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THE RIVALS.

By Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER I.

"Docthor, darlin'?" "Docthor, I'm here since mornin'!" "Docthor, let me go, an' the heavens bless you. I'm as wake as a piece of wet paper."

rate more rapid than she had travelled since she was a young woman. She stumbled and fell among the crowd, exclaiming, in a tone between surprise and terror, "Oh, heaven forgive you your sins, you contrairy man! Here's ussage! Here's thratement?"

the harsh and stormy voice of Jerry Duhig, "here's Aaron Shepherd come to call you to see Mrs. Wilderming, that's taken suddenly ill."

stamped on the covers with the impress of the Society for the diffusion of Christian Knowledge. In a corner, less brilliantly illuminated, the eye of the curious observer might detect a parcel of small pamphlets, stitched in blue covers, and bearing on their title pages the various denominations of "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Conversion of Timothy Delany from the errors of the Church of Rome," "The Lough Derg Pilgrim, a Tale," "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic story," and many other productions of a similar tendency.

For shame, Tom," said Mrs. Damer, "you are growing worse and worse every day." "I don't pretend to any great sanctity," said Leonard. "You, my fair and fat and sanctimonious sister, know me a long time, and know me to be a blunt plain fellow, that thinks he does his duty when he takes care of his neighbor's body, and leaves his soul between him and his Creator. There is the difference between us. Damer is as honest a fellow as any body, but his charity all evaporates in smoke. If I find a poor fellow starving on my estate, why (heaven forgive me!) I think I do my duty when I send him a leg of mutton, and make him an abatement, while Damer smother's him with books and Bibles and I don't know what. Here's my idea. Give the people bread, and they'll find out piety themselves; make them prosperous and you may be sure they will grow virtuous without much labor. But hunger and cold are the sorriest Martexts in the world."