

FATHER MATT.

Oh! the golden days, the happy days,
The sunny days of youth,
When my heart was glad, and a simple lad
I walked in the paths of truth.
No worldly cares distracted my prayers
The Searcher of Hearts knows that,
When I hurried kneelt, and repentant felt
At the feet of Father Matt.

The Soggarth Aroon in the leafy June
Of life-time watches his sheep;
And in winter years he dries the tears
Of the weary eyes that ween,
He gave us hope when the jill and rope
Laid the manhood of Ireland flat
'Neath the tyrant's heel, but the beau ideal
Of a soggarth is Father Matt.

His tongue so mild, first taught me, a child,
The truths of our Holy Creed;
He taught in the time of my youth and prime,
"Tis blest for our land to bleed."
Let knives despise my coat of frieze
And my seedy cap of brown;
Thank Heaven I know, all my spirit I owe
To the teachings of Father Matt.

Friend of the poor, o'er the dreary moor,
How oft has he trudged on foot
When winter howled and black night scowled
To bring joy to the poor man's hut.
Ye starved and weak whose hearts must break
To pumper some lordling's brat,
Oh! what would you do, if God gave you
No Shepherds like Father Matt?

No gorgeous feast for this pious priest
At some despot's sumptuous board;
No gracious nod for this man of God
From some tyrant robber lord;
No sparkling wine for this meek divine,
No banquet of stolen fat,
But a homely meal on a board of deal
Is relished by Father Matt.

No flickering flame, no feeble frame
Nor foot by the yawning grave,
But a ruddy cheek and a fine physique
And a spirit more than brave,
And first in the race glows his salutary face
For the goal we're driving at—
To free the slave and our souls to save
Is the mission of Father Matt.

Green are thy hills loved land of hills
And soft are thy spreading fields;
But a robber band from a foreign land
Eats the fruit that our labor yields,
Would we be freed from the vampire's greed
Away with all idle chat
And up let us do, our soggarths are true
And trusted like Father Matt.

St. Louis, Nov. 20, 1892. JERE. FINNAN.

SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXI.

"The youngest little boy, sir!" exclaimed Sally Cavanagh, as she clasped her treasure to her bosom—as if she could hide it there—and looked imploringly into the face of the poor-house official.

But it was no use: she should comply with the rules.

The children followed the official into a long corridor. Before the door closed behind them, they turned round to take a last look at their mother, and as they did so, their little hearts died within them. Surely something horrible is going to happen to them! For their mother stretches out her hands towards them with a look of despair, as if she saw a bottomless pit yawn and swallow them up before her eyes. Poor, terror-stricken children! Miserable, heart-broken mother!

"This way, good woman," said the matron. And Sally Cavanagh followed her mechanically.

She is stretched upon a pallet in the crowded dormitory. She knows not whether she is asleep or awake; she has such horrid, horrid visions. She hears angry voices around her calling upon somebody to keep quiet and let them rest. Then the horrid visions again; and then the voices angrier and louder than before. Then a hand is laid on her forehead, and a voice whispers close to her ear: "My poor woman, they are getting angry with you for preventing them from sleeping."

"What!" exclaimed poor Sally Cavanagh, bewildered—"Oh! was it ravin' I was?"

"Yes, you talk of your husband, and children, and the youngest little boy, and Mr. Brian. But try and rest now, and I'll sit here near you."

"But the night is very cold: you'd be perished."

"Oh, no, I have my quilt on my shoulders."

"Your quilt? Shure you aren't one of the paupers?"

"I am," was the reply, in a whisper, but with a strange distinctness.

"Your speech is like a lady's. And your hand—oh, how silky and slender it is; and soft, like an infant's. Are you married?"

"Yes—but—but he's dead!" and the word came with a choking sob.

"The Lord be merciful to his soul."
"Thank you—thank you, though I cannot join you in your prayer."
"Why so?"
"I am a Protestant. But I believe I do pray for him,—in my heart."
"Must you stay long in the poor-house?"
"No—I hope not."
"You have friends to go to?"
"Yes; I have friends to go to." And now there was something like gladness in her voice.
"Maybe they're not in this country though?"
"No; they're in Heaven."
A faint moonbeam at that moment enabled Sally Cavanagh to see the face of her companion. It was wan, and worn, and beautiful. The eyes were turned upwards, and seemed to look into the Heaven of which she spoke. Sally thought it was like the face of a saint. Sitting up in her bed, she wound her arms round the slight waist, and drawing the fragile form close to her, rested the pale head on her bosom. And Sally Cavanagh, forgetting her own great misery, wept for the woes of a sister in misfortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

There was a letter from America for Sally Cavanagh, directed to Brian Purcell's care. He went to the work-house himself with it,—but poor Sally was delirious, raving of her husband, and her children, and the youngest little boy. How a mother's heart will yearn for her youngest little boy!

Sally Cavanagh had brain fever. Brian tried to learn something of her children, but failed. There was such a mass of misery, he could not find out these particular atoms. He saw great piles of little rough coffins, though; and Brian shook his head sadly. He opened the letter and read it. It told of hardship, and sickness, and disappointment. But Connor Shea had employment at last "out westward," and was saving every shilling. And with God's help he'd be able to keep his word, and send for them "before the oats was out." In the meantime, he'd send a few pounds as soon as he'd hear from her. And poor, honest, unsuspecting Connor Shea concluded with kind remembrance to the neighbors—"not forgetting Mr. Brian"—and he (Connor) often thought of the night at the old Finger-post. [Brian sometimes thought of that night, too.] In a postscript, Connor said that Neddy was going on first-rate with his friend the school-master, and that he sent his love to all.

"Where am I?" Sally Cavanagh asked faintly.

"You must not talk—'tis the doctor's orders," replied the nurse.

Another day and night wore on. Then she knew it was the doctor who was feeling her pulse. She struggled a long time to speak, but was not able to utter a word. But when she saw the doctor turning away, despair appeared to give her strength, and with an effort she cried—"The—children!"

"You must keep very quiet," said the doctor kindly; "you are after getting over a bad fever; and the children are quite well."

Another, and another, and another day. And now she could understand her position clearly. They assured her that when she was strong enough she should see her children—the youngest little boy and all. "Oh, that was all she wanted,—just to see them from the window for one minute, and sure she'd be strong enough for that to-morrow, at any rate." But when to-morrow, and to-morrow, and a week passed, and they were still putting her off, a terrible dread took possession of her. The doctor, seeing this, whispered to the nurse that if she did not rest better that night, the truth should be broken to her. But having heard the children in the work-house were all marched out daily at a certain hour for air and exercise, Sally Cavanagh stole from the fever hospital, and hid herself in a clump of evergreens by which the children were to pass. She crouched down upon her knees and elbows, watching and listening intently. They are coming! They pass within a few feet of the evergreens! Her very breathing is suspended. Not a face in that long line of pauper boys escapes her scrutiny. But Corney is not there, nor Tommy, nor Nickey. Sally Cavanagh feels an almost irrepressible impulse to scream aloud; but by a strong effort she resists it, and it passes away in a shudder. She rests her forehead—it is burning—

upon the damp clay under the evergreens, and remains motionless, she knows not how long. She is roused by the plodding tread of the pauper boys on their return. She watches them again, but now not anxiously, but with a dull, unconscious gaze.

Again she is roused. A piercing light burns in her dark eyes, and her nostrils quiver. The pauper girls are coming now. She raises herself upon her hands as if she were about to spring forward. It is—it is poor Norah's yellow hair. She does spring forward. She seizes the child by the shoulders, and, holding her at arm's length, stares into a face that never wore a smile; no, never,—since the day she was born. But it is not poor Norah, and Sally Cavanagh appears turned into stone as the procession of pauper girls moves past.

But is it not a sight to make one shudder? Is there not something horrible in the bare idea of many hundreds of children's faces without one smile among them? Yet we assure the reader we have seen this unnatural sight.

Another thought smote upon the heart of Sally Cavanagh, and she was roused again.

She sees two men placing coffins upon a car. There is a child's coffin amongst them; and as the men stoop to lift it from the ground they are pushed violently aside. She tears off the lid, and the bright rays of the setting sun fall upon the little ghastly corpse. But it is not her child. The priest, who was coming from the hospital, approached and spoke soothingly to the poor distracted mother.

"Where are they?" she asked.

"In Heaven,—with the saints in Heaven," replied the priest.

"Norah—an' Corney—an' Tommy and Nickey—an' the youngest little boy?—are they all dead?"

"Yes; they're all dead!"

"And buried?"—she added, with a bewildered look.

"And buried—and gone to a better world," said the priest.

She looked distractedly about her, till her eyes rested on a blue mountain, ten miles away. She bent a long, piercing gaze upon the mountain. And then, uttering a wild shriek that rung through every corner of the "palace of poverty," and made the good priest turn pale, the broken-hearted woman rushed through the gate, her hands stretched out towards the mountain.

Sally Cavanagh was a maniac.

CHAPTER XXIII.

By the side of the larch grove above the "high field" was Kate Purcell's favorite walk. The place commanded a view of the peaceful valley, and from it she could look down at the home she loved, and feel that her mother's eyes were often fondly turned towards her. Besides, the "short cut" from Coolbawn led through the larch grove, and Brian found his sister almost every evening waiting to open the gate—the fastening of which was on the field side—as he returned from his farm.

Dear! she loved that old home, where her life had glided on so sweetly, that, looking back, it seemed like one calm summer day. Yet Kate Purcell had made up her mind to leave that beloved home—and forever—never, never to see it more! Her heart was ready to break at the thought; but her resolution was taken. She only waited to see Brian's wife fill her place in the family circle, and thenceforward her place would be by the bedside of disease, and want, and vice, or perhaps among the heaps of dead and dying upon the battle field. Though to most persons Kate Purcell appeared cold, there was an amount of enthusiasm in her nature of which even those who knew her best had no suspicion. Except her brother, she had seen but one man who came up to her idea of what a man ought to be. But he was poor, and had a mother and four young sisters dependent upon him. She would remember him and pray for him. She was proud to think of his love for her; but both felt the necessity of laying down their love at the shrine of duty. We believe more sacrifices of this kind are made in Ireland than in any other country in the world. The reason why is evident enough.

Kate Purcell continued to gaze so long and so fondly upon the home of her childhood, that Fanny O'Gorman looked up laughingly into her face, and began humming the air of "Home, sweet Home."

"You have guessed what I was thinking of, Fanny," said she.

"And yet you are going to leave it, Kate."

"I am," said Kate, "and I feel it deeply. But what I find hardest to bear is, that those I love most must leave it. Oh! if I could fancy you all—I mean if I could fancy them all still happy in that dear old house, my heart would be light indeed. But Brian tells me they must leave it, and that is what makes me unhappy."

"But may be, Kate, they need not go. Indeed I know that must be so, for I never saw Mr. Purcell so cheerful as he has been latterly."

"Ah! Fanny, if you knew my father as well as I do, you'd see that he is only trying to look cheerful—trying to deceive even himself."

"I believe," said Fanny, "that people who live in towns are not so attached to their homes as people who live in the country. Yet I have never forgotten the house we lived in before mamma died."

"Is it possible you can remember your mother, Fanny?"

"Oh, so well! though I was not two years old when she died."

"Well, I believe, Fanny, that we who live in the country are more attached to our homes than you who live in the towns and cities. And feeling how easily we can be driven from them, makes us cling the more fondly to them. How well I can now understand the misery of the poor people who are every day flying in such numbers from this country."

"Oh! I remarked them at every station," said Fanny, "when I was coming down. And oh! Kate, it is so awful to see men sobbing and shedding tears. Why cannot they live at home?"

"We have it explained in different ways," replied Kate. "But I believe Brian's explanation is the true one. The people are going because our rulers wish to get rid of them."

They walked to the end of the grove and back again in silence.

"Isn't it strange," said Fanny, innocently, as they turned round at the other end, "that I like Ballycorrig better than our own place?"

"Do you?" said Kate, placing her arm round Fanny's waist. "That is strange, indeed."

Brian happened to be a little earlier than usual this evening. When he did not find Kate and Fanny at the gate, he thought something prevented them from taking their customary walk. They were within a few yards of him, but he could not see them through the thick white-thorn hedge. He brought his horse close to the gate, and leaning over it, attempted to undo the hasp without dismounting. When Kate and Fanny heard him, they hastened towards him,—Kate's arm still around Fanny's waist. The horse took fright at their sudden appearance. They were startled by a great clattering of hoofs as he plunged and reared; they saw Brian struggle for a moment as he hung upon the gate, and then fell heavily over it into a field. Fortunately when the horse wheeled round the stirrup leather came off. Otherwise, as his foot caught in the iron, he might have been seriously injured.

Brian, though slightly stunned, was on his feet in a moment. He was about going back into the grove to catch the horse, when his sister called to him.

(To be continued.)

Indispensable.—There are some simple remedies indispensable in every family. Among these, the experience of years assures us, should be recorded Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER. For both internal and external application we have found it of great value; especially can we recommend it for colds, rheumatism, or fresh wounds and bruises.—*Christian Era.*

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