

## THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee:  
How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh  
To-morrow's power by yester-day?  
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that  
be  
As doors and windows bared to some lone sea,  
Lash deaf my mine ears and blind my face  
with spray;  
And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay  
And ultimate outpost of eternity?  
Lo! what am I to Love, the Lord of all?  
One murmuring shell he gathers from the  
sea,—  
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.  
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest  
call  
And veriest touch of powers primordial  
That any hour-gift life may understand.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

## SALLY CAVANAGH,

Or, The Untenanted Graves.

A TALE OF TIPPERARY.

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

## CHAPTER XVI., Continued.

"Oh! Corney," said his mother, laying her hand upon his head; "an' didn't you ate any of it yourself?"

"I was goin' to ate it," replied the boy, "till I remembered this was Christmas Day, an' we had no mate; but I eat all the bread."

Sally Cavanagh laughed to keep herself from crying.

"Hand me a plate an' a knife, Norah," said she. "An' isn't poor Corney a good fellow?" She divided the meat in four parts, and placed it before them.

"If you won't have some for yourself," says Corney, sulkily, "I'm sorry I brought it at all."

Sally laughed again. But this time she rested her elbows on the table, and put her apron to her eyes. After a while she raised her head. "You're the droll Corney," said she, cutting a fragment off Corney's own piece, which was the biggest, for herself. The five penny loaves were then produced, and Sally Cavanagh and her children sat down to their Christmas dinner. But, remembering that it was unlucky for an odd number to sit down to a Christmas dinner, little Willie was taken from his cradle and brought to the table, greatly to the delight of his brothers and sisters.

"Tis the sweetest bit I ever tasted, Corney," said Sally Cavanagh, looking into the face of her generous-hearted boy, who was so like his father.

The night, as Mrs. Hazitt expected, was as dark as pitch. A flake of snow fell down the chimney on Sally Cavanagh's hand, as she sat down, after putting the children to bed, thinking, "God grant," she thought, "we'll soon have a letter. Tis little he suspects that the oats was taken from us by that black-hearted villain. The neighbors are good, I know; but what could they do? An' there's poor Mr. Purcell that has his own trouble now. The tyrant 'il never stop till he has 'em broke horse and fut. An' 'tis poor Connor'd be sorry to hear misfortune fell on that family; an' good right he'd have to be sorry. Well, God is good! An' whatever happens Connor Shea's childer, I'll never ax for charity at any man's door."

She knelt down to pray; but starting up suddenly with a frightend look, she made the sign of the cross on her forehead and on her breast, and blew out the rush-light. She heard a step approaching the house. The latch was raised, but the door did not open, as it was fastened with the back-stick.

"Sally" said a voice outside, "you're not in bed. I saw the light."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Christmas was not what it used to be at Ballycorrig. The little family circle in the parlor was silent, not to say gloomy; and the cloud which hung over it appeared to cast a shadow on the larger circle in the kitchen. Even Mrs. Purcell's great rice pudding failed for once to call up cheery looks into the faces of the workmen and servants, though every saucer was filled to the brim with whiskey punch "hot, strong and sweet."

"How sorry I am," said Kate Purcell, "that Fanny could not come as she promised."

"Indeed, then, so am I sorry," said her mother, in her abrupt way. "But I hope Brian will bring her with him when he is coming home."

They all felt that little Fanny's presence would be like sunshine to them, and even the mention of her name appeared to produce a brightening effect

so much so that Mr. Purcell took courage to talk about what was weighing so heavily upon his heart.

"What do you think I ought to do?" he asked, turning to Brian.

"If I must speak my mind," the latter replied, "my opinion is, that to pay the rent he has demanded would leave you a beggar in a few years."

"Times might mend," said his father. "Even so. Fifty per cent. additional is more than the land would be worth the best of times. And, besides, what's to prevent him from giving the screw another turn?"

"If he is so bad as that, wouldn't he serve me with a notice to quit at once?"

"I know the man," said Brian, "and I believe you are not served with notice to quit because he hopes to beggar you first. And if you take my advice you won't try to pay what he demands."

"But he'll turn us out," said Mrs. Purcell.

"Let him. Better to be put out now than in a year or two, when you'd be left not worth a shilling."

"I lost more improving the place than would purchase the fee-simple of it."

"So much the worse. There's no use throwing good money after bad. So tell him plainly you'll give up the farm if he wants more for it than you paid Quill."

"Tis too bad," said Mr. Purcell, "that a man can be robbed in this way. Such a thing couldn't happen in any other country under the sun but this. You talk about freeing Ireland, but why don't ye do something?"

This rebellious sally made Brian smile. He knew that his father—like many of his class—was won't to extol to the skies the "protection to life and property" which was to be found nowhere in such perfection as in Ireland, and to talk contemptuously of all malcontents of the past and present, excepting only O'Connell, who was "for peace." Brian, however, did not think fit, under the circumstances, to remind his father of this; so he merely said:—

"Tis hard enough, sir. But so many things of the same kind have occurred under our eyes, we need not feel surprised, at all events."

"There was never so bad a case as this," said his father.

"Think of the Clonbuee tenants, sir."

"But they were nearly all poor people," Mr. Purcell observed.

Brian looked grave, but said nothing.

"If we can get that money," Mr. Purcell continued, "we'll be all right."

This was an allusion to a sum of money which he had lent to gentleman in the neighborhood many years before, and about which Brian intended going to Dublin.

"Don't you think, sir," Brian asked, "we could all live comfortably at Coolbawn?"

"Don't talk to me about Coolbawn," replied his father impatiently. "I tell you nothing was troubling me so much as the thought that you would not live here after me. I intended leaving it in my will that you should live here, where your father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather before you lived."

Brian saw that there was no use in reasoning further upon the subject.

"Well," said he, as he moved a chair towards his sister, who had been preparing tea during the greater part of the conversation; "I'll ask Captain Dawson to dinner some day of the week, and we'll talk over the matter with him."

"To dinner here, Brian?" Katie exclaimed in surprise.

"And why not, Katie?"

"Oh!" said she, as if recollecting herself, "if any good is likely to come of it, I suppose that makes a difference."

"But objection could you have to my asking Captain Dawson to dine with us under any circumstances?"

"Well, I have my own notions," Katie, shaking her head.

"Let us hear them."

"If you want to know, then, I can't think it quite consistent with self-respect to know gentlemen, the ladies of whose families would not know me."

"I see, Kate," said Brian, leaning over his sister's chair, "that you are proud."

"Well, if that is pride, I am proud."

"And what do you think of your friends, the Misses Maloney's?"

"That's just what made me think about it first. Tis perfectly ridiculous the way they talk. The last time they called here they never spoke a word upon any subject but the Plunkets, and the Masseys, and the Honorable Mr. Crashton."

"Confess now, Kate, that you are vexed, because I did not go to the great

ball. It is no trifling disappointment to miss the chance of seeing one's name in the 'Fashionable Intelligence.' Brian Purcell, E.-g., Coolbawn, and Miss Purcell!" I feel quite penitent for having deprived you of that honor, Kate."

His sister looked up at him, and there was a world of suppressed fun in the glance. But after struggling for a moment to look serious, she rested her head against Brian's arm, and laughed heartily.

"Positively, Kate," said he, "you are more ill-natured than people give you credit for."

"Indeed, no," said she, looking grave. "They are good, affectionate girls, and I really like them very much. But that list the names in the 'Fashionable Intelligence' was so positively absurd, I cannot help laughing when I think of it. 'Twas bad enough to bring such a gathering together; but publishing it in the newspapers was really too bad."

"Let me see," said Brian, "whether I can repeat any of the conversation by which you were so much edified the other day. Margaret opened the proceedings by asking Frances, 'What can have become of Godfrey Massey? I have not seen a sight of him for twelve days.' To which Frances replied, 'How forgetful you are, Margaret. Don't you remember George told us he dined with the Sixty-sixth on Monday week, and got cold, and has been confined to his room ever since?' 'What a funny mistake,' Margaret continues, 'that was of Isabel Massey, to mistake the major for Lieutenant Rodgers in the hall.' 'Or, yes,' exclaimed Frances, with a scream of laughter; it was a right good one. And the honorable Mr. Crashton cut up rough about it, too, and poor Isabel was dreadfully sold. Am I reporting correctly?"

"Who could have told you?" Kate asked, looking greatly surprised. "Those are the very words."

"Well, your friends called that day at Ballytullagh, while I was there, and I had the pleasure of hearing it all before yourself."

"Isn't it a pity, Brian?" said Kate, with a look of compassion so intense that her brother flung himself into his father's arm-chair, and laughed outright. "Tis a great shame for you," said she reproachfully; "and if you knew them as well as I do, you wouldn't turn them into ridicule in that way."

"Well, now, which of them would you advise me to lay siege to? Their father has given me a hint that one of them is at my service, and welcome."

"Oh, none of them, Brian."

"Indeed! That's strange after your professions of regard for them."

"But it is not because I don't like them, but—"

"But what?"

She looked fixedly at him, and said: "Some other time I may tell you, but not now."

"To be serious, Kate," said he, "I think your notions on the subject of which you have been speaking are, as a rule, correct. But there's no rule without an exception. Dawson and I are such good friends, I see no harm in your meeting him. Besides, he's a good fellow, and very different from the shoneens whom your fair friends hunt up so eagerly. And, by-the-by, you never objected to my having dozens of our rural aristocrats to lunch so many times."

"Oh, when you hunt and shoot with them, it is only common hospitality to ask them in when they happen to be passing your door. But that's a different thing altogether."

"By Jove, Kate, you look deeply into things. But perhaps I could guess who put these notions into your head."

"No one, I only thought about it myself." She blushed deeply, and even seemed offended.

"Don't be annoyed with me," said Brian, taking her hand. "You are a good, sensible girl Kate, and I need not hesitate to tell you I do not wonder at all you should like him better than any one else you have met. He is really and truly the noblest fellow I know. But you see the difficulties in the way as well as I do. And this business about the farm makes it worse than ever. I was thinking of asking my father to give you this place, and then we might be able to convince him that you would be just as well off as if your fortune went to somebody's sister in the usual way. But there's no use in thinking of that now."

Kate pressed his hand. She leaned her head back against the high arm-chair, and closed her eyes. Her bosom

heaved almost imperceptibly, and there was a sad smile on her lips. 'Twas only a dream, though, and she knew it.

"I wish, Kate, you would come to Dublin. I don't expect to be kept more than a week."

"I couldn't think of being absent now, Brian."

"Well, you are right.—you are always right. But won't Fanny be disappointed?"

"Don't you like Fanny, Brian?"

"Indeed I do."

"You must do your best to get leave for her to come down. I'll speak to Father Paul to assist you. I suppose it will not be easy for you to succeed, though, as I suspect, her marriage with Mr. M. is decided on."

(To be continued.)

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Montreal, 10th January, 1893.

A. W. GRENIER,

Solicitor for Applicants.

## Notice

Is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec application will be made for a bill to incorporate L'Alliance Nationale, as a benevolent society.

BEAUDIN & GARDINAL,

Attorneys for Applicants.

Montreal, December 21, 1892.