God. ELIZA MARTYN.

Grand the expense of the heavens, but grander the thoughts they suggest.
Lovely the blush of the morting, the crimson and gold of the West.
Bright are the stars of the midnight, floating in measure less space.
But deeper and grander the secret we strive 'mid their brightness to trace.

Fair is this besutiful planet, its carpet of verdure, its seas.

Its mactic of life-giving air, its sunshine, its mists and its breeze.

Deep one emotions that nature quickens to life in too goal.

But deeper and grander the gilmpses we catch of the infinite whole. Cunning the hand of the artist, a study his

thought-chiseled face,
Bestiching the smile of the maiden, entrancing her beauty and grace,
Perfect the cup of the filly, sweet is the
breath of the rose,
But deeper and grander the spirit that
vainly they shive to disclose. Wondrous the symbol of being, spread out on every hand. Wondrous toe secret of nature, of sky, of the

wonfrous the symbol or being, spread out on every hand. Wondrous the secret of nature, of sky, of the ses, of the land. Vast is the outward creation, undiscovered by man and untrod, Yet ignorance, in its presumption, famil-larly prates about God.

KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORY. When Hugh was closing the door, he felt some slight resistance offered from the felt some signt resistance allered from the outside; but on looking out he could see nothing, the night was so intensely dark. On attempting to close the door a second time the same gentle pressure prevented

him "Who's there ?" he saked.

There was no reply; but a rather tall young lad advanced a step or two into the hall, and looked wildly about him.

He was slight and somewhat rawboned,

and being at that moment almost blue with the cold, he presented the appear-ance of anything but a handsome youth. Hugh waited, expecting him to speak; and he waited, expecting Hugh would speak And so they continued to stare at each other for a couple of minutes.

"I came with my sisters," said the

young lad, at last, in a voice so unexpectedly deep and loud that it made Hugh

'Ob, Mr. Hanly," said Hugb, "I had quite forgotten you."
"No worder for you," was the reply in the same voice, and with the same wild opening of the eyes. "I had a petilicat on me the last time you saw me. Huh!

He laughed a deep, hollow laugh, in which Hugh joined—not because the lough was at all infectious, but because the allusion to the petticrat, in which his young neighbor had been kept far beyond the usual age, called up the very remarkable figure which a year or two before he occasionally saw starting from some grove or hedge, or mounted upon a gate pier or paling, and looking, he used to think, like

process of civilization.
"Come ia. This is young Mr. Hauly," Young Mr. Hanly pulled off his cap, and looked round him as if he intended to bolt immediately, If he could only find

an opening anywhere.

Everyone looked at young Mr. Hanly except the doctor, who was so absorbed in his own reflections, or in the shine of his boots, as to seem unconsclous of what was

passing.
Good night, Richard," said the new arrival. And the deep bass of his voice made them all start.
"Oh, Lory!" Richard exclaimed, ex-tending his hand to him. "How on earth did you manage to grow so fast?"

"You're a head over me yet," replied Lory. "Have a glass of punch?" said Mr.

Kearney.

Lory made no reply; but the expression of his face as he drew a chair to the table was more eloquent than words.

apprehending opposition from that quarter, and commenced operations in a rather hurried manner.

the bull-bait, was proceeding to give them some particulars he had learned from Wat Murphy, when Lory produced another sensation by the simple remark : nsation by the simple remark : "I know all about that."

Lory gulped down a mouthful of his punch, which was so hot that it brought the teare to his eyes, and hastily pushed his tumbler towards Mr. Lowe, ceeding which rather astonished that gentleman, who seemed to think that Mr. Hanly intended to share the beverage

But after looking towards the door, and finding that his sister, whose voice he had just heard in the hall, was not coming into the parlor, Lory took possession of his tumbler again, and looked at Mr. Lowe as if, on the whole, he rather thought himself in clover.
"How is your father?" Mr. Kearney

asked. "I couldn't tell you that," replied Lory. "He's in Dublin.

Mr. Hanly the elder was an attorney Mr. Hanly the elder was an attorney; but the nature and extent of his professional business was something of a mystery to his neighbours. He made periodical visits to the matropolis, during which he was in a manner lost to hi family and friends in the country. Some inquisitive people attempted from time to time to find out his whereabouts in Dab in, but except that he was once seen dning at a tavern in the neighborhood of O mond quay, these attempts invariably proved unsuccessful. Attorney Hanly came and went like the swallows—or rather the swifts—that took periodical possession of the crevices in the old castle near his house, and no one was the wiser of where he had been, save in a general way ; for a letter to him, addressed "General Post-Office, Dublin," usually reached his hands—when it suited him. He rented not very large farm within a mile of Kuocknagow, upon which he had built a andsome house, where his family always lived genteely, though somewhat econoni-cally. Attorney Hanly was eccentric, and

Hanly rattling at the plane, I think."

The gentlemen followed him to the drawing room, except the doctor, who sat with folded arms at the fire, and Lory, who watted to finish his punch.

"What's that I heard Rose and Kathleen talking about?" Lory asked. "I couldn't get it out of them, they laughed so much. Something about you and the bog?"

"Shut up, Lory," the doctor exclaimed, starting to his feet and filling out a glass of wine, which he swallowed with a look of distraction.

"Come," said he, after arranging his shirt.

"Come," said be, after arranging his shirt collar at the looking glass, "finish that and let us go to them." "Faith, I'd rather stay where I am,"

"Fatth, 10 ating at the decanters.
"On my honour, my dear fellow," replied the doctor, "you are not at all singular in that way of thinking. Rose and Kathleen are here?"

"Yes, and Miss Lloyd."
"When?" "The doctor whistled and

"Yes, and Miss Lloyd."
"Whew?" The doctor whistled and walked up and down the room.
"What the devil brought her?"
"Fatth, I don't know. They were all surprised when she came out with my mother on the mail car, and walked from

"I think I understand it," said the doctor. And it was some consolation to bim to reflect that Miss Lloyd's thoughts were so concentrated upon Sir Garrett Butler's nephew that she probably had given no attention to his humble self and

the misadventure of the morning.

The doctor stood irresolutely at the drawing room door, till he heard his father

say:
"Come, Grace, give us 'Who Fears to
Speak of 'Ninety-Eight.'"
And under cover of the song the doctor advanced and shook hands in stience with Miss Lloyd and the two Miss

Hanlys.
Grace sang with spirit, and received the compliments of the company with becoming dignity. She could not, however, conceal her delight when Mr. Lowe came to read the words of the song, and ask her

who was its author.
"I heard paps say," she replied, "that it was written by one of the scholars of Trinity College. All those songs appeared originally in the Nation. The airs are nearly all old Irish airs; but the music of

that song is original."

Mr. Lowe turned to other songs in the book, and it was with no small share of pride she told him that the writers of some of them were "friends of her

I should like to hear you sing this one," said he, pointing to a song, a starza of which he had read.

"Ob, yes; that is one of Davis's. He was a true poet. At first I did not admire his poetry so much. But I do now.
'Tis so full of heart. He was an irreparable loss to the country," she added

"As a poet?" Mr. Lowe asked.
"Well, yes; but more as a patriot. You can have no idea of how much he was be loved. I saw Mr. D—, who papa says is a man of powerful intellect, burst into tears one evening at our house, when speaking of Davis. And O'Connell, when a young Indian in an early stage of the alluding to him after hearing of his death said, 'I can write no more—my tears blind

> Mr. Lowe looked at her with surprise. "Yes," she continued, as if replying to his look; "these are O'Connell's words." But it was at herself he was wondering ;

and Hugh and Mary, who sat near the piano, exchanged looks and seemed to enjoy his astonishment.

Miss Lloyd however, was both astonished and chagrined to find that Mr. Lowe could feel interest in the prattle of a mere shill.

"I'm ashamed to acknowledge," said "I'm ashamed to acknowledge," said Mr. Lowe, still addressing himself to the little lady perched upon the stool, "that I know almost nothing about Mr. Davis. He was, I understand, a young barrister whose name seldom figured in the newspapers. But from what you tell me I must believe he was no common man."

"Papa says," she rejoined, "that his it licence on the mid of the country, will

Mr. Lowe again looked at her with surprise. But when Mary glanced at her Miss Lloyd was fastening a bracelet on surprise. But when Mary glanced at her brother this time, her glance was not re-turned. She saw his broad chest heave; and a strange light, half fire, half softness,

swam in his dark eyes.

Mary shook her head as she thought to herself how little they understood him who thought him cold and unsusceptible. Behind that 'down look," for which Hugh Kearney got credit, there was, she was sure, a heart and a soul of no common

enderness and enthusiasm.

Miss Lloyd looked from one to the other of the group in smazement. She really could not understand what it all meant; but there were many things which Miss Lloyd could not under the hold nothing And besider, Miss Dioye liked nothing

which we must admit uas musical; so much so that it took many persons a considerable time to discover that what But she had a trick of talking to one person and at another; which was very trying to the latter—as Mr. Henry Lowe was destined to learn to his cost.

> CHAPTER XVIII. MISS LLOYD'S FOIBLES.

As we have said so much of Miss Lloyd we shall glance at one or two more of her

peculiarities.
The facility with which Miss Lloyd fell in love with every eligible young mar-and occasionally with an eligible old on -that came in her way, was something marvellous, and a source of great anxiety to her family and friends. Her being still in the land of the living was a matter of daily wonderment to her sympathising sisters-"poor Henrietta" was so often on the point of dying of a broken heart. The defection of a young ensign of nine-teen produced such an effect upon her that she spent twenty four hours "from one fainting fit into another"-we quote cally. Attorney itaniy was eccentric, and supposed to be rich—probably because he was eccentric.

Come, let us have a few songs from the lades," said Mr. Kearney. "That's Miss of a widower of sixty-five lades," said Mr. Kearney. "That's Miss of her own mother; and she was known to have taken to her lades, and mr. Kearney. "That's Miss of her own mother; and in curl that she couldn't brush it out, and bed for three weeks because of the heartlessness of a widower of sixty-five curl that she couldn't twist it in. With minard's Liniment Cures Distemper, and the works of her own mother; and in curl that she couldn't brush it out, and reliable autheminitic Freeman's Worm curl that she couldn't twist it in. With

who had been particular in his attentions on the occasion of his grand-daughter's marriage, Miss Loyd being one of the bridesmaids. But Miss Henriett, Lloyd's strong point was curiosity—an all absorb.

"We're ready," exclaimed Ruse, putting

strong point was curiosity—an all absorbing inquisitiveness about other people
and their aff.irs The passion—for with
her it amounted to a passion—bore down
everything before it. All sense of propriety, all fear of consequences vanished
liks dew, in the intense heat of her desire
to know what her neighbors were about.
Listening at windows drawing in min-Listening at windows, dropping in unin-vited at unreasonable times, stopping ser-vants in the streets, and catechising butchers' boys, were every day occurrences with Miss Lloyd. She had been known to rush across the street at eleven at night, and knock at Doctor Cussack's door merely because her maid had remarke

merely because her maid had remarked that a car had stopped there from which a man with a travelling bag bad alighted. The doctor—thinking it was his assistant, whom he had sent with two bread pills to the pareon's mother in law, who had taken suddenly il!—opened the door; and Miss Lloyd found herself face to face with an elderly gentleman in his night shirt, and was greeted at the same moment with a cheer from three young gen themen of the Rev. Mr. Labart's academy, who had been making a night of it at the who had been making a night of it at the hotel before resuming their studies after

Vacation Miss Lloyd would sip into the kitchen for a confab with the cook during the progress of a dinner party up stairs, her not being invited to which was meant as a deliberate elight. And we blush to say that even the apartments of single young men had no terrors for Miss Lloyd her inquisitiveness was aroused, and could only be gratified by bearding the bachelor

in his hall. Yet, strange to say, the lady's fair fame never suffered from these peccadilloes. Her immunity in this respect, however, was partly owing to the fact that she belonged to that class of fair ones into whose "lug" the Scottish poet begged tave to whisper—

"Ye're siblins nae temptation,"

In the strange things people will say, Mrs. Karney!"

Mr. Lowe looked at her inquiringly, for, from the direct stare with which she regarded him, he expected she was about accusing him of saying strange things. To his great relief, however, she continued: Yet, strange to say, the lady's fair fame

and partly because she was a very rhinoc eros to those shafts which usually wound

so deeply, but which are so seldom dis-charged except when they can wound. From these glimpess of Miss Lloyd's character the reader must have antici-pated that two of her foibles combined to

bring her this evening to Ballinaclash.
She had been on thorns during the week to get a look at Mr. Lowe: and week to get a look at Mr. Lowe; and when Mrs Hanly met ber in the maix street of Kiithubber, and casually re marked that her girls were going to tea to Mr. Kearney's in the evening, Miss Lloyd eagerly offered to accompany her home This Mrs. Hanly really looked upon a an honour, and thought it a most unfor tunate circumstance that she bad come t town on the public car and was to return

by the same conveyance.
"The girls," she remarked, "were re turning one or two visits in the morning and I thought it would be too late t wait for the carriage. So I took a ses on the mail car."

"Oh, no matter, my dear Mrs. Hanly, returned Miss Lloyd, "it will be quit pleasant. I know the driver of the macar very well. That was Mr. Labart new servant from Dublin that was on the car with you. I have not seen her yet; but I'm toll she has excellent discusses from her two last places. So, my dea Mrs. Hanly, come up and I'll be ready b a minute

Mrs. Hanly, in the innocerce of he heart, thought it would be recessary to send an apology to Miss Keerney; as, of course, her daughters could not think of eaving so distinguished a visitor as Mis Lloyd alone with herself during the ever-ing. Put Miss Lloyd at once removed

that difficulty by announcing her inter-tion of going with them.
"To be sure," said she, "I'm not person-ally acquisited with them, but that makes no difference. I know their brother, the dector, who is a great friend of Robert'; but I believe be is in Dublin."

"Oh, he is at home," replied Ree Hanly. "We passed him a few hours ago

her wrist in a nervous, fidgety manner, and had several pins in her mouth while

she was speaking.
"Oh, I am most unfortunate," she exclaimed, tumbling various small articles out of her bag on the floor. "I fear I have lost my charms."
"'Pon my word, Miss Lloyd, that is a

misfortune; and one that few would sus-pect you in danger of— " Vacuus cantat coram latrone viator. "

The young lady started, and, with a terrified look towards the door, whence the sound protection the sound proceeded. by the arm.
"Why do you come up here, sir

What business have you in our room? exclaimed Rose, quite in a shrewish tone. "To tell you that the car is at the door, and not to keep the pony standing in the

"Oh!" gasped Miss Lloyd, with her hand pressed against her left side, "what a dreadful voice he has!" "I'm always at him about it," said

Rose, "but I can get no good of him And somehow you never know he's there till he speaks. He startles ourselves now as much as anybody else, as he has been at school for two years without coming at school for two years without coming home. But he's very clever," she added, evidently proud of the fact. "He took first prizes in classics. I believe that's Greek he's after talking now."

"Oh, I hope he won't talk any more Greek to me," said Miss Lloyd, drawing a long breath. "A few more such shocks long breath. "A few more such shocks would knock me up completely."
"You'll get used to it," said Rose. "In

fact, it wouldn't be half so bed if you were prepared for it. But let us hurry, and not leave the poor pony to be frozen to death.

"I can't get any good of it," said Miss Lloyd despairingly.

One side of her hair was so obstinately

"We're ready," exclaimed Rose, putting "We're ready," exclaimed Rose, putting her hand on her brother's mouth, to save Miss Lloyd's nerves from another shock. And now we find the last-mentioned lady with her elbow resting upon Mary Kearney's pisno, and feeling her hair with the tips of her fingers, for the double purpose of displaying her bracelet to the best advantage, and satisfying herself as to how the refractory curl was behaving itself.

She was losing all patience at seeing Mr. She was losing all patience at seeing Mr.
Lowe throwing away so much of his time
talking to "that pert little thing," while
she, Henrietta Lloyd, was there for the
excress purpose of talking to him.
But when Rose Hanly was asked to
sing, and Grace made way for her, Miss
Lloyd could no longer conceal her ineffable
discont

disgust.
On, really," she exclaimed, "ye are all

musically mad."
To her great relief, however, the teatray appeared just as the song had con-cluded. And her good humor was quite restored when she saw they were to have tea sitting sociably round the table. Miss Lloyd shone with peculiar brilliancy at the tea-table; and she now hastened to take up a position from which she could direct her five on Mr. Lowe through Mrs. Kear-

ney.

"Whore do you get your tes, Mrs.
Kearney?" she began. "We get ours at
Pnellu's," she continued, without waiting
for a reply. "Mr. Hemphili recom-

for a reply. "Mr. Hemphili recom-mended us to get it there."

Poor Mr. Lowe was already beginning to feel quite uncomfortable, for the lady never turned her eyes from his face for a

"It was said in Phelin's shop that we had no fortunes."

had no fortunes."

Mr. Lowe sought relief in the bottom of his tea cup, but failed to find it, for he felt the eyes were upon him.

"But, Mrs. Kearney, you may tell any one that asks that we have fortunes. I have two thousand, and my sisters a thousand each."

sand each."

Mr. Lowe tried balancing his spoon on his finger, but the relief it afforded was only partial and temporary.

"Mr. Hempbill's son is after coming home. I have not seen him yet; but I'm told he is an elegant young man."

Look sharp, Mr. Lowe! Make your hay while the sun shines!

He meditated holding from the

He meditated bolting from the room, but felt as if he couldn't-as if she "held

him with her glittering eye," like the Ancient Mariner.
"And Robert tells me," continued Miss Lloyd, "that Mr. Hemphill is extremely The idea that Bob Lloyd had ever used

such a phrase as "extremely intellectual" was so good a joke that both Hugh and Richard found it difficult to refrain from langhing.

But it must not be suspected that Miss Lloyd was drawing upon her image.

She merely had recourse to a euphemism, which was her practice when quoting her orother's observations. In this instance

Bob did say, in reply to a question of here, that young Hemphill was a "bloody clever fellow," and this expression Miss Lloyd merely translated into "extremely intel lectual."
"I knew his brother," said Lory, from the opposite end of the table.

Miss Lloyd was in the act of putting her cup to her lips, and staring at Mr. Lowe over the brim, when Lory's remark,

innocent as it may seem in print, knocked the cup out of her hand as effectually as if he had flung a projectile at it with unerring aim.

The shock was felt more or less by all

"Papa says," she rejoined, "that his inflaence on the mind of the country will be felt forever. And, young as he died, his face as he drew a chair to the table has more eloquent than words.

He cast a look towards the door as if presenting opposition from that quarter, and commenced operations in a ather hurried manner.

Mr. Kearney, who had again introduced the bull-bait, was proceeding to give them he bull-bait, was proceeding to give them.

"Papa says," she rejoined, "that his inflaence on the mind of the country will be felt forever. And, young as he died, his wish was granted."

"What was his wish?"

"He was at the last race ball.

"Papa says," she rejoined, "that his inflaence on the mind of the country will be felt forever. And, young as he died, his wish you saw him."

And Rose glanced at her sister, who, so when the cup fiew from it, apparently un able to move, and staring at Lory as if he had knocked the wits out of her too, a made sport of in such a manner.

"He is an elegant young man," Miss Lloyd observed, gravely; "and waltzes admirably. He was at the last race ball. Lowe blessed Lory in his heat for draw-had admirably. He was at the last race ball. Lowe blessed Lory in his heat for draw-had admirably. ing her eyes upon himself.

Mrs. Kearney took the broken tea cup

Mrs. Kearney took the broken tea cup in her hand; and the good woman was inconsolable. She had not even the melancholy consolation of telling how her uncle Dan admired the pattern of this particular set; for Richard suggested a dance at the moment, which sused a general movement among the company, and Mrs. Kearney gently laid the broken cup on the tray with a sigh.

TO BE CONTINUED. TO BE CONTINUED.

Weak eyes and inflamed Ids indicate an impure condition of the blocd. The best remedy is Ayer's Saraparilla. It vital zes the blood, regulates the secretions, and expels all scrofulous humors from the system. Try it. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.

A Winter's Tale.

Last winter my little girl caught a severe cold which lasted all seeson. I doctored with everything I could get but to no avail. Finally I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and gave her two doss which improved her, and in a week she was entirely cured by its use. Mrs. C. Norman, Cornell, Ont.

Out or Sorts.—Symptome, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if reglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a lette attention at this point may save months of sickness and large dector's bills. For the sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Pe melee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in successin, and a cure will be affected.

Little Lucy's Luck.

"I had a disease of the skin for whic Ma tried everything she could think of bu without effect, but the first bottle of Bur-

EXPEL THE WORMS by using the safe and reliable authemintic Freeman's Worm

FATHER MARTIN'S SICK CALL

Sara Trainer Smith in Ave Maria. The tinkle of a clear-toned little bell broke the stillness of the priest's house. Father Martin rose at once, stretched his tall form to its utmost, extended his strong arms, and looked cheerfully at the

heap of letters on his desk.
"That's a good job done!" he said,
aloud. And as a tremendous blast of
wind shook the house, sharply rattling
every window, he added in the same
tone: "God help the poor! it's a bitter

Father Martin was much in the habit of talking to himself. He was a lonely man—a mission priest, far from those centres of labor and capital where men congregate to meet their fellows. In his long drives and rides from one station to long drives and rides from one station to another, in his lonely home-comings from them, he had acquired the habit of talking to himself. Otherwise, many times he would scarcely have beard the sound of the human voice from daylight until dawn of the next day.

It was not exactly a new country to which he had been sent, but one severely Protestant, and far from wealthy. A few Catholics were widely scattered through it, and to keep the old and save the young of this few there must be a priest, services, schools. There was no railroad commun

schools. There was no railroad communication; for it was a mountainous district with the accompanying features of rough roads, bad roads, and no roads at all. Father Martin lived, for the most part, in Father Martin lived, for the most part, in his carriage—a light mountain wagon, strong and tough—returning to his house at the principal station in time for Mass on Sundays, and often leaving it again on Monday morning in time for Mass at the next station. On very rare occasions, and only by dint of extra hard work, much planning and contriving, could he secure for himself a day of work under his own roof, as this had been.

his own roof, as this had been.

The storm now raging had not altered his plans nor interfered with him, and he had scarcely noticed it until the supper bell had released him from his task. He opened the door which looked out on the night, and stood listening. The roar of waters, the crashing of ice, the slashing and cutting of sleet, came in, and a white cover, thick and soft, yet cruel-looking in that chill wind, spread over the porch floor almost to the threshold. Father Martin closed the door and shook his head.

"It would be a bad night for a sick call," he said. "But the best thirg for me to do now is to eat my supper and hope there are no sick.

Again the little bell tinkled as he opened the coor into the passage and started down the stairs. The house was built on the mountain side, and, as Father Martin often described it to invited quests, "every story was both upstairs and downstairs at one and the same time." On one side each opened upon a mountain terrace, and on the other looked out upon a porch two, three, or even four stories from the ground. The parish school occupied the lower floors, and the priest had his home on the upper floors, very near the level of the mountsin top, where stood the church. Father Martin's lonely meal did not de-

tain him long. He came back into his study with a translation farm. His bur den of a task fulfilled, had speedily taken up another matter, and was working away up another matter, and was working away at it, courageously and hopefully, engerly yet cautiously. He turned up the light, opened the glowing stove, wheeled his chair into a warm corner, and lighted a ciga—his only luxury—preparatory to "a good comfortable think." Too often his plane, his quandaries, his doubts, his fears -all for others-had to be worked out. allayed, dispelled, in the midst of inter ruptions, trivial and tragical, laughable and tear compelling; for all things came to him. To-night he felt he was really at liberty to think in peace.

There was a sound of shuffling feet on and looked around. In the midst of warmth and light and color, his fine bight face met the dazed eyes of a hall-drowned, half frezen, only half conscious nan whom the old housekeeper ushered into the

motioniess and, for the moment, speech-less.

"We!!, my lad?" said the priest, spring-tog up and bearing down on him with his hearty presence. "Why, you are very coid! Come nearer to the fire—come nearer to the fire! It is a terrible night, indeed. Who is the poor soul that needs me to night? Make yourself comfort-able while you tell me. I will just hid able while you tell me. I will just bid Margaret get you a cup of something hot."

Father Martha's quick eye had taken in the messenger's widition at a glance.

"It's a long distant, I'm certain of that," he thought. "God bring me safe and soon to the poor creature."

"It's John Darcy's wife," said the man, in a hoarse voice. "She's very bad."

"John Darcy's wife!" repeated the priest. "They live beyond Mechanicstown, on the Lysburg road."

"Thirty miles from here," briefly asyou tell me. I will just bid

"Thirty miles from here," briefly assented the man.

I don't know. She's very bad." He spoke in short gasps. The ice was in his beard and on his breast. But he was brightening as he thawed. "How did you come over?" asked

Father Martin.
"Horseback. I've been about five hourt—nearer six It's the worst night I ever was out. She'll live till morning, reckon. Father Martin was already rapidly pre-

paring to go. He moved from room to room in silence for a few moments, and then came back to the fire.

"I will be ready to start in ten minutes," he said, quietly. "You must stay here by this fire until you are thoroughly warm and then Margaret will see to your

warm, and then Margaret vill see to your comfort. You have had a hard ride." The man stood up the instant the priest ceased to peak. Ma tried everything she could think of bu without effect, but the first bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters I tried I found relief.

It gave me great satisfaction."

Lucy Venerable (sge 11)

Lucy Venerable (sge 11)

Lucy Venerable (sge 11)

Lucy Venerable (sge 11)

Father Martin put him back into his cast with a firm and.

"My man, you me not a priest. It is not in this case, you duty to risk anything. You have done your duty."

"But—" began the brave fellow.

"I shall take a driver with me," interrupted the priest. "I know the way perfectly. By the way, you are not one of the Darcys. I know them all."

"My name is Poinsett. I belong on the mountain, near Darcy's folks. They have been good neighbors of mine."

"And you have done accounting to

have been good neighbors of mine."

"And you have done as mething to repay their kindness. It will not be forgotton. You are not a Catholic, I think."

"No. My folks are Methodista."

"So much the more kindness have you shown the good Darceys. God reward you. Now hear what I have to say. Stay where you are until you are warmed and braced up. Then come after me, if you will. It will surely not be any worse later in the night. If it is. I order you you will. It will surely not be any worse later in the night. If it is, I order you to stav here, and you must obey me as though you were a good Irish Catholic instead of a good American Protestant, who obeys no man except himself."

Poinsett could not but answer the genial smile on the noble face before him.
"Jim," called the priest to the driver, "Jim," called the priest to the driver,
"are you there?" Then to the stranger,
Good-night, and God bless you! I am off!"
The door closed sharply. A gust of
wind seemed to wake at the sound, and
sleet poured in a raging torrent against
the windows. The man half started up,
tottered, caught at the chair, and steadled
blusself.

himself. "I reckon be's right," he said. "He's a

first class man, anyhow. Cleargrit there, and no mistake."

He sat down, crouched over the fire, and listened, or tried to listen. Confused voices of the wind, of the fire, of the snow, of the sleet and hall surged around him. Presently he seemed to wake confused (though he did not know he had elept), and again and again. Then he did not wake at all; and Margaret, coming in not wake at all; and Margaret, coming in with the hot supper Father Martin had ordered with his foot on the doorstep, found the poor fellow half slipping from the great chair, half pillowed against its cushioned arm. It was a hard matter to rouse him, but at last he was seated at the table and almost enjoying the hot coffee. "How far bave you come?" asked Margaret. "And how long will it be be-fore Father Martin gets there—God save

"Amen!" assented the man solemnly, What time is it now. "About eleven. He's been gone two

ours." Poinsett started up, and looked eagerly about him. He opened the door onto the porch and looked out. The snow on the ground was more than a foot deep, but he strode through it, and looked far out into the night, over the deep gulf of the mountain stream.
"It is breaking off," he said, coming

"It is breaking off," he said, coming back into the room, "and I am off too.

My horse is down at the stable below, and by the time I get him out it will have stopped snowing. Thank you for your trouble, ma'am. You'il have to fasten the door while I hold it on the outside."

He had hurrledly wrapped htmself in his great coat and says fastened his for his great coat and scarf, fastened his fur cap over his ears, and pulled on a pair of thick mittens while he was speaking.

Before Margaret could say a word he was The night was still stormy, but there was a luli, and high on the mountain's blackness. Slipping and sliding on the irregular steps in the mountain side the perilous way to the stable was tra-versed, the horse brought out, and Pdn-sett ready to start on his return ide sooner than he had hoped. The hote was a good one—young, strong and we fod. With a preparatory plunge or two he took the road, the deep snow in the street muffling his tread. The bridge, swept clean by the winds rushing down the gorge, and classy by the sleet, presented the first difficulties of the journey; but horse and rider struggled through them, mutually except goods. them, mutually encouraging each other.
The road on the other side wound steeply into the mountains; but as the night kept improving all the time Poinsett made good progress, watching keenly every bush and stone and hollow, and peering cautiously ahead even when making the best speed.

"A sick call, Father," she said, briefly, and closed the door.

And the man stood just within it, motionless and, for the moment, speech-less. was past one o'clock when the clouds more and difficult.

"If he got through all right," excaimed Poinsett, 'God was with him, sure enough! There never was a harder pull,

Not a hundred yards beyond, he same note anunared years beyond, he wanted in sight of a dark spot on the utter whiteness. It was the priest's sleigh and ribes, but deserted. Poinsett hardly pauset to glance at them. The road sank avay here at a sudden curve, and rose again nere at a sudden curve, and rose again steeply beyond a narrow mountain strem. Half way up the rise, Poinsett saw a dak group. The moon was now out and full. It was Father Martin and his con-panion.—Jim Porter and his horse. The horse stood with drooping head over a prostrate form. Another form, closey wrapped in blankets, crouched in the saddle. "Father Martin !" cried Poinsett, loudly

he knew not why.

The prostrate figure stirred.

"Thank God!" said the priest's voice

"Thank God!" said the process
drowsily and feebly.

He had sunk down, stiffened and ex
hausted. Jim, the boy, was on the horse
which Father Martin still held by the
Poinsett leaped from his horse and went vigorously to work. A strange awe and tenderness filled his heart and stilled his tongue. Rabbing and chaffing the priest's limbs, he assisted him to rise and supported him.

"I know," answered Father Martin "Look to the boy; he was not strong enough for it." enough for it."

Poincett had given him a shake and fell within his wraps. The poor fellow stirred and muttered, but did not rouse. Poincard muttered, but did not rouse.

sett had as much on his hands as he could manage.
"It is but a short distance to the Darcy's now," he said. "I will ride on and get help, and you follow me as fast as you

can. For God's sake don't sit uown:
"I will not," said the priest, with energy and vigor that encouraged Poinsett. He hurried off. The lights of Darcy's house were visible a moment later, and Poinsett shouted lustily. The noise brought the men to the door and the yard

in an instant, and half a word was enough to start the whole party on the return

to start the whose party on the return track with hm.

"Father Martin! God save yer Reverence! I hope yer not horted," cried the first to arrive, in the spot, where the priest was slowly but steadily climbing the hill, still draggin; the bridle and Shamrock.

"Is your wife yet alive, John?" was the

answer.

answer.

"Sile is, Father. But—but—" The breek in his voice told all.

"Take me quickly, my man! I must be in time," urged Father Martin.

They had brought a rude sled, and had already lifted him on to it. Poincett climbed beside him, and began again his efforts to restore circulation to the head efforts to restore circulation to the be-numbed and stiffened limbs energetically directing the preferred assistance of others. Every door and window of the house was blazing with light and heat when they reached it, and the women came out, all eager pity and warm sympathy. Jim was earried in first, and the massive form of the priest was more slowly borne after him. Through an open doorway, the inner room where the sick woman lay was

seen as they entered, and her faint groans mingled with all other sounds. "Take me to her at once," said the

"Take me to her at once," said the priest, "and leave me there until she needs me no more. Until then let not a hand be laid on me, nor a word said to me."

They carried him in—he was now unable to stand—and placed him as well as they could on the floor by the bed side, and withdrew. In the intervals of working hard with Jim, who soon began to come out of it none the worse, Poinsett could not help glancing curiously toward come out of it none the worse, romeetr could not help glancing curlously toward the room within. A murmur of voices, faint, low, and often broken, cume from it. Presently some of the family passed in, and in a short time, with a general sigh of relief, and a visible lifting of the cloud of sorrow which threatened the house, they all went forward, and Poin sett was called to assist. Father Martin

was unconscious.

Poinsett was all alive and glowing with energy and interest. He worked as he had never worked before, and under his directions the others worked rapidly, sensibly, helpfully. They laid Father Martin on blankets and coverlets drawn toward on blankets and coveriets drawn toward the open fire on the wide hearth; they rubbed him, they poured hot stimulants into him or over him, through his rigid lips and over his cold breast.

When the day was fully come, and the bright sun of a winter's morning streamed in at the uncurtained window upon the glowing interior, Father Martin was sleep-ing like a rosy child, and Poinsett, in the big chair near him was dreaming over the night's work. Poinsett was a great dreamer. The nervous, eager American brain is the same in mountain and low-

orain is the same in mountain and low-land, knowing no rest.

When John Darcy's wife, fully recovered from her illness, was going about her homely duties, with a smile in her blue Irish eye and an Irish song on her healthy red lips, Father Martin had another call from Poinsett. It was a long one, and through it all the good Father's warm heart her, blok with grateful inv. warm heart best high with grateful joy.
Poinsett had been "turning things
over" ever since the night of the priest's ride.
"I said to myself then," he explained,

"That's the religion for me! I didn't think so much of them wanting you—a good many folks like to have their minis good many locks have a large transmission and, though it was a hard ride for me, still it was daylight when I started, and they'd been good neighbors to me when good neighbors were scarce. But when I came in here, and found you so warm and com fortable and easy, and you got right up and went off on the word, just as though the good Lord had sent for you in-stead of John Darcy, I tell you I felt it. I was so beat out I couldn't go with you, and I went to sleep right there in your chair, and had it all over in a kind of dream. Something seemed to keep saying over and over spain. 'The in here, and found you so warm and com keep saying over and over sgain, 'The Lord called him.' When I woke up I still heard it, and I couldn't rest until I found you. I didn't catch up any too soon, did I? Well, ever since I've been thinking things over. We have talked a good but shout it up words. talked a good bit about it up yonder. Your religion wears better than some

others, and I'd like to have it."

He did not wait long for it. He knows his life in his hand and go forth at the bidding of the Lord—that the life of the priest is so near the Hidden Life Divine that to do, to suffer, to die dawns for him with the morning and deepens his sleep

Father Martin's devotedness won for him the hearts of the Protestants. So brave a deed, so courageous a fight for what was evidently the conviction of his very life, drew attention to him as a man and to his religion as a faith. The bles ing of God rests on him and on his flock, scattered indeed, but dwelling upon "the everlasting hills."

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