

The Faith in Ireland.

Dear Christian land, my island home,
Bright o'er the sea 'mid ocean's foam,
Loved by thy sons where'er they roam,
My faithful, true, and brave old Ireland.

the homes are all ploughing to-day, and I
don't see how we can manage."
"Only a pleasant walk by the shore
cut," rejoined Bob Lloyd.

over beyond the callus, I'll love," Mrs.
Ned said.
The fact was that, since his marriage,
Ned Brophy and his wife had been

and had a lurking devil in her eye, that
made it plain to the most ignorant that
she was a tough customer.
Recovering himself, however, by an
effort, he approached Tom Cuddy, and

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

will among Miss Hanly's flower-beds.
For Barney deely loved the man or boy
who would fight him; and his implacable

"OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE."
A BAPTIST MINISTER PREACHES A
SERMON IN PRAISE OF CATHO-
LICITY.
At Springfield, Ohio, last Sunday evening,
Rev. Father B. Cressey, pastor of the

KNOCKNAGOW

OR,
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

"It is a straw hat," replied Mary, seeing
the article in question blown from
Lory's head as he was about jumping from

"Thank you," said Lory, starting off
again.
"I beg your pardon, sir," said Miss
Laughlan.

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

"Oh! oh! oh-o-o!" roared Mr. Beresford
Pender, working his elbows up
and down like wings, and lifting, now one

CATHOLIC AND TEMPERANCE.
The following statement and invitation are
to be read aloud from the pulpit in every
Catholic church throughout Edgemoor

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

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

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

"The Carrick-man pulled Truoboy into
the ring again, and hallooed him at the
bull; but Truoboy again wheeled round

"Hold your tongue, you whelp," re-
ported Bob Lloyd, "or I'll give you a
greater cutting than ever your father gave

"A perfect complexion, free from pimple
or blemish, is very rarely seen, because
few people have perfectly pure blood.

Miss Helen E. Sinclair,
of Ninette, Minn., writes that she has used
Burdock Blood Bitters for loss of appetite

THE CARDINAL'S THEORY OF PRAYER LEADS
him to say that God from all eternity
foresees that he would pray for such a

"Are you coming to the bull-bait?"
Mr. Lloyd asked.
"What do you say?" said the doctor
turning to Mr. Lowe.

"I want to ask Ned to show me where
the bull baiting is," said Lory, with another
laugh at what he supposed to be a mistake

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