2

#### Happiness.

"Thou shalt be happy !" So I told my heart, One summer morning many a year ago: "Thou shalt be happy ; thou shalt have thy Of mirth and feastings in the great world's

Thou shait have health and wealth, high

fame and praise, Thy place shall be with those who sit above; Thou anait have sunshine on the dullest Thou shait have sunshine on the dullest days, And best of all, my keart, thou shalt have

And need on any my days, I spake Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake Unto my heart, and gladiy it replied : "The world is all before us, we can make Jay to ourselvay, a newer ebbing tide." So we set out, my heart and i, in mirth, To seek for happiness upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth, and we were glad glad Thus, for a sesson, waiting joys to come: God gave us fame and proise, a little sad We were, my heart and I, amid the hum Of voice landing us, till one, more dear, Than all the rest, spake gentle words and

sweet. Then we grew jubliant with right good cheer, And hasplaces came "n with flying feet. Drew near-but passed. Alas! my heart and I.

We could not hold the radiant wanderer fast. One rose touch of her lips in fleeting by Was ours : one precious look- the first, the

She will return, we said, with Love's new

There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell Sore sick : were sorrowful, found dreary

Ways. We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell tell Of comfort waiting us in better days. But where is happiness? Alack ! we find She is not ours to backon as we list; We have no magic spell wherewith to bind This rare, bright visitant to earth. We missed

missed The royal road to happiness; but lo! Something is saved us from the wreck of

all: We have content, though doubtful blessings And peace intwines our crosses, great and

hall, rn. my heart and I, the world's true Weles worth, And seek for happiness-but not on earth. -All the Year Round.

# KNOCKNAGOW OR,

## THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LX -- CONTINUED.

But those Tipperary homes-those that the crowbar has spared-smong which we have, perhaps, ingered too lorg and too lovingly for the reader's patience, are gloomy enough new. Poor Honor Laby can fiel little comfort even in Phil's eloquerce, though he is always cober and industrious. There is a deeper shade of sad ness in Mrs. Donovan's sai face; and Nelly's ringing laugh is never heard now. She even stops her wheel sometimes, and She even stops her wheel sometimes, and sits down to cry over a pair of embroid-ered slippers. Billy Heffernan comes over now and again from his hut in the bog, and sits on the bench in the corner. He is every day saying he will "take ccur-age," and begin to play his flute again ; but week after week passes, and he has not yet ventured to blow a single note. Nelly's mind is very much troubled on his account. She is afraid that when the flood rises Billy Heffennan and his the flood rises Billy Heffernan and his mule will inevitably be drowned in the bog. Billy assures her that the water was never yet known to cover the particu lar spot upon which he has erected his but he admits that coming in and going out will be " no joke " after a heavy fall of rain. Kit Cummins is mute; neavy fail of rain. All Gammins is mule; and her next door neighbour has been known to eit on the ground inside her own threshold, with her back against the open door, for hours together, and so oppressed by the unaccustomed silence, that sites finishing a "traund" beat that after finishing a "round" of her knitting, her hands would drop down languidly by her side, as, sighing deeply, she muttered under her teeth, "Gir r r out, you bla'gard," and fixed her eyes

vacantly upon the pig crunching Kit Cummin's stirabout stick in the dung. hele outside the door. The ring of Jack Delany's anvil is only heard by fits and starts; and Brummagem's face is so black that he must have discontinued the Sunday ablation in the quarry for some time. Tom Hogan is dying at Tom Oary the carpenter's whom he used to look down upon as a "tradesman," who

-distrain his stock and he'li be smashed," said Beresford, "I'm told he's in debt, " no match for a and has a thrashing machine at work night Nancy nurses him tenderly; and TomCary and day, and celling off his corn, though never hints at his old love for her, even by a look; but Nancy thinks of it often,

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. bargain after all. He can, however, make it all as good as Tom Hogan's, by deep-training, and liming, and fencing, and manuring, as Tom Hogan did. But Mr. Hanly is a shrewd man of business, and he knows to do this would be the show to do this would the landlords thereabouts were not exterminators, like some he could name, the crow bar has done its work at Knocknaow. Brummagem made an attempt to ollect some boys to hunt the wren in did. But Mr. Hanly is a shrewd man of business, and he knows to do this would cost sevoral thousand pounds; and, when 'twas all done, he knows also that the rent could be raised on him, as 'twas raised to m Hogan, or he could, like Tom Hogan, be turned out altogether. So he won't mind the draining until he has got a lorg lease. His lease of Castivriew will expire the same time as Maurice Attorney Hanly looks upon his handsme house, and his groves and meadows, he begins to feel ucesy and dissattefied. So he has had a good deal of talk latterly with old lease; and it has been suggeted to Sir Garrett Butler that he ought to give chair with a sigh of pain. She asked her-self what business she had in the world to Sir Garrett Butler that he ought to give a new lease of the whole farm to Me.

and would it not batter for her and every one else if she were at rest. As her head touched the back of the chair, she started, and a faint blush stole over her pal cheeks. "Ob," she exclaimed -drawing back the window curtain that she might have a view of the old castle and the little ruined

a new lease of the whole farm to Mr. Hanly, who would then expend a large sum of money in improvements, and would not object to paying a reasonable fine. It happened that, at the same time, Mr. Sam Somerfield, J. P., applied for a new lease of Woodlands. And in both cases the arguments brought forward to show that long leases would prove advan-tageous both to the landlord and the ten ant were so convincing that the old tageous both to the landlord and the ten ant were so convincing that the old baronet, with all his simplicity and want of experience, could not help wondering why his agent had always warned him scainst giving leases to his terants—partic ularly to Maurice Kearney—and pointed to the practice and example of this same Market Samurfield in summat of his same Mr. Sam Somerfield in support of his asser-tion that leases would be ruinous to the

 and lord's interests.
"And why does he ask me to give a lease to Mr. Hanly now ?" the landlord thought. "Why should it be for my interest to withold leases from all the rest, if

it be for my interest to give a lease to him 7 And why does Mr. Somerfield urge me so strongly to give him a lease, though he considered it a crime for landlords to

ne considered it a crime for landlords to give leases to their tenants, and I under-s and has quite done away with leases on the estate over which he is agent? 'Tis very strange. There must be something wrong. I'll write to Mr. Pender, and say I cannot give the lease till I make further transfer a'' cauiries.

Old Isaac shembled about in a state of Old Isaac shimbled about in a state of distraction, and had a severe attack of midges, when he read this letter. Bat Beresford was not at all eorry: for if Attorney Hanly and Mr. Somerfield had got leases, he could not see what excuses there would be for refusing to renew Maurice Kearney's lease. And Mr. Beree-ford Pender had set his heart upon getting possession of Ballinacissh by hock or by crook. One obstacle was removed; Mr. Lowe-who, he feared, might do some-thing to defeat his scheme-was gone to In thing to defeat his scheme-was gone to India. If Hugh Kearney were out of the way now, all would be right. Maurice Kearney, he suspected, was in debt; and if he were unexpectedly pounced upon for a year's rent he would never recover the blow, and could be put out even without waiting for the expiration of the lease. But old Isaac regretted that he had urged the landlord to give Attorney Hanly a "I'm afraid," old Issac muttered, " Sh

Garrett will take some notion into his head. I'm sorry now I ever disturbed Tom Hogan. Cary the carpenter stopped me on the road when his funeral was pass ing, and said, before all the people, that the coffin was his work, but that my work was in the coffia. A farmer dare not talk to a gentleman that way. But these tradesmen are very insolent. Phil Laby the tailor never puts his hand to his hat for me. And look at that old Phil Morris. I never like to see his eye on ma. 'Tis these fellows that destroy the country. Only for them the farmers would submit to anything." "Donovan is sure to be transported,"

"I don't see what good that will do," returned his father; "unless S's Garrett will make some allowance, when he sees it was as his agent I was robbed. I never

"eturned Billy. "I called in--" "Time is up," said the turnkey. And liked that business. I'd rather keep out of such things, unless when comething is

"Slap at Kearney now for a year's rent all her sobs and tears ! A week or two after the visit to the jail Pilly Heffernan stopped his mule opposite the little thatched house, where, low prices are.", "His brother or some one might pay exactly a year before, he sold the two the rent for him," returned the old agent : "and then we'd be doing him good instead pence worth of turi while waiting for from to pass through the loads of corn that blocked up the street, after leaving the dragoon him on the road. The "He owes his brother money," rejoined

"Look to the right," exclaimed Barney, in the solemn tones of the showman, "and you'll see Solomon's Temple-mounted on a grey horse." And his master imma-distely ran into the honse to order a good by so strong a testimony to the excellence of his exhibition, fought the battle of Waterloo over again, and again asked, "Don't you hear the cannons roaring ?" "Ob, I do!" responded the voice again, in a tone of all in a tone of still deeper worder and profounder awe. There was a broad grin on every face

dinner to be set before Barney Brobberick. "Begob, Phil," Barney answered, when he had smacked his lips and wipad his mouth after the Baillnaclash bacon, "'ils all like a dhrame to me; but I don't much in the crowd, except Billy Heffernan's-he not being much given to mirth. And of course the showman himself could not care as Bobby came home safe. as that was what was throublin' me." And Barney did look contented, and in a very happy for a moment so far forget the digoity of his mission as to allow his features to frame of mind. "But tell us where you went to and

relax into a smile. "Don't you hear the cannons roaving ?" "Don't you near the cannot rearing , he repeated, casting a look of severe re-proof upon his andience, to rebuke them for their levity. "Oh, I do!" responded the voice. what kept you away so long," "Well, whin the steamer dhrove off wud Mat, I feit so down hearted I didn't

The curtain was drawn back, and Billy Heffernan started, and, with eyes and mouth wide open, stared at the face, radi-ant with more than buman felicity, re-vealed to his astonished gaza.

wud Mat, I feit so down-hcarted I didn't know what to do wud mysel'f. Au' as Bobby wanted a rest, I walkrd up an' down lookin' at the ships. There was wan big wan full uv people, an' the sailors chout-in' an' shigin' an' pullin' ropes, an' womau an' childher roario' an' bawiin' for the bare life, till you wouldn't know where you wor standin'. 'Is that Barney ?' eays some wan out from the middle uv 'em. Au' who wasid but a b'y from Ballingarry eide that challenged Mat Donovan to rise side that challenged Mat Donovan to rise a weight wan day at the colliery; an' begob he put Mat to the pin uv his collar the same day. So out he comes an' pulls me in on the deck ; an' who the blazes did I see sittin' forninst me but Patherson the

I see sittin' taratast me but l'Atherson the piper playin' away for the bare life. Thin three or four more fellows that wor in the habit uv comin' to the dance at the Bush met at me, an' you'd think they'd shake very grave-"don't b'lieve a word uv the hand off uv me. The divil a wan uv 'em that hadn't a bottle, an' I should take Billy Heffernan never took his eyes off

him for an instant, apparently dreading that if he did Barney might vanish, a small dhrop out uv every wan uv 'em for the sake uv ould times, as they said. Thin nothin' 'd do but I should dance

"Like him the sprite Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunted."

about; an' Patherson changed the 'Exile of Etyin' to 'Tatthered Jack Walsh 'while Heeling his car suddenly at the door of the thatched house, he threw the load

when a servant came in to say that Billy H: ffernan was in the kitchen, and wanted to see Mr. Hugb, as he was going to drive Mrs. Donovan ard Nelly to Cionmei in the morning to visit Mat in jail. "Ob, what are you doin'?" cried the "Ob, what are you doin'?" cried the woman of the house. "I don't want any turf to day. An' sure if I did idse'f, I couldn't afford to buy a whole load to-They found Mat quite calm, and pre-pared for the worst. But a pang shot through his mother's heart when she saw

"Never mind," returned Billy Hefferae would upon a pig of lively propensi

Kit, in the whole course of her life never made the journey from Clonmel to Knocknagow in such quick time. The news flow like wildfire that the prodigal had returned, and was safely caged in Billy Heffernan's creel; and men, women, and children rushed out to see him thin a calf afore his mother licks him. So there I was spinnin' about thryin' to studdy myse'f, when the flure slanted and and to speak to bim, before they had reached Mat Donovan's. But Billy down, for all the world like as if a cart heeled an' you standin' in id, an' I was pitched head foremost, an' was d-n near Heffernan begged of them to keep back, as his mind would not be easy till be pitched head foremost, an' was d—n near dnrivin'<sub>a</sub>my head through the captain's stummuck. 'Where's your pasage-ticket?' says he, shoutin' out loud; for you couldn't hear your ears wud the wind, and the say dashin' up agin the sides uv the ship, till you'd think we wor goin' to he swoilied afore you could bless yourse'f. 'Where's your ticket?' says the captain agin, seein' that I had my arms twisted round a rone an' Lhoulin' on for the hare had delivered up his charge to Hugh Kearney, who, he hoped and trusted, would find means to secure him, at least But he feit there was a want of sympathy with him on his sitter's part when she never told him a word about Bessy. She spoke about everyone she cared much for herself; and because she did not care much for Bessy Morris, she quite forgot that Mat cared more for her than for all the world. And to sympathise with him in this would be a greater proof of affec-tion than the greatest sacrifices his siter could have made for him. She told him, over and over, what a good friend Billy Hiffernan was to them, and how he would drive them to Clonnel again the day of round a rope, an' I houlin' on for the bare life. 'Arra, what 'd I be doin' wud a passage ticket ?' says I, 'whin I'm not goin' anywhere.' 'Come, my good fel-low,' says he, 'I want none of your humhim that it was old times again, and no mistake. So that Barney could not keep in a "hurroo!" of exultation, which took rather the shape of a screech, as he flung up his left arm and assaulted himself with the heel of his right foot; in a manner which, from any foot but his own, would have been at least insulting. And, then and there, Barney performed one of Cal-leghan's most difficult and complicated steps, with a lock of intense gravity, which deepend into a scowl, as he finished by clapping his foot flat upon the ground with all his force, remaining motionlass as actatue in that position for half a min-

the quay uv Watherford, an' that's all I'll ax,' says I. 'We have another here,' says the mate, platin' to Patherson, rowlin' hether an' over on the broad of his back. 'That's the piper,' says the explain. 'What are we to do wud'ern? 'Let me ute, and then suddenly breaking into Mat Donovan was alone again in that dreary cell. Ab, if Nelly Donovan had "called in" to old Phil Morris", and brought one kind word from Bessy, how much better it would have been for her brother than dealed in " out, sir,' says I, 'or I'll have no business to show my face to the misthress,' says I. emed to be the meed for which Barney had been labouring, and without which he would have considered his efforts thrown away; for Barney took off his hat and

#### OOTOBER 18, 1890"

into a brake uv briers, an' cut off to see the fun; au' the divil a wan uv me ever thought uv the gun till the day uv the hurlin', whin Father M'Mathon tould me 'twas in Billy Heffernan's bog hole; and what use would id be for me to go look for id in a hole that's as deep as the top or the house?"

for id in a hole that's as deep as the top uv the house?" "Did he tell you who put it in that hole?" Hugh asked. "Not a word, sir," Barney replied, "on'y that 'twas there." "All right, Barney,"said Hugh. "You may go see Bobby and your mother as soon as you like now. Let him out, Billy. he wont run away again, never

Foon as you fixe now. Let him out, Billy; he wont run away again, never fear," he added, on observing Billy Heffer-nan's look of alarm. "Be my sowl, 'tis runnin' enough I'm afther gettin'," returned Barney. "Au' that I may never die in sin if ever I put a fat on a ship soln, anyway. Will I a fut on a ship sgin, anyway. Will I ride Bobby to see my mother, Misther Hugh ?" The permission was granted, and in a

few minutes Barney passed by the side of Knocknsgow that was left at full gallop ; in his excitement either not seeing or not heeding Kit Cummins, who ran to her door holding up a bottle and glass invitingly ; nor even seeming to notice Peg Brady, who, with the dragoon, stood behlod ner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRIESTS IN THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

THE AUTHOR OF A NOTABLE BOOK SAYS SOME GOOD THINGS.

Catholic Review. REV. EDITOR—Your promise to heartily endorse some "sensible platform which all men can stard on in acting against the drink evil" will have a wide influence. E:e long we may see the beginning of a successful temperance movement in America. Allow me, however, to disegree with you when you say Father Elitot's hope, that the priests may be induced to take up the work, is vain.

The influence of the priest for moral reform is unique and immense in a free country. The most brilliant statesmen envy his power to control free wills. Temperance in America will wave its Temperance in America will wave its triumphant banner from the moment that priests rally around it; but it would be a "lost cause" if the clergy of the Outholic Church were forever kept in reserve or in a simply defensive position. I do not mean to accuse American priests of neglect. They are so well disciplined that they would receive no credit for rushing into a crusade against any evil without explicit command from their superiors. The wise and beloved members of our hierarchy have not yet pre-scribed any extraordinary means to abate the extraordinary evil of drunkenness. Personally they are vehement advocates of temperance. They have decreed that intoxicants should not be sold for charitable purposes. But how is even this negative rule observed ? Is not its fisgrant violation in many places shamefully be-littling epiritual suthority ? Is the epis-copate straid to offend these who adhere to foreign drinking customs? If so, how much longer can the Church afford to assume a genteel and passive attitude towards foreign habits which paralyze her efforts ? A successful temperance movement

goin' anywhere.' 'Come, my got hum-low,' szys he, 'I want none of your hum-buggin'. Huad me your ticket an' go below.' 'I'm not a coddy at ail,' says I. 'Lat me go lock afther me little asa.' 'He'a a stole-away,' says the ciptain, turnin' to the mate. 'That's what they'll say at home,' says I. 'An' if you don't let me out, Bobby 'll be a stole-away, too, God help me,' awys I. 'An' where do you want to go?' says the captain, an' I see he couldn't help laughin'. 'Good look to ny the quay uw Watherford, an' that's all 'li ax,' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says a 'x' says I. 'We have another here,' says must be gradual in its results, but general nected with forms of worship opposed to his. True. Bat why not explain your position? Go in the midst of your non-Catholic fellow citizens, who eagerly, though often silently, expect your assistance in some sensible temperance under-takiog. Be outspoken. State what you 'You're fifty miles from Watherford,' takiog. Beoutspoken. State what you say he, 'an' I suspect this is a schame uv want. In nine cases out of ten they will do anything to accommodate you and your conscience. Because they know your power for good ; they will welcome you, and even respect you beyond your expectations. Everything is favorable. If the Bishops and priests take the initiative in some determined and well. planned move for temperance we will soon witness such a national outburst of joyous gratituie as was never seen before on this continent.

#### OCTOBER 18, 1890.

#### Robin and I.

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# Once upon a winter day, As I sat forlorn and sad, Thinking, in a fetfoli way of the time when I was glad-Hopping lightly over the snow, Came a robin that I know.

On the window ledge he stood, With a bright, inquiring eys; Twas a compact that he should Always call in passing by Just to show wo migot pretend isch to entertain a filead.

When I saw my tiny guest. Waiting for his daily crum Dainty, frim and self-possessed, Never denoting it would come, I could almost hear him say, "Mistress, food is scarce to day."

And my heart made sad reply, As the little dole I threw. As the little dole I threw, "Mtrange that one so poor as I Should have store enough for two ! Robin. If the thing could be, Would you throw a crumb to me ?"

Not a sound disturbed the nush, Save my own impatient sign-Bobin to a neighboring bush Darted off without good-bye. How ! you leave me, faitnless bird, As I waited for a word.

Ah ! I wronged the heart of flame : Through the slience, sweet and clear, Forth his cheery carol came, And I held my breath to hear, For that dear familiar strain Woke my better self again.

'Twas a benediction sweet, Chanted in a foreign ton Chanted in a foreign tongue, Like those graces after meat By the warbling scholars sung, Where the reverend customs hold, Handed down by men of old.

Did I dream that, as he sang, Some one entered at the door, That some childsh langhter rang And some footsteps crossed the floor ? Who hath touched my lips with wine, Mellow juice of Auld Lang Syne ?

Suddenly the music ceased, Yet the silence breathed of balm Art thou flown then, small hedge Somewhere else to raise the psain ' "Man," the Master fliely said, "Doth not live alone by bread."

- Good Words

### THE ANGELUS.

FROM "FURF-FIRE STORIES" AND FAIRY TALES OF IRE LAND.

# BY BARRY O'CONNOR.

Those evening bells, those evening bells, How many a tale their music tells Of youth and home, and that sweet time When last I heard their southing chime. -Moore.

Who will say that there is not something touchingly poetical in the subject of

Chateaubriand, describing their use in calling worshippers to prayer, says : "Let bells, then, call the faithful to gether, for the voice of man is not suffi clently pure to summon penitence, in-nocence, and misfortune at the foot of the altar. Among the savages of America when supplicants approach the door of the cabin, it is the child that belongs to it that ushers the distressed stranger into the babitation of his father. So, if the use of bells were forbidden us, s child should be chosen to call us to the house of the Lord."

house of the Lord." Another writer, referring to the Angelus bell, says: "The sound of the bell is among the most pleasant re-minders of our affiliation with our fellow men. We have often been told. and can testify in our own case, that there is nothing more agreeable when detained on board a vessel waiting high water, than the sound of the Angelus bell from the church in the distance. Its tones tell us of one faith, on sea as on land, and we are led to join in the prayers of those we soon expect to meet.

Trim, the country town of East Meath, is distant about twenty two miles from Dublin ; it is pleasantly situated on the Boyne. In the vicinity are the remains several castellated and monastic buildings, the most remarkable of which are Trim Castle, on the banks of the river, and the Abbey founded by St. Patrick, and alterwards built by De

Lacy, Lord of Meath. About half a mile from Trim are the ruine of Newton Abbey, forming a grand and picturesque object. The ancient castle of the De Ladys, once the proudest pile in Meath, is now a mass of ruins, and recalls forcibly the memory of its s of almost regal splendor. My pres ent design, however, is not to expatiate upon the architectural beauties of Erin's ancient structures, but briefly to sketch the sorrowfulness which may sometimes spring from the more recent ruins of mud walled, straw-thatched Irish home steads. About a mile and a half from the fam-About a mile and a main from the fam-ous ruins already alluded to stood a low line of cottages. The land in this neigh-borhood was noted for its wealth produc ing fertility, in the shape of abundant But ruin and desolation were harvests. But r soon to follow. Cattle-raising was considered by the egent of the absentee landlord to be of ich more importance than the raising of large families. Of course, the result of this was that notices to quit were scat. tered broadcast. To those who under-stand the feelings of an Irish tenant for the bit of land and the little cot where h first drew breath the scene of an Irish eviction is calculated to have a most depressing and heart chilling effect. It is pretty generally admitted that there is not a race of people in the world so affectionately attached to their native soil as the Irish. Even when driven from their homes, so strong is their love for the old spot that they will linger for days and weeks near the beloved scenes o their earliest recollections. Their green meadows, the dark mountains, and glorious torrents that gush from them is a assion which they carry with them into xile. And many have been known to pine away in secret after their native hills, until, the malady becoming apparent un-fortunately too late, they sought once more the green fields and valleys among which they had spent their youth, just in time to lay down their pale cheeks and rest in their native clay forever, those hearts which absence and separation from the very soil had broken.

you'd be lookin' about you. Well, Poil, you know that's wan of Callsghan's doubles, an' if I didn't show 'em what ducin' way, my name isn't Brney. Bat some way or other some wan knocked up sgin me, an'my fut slipped on the boards, an' down I fell." Here Barney ecratched his head and fell into a reverie. "Well ?' said Phil Lahy. "What hap pened you when you fell " "That's what I'm thryin' to make out, Phil," returned Barney, "but I can't. Barrin' that I suppose I forgot to get up; for whin I kem to myse'f there I was ondher a hape uv canvas, an' Patherson lyin' o' top uv me gruntin' like an ould sow. 'Twaen't lorg any way till a couple uv sailors pulled us out, an' whin I stood up the divil a stand I could stand no more

"Yo up !" And away they went.

gether," how thin and pale he had grown. He had lived so long in the open air, and led so active a life, imprisonment was telling fearfully upon his strong frame. At the times, too, his heart would eink at the thought that he must stand before the thought that he must stand before the public geze accused perhaps convicted he w of a cowardly and disgraceful orline. But tiles, his mother's sad face told him, more plainly than words, to be a man, no mat. K plainly than words, to be a man, no mat-ter what might happen; while Nelly, in spite of all 'her wild ways, utterly broke down, and was supported out of the prison, crying and sobbing violently, by Billy Heffernau. They told him all the news, and spoke of all his old friends-except one. He longed to hear of her, and

except one. He longed to hear of her, and yet her name was never once men-tioned. He did not ask for her-partly because he dreaded to hear something unpleasant, and parily because he thought she would rather not be talked of by him. But he felt there was a want of sympathy

drive them to Clonmel again the day of the trial; and Mat was truly glad to hear this. But why did she not speak one word of his darling Bessy ? Why did she not love her for his sake ? Billy Heffernan told him he had a letter from Hugh Kearney to his attorney, and that nothing would be left undone to prove his inno-

"I'm sure uv that," said Mat. "I'd depend my life on him. And how is ould Phil Morris, Billy ?" "As sound as a bell, as he says himse'?,"

Mat Donovan was alone again in that

view of the old exsite and the little ruined church near it—"'its a shame for me!" And Mary gazed towards the churchyard with her hend resting on the back of the chair. It was a straw chair. It was Norah Liby's straw chair—which poor Norah had left to her idol'zed friend. And how could she sit in that chair and not he straw?" not be strong ? She joined her father and mother and hugh at dinner with a smiling, happy face. But still there was a gloom over the little circle—it was such a contrast to all the other happy Christmases they had known ; and it was a relief to them all

and sometimes says to herself that Ned Brophy's love was not "the right love." Old Phil Morris is becoming more and more cynical, and will talk crossly even of barm."

to Bessy, and ask her what ails her, and why she looks so miserable. Even Peg Brady is unhappy, and resolves to east her mind by telling Mat Donovan the truth about the letter; for her con-science told her that if it were not for

her issiousy and duplicity. Mat would left for America at all, and would not be now a prisoner in the jail of Clonmel, in danger of being trans-ported for life. Mary Kearney is doing ner best to be strong; but since Norah Lshy's death the struggle is harder than it used to be; and when she thinks of her light hearted sister going into a con vent, she can scarcely suppress a cry of There is a rumour, too, that pain. Arthur O'Connor is going to be married to some rich lady who fell in love with him in Paris And Mary sees the traces of care growing deeper and deeper in her brother Hugh's face, and fears that her father's affairs must be becoming more embarrassed. Ellie is at schoo with Grace, and Mary often thinks how Grace's presence would brighten up the old cottage—and how much it wanted brightening up now. Maurice Kearney, however, appears as jovial as ever; and the only weight on Mrs. Kearney's mind is the fate of poor Barney, who, she fears, must have fallen into the river at Water ford, or met with some other equally ultimely end. "Unless, indeed," she ' she would add, "he has turned ballad singer-

or showman himself." And Barney's mistress derived great consolation from the hope that he had permanently attached himself to a Punch and Judy. Attorney Hanly has got possession of one hundred and fifty acres of land ad

joining Castleview, at one pound an acre. Besides Tom Hogan's little farm. for which Tom Hogan paid two pounds, some fifty acres, including Mat Donovan's and four or five other small garden.' idings of from five to ten acres, are in pretty good heart. But the rest is o poor and exhausted that Mr. Hanly does not consider that he has got much of a Hannigan's encouraging assurance that

Beresford, "and there's no danger. The brother knows he has no hold of his place, woman of the house had become a regular customer since, and even when she and I'm told he always said he was a fool to expend so much money in improve not want a supply of turf, Blily often stopped to have a chat with her. While

"Well, Dr. Kiely might interfere. He is a dangerous mao, and if he thought Kearney was harshly treated he'd never stopped to have a chat with her. While they were taiking this morning, he oberved a crowd at the corner of the street around a yellow painted van, built on the stop till be got Sir Garrett to look into plan of those houses upon wheels in which things. The creditors want the timber on Woodlands to be sold, and if matters tail lady and a dwarf are usually to be seen, but small enough to be drawn by a single donkey. Along one side were two rows of lenses, like burning glasses, the are stirred at all something unpleasant may happen. Bat if Sir Garrett remains abroad, I think there is no danger." under row low enough for the smallest

"'Tis reported Kiely's son has some notion of Miss Kearney," said Bereeford. "Well, that's only another reason why bas some urchin to peep through, and the upper sufficiently high for a full grown man to view the wonders inside without stooping we should be cautious," replied his father, "and the longer he's let run the easier inconveniently. A green balze curtain hung from a frame in front of the glasses, 'twill be to manage him." "No surrender !" muttered Mr. Beresand was drawn over the spectators who paid their half-pence, to shut them in

from the grze of the crowd. The show man had a loud voice, and in a monoton ford Pender down in his chest, as he walked away to have an imaginary con. versation with the "colonel," and invent ous sing-song tone he solemnly announced to the public that he was there by order of Her Gracious Msjesty, Queen Victoria, to exhibit his panorama for the instruca few new oaths.

CHAPTER LX<sup>5</sup>.

tion of her Irish subjects, especially the warm hearted people of gallant Tipperary. BARNEY IS CAPFURED, -HIS ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF, -- MAT THE THRASHER IN CLONMEL JAIL, AND THE BIG DRUM He then commenced letting down his pictures one by one by means of strings SILENT. with brass curtain rings attached to them

SLENT. It is Christmas Day again. But the day has dawned, for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, without the windows in the old town of right ' Klithubber being set dancing by the famous Knocknagow drum. The drum is eilent and forgotten over Mat Dono-

numerous to mention here; always van's dresser; and Mat is a prisoner awaiting his trial, in Clonmel jail. Bu ishing his description of a battle by asking them did they not "hear the cannon even if the drum were banged, as of old, roaling.' " Don't you hear the cannons roaring ?" at the Bash, behind Maurice Kearney's, loud enough to awaken the Seven he exclaimed, as Billy Heffernan pushed bis way through the crowd, and stood Sleeper, how few would have rallied to the call, compared with that day twelve-month, when Mr. Lowe and his host fol-

of the profoundest wonder. The showman, surprised and delighted the peep-show."

drew his sleave across his forehead, with the look of a man who had done his duty, thoroughly satisfied with Tom Maher's "Good again."

'And now, Barney," said Phil Lahy, will you be good enough to give an explanation of your disappearence, and

where and how you spent your time, since you parted with Mat Donovan on the deck of the Liverpool steamer in the harbour of Waterford?" And having thus delivered himself, Phil cast a "gentle-men-of the jury " look around upon his time." audience.

Barney seemed quite taken aback, and evidently feared that his troubles were before him after all. "Wait till he gets something to eat

mended ?" first," sald Mrs. Kearney. "I suppose he's famished with hunger. Go to the kitchen, Barney, and I'll desire them to

get you your dinner." "Would I doubt you, ms'am !" ex-"Would I doubt you, ma'am!" er-claimed Barney, brighteniog up again. "Thunder-an turf, Miss Eille, is id yourse'f at all ? Begor, Miss Mary, she'll shortly be able to ate a tuppenny loaf over your head. An' Masther Wille! och, Masther Wille, if you see the fine pup I had stole for you, but I couldn't bring him wud me. Four months ould, an' as big as a calf. He'd be as big as Bobby. I see his father an' mother wud I see his father an' mother wud Bobby. my own eyes dhrawin' tember tin mile o'ground. But bad luck to id, I couldn't

bring him." desiring his patrons to "lock to the right" and "look to the left," and they "And where did you find him, Billy ?" Mrs. Kearney asked.

"Lookin' at a peep show, ma'am," re-turned Billy Heffernan. would see "Napoleon Bonaparts mounted on a gray horse," and "Solomon's Temple," and various other wonders, too

"Oa, that was the peep-show !' ex-claimed Barney. "I never see the likes uv id. I'd rather give a shillin' to get wan look at id than to spind a shillin' at a race? "What did you see in it, Barney ?" his

master asked. "The whole world," returned Barney, with a look of wonder. "But tell us what you saw," continued

"Oh, I do," responded a voice from under the green baize cartain, in accente his master, hugging himself in the excess of his gles. "Tell us what you saw in

yours to chate me,' says he. Wud that b'y from Ballingarry came up a stepladdher out uy a place they call the houit -an' the divil's own hoult the same place -an' he explained all to the captain, an' said I'd be handy about the cookin,' an' as for the piper, if the weather cleared up, he'd give 'em a tune, an' keep 'em alive An' that's the way myse'f an' Patherson went to New-found-land. We wor home

together, too, an' he wanted to keep up the partnership, we did so well in St. John's, he playin' an' I dancin'. But, good luck to you, Phil, an' let me out to see Bobby, an' I'll tell you all another

"Just tell me, Barney," said Hugh, who had been listening unobserved to the latter part of his narration, "what did

you do with the gun you were desired to bring to Mat Donovan, to have the stock

"Oh, for God's sake, Misther Hugh," Barney exclaimed-showing such decided symptoms of a desire to run away, that Billy Heffernan closed the door and placed his back egainst lt—" don't get me into a

his back egainst it - don't get me into a hobble about the gun, an' I afther goin' through such hardship. Let me go see Bobby an' my poor ould mother. Sare l'm bad enough, God help me." "I don't want to get you into any trouble about it," said Hugb. "But, by

" But, by telling the truth, you will get your friend Mat Donoyan out of trouble. Why did

hat Donoyan out of trouble. Why did you not bring the gun to him, and where did you bring it?" "Twas all on account uv Peg Bredy," Barney auswered moodily. "An' see all the throuble I brought on myse'f for wan slob uv a klas."

"Well, tell me how it happened." "Well, tell me how it happened." "I see her goln' home by the short-cut, slr," returned Barney, looking the very picture of repentance, "an' wint across to meet her, thinkin' id 'd be a fine thing to let her see me wud a fire lock on my shouldher. An' thin I wint to help her over the double ditch above the forth. An' as I was comin' back I hear the bagles An' as I was comin pace I near the barges givin' tongue, an' the hare wint poppin' through the nine-acre field, an' was WAS makin' for the furze over Raheen. Thin the hounds come on, keepin' on the thraie elegant, and the fust man I see toppin' the double-ditch was yourse'f, and the

hunteman after you. So I stuck the gun | Manard's Liniment cures Distemper.

I am tempted to add something about "sensible temperance platform," but knowing that editors like brevity, I close by thanking you for your kind mention of "Handcuffs for Alcohollsm."

REV. GEORGE ZURCHER. Buffalo Plains, N. Y.

#### Imperial Federation

Will present an opportunity to extend the frame of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says : "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, "besides two Baffalo Physicians," without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it can-not be recommended to highly."

Mining News.

Mining experts note that cholera never attracks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawterry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhœa, etc. It is a sure cure.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to re-move the corns, root and branch, by the use of Hollowsy's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experi-

One day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation, ensues ; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise, Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in media for preventing and curing all liver troubles. Never ALLow the bowels to remain conatipated lest serious evil ensue. National Pills are unsurpassed as a remedy for con-

CHAPTER II.

It was a calm and sunny September evening. The air was mild and balmy. A narrow lane, or boreen, branched off from the high road, which led to the row of cottages referred to. Over this of cottages referred to. Uper this breen was a leafy canopy. The elevated inclos-ures of the path were tangled by a pro-fusion of wild flowers, such as the purple fox-glove, with its fairy like caps, and the