

The Master's Voice.

BY FATHER RYAN. The waves were weary, and they went to sleep. The winds were hushed. The starlight flushed.

KNOCKNAGOW OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXVIII—CONTINUED.

The question was suggested by the white bull dog, who walked to the street-door and back again without condescending to take the slightest notice of Barney, or anyone else.

"Bogob, he is, miss; I have letters for him." "Show them to me!" she exclaimed eagerly, thrusting out her hand through the railing.

"And don't you think we ought to go?" Miss Lloyd asked. "If you wish it, I see no objection."

the crowd. But when they got a cheer at every cross-road and cluster of houses they passed after leaving the town behind them, so unusual a circumstance began to excite surprise.

A STORY FROM SPAIN. TRAIN UP, A BOY IN THE WAY HE SHOULD NOT GO AND HE'LL GO THERE. AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

would not bother once over certain things—what is the use of bothering now? OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. LITTLE LESSONS BY GREAT MEN.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE HAULING HOME—IS NORAH LAHY STRONG? "Good evening, Barney," said Mr. Lloyd, as he was passing Mrs. Burke's shop door, where Barney Broderick was fixing sundry baskets and parcels in his cart.