

made the occasion of a little address from Father John that was long remembered in the district. "It does my heart good," said he, "to see my people here to-day in such unusual numbers. For I know right well that it isn't because of blood relationship, or fashion, or any gain to yourselves that you're here. It's your own pure-hearted Christian charity, and may God reward you for it with the reward He has so richly promised to everyone that's considerate and compassionate. There's just one word I want to say to complete the kind action of to-day. The poor stranger we are burying will lie amongst us here far from his own kith and kin. None of his people will pro-

bably ever come here to pray at his grave. Now, let us tell his poor widow standing here to-day that as we took care of him in life so will we take care of him in death, and that whenever we come here to pray for our own we will feel ourselves bound not to forget to pray for him also."

It was thus the custom arose in the Barony that whenever a funeral was over at Kilcommon, and the crowd dispersed to pray at the tombs of their kindred, they never left the church yard without betaking themselves to a well-worn spot by the corner of the ruin and praying for awhile at the Spalpeen's Grave.

A DEVOTED REPROBATE.

A BAD MAN'S STORY.

Hector had been absent from the Potheen for many months, when one Sunday he reappeared. All the bars of the city were closed, and the boys had come back to their allegiance as usual. The Sunday closing act is a great moral power. At the same time it is responsible for some very peculiar gatherings. It stands to reason that the man who awakes on Sunday morning with feelings the reverse of those that were his on last going to bed, will want some balm for his sores. There is nothing like a great craving to stimulate ingenuity, and there is no craving so inspiring as a great thirst. So it is said. The Potheen was a representative institution called forth by this condition of repression and objection. It is when civilization classes with the natural that questionable business operations begin. As Hector has been known to say: "When I want a drink I'm going to have it,

dee ye see?" The proprietor of the Potheen believed this for the truth, just as firmly as a licensed provider might put his faith in any more pretentious proverb; and knowing it he did not think he cheated anybody, particularly when he was refused the license which was granted to much worse men.

There was an Englishman among the regular Sunday visitors. If he came in after three o'clock in the afternoon he would apologize for being "late for church." He was immensely polite, this Englishman, and was respected by the rougher element because he had occupied a position in the world of educated people a couple of rungs further up the ladder than any of them would ever or could ever get. Those who pretended to know most of his past, used to say that it was because he was so clever and unfortunately so good natured that he had fallen from that