#### The Ould Plaid Shawl.

Mot far from ould Kinvara, in the merry mouth of May,
When birds were singing merrily, there came across the way.
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish Cailin in an ould shawl.

I courteously sainted her—"God save you, miss," says I; "God save you, kindly, sir," said she and ship passed me by; of went my heert along with her, a captive in her thrail. Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shaw.

I've heard of highway robbers that with pis-blade trembling travelers yield them up their money or their lives. But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all To a simple little Callin in an ould plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame.

And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;

My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small—

You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawi.

I'll seek her all through Galways, and I'll seek her all through Clare.
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveler everywhere.
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call
That little Irish Callin in her ould plaid shawl.

## KNOCKNAGOW

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

CHAPTER LIV. - CONTINUED.

The dinner was equal to anything that Mrs. Kearney had ever seen in "her own father's house." It imparted an epicurean pout to Dr. Klely's under lip, and threw a sort of "dim religious light" over the spirits of the whole company, which checked everything approaching to levity till the dishes were removed. Grace's laugh was hushed, and even the brilliancy of her eyes toned down. In fact, her fare merely reflected her father's and she even unconsciously imitated his movements, until after a graceful flourish of the hand she leant back in her chair and attempted to stick her thumb in an imaginary waist coat—which reminded her that she was not six feet high and the finest gentleman in all the world. But then she was his

in all the world. But then she was his daughter, and maintained her dignified deportment accordingly.

Dr. Kiely had the gift of drawing people out; and the true politeness to exercise it impartially. Mr. Lowe acquitted himself so entirely to his own satisfaction that his prejudice against his new acquaintance vanished liked mist before the sun. A question or two about his professional studies gave Richard an opportunity of airleg a whole vocabulary of professional studies gave Richard an op-portunity of airing a whole vocabulary of hard words, which quite frightened his mother—so stupendous, she thought, must be his learning. Even Mr. Bob Lloyd talked so well that Grace was impressed with quite a high opinion of his good sense; and wondered why he looked so seldou towards her side of the table. Hugh along was left in the heckgrounds. Hugh alone was left in the background; and she thought it to bad that her papa should treat him as is he were a mere boor. But she soon noticed that Hugh and her papa exchanged looks now and then, and seemed to understand each other very well; which was quite a "mystery to her, but just then she could not turn her mind to unravelling it.

But Mr. Lloyd soon took to sighing so

deeply, and with so melancholy an expression of face, that Mrs. Kearney became quite distressed—'twas so like her poor uncle Dan after the marriage of his first love, for whose sake he remained all bis life a backelor, and took to writing poetry and playing the fiddle. Mr. Lloyd, she thought, must surely have been crossed in love, and her heart melted in comassion for him. She thanked goodness he had never made anyone unhappy in that way. Though, to be sure, their neighbour, Mr. Sweeny, who was "rolling in riches," fell in love with her when she was only nineteen, and offered to marry her "without a penny." And though her father thought it would be a most fortunate match for her, and even her uncle Dan said she ought not to be too hasty in refusing, and poor Mr. Sweeny was "so fond of her;" still she couldn't bear the thought of marrying him—on account of his nose. Not that the nose, though comewhat long, was by any means an ugly nose. But it was a cold nose! That's what did the mischief. Mr. Sweeny arrived unexpectedly at Ballydun more one winter's night—it was the nigh after Twelfth Night, for all the world and the light happening to be blown out in the ball, Mr. Sweeny, in an evil hour for himself, attempted to kies her, and the contact of his nose with her glowing cheek sent a cold shiver to her heart, and quenched the inciplent combustion that was beginning to take place there, from the mingling of her own goodnature with lows without a valve in such cases. natter how hard you work with it, it won't help in the least to get up a bisze. And in spite of all she could do, the rosycheeked Miss O'Carroll of Ballydunmore found herself singing involuntarily twenty

"You're too old and you're too cold, And I won't have you, I won't have you,'

greatly to her own distress. And after those little snatches of melody she would accuse herself of "ingratitude," and the valveless bellows would be brought into requisition, but to very little purpose. Yet there was no knowing how it might have ended, as Mrs. Kearney was wont to say with a sigh, if young Maurice Kearney, of Ballinaciash, had not dropped in with her uncle Dan on their way to the fair of Limerick, and stopped for the night. It was rumoured at the time—but there was was remoured at the time—out there was a mo positive evidence of the fact—that a similar proceeding to that of the night after Twelfth Night took place on this occasion also; but with a precisely opposite result. And the truth of this rumour was strongly confirmed by Mrs. Kearney's avowal afterwards that Maurice's impu dence in those days "went beyond any thing."

Mrs. Kearney thought of all this as she watched the heaving of Bob Lloyd's chest, and his languishing looks across the table—across the table, of course, because his face happened to be turned in that direction, and not with any reference either to the golden ringlets or the wavy tresses of dark brown, with their accompaniments, that happened to be straight before him. And as Mr. Lloyd continued to get worse, Mrs. Kearney felt quite unhappy, and said to herself that she did not "envy her, whoever she was," who could cause such suffering as that, particularly in the case of such a "fine, gentlemanly-looking man" as Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Lloyd

a "nee, gentlemanly-looking man" as
Mr. Lloyd.

Once in the drawing-room Grace emancipated herself from the spell that so subdued her during dinner, and instead of
reflecting the mellow light of the star of
her idolatry, sparkled and scintilated with
her own peculiar brightness. Even Mr.
Lloyd followed her movements with a
plaintive smile; as a mourner over a grave
might be startled into a momentary forgetfulness of his sorrow by the filting of
a humming-bird, like a winged gem,
among the tombe. Mary was far more
animated than Mr. Lowe had ever seen
her before. But Eva was shy, and looked
as if she would hide herself behind the
golden ringlets — which made Hugh
whisper in Grace's ear while he called her
attention to her sister:

"My Mary of the curling hair,

## "My Mary of the curling hair, The laughing teeth, and bashful air."

Whereupon Grace started up from her seat with her hands upon her knees, and then sat down again, as if she could scarcely resist flying across the room and repeating the strangling process over

repeating the stranging process over again.

The entrance of the Miss Hanlys in their new figured dresses created quite a senestion, and even Grace acknowledged that Kathleen was gloriously handsome. In fact, the little improvised party was as perfect in every detail as if it had been planned and pondered over for weeks and months before; and even Dr. Kleiv. who was somewhat fasticious,

weeks and mouths before; and even Dr. Kiely, who was somewhat fastidious, was charmed. And when Miss Rose Hanly ran her fingers over the keys of the plano, and the dancing commenced, it would be difficult to say whether the actual performers or the lookers on were most delighted—always excepting Mr. Lory Hanly, whose ecstacy, in either capacity, like Maurice Kearney's impudence when he went a-wooing to Baily-dunmore, "went beyond anything."

When, however, the "poetry of motion" was suspended, and poetry proper, in the shape of Moore's Melodier, introduced, Dr. Kiely began to resume his sway over the company, as he called Mr. Lowe's attention to the beauties of each song, occasionally repeating a stanza in such a mellow tone and measured cadence that Mr. Lloyd called out at last, "Give it all to us, doctor," to the great amusement of every one, for these were the first words uttered by Mr. Lloyd since he took to sighing at the dinner-table. And when Lory, who was concealed belight when Lory, who was concealed behind the window curtains—with only one eye visible, which he kept steadily fixed upon Grace—blurted out with that "terrible throat" of his, "You took the words out throat" of his, "You took the words out of my mouth, Mr. Lloyd; I was just going to ask him myself"—there was a burst of laughter that broke the spell under which the doctor was fast bringing them like some powerful necromancer.

Hugh thought how fortunate it was that Miss Lloyd was not present, as the voice from behind the curtain would inevitably have necessitated the hursing of

voice from behind the curtain would inevitably have necessitated the burning of feathers under her nose.

Grace suggested that Mr. Hanly himself ought to favor them with a recitation; and, with the sgility of a harlequin, Lory aprang from his hiding-place upon a chair—for, as he afterwards confessed he'd do anything she'd ask him. Mrs. Kearney took advantage of the clap with which he was received to bolt out of the room, with her two hands over her ears, as if she were flying from a shower of brick bats.

Doctor Kiely complimented Lory upon his rendering of "The Spanish Champion," and prophested that Mr. Hanly would one day be a great orator; by which compliment Grace was as gratified as Lory himself. Indeed, she knew his appreciation of herself was a proof that Lory had something in him.

"Wall. Grace." said her father, "are

we to have any more songe? It would not be fair to trespase too much on Miss Hanly, so I think you ought to sing that beautiful little song of Edward Walsh's for us."

Grace searched for her own music book -music and words copied by herself, as she was wont to remark carelessly to her new acquaintance—and Mr. Lloyd was roused again when she came to the

# "My girl has ringlets rich and rare, By Nature's finger wove"—

and evinced such admiration of her sing the mingling of her own goodnature with her uncie Dan's approval; and which would inevitably have burst into a flame, were it not for that unlucky telele of a nose. It was all in vain that she tried to reason with herself that the coldness of the nose was merely accidental, and the result of the cold rain and sleet, which the east wind had been blowing straight in Mr. Sweeny's face since he had left his own house. Unhappily reason is a mere belowe without a valve in such cases. No they all sat close together at the opposite side of the room, and she could not be sure for which of them the singers melt-

ing glances were intended.

"That's an admirable song," said Dr.
Klely; "and I never heard it better sung in my life. In fact, I think most of Moore's song are best sung by men.
The ladles don't attend sufficiently to the entiment; they think only of the

"That does not apply to Miss Grace's "Inat does not apply to Miss Grace's singleg," Mr. Lowe observed.
"Oh, you are thinking of the 'cold-hearted Saxon,'" said Mary, laughing, "when she sang the 'Coulin' for you the

other evening."
"What about the 'cold-hearted Saxon?" Dr. Kiely asked.

hem at a game of forfelts in a corner of

them at a game of forfeits in a corner of the room.

Rose Hanly and Eva fell in too, and after a while Hugh and Mr. Lloyd joined in the game; and Mr. Lloyd "loved his love with an A because she was an angel," but solemnly declared he could find no reseon for hating her with an A, or any other letter, and preferred forfeiting his buckhorn handled knife to attempting such an impossibility. But he soon had the satisfaction of seeing Hugh "get down" as well as himself; and before long everyone had to pay a forfeit except Grace, who volunteered to decree what the owners of the "very fine things" were "to do." The releasing of the forfeits created much merriment; but while Lory was acquitting himself to admiration in a hornpipe, Mr. Lloyd pushed his chair close to Richard Kearney, who was making the most of the golden hours that were flying on angel's wings over him and Kathleen, and whispered:

"Dick, what the devil am I to do?"

"Why!" the doctor saked.

"I never made a rhyme in my life," replied Mr. Lloyd.

"Oh, any noneense will do." returned

"I never made a rhyme in my life," replied Mr. Lloyd.
"Oh, any nonsense will do," returned the doctor, turning again to Kathleen.
"But sense or nonsense," rejoined Bob Lloyd, "I can't do it unless you get me out of it while they're not minding us. And I'll do as much for you, Dick, another time."

time."
"Well," said the doctor, rather crossly, bere is a rhyme for you : 'The man that's rich may ride in stages-

Stager, weges, rages, cages-walt, let me Dr. Kiely had just been talking of one of his aristocratic patients who had travelled by slow stages from Dublin in order to be under his care; and this sug-gested the line which Dr. Richard Kearney repeated for his friend Bob Lloyd. But complete the couplet was not so easy. "Weil, Dick?" said Mr. Lloyd, holding his ear close to him.

What's to come after that ?" "But the man that's poor "-

the doctor continued. "'But the man that's poor '"repeated Bob Lloyd.

" Must walk, by jacus" added the doctor, impatiently.
"Say it all together for me, Dick," said
Mr. Lloyd.

"The man that's rich may ride in stages, But the man that's poor must walk, by jacus Now, have you it?"

"Walt a minute," returned Bob, "Is this it ?-

"The man that's rich may ride in stages, But the man that's poor must walk, by jacus." "That's it. Remember it now, and don't bother us any more about it," rejoined the doctor, stroking his mous-tache and throwing his arm on the back of

tache and throwing his arm on the back of Kathleen's chair.

"Well, Mr. Lloyd, now for your rhyme," said Grace, when Lory had finished his hornpipe, and regained possession of his necktie, which Rose snatched from him sgain, and, after folding it carefully, chopped him under the chin, and tied it on in that great bow-knot which Grace thought a videnloss.

Grace thought so ridiculous,

"Silence for Mr. Lloyd's impromptu,"

K tely called out; and all eyes were at
one upon Mr. Lloyd, who hemmed, and
looked round upon his audience with a confident smile.

"Silence!" Dr. Kiely repeated. "The man that's rich-"

Mr. Lloyd began in a steady sonorous voice, and suddenly becoming very seri

"The man that's rich may ride in stages, But the man that's poor—by jacus, he must walk!"

And Mr. Lloyd resumed his smiling look again, and gazed round upon the company as if quite sure of their applause. For a moment there was a dead silence, interrupted only by one or two slight coughs. Pocket handkerchiefs were in requisition, and there was some biting of lips; but Grace could not stand it. She threw herself upon Hugh's shoulder, and series where the ever heard in his life."

There was a single knock at the hall-stream with laughter, which exploded again and again, whenever she ventured to look round upon the company with a beaming smile of triumph.

There was a single knock at the hall-stream with laughter, which exploded asking for Dr. Kiely. And in reply to the doctor the buntuman said, with the look round upon the company with a beaming smile of triumph.

beaming smile of triumph.

"Will you decide a very important question, Dr. Kiely," said Mary, "which these ladies have been debating for some time back ?"

"What is it?" he asked. "They are talking about filting," re-turned Mary. "Eva says it is a shocking practice, that nothing could justify. It is nothing less in her opinion, than down-right deceit. But Rose says she likes it, and can see no harm in the world in it.
'Tis quite fair, she thinks, to humbug the gentlemen, and she has no objection to be humbugged in return. She is just after saying that if Eva's notions were acted upon, not a soul would she have to pay her a compliment from one end of the year to another, but Mr. Johnny Wilson, who, it appears, is always quite in earn

est."
"Well, and what is Miss Kathleen's

opinion?"
"Oh, she seems to think the gentlemen should always be earnest, but the ladies need not be so at all. And now I want

"Poor old Mr. Summerfield is very bad," exclaimed Mrs. Kearney, who had just entered the room. "They are after sending for you, Mat Donovan says." "Indeed! Do they want me immedi-

ately ?"
"I don't know," replied Mrs. Kearney.

"I'll call in Mat."
"Well, Mat, what is this about old Mr.
Summerfield?" the doctor seked, when Mat was ushered in.
"I was standin' at Phil Morris's gate,

sir," Mat returned, "as I went home a plece uv the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—

back to him, for he's over at Misther Kearney'a,' says I. 'Do you tell me so?' says Rody, 'I'll go back an' tell Misther Sam.' So he wheeled round an' galloped back again; an' I said to myse'f I'd step over be the short cut an' tell you, fearin' that you might be to bed."

"Thank you, Mat; you have done quite right. I suppose if I am required at once he will be here soon."

"He often got that fit before," said Maurice Kearney. "He'll be out with the hounds to morrow or after, as well as ever. Sam wouldn't be so easily frightened about him only that his life is the only hold he has on the place. Do you think Sir Garret will leave it to him when the old fellow drope?"

"I really don't know," replied Mr. Lowe, to whom the question was addressed.

"Walt, Mat," said Dr. Kiely, who liked to draw Mat Donnoran out whenever the opportunity presented itself. "I want to

"Watt, Mat," said Dr. Kleiy, who liked to draw Mat Denovan out whenever the opportunity presented itself. "I want to have your opinion upon a subject those ladies are discussing."

"What's that, sir?" Mat saked, easting one of his "deludering" looks cross the your.

"Well, some of them say it is very

wrong for young men to be fistering and deceiving young women; while Miss Rose Hanly says it is rather pleasant and she sees no harm in it."

"In the way of coortship, sir?" Mat

inquired.
"Yes, in the way of courtship," replied the doctor, laughing.

"Begor, sir," returned Mat, rubbing his chin contemplatively, "I b'lieve 'tis like puttin' the small whate in the bage."

"How is that?"
"Somethin' that Father Hannigan said to a friend uv mine, sir," Mat replied.
"Au' faith he'll have a harder dish to
wash now wud Father M'Mahon, for he's afther runnin' away wud a wife, an' Father M'Mahon is mighty hard agin'

that soart uv work." "I suppose 'tis Tom Cuddehy ?" said

"I suppose 'tis Tom Cuddehy?" said Mr. Kearney.
"'Tis, sir," replied Mat. "But there's every excuse for him, as she was an ould sweetheart, an' her match was made wud a young buck from the mountains that she didn't care a straw about, though he's milblu's was was a seried." mlikin' twenty cows."
"But what did Father Hannigan say

about putting small wheat in the bags?"
Dr. Kiely asked.
"'Tis what every man do, sir," replied

Mat. "The small whate that runs through the ecreen is put in the middle uv the beg, a few fistfule in each, an' all is passed off on the merchant, accordin' to the sample. But the merchant knows Mat. is there as well as the man that put id

"Well," said the doctor, " what has that to do with deceiving young women 'by way of courtehip?'"
"Well, you see, sir Tom Cuddehy scrapied id wan time, and tuck id into his

head that it was a sin, an' tould id to Father Hannigan when he went to con-fession. An' sure Father Hannigan was fession. An' sure Father Hannigan was in a hoult, ar' didn't know what to say, for he knew the whole world used to put the small whate in the bega. But for all, he didn't like to say t'was right, for fear he might be encouragin' fraud, as he said. But, oa the other hand, if he said 'twas wrong, he should tell Tom to make restitution for all the small whate he passed off on the merchant all his life. So he was feirly puzzled. But, afther thinkin' for a start, he says to Tom: 'Well, Tom, sure enough there's nothin' like fair an' aval office stationed at the Asiatic coast sure enough there's nothin' like fair an' honest dealin',' says he, 'An 'tis wrong honest dealin',' says he. 'An 'tis wrong to desave any man, Tom—even a corn merchant. But—do you your best an' they'll be up to you,' says Father Hannigan. An' begor, eir," added Mat, with another glance across the room, "I'm thinkin' 'tis the same way in regard to desavin' the young women. Do your best, and they'll be up to you!"

Dr. Kiely leant back in his chair, and laughed loud and long. Every one else laughed, too, except Mr. Lloyd, who looked quite lost in astoniahment, and averred that "the divil a better thing than that he ever heard in bis life."

The gentlemen all came out to the hall to see the doctor off, and, when the doctor was off, the gentlemen walked into the parlour as if by preconcert, and each commenced brewing a tumbler of whiskey punch in silence, to which beverage Mr. Lowe had become so reconciled by this time that he never drank wine, except a little at dinner to please Mrs. Kearney. "Ah! Dick!" Bob Lloyd exclaimed, in a heart broken tend

you to pronounce judgment on the case."

"Oh, it is too serious, too important a subject," returned the doctor, "to decide upon without due deliberation. I think
"But," continued Bob Lloyd with a shake of his head that seemed to say that

wonders would never cease—"but the little one flogs all!"
"Falth, she does!" Lory blurted out, holding his glass to his lips untested, as he stared at Mr. Lloyd, who was standing with his elbow on the chimney plece.
Hugh looked up, too, with sarprise; for Mr. Lloyd had all the marks and tokens

of a man desperately in love, and Hugh could scarcely imagine how a mere child could be the cause of so severe a fit—for he as well as Lory thought he "little one" that "flogged all," could be no other than Grace.
"What little one?" be seked.

was echoed from the opposite side of the fire-place, where Mr. Henry Lowe eat brooding over the thought that this was the "last night," and wondering would they have another set of quadrilles. The doctor, too, sighed heavily, and thought what lovely arms Kathleen had—for the "dszzier" had the cruelty to come in ball costume. And Lory Hanly, as he swallowed his punch, leoked all round at the three sighling swalns, and said to himself that he "wouldn't let it go with any of them. By which he meant that he was himself as bad a case as the best of them. In fact, Hugh seemed to be to only whole-hearted individual among them, for which we do not mean to insinuate for a moment that he was at all to be envied. Grace came in to ask the gentlemen to come to the drawing-room. They jumped to their feet with extraordinary alacrity; but every one stopped to finish his punch, standing, except Mr. Lowe, who left his tumbler more than half full on the chimney piece. (It was emptied by Kit Cummins, in the kitchen, before it was entirely cold—she having run up to try whether Dr. Kiely could do enything for the "Burgundy in her back;" by which it is to be supposed Kit meant lumbago. And Mat Donovan remarked that the doctor would be wanted to cure every aliment ever known, "from a bone-lock to a galloping consumption," before he'd be let sit down to his breakfast next morning.)

"Dick," said Bcd Lloyd, as they were crossing the hall, "toop a minute."

"What's the matter?" the doctor asked.

"I'm a gone coon," replied Mr. Lloyd.
"Go ahead." And he waved his hand solemnly towards the drawing room door.

"Why, aren't you coming in yourself?"

solemnly towards the drawing room door "Why, aren't you coming in yourself?"

"Why, aren't you coming in yourself?"
said the doctor.
"Ah, faith," returned Mr. Lloyd. "Go
ahead, Dick." And they walked into the
drawing-room, like a pair of of innocent
lambs to the slaughter.
We could sit in a corner of that old

we could sit in a corner of that old room for another hour or two, without feeling at all tired. But we must say good-night—and all the more reluctantly, because it may be many a long day before we meet so many happy hearts under Maurice Kearney's roof again. TO BE CONTINUED,

A MANLY TRIBUTE

PAID BY AN AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER TO SAINTLY SISTERS OF CHARITY.

THEY NURSED HIM TO LIFE IN A REMOTE CHINESE TOWN-THEIR DEVOTION TO DUTY, AND THEIR SELF-ABNEGATION PRAISED-THE GOOD WORK THEY ARE DOING IN THE ORIENT-BELIGION IN

In every spot on earth where there is human suffering to alleviate, human souls numan suffering to alleviate, human souls to save, human anguleh to assuage, you are likely to find the z-alous Catholic priest and the devoted Sister. In the dense forests of Africa, which are opening up to civilization and Christianity; in the jungles of India; under the bleak cliffs of Molokai; in the crowded haunts of vice and crime and square in the great centres. spirit of the good Sisters of Charity in a private letter written by an American naval office stationed at the Asiatic coast. It was published by the Baltimore Catholic Mirror: "On January 19 I left Hankow and I laid up with a fever; next day anchored at Kin-Kiang, and in the morning I broke out with smallpox. Three hours later I was hustled ashore. Carried over the side in my bed, I was too sick to care very much; yet it did seem pretty hard to leave the ship that way, with never a soul to shake hands with me parting. Kin-Klang is one of the smallest of the river ports open to foreigners. There was Kin Klang is one of the smallest of the river ports open to foreigners. There was no European hospital there, but the Sisters of Charity, who run a small Chinese hospital and orphange, took me in. I was given a room in their own quarters, not very palatial by the way, for the Sisters do not live on the fat of the land, as you may suppose; in fact, their old building was so rickety I need to inscine from the behalf begged that Dr. Kiely would not "lose a every time any one walked across the minute." the flat of my back, and during the time that I had to wear a mask plastered down over my face life was not altogether rosy. BUT THE SISTERS DID EVERYTHING FO

menced brewing a tumbler of whiskey punch in silence, to which beverage Mr. Lowe had become so reconciled by this time that he never drank wine, except a little at dinuer to please Mrs. Kearney, "Ab! Dick!" Bob Lloyd exclaimed, in a heart broken tone.

"What's the matter!" the doctor asked, tasting his punch, and adding another squeeze of lemon.

"They're all fine girls," returned Mr. Lloyd. "Your sister is more like a queen than a woman."

"More like a queen than a woman!" the doctor repeated. "Hugh, the decanter." "Ay, faith," rejoined Mr. Lloyd. "But," continued Bob Lloyd with a shake of his head that seemed to say that wonders would never cease — "but the had just ladled out at a gulp, as if drinking the dezzler's health.

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"But," continued Bob Lloyd with a shake of his head that seemed to say that wonders would never cease — "but the had just ladled out at the north case of the most times of war, or in cases of but a few minutes before, lying partially ont the track. The cow was not dead, and in her struggles worked herself over onto the rails. Father Schilpp, knowing the track is the propelle extisted in unbounded enthusiasm. The commandation in any large city, but it's other propelle worked had they had a delightful nook to retire and have a good time among themselves. How different is the reality! Their life is one of continual siaving—you can't call it labor, as no amount of money could buy such devotion for the good of others. There were four of these Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Sister Ryan, an Irish girl, was the only one on the premises who could speak English. She had principally to do with me, as I luckily came under her department. I do believe I simost fell in love with this woman; at any rate, I never felt so jealous of any one's rate, I never felt so jealous of any one's time as I did of hors. Why, I used to lie awake for hours for fear she might "Mr. Lowe heard Mr. Flaherty play the air at a wedding," returned Mary, "and Grace sang Moore's words to it for him, and he says the bitter hatred she threw into her look and voice, as ab fixed her eyes on himself at those words, quite frightened him."

"Oh, 'twas dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Lowe.

Grace laughed, and ran off to Ellie and Willie, who had induced Lory to join

"Oh, 'says I, 'you're turnin' your the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the swelding,' make dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way wud a couple uv girls from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way from the dance—a cousin of mine, an'—and the way to the beta with the from the dance —a cousin of mine, an'—and the way to the from the dance —a cousin of mine, an'—and the way to the list from the dance —a cousin of mine, an'—and the way to the bis f

SHE HAD CHARGE OF THE HOSPITAL AND

SHE HAD CHARGE OF THE HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY; the former had fifty patients, and to the dispensary came hundreds of the poor and needy daily for medicine and to have their sores bandaged. One who has never been in China can form no idea of the diseases and suffering that go on here. Another Sister has charge of the orphanage—about forty little boys. A third has the laundry, and the Sister Superior looks out for the buildings and grounds, besides running the kitchen. Each one had more than she could do as she wished it done, and they were on the jump all day long, not only that, but they had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to find a little time for prayers; and, by the way, there was nothing estentatious about their religion; they never forced that subject on anyone. The Fathers would do the preaching. They were merely Sisters of Charity. Their charity was extended to all alike, the only requisite being a need for help. With all their hardships they were the most cheerful and pleasant people I've ever met; always ready for a joke, knew the world thoronghly, and had no prudish, squeamish ideas. They did not reclaim the wicked by raising their hands in holy horror. Sister Ryan was the only one I got to know well, for my French was too ilimited to enter into any discussions with the others. These people are by no means an uneducated class; many, coming from the higher walks of life, have known what it is to live well, and

THEIR SACRIFICE IS THE GREATER. They come here for life, learn the language, mingle with the people, and work earnestly for their good—not as our missionaries who come but for a few years, or till they have gained sufficient wealth, and only dwell in fine houses, and talk to a people who despise them.

The foreigners bere, of whom there are about thirty or forty in Kin Kingo. were

only dwell in the houses, and take to a people who despise them.

The foreigners here, of whom there are about thirty or forty in Kin Kiang, were very kind, and did everything they could,

nearly everyone calling or sending to inquire how I prospered, often sending me ittle delicacles. These were all English, French or Russian. The eight good American missionaries, who lived in the finest compound in the place, I never saw, nor did the same and the s did they ever make inquiries concerning
me. They were probably too busy writing up the 'lectures' which they propose
to deliver upon their return to the States.
I can readily see how difficult it must be to compile those figures on the number of converts. The Chinaman is no fool if he is regged and dirty. They have a religion ground into the bone; that is not disturbed by the introduction of others. They may profess and do whatever they like. Thus Buddhism and other religious have come into the land; the country is filled with Buddhist tempies and millions of their priests live at the expense of the government, yet that is not their religion. They are perfectly willing to profess any thing that will help them personally, and at present Christianity is offering the highest premium."—Boston Republic.

## UNANSWERED PRAYERS

The great doctor of the Church. St. The great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, says that there are three kinds of people who pray and are not heard, and three ways in which they pray. First those who pray in a bad state of mind—that is, a state of mortal sin. Man, after being regenerated by baptism, should always have his soul in a state of purity, instead of which he very often has it in a state of sin. When we pray we it in a state of sin. When we pray we should either be in a state of grace or in

one of heartfelt repentance.

Secondly: Those who pray in an unfit manner—with heart full of distractions and a mind overwhelmed with the turmoils and affairs of this wicked world. turmone and anairs of this wicked world. They may be on their knees, they may be in a temple of the Almighty, but their hearts are not there. When this is the case they will not be heard, neither will God grant them their prayers.

Listly: Those who sak for things which they should not vire things which

Listly: Those who sak for things of the they should not, viz.: things of the world, or those which would be injurious to them. God, who is all love, has created man for everlasting glory, therefore how is it possible that He could grant us a next the world only lead us to our petition which would only lead us to our own confusion and injury.

## A PRIEST SAVES A TRAIN.

Rev. C. F. Schilpp, of St. Fraucis Xavier's church, Parkersburg W. Va., saved a passenger train from being wrecked last Thursday night. The rev. gentleman was coming up the Ohio River Railroad to his home just as the north-

been lost. The officers and yassengers, when they learned the particulars, crowded about the reverend gentleman and warmly thanked him for his brave and thoughtful act.

Are never-failing causes of disease. At this season of the year nertalgis, tooth-ache, and a host of simils diseases are ache, and a host of simils diseases are rampant. The great question, then, is to find the quickest, surest, and most economical remedy. Polson's Navuline exactly fills these requirments. It is prompt, efficient, and most economical, for it exceeds in power every known remedy, and is as cheap as inferior artices. A 10 cent sample bottle will give very person a chance to test it. Large pottles only 25 cents. cents.

Use the safe, pleasan, and effectual worm killer. Mother Grass' Worm Exterminator; nothing equal it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

Minard's Liniment curs Diphtheria.

The Heart's Christmas.

Give me a clasp of thy hand, old love.
And a tender glance from thine eyes:
We may not be merry to-night, old love—
We have loved long enough to be wise—
But the joys of others, though ringing afar
Shall shake all their bells for our ears:
It is better to garner the light of a star
Than to blot its one ray in our tears.

We know there are dancers afoot, old love Ah, thy foot was the lightest of all. And the small-st, nay hide it not, old love We were foolish enough at that ball, Where our steps were the envy or many o

While our hearts beat a tumult of glee.
Can a violin sing on the grosty air
Without bringing that Christmas to me?

The." trees " and " caress" were our rhymes, old love,
And our words flowed to many a tune,
Tho' they halted when "bless" sought a
"yes," old love.
By the light of a horn-tipped moon;
But it came from your cool, sweet lips at
last:

Isst:
Yes, I know they were sweet and cool,
He who warms not his heart at the fires of
the past
Is not worthy of times of Yule.

Thy face was an angel's that night, old love, As it dreamed at the window frame. I saw it you know, from beneath, old love, After parting, nay, where's the shame? 'Its thus we turn back to our best delights, And that was my golden time: It will sing for us ever on Christmas nights, And call all the bells to chime.

A CHILD OF MARY.

- Joseph I. C. Clarke.

AN EXAMPLE OF HEROISM AND WOMANLY SWEETNESS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

By a Sodality Prefect

By a Sodality Prefect.

Had I named the title "An Illiterate Child of Mary," instead of the one employed above, you would think this a strange character to give a Sodalist, yet it was true so far as worldly knowledge goes. She was not a graduate of a seminary or college, but the Christian virtues and the duties of her religion had been well learned and were requirely practiced. well learned and were regularly practiced. Foreign languages and the formation of her mother tongue may have been my teries, but the loving, merciful words of the Divine Heart she understood, and endeavored to teach to others less in formed. Indeed, this Child of Mary could not write her own name, nor did she know the sweetest meaning of the "E de M," so dear to the convent girl. But I will let you judge if the title was ever bestowed on

a more worthy soul.
At the time I met Mary —— she was a At the time I met Mary — she was a member of the Sodality attached to one of our city churches. One would never have taken a second glance at the slight figure clad in shabby black as it passed out of the church quietly, so accustomed are we to this meek and lowly class of God's poor. I for one never suspected the heroic qualities under the quiet garb.

On Sunday she was absent; only her consultor knew it and wondered at the cause. The next Sunday found her in the

consultor knew it and wondered at the cause. The next Sunday found her in the usual place. After the Office she came over to where I was seated and asked if she might show me a book she would like to sell. I was astouished; but the wan face, now crimson with sudden consciousness, stopped all uncharitable thoughts in my mind. 'I don't need the book, but I do need

"I don't need the book, but I co need the money," she said, opening the hand-kerchief and displaying her tressure, an "Imitation of Christ," worth about a dol-lar and a half. "The children gave it to me about two years ago. I know it's fool ish, but I wouldn't feel so bad if you had it," she said, looking at me with tearfu I have the reputation of being easily

I have the reputation of being easily victimized by unworthy charity, but this was a genutue necessity—"a prossing bill that must be paid" was all the information I received. I had \$2.00 in my purse.

"Would that pay the bill?" I asked.

Again the sweet face crimsoned.

"It is too much—\$1.00 would do;" and it was all the would take.

it was all she would take. In the midst of my daily occupations I could not forget Mary L.—, and anxious ly I awaited the coming Sunday. On the forenoon of that day, just as the Litany was started, a little girl in a dingy gray thawl and zephyr cap approached me and asked for the Prefect. I told her I was

"Here are Mary L.—'s dues," she said, handing me 10 cents. "Aunt Mary could not come, because Mollie's sick." The little one hid her face in her shawl and cried bitterly.

I soothed her as much as possible and

asked the cause of Mollie's illness, She fell down the factory stairs and the doctor says her spine is hurt. can't move, nor talk, nor do anything and we have to feed her with a spoon,' she sobbed.
"How old is Mollie, and did she work

in the factory?"
"Yes, in the woolen mill with Aunt Mary, and she was fourteen last Christ Well, I went home with the little one

with a few questions, and the child will-ing to talk, I learned something of Mary L\_\_\_\_\_'e heroic life. The children's mother, Mary's esister, died when Annie, my little companion, was a baby; a month after this sad occurrence their father was killed on the railroad. Six before this double misfortune Mary had entered the novitlate of the Sisters of Charity. Cheerfully she had left her peaceful retreat to take up the duties of a breadwinner for the young

She is so good." little Annie gravely told me. "I believe she's a saint; she only gets three dollars and a half a week, and spends every cent on us; she neve thinks of herself! When Moille went to work with her, she sent me to school a the Sisters, and I staid there all day until they came for me. But now-

Further information was interrupted by a flood of cears and the fact that home had been reached. This was two very small rooms in a small tenement h and we found Mary bending over the paralyzed child. At my entrance a painful blush hast-ened to her brow. She placed a wooden

chair for me, saying:
"It is so kind of you to come. You have so many visits to make. Mollie, poor child, cannot recover, but may linger just the way you see her, for

inger just the way you see her, for many weeks; what worries me most is she cannot speak a word to Father Mailey, or even make a sign." I believe she feared my asking ques-tions; real charity is diffident about asserting itself, but, nevertheless, I asked her if I might aid her in a financial

or any other way.