BY THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN. Jesu, Maria—I am near to death, And thou art calling me; I know it now, Not by the token of this faltering breath, This chill at heart, this dampness on m

brow

(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)

His this new feeling never felt before

(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)

That I am going, that I am no more,

This his alreade innermost abandonme
(Lover of souls! Great God! I look

The this surprise of souts? Great Goo! I look to Thee!)
The emptying out of each constituent And natural force, by which I came to be. Pray for me, G my frionas; a visitant Is knocking his dire summons at my door. The like of whom to fright me and to dank Has never, never come to me before; 'Tis Desth.—O loving friends, your prayers "tis he!'

As though my very being had given away.
As though I was ne more a substance now
And could fail back on nought to be my sity
(Help, loving Lotd! Thou my sole Refuge.

(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refage,
And turn no whither but must needs decay,
And drop from out the universal frame,
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank sbyss,
That utter nothingness of which I came:
This it is that has come to pass with me;
Oh, horror! This it is, my dearest, this:
So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

I can no more; for now it comes again.
That sense of ruin which is worse than pain,
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer Induite decent;
Or worse as though

Of some sheer in holle descent;
Or worse as though
Down, down forever I was failing through
The solid framework of created taings.
And needs must sink and sink
Into the wast sbyss. And, crueler still,
A flerce and restless fright seems to fill
The mansion of my soul. And worse and worse.
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome

Taining the hallow'd air, and laughs and flaps Its hideous wings, And makes me wild with horror and dismay, O Jesu, help, pray for m.e, Mary pray!

KNOCKNAGOW OR,

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

roses and bines? You remember the children who peered shyly at you from under their brown arms when you rode by upon your pretty ponics? You rememupon your pretty pontes? You remem-ber what a rage your papa was in when the man who lived there refused to give up the old lease; and how he swore when the old lease had expired, and the "coundrel "-that was the word-refused to go until the sheriff and the police and mili-

tary drove him away?
To be sure, his father, and grandfather, and great grandfather, had lived there and great grandfather, had lived there before him. He pa'd your paps fifty gold guineas every year, and was willing to pay as many more if he were allowed to toll on there to the end of his days; though old people remembered when that productive little farm was covered with furze and berries, with patches of green rushes here and there in the marshy places. Well, he should go; and the children—but what do you care for such things? We merely meant to remind you that, to We merely meant to remind you that, to

We merely meant to remind you that, to that poor man and his wife and children, their place, too, was "a sweet place." "I suppose," thought Mr. Sam Somer field, "he came here purposely to watch till the breath is out of him, in order that I may be hunted without an hour's delay. Then, fixing his eyes upon the old man with a look in which pity and batred seemed blended, he continued, "What right had he to take such a lease? He right had he to take such a lease? He cared only for himself. Why wasn't it my life he got it for? He might have died, and died an old man, twenty years ago. And I wish to heaven he did die twenty years ago, before my heart

An old blind hound, lying on a mat near the door, raised his head, and uttered a long dismal howl. The whole pack took up the cry; and, as it passed like a

wail of sorrow over the bills, the old for-hunter fell back in his chair—dead! The hunteman threw himself from his horse; and, with the help of two or three other servants, carried his old master into

the house.

"O paps, poor grandpapa is gone!"
the young girls exclaimed, flinging their
arms round their father's neck.

He bent down as they clung to him,
looking quite helpless and stupefied. But,
when he saw the horse from which the
huntsman had dismounted, walk to a square stone near the end of the house, and stand quietly beside it, and thought that "old Somerfield" would never mount from that stone again, the tears ran down his hard, yellow cheeks, and fell

upon his children's halr.
The doctor and Mr. Lowe walked back to the carriage in stience, much affected by what they had seen.
"Do you think her handsome?" Rich

ard asked.

"Not very," was Mr. Lowe's languld reply.
"I could never admire girls like her. The girl that called you to see her father the other day is by far the prettier

girl."
"Yes, Nancy Hogan is decidedly handsome. Yet Hugh thinks Bessy quite captivating. Curious how tastes will differ."
They had stopped to send Tom Maher into old Phil Morris's for a light, and "Grace is wondering why we have stopped," said the doctor. "She will

break her neck trying to look round at us. But l'il blow a cloud," he added, as Tom Maher presented him with a bit of burning ick, "that will enlighten her."
Grace had her head out of the carriage;

but it was not of them she was thinking at all. She caugh the outline of a man's figure on the hill above the fort, and guessed it was Hugh, watching the carriage as long as they were within view. "Ah! it came from his heart," said she

"What are you saying?" Eva saked.

"Nothing," was the careless reply. She was thinking of Hugh's "Good-by."
And Hugh did watch the carriage as long as it was in sight; but then he had come up the hill to look at the hoggets, And as his eye rested upon the little house among the old whitethorns, he wished he hed another excuse to follow the winding footpath, and have a chat with o'd Phil Morris about the year of the Hill, and listen to his speculations on the chances of having "anything droll" in the country before he died. And as Hugh though of the old "croppy," he saw in fancy his bright little granddaughter, as she flitted like a fire fly about the house, when he used to run in for shelter from the rain, some years before. And as he went on admiring Bessy Morris retrospectively, he happened to put his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, and feeling something aoft and silky, took it out and looked at it in great surprise. It was a long shining lock of hair. After thinking for a moment, he laughed; but that soft light, which his sister Mary sometimes noticed, came into his dark eyes. And Mr. Hugh Kearney began now to call up a vision in the future, as a moment before noticed, came into his dark eyes. And Mr. Hugh Kearney began now to call up a vision in the future, as a moment before he had called up one of the past. So long as he goes on looking "before and after" in this fashion he is safe enough. But if one day he should find "the fancy true," how will it be? He tore off the blank leaf of a letter and after counting backwards of a letter, and after counting backwards on his fingers, "Monday, Sunday, Satur-dey," wrote the day of the month and the

dey," wrote the day of the month and the year upon it.

"I wonder what sort she will be in a few years more!" he thought, looking again at the shining tress which he had playfully cut from Grace's head the morning of Ned Brophy's wedding. Then, a la the Dean of St. Patrick's, he wrote the words, "Only a girl's hair," and, folding it up carefully, placed it in his pocketbook, and returned home without thinking again of the old rebel and his fascinating granddaughter, who, at that moment,

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LV.—CONTINUED.

The young girls gezed upon the woods and groves and undulating meadows, just as their grendfather had done. And the expression in the bright eye of youth and in the dimmed eye of sge was the same.

"Ah," said the younger girl, as her sister's eyes met hers, "it is asweet place!"

Turn round, young ledies, and look through that arched gateway to yon sloping hillside, speckled with white sheep, upon which the sun shines so brightly. There were many happy homes along that green slope not many years ago. There is not one now. You remember the last of them—the old farm-house in the trees, with its cluster of cornstacks; and the square orchard, that looked so pretty in the spring-time; and the narrow boreen leading to the road between tangled wild roses and bines? You remember the bidding to the road between tangled wild roses and bines? You remember the behilden who neared shiving again of the old rebel and his fascinating granddaughter, who, at that moment, was just after being made mierable by a good-natured friend, who had walked there miles for the sche purpose of teiling her that she was "in a show" on account of the dregoon's visit.

Poor Mrs. Kearney always wisbed to have a natural and rational reason for her sighs and tears, whenever she felt disposed or constrained to indulge in them. And on the favourite son, who was a "very soft boy," and, like her poor Uccle Dan, required egg flip very often to set him all right of a morning; and to think that he hadn't a soul to look after him in "that Dublin," was enough to break her heart. Honest Maurlee, who, like the Vlear of Wakefield, found pleasure in happy human faces, ru-hed in desperation into the armount of the dregoon's visit.

Poor Mrs. Kearney always wisbed to have a natural and rational reason for her sight of a morning; and to think that he hadn't a soul to look after him in "that the pour bear and the soul to look after him in "that the pour bear and the soul to look after him in "that the pour bear and th depressed that day that she left even the dioner to Mary's cole superintendence. But Mrs. Kearney always wished to have a natural and rational reason for her sighs and tears, whenever she felt disposed or constrained to indulge in them. And on this occasion the cause of her trouble was her favourite son, who was a "very soft boy," and, like her poor Uzcle Dan, required egg flip very often to set him all right of a morning; and to think that he hadn't a soul to look after him in "that Dublin," was enough to break her heart. Honest Maurice, who, like the Vicar of Wakefield, found pleasure in happy human faces, ru-hed in desperation into the pantry, and cutting several substantial the pantry, and cutting several substantial slices from the remains of that glorious leg of mutton which Dr. Klely praised so highly, placed them in a small basket with as much bread as there was room for, and, walking off to the kiln field, peremptorily ordered Mat Donovan to let the horses rest, and "eit down and eat that". ing much comfort and peace of mind from Mat's performance as he dutifully obeyed

Mat's performance as he dutifully obeyed the injunction and set to work in a very business-like manner.

Mary took her sister's letter and read, for the twentieth time: "Gretta H—has just returned from Paris. Arthur O'Connor is ordained. She saw him in his vestments, and cays he is the handsomest priest she ever saw."

"Thank goodness," thought Mary, "no tongue can ever wound me again on that score."

score."
"What is the matter with you, Mary?"

Eille asked. "Why so?" "If you saw yourself! I though you were Aunt Hannah."
"Oh, my koodness," exclaimed Mary, in affected alarm. "Am I a faded old maid

already?"

"Well, you had her look," returned Ellie. "And Aunt Hanna was crossed in love."

"And do you suppose that I, too, have

" Not much. It is Grace I am sorry after."
"You'll have Grace with you in the

convent."
"But will I be let bring my goldfinch?"

"Oh, I fear that would not be allowed."
"Well, I'll give him back to Tommy
Lahy to keep for me till I come home. I'd be afraid you would not take care of "Oh, yes, I'll take care of him. And

don't you know Tommy will be soon going to America? His uncle is very rich, and his mother says Tommy will be a great man yet." "Oh, I'm sorry Tommy Lahy is going America." said Eille. "And what will

to America," said Eiile. "And whis poor mother and Norah do?" That's true," returned Mary. "It t will b

will be a sore trial to them ; but for his good, and they will make the sacri-But Mary could not help smiling, when

but Mary could not help smiling, when
she remembered that the very climax of
Honor's Lahy's trouble seemed to be the
thought that Tommy would surely take
to climbing to the top of "them masts,"
which, she understood, were standing in
the middle of the ship, and would of
course be a perpetual temptation to him.
"The best chance he'd have," Honor
added, "would be to stay at the top of it
always, an' keep quite, an' not to be peltlaways, an' keep quite, an' n bag from the top loft of the mill, takin' the sight uv your eyes from you, an' bringin' your heart into your mouth." And as the comparatively reassuring pic ture presented itself of Tommy keeping quiet on the top of the main mast while crossing the Atlantic, Honor brightened up and said "she'd trust all to the mercy of God." Mary smiled as she thought of this. Then she began to think of Norah this. Then she began to think of Norsh; and Ellie would look in her face in valu for the slightest resemblance to Aunt Hannah, who was crossed in love.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE WHITE JACKET The Sunday afternoons were growing longer and longer, and Mat Donovan's visits to the little house under the hill were more frequent than they had been

for a long time before. He saw Hugh Kearney's fishing rod, which he had repaired for him in "first-ratestyle," on the wall with Phil Morris's own old rod, which was never taken to pieces, and stretched its tapering length nearly the whole cross of the kitchen, with the wheel line wound up till the knot on the end just touched the ring on the top of the rod. So that, while Hugh Kearney was screwing his rod together and passing the line through the rings, old Phil's flies would be dropping as natural as life on the currents and eddies of the little stream, and a shout from answered, readily. "Oa'y for frettin' dies of the little stream, and a shout from

dies of the little stream, and a shout from him would sometimes call Hugh away to secure a good-sized trout with his landing net. But Hugh Kearney's rod and landing net over the old weaver's loom never gave Mat Donovan the slightest trouble. We cannot say as much, however, concerning the horse which he now sees standing at Phil Morris's door. And when the young man from the mountain came out of the house and rode away, Mat Donovan felt a sinking of the heart in. Donovan felt a sinking of the heart in spite of all he could do. And when he walked in with his "God save all here!"

walked in with his "God save all here!"
there was Bessy with that killing white
jacket, which he had not seen since the
night of Ned Brophy's wedding, siting in
her grandfather's arm chair, and looking
very grand indeed, as she said without
rising, and almost without turning her
head, "How are you this evening?" The
white jacket, as Peg Brady afterwards
told him, had been taken from the box
where it had lain for months, and hastily
put on, when Bessy caught sight of the put on, when Bessy caught sight of the young man from the mountain turning in at the gate; in proof of which Peg pro duced a little bunch of lavender which fell from the folds of the white jacket on

the floor.
"I think," says Peg Brady, with that sly look of hers, "you may take off your

Bessy reddened and bit her lips; but sald, carelessly, "Well, I believe so," and walked into her room—looking hard-somer than ever, Mat thought, when she came back in her brown stuff dress. Then old Phil stumped in, and Bessy took his fishing rod and leaped upon a chair to hang it in its usual place. And how graceful she looked with her arms raised as far as they could reach, for the hooks upon which the rod rested were up near the loft. Though the house was a onestorey thatched house, there was a loft of it, upon which, in days gone by, yarn and pieces of flannel and frieze, and blankets, to a fabulous amount, used to be stowed away. Then Bessy jumped down again, and, looking into the angler's basket, said that Mat should bring the trout to Miss

Kearney.
"You have two good red trout there," said old Phil, "but the rest are no great things. The river is not what id used to be, any more than the people. Every-thing is goin' to the bad. Hugh lost the finest trout I see this many a day, the las finest trout I see this many a day, the last day he was over, an' all on account of not takin' his time. You'd think 'twas an elephant he had, he gave him such a dhrag—whin he had a right to give him line an' take him 'say. There's no fear at all uv Hugh, on'y that when he don't be mindin' himself, an' is took sudden, he's apt to pull too hard an' break his line.

An' he deryinds too much on the fix flies. An' he depinds too much on the far files. He thinks a hare's ear an' yallow ud kill the divil.

Bessy laid the speckled trout into her own basket, having first put in some of the fresh green grass the old angler had wrapped about then. "I knov," said she, "she'd like to send

a couple of them to Norsh Lahy. And how is she getting on Mat?"
"I'm afeared she's stalin' away un knownst to the world," Mat replied, "She was never so late in the year before wudout sittin' outside the doore. An' though fine an' soft this week was, she

was not sthrong enough to venture out, Honor tells me."

"Is id thrue for certain," old Phil Morris asked, "that Tom Hogan is to be put out?"
"No mistake." Mat answered; "an'

'tis afther knockin' the good out uv every tenant on the property. The rent is riz again on every wan uv 'em except Mis-ther Kearney, an' his laise is not up yet. An' they all say, what chance have they

"And do you suppose that you been crossed in love?"

"Well, I was thinking how Grace used to be at you about Mr. Lowe," re"I am very sorry after Mr. Lowe," retheir own houses for a pound a piece, as "tile said they did?"

"They did then—exceptin' Billy Hef fernan; an' he towld Pender he wouldn't knock the cabin where his mother rocked him in the cradle if a fifty-pound note was laid in his hand. Billy has great sperii though he hasn't much talk. They say Tom Hogan would get a thrifie uv money, too, if he'd give up; but I don't think he'd take Maurice Kearney's farm this minute for his own little spot; for, as he says himself, his heart is stuck in id. An says nimself, his neart is stude in id. Au
he's goin' on dhrainin' just as if he was as
firm as the Rock uv Cashel in id. They
must bring the sheriff any way. An' I
won't plase 'em either to give up my
garden, till I must."

"Are you going to be ejected?" Bessy asked, looking alarmed. "They can't touch the house an' haggart," returned Mat, "id bein' a free-hould. But they're takin' the garden from me to join id to the big farm that's to be med out of Tom Hogan's an' the gart," r other three. A man has no chance in Ireland, an' I suppose I must cross the salt wather myse'f as well as another." "What hurry are you in?" said Bessy, he rose to go. "Sit down an' tell us

all the news."

"I was over lookin' at a horse uv Tcm
Cuddehy's that got a hurt," he replied,
"an' just walked in ou my way back."

"And how is Mrs. Cuddehy going on?"
"Very well," Mat replied. "An' her
father is givin' every penny of her fortune
to Tom, when he see him act so manly,
an' got mayied an' nay the priest an' all

than whalin' the mane dog. When he knows she hates the sight uv him, what right have he to be persecutin' her this "Is there any truth in the report about Miss Kearney and young Mr. Kiely?"

"I don't say there is. The same talk was about her an' Mr. Lowe, an' there was nothin' in id. Mr. Edmund is a fine Hugh Kearney watched Dr. Kiely's carpleasant young fellow, an' a right good riege as it disappeared by the distance, boy," added Mat, emphatically. "I don't Mat Donovan turned round to take know a smarter fellow, to take him at general exercise. The masther made me put the hill," and started on seeing the dragoon

"I never see her in betther spirits," he answered, readily. "Oa'y for frettin' afther Jimmy an' the way her father is she'd be as pleasant as ever she was. I b'lieve her ould sweetheart Tom Cary is

b'lieve her ould sweetheart Tom Cary is afther her again."

"He's a mane dog," Phil Morris exclaimed, "afther her father tellin' him a tradesman was no match for his daughter. Bad luck to his impudence, the beggar! the crawler, as Phil Laby called him. I'm a tradesman, though 'tie little I do at my trade now, an' corry I'm for id. An' I suppose I could call myse'f a farmer because I have a spot uv land. Bat I call myse'f a tradesman, because I'm proud where I have a spot uv hand. But I can myse'f a tradesman, because I'm proud uv my trade. I gave her father"—turning to his grandisughter—"three hundred pounds that I made at my trade. An' if Tom Cary wants a wife let him come for her, an' he'll get her before a farmer and day."

farmer any day."

"An' would you give her to a labourin' man?" inquired Peg Braty, who was sitting on the settle, smelling the bunch of lavender that fell from the folds of the

white jacket.

"No, I wouldn't," replied the old weaver, turning sharply round, and soowling at her. "What business would a labourin' man have wud her ?"

Prg Brady bent her head and laughed. "You ought not to be so hard against Tom Hogan for his prejudices," Bessy remarked, "for you have your prejudices

"But a tradesman is as good as any man," returned old Phil.

"And why should not a labouring man be as good, if he is equally honest and in-

be as good, if ne as equation telligent?" Bessy a kcd.
"Faith," said Mat Donovan, good"Faith," said Mat Donovan, good"The as a said the said th humoured's, "'tls like the 'Town in Danger' in the spellin' book. There's notion' like leather wud the whole uv "I'll go home the short cut an' give

those to Miss Mary," said Mat Donovan, when he and Bessy Morris had reached the gate without exchanging a word. "Tell her I'll call for the basket my-

self," said Bessy.

Mat looked up at the old whitethorns,
which were now all in their glory, filling
the air with perfume, and, after another
interval of silence, held out his hand with a smile. "Good evenin'," said he. "Why don't

you ever take a walk down to see my mother? They all say 'tis too proud you're afther gettla'." you're afther gettin'."
"Mat," returned Bessy, holding his hand, and fixing that sad inquiring look upon him, "are you really thinking of America?"
"Well, I am," he replied. "There's

many raisons for id. But I have nothin' decided on yet." d on yet." "You won't go without telling me at

all events?"
"Well, if I go at all, I b'lleve I'll slip

away wudout takin' my lave uv any wan.
'Twould break my heart."
"If you do go, you won't forget to
write to me, if you bear anything about
my father?"
"Begor, Breay," he replied, "I'd walk
from you end w America to the other if from wan end uv America to the other if I thought I could find your father for

"Good evening," said she, with her "Good evening," caid she, with her eyes fixed upon his face.
He opened the gate, and, bending down her head, with a smile and a slight blush, she passed in, and returned to the house without looking back.

Peg Brady was strolling along the road with her hands clasped behind her back, looking up at the clouds.

"Are you goin' down?" Mat asked.

"No," she replied. "I on'y took a walk out thinkin' I might meet some uv the girls goin' the short cut to the dance."

of relief. "Did you hear her bachelor is afther comin' in for a legacy?"
"Sare I did." he replied. "He tould
me himse'f. He's no man to be goin' on
as he is, when he knows she don't like

him."
"Don't be too sure of that," returned
Peg Brady. "He's not a sojer now; he's
out uv the army altogether. Au's Kit
Cumm'ns about the fistful uv goold he pulled out uv his pocket t'other evenin'. Faith, Kit has fine times while he's lodgin' wad her. The pan is never off uv the

fire, an' he sends for a dezen uv porther "He's a fool," returned Mat. "You don't know what id is to be fond uv a girl, said Peg."

"Well, maybe not," rejoined Mat, "but I'd tear the heart out uv my body before I'd fret the girl I'd be fond uv, an' makin' her the talk uv the counthry, as he's doin'."

Peg Brady laughed, and, wheeling round, continued her stroll hash some towards the house "Give my love to Barney," she called

"All right" returned Mat, as he father is givin' every penny of net tortain to Tom, when he see him act so manly, an' get married, an' pay the priest, an' all, widout sayin' a word about money. An' ould Paddy is in wud'em every night in the year, they're always so pleasant. An' so is Ned Brophy. An', faith, Ned can go where he likes, the wife is so well able to look to everything. An' so he walks over to Tom's to have a talk wud the "The divil a thing I'd rather be doir" than a whalin' the mane dog. When he

in convertation with a woman near the gate. "Oh!" he exclaimed, after looking at them for some time, "she has a light-coloured gownd on her. 'Tis Peg Brady."

CHAPTER LVII.

GREAT EVENT-TOMMY LAHY'S ACCOM

A great event has happened in Knock-A great event has happened in Kucknagow this atill summer day. Nearly all
the men, and most of the women, are out
in the meadows mowing and "saving" the
hay; or cutting and "footing" turf in
the bog. There is a drowy silence over
the hamiet, only broken by the ring of the
blacksmith's anvil, or the occasional shrill
the province of a case filling the heart with blacksmith's anvil, or the occasional shrill crowing of a cock, filling the heart with an oppressive sense of loneiiness, if not with forebodings of evil. Mrs. Donovan is sitting at the foot of the cherry tree watching her bees. She has had no less than four swarms within the past week, every one of them so considerate and accommodating as to lodge within the bounds of the cilipped hedge, not following the example of the earliest swarms this year, which swept away like a cloud over Tom Hegans farm, never stopping till they passed Attorney Hanly'sgrove, and to the great delight of Miss Rose—who, in common with all the world, looked upon such a visit as a sign of good luck—precipi such a visit as a sign of good luck—precipi-tated themselves into a rose bush under the drawing room window. And when Nelly Donovan came up out of breath, making a frightful clatter, by means of an old kettle and a poker—for Nelly was keen of eye and swift of foot, and never lost sight of the truants till they dipped lost sight of the truants till they dipped beyond the fir grove—Rose ran out to show her where they were all in a lump in the middle of the rose tree. Joe Russel was despatched for the new hive, which Mrs. Donovan had already smeared with noney on the incide, and fixed peeled sally switches across it to keep the new combs from falling down; while Lory brought a sleve from the barn to place under the hire when the bear were shaken brought a sieve from the barn to place under the hive when the bees were shaken into it, and Rose produced a white table cloth to wrap around it; and Nelly Donovan went home rejoicing with the swarm, which her mether had given up for lost. And now Mrs Donovan sits under the cherry-tree, watching her fifth swarm, hanging like a great sheep't-gray stocking from the branch of a currant-bush; though when they broke away from the

from the branch of a current-bush; though when they broke away from the parent hive, they whirled round and round in the wildest commotion, as if henceforth bent upon leading a life of lawlessness and anarchy, but suddenly changed their minds and dropped into the current bush, clustering about their lawful queen, and showing every symptom of spending their days in harmony and irdustry within the four hedges of Mat Donovan's little garden—of course taking Donovan's little garden-of course taking frequent excursions to the purple heather on the bog, and to Maurice Kearney's clover field, and to the yellow "bouchel-auns" that flourished so abundantly upon Mr. Beresford Pender's farm, and even cow-house and barn, to the great delight of old Phil Morris, who chuckled over this pleasant prospect when he paid his periodical visits to the three poplar trees on the bill. raised their heads at the very threshold of Some children have what they call a

cobby "under the bedge at the road-side. But the place being quite dry, and the grass green and freeh, and no mud within reach, a little has been dispatched for a saucepan of water to manufacture dirt—withoutwhich erjoyment is out of the question. The pool outside Kit Cam mins' door is so dried up, that the pig, by the hardest rooting and rubbleg and crush-ing, has only been able to bear away a single patch of an inky|composition about a foot in diameter upon a prominent part of his person; so the saucepan had to be filled from Kit's wash-tub, the contents of miled from Kit's wash-tuo, the contents of which were the most suitable for the pur-pose intended, next to the pool cuiside the door. And the little girl, coming back with her saucepan full, amounced to her companions the event which we have rethe matter wide Bessy? She looks paler an' thinner than ever I see her lookin' before."

"May be she has raison," returned Peg. "Raisan!" he repeated. "For God's sake what do you mane?"

"Ob,! You needn't be so frightened. May be she's thinkin' uv changin' her condition."

"Ob, is that all?" he asked with the saked will be saked with the looking a will be saked with the canada company to the notion returned Peg. The repeated the notion reseat under the cheery-tree and went out upon the road, too, and, looking down the hill, raised her hand. The repeated went out upon the road, too, and, looking down the hill, raised her hand. The repeated went out upon the road, too, and, looking down the hill, raised her hand. The repeated went out upon the road, too, and, looking down the hill, raised her hand. The repeated went out upon the road, too, and, looking down the hill, raised her hand. ferred to at the beginning of this chapter. Nelly Donovan heard the child's words stopped short in the very middle of an oration, which she was delivering for behoof of her next-door neighbour—to whom she could address herself at any moment through the thin partition, with moment through the thin partition, without interrupting her ordinary avocations.
The next door neighbor, not possessing the
gift of eloquence, usually contented herself, when the orator paused for breath,
with a "Gir-r r-out, you bla'guard!" in a
key more or less shill according to the
sharpness of the attack, and rising to a
shriek after a home-thrust more stinging than usual. On the present occasion she was in the act of drawing a long breath prenaratory to throwing an extra amount of defiance into the examplratory response, when she raised her head and looked about when an erased ner nead and 100 ked about her in complete and utter bewilderment. Kit Cummins had stopped short in the very middle of a scorching sentence, hav-ing reference to the next-door neighbour's grandmother, and there was a dead

"Is she afther dhroppin' in a fit?" thought the next-door neighbor.

She ran to the door; and there was Kit Cummins looking down the hill, her face radiant with pleasure. The next-door neighbor advanced a step or two into the road, and immediately seemed to catch the radiant look from Kit, who turned round and began talking to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable; and both returned to their respective domiciles like turtles. The anvil was silent for a like turtles. The anvil was shent for a moment, and Brummagem's begrimed face was seen at the forge door, shining with delight and surprise. In fact, there was at least one smiling face at every door of the hamlet that had not a padlock upon it, hatchesing that the inmates were all in betokening that the inmates were all in the meadows or at the bog.

Norah Lahy was out! That's what the little girl announced to her companions

under the hedge.

And Nelly Donovan ran out upon the

road and clapped her hands; and her Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

mother followed her; and Kit Cummine mother followed her; and Kit Cummins and her neighbour forget the fierce war they were waging, and exchanged friendly words of mutual joy and thankfulness; and Brummagem grinned; and every face from the cross to Mat Donovan's was lighted up with gladness: and Norah, sitting in her straw chair under the beech tree, eaw it all, and, bending down her head, wept tears—happy tears—of gratitude.

God bless them, every one! Whatever be their faults, the want of loving hearts is not one of them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CADILLAC. STORY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE

STATE OF MICHIGAN. Michigan and the country beyond the lake that bears that name had been exlake that bears that name had been explored as early as 1624 by Nicolet. In
1642 Fathers Jogues and Raymbault
planted the cross at Sault Ste. Marle;
missions were founded on Lake Superior,
Green Bay and Mackinac, and trading
houses followed, but there was no actual

houses followed, but there was no actual settlement till 1701.

The attempt of James II, to occupy for Eugland all the country south of the lakes, and the wars made by William III. convinced the French government that a settlement at the strait between Lakes. Erle and Huron was necessary to secure the trade of the Indians and retain the country discovered and explored by Mar-quette, Joliet and La Salle.

The task of establishing a post and

settlement was confided to Anthony de la Mothe Cadillac. He was a rative of St. Nicholas de la Grave, in the province of Gascony, born in 1658 He came to Canada in early manhood and obtained a knowledge of the West and experience as commandant at the post of Michillemack-inac in 1694, and embodied the result of his observations in a report which attracted attention. In 1700 he laid before the French ministry his plan for a settlement at Detroit or the strait, with a hundred soldiers and as many settlers. His project found favor, and he returned to Canada with a commission as governor of Detroit, a grant of land and a requisition on the governor general of New France. The first party of settlers left Three Rivers, June 5, 1701, in twenty-five large bark canoes; they comprised farmers, mechanics and solders. Next in command to Cadillac was Captain Alphones Touti, brother of the brave lantenant of La Salle. Ray, Exther lieutenant of La Salle. Rev. Father Constantine del Halle, of the Recoilect reform of the Franciscan order, accom-panied them to be the chaplain and priest of the fort and settlement, and the Jesuit, Father Vaillant de Guesis, to be the missionary to Indians near the new post. A low sandy place on the shore of St. Clair river was selected for settlement, and here the party landed July 21, 1701, and, selecting a camping place on high ground, built Fort Pontchartrain of hewed logs, inclosing about an acre. This was the beginning of Detroit and Michigan. Within this enclosure on the 26th the colonists began the election of the Church

of St. Anne Though five different flags have waved over the place, though twice besieged by Indians, taken by the English once from the French and once from the Americans, though once burned to the ground, the Church of St. Aune has subsisted in a succession of buildings for nearly two succession of buildings for nearly two hundred years. Farmers and married soldiers took up lands near the fort, and Cadillac invited the Citawas to remove their villages from Mackinac to the St. Clair river. He also invited the Miamis to take up their abode near Detroit. The usual policy of those who founded settlements had been to keep the Indians from the immediate neighborhood, and it from the immediate neighborhood, and it was a rash and, as events proved, a danger-ous step to bring together a number of tribes not always in harmony. Cadiliac, however, labored earnestly to

Cadiliac, however, labored earnestly to build up his settlement near "Fort Pontchartrain on the strait from Lake Erle," a long title that became at last simply Detroit, or the strait. His impetuous and often unjust measures involved Cadillac with the Indian missionaries, and with the Canada company to whom the party to the contract of the company to the contract of the contract o

horned cattle, and induced the settlers to plant wheat. He then attempted to punish the Indians concerned in the late trouble, but the Miamis became bitter enemies of the French. Had Cadillac been less gresping and unscrupulous he might have effected much with the itflaence he possessed, but he seemed fated to rake up enemies.

In 1710 he was appointed governor of Louisiana, and left his Michigan colony still in a feeble state. He ruled that province for seven years, but did not evince any of the qualities of a great governor. Returning to France in 1717 he obtained a provincial appointment in Gascony. For early services in Canada he obtained in 1689 the grant of Mount Desert Island, Me., so that he linked his name with three states of the Ucion. He died in France, October 15, 1730.— American Catholic News.

Facts and Figures. Thousands of people have been cured and thousands will be cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, lost appetite, etc. Millions of bottles have been sold and all have given satisfaction.

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SEPIEMBER 27, 1890.

The Dream of Life. BY K. A. SULLIVAN.

Two cooling, helpless, loving babes— Two chattering toddlers small— Two playmates 'neath the cooling shades Of oak trees, grim and tail.

Two pupils in the selfsame school— A youth and malden fatr— Nought know they of the dreary rule Of life, so fail of care.

Two lovers in the eventide— Two lives now blent in one. Two graves upon the hillside— And thus the dream goes on.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

A CHARMING NARRATIVE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN EVER CANOL

In the year 1536, and on the feast the holy Virgin Agues of Montepulciana child came into the world at Lima, town in South America. Her parent were of Spanish origin. The child we baptized on Pentecott, which the peopl in those parts call the "Easter of Rosee; and she received after her grand mother. and she received, after her grandmothe the name of Isabella or Elizabeth.

the name of Isabella or Elizabeth.

One day, three months after the child birth, her mother saw a lovely rose beaning over the cradle of her infant. At the sight the thought may have come to he that her child, too, might well be a rose which should blosson into beauty before God and men. So she changed her name and from that day called her "Rosa."

Rosa was, by nature, a sweet and lovel child. Always quiet and gentle, she we never known to scream or cry, even whe she ley in the cradle; and every one will looked at her took delight in the litt child.

Her first knowledge of God came to he

in a wonderful way, when she was ju five years old. One day, when she we five years old. One day, when the we playing with her brother and some other children, her brother equirted som muddy water, from the street, upon he hair. Rosa was displeased at this, for sh always, and in all things, liked to helean; so, with a face full of trouble turned and walked away. Then the brother went up to her, and, half in jokhalf in carnest, said to her, like half in earnest, said to her, like preacher:
"Little sister, why art thou so touch because I have solied thy hair a little Dost thou not know that the beautifu

devil captures the souls of young peopl and drags thom down into hell? Surel God has no pleasure in that beautiful hair of thine, in which thou takest s much delight! These words feil heavily upon Rosa heart. At the same instant the Hol Spirit let His divine light stream into the soul of the little child. For the fire

time, she knew what sin was, and who was meant by offending God. She we selzed with a horror of heil, about which selzed with a horror of heil, about whicher brother had spoken. At once, as began to pray earnestly, and kept on saying over and over again, sometimes therself, sometimes aloud, the self-sam words: "Jesus, be praised! Jesus, but me! Amen." And then she wen her way, sought out a pair of selssors, an out off her hair to the roots.

From that day forth, she sought to pu aside whatever might attract attention t her, or win for her the vain praise of mer But her mother was badly educated an worldly minded, and she wanted to mak her daughter, who had a very beautifuse, more beautiful still, by tricking he out in all kinds of finery, as children with the still the still still the still sti do with their dolls.

It happened, once, that the mother an

Rosa were in the company of other peopl.
There was a table there, and on it lay beautiful wreath of flowers. The mothe wished to see how beautiful Rosa woullook with the wreath upon her head, an look with the wreath upon her head, an ordered her to put it on. The mode child, who was afraid of vain praisbegged to be excused. But it was of n avail; she had to obey. Then Rosa puon the wreath, but in doing so, as pressed a needle into her head, which shad purposely hidden among the flower Another time, the mother wished Rot to adors herself with heaviting theirs.

to adorn herself with beautiful chains an bracelets, and to crimp her hair, and pair her face, so that her daughter's fac might be more striking. But Rosa too fright at this command, and begged he mother to give her leave to go an

might do it.

The mother granted her wish, an Rosa hastened to her confessor. Whe the latter had heard of the matter he went back with the girl to her mothe and begged of her, in serious words, no to grieve her God loving child, by inciting her to sinful pride. The mother took the words to heart, and left off, i future, all such vanities,

With her mother's leave, Rosa hence

with her mother's leave, two anence forth always choose quite a plain, dar garment for her dress, so that nobod might notice her, and in order that he beautiful form might be an occasion sin to no one. She had a great horrow of sin; all the people in the house kne it, and they, therefore, took care to sa nothing before little Rosa that was no quite pure. When her brothers an sisters would sometimes bring home rude word or song, which they had hear elsewhere, Rosa would begin to cry, ru away to her mother, throw herself dow before her, and complain to her, am her tears, that God was being offender Wherever she was, if anything sintul we done before her, and she could not pre-vent it, she would cry aloud, and she

hot bitter tears.

She detested lying so much that he favorite saying was: "Man may not liettner for the sake of heaven or earth; for God is truth." And when she heard son story related that was not quite true, all would interrupt and say, "I beg your pa don, but such is not the case;" or, "think it did not happen in that way. The holy and spotless purity of her bod and her soul she preserved with the tender that the same she heart her holy und derest care. She kept her body und severe restraint, so that it could not reb against her will. How can we wonde then, that God too, on His part, showe Himself most gracious to her? He too her under His protection, in such a wathat she never felt even the least though

against holy purity.

Thue, then, stood Rosa in the eyes of God, pure and stainless, and full of sweet odor, like unto a white rose armed wit the thorns of chastity.
Since Christ Himself has said, "Whosever keeps My commandments faithfull he it is who loves Me," It will be see