THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Pray For Your Deads

2

meath the snow-drift lying, nid the wild winds' sighing, or piying folds of the willow's shi low where the bells come tolling, the sad years ouward rolling, dear dead faces we loved are laid.

eener the grass is growing, ester the wild flowers bowing, Vhere the worm is angled in golden h onger the willow'roots are, there the verdant shoots are, There the tirei hands molder that pla them there. iden hair

ort was the cold regretting, to it the leng forgetting, hough the dead may linger in pain below sons the earnest pleading, d constant the interceding. frangout from these patient realms of

mber the far-off sweetness

f years that in fatal destness Passed onward like golden dreams away nd think of the love endearing, f the tender words of cheering, From the poor lips pleading in vain to

Think of that light illuming, And those fearful flames consuming. Into perfect withcomes the slightest stain There belows they wait and languish, Opistretching in friendless anguish, The tired hands seeking for aid in vain.

From friends that were held the dearest, From hearts that were first and nearest, From kindred love with a love too keen. Also! for the short regretting, The long and the sure forgetting, And the sars dried up ere the grave wa

Ab i how shall we hope to meet them, is Heaven to know and great them, Through the long hight deaf to the prayers and ordes; Remembering the cold neglecting, What else can we be expecting But to meet repreach in those gentle eye

weet—the mysterious sadness ne strange and uncarthly gladness, That Death on each calm, while bro

set Ah! the kind and tender faces, Laid low in forsaken places, They are not forgetling as we forgot.

-ALICE ESS

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"GOD BE WITH YE !" The disappearance of the light was coounted for when, after shutting the oor babind him, he saw Pail Laby sitting

door behind him, he saw Phil Lahy sitting at the fire reading a newspaper, and Billy H-firman holding the candle for him. "What's the news, Phil ?" he asked. "'Tis an' American paper I'm afther gettin' the lead of," replied Phil Lahy. "But I con't see much in 1d that we hadn't before, except that speech of Bishop H aghes's. That's a great man," said Phil, solemnly. "But I won't mind readin' the spec-spec-apecch," he added, pronounc-ing the word with considerable d fliculty, "till to morrow."

ill to morrow." "Wouldn't id be time to be goin' home ?" Billy Heffernan ventured to sug-

gest "Yes, Billy. 'Home, sweet home, there's no pisce like home.' I have a poor wife," continued Phil Laby, twrning round and looking straight in Mat Dono-van's face, "that would't say a word to me -no matter what I'd do."

"She is a good wife, sure enough," re-plied Mat, as he gently touched Phil's shin with the tongs, with the view of inducing him to draw his foot out of the fire, into which he had just thrust it.

"Billy," sid Pail, after staring at him for a minute, "you're lookin' very bad." This was said with a solemnity that quite frightened Billy Hoffernan. 'You ought," Phil Laby continued in a

fatherly way, "you ought to take a little nourishment You'd want it."

"Toe divil cut the hand uv me," returned Billy Heffsman, recovering from his fright, "if ever I take a dhrop uv anying stronger than wather. 'Tis little od id ever done me while I was takin'

14." "That is, Billy, because you didn't take it in ralson. I'm not takin' anything myself now in a public house, on account uv a little promise I made. You'd say now," he added, turning suddenly to Mat, "that I was fond uv the dhrop ?" He waited for a reply, but Mat only looked into the for.

acted upon-supposing that Phil Laby was disposed to act upon it-the lateb was again raised. "I ran in to take my lave of ye, for fear I mights't see ye again," said a young girl, who stepped lightly into the kit-chen, forgetting to close the door behind her.

A gust of wind rushed in after her, and

her. A gust of wind rushed in after ber, and was mot by another gust that rushed down the chinney; and both gusts join ing together, whirled round and round Mat Donovan's kitchen, extloguishing the eandle which Billy Heffernan had laid on the end of the bench upon which he sat, and blowing the ashes and some sparks of fire into Mrs. Donovan's lap, causing the good womau to start to her feet and beat her apron as if it were in a bizze about her; and, not content with this mischlef, the two gusts of wind whirled up to the thatched roof, and so jostled Nelly Dono wan's here about, on the roest over the being thus rudely and unseasonably a wakened from their repose were pitceus to listen to; and then, by way of fisish ing their frolk, the intraders awept the old red cock himself from the coller-beam, where he reposed in solitary dignity, bringing him down straight upon Phil Laby's head, who had just risen to his feet and was making an ineffectual effort to comprehend the state of affairs, and upon whom the sudden assault had such an effect that he staggered backward and was coming down in a sitting posture upon the fire, when Billy Heffernen caught him in his arms in time to prevent the unpleasant catastrophe. And the two guests of wind, having faillide their mis-sion, went out of eristence as anddenly as they came into Mat the Thrasher's kit-chen by the door and by the chinney. Simply the faithful chronicler of the my ings and doings, jays and sorrows of Kascknagow, a regard for truth compels us to record that Mat the Tarasher's song was no other than that sentimentalest of manimum limit in the sentimental of sentimental lyrics, "Oh, no, we never mention her." And, furthermore, we feel bound to

"Were I in a foreign land They'd find no change in me."

And, furthermore, we rest bound to state that this song was second to none in popularity among the music loving peo-ple of Kuocknagow. How is this to be seconnted for? Is there some innate good hid under the lackadaisical in this as they came into Mat the Thresher's kit-chen by the door and by the chimney. Mrs. Donovan blessed herself several times. She had her own private opinion as to the nature of the two gusts of wind; and had not a doubt that the demizens of Maurice Kearney's fort were unusually frolksome that night — witness Ned Brophy's hat and the old red cock, who stood upon the hearth-stone looking outs good hid under the lackadalical in this renowned effort of Mr. Haynes Balley's muse? Or might it be that "the haw thorn tree" brought the bush near Maur-ics Kearney's back gate, with its hest of tender seeofations, to the minds of the sing ers and listeners I Oz, to make another, and, probably, the best guess, perhaps the words brophys hat and the old red cock, who stood upon the bearth-stone looking quite dazed and feolish, at if he were just after receiving a box on the ear, which both-ered him to that degree that he was delibwords.

knocknogow? For some or all of these

ered him to that degree that he was delib-oratly walking into the fire till Nelly anatched him up in her arms. "Faith, you wor never in Dablin, who-ever you are," said Billy Heffernan, as with a vigorous swing he placed Phil Laby in his chair. "Oh, wisba!" exclaimed the innocent cause of the commotion, "see how I should forget to shut the door," "Light the candle, Billy," said Nelly Donovan. "I wondher who have we at all? Maybe 'tis Judy Connell." "'Tis, Nelly," was the reply. "I'm comin' cut from town, an' I didn't like to pase by wudout comin' in to see ye as I don't know the minute or hour the cap-tain's letter might come, an' maybe I mightn't have time to take my lave uv ye."

say as far as the eye of a spectator stand-ing on Maurice Kearney's fort could reach all round.

"Tis true that I behold no more The valley where we met, I de not see the hawthorn tree, But how ean I forget ?" But how can I forget?" So sang Mat the Thrasher. And Nelly, who at first seemed disposed to be scorn-ful, when he came to these words began to accompany him unconsciously, but in an almost inaudible voice. Billy Heffer-nan bent down with his elbows on his knees and his hands covering his face. Mrs. Donovan's arms dropped by her elde, and a dreamy look came into her ad face, as if her thoughts went back to the far past. Yes! there was "a valley where we met?' in her memory, and as she smoothed her gray hair over her temples, Mrs. Donovan stealthily wiped a tear from her cheek with the back of her hand.

"Sit down, Judy," said Mrs. Donovan eadly. "No, ma'am, thank you," she replied ; "Mary is wud me, an' we're in a hurry

home, as there's a few friends comin'

"An' is id walkin' ye are ?" "An' is id walkin' ye are ?" "No, Nelly ; Joe Burke came wud us an' brought his horse an' car." As she spoke she ran to Nelly, and hand.

hinging her arms round her neck, klesed her, we might say passionately. She also kissed the old woman, bat more calmiy. They were all now standing around her

And Mat the Thrasher's song reminds us that at the very last wedding we had the bonour of being invited to in the neighbourhood of Knocknegow, the two musicians, standing in the corner appro-priated to them, commenced to play a "slow tune" during the interval between two dances; which slow tune so fasch-ated our good friend, Father Hannigan, who was a bigoted admirer of Irish music, that he left his place behind the mabogany table at the opposite side of and as she gave her hand to Mat she tried to smalle. "Ged be wud you, Mat," said she, "tis

many's the time we danced together at the Bush." The recollection of those bappy times

was too much for her, and the tears "God Almighty be wud ye all," she exclaimed in a choking voice, as she hur riedly shock hands with Billy Heffernan

and Phil Lehy. And as she turned towards the door

music, that he left his place behind the mahogany table at the opposite side of the room, and, after pushing his way through the dameers, stood with folded arms close to the musiciane, who, flattered by the compliment, put their whole souls into their fiddles. And when we, at the suggestion of the bride's father, went to eccort Father Hannigan back to his place at the mahogany table, and to the little comforts "smilling" thereon-we borrow the expression from a well-known song beginning "Let the farmer praise his grounds. And as the turned towards the door, which Nelly ran to open for her, she pressed one hand on her bosom and the other over her eyes, and a cry so full of sorrow burst from her that the tears came rolling down Mat Donovan's cheeks before he could tarn away to hide them under the pretext of placing the candle in

he watted for a repty, but mat only other over her eyes, and a cry so full of conforts "smiling" thereon-we borrow borrow birs from her that the tears came conforts "smiling" thereon-we borrow brow song pun-puncheon of it." And Phil laid the top of his finger on his togue, and sfier looking at it steadily as if there were a thorn in the performed the action known and presentiment seized upon him at the hand impressively on our semanoing the finger. "Not that would that moment that his own heast would shoulder and add in a whisper : that moment that his own heart would one day feel the pang that wrung that cry from the heart of Jady Connell. "I never thought," Nelly remarked, when the emigrant girl bad left, "that herself an' Joe'd ever be parted." "Tisn't Jee's fault," Mat returned; "his lase is out, an he's expectin' the notice every day like the rest of the tinants on the property. As fast as their lases dhrop, out they must go." "That's a fine thing !" "Why, that," we replied, "Is the English sentimental song-'Oh, no, we never mention her.'" To which Father Hannigan frowned a scornful contradiction. But we having reiterated the assertion, Father Hannigan listened again, and suddenly turning to us with a look of profound amazement, said : lases dbrop, out they must go." "An' she tould me last Sunday," con tinued Nelly, "that on'ly for her sisters

that wouldn't mind any wan, than a fellow that'd be gold' about palaverin' every girl he'd meet." "I don't know," retorted Mat, with a start, may built he wan uv 'em that sore had to asy a bad word uv me ?' "I don't know," retorted Mat, with a start, may built he wan uv 'em that sore had to asy a bad word uv me ?' "May a may be don't urit to the fire again, with the head hauging over the back of his chair, uncolled by everybody crept Billy Heffernan, who gave him an orasional path when he showed symptoms of tumbling off "We must stir him up," said Billy. "Give him a shake, Mat, au' tell him to come to tumbling off "We must stir him up," said Billy. "Give him a shake, Mat, au' tell him to come to tumbling off "We must stir him up," said Billy. "Give him a shake, Mat, au' tell him to come to ment to see the humourful sy swin to make billy Heffernan expect every moment to see the humourful sy swin to the tears and the suffling lips give pasage to a sigh. The sigh did come : but no the tears and the suffling lips give pasage to a sigh. The sigh did come : but no the tears and the suffling lips give pasage to a sign on the sole of his favorite song." Now, if we were drawing upon our impering a were his wont on such coesaics. By chanting one of his favorite song." Mow, if we were drawing upon our impering the the collar we would give Mat the Thras at start, and with a sidelong glance our (perhaps) not e wont di lattory is compose one specially for him. But being imply the faithful chronicler of the say ing and doings, jays and sorrows of Kaceknagow, a regard for truth compelie to to the side that the Thrasher's come of the to the fire. "No doubt, Mat it a mach with a start, imagining that he is a start, imagining the head to the fire. "No doubt, Mat it a Thrasher's come and the suffer an a sudden fancy to dive head foremort into the fire. "No doubt, Mat it a fire won a sudden fancy to dive head foremort into the fire." This operation is and with the formation of the say a suddon fancy to dive head thead with a sta "Mat," said he, "you wor always a play-boy." "The divil a much of a play boy in id," returned Mat; "I'm on'y tellin" you to keep your eyes open." "No doubt, no doubt," Phil replied, with the look of a man that couldn't laugh if it were to save his life. "No doubt, Mat;" and he nodded so far for-ward that Billy Heffernan stretched out his hands with a start, imagining that he had taken a endden fancy to dive head foremost into the fire. "Let us be movin", Phil," said Billy Heffernan. "The gottin" late an' I must be off, an we may as well go home to gether." "You know, Billy, I have a poor wife the Duke of Fife, and other notables being guests, along with Father Pamphile de Venster, a brother of Father Damien. The principal address of the evening was made by the Prince. In it he gave a deal of new and startling information upon the ambject of leproxy in the British col-onies, the extent of which had not there fore been faily understood. Then came the reference to Sister Rose Gertrade, which was the sensation of the

"You know, Billy, I have a poor wife that wouldn't say a word to ms, no matter what I'd do."

his life. his life. "Poor Norah is comin' on finely," Nelly observed. "'Tis long sizes I see ber lookin' so well as she did to day." The mention of Nerah's name had an

instantaneous effect upon her father, whe seemed to become almost seber in a

moment. Billy Heffernan expected this result, and yet he could not mention Nerah's

"Billy," said Phil Laby, looking at him

reasons, or for some reason unknown to ne, this seng, as we have said, was popu-lar in a high degree, from the cross-roads at the foot of the hill to the cross roads at the top of the hill ; and indeed we might

when she said that she'd rather a man like him that "wouldn't mind anyone" than "a rag on every bush" like Mat, she had certain migjvings that her words did not eractly apply to Billy's case; and now as she looked at him she felt sure that they did not. But though her first feeling, on making this discovery, was one of disap-pointment, if not of pain, it soon gave place to admiration and sympathy at the recollection of Norah's pale face. And Nelly Donovan never cared so much for Bully Heffernan as now that she belived he cared fer another. ing numerous contributions. Miss Fowler seems to be a thoroughly Alter Fowler seems to be a thoroughly womanly character in spite of the gran-deur of the work she has taken up, for her shyness and her ready bluch are speken of by all the Eaglish papers, and is addition there is told a little aneodote which betrays the character of the woman. A visitor had been talking with her as to her work, and, telling of her farewell.eave:

And Mat the Thrasher's song reminds he caved for another. "Billy," said Phil Laby raising from his chair, "you ought to be in your own house. A young man ought to keep regu-

"I rose to go; a photograph on which the sweet young nun had written her name and her motto was give to me as a sourenir of our meeting, but as I turned to go she hesitated, her happy eyes be-came once again very grave and dreamy, and, with the het blood rushing into her nouse. A young man ought to acep regu-lar hours." "Well," I b'lleve so," replied Billy, get ting up from the bench in the corner and stretching his arms. "Good night to ye." "Mat, I have somethin' to be talkin' to cheeks, she handed shyly an old little prayer book over to me, and turning to the fly-leaf at the end, said, in bashful confusion : "'I don't know whether I ought to tell

"Mat, I have somethin' to be talkin' to you about," Phil observed before he reached the door, "but it will do another time. Good night, Mrs. Donovan." "Good night, Phil. Nelly, hold the candle for 'em till they get a past the turn ; I b'lieve the wight is very dark." "There's great foar of 'em," returned Nelly in her good-humored way. "Here, take this in your hand," she centinued, presentiag a blackthorn witch to Billy Heffernan : "maybe you might meet the night-walkers. And 'the the stick you ought to get," she added, giving him a blow of her open hand as he stepped over the threshold. you, but unless I do I shall not have ex-plained one of the reasons of my great wish to go and live with and help the 'In Miss Fowler's small clear handwriting a prayer was written on the leaf, the touching, pathetic prayer which is said to have been found on the chest of the

"'Tis a shame for you," sald her mother. "You'll never have a stim uv since." At

FEBRUARY 23, 1890.

THE LEPERS' NEW FRIENDS. SISTER ROSE GESTRUDE AND THE Miss Amy C. Fowler, otherwise Siste

PRINCE OF WALHS.

me then like an inspiration that I should devote myself to these poor unfortunates. I wanted to go then but I was only twenty, and my friends persuaded me to wait till I was older and knew something of the dread disease with which I would be brought in contact. As time went on my purpose only became more deep-ceated. Two years ego I began the training in Paris under Pasteur, and in the hospitals there, which was to give a scientific ac-quaintance with this discase. This will esable me to make investigations myself while acting as a nurse in the Hawdian leper colony that may be of importance to medical men in their efforts to check the progress of the disease, which has now got such a foothold all over the globe. While I was in Paris I was in the employ of English publishers, and when I was not attending lectures or classics at the hos-pital I was transcribing, by means of the typewriter, the reports of various Con-gresses and bodies which met there. These reports were sent to London for publication. In Paris all the best medical lectures are given on Sunday and in the evenince a on the time was listen up." Miss Amy C. Fowler, otherwise Sister Rose Gertrade, the young woman now in New York on her way to the leper island of Moloka', was first brought to the knowledge of the British public by the Prince of Wales, and forthwith be came a nine-day sensition all through the United Kingdom, and a mys-tary as well, for it was some time after the public first learned that such a young woman existed before her name and iden-tity were disclosed. The Prince of Wales, it should be known, has begun to make a bobby of the leper question, and has been instrumental in the foundation in Great Britain of a national leprosy fund, Britain of a national leprosy fund, intended to be used for the protection of Great Britain against the disease. In aid of this cause a dinner was given a short time ago at the Hotel Metropole in Lon-don, the Prince presiding, the Duke of Norfolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Fife, and other notables publication. If rars all the best medical lectures are given on Sunday and in the evenings, so my time was well taken up." 'Did you make a general study of medicine ?"

"No. I confined my attention to my "No. I confined my attention to my specialty and to Pasteur's methods of dis-covering the micro organisms of various diseases. I was present at his experi-ments and those of his assistants in inocu-lation. We had at the Hospital Saint Louis several victims of leproy, and I learned there a great deal about the disease of forement your undertand

disease. Of course, you understand, though, that I only go out as a nurse." It was while she was in Paris that Miss Fowler, through friends there, obtained from the Hawalian Government the charge of the leper hospital at the colony in Kalawae. alawao.

"The Government makes it a rule," clergyman of the Church of England, although she has been a Roman Catholic for the last eight years. I do not thisk that this is an improper occasion for wishing her "Godspeed," and to express a hope that she may do much to mitigate the anfiering of the unfortunate people she is geing to." Speculation as to the identity of the young woman so willing to reactifice her life for the good of the most suffer the farmed and the suffer the state is to the identity of the young woman so willing to reactifice her requires it that I joined the order, but I feit that my mission would be sanctified by that action. The Superior General of the Order granted me a special dispensa-tion which enables me to take the name

young woman so willing to exclude ner requires it that I joined the order, but I feit that I joined the order, but I feithed the order is interview.

with her hands clasped in her lap. "I think I realize just what I am venturing into, and I have no hope of escaping the disease. Then, you know, siter I am once on the island with the lepers there is no turning back, for the Government dees not allow it. I do not expect to take any but ordinary pressutions sgainst the discuss?

the disease." Miss Fowler told with a sparkle in her

"My people especially admired the heroism of Father Damien," she said, "for pluck, more than anything else, appeals to our rece." to our mce."

to our rece." Just before leaving England Miss Fowler received a blessing from Cardinal Manning, and through him the blessing of the Pope as well, who has taken a special interest in the young woman's mission. "The hospitable at Kalawao, of which I

"The hospitable at Kalawao, of which I am to have charge," soid Miss Fowler, "always contains fifty or sixty patients. I intend to de what I can to brighten their lives. I don't intend to forget my scienti-fic work, for which I am taking with me a microscope, which will aid me greatly in making a study of the disease, and a camera, with which I shall make photo-graphs, which may prove of value to the medical workd."

Miss Fowler is anxious to reach Hawail as soon as possible, but the slow trip made by the Bothnia will prevent her from ig the next steamer from San Fra cieco. She will accordingly remain with her friends in Brooklyn for a couple of weeks at least before starting for San Francisco. When she leaves New York she will travel alone on the rest of her

FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

A SISTER AT SALT LAKE.

THE EVILS OF MORMONISM AND THE CRUELTY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

CRUELTY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG. In the last number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review is a paper of unusual interest on "Forty Years in the American Wilderness." It is from the pen of Mother Austin, a Sister of Mercy, who spent some years at Sait Lake City. After a brief sketch of the rise of the sect and its estilement in Utah, Mother Austin sawa: Austin says : "The controlling authority of the Mor-

Ausin says: "The controlling authority of the Mar-mon Church has always been exercised by Americans of Saron Inesge. It is even said that several of the first "Twelve Apostles" came from families that had participated in the struggle for national independence. It is not, therefore, quite correct to speak of Mormoniam as an allen organization. It was always non. Catholic. Even in seeking recruits, the Mormons rather avoided Catholic coun-tries. Spaniards, Italians, French, Irish, Mericans, are sought in vain among the Latter Day Saints. Its disciples were drawn minily from the lower grades of non Catholic nations. But into this seething vorter men and women of ordin-ary education, and a few of more than average ability, from the O d World and the Naw, have been drawn. Time and again have deluded creatures turned their backs on home, frierds and country to seek situation in this awfal familican The Catholic faith seems to have been the only cyis capable of protecting souls from this stupendous parody on things decent, fitting, and spiritual. "The Mormon men seemed dull, vulgar and clownish; no doubt there are many exceptions. 'When I look at them,' said a prominent Gantile, 'I think their hor-rible system should be uprooted by fire and sword.' Not on the write. It should never be glorified by persecution. Lift to itself, it will tumble to pleces. When Mormons break the laws by bigamy or other crimes, they suffar not as martyrs, but as evil doors. Yet it is their policy

Mormons break the laws by bigamy or other crimes, they suffer not as martyre, but as evil doers. Yet it is their policy to pose as victims. "The Mormon women look shapeless and slovenly; their faces soulics, their eyes fishy, dead. Seen in thousands issuing out of the tabernacle on a fine Sanday afternoon, with their slatternly figures and slouching gait, they do, in deed, appear 'the off scouring of all." Nothing bithe or gay about them as they waddle along : no glow upon the cheek. Nothing bitthe or gay about them as they waddle along; no glow upon the cheek, no sparkle in the eye, no trim, graceful robes, no womanly dignity. Those whom we saw were downright ugly, and whom we saw were downright ugit, and had a wizened appearance. In some the expression was repulsive and defiant, in others repulsive and sad. Many of the children are sfilted with physical deformity, and not a few are said to be idiotic. The deaf and dumb have in the area of the area.

idiotic. The deaf and dumb have in creased of late years. The groups have a decidedly foreign appearance. Light hair and the Scondinavian cost of features predominate."

Some of our readers may recall Kate Field's letters from Salt Lake City some years ago, and her assertion that the fanaticism of the women was the bulwark of Mormonism. The experience of the United States officials in their efforts to United States cfficials in their efforts to root out polygemy corroborated her. The Slater of Mercy gives cumulative evidence. It is easy to persuade a woman that a thing which is hard to flesh and blood is necessarily a good thing—even a bounden duty. The ignorant women, without religious anchorage, who were drawn into Mormonism, were taught that the heart-crucifizion of wives, in the polygemous marticge relation, was, that the heart-orneinition of wives, in the polygamous marriage relation, was, if patiently borne, their passport to high happiness in Paradise. Those who could not be thus deluded into resignation of not be thus actuated into resignation of their wifehood's divine right were terror-ized into submission, or, in the lifetime of the Mormon prophet, held by their abject faith in him. Mother Aastin, in the brief dialogue appended, gives a case

in point : "No one but a Mormon woman," said a poor, faded creature, "can know the torture, the horror, of this diabolical cus-

tom." "You think it wrong, then? You are not deluded into believing it right?" "Oh, no. I never could believe such abominations.

"Well, now, the head of your religion practiced these abominations How can you follow his teachings in other points?" "Oh, that is entirely different. He was right whatever he did."

Prince Imperial when he was carried dead from the battlefield in Zaluland. Miss Fowler pointed to the passage. "If Thou only givest on thi

the

Getrade, which was the sensation of the evaning, the Prince caying: "Since I came here this evening I have received a communication, the nature of which I am anxions that you should know. A lady is going out to nurse the leaves in Molokai, and she sails on Saturday next from Liverpool She is twenty-seven years of age and is the daughter of a clergyman of the Chursh of England, what I'd do." "I know that," Billy replied, as if 'twas the most sorrowful thing he ever heard in

name himself.

young woman so willing to sacrifice her ife for the good of the most unfortune of "Billy," said Phil Laby, leaking at him as if it wore he and not Nell whe had spoken, or rather as if no one had spoken at all—"Billy, I have a daughter, an' the like uv her is not in the world." He said this confidentially, leaning forward as if he were imparting a secret to him. Tat affection of the throat which had prevented Billy Heffernan from at content of the kingdom, and complying with Norsh's request that he observed by Nelly Donovan, who was watching him very cleeely. Perhaps Nelly Donovan had her own reseas for watching Billy Heffernan ; and possibly his presence had something to with her forgetuinese a while sgo, is reference to helseks and "roasters." And when she said that she'd rather a man like him that "wouldn't mind avyone" the words did not "a rag on every bush" like Mat, she had certain misgivings that her words did not

arewell, says :

"I rose to go ; a photograph on which

I give for it," he repeated, "on'y for the company." "Au' why couldn't you have the com

pany widout the whiskey ?' Nelly asked. "Many's the pleasant company I see where there wasn't either a pint or a glass

"Nelly," said Pail, looking very seri-

"Nelly," said Pail, looking very set-ously at her, but answering her rather wide of the mark, "I forgot thankin' you for the freeh eggs you sent to my poor sick daughter; an' our own hens stopped layin' this I don't know how long." "Fairs an' its the same story we'd have ourselves," replied Nel.y, "if Mat could have his own way, an' keep the hens out on the root he made for 'em in the pig-house." We're gottin-." Here Nelly stopped short. She was about telling him she was gotting three half pence a omewhat cypically him she was getting three half pence a couple for her eggs, when it occurred to her it would look as if she wished to let him see the extent of the favour he was

"Nelly," said Phil Laby, with a polite-ness that was quite affecting, "I'll thank you for wan of them kultin'-needles to ready this pipe."

She plied her needles with increased nimbleness for a few seconds and then handed him one of them.

Phil thrust the knitting needle into the wooden stem of his pipe, but forgot to draw it out, till it came in contact with his nose, as he was putting the pipe to his mouth, which made him start and look very much astonished.

very much astonianed. "It never could be said of me, Mrs. Donovan," he proceeded—as he drew out the kaitting needle, which slipped through his fingers several times-"It never could be said that I"-here he paused and looked into her face as if something had stru k him in the outline of her nose that he had never noticed before—"that I," he repeated, "ever went to bed wudout sprinklin' the holy wather on myself. Aa', as long as a man has that to say, he can't be called a drunkard at any rate, Mar Durana" Mrs. Donovan."

"Let us be goin'," Billy Heffernan sug-gested. But before the hint could be I'd rather a man like yourself, Billy,

"Begor, you're right !" And then Father Hannigan made way back to the mahogany table, rubbing the side of his head, and evincing all the symptome of a man conscious of having been "sold." So the music as well as the words of sending' for her, she'd never go. She has a sore heart to night any way," added Nelly with a sigh. "Short she'll think uv Joe, once the say

this much-abused lyric has been a puzzle s betane 'em," Billy Heffernan observed

somewhat cynically. "'The more likely 'the short Joe 'll think uw her," retorted Nelly, apparently nettled by the insinuation of female in-constancy which Billy's remark implied. "May be 'twould be out uw sight out mound und the two uw 'amp." Mrs. And before dismissing Mr. Haynes Balley, we must farther record that an other song of his, though "caviare to the general," was a decided favourite with Mat the Thrasher. He was wont to chant with great feeling how "She wore a wreath of roses the time when first we uv mind wud the two uv 'em," Mrs. Donovan ebserved. "An' may be not," met," and a "wreath of orange blossoms" on the second occasion. And when once

again they met, the widow's cap had taken the place of roses and blossoms. Mat's rendering of this last stanza was quite heart breaking. But the great tri-umph was a new reading of the last line but one. In the original it is, we believe,

"And there is no one near To press her hand within his own, And wipe away the tear,"

which Mat altered, whether intentionally or not we never could discover, to

"But there was no one near To roll her in his arms And wips away a tear."

Mat Donovan sang on, with his eyes fired on the collar beams, and with a con-tinuous wavy motion of the heal, which had a softness in it in harmony with the humourously pathetic look which was peculiar to him when the theme of his

uv mind wuid the two uv 'em," Mrs. Donoran ebserved. "An' may be not," ehe added more seriously, after a pause. "That," said Mat, who was gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "that depends on the soart they are. The round uv the world wouldn't put some people out uv wan another's mind But there's more uv 'em," he added, with a shake of the head, "an' the cross uv a stubble garden would do id." "Wisha, would I doubt you for sayin' a equare thing," Nelly replied with a mir-ture of aurprise and contempt in her tone; "I wondher what put a stubble garden into your head ? An' tis you're the lad that'd forget a girl before you'd be the cross uv a baheen, not to say a stubble garden." "The world is only a blue-rag, Billy. Have your squeeze out of id," said Mat, ebaking off the gloom that seem to oppress him during the evening, and resuming his usual cheerful look. "There's more of id," returned Nelly. Whoever called the world a blue rag song, or his discourse, or his thoughts happened to be that which we are assured rules the court, the camp, the grove, and before ? I suppose 'tis because Kit Cum mins came in for a squeeze of id a while

even "makes the world go round." "As long as the fox runs, he's caught at

certain sum of happiness, take, O God, my which Nelly Donovan laughed her ringing laugh as she closed the door and fastened share and bestow it on the most worthy. If Thou seekest vengence on man, strike it with the back stick.

"Heigho ! heart - wan here an' another n Oork," she exclaimed, as she took the proom from behind the door and tucked "Good-bye,' she said, as we stood at the door and looked out into the stormy night, Good-bye, and think sometimes of

broom from behind the door and tucked up her apron, putting the corner under the string behind her back. "Wisha, Mat," she continued, "how long you're about makin' thim couple uv brooms. These saily brooms don't hold a minute. Wan birch broom 'd be worth a ngu, choc by, and max seals." me; perhaps we may meet sgain." A reporter called upon Miss Fowler the other day at a house in Brooklyn, where other day at a house in Brooklyn, where she is stopping with friends. She was dressed in the same plain suit of black, which she had worn in her trip across the Atlantic in the Bothnis. There was not a single ornament, and her dark brown hair was brushed smoothly back from a low brow and caught in a braid bebind. dozen uv 'em."

"I'll desire Barney to cut the makin's uv 'em," replied Mat, "the next time he's goin' over to Ardboher. I haven't time myself, if you don't want me to go in the night-or lose a Sunday for 'em." Mat Donovan, we are bound to cenfees,

Her face is an attractive one, with small, delicately-cut features. At first sight it seems girlish, bat there is an earnestness of purpose shown in it and in every word that Miss Fowler uttered which showed Mat Donovan, we are bound to cenfess, would not have thought it a mortal sin to cut the makings of a broom on the Sab-bath, and by "losing a Sunday" he meant losing a dauce, or the hurling, or the hunt, which he could only enjoy on the day of rest. As he spoke to his sister, he un-folded a crumpled ballad, and was just beginning to hum the chorus, when his mother reminded him that it was time to go to bed. that there is no danger of her faltering in the work which she has set out to accom lish. Miss Fowler is barely four feet "This is the first time I have been in

"This is the nest time I have been in terviewed," she said in a low, musical voice, with just the slightest Eaglish ac cent. "Ever since I determined on my mission I have been keenly sensative to the criticism that I felt it would excite. go to bed. Well, I b'lieve so," he replied, rolling

"Well, I b'lieve so," he replied, rolling the ballad between his hands, like a ball, and replacing it in his waistcoat pocket. "What raison do you rowl it up that way instead of foldin' id right?" Nelly My identity was kept a secret until two days before I salled, and after that I

days before I salled, and after that I steadily refused to talk with the reporters of the Ecglish newspapers. I have been so kindly treated though, by all who know of my mission that I have consented, for the sake of the cause in which I am asked, "I thought 'twas goin' to play scut wud id you wor.'

"You know nothin'," returned Mat-if "You know nothin'," returned Mat-if I folded id right, as you say, 'twould cut in my pocket; an' now id won't." He was en his knees by his bedside without requiring another hint. And by the time his mother and Nelly had their prayers said, and the house swept, and the fire raked, Mat the Thrasher was sound laboring, to lay aside my scruples.' "When did you first conceive the idea

of taking up this work ?" asked the reporter. "It was one Sunday," Miss Fowler be-

Aud so, for the present, we wish good night to the occupants of this humble little Tipperary home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

long journey. Contributions of any sort from those who are interested in the unfortunates of Kalawao will be acceptable to Miss Fow-ler. They can be sent to R. F Downing & C., 63 Beaver street, New York.

The great majority of so-called cough The great majority or so-called cough cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's, Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomsch or liver. He Yielded to Persuasion.

He lieded to rerstansion. "For years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose, friends persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after using five bottles I was com-pletely oured." NELL MCNELL, NEIL MC

pletely cured." NEIL MCNEIL, pletely cured." NEIL MCNEIL, Leith, Ont, Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been atflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will care me. I would not be without them for any money." any money." The Candid Truth.

I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil this winter for the first time for croup and must say I find no better remedy for it. MINNIE REID, Lestowel, Ont. Yellow Oil is a specific for croup and sore throat; it never fails. There are a number of varieties of corns.

Holloway's Corn Cure will remove any of them. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once.

A Cure for Deafness.

gan, "seven years ago, when I was visiting friends at Brighton. I had just a short time before joined the Roman Catholic Church, and on this particular Sunday time before joined the Roman Catholic Chutch, and on this particular Sunday we were attending the Church of St. John the Baptist. Father Johnston was preaching, and in his sermon he told of the leper colony at Kalawao and of Father Damien's labors there. It came to

Mother Austin describes the personal-Mother Austin describes the personal-ity of this modern Mokanna, the terrible despot and money grabber, who, never-theless, "did hard things in a kindly fashion, kept the rabble on his side, and

was worshipped by his motley clientele." She continues : "His unctuous words were seasoned with Scriptural allusions. and emitted in a clear, finely modulated voice, with which one could not readily connect any disposition to cruelty. Hi gentle condescension and quiet self posstrangers of seesion sometimes threw strangers off their guard, and made them wonder whether this bland, corteous gentieman was in reality the terrible Brigham. He would describe his sufferings with a pa thetic air, and pose as a violim with so much grace that tears sometimes be dewed the eyes of an impressionable dewed the eyes of all impressions of listener. . . . When he made tours, or, what the old Eaglish would call 'pro-gresses,' through the country, young men, unasked, went out before his car risge to remove stones or other obstructions from the rocky roads lest his sacred person should be joited. On his arrival at Mormon hamlets, little gtrls in white, with sashes of celestial blue, used to march and gambol before him. Every materi misery found a counterpole in him. He sought to eliminate all the supernatural of which he was not the medium. He listened gently to the woes of the plural consorts who came to him for a remedy which he could not give. Similar woes which he could not give. Similar wees disturbed his own castles. But after a few soft words from him, they would sub mit to their hard lot with patient endurance from which no perfume of genuine plety exhaled."

His honest opinion of the polygamy His bonest opinion of the prigramy which he preached and practiced may be inferred from his dying words, as reported by one of his grand-children: "I never had a wife but one, and that was my first,"

Brigham Young discouraged any mater fal progress that might bring in "the Gentiles." But whenever he found that he was powerless to hinder, as in the care