

White Lilacs.

A year ago, a year ago,
The lilacs bloomed in the garden...

KNOCKNAGOW

OR,
THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LI.

MAT DONOVAN IN TRAMORE—MRS KEARNEY AND HER "OWN CAR"—THE "COULIN."

Tramore—the "Great Strand"—is a household word in very many Tipperary homes. There the child gets his first sight of those waves, whose slapping had been often listened to in the sea shell on the parlour chimney piece...

"Sincerely, that is Mat Donovan with the spade in his hand. What on earth can have brought him here?"

"What do you mean?" says Mrs. Kearney with severity, on observing the laugh in Mat's blue eyes.

boy at the Knocknagow drum in the world. "I would be like the end of the world!"

"Do you mean the label with 'Lodgings' on it?" Father Carroll asked.

"Well, sir," Mat answered, with a very solemn expression of countenance, "Phil Morris is here, an' he's lodgin' at a mummy-maker's up near the chapel, an' their women do be in there. You might as well try to understand a turkey cock as to understand Mat's 'em."

"There was, sir, what they get in them apart two white pillars they're done for. Though the fishermen at the Boat-cove tells me there's not a honest boy in Ireland, if the captain would n' run the vessel in on the strand, instead of tryin' to get back again."

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"I know the air," said Edmund. "It is the Coulin."

"The home-loving Coulin, that's sobbing, like Eire, with sorrow and love."

Edmund had murmured the words softly to the air, and was commencing the next verse, when the sweet tones of the flute were drowned by the shrill voices of a couple of ragged urchins, who accompanied themselves with a most unmusical rattling of bones as they sang, or rather yelled—

"The window was thrown up again by Mrs. Delaney's mamma, who seemed quite charmed by the hideous din; and even Minnie stopped listening her curls, and beat time to it with her little rosy fingers upon her shoulder."

"Who are they?" Arthur asked.

"I see how it is," said Arthur. "He began to play at this side of the street, and now he is coming back at the other side."

After standing upon the rock for a minute or two, the waited till the receding wave allowed her to leap upon the strand, and in another moment Edmund watched her climbing, or rather bounding, up the steep pathway, with a step as light as the wild goat's.

"The same," returned the old man, "I am determined to put my case in the hands of a lawyer at last, and see whether I cannot compel my unkind brother to do me justice. It is a duty I owe to you, my child."

"To enumerate the magnificent services of the Church in the cause of civilization would involve little less than an abridgement of the history of the world."

"It is surprising how slow our Protestant friends are to comprehend the real teaching of the Church on this important subject. They fail to realize that the Church is a living organism with a principle of unfailing continuity and vitality."

"The Church was before the Scriptures. She is the witness and keeper of Holy Writ."

"My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhoea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only have a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. Mrs. Wm. Strawn, Campbellville, Ont.

Protestant writers, like Guisot, Hallam and Dean Milman, sometimes do justice to the beneficent labors of the Church in the past, and are forced to admit that but for her fostering care, letters, science and civilization would have altogether disappeared.

"I am sure you will have a letter to-morrow; and this money the beautiful girl and the young abbe have so kindly given to me will be quite enough for us until the only wish I could keep is a souvenir of them. He is so very handsome! and she so exquisitely lovely! Did you notice them?"

"The Somerfields of Woodlands," she added.

"I trust it will not come to that," replied the old man. "You do not know how bitter a thing it is to be dependent on strangers. But see, those heavy clouds are about to burst, and we must hasten back or we shall get well drenched before we can reach the cottage."

"It was a Pope who first denounced the Infamy of human slavery, and successive Pontiffs demanded its suppression or sought to ameliorate the condition of the captive and the slave. Long before heretics had raised his voice in the halls of Westminster, and branded the crime against civilization."

"It is, of course, impossible to compress the necessary brevity of an outline sketch upon a title of the works by which the Church sought to pread civilization and its fruits."

Montalembert has made us familiar in his beautiful prose epic, 'The Monks of the West,' how the monks cultivated desert tracts, cleared, laid the foundations of cities, nursed industry, perfected legislation and reduced customs to order; and Digby, in his luminous 'Mores Catholice,' has beautifully pictured the widespread diffusion of charity and benevolence, the heavenly grace and Christian faith which even in the ages menaced dark abounded in the hearts and homes of Catholic peasant and Catholic prince. This was in an era when poorhouses were unknown, and before poverty was stigmatized as a crime.

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Happiness.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

Know, all the good that individuals find, Or God or Nature meant to mere mankind, Reason's whole pleasure, or the joys of sense, Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Contentment.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO CAN. TERBURY.

THE BATTLE OF THE FUTURE—SERMON BY FATHER MORRIS, S. J.

London Universe, July 12.

The love of Catholics for the sacred shrines at which their forefathers worshipped was fully shown by the number of those who journeyed from parts of the country, far and near, to take part in the pilgrimage to Canterbury on Monday.

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