

God.

KILIA MARTIN.

Grand the expanse of the heavens, but
grander the thoughts they suggest,
Lovely the blush of the morning, the crim-
son and gold of the west,
Bright are the stars of the midnight, float-
ing in measureless space,
But deeper and grander the secret we strive
to find their brightness to trace.

Fair is this beautiful planet, its carpet of
verdure, its seas,
Its mantle of life-giving air, its sunshine, its
mist and its breeze,
Deep the emotions that nature quickens to
life in law and in love,
But deeper and grander the secret we strive
to catch of the infinite whole.

Cunning the hand of the artist, a study his
thought-chisel'd face,
Bewitching the smile of the maiden, en-
trancing her beauty and grace,
Perfect the cup of the life, sweet is the
breath of the rose,
But deeper and grander the spirit that
waits they strive to disclose.

Wonderous the symbol of being, spread out
on every hand,
Wonderous the secret of nature, of sky, of the
sea, of the land,
Vast is the outward creation, undiscovered
by man and untold,
Yet ignorance, in its presumption, famil-
iarly prates about God.

KNOCKNAGOW

OR,

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORY.

When Hugh was closing the door, he
felt some slight resistance, as if 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 asked.
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 ravened,
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 unexpect-
edly deep and loud that it made Hugh
start.

"Oh, Mr. Hanly," said Hugh, "I had
quite forgotten you."

"No wonder for you," was the reply in
the same voice, and with the same wild
opening of the eyes. "I had a petticoat
on me the last time you saw me. Huh!
huh!"

He laughed a deep, hollow laugh, in
which Hugh joined, not because the laugh
was at all infectious, but because the
allusion to the petticoat, in which his
young neighbor had been kept far beyond
the usual age, called up the very remark-
able 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 like a young man in
the process of civilization.

"Come in, this is young Mr. Hanly,"
he added, on entering the parlor.

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 unconscious of what was
passing.

"Good night, Richard," said the new
arrival. And the deep bass of his voice
made 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.

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

Mr. Kearney, who had again introduced
the bull-bait, was proceeding to give them
some particulars he had learned from Wat
Murphy, when Lory produced another
sensational 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 tears to his eyes, and hastily pushed
his tumbler towards Mr. Lory, a pro-
ceeding which rather astonished that
gentleman, who seemed to think that Mr.
Hanly intended to share the beverage
with him.

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.
Lore 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;
but the nature and extent of his profes-
sional business was something of a
mystery to his neighbors. He made
periodical visits to the metropolis, during
which he was in a manner lost to his
family and friends in the country. Some
frivolous people attempted from time
to time to find out his whereabouts in
Dublin, but except that he was once seen
dining at a tavern in the neighborhood of
St. James's, these attempts invariably
proved unsuccessful. Attorney Hanly
came and went like the swallows—or
rather the swif— 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 "Gen-
eral Post-Office, Dublin," usually reached
his hands when it suited him. He rented
a very large farm within a mile of
Knocknagow, upon which his family always
lived genteelly, though somewhat economi-
cally. Attorney Hanly was eccentric, and
supposed to be rich—probably because he
was eccentric.

"Come, let us have a few songs from the
ladies," said Mr. Kearney. "That's Miss

Hanly rattling at the piano, I think."

The gentlemen followed him to the
drawing room, except the doctor, who sat
with folded arms at the fire, and Lory,
who waited 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-
collar at the looking-glass, "flush that
and let us go to them."

"Fath, I'd rather stay where I am,"
said Lory, looking at the doctor.

"On my honour, my dear fellow," re-
plied the doctor, "you are not at all singu-
lar in that way of thinking. Rose and
Kathleen are here?"

"Yes, and Miss Lloyds."

"Where?" the doctor whistled and
walked up and down the room.

"What the devil brought her?"

"Fath, I don't know. They were all
surprised when she came out with my
mother on the mail car, and walked from
the cross."

"I think I understand it," said the
doctor. And it was some consolation to
him to reflect that Miss Lloyds' thoughts
were so concentrated upon Sir Garrett
Butler's nephew that she probably had
given no attention to his humble self and
the misdeeds 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 doc-
tor advanced and shook hands in sil-
ence with Miss Lloyds and the two Miss
Hanlys.

Grace sang with spirit, and received the
compliments of the company with becom-
ing dignity. She could not, however,
conceal her delight when Mr. Lore came
to read the words of the song, and ask her
who was its author.

"I heard papa 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. Lore 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
papa's."

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

"Oh, yes; that is one of David's. He
was a true poet. At first I did not ad-
mit his poetry so much. But I do now.
'Tis so full of heart. He was an irrepara-
ble loss to the country," she added
solemnly.

"As a poet?" Mr. Lore asked.

"Well, yes; but more as a patriot. You
can have no idea of how much he was
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 David. And O'Connell, when
alluding to him after hearing of his death,
said, 'I can write no more—my tears blind
me.'"

Mr. Lore 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 its astonishment.

Miss Lloyds, who was both astonished
and chagrined to find that Mr. Lore could
feel interest in the prattle of a mere
child.

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

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

"What was his wish?"

"His wish was:

"Be my epitaph writ on my country's
He served his country and loved his
kind."

Mr. Lore again looked at her with
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,
shone in his dark eyes.

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

Miss Lloyds looked from one to the
other of the group in amazement. She
really could not understand what it all
meant; but there were many things which
Miss Lloyds could not understand.

And now, Miss Lloyds liked nothing
half so well as the music of her own voice,
which she must admit was musical; so
much so that it took many persons a
considerable time to discover that what
seemed so pleasant had nothing in it.
But she had a trick of talking to one
person and at another; which was very
trying to the latter—as Mr. Henry Lore
was destined to learn to his cost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS LLOYD'S FOIBLES.

As we have said so much of Miss Lloyds,
we shall glance at one or two more of her
peculiarities.

The facility with which Miss Lloyds fell
in love with every eligible young man—
and occasionally with an eligible old one—
—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 sympathizing
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 "in
one fainting fit into another"—we quote
the words of her own mother; and she
was known to have taken to her bed
for three weeks because of the
heartlessness of a widower of sixty-five

who had been particular in his attentions
on the occasion of his grand daughter's
marriage. Miss Lloyds being one of the
bridesmaids. But Miss Henrietta Lloyds's
strong point was curiosity—an all-absorb-
ing inquisitiveness about other people's
and their affairs. The passion—for with
her it amounted to a passion—bore down
everything before it. All sense of prop-
riety, all fear of consequences vanished
like dew, in the intense heat of her desire
to know what her neighbors were about.
Listening at windows, dropping in un-
invited at unreasonable times, stopping ser-
vants in the streets, and catechizing
butchers' boys, were every day occurrences
with Miss Lloyds. She had been known
to rush across the street at eleven at night,
and knock at Doctor Casseck's door,
merely because her maid had remarked
that a car had stopped there from which
a man with a travelling bag had alighted.
The doctor—thinking it was his assistant,
whom he had sent with two bread pills to
the parson's mother-in-law, who had
taken suddenly ill—opened the door; and
Miss Lloyds found herself face to face
with an elderly gentleman in his night
shirt, and was greeted at the same mo-
ment with a chest from three young gen-
tlemen of the Rev. Mr. Lobart's academy,
who had been making a night of it at the
hotel before resuming their studies after
vacation.

Miss Lloyds would slip into the kitchen
for a confab with the cook during the
progress of a dinner party up stairs, her
not being invited to the banquet as a
deliberate slight. And we blush to think
that even the apartments of single young
men had no terror for Miss Lloyds when
her inquisitiveness was aroused, and could
only be gratified by hearing 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 be-
longed to that class of fair ones into
whose "lure" the Scottish poet begged
leave to whisper—

"Ye're sabbins nae temptation,"
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 glimpses of Miss Lloyds's
character the reader must have antici-
pated that two of her foibles combined to
bring her this evening to Ballinacash.

She had been on thorns during the
week to get a look at Mr. Lore; and
when Miss Hanly met her in the main
street of Kiltubber, and casually re-
marked that her girls were going to tea
at Mr. Lore's in the evening, Miss Lloyds
eagerly offered to accompany her home.

"But, Mrs. Hanly, really, you may tell any
one that asks that we have fortunes. I
have two thousand, and my sisters a thou-
sand each."

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

"Mr. Lore'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. Lore! Make your
hail while the sun shines!

He meditated biding from the room,
but felt as if he couldn't—as if he "held
him with his glittering eyes," like the
Ancient Mariner.

"And Robert tells me," continued Miss
Lloyds, "that Mr. Hemphill is extremely
intellectual."

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
laughing.

But to suspect that Miss Lloyds was
drawing upon her imagination, that Miss
Lloyds had recourse to a euphemism,
which was her practice when quoting her
brother's observations. In this instance
Bob did say, in reply to a question of hers,
that young Hemphill was a "bloody clever
fellow," and this expression Miss Lloyds
merely translated into "extremely intel-
lectual."

"I knew his brother," said Lory, from
the opposite end of the table.

Miss Lloyds was in the act of putting
her cap to her lips, and staring at Mr.
Lore over the brim, when Lory's remark,
innocent as it may seem in print, knocked
the cap out of her hand as effectually as
if he had flung a projectile at it with un-
erring aim.

The shock was felt more or less by all
present, but when they saw Miss Lloyds
with her hand in the same position as
when the cap flew from it, apparently un-
able to move, and staring at Lory as if he
had knocked the wit out of her too, a
laugh that could not be suppressed went
round the table.

And when the nervous
lady at length leant back in her chair, and
said faintly, "That boy is dreadful," Mr.
Lore blessed Lory in his heart for draw-
ing her eyes upon himself.

Mrs. Kearney took the broken tea cup
in her hand; and the good woman was
incapable. She had not even the
melancholy consolation of seeing how her
uncle Dan admitted of letting how her
particular set for Richard suggested a
dance at the moment, which would
have been a great relief to the broken
cup on the tray with a sigh.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Weak eyes and inflamed his indicate
an impure condition of the blood. The
best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It
vitalizes 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 season. I doctored
with everything I could get but to no avail.
Finally I got Haysard's Pectoral Balsam
and gave her two doses which improved
her, and in a week she was entirely cured
by its use. Mrs. C. Norman, Cornell, Ont.

OUT OF SORTS—Symptoms, Headache,
loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general
indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected,
develop into acute disease. It is a
trite saying that an "ounce of prevention
is worth a pound of cure," and a little
attention at this point may save months of
sickness and large doctor's bills. For this
complaint I have tried two or three of Bar-
necle's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and
one or two for three nights in succession,
and a cure will be effected.

Little Lucy's Luck.

"I had a disease of the skin for which
I tried everything she could think of but
without effect, but the first bottle of Bur-
dock Blood Bitters I tried I found relief.
It gave me great satisfaction."

Lucy Venable (age 11)
Boisevair, Man.

EXPEL THE WORMS by using the safe and
reliable anthelmintic Freeman's Worm
Powders.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

FATHER MARTIN'S SICK CALL.

Sara Trainer Smith in Ave Maria.

The tinkles 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
night."

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
another, in his lonely home-comings from
them, he had acquired the habit of talking
to himself. Otherwise, many times he
would scarcely have heard 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, service
schools. There was no railroad commu-
nication; 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
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.

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 clashing
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 thing 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 door into the passage and started down
the stairs. The house was built on the
mountain side, and as Father Martin
descended it to the village below, every
step 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 mountain top, where stood the church.

Father Martin's lonely meal did not de-
tain him long. He came back into his
study with a thoughtful frown. His day's
work of a task fulfilled, had speedily taken
up another matter, and was working away
at it, courageously and hopefully, eagerly
yet cautiously. He turned up the light,
opened the glowing stove, wheeled his
chair into a warm corner, and lighted a
cigar—his only luxury—preparatory to a
good comfortable think.

Too often his
plans, his quietude, his domestic life, his
—for others—had to be worked out,
allayed, dispelled, in the midst of inter-
ruptions, trivial and trivial, 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
the staircase. Father Martin started up
and looked around. In the midst of
warmth and light and color, his eyes
half closed, the dazed eyes of a half-drowned
half-frozen, only half-conscious man, whom
the old housekeeper ushered into the
room.

"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.

"My lady, my lady!" said the priest, spring-
ing up and hearing down on him with his
hearty presence. "Why, you are very
cold! Come nearer to the fire—come
nearer to the fire! It is a terrible night,
indeed. Who is the poor soul that needs
help? You tell me. I will just bid
Father Martin's quietude eye had taken
in the messenger's condition at a glance.

"It's a long distance, 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 Mechanic-
town, on the Lyaburg road."

"Thirty miles from here," briefly as-
sented the man. "They think she's dying
—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
hours—nearer six. It's the worst night
I ever was out. She'll live till morning,
I 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'll be ready to start in ten min-
utes," he said quietly. "You must stay
here by this fire until you are thoroughly
warm, and then Margaret will see to your
comfort. You have had a hard ride."

The man stood up the instant the priest
ceased to speak.

"I'm going back with you," he said.
"It's fifty times worse than it was when I
got out. I tell you, you can't go alone."

Father Martin put him back into his
coat with a firm hand.

"My man, you are not a priest. It is
not in this case, you don't risk any-
thing. You have done your duty."

"But—" began the brave fellow,
"I shall take a driver with me," inter-
rupted the priest. "I know the way
perfectly. By the way, you are not one
of the Darcys. I know them all."

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

"And you have done something to
repay their kindness. It will not be for-
gotten. You are not a Catholic, I think."

"No. My folks are Methodists."

"So much the more kindness have you
shown the good Darcys. 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
to stay here, and you must obey me as
though you were a good Irish Catholic
instead of a good American Protest-
ant, who obeys no man except him-
self."

Polisset could not but answer the gen-
eral smile on the noble face before him.

"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,
trottered, caught at the chair, and steadied
himself.

"I reckon he's right," he said. "He's a
first class man, anyhow. Clear right there,
and no mistake."

He sat down, crouched over the fire,
and listened, or tried to listen. The
voices of the wind, of the fire, of the
snow, of the sleet and half-sung around
him. Presently he seemed to wake con-
fused (though he did not know he had
asleep), and again and again. Then he did
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-sleeping on 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 have you come?" asked
Margaret. "And how long will it be before
Father Martin gets there—God save him!"