LICITY.

The Faith in Ireland. Dear Christian land. my island home, Bright emerald gem 'mid occan's foam, Lov'd by thy sons where e'er they roam My faithful, thorn crown'd Ireland.

With victims famine strewed the land, Not checked by God's mysterious band, And smote in death each noble band, Still lived the faith in Ireland.

Like a brilliant star on a sullen night— Trembling and glittering with radias bright, Rejoicing the pligrim with its light— Shone out the faith in Ireland.

As a beacon light o'er the stormy wave, shining aloft to guide and save The mariner doom'd to an ocean grave, Flashed out the faith in Ireland. When the ruthless sword shed marty

blood
And hallowed thy soil with a crimson f
Ready and bold thy brave men stood
To die for the faith in Ireland.

Gone are those days of woe and dread Mourn'd and shrined the immortal dead; and Hope exuitant lifts her head To crown thee, faithful Ireland.

No longer in cave or mountain gien Gather the women and fearless men To kneel at Mass and repeat Amen As when penal laws curs'd Ireland.

When Freedom's light bedecks thy hills, And rapture every bosom fills. When with new life the nation thrills, May faith still reign in Ireland.

Simcoe, August 1, 1893.

KNOCKNAGOW THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM. CHAPTER LII.-CONTINUED.

The doctor jumped from the rustic seat over the hedge, and set off across the lawn at the top of his speed in pursuit. Coming up with the runaway donkey before he reached the pit, the doctor selzed the little blue car: behind, and commenced pulling it back with all his might. But Bobby trotted on, quite regardless of his Bobby trotted on, quite regardless of his efforts. The doctor pulled and pulled till efforts. The doctor pulled and pulled till the struggle became quite exciting. But, just as he resched the brink of the pit, and as Mrs. Kearney raised her hands in despair, Bobby, without giving the slightest notice of his intention, stood stock still, and the doctor sat down much in the same manner as he had done upon the ice on Bob Lloyd's pond, with his legs stretched out under the donkey-cart, his nose touching the tail board, and his heels almost in contact with the donkey's. After reflecting for a moment, he found if was necessary to lie upon his back and If was necessary to lie upon his back and turn over before he could get up-s precipitation; for it occurred to him that Bobby might cake a fancy to set back, and

trample upon him.
"Oome on, sir," said the doctor, catching the donkey's winkers, and pulling

ing the donkey's winkers, and pulling him on.

But Bobby never stirred a foot.

He called him "poor fellow," and patted him on the neck, and, putting his closed hand to his mouth, blew an imaginary horn, as Barney was wont to do when he would encourage Bobby to put forth all his speed.

But Bobby refused to budge.

Losing all patience, Richard looked round for a stick wherewith to punish the aggrivating little brute, when another

aggrivating little brute, when another expedient occurred to him. Selzing the reins, he got up and eat upon the front of the cart with a foot on each chaft. Scarcely had he fixed himself comfortably in this position when Bobby bounded for-ward at a gallop, flinging the doctor on his back in the cart with his legs in the air. Buckets, and parcels, and bottles began bumping and tumbling about his head in a most bewildering manner; for Bobby had taken a sweep round to a part of the field where there were a number of open drains, and, after clearing them all in excellent style, ran straight for the hall door, where be again stopped short, look-

ing as meek as a lamb.
"O Richard," cried his mother, "are The doctor tumbled himself out of the

cart, and looked widly about him.
"Are you killed, Richard?" Mrs. Kearney asked sgain.

The doctor stared at his mother with a look of the most profound astonishment; and then stared at Bobby; and then at the hall door, and the windows, and up at the chimneys, and all around him. Then he chimneys, and all around him. I hen he fixed his eyes on the ground, and seemed plunged in some mental effort that taxed his powers of thought to the utmost. It was evident that the little misadventure had proved confusing in a very high de gree to his faculties—which was not at all surprising, as the clearing of the last drain had brought a bottle of port wine out of the hamper straight upon his forehead— and that, on the whole, he was not quite sure of his whereabouts or how he ned to get there.
'Are you hurt, Richard?" his mother

asked again, laying her hand upon hi arm. "Blazes!" muttered the doctor, clap-

plug his hand against his forehead.
What biszes had to do with the matter, or whether he thought "blazes" a rational and suitable reply to his mother's anxious and oft-repeated inquiry, is more than we can venture to say. But "blez as" was the only word uttered by the doctor up to this etage of the proceed

Mr. Lowe took the doctor's hat from among the straw in the donkey cart and presented it to the owner, who accepted it in silence, and honoured Mr. Lowe with a stare of surprise, as if he had not the least idea who that gentleman was. "Morrow, Dick," said Mr. Bob Lloyd,

who had turned the corner of the house, mounted on his grey horse, unobserved except by Grace, who was sitting at the drawing-room window, and whom he had

Good morrow," returned the doctor, who seemed to be slowly recovering his

turning to Mr. Lowe.

"Wed knew nothin' about id," returned
"Wed, I'd like to see what it is like," Mrs. Ned, standing in the middle of the he replied.

somewhat sulkily.

the horses are all ploughing to-day, and I don't see how we can manage."

"Tis only a pleasant walk by the short cut," rejoined Bob Lloyd.

"Are you going the short cut?" Mr. Llowe asked.

"Ay, faith," replied Mr. Lloyd, smiling at Grace in the window. "But, Dick, what the devil fancy did you take to lying on your back in the cart with your lege stuck out? I thought you were a plough with a breeches on it."

"Come and let us get ready," said the doctor, darting an angry glance at Grace, whore ringing laugh called his attention to her.

whore ringing laugh called his attention to her.

"Positively, Grace," said Mary, half an hour after the gentlemen had left, "you have made a conquest of Mr. Lloyd. He never took his eyes off you all the time."

"Yes, I remarked him," returned Grace, with her wise look. "He is much more intelligent-looking than I thought. And that idea of comparing Richard's legs to a plough was really good."

"And then he is a man of property," returned Mary, with a smile.

"That fact is by no means to be lost sight of," rejoined Grace, "whatever you innocently romantic people may say.

prise, "those are Lory's legs careering at such a tremendous rate across that field; but what, in the name of wonder, is that

on his head?"

"It is a straw hat," replied Mary, seeling the article in question blown from Lory's head as he was about jumping from the top of the "new ditch."

"Yes, I see how it is," Grace observed. "Rose has locked up his cap to keep him from going to the bull-bat; and Lory has taken Joe Russel's huge straw hat, and broken loose from his captor. That boy's energy is wonderful; and I have no doubt he will yet distinguish himself in some way. But Rose does rule him with a rod of iron. And yet the trouble she takes brushing his hair, in the wain hope of keeping it from etleking out like the the big bow knot into which she insists on tying his cravat."
"There is the hat off again," said Mary.

"By the way," rejoined Grace, "did I tell you of the little drama I had the pleasure of witnessing the other day when I drove to town with Rose, on account of that same hat ?"

that same hat?"

"No, you did not tell me."

"Well, Joe Russel was our coachman, and the big straw hat, however becoming on the driver of a cart or dray, was not in keeping with the phaeton. But, however, while Rose was in at Quinlan's getting some note page. A Youth on the some note paper, a youth on the pave-ment asked Joe what would he take 'for the fur of his hat.' 'Will you hould the reins for wan minute, miss? says Joe. Of course I could not refuse, particularly as the request was made in a tone of the the request was made in a tone of the blandest politeness. Well, Joe got down, and, walking over to the inquisite youth, commenced pummelling him in the most awful manner. He struck back vigorously, however, and there was a tremendous fight, till Mat Donovan happened to be passing and put them awunder. Joe came back and resumed the reins, evidently quite satisfied in his mind, not withstanding that his left eye was shut up. I saw the inquisitive youth after at the pump trying to stop his ness from bleeding; and he certainly looked as if he had made up his mind not to trouble himself again about the commercial value of the fur of Joe Russel's straw hat."

On went Lory "as the crow flies,"

of the fur of Joe Rusel's straw hat."

On went Lory "as the crow flies," clearing everything in his way till he came to Mr. Beresford Pender's gate at the three poplars, which was secured by a broken gig wheel that leant against it.

"Go back out of that," shouted Mr. Pender from the big window that so astonished Barney Broderick the day of his visit to that interesting concern. "Don't dare to climb that gate."

"I passed through a good many places in my time," returned Lory, as he deliberately climbed to the top of the gate, "and this is the first time I was ever told to go back."

tightly over his ears—having first hit upon the ingenious contrivence of bending the leaf back in front into the inside to keep the hat from blowing off, thereby giving it the appearance of a bonnet put on the wrong way, to which we have before likened it.

"I'll summon you before the bench." roared Bereeford.
"Summon your grandmother," retorted Lory, jumping off the gate and re

torica 1979, jumping on the gate and resuming his race.

This was quite a random shot of Lory's, but it put Mr. Pender into a fury; for the venerable lady alluded to had really been brought before "the bench" making free with certain articles of wearing apparel, drying on a bedge, which did not belong to her. This was a mere tradition, however, only remembered by Poll the housekeeper and a few others; but it had been thrown in Beresford's face once or twice, and he now swore he would "make Hauly pay for his insol-

Lory dashed on, however, caring little for Mr. Beresford Pender's threatened vengeance, till he ceme to the narrow boreen leading to Ned Brophy's house.

"Morrow, Ned," cried Lory, seeing

him fencing a gap at some distance. But, to his astonishment, instead of returning his salutation in his usual friendly way, Ned flung the spade out of his hand, and ran as if it were for his life, never once glancing behind him.

sa who that gentleman was.

Trow, Dick," said Mr. Bob Lloyd,
it turned the corner of the house,
by Grace, who was sitting at the
groom window, and whom he had
henoured with a few admiring
the same starms length before him.

"maybe 'tis Joe Russel's hat that fright—ened him." He walked through the yard,
intending to follow Ned into the house,
and assure him. and assure him that he had nothing to fear, when he encountered Mrs. Ned at the door.

"I want to ask Ned to snow me where the bull bait?"
Mr. Lloyd asked.
"What do you say?" said the doctor turning to Mr. Lowe.
"I want to ask Ned to snow me where the buil bait is," said Lory, with another laugh at what he supposed Ned's mistake as to his identity, or his intentions.
"Ned knew nothin' about id," returned

lied.

With the middle of the doorway, and with a look that made Lory think she, too, must have formed some think she too, think she, too, must have formed some think she too, think she, too, must have formed some think she too, think she, too, must have formed some think she too.

sary, and that he could not allow her to go to so much trouble on his account, "You see that little boy on the tree," said Miss Laughlan. "They are in the hollow just under him." But though pointing with her hand to the boy on the tree, Miss Laughlan kept her eyes fixed earnestly upon a small farm-house on her left.

left "Thank you," said Lory, starting off again.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss
Langhlan.

Lory stopped.

But Miss Laughlan only blushed and

heeltated.
"I thought you spoke to me?" said he. And it occurred to him at the moment that she was by far a hendsomer girl than

he had thought—there was such a light in he has thought—there was such a right in her eyes!

"If you'd bring a message for me to that house—to Tom Cuddehy," said Miss Laughlan, "I'd be very thankful to you."

"Of course I will," replied Lorry. "I know Tom Cuddehy well. He's the best

burler in the county, except Mat Donovan."
"Weil, will you tell him I am waiting here, and that I want to speak to him jast for one minute," returned Miss Laughian, falteringly. And Lory fancied her eyes filled with tears.

"Certainly I will," he replied. Why

not?"
This was the "message" Lory took so long to deliver when we left him in Tom Cuddehy's hitchen—when, some chapters back, we thought it necessary to interrupt the regular course of this history, in order to guard sgainst the possibility of disturbing the equanimity of our readers hereafter by anything that might bear even the faintest resemblance to a surprise. "Good morning." said Lory. "I'm "Good morning," said Lory, "I'm going to the bull-batt."

going to the buil-bait."

"I promised to go myself," returned
Tom Cuddeby, "to thry the little bitch,
for I think she has the right dhrop in her.
Wait for a few minutes an' I'll be with After exchanging a few words with his

old sweetheart through the hedge he returned to Lory, who was rapidly getting into the good graces of Venom, looking very solemn, and indisposed for convena-

very solemn, and indisposed for conversation.

Miss Laughlan, it may be remarked,
returned home, looking very serious too—
the young man from the mountain and
his fine slate-house and jaunting car notwithstanding—and looking at one of her
hands which was bleeding. For during
the few minutes' tete a tete with Tom
Cuddehy, Miss Laughlan made such violent attempts to break off a sprig of black
thorn from the bedge, as if the mistook it
for a bunch of thyme or the sparemint
under her window in the garden, that
when she looked at her hand she found
several deep scratches upon it. Ladies

dare to climb that gate."

"I passed through a good many places in my time," returned Lory, as he deliberately climbed to the top of the gate, "and this is the first time I was ever told to go back."

"You may pass through farmer's places," rejoined Mr. Beresford Pender in his big voice, "but this is a gentleman's demeane."

"A gentleman's fiddle-sitck," replied Lory, pulling Joe Russel's straw hat tightly over his exam-having first hit upon

the hat on his poll.
"Come, Trueboy!" shouted boy No. 1.

"Come, Trueboy!" bawled boy No. 2.
And boys One and Two danced wildly about Trueboy, who was a lank, long-legged animal, and seemed greatly at a loss to guess what it was all about.

loss to guess what it was all about.

"Soho! Trueboy," said his owner softly, patting him on the head.

"Soho! Trueboy," repeated boy No. 1.

"Soho! Trueboy," echoed boy No. 2.

And both boys patted Trueboy on the

But the cry, "Here is Tom Cuddehy," caused Trueboy's proprietor to start and look round with an expression of intense dismay and disappointment. He had been told that Tom Cuddeby's bitch should be let at the bull before his dog, and great was his anxiety lest the bull should be worn out before Trueboy had an opportunity of exhibiting his prowess. an opportunity of exhibiting his prowess.

Great was his joy, thon, when some one announced that Tom Cuddeby would not put in an appearance at all; and now proportionally intense was his disappointment and angulsh of spirit when on looking round he beheld Tom Cuddeby and the white hitch Verene. his white bitch, Venom, on the bank above him, just at the foot of the tree upon a branch of which Tommy Inhy was swaying up and down with a gentle

motion, and quietly trying to extract a thorn from his big toe with a pin.

The bull was tied by a rope round his neck in the centre of a large hollow or pit, which answered the purposes of an amphi-theatre very well, the crowd, which was select, but not numerous, standing round the sloping sides. He was not at all a lordly bull to look at; but a small, red, lordly bull to look at; but a small, red, rough-coated, hardy, sturdy, good-tempered animal—in fact, what might be called a pleasant bull. He was very much at his ease, and not at all excited, having made short work of his three or four assailants—as Wat Murphy prophesied he would; for not one of them, Wataverred, "knew that a bull had a nose on his face," or, knowing it, had the elightest idea of what that nose was intended for.

Trueboy's owner and master looked at

In over beyand the sallies, I b'lieve," Mrs. Ned added.

The fact was that, since his marriage, Ned Brophy ran and hid himself from every acquaintance who happened to come near the house. For his wife declared that the businese of all visitors was she expressed it. And Ned, seeing her so bitter on his friends, felt so ashamed that he thought it best to shun them altogether. He tried to console himself with the reflection that, at least, he'd soon have an old saucepan half filled with golden sovereigns, Mrs. Ned was such a "fine housekeeper." But he sometimes thought, not of golden sovereigns, but of Nancy Hogan's golden hair, and sighed.

Lory looked at Mrs. Ned Brophy with unfeigned surprise, and set off for the nearest house—which happened to be old Paddy Laughlan's—to seek the information be required.

Paddy Laughlan's—to

"Sound man!" shouted the Carrick-

"Sound man!" shouted the Carrickman.

"Sound man!" exclaimed boy No. 1.

"Sound man!" repeated boy No. 2.
And Trueboy was again seized by all three and pulled into the ring.

"Good dog, Trueboy," says the Carrickman. "Grapple him."

"Good dog, Trueboy; grapple him," muttered the two boys under their teeth. Thus encouraged, Trueboy leaped into the ring, and ran all round the bull, who remained quite calm and still, pretending

remained quite calm and still, pretending not to see him.

"Grapple him, Trueboy!" cried the Carrick man, dropping upon one knee, as if he were going to take aim with a rifle

at the bull's eye.
"Grapple him, Trueboy!" repeated the two boys, dropping upon their knees, too, like sharpshooters walting the order to There was a moment of breathless

silence, and Trueboy looked about him in all directions, evidently at a loss, and having no idea of what he was expected "grapple."
"Grapple him, Trueboy!" repeated the

Carrick-man, savagely.

"Grapple him, Trueboy!" repeated the Carrick man, savegaly.

Trueboy looked about him quite wildly

now, but could not make up his mind who or what the "him" was meant to apply to, till, glancing upwards, some object overhead caught his attention, and Trueboy commenced barking furiously at it. The eyes of the spectators were turned in the same direction, and there was a loud roar of laughter when Tommy Lahy was discovered in the tree, looking at first surprised and then delighted at finding himself the object of their attention. Tommy laughed down at the open mouths below him, and for a moment the Carrick-man and his dog were forgotten. But the Carrick man rushed at Trueboy,

and, seizing him by the throat, knocked him down and stamped his foot upon

him.

Boy No 1 then danced on Trueboy; and boy No 2 went and did likewise. Then boy One struck boy Two with his cleuched fist in the right eye; and both boys were immediately "in grips," and fought fiercely for five minutes to relieve their feelings.

The Carrick-man pulled Trueboy into the ring again, and hallooed him at the bull; but Trueboy again wheeled round and barked furiously at Tommy Lahy in the tree.

and barked furiously at Tommy Lahy in the tree.

"He don't undherstand," said the Carrick man; "but wait till I bring him close to his head, an' ye'll see something."

He threw a leg over Trueby, as if he were going to have a ride, and seized him by the neck with both hands with a view to wheeling him round man the the hell. to wheeling him round, when the bull quietly advanced to the end of his rope, and gave the Carrick man a playful touch of his horn under the coat-tails, which so astonished the Carrick-man that he cleared Trueboy's head at a bound, as cleared Trueboy's head at a bound, as if he were playing at frog-leaps with him, falling flat upon his face and hands some three yards beyond him. At this Trueboy, as if conscious of his disgrace, rushed over his prostrate master and up the side of the nit uttarage a dismal the side of the pit, uttering a dismal howl; and scampered off over ditches and hedges, as if a score of old kettles were tied to his tail; and was never seen or heard of afterwards—save that a gaunt hound was sometimes observed prowling among the rocks in the loneli est recesses of the mountains, like the ghost of the last Irish woll; and it was conjectured by some that this unhappy animal was the Carrick man's dog,

Trueboy.

The Carrick man himself pulled his hat over his eyes, and walked away without a word or a look to any one. followed by the two boys wiping the bitter tears of vexation and disappoint ment from their noses, and, it is to be feared, with the seeds of scepticism and misanthropy sown in their ways have

nisanthropy sown in their young bosoms.
Tom Cuddehy's "Venom" was next led into the arena. We will spare the reader a detailed description of how she acquitted herself. It was admitted on all hands that Venom was "blood to the

right hoult." And there was something so vicious and viperish and spitfiry in her mode of attack, that when, at last, she was carried away maimed and bleeding, no one was sorry for her.

"Well, now," says Wat Murphy, "are ye all satisfied? Or is there any wan else that wants to thry his dog? If there is, say the word; for I'm in no hurry in life. Down, Danger!"

There was no one else to be accommodated: and Danger's mursle was modated; and Danger's muzzle was

able foe before him now, and with his head bent down and his eyes rolling—no longer looking the mere plebeisa animal he had seemed before, but a real lordly bull—prepared to receive him.

bull—prepared to receive him.

Here again we shrink from attempting

at last and held there as if his nose were at last and held there as if his nose were in an iron vice. Then he plunged for-ward once more, and tried to shake his foe from him by dragging him along the ground. But all in vain; the dog clung to the poor brute's nose as if he grew there. Then the wretched bull raised his head in the air, and uttered a low plaintity mean at if his vary heart ware

to the poor brute's nose as if he grew there. Then the wretched bull raised his head in the air, and uttered a low plaintive moan as if his very heart were broken.

For the first time everyone present seemed struck with the cruelty of the "sport" they had been watching so eagerly.

'D—n it, Wat," said Mr. Lloyd, with tears in his eyes, "loose him."

"Yes, Wat," added Phil Laby, solemnly, "loosen his hoult."

Wat Murphy advanced, and, scientifically pressing his thumb upon the dog's windpipe, waited quietly till want of breath forced him to gap, and then Wat snatched him quickly up in his arms, and carried him off; the dog keeping his eyes fixed sullenly upon the poor bull, who dropped down, sobbing, upon the ground, his rough coat all wet and dabbled with the sweat of his agony.

"I think we had better start for home," said the doctor.

"Yes, I think so," returned Mr. Lowe, who had kept behind a clump of bushes, as if he felt rather ashamed of being seen at such a place.

As they were turning away, a roaring, louder than any bull's, startled them; and on looking up to the place whence it proceeded, they beheld, to their amassment, Lory Hanly "punishing" Mr. Beresford Pender most severly.

But Miss Lloyd gathered up her skirts and ran home, creating great astonishment along the street—men, women, and chilter and the contract of the street and recovered to mental the street and recovered to most severly.

But Miss Lloyd gathered up her skirts and ran home, creating great astonishment along the street—men, women, and chilters and range and recovered to most greating great astonishment along the street—men, women, and chilters and recovered to make the street and the suit of the street and the street and the street and the street and the suit of the street and the

as if he felt rather ashamed of being seen at such a place.

As they were turning away, a roaring, louder than any bull's, startled them; and on looking up to the place whence it proceeded, they beheld, to their amasement, Lory Hanly "punishing" Mr. Beresford Pender most severly. Beresford retreated backwards as Lory continued to "plant" the right and left alternately upon his mouth and nose, alternately upon his mouth and nose, until he got his back to the tall ash tree, a bough of which Tommy Lahy had con-verted into a reserved seat, from which he could enjoy the spectacle in the pit below with ease and dignity. This proved a most injudicious move on Mr. Pender's part, for Lity struck higher, about the eyes and forehead, and at every blow Tommy Laby distinctly feit the shock as Beresford's poll came in

ontact with the tree.
"Oh! oh! oh oo o!" roared Mr. Beresford Pender, working his elbows up and down like wings, and lifting, now one leg, and the other, as if he insanely hoped to defend his face with his knees. At last a well-a med blow so completely shut up one of his visual organs, that Mr. Beresford Pender dropped down upon his kness, his face buried in both hands, and loudly preclaimed three several times, to all whom it might concern, that his "eye

At this etage Darby Ruadh came to his

At this stage Darby Ruadh came to his master's assistance.
"Here, get up," said Darby Ruadh, seizing him by the collar.
Berresford did stand up, and clapping his hand over one eye, and finding that, after all, he was able to see Darby Ruadh and several other objects, both near and in the distance with the other becare and in the distance with the other became and in the distance, with the other, became re-assured, and muttered, "No surrender!" To account for this little episode, it should be mentioned that Mr. Pen after Lory's impertinent allusion to grandmother," mounted his horse and started in pursuit; and Lory, finding him-self suddenly collared and "arrested in the self suddenly collared and "arrested in the queen's name," and seeing that his captor was Mt. Beresford Pender, at once shook himself free, and brought the knuckles of his right hand into contact with the bridge of Mr. Beresford Pender's nose, which immediately produced the bellowing that so surprised Mr. Lowe and the doctor.

Bob Lloyd walked deliberately up the

Bob Lloyd walked deliberately up the side of the pit and shook Lory vigorously by the hand.

"I think I gave him enough of it,"

"I think I gave him enough of it,"
Lory observed.
"Ay, faith," returned Mr. Lloyd.
"Nice work to see a gentleman encouraging the violation of the law," muttered Mr. Beresford Pender.

"Hold your tongue, you whelp," re-torted Bob Lloyd, "or I'll give you a greater cutting than ever your father gave "Bailiffs about your house !" he mut-

tered again—but so as to be heard only by those who stood close to him—in allu-sion to Mr. Lloyd's occasional difficulties with his creditors, when even Jer's ingen-uity could not ward off an execution, and Ryan and most of the other tenan

Tom Ryan and most of the other tenants had their rents paid in advance. Here Tommy Lahy came sliding down the tree with considerable rapidity of motion; and, without in the least intendmotion; and, without in the least intending it, came with a very violent bump straight upon Mr. Beresford Pender's head. This mysterious assault brought him down upon his marrow-bones again, and caused him to roar louder than ever. And, what added considerably to And, was suded considerably to have mirth of the spectators, Tommy Laby seemed to have been quite as frightened by the shock as Mr. Pender, and remained by the shock as Mr. Pender, and remained clinging to the tree at the spot where his descent had been so unexpectedly stopped short, staring over his shoulder, with his eyes wide open, till his father advanced, and, gripping him firmly by the corduroys, dragged him down by main force.

Mr. Bob Lloyd shock hands with Tommy Lahy also, and gave him a six-pence—to Tommy's utter amazement, for ence—to Tommy's utter amazement, for

eyes;" but still she never once " took a right hoult." And there was something so vicious and viperish and spittiry in her mode of attack, that when, at last. grey hunter and ride home with him—an honour that not only made his peace with Rose for having escaped to the bull-balt, contrary to her express injunctions, but so puffed up that young lady with consequence, that Johnny Wilson, the bank cierk, was received quite colly the next time he called, notwithstanding his new "Albert chain" and silk umbrells.

And that same according when Kathlean

And that same evening, when Kathleen was drawing the pony's rein at Maurice modated; and Danger's muzzie was taken off.

Danger walked slowly towards the bull, wagging his tail and licking his lips, as it his intentions were quite amicable. But the bull saw that he had a formidable for before him now, and with his ble for before him now, and with his head bent down and his ever rolling—no uphis mind, to sit, by accident, the very first favourable opportunity, upon Rose's new bonnet—the one with the feathers—and 'make a pancake of it."

Here again we shrink from attempting a minute description of the exciting, but, we fear, revolting encounter be tween "Danger" and the stout hearted little bull. Enough to say that, in spite of his gallent efforts to fling his fierce assailant from him, or pin him to the ground, he was pulled upon his lness grove, white Bobby was left to roam at Lory now found himself quite a popu-

will among Mise Hanly's flower-beds. For Barney dearly loved the man or boy who would fight him; and his implacable enmity towards Father M'Mahon's servant was solely owing to the fact that that unaccommodating individual could never, for love or money, be induced to knock him down.

But Miss Lloyd gathered up her skirts and ran home, creating great astonishment along the street—men, women, and chil-dren crowding to every door to look after her; and frightening her mother and sis-ters—who at first thought she was dan-

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLICS AND TEMPERANCE.

The following statement and invitation are to be read aloud from the pulpit in every Catholic church throughout Edgland on the first Sunday of every month, by order of the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster. ster:

The widespread habit of intemperance is the prolific cause of a multitude of evils which efflict this country. It degrades and destroys the body and soul of offering before the throne of God most beinous offering before the throne of God most beinous offences against His Divine Majesty. Wherefore, the Cardinal Archbishop and Bishops of England have determined to invite the whole of their formines to invite the whole of since flock to unite with them in an earnest and persevering endeavor to stem the tide of these evils, and to offer becoming acts of God. All here present are therefore in-vited to make one or other of the followng resolutions, according to their discre-

tion, namely:
1. To offer up Mass and Benediction this day for the suppression of drunkenness, the perseverance of those who have taken a pledge, and for the spread of the virtue of Temperance.

2 To say the Rosary once a week for

the above intentions.
3. To practice habitually some specific act of mortification in the matter of drink, under the direction or approval of a con-

fessor.

4. Never to taste intoxicating drink in public-house.

5. Never to take intoxicating drink

out of meal time
6. To abstain from intoxicating drink
on Friday and Saturday, in honor of the
Passion of Jesus and the Sorrows of Mary.
7. To abstain absolutely from the use of ardent spirits
8. To take the Total Abstinence pledge

for a year.
9 To take the Total Abstinence pledge for life.

The priest may here read the following

The priest may here read the following words, which the people can repeat after him, either aloud or to themselves:

I firmly purpose—by God's help to keep the resolution which I have made—to His honor and glory—in reparation for sine of intemperance—and in promotion of the salvation of souls. Through Jesus Christ Carr Lord. Aman.

The Bishops strictly order the director of every church to see that the above be read at one of the services at least on the first Sunday of every month. They more-over desire that the Confraternities of the over desire that the Confraternities of the mission be enlisted in behalf of this crusade against intemperance, and, where a total Abstinence Society is not established in the mission, they desire that a register be kept of those who, either from devotion or necessity, take the Total Abstinence pledge and wish to be enrolled in such Total Abstinence Society as may be canonically established in the diocese. The subject of Temperance, and of the virtue of self-denial in the use of intoxicating drink, is to be frequently urged by the clergy, both in the pulpit and the confessional—Week'y Register.

A perfect complexion, free from pimple or blemish, is very rarely seen, because few people have perfectly pure blood. And yet, all disfiguring eruptions are easily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Try it, and surprise your friends with the result.

Miss Helen R. Sinclair. of Ninette, Man, writes that she has used Burdock Blood Bitters for loss of appetite and headache with the greatest benefit and heartily recommends it. Her experience is shared by thousands. B. B. B. is a specific for headache.

A. DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer A. DINNE THE MANY Persons suner exeruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a research to the stomach. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia. It Saved His Life.

Gentlemen, — I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. I am now fourteen years of age.
Francis Walsh, Dalkeith, Ont.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE."

A BAPTIST MINISTER PREACHES A SERMON IN PRAISE OF CATHO-

At Springfield, Ohio, last Sunday even-ing, Rev. Father B. Cressey, pastor of the First Baptist Church, preached a sermon on the Catholic Church, which does him on the Catholic Church, which does him credit as a man of good will and a minister of the gospel of peace. His words are all the more noteworthy because of the recent fanatical and bigoted utterances of Rev. Dr. Helwig of the same city. Unlike the latter, Mr. Cressey evidently does not believe that his mission lies in the direction of persecuting and misrepresenting the Catholic Church, in melligning its adherents, and in fomenting discord and strife between Christian people. Even those of his congregation, who may not altogether accept their pastor's views, cannot but admire the Christian courage with which he gave expression to his convictions. The report of the sermon is taken from Monday's issue of the Springfield Times Republic:

Times Republic:

For his text Mr. Cressy took "Can
there any good thing come out of Nazareth? * * * Come and see." (John i.

eth? * * * Come and see," (John i.
46). In brief he said:
I love to think that God is good. I love to believe that though He tears my back with seeming rods of torture, and entangles my feet with the graves of my dearest ones, He yet loves me. It helps my manhood to believe in the GOODNESS OF GOD.

I love also to think about the goodness

of my fellowmen. I know right well that there is really no good thing in any man; and yet, there is that in every human voice and countrance that tells of divine birth and destination, and that gives me birth and destination, and that gives me permission to love and help the man. I am also deeply interested in the religions of the world—those systems of thought and feeling and action by which men are trying to find the path that leads up to that garden of God—paradise.

There are so many of those religions that egain and sgain the question forces itself, how is it possible for men to be so various in their religious thought and activity when their religious purpose is

activity when their religious purpose is one and the same? Our American Christianity is in two

chief divisions—Oatholicism and Protestantism. There is little sympathy between these divisions. Indeed Catholicism will accarcely admit that any good can come of the Nazareth of Protestantism; as little is Protestantism disposed to admit that any good can come out of Catholicism. To both, in the name of our common Lord, I would say,

"COME AND SEE."

I hold in my hand a recent book, "Our Christian Heritage," written by Oardinal Gibbons of Baitimore. I have read it with interest. It has informed my mind; it has helped my heart; it is an addition to the Christian literature of our age. It enables me to speak of "Some of the good things of Catholicism." The book contains thirty five short discourses on topics of great and common interest to all contains thirty live short discourses on topics of great and common interest to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not pelemical. It has nothing to say against any Christian denomination that still retains faith in at least the divine mission of Jesus Christ. The Cardinal gladly acknowledges that most of the topics discussed find able and zesious advocates amone Protestant writers. If topics discussed find able and zeslous advocates among Protestant writers. If a few slight changes were made many a critical Protestant would never suspect that it was written by a Catholic. The spirit of the book is to win men to an appreciation of God and an apprehension of Christ. Mr. Cressey then read an extract from the preface of the book, stating that radical curse of residence distances. that radical cure of religious distemper can be effected by repressive measures. "It is be effected by repressive measures.

be effected by repressive measures. "It is

NOT BY COERCION,
but by the voluntary surrender of the
cltadel of the heart, that man is converted.

* * * The only sword I would draw
against the children of unbelief is "the
sword of the spirit, which is the sword of
God." "Could," saked the speaker,
"any Protestant write truer or sweeter
words?" Coming directly to the hook words?" Coming directly to the book and its contents. he said he was sure that the Christian faith of many of us, Catholics and Protestants alike, will be greatly helped as we realize the large identity of

doctrine and endeavor which merges Cath-olicism into Protestantism and Protestant-ism into Catholicism.

First, Catholicism holds firmly to the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Cardinal Gibbons' three chapters on this question would help many a Protestant's tatth, and stir him with a new fervor for tath, and str him with a new fervor for souls. Mr. Cressey gave some of the eminent prelate's arguments and said that surely Protestantism is stronger than otherwise possible because Catholicism thus holds and preaches the divinity of Jesus. Again, he asked, if it is not true that neither Catholicism nor Protestantism can afford to ignore the co-operation of the other in thus seeking to stay the TIDE OF INFIDELITY.

TIDE OF INFIDELITY, which threatens the very life of the In the second place he considered the chapters on the immortality of the soul and that on eternal punishment. The Cardinal begins this chapter with the

famous soliloquy of Cato. Mr. Cressey read a beautiful extract from this chapter read a beautiful extract from this chapter and, also, one on future punishment, showing how a man lands on the other shore in the same frame of mind in which he leaves this. God is indeed merciful, but He never forces His mercy upon a man. While the love is infinite its application is finate. He wishes the salvation of all men; but can any one hope to be saved if repentance be wanting? To the cry for pardon He ever listens—but what if that cry is never heard? On repentance he says that sorrow and repentance are not convertible terms. Repentance not convertible terms. Repentance always means sorrow, but sorrow does not

always means sorrow, but sorrow does not always mean repentance.

Mr. Oressey next turned to the DOCTRINE OF PRAYER.

The Cardinal's theory of prayer leads him to say that God from all eternity foreasw that he would pray for such a thing at such a time, and had so arranged to grant it. In other words, he does not pray to alter God's designs, but he praya to grant it. In other words, he does not pray to alter God's designs, but he prays in order to execute them. When a Christian addresses to God a prayer worthy of being heard, He has already heard it from all eternity, and, if worthy of being granted, He has arranged the world expressly in favor of this prayer.

Coming more directly to the conflict between Christianity and science he says