his sweet toned voice has been heard by many of Dr. Jeffery's friends.

The reporter listened to one of his favorite songs yesterday and he was struck with the fact that the little follow has a fortune in his voice alone. He will not be allowed to sing as a profession, however, as one of Dr. Jeffery's friends, who is connected with the show business, offered the other day to guarantee him a garlendly arm of money each work if he is

The Tryst At Dawn. BY ADA A. MOSHER. Written for the Catholie Mirror.

Jesus, dear, Thy last night's blessing Did Thy tenderness impart, All night long its peace caressing Gently my poor tired heart.

And I come this morning, Jesus, Ere the sun, to greet Thee. Love, So that last pale star that sees us From its high-waich tower above May not fade and leave Thee lonely
In the first aweet hour of dawn.
I relieve its vigil only
Till the sunlight cometh on.

Then I leave Thee for the labor, For the Calvaries of the day, But to our sweet Chapel Thabor Eyening brings me back alway.

Lay Thy hands upon me gently.
Bless me as Thine own, Thine own,
White I whisper penirently
All the feelings Thou nast knows.

But forgive, forgive and bless me That our evening tryst may see, Jesus, when Fron dost confess me, I have kept no thought from Thee.

May I be no idle dreamer, Weak of will, of struggle free, But my courage, dear Redeemer, Strong as is Thy love for me.

And when, during some temptation, Bound, thou standest meek and still Waiting for Tny condemnation, Jesus, from my Pilate will.

May my love, at least more tender Than was Pilate's, take Thy side, Brave Thy foes and not surrender Thee, Love, to be crucified.

When around my temple crying, "Give us Jesus!" passions throag, Make me brave unto detying E'en the strongest of the strong.

For the rabble's hate and malice, Having naught of Pilate fear, In my soul's beleaguered palace Keep Thee safe, my Jesus dear.

Let the world cry out against Thee— Vain its batred, vain its eail! Once, dear Christ, it recompensed Thee For Thy sweetness with the gall. Once they scouraged Thee, scourged The

Jeaus,
Who all save Thyself didst shield;
No one Lord, appealing for Thee,
Thee who for us all appealed. Once with thorns they girt Thy forehead; Theirs Thou hadst o'er and again Gently laved to cool the torrid Boorchings of a fever's pain.

Once they pierced Thy hauds, sweet Jesus, Hands so gentle in their touch, And so eager to release us, Willing hands that did so much!

Ah! my Christ, Thou wilt not let me Thee betray to them to-day, Could I, Love, so far forget Thee, Thee, my loving Master? Nay!

## KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

> CHAPTER XXIII. MAT DONOVAN AT HOME.

van pulled down her spectacles over her eyes and went on with her darning. "What news?" she asked, as she opened

"What news?" she asked, as she opened the wick of the candle with the darning needle, to give herself more light.

"Nothing strange," replied Billy, looking around the house. "I thought Phil Lahy was here."

"He wasn't here since I was below," replied Mat, who was cutting a strip from the control for the washing to make a grad for

a pt-ce of horse skin to make a gad for his flatt. "Fatth, Billy," said Mat's sister Nelly,

"'tis a cure for sore eyes to see you in this direction. Here, card a few rowls uv this for me."

"As soon as I have this cuppeen filled I'll stop," she replied.

And Nelly returned to her wheel—to the hum of which the grating of the wire toothed cards was added, as Billy Heffernan went on converting the wool into rolls so soft and light that the sudden opening of the door blew some of them from the bench down upon the hearth. The door was opened by a slatternly

woman, smelling of sosp suds and snuff. After thrusting her dishevelled hair under a very dirty cap with borders that flapped backwards and forwards without any backwards and forwards without any backwards and forwards without any visible cause, and pulling up the heel of a man's brogue, which she wore as a slipper upon her stockingless foot, she announced small gridiron, which was constructed by simply beading a piece of thin rod iron, and the stocking into something like the out

the blue rag."

"Tis there in the drawer of the dresser," said Mrs. Donovan, coldly.

She got the article she wanted, which was a small place of flaunch thed with a string into something like a rude purse.
"'Tis button blue," she remarked,
feeling what was tied up in the piece of No, 'tls slate blue," rejoined Mrs.

Donovan in no civil tone. The slatternly woman took a black bottle from her pocket, and, after holding it between her and the light, and turning it in various directions, extracted the cork with her teeth. Then throwing back her head, she held the bottle, bottom upwards, over her open mouth for several seconds.

"The divil a duge," she exclaimed, re-placing the cork, and striking it with the palm of her hand. "This is the second three half pints I'm goin' for for 'em," she added; "though they never as much as axed me had I a mouth on me."

"Who are they?" Mrs. Donovan asked,
"Dick and Paddy Casey, Andy Dooly,
and Phil Laby," she replied. "Singlehand Wheel out for a half-pint."

hand Wheel out for a balf-pint."
Faith, if I'm to wait for Phil,"
thought Billy Heffernan, as he presented the last roll of the wool on the back of the card to Nelly, "'tis a long wait I'll have, I'm afraid. An' if I don't wait Honor 'll think I didn't mind what she said to me. An' maybe Norah'd think it bad uv me" This last reflection decided Billy Heffernan to wait for Phil Lahy : and he knew his man sufficiently well to be pretty sure that he would call to Mat Donovan's on his way home, and try to make his wife believe that it was at Mat Donovan's he had been all the time.

"Look at them—here a difficulty presents itself: we are not sure whether it be helped themselves with their fingers to

possible to convey by means of the Eoglish alphabet the only name ever given to
potatoes in Knocknagow. "Platies"
would be laughed at as a vulgarism only
worthy of a spalpeen from Kerry, while
"potatoes" was considered too genteel except for ladies and gentlemen and schoolmasters. The nearest approach we can
make to the word we were about writing
is "pueatta" or "p'yehtes."

"See if them pueatas is goin' to bile,"
said Mat Donovan; "'twould be time for
'em."

was of deal like the table, and coured, if possible, into a more snowy whiteness. It was pretty well furnished with plates with blue rime, and some cups and saucers in which red and green predominated, a sturdy little black earthenware teapot, half a doz-n iron epoons fixed in allts in the edge of the top shelf, which top shelf was crowned with a row of shining pewter plates, and two large circular dishes of the same metal—relies of the good old times when "a pig's head and a bolster of cabbage" used to be no rarity to them. Having placed her spectacles upon the upper shelf, and her darning needle and the half-mended stocking in one of the two dra wers under the lower shelf of this imposing article of furniture, Mrs. Dono-

"G' d save all here," said Billy Heffernan, as he closed the door behind him.

"God save you kindly," replied Mrs.
Donovan, rafsing her spectacles to look at him. She was about adding the usual "sit down an' rest," but Billy had already taken possession of the bench against the partition by the fireside. So Mrs. Donovan pulled down her accurationed to the same time. Her well-starched cap was scrupulously clean, and her gray heir carefully smoothed over her temples. She was a amail rallowish her gray hair carefully smoothed over her temples. She wore a small, yellowish shawl pinned over her dark brown stuff gown, and a white cotton kerchief under it, which was visible at the throat and round her neck. Her hand, as she rested it on the table, appeared bony and shrivelled, and it could be seen that the gold wedding ring was now too large for the finger it once fitted tightly enough—which made it necessary for her to wear a smaller ring of brass, as a guard.

"Put up that fiall, Mat," she raid, somewhat reproachfully, "and sitdown to your subscheding his eyes from the what reproachfully, "and sitdown to your fire-light he was able to see that some one supper."

wanted a tune?"

"Well, that's thrue enough Billy," returned Mat Donoton. "But I'd rather you wouldn't meet Jemmy til his passion cools. Good it was inght, an' eafe home. An' mind your hat to have id swep' where 'twon't be as aley for you to find it as in the quarry."

Ned Brophy rode away at a brisk trot, and Mat the Thrasher turned toward home, remarking, as he did so, that the light he was able to see that some one was fastening a hore to the back-stick

this direction. Here, card a few rowls uv
this for me."

She laid a handful of wool on the end
of the bench upon which Billy sat, and
then presented him with a pair of cards.

"Twould be time for you to stop,"
said her mother. "Where is the use of
killing yourself that way?"

"As soon as I have this cuppeen filled
I'll stop." the replied.

"Put the refeat in the middle of the

even something appetising in the steam that curied up from it. In fact, the pota-toes were remarkably good potatoes, not-withstanding the bad name Mat had given them to M'ss Mary Kearney when he pro

simply beating a piece of this rod fron, zig zag, into something like the outline of a hand with the fingers extended, traced with a burnt stick upon the wall, and bringing the ends of the iron together and twisting them into a handle, which might repre-sent a very attenuated arm to the hand aforesaid. When the herring was done she tossed it on the plate, and poured some of the boiling water out of the por-

ringer upon it for sauce.

And now the repast being prepared Nelly sat down to partake of her share "Won't you come an' ate Billy," she said, turning to their silent visitor.
"No, thankee," he replied, "I'm afther

my supper."
"Oh, wisha! wisha!" Nelly exclaimed, "Oh, wisha! wisha!" Nelly exclaimed, discontentedly, as she glanced at the table, "how well I should forget." She stood up and opened the door; but seeing that the night was dark and the wind rising, she turned to Billy Heffernan and said,

"Come out wad me, Billy."

He left his bench in the chimney corner, and followed her out. They returned in a minute or two, and after washing some thing in a black, glazed earthen ware pan, and drying her hands, Nelly laid two small leeks on the table near her mother. The meal then commenced, but Nelly

started up again exclaiming:
"Bad cess to me, but there's somethin' comin' over me.' She selected half a-dozen of the best

potatoes and laid them in a semicircle round the fire to roast, and again took up her place at the table.

The worn knives were used to peel the potatoes—though towards the conclusion of the meal Nelly sometimes feil into a contemplative mood and did the peeling

the herring, which they took in minute pinches, as if they were merely trying how it tasted.

Billy Heffersan left his bench and sat upon a straw-bottom chair in front of the fire, so that his back was towards the table—the Irish pearants always considering it rude to stare at people while e-ting.

And as he was turning the "roasters" with the tongs, a laugh from Nelly, clear and musical as ever rang through featal ball, made him look round. Mat, it appeared, was making great inreads upon in silence till they came to the bridge; and then he stopped and looked down at the little stream as it rushed under the investment of the proper of whom meetion has been made more than once—sald:

"I believe this business is settled."

"Is the day appointed an' all?"

"All is settled," was the reply.

"Well you're gettin' a fine fortune any way," said Mat Dunovan.

Ned Brophy meet or reply, but was the reply.

"Well you're gettin' a fine fortune any way," said Mat Dunovan. "See if them puestas is goin' to bile," said Mat Donovan; "'twould be time for 'em."

Billy Heffernen enticipated Nelly before she could stop her wheel, and raised the wooden lid from the pot.

"The white hore is on 'em." said he.

Nelly now having "filed the cuppeen"—that is, spun as much thread as the spitchle could carry—placed her wheel against the wall, and draw a very white deal table to the middle of the floor.

Upon the table she spread a cloth as clean, but searcely so white as treelf—for it was of homespun unbleached canvas—and upon the cloth she laid a single white plate with a blue rim, and three very cld black-hendled knives, with the blades worn to a point and very short. Taking a small sancepan or porringer from a nail in the wall, she half filled it with spring water and put it down to boll on a red acd of turf which she took from the centre of the fire with the toog, and then laid it smoking on the table-cloth. The pressure of her hand did not break the potato, but she knew by the feel it was bolled to the "heart." Whipping the pot from the fire she emptied its contents in a boat-shaped basket placed over a tub, to drain off the water. Nelly Donovan the took go for the plag and yut faces as she did so, for they had got entargled in her white hair, or she imagined they had—which came to the same thing—and placed them on the upper shelf of the dresser. The dresser was of deal like the table, and coursed, if possible, into a more snowy whiteness. It was pretty well furnlehed with places with blue rime, and some cups and eaueers

It was pretty well furnlehed with places with blue rime, and some cups and eaueers. It was potent was of deal like the table, and coursed, if possible, into a more anowy whiteness. It was pretty well furnlehed with places with blue rime, and some cups and eaueers.

of a hill where two roads met; and the candle in the little window was a beacon-light to many a splashed and weary way farer during the dark winter nights. In fact, his latch was often raised not only by his neighbors, who came in for a "shana-hus" of an evening, but travellers who were accustomed to pass the way made it a point to light their pipes at the bright turf fire, or in the hot summer days to take a draught from the pail under the little window, which was sure to be found at all hours and seasons as fresh as in the

well under the white thorn in the "rushy field" near the bridge.

"Have you the flute, Billy?" Mat seked, as he sat in the chair which Billy had egain left for the bench in the corner "No," was the reply; "I left id a

home."
"I'll engage he hasn't," said Nelly. 'Tis seldom he has a tune for us."
"Begor, you can't say that, Nelly.
Whin did I ever disappoint ye whin ye wanted a tune?

was fastening a horse to the back stick iron in the door post : and after a little delay-more perhaps than a perfectly sober man would require-a tall, broad-

my head as I was passin' the quarry."

At this Mrs. Donovan made the sign of in 1823.
the cross on her forehead; for it was gen-

to the candle, gave it as her opinion that it was "splied;" and immediately set to work to dry the inside.

"A fine new Carline," said she, as she

gave it back to the owner; "take care and don't rub the outside till 'tis dhry."
"Faith, Ned," she added, taking up the

candle and viewing him all over, "I'm thinkin' I could make a good guess where vou're comin' from." Ned smiled and looked rather sheepish as she held the candle down almost to his shoes and then slowly raised it till she came to the "fine new Car'line,"

and then dropping the light on a level with his waistcoat, moved her hand as if she were describing a circle in the air, till the little glass buttons on the waist-coat twinkled like so many little bright black eyes winking at her. Ned's riding coat was that which he usually wore, but everything else about him was brand new, even to the black silk cravat with a scarlet border, the bow knot of which happened

border, the bow knot of which happened to be under his left car, till Nelly pulled it back to its proper position.

"Tell us something about her, Ned," she began, laughingly. "What sourt is she? Shawn na match says you're bringin' a patthern to the parish. But far away sows wear long hours wou know." pattern to the parten. But far-away cows wear long horns, you know."
"Go about your business and thry an' have a little sense," said her mother rising from her place in the chimney-corner.
"Sit down Ned, an' never mind her."

"No, Nell, no; 'tis too late, and I'm in a hurry. Take a walk down as far as the bridge," he added, turning to Mat, "I want to spake to you."

manner that made Mat apprehend that he had unpleasant news to communicate, so he at once stood up, and taking the bridle from the jamb of the door, set back the horse and desired the owner to mount.
'No, I'd rather walk," said he, taking

the little stream as it rushed under the lyy-covered arch.

"Mat," said he, covering his face with his hands, "my heart is broke."

"I don't see the use of taikin' that way now," Mit replied, a little angrily. 'I tould you to look before you. Au,' begor, Ned, 'tien't for you I have the compassion."

"Don't be too hard on me, Mat. You don't know the way they wor at me, Judy said she'd dhrag the rad heal off uv her."

Judy said she'd dhrag the red head off uv her."

"More shame for Judy to talk that way uv as dacent a girl as ever the was. But, like that, you know, she had no great harm in id. An' sure 'tis no wonder she'd be sgin a match that'd lave herself wudout a fortune. But as I often said to you, you had a right to think uv all titls long ago, an' not to be the manes uv setting any girl astray. But 'tis too late to talk about id now; so dhrop id in the name o' God."

"You don't know the way I do be," said Nod Brophy, "whinever I pass over this bridge. Two hundred pounds is a fine fortune, moreover, whin a man 'd want id. But that bush beyand an' the bridge here that kills me."

Mat took up a stone from the road and jerked it into the stream, but made no reply.

reply.

"There now, continued Ned Brophy, with a groam, "I think I'm lookin' at her peltin' the little pebbles into the wather. Och! I do be all right till I stand on this

Och! I do be all right till I stand on this bridge."

"Well, don't stand on id," rejoined Mat.
"But you're not fit to talk to now; and if you wor itself there's no use in talkin."

Mat turned his back and then his shoulder to the wind, which was blowing in strong, fitful gasts over the uasheltered

in strong, fitful gasts over the unsheltered bridge.

"Come, come," he continued, pulling up his cost collar over his ears, "there's no use in perishin' here."

He held the horse while Ned put his foot in the stirrup and mounted; and after saying "safe home" was starting off up the hill, when Ned Bropby suddenly wheeled round his horse and laid his hard on Mat's shoulder.

on Mat's shoulder.
"Mat what way is she?" he asked. "Mat what way is ano?" no asked.
"I didn't see her since the day uv the
Station," he replied. "She wasn't at the
dance o' Sunday."
"Wasn't she, Mat?" he asked in a tone
of such real feeling that Mat was moved,

and added:
"Nelly goes in to see her now an' then an' she says she is purty well, on'y she can't stir herself to go among the b'ys an' girls like she used."

"I'm tould," Ned continued, "the mother is very bitther agin me. But Tom or herse'f says nothin."
"Napey Hogan could's the says nothin."

Tom or herse'f says nothin'."

"Nancy Hogan could'nt say a hard word uv any wan," returned Mat Donovan. "But I'd rather you wouldn't meet Jemmy till his passion cools. Good night, an'safe home. An' mind your hat goin' through the bog, if you don't want to have id swep' where 'twon't be as aley for you to find it as in the quarry."

Ned Brophy rode away at a brisk trot, and Mat the Thrasher turned toward.

KENELM DIGEY.

sober man would require—a tall, broad-shouldered man turned round and advanced a step or two into the house.

'Is that Ned?' Mat saked.

'Is that Ned?' Mat saked.

'Is that and swing it downwards to shake off the wet with which the fur—for it was a beaver or "Caroline"—was dabbled.

"Is it rainia' it is?' Mat enquired, in some surprise.

"No, but the wind whipped id off uv my head at I.

some surpties.

"No, but the wind whipped id off uv lity College, Cambridge, to complete his studies, and graduated as Bachelor of Arts

He was a diligent, but discursive reader, were want to take their nightly journeys through the air to and from Maurice Kearney's fort over the quarry.

Nelly took the hat, and bringing it close His knowledge of Greek and Roman litera ture was, perhaps, no less extensive and profound. With all this accumulation of ncient and mediaval lore he combine an acquaintance with the modern litera tures of Europe, which alone would seem
up the
"I'm vast stores of knowledge and the happy
where
felicitously did not constitute his sole claim to the world's attention. He united a high poetic with a profound philosophic faculty. This rare union fitted him for the examination and discussion of the most elevated subjects. His early studies in scholastic theology enabled him to see the errors of Protestantism and soon after his graduation at Cambridge he became a

A short time before this, when he was yet but twenty two years old, he pub-lished the first edition of the Broadstone of Honor. This famous book, on the order of the Broadstone of Honor. This famous book, on the order, spirit, and institution of Christian chivalry," extorted the praise, even of critics who had but little sympathy with

critics who had but little sympathy with Medicwal Institutions, and was heartly welcomed and extolled by the historian Arnold and the poet Wordsworth.

The subject of Wordsworth's beautiful poem—The Armenian Lady's Love—is taken from the fourth book of the Broadthe poem to Digby, "as an acknowledg ment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous

hurry. Take a walk down as far as the pridge," he added, turning to Mat, "I want to spake to you."

There was something in his voice and manner that made Mat apprehend that he let was published in eleven duodecimo volumes; the last of which appeared in 1840. It was reprinted in 1845-47 in

three volumes, royal octavo.

It may be safely affirmed that this great work has made its author's name immor

presents so completely, so felicitously from every point of view, the c'a'me of the Uatholic Church to the vencla'me of the Oatsolic Church to the ven-eration, love and obedience of every exist-ing human being. It may be said to be a picture of the life of the Christian world so accurately photographed that no feature is wanting that could be required to give due expression to the whole, in which the portruiture is so faithful that the inner life is expressed as well as the cuter

semblance.

The humility, the devotion, the greatness, the learning, the genius of the man are all displayed in this incomparable work. In producing it he evidently placed under contribution the principal libraries of Europe and Asia, and invested libraries of Europe and Asia, and invested the knowledge garnered from these sources with charms peculiarly his own—charms which exhibit the genius of the poet, the acuteness of the philosopher, the comprehensiveness of the statesman, and the holiness and purity of the saint.

His Compitum, or The Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church, was published in seven duodecimo volumer, 1848-54. A second edition of this excellent work with additions appeared in 1855.

From this time forward until his death he wrote and published the following works:

L The Lover's Seals—Kathernerina or

L. The Lover's Seals-Kathernerina or Common Things in Relation to Beauty, Vir-tue and Faith. London, 1858. II. The Children's Bower; or, What you Like. London, 1858. III. Evenings on the Thames; or. Serene Hours and What They Require. London, 1869.

1869.

IV. The Chapel of St. John; or, a Life of Fatth in the Nineteenth Century. London, 1861. Second Edition, 1863. 1867.
VII. The Pales and Transfers of Shares in Companies, etc. London, 1863.
VIII. Little Low Busher (poem). London,

869
IX Halcyon Hours (poem). London, 1870.
X. Ourausgaia (a poem). London, 1871.
XI Hours with the First Falling Leaves in verse). London, 1873
XII Last Year's Leaves (in verse). London. (en. 1873. XIII. The Temple of Memory (a poem). Adon, 1874. XIV. The Epilogue to Precious Works, in oem and verse. London, 1876.

He died at his residence. Shafteshury House, Kensington, March 22ud, 1880, in the eighty first year of his age. Requisscat

HIS VOICE HIS FORTUNE. HOW AN IRISH LAD SANG HIS WAY TO FAME AND WEALTH.

Little Johnny Ryan, the poor Irish lad who sang to Americans salling from Queenstown to New York in his droll, sweet way in order to earn a few shillings, and who, through the kindness of several American gentlemen, as told in the World's London correspondence on Thursday, was given a free passage to this country, is in Brooklyn. He has been there for three weeks, has had the measles and passed safely through the silment, and this afternoon will start West, where he will be given a home with one of the rich men of the country, a millionaire twenty times over, who will give the youngster a college education and in other ways push him onward in life.

A communication from a special corres-

pondent of the World in London told how Johnny Ryan, a little Irish lad, with a sweet and plaintive voice, sang songs on the docks at Queenstown to homeward bound Americans. He became a general favorite with the officials of the steamship companies and was permitted to board the steam tender that carries the passen-gers to the steamships. About a month ago, on Thanksgiving Day, the boy's sweet voice attracted the attention of an American gentleman who was coming American gentleman who was coming home on the Teutonic, and after giving the boy the largest sum of money he had ever had in his life at one time, a fine ever had in his life at one time, a fine shining sovereign, this gentleman asked little Johnny how he would like to go to America. It had been the lad's ambition for months to journey to that wonderful country that he had heard so much of, and he at once told how delighted he would be to be able to make the journey.

would be to be able to make the journey.

HE STARTS FOR AMERICA.

The little sluger's questioner grew earnest when he saw the glad look that came into his eyes, and he at once proposed that the lad accompany him to America.

The offer was gladly accepted and in less time than it takes to tell it the poor lad was booked as a passenger on the big steamsbip and several gentlemen whose interest was excited in him bad agreed with the agents of the White Star line to with the agents of the White Star line to see that no trouble should arise with the authorities at Castle Garden about getting him ashore. One of the gentlemen, the account stated, promised to take the lad as one of his own children and see that he got a fair start in the land of the free. There the interesting account of the little Irish lad's adventure ended, with no intimation of who the gentlemen, were

intimation of who the gentlemen were who interested themselves in him or what his destination would be when he reached

Yesterday morning a World reporter located the lad, whom he found, and smiling, dressed in a fine suit of clothes and as merry as a lark, under the care of a celebrated physician in the Eastern District. The little fellow is with Dr. Reuben J. firey, the head of the Brooklyn Threat Hespital, and well-known specialists in ness and thoat dis-eases, at No. 142 South Eight street. The reporter was making his way through that thoroughfare when he met the doctor who was accompanied by a little fellow with a bright and unmistakable Hibernian

"Hello," said the doctor with a qu'zzlcal look, "I've got an interesting little patient here with throat trouble. He sings toe much. Who do you think he You can't guess.

The reporter couldn't. "Johnny Ryan, and I'm now taking him around the corner to buy a big, warm overcoat," replied the doctor. Later, in Dr. J. ffery's handsome office near by, the little lad, who is only fourteen years of age, told the story of his lucky adventure, strange enough to have come from the pages of a child's story book Dr. Jeffery first told how he happened to have the youngster in his keeping.
HIS VOICE WINS A PATRON.

Mis voices wind a Familion S ness of every Wicks, the proprietor of the Kansas City with and wha

tracted by the lad's fine singing and open, honest little face, and being a liberal fellow, given to somewhat strange freaks of generosity at times, he asked the lad if honest little face, and being a liberal fellow, given to somewhat strange freaks of generosity at times, he asked the lad if he wouldn't like to come over to America and make his fortune. The little fellow's evident delight impressed him so that Mr. Wicks at once agreed to pay his passage. Thomas Lowerv, the millionaire twenty times over, of Minneapolis, who was on board the steamer, took a liking to the boy and asked to be allowed to take him out West, where, if he was a good boy, he would make a man of him. When Johnny landed Mr. Wicks took charge of him, and he was to have been sent directly to Minneapolis after being fixed up. He was taken with measles, however, and his trip was postponed. In the meantime he has been boarding with Mrs. Hunter, the janitress of the Brooklyn Throat Hospital. On the way over on the steamship a collection was taken up among the passengers who listened to the little fellow's singing, and \$50 was handed to him. This sum the good-hearted little fellow at once handed to Mr. Wicks to be sent to his poor mother in Ireland. To morrow afternoon I will put Johany on board a train bourd for his future home with his millionaire friend and patron in Minneapolis. The lad as you see him now is a different one altogether from the yourgeter, who, dirty faced and ragged, earned coppers by singing on the dock at Queentown to American tourists homeward bound."

Little Johnny, as the reporter saw him, is a freckled faced lad, smart for his years,

Little Johnny, as the reporter saw him, It the Chapel of St. John; or, a Life of Faith in the Nineteenth Century. London, 1861. Second Edition, 1863.

This was a memorial to his decrated wife.

V. Short Poems. London, 1863.

VI. A Day on the Muses' Hill. London, 1871.

VII. The Sales and Transfers of Shares in Companies, etc. London, 1863.

VIII. Little Low Busher (poem). London, 1870.

X. Ourangais (a poem). London, 1871.

XI Hours with the First Falling Leaves

Little Johnny, as the reporter saw him, is a freckled faced lad, smart for his years, compactly and strongly bullt. He has an honest blue eye that fairly dances with good nature, while his broad smile manner of talking and acting bespoke the honest lad that he evidently is. Johnny speaks with a broad brogue mixed with the idle of his birthplace. He told his story in his own way.

The IRISH BOY'S ANTECEDENTS.

The little fellow was born of very poor parents in a section of Cork called the North Gate. His father is a laborer and "cort of gardener," as the boy put it, and manages by hard labor to earn eight shillings a week. This munificent sum, not quite \$2 in the money of this country, had to support mother and father, three boys and two girls. Little Johnny is the eldest of the children. He was named after his father, and as early as he can remember he was compelled to sid the head of the household to earn the few shillings that were its sole support. He went to the gardens of the rich folk about Cork and pulled up weeds and did other odd jobs that would help his father. When very young Johnny began to THE IRISH BOY'S ANTECEDENTS.

other odd jobs that would help his father.
When very young Johnny began to sing in the sweet, droil way peculiar to the Irish people and when the little household was gathered around the family hearthstone after the day's labor he would amute his mother and father and the little ones by his songs. There was only one room in the little house occupied by the Ryans and Johnny slept on a straw matress flung into a corner of the room along ress flung into a corner of the room along with the other children. He never knew what it was to eat meat more than once a what it was to eat meat more than once a week, and his life was altogether about as dresry as could be pictured. One night the little fellow, as he lay on his bed of straw thinking of the hard time his father had to get along, determined to try to put his voice and the many songs he knew to some use. So the next day the little chap went to the rallway station and begged a ride of fourteen miles to Queenstown. Johnny, if he was poor, was proud in his way and he would not sing before the boys he knew in his native city. Arrived at Queenstown, where passengers on the big steamships sailing to America emtack, little Johnny took up his station on one end of the docks and his station on one end of the docks and rang his first song for money.

The first song he related was "Mary Ann Majone," an Irish balled that tens of

the adventures of a boany Irish last. The boy's honest face and his really fine voice that rang out clear and sweet on the air attracted much attention from the rich folks who were on their way home, and that night Johnny went home and poured coppers and silver into his astonished mother's lap to the sum of over four shillings. This was a godsand to the family and Johnny at once became the prop of the household. He paid his fare on the railroad after that, and only went to Queenstown when the American steam. ships were to sail. He secured more money one day than another and some-times his luck was poor, but his sweet voice was a fortune to the household.

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WHY HE LONGED TO COME HERE.

From seeing the constant stream of well-dressed, rich folks going to America little Johnny gained the idea that the land of the free was a great and prosperous place and he longed day and night to go there, but the lucky day seemed dim and far into the future to him. When, therefore, the kind hearted American gentleman asked him to go to the place of his ambition, he forgot home and everything for the time being and gladly accepted. Not long, however, did he forgat his little brothers and sisters, for the first wish that he expressed when the first wish that he expressed when the kind hearted passengers gave him the \$50 was that it might be sent home to his mother. When taken on beard the big ship Johnny was given a refreshing bath in warm salt water and a suit of clothes ransacked from the steward's room took the place of his ragged garments. He was given a comfortable berth and each day he sing to the passengers from the cabin who congregated to hear his sweet voice. Millionaire Thomas Lowery kept his eye on the boy and looked out for his comfort. His singing was greatly for his comfort. His singing was greatly appreciated by the passengers, for when the little fellow stepped foot on the land that he had longed to be in he had nearly \$7 In his trousers' pockets, besides the \$50 given to Mr. Wicks.

The little fellow's constant thought is

The little fellow's constant.

for his parents in the old country. His for his parents in the old country. millionaire patron, besides taking care for his future, iwill send \$50 a month to his father in Ireland until Johnny is old enough to earn money of his own to send to them. Childlike, little Johnny's impressions of the land that is to be his future home are based upon comparisons with his home surroundings. What impresses bim most is the universal kindness of every one he comes in contact with and what he cells the "splendor" of "No. I distance walk," said no, taking hold of the bridle and leading the horse out upon the road.

They walked on in silence for some table work in any language—we lown," said Dr. J. ffery. "He was at- the sings his sorgs every day as usual, and

splendid sum of money each week if he could place him on Tony Pastor's stage, but the offer was promptly and emphatically refused.

HIS LOVE FOR THE SHAMROCK. HIS LOVE FOR THE SHAMECCK.

The little fellow's three favorite songs are "Movy Ann Malone," "Harp and the Shamrock of Ireland" and "The Three-Leaved Shamrock." These sougs the lad has sung to Dr. Jeffry's phonograph and they will be preserved as a memento of his passing visit to Brooklyn.

The little fellow's rich patron already takes a great interest in him. When he learned that Johnny was sick with the measles he came to Brooklyn all the way from the West to pay him a visit and renew his assurances that the lad would be handeomely taken care of in h's new andsomely taken care of in his new home.

Johnny has much of the dare devil of his race in his little body, se a little incident while he was lying sick at Mrs. Hun ter's, on Bedford arenue, will show. He was in the critical stage of the aliment and orders had been given that he must not leave his room. One night Druggist Vincent or Broadway and the Dr. L. Fare. "Vincent, on Breatway, said to Dr. J. ff sry:
"Little Johney paid me a visit to-night,"
"Impossible," said the doctor, Then he
ran around to Mrs. Hunter's. She said
the little fellow hadn't left the room.
When Johnny was questioned he said, in
his quaint was: his quaint way :
"Sure, an' I did put th' blanket around

> As no evil consequences followed the escapade the little fellow was forgiven his disobedience of orders. This afternoon, if nothing happens, the little fellow, who has a happy and prosperous future through his sweet voice and a generous American, will start for his home in the West.—N. Y. World.

me an' go to th' store an' get a glass of sody."

A CATHOLIC PASTOR PREACHES TO BAPTISTS. We take the following from the Cia We take the following from the Cia cinnati Catholic Tribune, the organ of the colored Catholics of the United States. It says: Father B. W. O'Boylan, rector of St. Bernard's Church in Corning, O., delivered the following lecture at the Colored Baptist Church, in Rendeville, recently, at the invitation of the pastor and members of that Church, We can recently, at the invitation of the pastor and members of that Church. We can not now recall a similar incident in modern times where a Catholic priest, at the invitation of the pastor and congregation, occupied the pulpit of a Protestant Church. Following is the lecture:

tion, occupied the pulpit of a Protestant Church. Following is the lecture:

"My FRIENDS— It certainly appears strange to see a Catholic priest on a Sunday afternoon in a Baptist Church speak ing to non-Catholics, and I am sure there will be many curious comments passed upon my action in coming among you this evening; but to me there are only a few things which appear to be very few things which appear to be very strange on this cccasion: first of all that we profess to be all followers of the same Divine Master, and have so many different churches and so many confict

ing beliefe. "2ad. That being a minister of the "2nd, That being a minister of the grand old Church in whose besom the doctrines of Christianity have been so zealously guarded since the ascension of Christ into heaven, I should be so long a stranger to you in religious intercourse, while you and I are on the friendliest terms in our social surroundings; and finally the strangest feature of all is to find that all the colored may before me. find that all the colored men before me, with one exception, are non Catholics!

with one exception, are non Catholics!

"Your chains were cut to pless and you were lifted up to the dignity of free men in the late war; but why, I ask you, when you looked upwards and around you at the end of the war, why did you not find yourselves Catholics? Why were you Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, any thing but Catholics? I naswer, because the Catholic Church is the mother cause the Catholic Church is the mother of liberty; because the Catholic Church never nurtured slavery, because the Catholic Ohurch was unable break through the barriers Protestant slave owners drew around your persecuted race in the Southern States. You came therefore out of your persecuted race in the Southern States. You came therefore out of slavery with the religion that your cruel masters possessed. But if the Catholic Church had her way the abominable and cursed traffic in human slavery could never have existed in this fair land of freedom. I claim therefore, my colored brethren, as a priest of that glorious old Church, which has ever been and ever will be the friend and fearless defender of the rights of the poor and the oppressed, that I am entitled to a hearing on your part and that as candid, trustworthy and inde and that as candid, trustworthy and inde-pendent men, as men of free and un-shackled intellects, as men prepared at any sacrifice to embrace truth whenever you can find it, as men of large, charit-able, and generous hearts, you will listen to the claims which the Catholic Church puts forward in defence of her doctrine.

which their fruitfulness rests, and if you find her claims to be just and her godbe true you will not fear to em brace and profess them. I am not going to enter into detail on all or any of the Church's dogmas to day. I am only giving you an introduction to what trust you will eagerly listen to in lectures and instructions which I will be prepared to give you in the future.
"The Catholic Church invites every on to investigate the grounds of her doctrines She terches that faith must rest not or

You will seriously take up what doc-

trines she offers you and carefully ex

amine the reasons and arguments or

human judgment but on the truthfulnes of God. A thousand human opinions can never make one certainty, nor can the combined widdom of all the people of earth and all the angels and saints it. heaven be a sufficient reason for givin the assent of our intellect to an article o faith. The object of faith is the Wor of God; the subject that receives this ob

I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 3 years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies falled."—T. P. Bonner, Cheste Pa. Ayer's Pille are sold by all drugg'st