## ek not to walk by borrowed light, But keep unto thine own: what thou doest with might, and trust thyself alone!

Work for some good, not idly lie Within the human hive; And though the outward men should die, Keep thou the heart alive!

Strive not to banish pain and doubt, In pleasure's noisy din; The peace thou seekest for without Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim, By worth, her slight attest; Nor blush and hang the head for shame When thou hast done thy best.

What thy experience teaches true, Be vigilant to herd; The wisdom that we suffer te, Is wiser than a creed.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair, On loves and friendships gone Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair, And mount right up and on!

## KNOCKNAGOW

inner room, followed by the young girl.

"Who is that old gentleman?" Eimund asked.

"I couldn't tell you, sir," the fisherman answered. "He says he lodged here the year the French vessel was lost in the bay. That was in my father's time, and I was in Newfoundland myself. So I have no recollection of him. There wasn't near so many houses in Tramore then, and people used to come and lodge here in the summer. But, though poor he is, he's a gentleman. I'd take my oath uv that any day."

"Ay, an' his daughter is a born lady," added his wife. "An' they're welcome to stop for a month if they like before I'd ax 'em for a penny. 'Twould rise the cockles uv your heart to hear her singin' the 'Coulin,' an' her father playin' id on the flute. I thought I was in heaven listenin' to 'em last night."

The old man or his daughter did not return to the kitchen, and the rain having ceased quite suddenly, Edmund stood up to leave, resolving that the young girl had left her book, with the pencil in it, on the table, curiosity impelied him to take it up and look at it. It was a well worn copy of Moore's Melodies," his face betokened the utmost astonlahment; for on the blank leaf be beheld Arthur O'Connor's handeome profile done to the life. The sensations created by this discovery were retailed the insteant and immediately presented him with a letter.

"Are they gone?" Eimund asked, after glancing at its contents.

"They went early this morning sir," replied the fisherman.

"An' the Lord knowa," returned the fisher wan.

"They went early this morning sir, replied the fisherman.

"An' the Lord knowa," returned the fisher wan.

"The book how, wife made the same remark they gone?

The Lord knowa," returned the fisher wan.

"An' the Lord knowa," returned the fisher wan.

"The pound-note was enclosed in the letter which Edmund now held in his hand. Bu handsome profile done to the life. The sensations created by this discovery were not altogether of the pleasurable sort; and he remembered with some satisfaction

and he remembered with some satisfaction that she spoke of Arthur a little while before as "the young abbe." There was also an unfinished female head, the contour of which reminded him of some one, though just then he could not say of whom; but he had no doubt it was meant for "the beautiful girl" mentioned

in connection with "the young abbe."
"'Tis most extraordinary," thought
Edmund, "Arthur and I will most certainly be at loggerheads some day."

He wrote with the pencil on the leaf"Don't be offended. I am a friend of I am a friend of

the young abbe." And slipping a pound note between the leaves, he replaced the book on the table.
"It is quite fine now," he remarked.

"There is the moon rising out of the bay. I shall have quite a pleasant walk back." And bidding the fisherman and his wife "Good evening," he proceeded on his way back to the town by the "Doneralle Walk," Minnie Delany was among the moonlight promenders on the walk—for moonlight promenaders on the walk—for one of the advantages of this pleasant seaside resort is that five minutes after the heaviest fall of rain the daintlest feet can venture out without fear of wet or mudbut alas! Mr. Edmund Kiely deliber ately turned from the smooth gravelled walk, and, descending to the brink of the steep shore, stood there for a good hour and more, watching the shimmering of the

moonlit bay. E tmund Kiely did not sleep as soundly as was his wont that night, and in the morning he was pacing up and down by the storm wall long before there were any fair nymphs to "speculate" upon among the breakers. He saw Mat Donovan at some distance, purchasing cockles from a barefooted woman on her way from the Back Strand; and it occurred to him that Mat would be able to learn something

about the old musician and his daughter for him. But Mat, with his purchase tied up in his red cotton pocket-handkerchief, was gone before he could come neavenough to speak to him, and he put it off till he should fall in with him in the course of the day. But during the morning and afternoon he looked about in vain for a sight of Mat Donovan. In the evening he recognized Beesy Morris and her grandfather among the rocks at the Boat-cove, and leaving Father Carroll and Arthur O'Connor to comment upon Tom Steele's remarkable speech at the last "usual weekly meeting of the "Loyal National Repeal Association," made his way over the slippery seawed, and, after congratulating the old weaver on bis good looks, inquired of. Beesy whether she had seen Mat Donovan during the day.

"I saw him buying cockies on the strand early in the morning," he added, "but I have not seen him since."

"He went home to-day, str," Beesy answered, looking very innocent and unconscious.

KNOCKNAGOW
OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LL.—CONTINUED.

If we ventured to turn Mr. Edmund Kiely's thoughts, as he stood with folder arms upon thet rock high above the surging see, into plain prose, we fear some at least of our readers would not readily set him down for the sensible fellow he really was. He was statled from his reverle, however, by a vivid flash of lightning, followed quickly by a terrific thunder-clap that seemed to shake the rocks around him. Then, as the old musician had foreteld, down came the rain in a hissing torrent; and Mr. Eimund Kiely leaped from his elevated position, and, pulling the collar of his zephyr up over his ears, made straight for the fisherman's persuading himself that his only earthly object was to escape getting wet to the skin. Rideing the latch, he flum the door open, and standing inside the three hold, shook the rain from his hat and coat without even looking about to see who or what the inmates of the house might be. It was quite plain the young gentleman only sought shelter from the thunder-shoid, shook the rain from his hat and coat without even looking as shout to see who or what the inmates of the house might be. It was quite plain the young gentleman only sought shelter from the than dre-shower. The amount of the house might be limbered to the shift of a book.

"I have just run in to escape from the blank leaf of a book.

"I have just run in to escape from the blank leaf of a book.

"I have just run in to escape from the blank leaf of a book.

"I have just run in to escape from the blank leaf of a book.

"I have just run in to escape from the blank and presented it without speaking to the limber of the different near the email window, writing or making a sketch upon the lold man could make any reply, and the fisherman entered with the water running down from his "sout "wester," and over his old cloth jacket, as if he had just energed from the waves. Thrusting hand laside his wasteoak, the produced a letter, and presented it without

"She was very beautiful," he replied absently. "Beauty 'like the night'," rejoined Edmund.

"No," said Arthur, looking surprised.
"She was singularly fair; and her eyes were blue." There must have been something the

matter with your eyes," returned Edmund.
"I never saw such a pair of black ones in all my life."

"Oh, you mean the girl that seemed to be his daughter?" Of course I do. Did you ever se

"Of course I do. Did you ever see such eyes?"
"Well, yes. They reminded me of my cousin Annie, of whom we were talking the other evening."
"Then, by all means keep out of their way—if you would not endanger your vocation," said Edmund, laughing.
Arthur O'Connor looked grave, and made no reply. He knew he had no vocation for the Church. But he thought made no reply. He knew he had no vocation for the Church. But he thought

of his mother, and resolved to strive and pray for it.

"This place is infernally dull, after all," yawned Edmund K(ely. "I'm tired of

One gloomy day in the following win-ter, Arthur was "pounding" for the ex-aminations, in his room in — College, when Father Carroll was announced. "Come over to the Ursuline Convent with me," said he, after shaking hands with the student. "I'm going to see

Sister Olare. Sister Clare received her reverend of welcome, and after innumerable in-quiries about friends at home and abroad, she exclaimed in reply to a question of Father Carroll's-"Oh, I'll bring her

down to you," and left the room.

Arthur was so occupied examining a painting of the Virgin, copied, Sister Ciare had just told him, by one of the nuns from an original of one of the old masters

"She ought to play that air well," Sister Clare observed, "for she is continually practising it. Edmund Kiely was here lately, and he would not let her play anything but the 'Coulin,' the 'Coulin,' over and over."
"He! is that the way the wind blows?"

Mary bent her head and laughed, but made no reply.

After this Arthur O'Connor and Mary

After this Arthur O'Connor and Mary Kearney became great friends. He spent a week at Christmas at Ballinaclash; and two weeks in the summer—besides meeting her at the sea-side. Oh, those sea-side musings and communing! But then Arthur's mother openly accused Mary of trying to lure her son from the high and holy path he had entered upon; an accusation which so pained and shocked the gentle girl that she insisted upon breaking off all further intercourse with him. consation which so pained and shocked the gentle girl that she insisted upon breaking off all further intercourse with him. Her brother Hugh approved of her resolution, and even Arthur himself admitted that she was right. He pursued his studies industriously, and was among the students of — College chosen to be sent to Maynooth at the examinations which took place a week or two before Sir Garrett Batler's nephew did Maurice Kearney the honour of becoming his guest. Arthur, however, preferred the Irish College at Paris to Maynooth, and was on his way to spend a day or two with Father Carroll before leaving Ireland, when he chanced to see Barney Brodher ick and his black donkey in the main street of Kilthubber. There was some delay about the car he had ordered; and, as he would have to pass by the cottage on his way to Father Carroll's, the wish to ree Mary Ksarney once more, and bid her good bye, became so strong, that he wrote a hasty line, asking her to be at the little window in the ivited gable to shake hands with him. If she had no objection, he said, he would like to see her father and mother, and all of them, before he left. But, if she feared whispering tongues might be busy if he called in the usual way, he would be satisfied with a good bye from the garden. He gave the note to Barney, who thrust it into his hat, and, as a matter of course, forgot to deliver it till Mary's question, the evening after, reminded him of it, when she was wondering whose could be those mysterious footprints in the snow from under her window to the stile behind the laurels.

"And now he is gone!" said Mary stere

"And now he is gone !" said Mary, after eading the note. Yes, he was gone; and in by no means a happy frame of mind.

And now the reader knows more of the tracks in the snow than Mr. Henry Lowe; to whom we will return, just to see him tafe out of Tipperary; that is, so far as his bones are concerned. But we do not by any means vouch for the wholeness of he young gentleman's heart.

## CHAPTER LII.

THE BULL BAIT .- THE CARRICK MAN ANI HIS DOG "TRUEBOY."-LORY PUNISHER BERESFORD PENDER, AND RIDES HOME BEHIND MR BOB LLOYD, ON THE GREY HUNTER -MISS LLOYD INVOLUNTARILY SITS DOWN.

Mr Henry Lowe is pacing slowly and houghtfully up and down the bex-bor-ered walk in the little garden at the end houghtfull of the cottage. He stops occasionally to geze upon the blue mountains; and once or twice he stood upon the stile behind the laurels, and looked along the road towards the hamlet. But, whether gazing at the mountain, or looking along the road, or pacing the box bordered walk, Mr. Henry Lowe's mind's eye is ever turned Henry Lowe's mind's eye is ever turned to the little window in the ivied gable. As the day of his departure drew nearer and nearer he had been watching for an opportunity to speak to Mary Kearney, alone. But, whether it happened by accident or design, he never could find the opportunity he sought. She was always accompanied by Grace or Eille; and once or twice, when he met her by herself, she found some excuse for going "What a fine day it is for this season!" terself, she found some excuse for going herself, she found some excuse for goilly away before he could screw his courage to the sticking point. There was nothing to hinder him from saying at once and in plain words that he wished to have a minute's private conversation with her; but he couldn't make up his mind to take | in the air." what he considered so decided a step.

He wished to feel his way a little, and would prefer a casual meeting. But the fates seemed to be against him. He had observed that Mary was in the habit of walking alone in the garden about this with that smile of hers, which more than

which a gentleman in the neighbourhood had lent to them, that he was not award of Sister Clare's rotant to the room till he heard Father Carroll say;

"She is keeping up the beauty, I see."

"Oh, she'll be quite spoiled," returned the nun. "Now," he thought a first gave turned the nun. "There or nealth of he bouty."

"Now, he was seem to make of he bouty."

"Twen one talks of he bout was and was ascented to take the nun. "Twent one talks of he bouty."

"I there was nothing in the least miranious to excite his worder.

"Dou't you know Arthur O'Connor!" to the was assent to conclude she is purposely the to excite his worder.

"Dou't you know Arthur O'Connor!" the same of the continuation of the cont

laurels, while Ellie climbed upon the back of the seat to hang her little green cage upon a nail which she had driven into the trunk of an ash tree, sufficiently high, as she thought, to save her bird from the old grey cat, who sometimes came prowling about that way. Tommy Laby had offered to catch the old grey cat and rub his nose against the wires till it bled freely, by way of warning; but this Ellie positively objected to, as there was no overt act to prove that the old grey cat entertained

objected to, as there was no overt act to prove that the old grey cat entertained any felonious intentions whatever against her goldfiach.

At first Mr. Lowe felt annoyed when he saw they intended making an indefinite stay in the garden; but then it occurred to him their presence would not interfere with his conversation with their sister, but, on the contrary, would make her feel more at ease. So he looked at his watch again, and took another turn up and down the walk. And now those tantalising tracks in the snow came into his head for the thousandth time. What could they mean? The idea that there was a "lord of mean? The idea that there was a "lord of the valley," who came with "false vows," as Grace suggested, was, he thought, utterly preposterous. Yet it was not quite so clear that there might not be some one who was not a lord of a valley and whose vows were not false vows. He could not, however, look upon any of the young man whom from thus to time he

and whose vows were not false vows. He could not, however, look upon any of the young men whom from tine to time he he had seen trying to make themselves agreeable—and to all of whom she was equally gracious—as likely to prove a very dangerous rival. Not one; not went the stylish young man in top boots, with the horse-shoe pin in his scarf, who so astonished him by touching his hat and addressing him as "your honor," It scarcely amounted to coxcombry in Mr. Lowe to feel pretty well satisfied that he himself held a high place in Mits Kearney's esteem, and that in fact if anyone held a higher it was her brother Hugh. He wondered at her taste in regard to Hugh; but of course he was not going to be jealous of her brother. Yet a brother may sometimes prove a more formidable rival than lovers dream of; particularly when the world in general is so stupid as not to recognize his super excellent qualities—which happened to be the case in this instance. She was angry with her lady acquaintances that they did not fall down and worship him. And it must be admitted she was sometimes angry with Hugh for not being as enthusiastic as he ought to be about one or two dear friends of the way hos as though her fall down and to be about one or two dear friends of the way hos as thouse her and the many and the proceeding was calculated to awaken were quite lost. The cause of her alarm was nothing more nor less than that he agreeable alarm was nothing more nor less than the first have were a the state of the work of the same of the same of the same of the read of the way who she the was the though her fall down and worship him. And it must be admitted she was sometimes angry with her lady acquaintances that they did not fall down and worship him. And it must be admitted she was sometimes angry with hugh for not being as enthusiastic as he ought to be about one or two dear friends of the way who she them her friends of the way he as though her fall the fall that he would be about one or two dear friends of the way he as though the fal as he ought to be about one or two dear friends of of hers, who, she though, had the good taste to appreciate him. There sure he ought to have fallen in love. On one occasion this young lady, when pre-senting Mary with a bunch of flowers ran to the end of the lawn for a little sprig of hawthorn and secured it in the nosegay; a rather odd proceeding, seeing that both sides of the road nearly all the way from the residence of the young lady to Ballina-clash were white with hawthorn blossoms.

was one in particular with whom she was But the mystery was cleared up in the most satisfactory manner when she whis-pered into Mary's ear that the hawthorn was for Hugh; for all the world—except Hugh himself—knew that hawthorn was "emblematic of hope." Hugh, how. was "emblematic of hope." Hugh, however, took the blossom with a smile; and
Mary said gravely, "She was in earnest."
To which Hugh just as gravely replied,
"of course." Whereupon Mary became
indignant, and told him she did not
know "what to make of him," and that
no one could know "what was in his
mind;" and that she did not see why
people should be "bothering their heads
about him," with more to the same effect.
Nevertheless Mr. Lowe was not far

Nevertheless Mr. Lowe was not far wrong in suspecting that Miss Kearney made her eldest brother the standard by

lesturely approaching with his hands in his pockets. "What a fine day it is for this season!" the doctor observed, waving away a little blue cloud that almost stood still before his face, and then stopping to admire his hand, which was sufficiently white and slender. "By Jove, there is quite a glow

"I'm heartily sick of the whole subject
"I'm heartily sick of the whole subject
"I'm heartily sick of the whole subject pensive."

"I'm heartily sick of the whole subject since last night, returned Mr. Lowe. "I think much of what they said was meant specially for me. But the more I hear about the relations between landlord and tenant, the more I am bewildered."

Mr. Lowe did feel bewildered at the moment; for Mary's blue eyes would bewilder a sage, as she watched her young sister chaining the old grey cat, who had come slyly prowling about her goldfinch.

"There's something up," the doctor exclaimed, on observing Phil Laby and and half a dozen others crossing the lawn by the short-cut from Kucknagow to the cross of Rosdrum.

"Perhaps they are going to a funeral," said Mary. "They always go to funerals in that direction by the short cut."

"Judging from their looks and the hurry they are in, returned the doctor, "it must be something more exciting than a funeral."

it must be somethigg more exciting than a funeral."

He stood upon the rustic seat in order to have a better view, and saw a man with a dog at his heels, accompanied by with a dog at his heels, accompanied by two boys who were making desperate efforts to take sufficiently long strides to keep up with him, but were obliged to get into a sling trot every now and then, so rapid was the pace at which he swept along, with his hat so far back on his poll that it seemed as nearly at a right angle as if it were hanging against a wall. The boys managed to get a little in advance of him occasionally, and looked up in his face, evidently reverencing him as an oracle, and wishing to observe the expression of his countenance, which was very red and excited, while he uttered his words of wisdom, all the time keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the hill over Rosdrum, straight before him.

awaren were quite lost. Ine cause of her alarm was nothing more nor less than was Murphy's bull-dog, who stood wag, give his tail, and holding up his muzzled snout as he looked into her face, evidently dolog his best to be as amiable and fascinating as possible, but, like some others of her admirars with only indifferent and her admirers, with only indifferent suc-

"Morrow, Wat," said Maurice Kearney, who, stick in hand, was standing near the half dozen small cocks into which the fallen remnant of the hay-rick had been hastily converted in order to save it from the weather.
"Five pounds," was the butcher's reply

o the salutation,
"I won't give it to you to day," re-

"I won't give it to you to day," re-turned Maurice Kearney brusquely.

"To buy the bull," Wat added; and then whistled to his dog.

Maurice Kearney rubbed his poll con-templatively for a moment, and then walked leisurely into the house to procure

the money. "O Richard, Richard!" exclaimed Mrs. Kearney, hurrying into the garden in a state of distraction. "There is the ass running off, he'll be sure to run down into that pit, and all the things will be in pieces—the wine and all. Oh, what's to become of me with that fellow? I suppose that man with the dog must be a ballad singer, and there he's off after

## TO BE CONTINUED.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

Mr. J. Leist, warehouseman for Lantz

Mr. J. Leist, warehouseman for Lautz Bros., Buffalo, N. Y., says he had a swell-ing on the foot which he attributed to chilblains. He used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and it troubled no longer.

A POPULAR FALLACY REFUTED. THE PROSPERITY OF CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT PEOPLES

It is a hackneyed assertion of anti-Catholice that the claims of the Catholic Church upon the belief of mankind are disproved by the alleged fact that it is opposed to progress, and that the most advanced and powerful nations on earth

opposed to progress, and that the most advanced and powerful nations on earth are Protestants.

Now, were what is here asserted as a fact really a fact, the conclusion would not necessarily follow that the claims of Catholic religion to being the one true religion of Christ were false.

1. In the first place we look in vain among the recorded declarations of our Divine Lord and His Apostles for any promise that His followers, either singly or collectively would be pre-eminently wealthy or powerful. On the contrary we find many things that look in the opposite direction.

Men are left to the exercise of their natural powers of mind and body in their efforts to acquire riches, to explore the exercise of the natural world, and subjugate its powers to mechanical purposes; and so, too, as regards other objects of human cupidity, carlosity or ambition. And it is altogether reasonable to believe that they who concentrate all their desires and energies upon acquiring the things of temporal human desire—wealth, power, human respect and honor—will outstrip in the race for them those who regard these things as of secondary importance and fix their attention chiefly on the things of the eternal.

2. There is much, too, in the lessons of

and fix their attention chiefly on the things of the eternal.

2. There is much, too, in the lessons of history, both before and since the nativity of Our Divine Lord, to confirm this entirely reasonable conclusion. The children of Abraham, the chosen people of God under the Old Law, were for a period bond slaves of the Egyptians, and from the time of their exodus from Egypt and their entrance into the "Promised Land." their entrance into the "Promised Land," till the destruction of Jerusalem and the utter extinction of their national power, they never equalled the heathen nations in those things by which national greatness is commonly measured. Even in the days of David and Solomon they were inferior in artistic, inventive and mechanical development to contemporary heathen nations. Nor could they cope with them, in the extent of their dominions, or the nations. Nor could they cope with them, in the extent of their dominions, or the number and equipment of their armies. David was a valuant and successful warrior, yet his military skill and prowess were chiefly exhibited and expended in freeling Palestine from the presence of an insignificant heathen tribe, or securing it from the invasion of other petty heathen tribes that inhabited the surrounding regions. And though Solomon's fame for wisdom spread throughout the then known world, and his ships brought gold from Tarshih, yet the very wealth and prestige which were acquired by him and the people he ruled, were the precursors of the division and decadence of his kingdom.

As regards artistic and literary culture, no people whatever, anywhere or at any time, ever equalled the people of heathen Greece. As regards prowess in war, legislative and administrative ability, power to at once subjugate and assimilate other peoples, the people of heathen Rome have never been equalled. The dominions of England and of Russia perhaps cover a larger extent of territory, but not as larger a progression of the

perhaps cover a larger extent of territory, but not as large a proportion of the world as it was then known, in compariworld as it was then known, in comparison with it as now known. Moreover, neither "enlightened" England nor barbarous Russia can compare with heathen Rome in their power to bend to their will, and bind by seemingly indissoluble bonds into a consolidated whole the peoples and regions they have conquered. Whether in Europe, Asia, or Africa, the highest ambition of peoples conquered by heathen Rome, and their proudest boast was to be able to say. roundered by heathen Rome, and their proudest boast was to be able to say, "I am a Roman." But what native of countries outside of England or of Russia that are included in their respective domains, cares to style himself an Englishman or a Russian?

lishman or a Russian?

And as regards wealth, England is the banker of the world, the depository of the world's wealth. She extoristribute from every land she has conquered. She taxes every people she has subjugated. She loans her money to and exacts usury from every people in the known world. Yet, with all this, she is not the equal in wealth o heathen Rome.

Need we prolong our argument? We might easily do so. But what we have already said is sufficient for our purpose.

Father Mathews are not encouraged in Father Mathews are not encouraged in Galicis. A Vienna correspondent writes that an energetic and noble Galician priest, Provost Vitozzynski, has for some time done all in his power to make his flock virtuous and happy. His exhortations in church and home have been especially directed against drinking, and his efforts have been so far crowned with success that very few of the villagers now visit the public house. The man who had farmed the inn and the right of selling intoxicating drinks having complained of farmed the inn and the right of selling intoxicating drinks having complained of of this to the proprietor of the licence, Count Caslaus Lassock, the letter beautiful. Count Ceslaus Lassock, the latter has com-municated with the district authorities. The result is that the Governor has now addressed a severe letter to the priest and the mayor of the village, warning them of the mayor of the village, warning them of the consequences which were sure to follow if they continued interfering with the con-sumption of spirit, as they could be made responsible for any loss which might result to the proprietor through the change of habits in the villagers. The priest pub-lishes this letter without a word of com-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, improves the appetite, aids the assimilative process, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the system. It is, therefore, the best and most thoroughly reliable alterative that can be found for old and young.

A Daughter's Influence. I had a very severe attack of bloody diarrhosa and was persuaded by my daugh-ter to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I did with great success,

worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. Margaret Wujn, Pembroke, Ont.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The great-est worm destroyer of the age.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

AUGUST 16, 1890.

A STRANGE PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY Garth Gibbon in Blackwood's Magazine.

Garth Gibbon in Blackwood's Magazine.

In one of the poorest and most overcrowded parts of poor and overcrowded Loudon s'ands a little whitewashed hous differing from the equalid places round it only in its perfect cleanliness—for on extering nothing but the plainest and monecessary furnishings are to be found.

One bitter night early in Februar there sat, in the hardly-furnished sittle room, a young priest. He was evidentle expecting some one, and some one hoved; for, from time to time, he stirre the fire and locked with something like sigh at the meagre meal which was propared on the table. "I must not put o coale," he said to himself: "for if the firs really bright when he comes in, he will and the standard of the standard of the standard of the said to himself: "for if the firs really bright when he comes in, he will need to the standard of the standard of the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said to the said to himself: "for if the first really bright when he comes in, he will need to the said coals," he said to himself: "for if the firis really bright when he comes in, he will
grudge himself the warmth. I dare no
make ready a comfortable meal, for he
will grudge himself the food. It is alway
so, for he thinks that he alone can d
without rest, warmth, and comfort; fo
oh! how tender and thoughtful he is abou
avery one alse!"

on! now tender and thoughtful he is about every one else!"

As he sat down sgain, the door opene to admit a tall, powerful man, looking weary beyond words and wet to the skin it needed not his clerical dress to assure any one who saw him what his calling was; for interesting as his face must have been under any circumstance.

It needed not his clerical dress to assur any one who saw him what his callin was; for interesting as his face must hav been under any circumstances, it was rendered beautiful by the beauty of holines and the strength and sweetness mingle in it made it like the face of an angel.

"Deer brother," he said, as he came in "I can go out no more this night, for my body is so weary and my heartso sore that I feel helpless and dis-spirited as I hav rarely felt before. The sin and the suffering, the wretchedness and poverty, and above all, the cry of the children, arbreaking my heart. And if mine—(Thou loving Shepherd! what must the suffering to be to Thee, in Thy perfect purity and uncqualed tenderness? How long, O Lud, how long?"

He sank down on a chair and burieth his face in his hands for a few moments while the younger priest looked at him sadly and anxiously. It was so unusua for Father Warren's face to be clouded and so rare for his spirit to be despondent that he felt sure something was wrong and that overwork and constant exposuremers at last beginning to tell even on himagnificent health and frame. "Now dear Father," he said beseechingly: "do put on dry clothes and rest this evening and take a long, quiet sleep, for if you persist in this constant self-forgetfulness you will have to give up work altogether and I think no greater trouble could be fall you and us than that."

"Well, truly," replied Father Warren "I am resolved to go out no more thinght, for, though the spirit is willing, the fiesh is weak." He had hardly finished speaking when a ring was heard at the door, and the servant entering, said "Father, a lady desires to see you, and begiven will not refuse her."

"Let me go," said the young priest jumping up. "It is too hard, this perpetual importunity. I will speak to her and tell her how unfit you are to do anything more or see any one this evening."

"Do so, my son," said Father Warren "but let the courteously and gentiv made

thing more or see any one this evening."
"Do so, my son," said Father Warren"
but let it be courteously and gently said,
as befits those who speak in the name of a

gentle and never weary Master."

The young man crossed himself and left the room; he returned, however after a few minutes, with a disappointed and somewhat mortified air.

"She will have none of me, dear Father but desires to see you, and you only to

but desires to see you, and you only; in very truth I feel myself asking for her; her pleading is so touching and her long ing so earnest that I have gone over to her side and can resist her wish no

longer."
Father Warren rose briskly and said, Father Warren rose briskly and said "Do not let her wait a moment longer I feel to blame that she has waited so long already. Bring her in at once. pray you," and while the priest hastened to obey he placed a chair near the fire and muttering to himself, "Neither turneth a deaf ear to any poor man," he put the teapot on the table and prepared to receive cordially the unexpected visit receive cordially the unexpected visi

tor.

The door was gently opened by a tall lady, dressed in black. She was exceed lady, dressed in black. She was exceedingly fair to see, beautiful in feature and carriage beyond most women; but there was an inexpressible charm far beyond even that—a dignity and perfection of manner and appearance such as Father Warren had navas seen before

Warren had never seen before.

Advancing toward him she said in s Advancing toward him she said in a low, clear, and most melodious voice "Forgive me, dear Father, for disturbing you so late, and on such a night; but no other could fulfil so well the mission which I ask you to undertake, Will you come with me to bring comfort and happiness to a departing and erring soul? and will you bring the Holy Sacrament with you, that, having confessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"

fessed and been absolved, he may go hence in peace?"
"Dear lady," answered Father Warren
"I have not eaten since the morning. My clothes are wet through, and I am very weary. Another priest of Goo more worthy than I shall go with you."
"Nay," she said looking wistfully at him, "I prey you, go with me yourself for to you was I sent, and the time is very abort. I beseech you to come with

him, "I pray you, go with me yourself for to you was I sent, and the time is very short. I beseech you to come with me and make no delay. By the love of the Blessed Mother for her Son, by the love of that Son for all His erring children, I implore you come with me, and come quickly."

She pleaded so expressly and tondarly. She pleaded so earnestly and tenderly and yet with something of authority in her tone, that the Father yielded; and forgetting all but her anxiety and that some one had need of him, he hastily put on a clock and left the house with

A strong biting wind and sharp sleety as trong oiting wind and snarp sleet; rain made walking difficult and conversation almost impossible, so he followed the lady silently as they sped quickly along the narrow streets. Father Warren could not but marvel exceedingly that the lady did not seem to be aware finied nor rain programything around here of wind nor rain nor anything around her but with firm tread and head erect, she walked calmly and quietly though very

she move She moved as one with a set purpose while a smile of hope brightened her

grave face.

At last, after walking thus for a considerable distance, they came to one of