# (1) (11 (1) CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

## ailey moore

## chapter vi.-Continued.)

 Snapper arrived in due time at the place frombich be had set oul. Everything was wrongJude was a 'trollope?' The man of all-work mas a robber;' and a boy who came to take the -a feat which obtained for Mr. Snapper the benefit of some special, but not very desirable, prayers and wishes.
Prat all things have an end; and the bad temper of Mr. Snapper evaporated, after he had
flung his boots at a male serrant, torn bis kid flong bis boots at a male servant, pure contempt for such fripper
 tumes a man above the littleness of emploping it, as mang otbers art
not serve them. not serve them.
Mr. Snaper rang lis bell-he did not ring in a passion, and theretore he was soouer aoswereut. man-John appeared. He looked very straight and very mild.
'John,' sadd Snapper, just as milily.
'Sir' said John.
Send up Forde, and rll thank gou.
' Yes, sire' said John.
John went down stairs, and told Jude there beauty was rery quiet.
Mr. Suapmers a name which the servants gave man's personal autractions; if intended to to fleter hum, th must have been rery sincere, for they nerer told him that they gave bin such an ap.
pellation, and of course, therefore, never so ad$\xrightarrow{\text { dressed }}$ Lim personally.
Forde' presented bimself. He mas a man In teight about firie feel two inches-one inch of
which was given to his forehead, three to his Which was given to his forenead, three to hiss
ears, and half an inch to his nose. He lad a ears, and half an inch to his onse. He thicud a
very thick head behind the ears, and thick lips vefore them. Forde was not constdered prepos-

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You know, as the saying is, justice must done.'
'Sartinly,
'Said Mr. Forde $;$ sartioly.' and so on, sou know:'
nd be sill not as the soring is or quietness till he has a partucular gentleman in this neighboriuod, you know?

Young Mr. Moore,' continued the devil, man-shape, "is very good, and, as the saying is,
he's very, well known, and this poor man mants to speak to him particularly-most particularily to speak to him.'

And you know, Forde, as you come down committed the other might.'
Forde shook a little-an excess of feeling, may hare been-but he made no remark. dark-'

## Forde, here are four half-crowns--,

Aht, sirre, listen. Don't touch the hair Mr. Moores Lead. You'll lose something there 'twill be the dusk of the evening-ana you know, as this amiable young gentleman is suspocted see the place, and be very much agitated and all that, and-

And then ?
And then, Forde, we must do justice, you
know.'
Forde's epes began to fill with light ; bis features relased, and in a full state or illumination, he sand, 'Young Mr. Moore is to be put in jail.
Justice mus be doue, you know, as the say-

back, would 's heart full, to the spot
'Witnesses, and so on, are almays necessary
for the ends of justace, you know
his bros, darkened. 'Is 'stat all?' he added.
' You may go now,' says Snapper.
And Mr. Forde was preparing to depart., He taken his hat, or what remaned of that useful
${ }_{\text {arl }}$ Forde,
'Forde,' sand the land-a

- When you are at that nice gentleman's house, and so forth, you might find a glove golng astray,

Don't go fast, Forde. You might find some litle article or another; ; any trifie at all, as the
saying is, which peing found on the spot, would

Mr. Forde went leisurde, my good fellow. Mr. Forde went leisurely enough down the staire, and pbilosophized as he passed through the
tall, Gan dhouth air down she an. duull fein adh bolun she an dzail fenn, e, that he was convinced Mr. Snapper was the
devil bimself, only that Mr. Snapper (beat the And so Mr. Forde went forth to tormard the ends of justice
chapter vin.-showing how peggy Hynes Did not go to the poon-houss,
Biddy Brown the Beggarworman's house lay at It was a lonely bouse, on a lonely road, called the ' Boo-roaid;' and behnd it, fary, far away to the shadomy mountans, one saw nothing but
'reeks' of parious bulks, and s holes of rarious. dimensions ; these ' boles' spreading out, some into diminutive lakes, and others looking like
open graves overflowed with water. It was a spen graves orertiomed with water. It was a
sad place to dweil, and only Biddy Browns could live there ; but Biddy very truit ssid that 'beg. gars can't be choosers.
A great
chimner, rooff sss portion of the cabin. A large quantity of reddish peat-ashes was almays gathered liere, while was a favorite spot for little Eday to sit fondled, inuch against its will frequently, Buldy Brown's black cat.
There was a plain board on ledges, which
some how or other kept ther places some how or other kept thenr places on the wall,
tide was the odresser? tinaging from an old cross bean, a broken tub an old sieve, and a sprounge-wheel on the floor; 'Our Blessed Lady' a fripliful woodeut be-
smeared with pink and blue (why don't we make out some decent woodcuts for the poor?)-was out some decent wooccuts for fand in the end of the cabin there were tro 'locks of straw;' by a figure of speech beds of the poor
But Christ was poor ; and ‘dear Mary' often it is sald, was hungry; and the best friends ol God-those who lived oaly to make him known, and died to glorify him-they all lived in hunger
and thirst and cold, like the winter time of old Biddy Brown's cabin. 'A great sign,' poor Biddy often said, ' a great sign,' she said, foothat
this was'nt the world Godl made for his friends, this was'nt the world God made for his friends,
for many uv 'em hadn't much ur id, and the handful of 'em that had any iv it didn't care about id,-like Ailey Moore, God bless her.' man who does not wish to give up the Christian man who does not wistr to give up the Christian
religion upon what princip!e-that is, by what reason-moner is these times made a sign of the
love of God, and of the truth of religion? love of God, and of the truth of religion -
'Wherever I met the cross,' says a mighty peer of Eugland, and a very devout man too; ' whererer I saw the cross, poverty was near at hand,
and then his lordship shooks a wise and pitying - 'God's truth and this poverty cannot abide ${ }^{\text {together }}$ Is he not the son of Joseph the carpenter,' Gentiles, to whom the cross is ' 'folly.' Gentiles, to whom the cross is 'folly.'
A sick girl was lyng on one of the a bore mentioned locks of straw, and a baby, beautiful
as a cherub, was lying beside her. Neddy, with the shirt clean as ever, and the elbows and knees still ' out,' and the staff hair shooting straight and uncombed, from all paris of his head, was squatied in the middle of floor, 'making a new
sally whistle to please poor Peggy Hynes's sally, whistie to please poor Peggy heart, we
child. Neddy had a brave, healith heal $\underset{\text { Peggy }}{\substack{\text { manners. } \\ \text { Pynes it was that lay in Biddy Brown's }}}$ Thus it happened.
Thus it happened.
On the day that she prepared r to go in, that: is, into the poor-house, Peggy brought the baby this day all alone, at the foot of the great stone
cross-and she thought of everything-the dis-tant-the dead -the past, and, ah! the tuturethe frigbtful future. It must be admitted that the poor young mother wept very much-it may feeling in the depths of the hearts of the poor ; feeling in the depths of the hearts of the poor ;
and when ber soul was fullest, and ber eyes swimmugg in tears, she looked at her baby, and it smiled-smiled so joyously, so hearenlike, the poor little angel, and fluog its little arms around
the mother's neck so-that lore, and flar, and the mother's neck so-that lore, and far, and and poor Peggy Hynes tell down sobbing, with
her baby in her arms, at the foot of the great cross. She remanned there a long tome; a very long time, she said, untul ber infant began to the. Mother of God, near the Cross, on Mount
tears, she said it comiorted her somewhat, and
she began to make up her mind to go. And then poor Peggy looked at ererythng makes people lore litule cuildren.

lhey trembled on the clear deep water. Sthe loosed at the pleasant little nooks where she used to feel 'like as if the angels were all and
around'er,' though she san them not ; and the little ozier tree-she thought she knew every changed it, for she never remembered that had stood in its shadow, and somebody that loved it with her, too, beside her. The thought
brought another burst of memories, which again brought another burst of memories, which again
opened the fountain. Poor child, she thought it opend the fountain. Poor child, she thought it she was foolish enough to biss many a spot besides trod; and prapers for her were often breathed -sha was tempted to believe, too vainly; and she looked and looked, and was almost jealous of
the beauty that was round her; she thought it neariy unfeeling in everything to look so gay Peggy Hynes!
At length she tore herself way. The pea sant's final thought-God bless the Trish pea-
santry !-was Peggy Hynes's-'God's boly will be done.' ${ }^{\text {Thirl's mind was burthened with a multi }}$ full as the spring in her own rallere So she was always taking 'last looks,' until she came to a turn in the higghay, on her sad journey :-
isere the Oid Cross should vanish-a few litile steps, and she could see it never. Why did
poor Peggy believe that she should never see it
Than? lonely woman paused - the babr look
The lonely woman paused-the baby looke the infant's look. It clung to her, and it shook, darkened the sun-a ferp drops fell, and ther was a peal of thunder. Peggy locked her little one in ber arms. Her heart began to beat-
fearfully-terriblp. That was all Pegey Hynes remembered, whe Father Quiolizan by her bed of straw
Drenched with rain and covered witiongore-
Cor she had burst a blood-vessel-little Ned dis covered her, and lite a sensible boy that koes soft heart that poor Gran' had-we told the der her rough exterior-be engaged the service of the first passer-by to bring her to ' bis house,
Biddy Brown clapped her hands-tbanked God upon ber bare knees-cursed the agent, must be admitted-prayed for every poor sinne Toman with some decostion of herbs-sent Neddy off for Father Quinlivan, and then re
membered side had not the young mother's din er. 'God's will be done!' exclaumed Biddy
The fath and hope and patience of the poor If ever poor and sick, and deserted, we find ourselves homeless and helpless, may it be near
the cottages of the poor! The comforts of poverty are the comforts of feeling and bope gents, come from the other world, or, at al events, they all have the light of the other
vorld upon them. Faith is not a mere word With the poor, as it is with people who have their
pleasure in eating, and driaks, and pride.pleasure in eating, and drinking, and pride.-
Faith is the poor man's inheritance, and the forclings to bis little cinldren, and bis wife. H conmands, because be 'will bave pleasure in beaven. A. greatly decelved man is any who
looks for happiness to tisehood and folly; but the poor man, whose religion is his all-if he look to anything but God for comlort is a mad man. And the great bulk of the good of the were poor. It we ever get sick and sorrowful among the coltages of the poor
On the fifth day of July, in the year before mentioned, poor Peggy was better; she had now been a full fortaight lying down. Her features softer and more glossy, and her skin was farer and more deltcate than ever it had been before Her eyes were rery brilliant, and her cheek had the color of a young and tender rose-leaf; and baby by her siderers look upon the sleeping paradise. ${ }^{-}$Everything around Peggy Hpnes, we and even of comfort. The sheets were white and fine-the counterpane was nearty new, and she bad tro pillows; ia fact, her litte hed-
clothes contrasted wilh the bed and with the

Gran was at her wheel near the great light-
gome'tearth, and she looked towards Peggy and
'Peggy is verg handsome,' said he-althougl ' Yes, avic ; poor Tom will be glad to see ber won't he, agra,' she suld, addressing Peggy, Peggy smiled, and a large tear rolled down
her cheek, and fell upon the baby. Poor thing it stretched its little arms up lowards its moiner, and cried.
She raised the creature and kissed tt , and laid it gently in her boson ; but the drops of perpiration stood upon her brow, after the hatio
exertion thus made and sbe neariy fainted. Gran,' she said.
'Yes, agra,' said the good-hearted begga woman, as sue rose and went towards her. 'Gran, she whispered, 'bury me down by
old Manning's sude;' aud the tears rolled fast as - Gran, agra, I'm dyng, and dying in peace,
and with a forgiviog heart for all. Bring Tom and with a forgiving heart for all. Bring Tom
to where you lap me, and make him kneel upon the grass beside me, and say, Pegg7, his own and poor Peggy looked up, for her speecl had
failed her. - Cushia, Cuslla,' sair Gran

Stay,' interrupted Peggy, ' Gran, the Faer of Heaven will bless you, and Neddy will be your garland. Neddy is so good, and he
never, cever lets ove hear of it. Neddy, come and kiss me-your poor Peggy, agra gall.'
' No, I won't, answered Ned, abruptly.
' Eb, Ned!? said the sick grrl.
© No,' the boy arun
roice.' The poor boy was overcome : 'l the burst into passionate grief, frightful for one so young-and
ran-ran out of the door-ran, shrieking along God bless that healthful honest heart of little Ned!

Gran;' agan said the siok woman.
Yes, agra, don't wak'n yourself.'
Gran,- -and sbe smiled; 'twas like sunshne
rom heapen on ber face, even white she was still weeping. 'Gran, I have got a mother for little Aileen, and she again raised her first-born,
who laughed in freslicened pigour as it embraced its mother. 'And, Gran, listen ; God made me do you know the eeason?

Ah, no one knows the angel, only me; she never let me out of her eyes-Dever; and no
man was the wiser. And I'm lyng on the man was the wiser. And I'm lying on the
sheets of her own bed; and ber pillows are supporting me. Oh! darling, darhog Ailey
A sladow fell on the door-way; the speaker
looked from Gran, and she say Ailey Moore looked from Gran, and she say
herself, leading Eddy by the hand.
‘Och, cead mille fuilthe routh wãsail, iestal cried Gran, as she ran forwa
Ctad mille fuilthe routh!
We cannot give a translation of Gran's mel comes-the Euglish language fauls us here.comes to the fair Ailey, whom she calls a lady that comes down to the level of the poor. If
any of our readers will send us a better transany of our readers will send us a better transwheh we have glven.
mank you, Gran, said Ailey takıng off her took Eddy's kiss from the invalu, and raised up the baby. 'Come,' she saic, ' I must have my litte namesake;' and the child clapped its little hands, and put forth its little lips to press those
to Ailey. The young lad
bosom ardenily
No one but. uxury of making poverty's paradise. What an ecstacy there is in beholding even an infant rejo:ce in your arms, and witzess the fire of her proudly sees her litle one caressed by 'a lady? Alas, with what little cost wealth might become the sunshine of the sorrowful, and share the
feltonty it creates and forms! How bappg even a few young ladies might make their locality by sitting down once of a day, even for a little love they might derelope-horr much gratitude and then bow strong might be the bonds between the rich and the poor
Father Mullois, of Paris, tells us that a medical man, some sbort ume ago, found a smartlooking, neat young woman, and a bandsome one maiting upon a poor invaliddin a poor faubourg
in a back room of a wretchedip. poor house.-
Eyerything was nicely done up. The furniture
cles all nicely in therr places.
'A neigbbor of yours?' sadd the doctor to the sick old woman-c'and good hittle girl, trulf.
A friend of hers,' said the young wornan, anticipating the old lady's reply. had occassion to call upon the same doctor, and Mon Diert!' cries the doctor-' mais-but our lauyship is the same I met cleaning up old 'Hash!' sald the Countess, placing ber finger But tise doctor did not lush, for which we ereby thank him.
Was not the countess happy ?- certanaly she
s. And there are hundreds of tadies like her Paris-for Paris is Catholic, thank God! Ailey Moore spent a portion of every day with her sick frend, preparing her to die, and
persuading her to live. Sie would take her by the hand, and kiss ber hand very often, for Ailey thought her hrly. She was a martyr, poor Peggy was, and she said she deserved every thing
for her sins ; for, oh, she 'so often fretted her good mother, and she was so wild,' slie said, aud she hadn't loved God half enough, and He was always so good to her ; allhough once she putt
Tom betweer her and God, and God had giver Loun to ber, and he had done everything for her and sure had given her Miss Ailey!
Edy had the point of his finger on Ailey's.
ittle shoe, and be looked up so lier face like one vorslipping, for be sat at her feet, a ad really did worship her-he murmured, 'Mily Moore.
Aileg overheard hun. With one dear little Eduy, she sald, raising him other-'well?') she said.
'Nothing,' replied Eduy.

Do you remember the story I told you?" ' Of the boy that bought bis fallier from 'Exactly?
lavers by working
' ${ }^{2}$.
-I'd do

| 'I'd |
| :---: |
| Edy. |
| S |

What would you do ${ }^{\prime}$ '
I'd go and be the slave myself to the man.? I'd go and be the slave myself to the man.'.
You would?

Bravely said ; and for whom?"
Ob, for some wan,'
Come, now, for whom?-tell me; for the riest ?
'Yis, sartinly, for Father Mick,' rephed Eddy; ‘ he's good to Gran and er'ry wa
•And for poor Gran?' pursued Alley.
Eddy gave Gran one of those concentrated 'And,' continued the beautiful girl, 'surely.
'Ailey Moore,' sleadily as if he were a man, Eddy had a brave heart.

Ailey Moore and Eddy two hours afier were proceeding along the 'bog road.' The evening ume. At a distance the sea was seen through two bills, and looked like an undulating lake of mencing to spread their rich verdure and glori-
mate ous pronise to the eye. The smoke was ascending in blue curis from the farm-bouses, and the catlle lowed along the plain and bill. It
was a beautulul evening, indeed, this fifth of Julf. Alley had no fear; every one knew her, praped. She never sair a shrub, or fower, or piece of sky, that struck her as beautiful, that brought not the Eternal to her mind, 'because she knew He bad sent them. She was the sis-
ter of Reginald or Gerald Moore, and she was Right in the mid-path, as they proceeded, they were met by the man whom we have sien so
ften, and know so well-c Shaun a dherle,' He asked an alms, and he received it.
God bless the lily of the valley !' said Shaun and God purtect er frum her enemies!'
Will pou give ad the beggarmac.

Miss Ailey;' the strange man said, in ạ low voice, and one of great solemnity, 'you are the
riend of the poor, and the poor love you. I want to do your brother good.'
Alley started, and redlened, and grer pale.

- Avourneen;'
'he beggarman contunued,
there is a net around him and you; och, don't feardon't thrimble a bit, not a bit, agra; there's a God in heaven, and a strong 'bonest arm on earth
do Gous bisiaess
'But you frigblen me,' ghe rephed.
Sue dıd, and his form expanded : the ohange was almost like a miracle.

