She stared at it as a shying horse will stare at a white wall. At lact, unable to resist any longer, she held out her plate and asked to be helped to the bolled goose. A young farmer, who sat opposite that neglected and utterly forlorn looking bird, jumped to his feet and plunged a fork into its side; and then sawed away vigorously with his knife, but without any regard to the bones or joints of the bolled goose. In spite of his vigorous exertions—or rather in consequence of them—the unhappy bolied goose rolled and slipt about the dish, but lost not a particle of flesh under the knife of the operator.

Now, this young farmer partock of

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 dismembered before the goose was always dismembered before it was put into the pot with the dumpling. And a very savoury dish, too, is goose and dumplings cooked in this way. Miss Lloyd held out her plate patiently till her arm began to feel tired, when the young farmer, becoming quite desperate, pulled his fork out of the bolled goose, and plunging it into the piece of the part and plunging it into the plece of fat pork
that happened to be within arm's length
of him, slashed off some two or three
pounds of the same, and flinging it upon
the voung lady's plate, exclaimed:
"May be you'd rather have a bit of this,
miss?"

Miss Lloyd stared helplessly at the mass Miss L'oyd stered helplessly at the mus 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 cabbase, and Mes L'oyd leid down the plate before her, looking as atupefied as Mat Donovan's cock when he was going to walk into the fire, after falling from the collar-beam upon Pail Luby's head. And during the rest of the meal Miss Lloyd seemed quite as incapable of further action as the bash ful young woman for whom Nelly Donovan wanted "a little lane bit."

Dinner over, the two pipers and three fiddlers struck up "Haste to the Wedding," which was the signal for removing the two rows of tables, and the floor was im-mediately cleared for dancing.

Mr. Robert Lloyd led out the bride;

and, after a good deal of rough shaking and pushing, M.t D.mozan persuaded the bridegroom to go through the usual bow ing and scraping in front of Miss Lloyd, who was roused from the stupor into which the fat pork had thrown her by the words, "I dance to you, mis," which were uttered by Ned Brophy much in the same tone and with the same look as usually a company the phrase, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

"Come, Mr. Lowe," sald 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 sowl," exclaimed Nelly Donovan, clapping him on the back, "be-fore the flure is full!" And Nelly selzed Lury 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 loft among the blooming dameis, but it was evident the object of his search was not in eight You want somebody," said Mat Dono-

wan, with a meaning look.
"Well, I do," replied Hugh. "I want a partner."
"Who is she, an' I'll make her out for

That's just what I don't know," replied Hugh. "But 'tis the girl with the white jacket."

Mat shook bis head, as much as to say, "Sure, now, I knew what was in your mind." And then looking all around for the white jacket, Mat Donovan said

"The nicest little girl!" and there was a melancholy tenderness in his voice, and a softness in his smile, which made Hugh at once suspect that the owner of the white jacket was no stranger to Mat the

Thrasher.
"Who is she?" he asked. "B say Morris, sir," replied Mat, after a moment's silence, as if be were roused

"Is that old Phil's granddaughter?"

"The fields are whitening neath the ripen."

"The fields are whitening neath the ripen."

"The fields are whitening neath the ripen."

ne was in Dublic at her aunt's, sir," replied Mat. "I think she's gone into the house now to put a stitch in the brides-maid's gownd that Wattletoes is afther dbriving his fut through—would you doubt him! I'll run in for her."

He soon returned with Bessy Morris, who blushed and laughed as he told her how Mr. Hugh Kearney had singled her

out.
"I really did not know you," said Hugh,
as he shook hands with her, "till Mst told
me who you were."
"They all tell me I am greatly altered,
sir," she replied, "but I can't see it my
saif."

"We have some purty girls here to-night, sir," said Mat, looking round on every side.

night, str," said Mat, looking round on every side.

"Very pretty girls," Hugh replied.

"There, for instance, that fair-haired girl sitting near the musicians is about as nandsome a girl as ever I saw."

"So she is, sir," said Mat. 'She's called the Swan of Coolmore. But for all that," he added, with a humorous glance at Bessy Morris, "'tis the white jacket he was lookin' for."

"Oh, but Bessy and I are old acquaintances," replied Hugh, laughing.

"Nabocklish!" returned Mat. You tould me you didn't know who she was, But I always said you had a good eye uv your own."

your own."

The two pipers and three fiddlers found the "tuning" business so difficult that Mat thought there was still time for him to look out for a partner for "the first bout."

bout."

"Now, which would you advise me to take?" he asked, stroking his chin as if he found it difficult to make up his mind. "The swan or the bridesmaid—the goolden iccks or the goolden guineas?"

Tots question had the effect of making Bessy Morris look very earnestly at him But she laughed when he added—
"Here goes for a shake of the ould saucepan."

"But you are forgetting," said Bessy, "that you were desired to make some

"that you were desired to make some punch for the ladies?"

punch for the ladies?"

"Oh murther!" he exclaimed, "that ould saucepan put it out of my head."

Billy Heffernan here appeared at the door with a jug of boiling water in each hand, and Mat hurried to the table to make the punch for the ladies; which punch was soon "shared" all round, and caused an immense deal of coughing, and a grand display of "turkey red" pocket handkerchiefs.

Hugh found his partner so lively and intelligent, and altographer so capityating.

intelligent, and altogether so captivating, that he quite overlooked the fact that the dancing had commenced, till the swing-ing of Lory Hanley's legs warned him that he must either retire, or join in with

the rest.
The "merry din" now commerced in The "merry din" now commerced in right earnest; but beyond all question the happlest mortal under the roof of Ned Brophy's barn that night was Barney Brodherick, who, fenced in by a table, in a corner all to himself, ratiled away through all his wonderful steps as if he thought it a sin to let a single bar of jig, real or double so for nothing. reel, or double go for nothing.

CHAPFER XXXII.

OF TENURE OF TENURE
Father Hannigan and Maurice Kearney,
with old Phil Morris and Phil Bany, and

with oil Pall Horris and Pall hany, and a few more choics spirits, drew close together round the social board, and enjuyed themselves in their own way.

"I gave my daughter to Ned Brophy," raid old Larry Clancy, in reply to a question of Father Hannigan'2—"I gave my daughter to Ned Brophy, because he has a good lare." a good lase."
"A good landlord is as good as a good

ease," said Maurice Kearney.

"I do not know that," returned Larry
Clancy, slowly and emphatically. "For
my own part, 1'd rather have a good
lase wud the worst landlord than no lase wud the best landlord that ever broke. bread. Security is the only thing to give

"And swing for it," said Father Hanni-"Ay, an' swing for it," shouted the old Oroppy ; for it was a musket bullet that

shattered Phil Morris's knee in '98. "Ay, "And be damned," added the priest.
"Don't you know 'tle murder — wilful

"I don't know that," he replied. "Bat the prayers of the congregation would carry the man's sowl to heaven that'd do a manly act an' put a tyraut out uv the country, and keep other tyrants from fel-lowing his example. 'Tis self defence,' he added striking his stick against the

ground; "'tis justice."
"Tis bad work," said Father Hannigan. "And take my word, luck or grace will never come of it."

"I agree with you," Hugh Kearney observed, who had joined them during the latter part of the discussion.
"You do!" exclaimed old Phil, turning

upon him with a scowl. "An' who the divil cares what you or the likes of you agree with? You're well off as you are, and little trouble id gives you to see the people hunted like dogs.

"You're wrong there, Phil," replied Hugh. "I'd like to see that old pike of yours taken from the thatch for a manly fight like that you fought in '98. But

that's a different thing."
"Well, I know that," returned Phil Morris, letting his chin drop upon his chest, and seeming to brood over the subject for a minute or two. "But five years ago," he added, "I could count three an'-twenty houses, big an' little between the cross up Liscorrig an' Shaubally-bridge; an' to day you couldn't light your pipe along that whole piece uv a road, barrin' at wan house Phil," said Father Hannigan.

—and that's my eun. An' why am I left there? Because they know I'd do id," he mattered through his clenched teeth, as if

mattered through his elenched teeth, as if he were speaking to himself.

"Let him alone," said the priest.

"There's no use in talking to him."

"There's raison in what he says," said old Lurry Clancy, in his slow, emphatic way. "I say," he added, locking at the priest, "there's raison in what he says."

'Don't be talking foolish," returned Rather Hannian who says that there's

'Don't be talking foolish," returned Father Hannigan, who saw that the eyes of three or four small farmers were fixed inquiringly on his face. "Good never came of it."

"Do you hear him!" exclaimed old Phil Morris, turning to Hugh Kearney. "Well, to a great extent," and Hugh, after a short ellence—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,"

"I say 'it's justice in the eye uv God," exclaimed old Phil Morris, "to punish the bloody tyrants—the robbers and murdherbloody tyrants—the robbers and murdherers that rob the people uv their little spots, an' turn 'em out to perish. 'Tis justice to punish the bloody robbers!' And as old Phil strack his stick against the ground and looked around there was a murmur of applause from the bystanders, who by this time were pretty numerous. "The man that believes he is robbed or persecuted," said the priest "cannot be an impartial judge. If every one was to

impartial judge. If every one was to take the law into his own hands there would be nothing but violence and blood

"Well, what do you say to giving the exterminators a fair trial before judge

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

"What judge and jury?"

"Tie'nt the judge an' jury in the coorthouse," returned Phil Morris, "because
they're all for the tyrants, an' some uv
'em tysants themselvee; but a fair jury
uv the people, an' a fair judge."

"I know what you mean," said Father
Hunnigan, "But if the judge and jury
in the court house be all for the tyrant,
don't you think your judge and jury
would be as much for the victim?"

"No; they'd never condemu a man
that didn't desarve id," replied Pail.

"Ignorant men," rejoined the priest,
"bilinded by passion — perhaps smarting
under wrong themsolves, or dreading that
their own turn might come next—couldn't
be a fair judge and jury, Pail, even if

their own turn might come next—couldn't be a fair judge and jury, Pnil, even if what you speak of were lawful or just in the eight of God. So hold your tongue."

"Ay, that's the way always. "Howld your tongue's settles id."

"There is Mr. L'oyd," continued Father Hunnigan, as that gentleman returned to his seat; "and if he put out a tenant would you shoot him?"

"The divil a hair uv his head would be touched," replied Phil. "He gives good

touched," replied Pbil. "He gives good lases at a fair rent; and the man that does that won't turn out a tenant unless the desarves to be turned out. Answer me this wan question. Did you ever know uv a good landlard to be shot, or a good agent? Answer me that?"

"Well, no," replied the priest. "I never

"There it is," observed Larry Cancy, "There it is," observed Larry Caney, as if that settled the question, and Father Hamigan had thrown up the spunge.
"Well, now, Mr. Lowe," said Father Hamigan, "what's your opinion of this matter." matter ?"

"I am almost entirely ignorant of it," "I am almost entirely ignorant of it," he replied, "But I confess I came over to Ireland under the impression that the people were lawless and revengeful, particularly in your county."

"You only saw the dark side of the pleture," returned Father Hannigan.

We are not so black as we are painted."
"I believe that. And a remark made by an Itish judge, with whom I had the honour of dining a few weeks ago, made a great impression on me, I confess."
"What did he say ?"

"He had sentenced several men to be hanged a short time before, and a gentle-man present made some severe remarks, while discussing the subject of agarian outrages, when Judge — said: 'I never met as instance of a landlord being killed, bread. Security is the only thing to give a man courage."

"He's right," exclaimed old Phil Morris, striking his stick against the ground.
"Security is the only thing. But if every man was of my mind he'd have security or know for what."

"Hold your tougne, you old sinner," said Father Hannigan, who had often combated Phil Morris's views, as to how the land question could be brought to a speedy settlement.

"Did Phil Morris looked with astonishment at the speaker.

"Put id there," he exclaimed, reaching his horny hand across the table. "If you your smile.

while discussing the subject of agarian outrages, waid: 'I never met acided the speaker of it tale.

Or old cabins levelled, and coffules; graves. And ships swallowed up in the sait ocean waves.

But, girls, that's ove:—for each of you now lift have twenty-five pounds and a three-year old ow:

Admined!"

Old Phil Morris looked with astonishment at the speaker.

"Put id there," he exclaimed, reaching his horny hand across the table. "If you wille, and the pride of your heart let me read in your smile.

have trade and manufactures of our own," observed Phil Laby. And a certain thickness of utterance indicated that Phil had forgotten bis resolution respecting the cordial long ago.
"Our rulers crushed our trade and manufactures," said Father Hannigan.

manu'a: tures," said Father Hannigan.

"Yes," returned Phil Laby, "but the people are too much given to farming. A beggarly sky farmer that's stuck is the mud from mornin' to night, an' don't know beef from mutton—no, nor the taste of an egg; for if he dare look at a heu's tail, his wife would fling the dishelpth at him. An' that poor crawler, with his head baid from the rain droppin' on it from the cave from standin' outside his from the cave from the rain droppin on it from the cave from standin' cutside his honour's window, waitin' till his honour condescended to talk to him—that beggar would despise the tradesman an' look down on him. Tom Hogan comes in to me this mornin' to know was there any news in the paper. 'There is,' says I, 'I'll read on a uv the best articles ever you heard for you,' says I. 'Look at the markets,' says Tom Hogan, Ha! ha! ha!' And Pail Laby laughed quite sardonically. "'Look at the markets.' Ha! ha! ha! down on him. Tom Hogan comes in to

"There's some truth in what you say,"

said Father Hannigan. "Ay," continued Phil, "an' the big farmer will make doctors an' attorneys of his sons instead of cetting 'em up in business.

"I'm going to bind my youngest son to his uncle," said Mr. Kearney.
"For a wonder," returned Phil Lahy, tasting his punch; and, not considering it up to the mark, adding another glass of

whickey. "That's what I call a double entendre

"I fear you are forgetting your promite," Hugh observed.
"What promise?" Phil saked.
"Not to drink anything stronger than
cordial."

Phil Liby stared at the speaker for balf

Phil Luby stared at the speaker for balf a minute; and then stared at the double entendre for balf a minute more.

In fact, Phil Laby felt himself in a dilemma. Making a sudden dive, however, at the ginger cordial decanter, he filled his glass and carefully added the glass of cordial to the two glasses of whiskey in his tumbler.

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

nothing could.

Hogh rubbed his hand over his face, and did his best to keep from laughing.

"Would you doubt Phil for getting out of a premise?" observed Father Hannigan.

"He'd drive a coach and six through

gan. "He'd drive a coach-and-six through any promise that ever was made—as old Dan used to say of an Act of Parliament."

"Old Dan sald many a good thing," rejoined Phil Laby, not choosing to notice the reference to the "promise."

"But the best thing ever he sald," he continued, casting about for something that would turn the conversation away from promises and cordial altogether—"the best thing ever he said was: "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity," exclaimed Phil Laby, as the happy apothegm suddenly fished into his mind at the very moment that he was about taking refuge

moment that he was about taking refuge in a severe fit of snerzing. "An' you'll see Ireland yet..." Here Phil stopped short, as if he had lost the thread of his short, as if he had lost the thread of his discourse; but after a good pull at the tumbler, he seemed to find it sgain, and added—"when a redcoat will be as great a curiosity as a white blackbird. There's a storm brewin," he continued, with a portentous zeowi. "Columbtill's words is comin' to pass. An' the day will come when we can drive the invader out of Ireland.

Thrasher said the other day."

"But I don't like to hear you running down the farmers," observed Father Hun-

nigan.
'I don't run down the farmers—except when they deserve id."
"Manufactures are good," continued
Father Hannigan; and we'll have enough of them when our fine harbors are crowded 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 homes of the peasantry disappearing from our h'lls and our plains, and the people crowded into factories."

"You're right," exclaimed Phil Lahy, almost with a shout.

"Princes or lords may flourish or may

Mat Donovan has a new song that touches upon that."
"Come, Mat, give us the new sorg,"

and Father Hannigan.
"I'm afeared I haven't id be heart right
yet, sir," replied Mat.

yet, sir," replied Mat.

'Oh, we'll excuse you; we'll excuse all
mistake," rejoined the priest. "Come,
Mr. Hanly," he called out to Lory—who
with a dozen others was battering the
floor to the tune of "O'Connel's Trip to
Parliament"—"We're going to get a song.
Give the poor pipers and fiddlers a rest.
Come, Mat, up with it!"
There was a general movement toward.

Come, Mat, up with it!"

There was a general movement towards the table, and all waited anxiously for Mat the Theather's new song, of which many of the company had heard.

Mat Donovan leant back in his chair, and with a huge hand resting on the table, and clutching one of the gilt buttons on the front of the blue body coat with the other, he turned his eyes to the collarbeams, and sang in a fine mellow voice THE PEASANT FARMER'S SONG-FOR THE

I've a pound for to lend, and a pound for to spend—
And cead mille failte my word for a friend;
No mortal Fenvy, no master I own—
Nor lord in his castle nor king on his throne
Come, fill up your glasses, the first cup we'll
drain
To the comrades we lost on the red battle plain! Oh, we'll cherish their fame, boys, who died And what's that to any man whether or no?

And what's that to any man whether or no? impatiently. "The strange gentleman Come here, bhean na tigha, sit beside me a an' Mies Lloyd is afther dancin' that new

speedy settlement.

"I have my old pike yet—an' maybe I'd want id yet!" he exclaimed, with a look of defiance at the priest. "Au' the mat that'd come to turn me out on the road, as I see others turned out on the road. I'd give him the length of it, as sure

"Put id there," he exclaimed, "If you were the divil you're an honest man."

"I don't despair of old Ireland yet," asid the priest. "The people are good if they only get fair play."

"I reland will never do eny good till we all. And your two gallant boys on parade-day are seen. In the ranks of the brave 'neath the banner of green; of green;
Oh! I've taught them to guard it 'gainst traiter and foe—
And what's that to any man whether or no?

But the youngest of all is the "white-headed The pulse of your heart, and our pride and

our joy:
From the dance and the hurling he'll steal
off to pray,
And will wander alene by the river all day.
He's as good as the priest at his Latin I
he's hear. hear,
And to college, please God, we will send
him next year.
Oh, he'll offer the Mass for our souls when we go— And what's that to any man whether or ne?

Your bands, then, old neighbors ! one more And readom and peace light our homes

And readom and peace light our homes evermore. He's the king of good fellows, the poor, honest man;
So we'll live and be merry as long as we can,
And we'll cling to old Ireland through weal
and through wee.
And wast's that to any man whether or no?

There was a shout of applause at the conclusion of Mat Donovan's song; and some of the women were seen to wipe the tears from their cheeks with their aprons. Bessy Morris raised her eyes to his; and as she laid her hand upon his arm while turning away her head to reply to a question of Hugh Kearney's, Mat Donovan pressed his hand over his eyes, and caught his breath, as if he had been shot through

Bessy Morris resumed her coquettish ways as she went on talking to Hugh Kearney, who was evidently captivated by her. If he had proposed for her on the spot, with or without his father's con-sent, and if it were arranged that they Kearney, who was evidently captivated by her. If he had proposed for her on the spot, with or without his father's consent, and if it were arranged that they were to be married that day week, or any day before Ash Wednerday, it would not with the day week or any day before Ash Wednerday, it would not with the bestry's feet."

Was induced by a friend who witnessed the cocurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds.

Was induced by a friend who witnessed the cocurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was induced by a friend who witnessed the cocurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was induced by a friend who witnessed the was induced by a friend who witnessed the cocurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was induced by a friend who witnessed the was induced by a friend who witnessed the was induced by a friend who witnessed the wold have been an and the pain almost immediately and in four days the wound was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by a friend who witnessed the feather was induced by

have surprised Mat Donovan in the least. But while she talked and laughed with Hugh Kearney, her hand remained resting on the sleeve of the blue body-coat. Pethaps this little incident did not mean much. Mat Donovan never for a moment thought it meant anything. But he kept his arm quite still, and would not have frightened away that little hand for a striffe.

will draw near."

"'Tis a come-all ye," repeated Phil Laby. "Don't bother us wud id."

The twang of the fiddles, followed by the sound of drone and chanter, however, showed that the cancers were becoming impatient, and had urged the musicians to strike up; and Lory Hanly was immediately on his legs again with his partner, to finish the "bout" which Father Hannigan had cut short so unceremoniously. to finish the "bout" which Father Hanni-gan had cut short so uncoremoniously. Hugh Kearney was about asking Bessy Morris to dance again, when Nelly Done-van came up to him. "Come into the parlour, sir," said she. "Tis cleared up, an' Mr. Fisherty is afther consentin' to play a few sets for the ladies."

To the great satisfaction of many of the boys, and not a few of the girls, the priest and the "ladies and gentlemen," with about a dozen of the more genteel among about a dezen of the more genteel among the guests, withdrew to the dwelling-houre. Mr. Lowe offered his arm to Miss Lloyd, and Miss Isabella evidently expected that Hugh Kearney would conduct her through the yard. But Hugh kept possession of the plquant Beesy, and Father Hannigan galiantly offered his arm to Miss Isabella, who, in spite of her good humour, looked a little vexed. Lozy Hanly refused point blank to accompany them, declaring that he considered the barn "better value:" in which opinion them, declaring that he considered the barn "better value;" in which opinion Mr. Robert Lloyd entirely concurred, and pronounced Lory a lad of spirit. And here we have to record a very curious fact. No soones was the priest's back turned than fully half-a-score of seats round the barn might have been dispensed with; for by some strange chance quite a number of the prettlest girls found themselves sitting ou their partners' knees—an arrangement, however, which not a single "matron's glance" attempted to "reprova." And now the fun began in right earnest. But not a single daucer, during that memorable night, so distinguished and covered himself with glory, as Lory Hanly, who tired down all his partners, even Nelly Donovan, who was never before known to throw up the sponge. And Barney Brodherick, too, called down thunders of applause by dancing a "single bout" upon the big table.

In the midst of the cheers that greeted

In the midst of the cheers that greeted Barney's performance, Nelly Donovan pushed her way through the scrowd to Billy Heffernan, and asked breathlessly: "Billy, have you your flute?" "Why so?" returned Billy, in by no means a cheerful manner. "Because they want you to play the 'Frolic,'" replied Nelly, excitedly. "Who wants me to play id?" Billy asked, rubbing his nose. "Father Hannigan, and all uv 'em. Have you the flute?"

"They are, they are," Nelly exclaimed, billa-bulla-baw-sheen. Myse'f d
know how they stand id—
Tal-tal, tal tal, tal tal, tal-lal la! Myse'f don't

all the same, round an' round." Nelly sang a somewhat monotonous dancing tune which was then known in those parts as "the polka."

"By my word," continued Nelly Dono-van, contemptuously, "they'd soon get tised uv id—on'y for the ketchin.'" Billy Heffernan screwed his flute to-gether, and sounded low D. "Maybe id wants a dhrink," said Nelly,

with whom the old flate was evidently an old acquaintance. 'tis all right," Billy replied. iled id yestherday. But sure there's no hurry; an' if I was flusthered I'd make a show uv mys'f. Sit down awhile an' tell me who's wudin, an' how they're goin'

"Wisha, sure you know the whole uv 'em as well as myse'f," Nelly replied, as she sat down. "Miss Isabella is a darlin', an' she's so pleasant. I must be tellin Miss Mary to morrow what an eye she has afther Mr. Hugh. I'd hould my life she'd rather have him than the young landlord, or whatever he is. But bad cess to me, Billy, but Bessy Morris has 'em all light about her. I think she must have a fourlaved shamrock or somethin'. She bates the world. An 'tien't because she's so handsome. There's Alke Ryan. an' she's be odds a purtier girl—an' faith she don't want to be reminded uv that same either. If you see the bitther look she gave Tom Daniel, just because he axed her was id long since they had a letther from her brother. An' signs on, the divil a much any wan cares about her, in spite uv all her beauty. An' look at 'em all ready, you'd think, to put their hands undher Bessy's feet."

fool do you see on me? Don't think you can come Jack Hannan over me that way. The man that'll buy me for a fool, will be a long way out of his money."

"I'm on'y tellin' the honest thruth," replied Billy, solemnly. "I said id to myse'f when you wer dancin' wud Tom Daniel while ago."

She looked at him with pleased surprise, but said nothing.

his arm quite still, and would not have frightened away that little hand for a triffe.

"That's a right good song, Mat," said Father Hannigan.

"The chorus," observed Phil Lahy, who seemed in a mood for contradiction, "is as culd as the hills."

"So much the better," replied the priest. "Are we going to got a song from anyone cles?

"Billy Heffernan has another new wan," tald a voice from the crowd.

"Don't mind id!" exclaimed Phil Lahy, contemptuously. "It's a "come-all-ye." By which Phil meant that Billy Heffernan's new song belonged to that class of ballads which invariably commence:

"Come all ye tender Christians, I hope you will draw near."

"The a come-all ye," repeated Phil Lahy. "Don't bother us wud id."

The twang of the fiddles, followed by the sound of drone and chanter, however, showed that the dancers were becoming timpatient, and had proged the musicians to you'd say, he'd have an argument agin

you,"
"Well, here, come away," said Nelly,
taking him by the arm and puliling him
to the door. He walked voluntarily
across the yard, but came to a stand out. side the parlour door, and Nelly was obliged again to have recourse to force to get him in.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ANGELUS AT ROME.

THE MOST SOLEMN TIME OF THE Among the many striking impressions which a visit to the Eternal City produces upon the religious mind there is one peculiarly beautiful and enduring, it is that caused by the bells of Rome as they

is that caused by the bells of Rome as they ring out the evening Augelus or Ave Maria, as the Italians love to call this sweet prayer to the Queen of Heaven.

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 suspend their ordinary avecations for a few moments, and, forgetting the things of earth, direct their thoughts to heaven and invoke the interthoughts to heaven and invoke the inter-cession of her who is the help, the conso-lation, the safeguard of Christians. But especially beautiful is the sound of these bells at the evening Angelus, which is

always recited at sunset. It will be readily seen that this time varies accord-ing to the different seasons of the year. When the Ave Maria sounds, all labor 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, form-ing 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 tweetest, most touching to the heart of the devout listener. But this concert of harmonious voices, ever beau-tiful, receives additional beauty and grandeur when heard from the magnifi-cent promenade of the Pinclo, or from the Forum, or from the Applan Way.
When heard from the Pincle the effect

is grand and sublime, for the sounds that predominate are those of the bells of St. Peter's and the largest churches of Rome. "Well, I have the flute," said Billy.
"But I don't know what to esy about playin' the 'Frolic' while Mr. Flaherty is there. Maybe 'tis turned out I'd be like one flads oneself in the midst of the ruins one flads oneself in the midst oneself in th there. Maybe 'tis turned out I'd be like the pipers." Billy Heffernan evidently stood in awe of the great Flaherty.

'Oome away," exclaimed Nelly. "'Tis he wants to hear id. Man alive! if you heard the way Father Hannigan praised you to the sites. He said you wor a born janius. Come, before they're up for the next set."

"Are they dancin'?" Billy asked, scratching his head, as if he sought for an excuse to put off the ordeal as long as possible.

"They are, they are." Nelly exclaimed one finds oneself in the midst of the ruins of ancient Rome—and the sound of the bell, when heard amid rulns, saddens and depresses the heart. One seated on the side of the Capitoline Hill, as day draws to a lose, sees before him workmen returning from their day's toils, monks, priests, and people of all classes, a'll blessing themesome the sound of Mary's bell is heard. The shadows grow deeper and deeper, the forms are mingled and confused in the increasing darkness. confused in the increasing darkness. Suddenly all the bells burst forth in one glad peal, and the monuments around seem to receive, renew, and send forth dance they call the polka. An' faith, 'tis no great things uv a dance. 'Tis all' Soft and sweet come those aerial voices from churches and chapels built upon the ruins of the palaces of the Cæ ars, or upon the environments of the Collseum, hallowed centuries ago by the blood of the first martyrs.

It is at such a moment that one realizes

the emptiness of all things earthly, the instability of all human institutions and grandeur. The power of the Ce are is broken; the triumpets of war no longer resound with their notes of slaughter; the tiger and the lion have been changed by a mighty hand into the inoffensive lamb and now the sweet voices of bells, calling to prayer, are heard through these ruins, imposing still, but silent and mute like so many gigantic sepulchres. One glory alone remains, and one exalted far above all the glories so dazzling in their splendor of ancient times—the glory of Mary the Virgin Mother of God, who, through her divinely communicated privilege of the Immaculate Conception, has crushed the head of the serpent, and still continues to destroy the work of his emissaries upon earth.

Jacob Loockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Themas' Edectric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression, "oured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

It is a privilege to recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil It is a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, croup, etc.

Mas. Gro. Ward,

Josephine P. O., Ont.

Josephine Jottings.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago, and was induced by a friend who witnessed the

The land
ale
He heed
org
He thou
Le
But we'

It was a it'
The onl
So we'l

A BRI
"GO
A C
WHI

Right Peori soll's nizing Amerisabl who gifted ing found religi not Divibelia Scious People to a bate to bate