BENEDICTION.

Filled be thy years, but not—no, not with Joy; For close bestee her thread the stops of Pain; And shadowy sorrows hover in her train, And all her rarest gold holds Grief's alloy.

Filled be thy years with Peace, whose tender hand hand Heals all life's wounds with love's divinest bain; who meets thine eager longing with the calm steadast eyes; who, when thy soul shall contest had on lie's last verage, amid day's fading light, Shall press thine eyellds down with soft " (food night."

JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

KILLARNEY.

AN OLD BUT EVER WELCOME STORY

The Hotel at Cloghoen-The Village and The Catholic Cathodral-The Famous Lakes.

The O'Sullivans are a motherly lot; our hotel at Clogheen is quite primitive in its appearance, but as comfortable as possible. Old-fashioned flowers bloom in the door-yard; the house-dog makes friends with every fresh arrival—hotel dogs know their business well-and the guides who hang around the premises treat us with fraternal familiarity. The reat us with inaterial laminating. The village of Clogheen, with its dozen houses all told, is thoroughly domestic; even the old woman who sits by the gate leading into the demesne over the way smokes her clay pipe, and greets us every morning as if she, too, had a personal interest in the affairs of the place.

As soon as the 'rain took up' this mornas soon as the fain took ap this notifing our ear was at the door, and I joined a friend in the special excursion of the season. These "low-back cars" are a movelty, that one first laughs at and then grows used to. It is more than probable that the tourist, who in Ireland is often at their mercy, ends by liking them. Yet it must be confessed that the preference for the car is an acquired taste. It is a jaunty affair; my friend pro-nounced it a cross between a sidesaddle and a butcher's cart. You sit on the wheel-house facing the fences, and hang your legs over the side. Your companion sits with his back to you; and the driver, whose heels are just over the mag's tail, forms the third side of a hollow square. When you dash un the smooth Irish road, you have an irresistible inclination to the result is that before many minutes you are twisted about in the most uncomfortable attitude, jolting tremendously, and,

WITH RIGHD MUSCLES

and distimbed limbs, breathlessly await and distinged times, preadlessly await a page at the first gate. By and by you get used to the motion. Your nerves relax; you webble about in your seat like a sack of wool; and, having learned to draw in your toes when you pass a party on the road, you are trotted on party on the road, you are trotted on hour after hour, feeling a little as if you had had a falling out with the rest of the passengers; but are consoled, to a degree, with the idea that you have the whole off-side of the landscape to your-self. These two wheeled affairs carry five people comfortably; but two or three extra passengers can be hung on in different parts, if necessary.

We trotted through the village of Killarney, which has but one noticeable structure—the Catholic Cathedral ; it is handsome and modern. Then come the lawns and lanes of the vast estates of the Earl of Kenmare, a Catholic peer, who owns nearly three-quarters of the surrounding country; the remainder is in the possession of Mr. Herbert, a Protes-tant. The long drive by the lakes—two of them, the middle and lower-was varied by the richest and most extensive stretch of wood and wilderness I have over had the opportunity of exploring The shores of the three lakes are like one vast landscape-garden-trimmed, trained swept clean of every trace of decay, and decorated at intervals with huge placards, wherein the Earl implores the pleasureseekers-who have free access to his grounds--to assist him in protecting his The lakes are not large; it is but

eleven miles from the head of the upper to the foot of the lower, and their greatest breadth is two and a half miles. I have sometimes wondered if I really thought them worthy of their fame. They are pretty enough, as all bodies of water quite impressive. The shores are wooded: a multitude of rocks and islands dot the blue surface of the three; and some of the mountains that are grouped about are lofty and imposing. Yet, but for the legends,

and so extravagant, that are associated with almost every rock and tree in the district, I fear that many an enthusiast would greet the lakes with less enthuiasm than they merit,—as I am half inclined to; for I can no longer dream over them as their bright waters llash under the roscate skies of fancy; and their silent shores, peopled with fairy-folk, seem slumbering in the long, long twilight of perpetual summer. Beyond and above the middle lake there is a range of mountains, through which we are to make our way by the Gap of Dunloe. As we approached its warms of guides assailed us. Would we engage trumpeters, a score of them, to awaken the echoes in the Gap? "The echo is the very finest scenery in the Cap of Dun-

We could ride over to the lake on the other side of the mountains, about six miles away, or foot it if we preferred. We footed it; for the way was wild and the beasts not very inviting, -as for myself, I have ridden enough to last me to the end of my days.

FROM THE MOMENT we got well into the Gap we were besieged by swarms of poor creatures, who live upon the charity of the summer tourist, and who are a thousand times grateful for the mite they are thus able to lay up against the evil day. Little things, girls and boys, with uncombed things, girls and boys, with uncombed heads and bare legs, beset us, shricking at the top of their voices, "Somethin' to buy a book, sir!" over and over for half a mile without stopping. Then came women with jugs of milk and bottles of "mountain dew." "Take a drop of the dew, sir!" said one of them, dropping a courtesy about two feet deep. I modestly turned the subject, when she leave a photograph on me and said: drew a photograph on me and said: "Would you buy me picture?" which I did, it was so queer and so quair; and across the foot of it was printed: "Eily O'Connor, the Colleen Bawn." The echoes were wakened for us, and went dashing down the wild (up, darting from side to side and repeating themselves till they died of sheer exhaustion. We saw the small, deep, gloomy pool wherein St. Patrick banished the last serpent; some one of the hundred idlers and spongers that haunt the place said the serpant is locked in an iron chest and sunk at the bottom of the lake. At one part of the Gap the blind fiddler was hiddling and singing; everybody gave him something. And when we drew a little nearer, we found Eily O'Connor dancing a lively jig with one of the party of tourists in advance of us. From the top of the Gap we looked off into the gloomy bosom of the Black Valley—a deep chasm, with a leaden-colored stream in it, flowing down from the rocks at the top of the valley between Cavin Dhu and the purple mountains. The clouds never rise from the desolate place, and the whole land looked melancholy and deserted. The walk down the mountain side led through a small village, once partly destroyed by a cloudburst. At the top of the upper lake a boat and TWO OARSMEN AWAITED US.

There was luncheon under the seat, and good appetites to match. We drifted among the wild, rocky islands, and threaded the winding channel known as the Long Reach that connects the upper hang on to somebody or something; and the result is that before many minutes you are twisted about in the most unvoil are twisted about a twisted about a twist are twist at twist are twist at twist are twisted about a twist are twist bugler blew out his music, and the horns of eltland responded in notes of ineffable weetness. Then we shot the old Weir Bridge -it is dreadfully old, -where the lake waters, that have been so placid and so peaceful, gather themselves in a narrow channel and plunge madly through one of the two arches. Women scream, men hold their breath for a moment, the boatmen stand like statues with their oars out of water—then we are suddenly seized by the terrific current and sloved under the arch with such rent and shoved unfer the arch with such velocity that we seem to strike the stream a boat's length below, as if we had dropped out of the air. There is a tremendous sphash; the spray dashes over us, a bucketful of water pours over the bows, and we are safe. More drifting among islands. Eily O'Connor's Cave is visited, and we think of poor Danoy Mann with a shudder. Danny Mann with a shudder.

The story of the O'Donoghue of the Lakes is cheerfully related by one of the guides. Once every seven years, on a one morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to disperse the mist from comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent upon household affairs; fairies hover about him, and strew his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient, regidence everything, we have a solution of the waters!—at least I am teginning to think so.—C. W. Stopdard, in Ave Maria. es his ancient residence, everything returns to its former state of magnificence: his castle, his library, his prison, and his pigeon-house are reproduced as molden times. Those who have courage to follow him over the lake may cross even the deepest part dry-shod; and ride with him into the mountains on the opposite shore, where his treasures lie concealed. The daring visitor will receive a liberal gift

FOR THE PLEASURE his company has afforded; but before the sun has risen the O'Donoghue re-crosses the water and vanishes amidst the ruins of his castle. The O'Donoghue the ruins of his castle. The O'Donoghue of the Lakes is not to be confounded with the O'Donoghue of the Glen,—who was a very different chief, and "bloody and tyramous." While we are hall-charmed and half-amused with the legends, one boatman says to the other, a lad: "Raise it now; let the lady hear you sing it." Then we both insist; and after the boy has colored to the roots of his hair, and looked all round the horizon, he slackens his oar a little and sings, with a voice. plaintive as a lark's and quivering with emotion, "The Wearing of the Green." Just fancy hearing that from the lips of an Irish boy, in the middle of Killarney Lakes! He said he sang it for an Englishman not long before, and came near getting ducked for his impudence. He was safe enough with us, and might live a hundred years, as they do hereabouts. There is a tombstone over by the Abbey bearing the name of one who died in his hundred and fourteenth year; in fact, the boatman himself told us his own father was a hundred or so, and could eat for three. I was thinking of Thackeray and his "Irish Sketch Book," and this

bridge, overgrown with vines, that spanned a pond full of lily-pads. There we ned a pond full of lily-pads. found a path leading through the meadows to Muckross Abbey. Glorious ruin, I salute theo! The monks have been at rest these hundred years; the roof has fallen to decay; in the open nave the grass has spread like a carpet under foot, and the ferns hang like ragged tapestries from the chinks in the wall. I doubt if there is any ruin more charming than this. It is not extensive; it is simply complete and satisfying. That dim cloister at Muckross, how it haunts me! There is a yew-tree growing out of the heart of it, and covering the whole with a green roof of leaves. The light that stople into this cloister are of the register, and some fine people to talk to, but nobody was half as interesting to me as Mr. Chip.

The first Sunday I spent there I went out for a walk. Now, perhaps, you think that steals into this cloister is so soft and sentimentat-shall I use the word?—that one easily imagines the rooks to be the ghosts of the old monks, complaining at | Catholic, preferred to go into the woods the sacrilegious trespassing of mere sight-seers—such as myself for instance. The various tenantless, and now untenable, chambers are pointed out by the civil custodian; but he harries you from ruin to ruin, so that you get but a glimpse of the clustered crosses in the yard where the dead lie; and the rooks scold at you with hourse voices for your civil custodian; but he harries you from ruin to ruin, so that you get but a glimpse of the clustered crosses in the scold at you with hourse voices for your worldly and careless intrusion. Muckross Abbey is like a petrified sigh. It is does to us. I flung myself down on the the sweetest and the sombrest and the most heartrending ruin imaginable. It is like a torn volume of sacred history, or a broken statue of a saint. There is bright little eyes inspecting me as if he not enough of it left to console you in were questioning my right to intrude so the loss of that which is gone forever; there is too much of it remaining to permit you to forget the magnitude of your loss. The flutter and the fall of leaves in gusts of warm south wind; a cloister full of shadows; a chaplel crowded with weeds breast-high; a refectory haunted of bees and blossoms;

A CRUMBLING TOWER,

with the ivy folded about it like a mantle, and a cloud of rock clamoring overhead—such is the Abbey as I remember it after hours and hours of wholesome lounging, that made me be familiar with almost every stone in it. The "Annals of Innisfallen," record that seven centuries ago all the gold and silver and richest goods of the land were treasured in that island; and that Medwin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, plundered the Abbey and slew many in the cemetery adjoining. There was no peace even among the graves of the holy dead. I have seen it; but, alas! shall see it no more.-

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare the well; '

A verdant island with the ruins of a monastery scattered over it; winding paths skirt the irregular shores. Every tree grows here, and every charm of nature is reproduced in little somewhere within its wave-washed borders. There have been battles here and monks massacred, but how long ago it seems! Now there can not be found a more peaceful retreat. And with the lap of its waves in my ears, and the phatos of its myraid fluttering leaves, and the rustle of the hoofs of the sneep that feed here, I think of the day, more than twelve hundred years ago, when St. Finian founded his Abbey. I wonder if he realized then that he was building for the moment, as

"Sweet Innisfailen, fare thee well! May caim and sunshine long be thine! How fair thou art let others tell. While but to feel how fair be mine.

" Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell In memory's dream that sumy smile, Which o'r thee on that evening fell. When last I saw thy farry isle."

That is Tom again. Forgive me! I sleep with the "Melodies" under my pillow these nights. Perhaps I do like Killarney better than I at first though t I did; but I am sure that I would love it were it not so solemn. Oh, Ireland is

D'Arcy McGee's School-

master. The schoolmaster of Thomas D'Arcy McGec, if little known outside of Wexford, is one of the most striking personalities in that historic town. Michael Donnelly, who is now in his 105th year, has taught several generations of Wexford men. He loved his calling, but his preatest recompense was the satisfaction he derived from the success of his pupils in various parts of the world. When in various parts of the world. D'Arcy McGee had risen to the rank of a Minister in Canada, and when his literary attainments were the subject of general comment, a friend questioned him as to the university in which he graduated. The scholar and historian answered :- " I graduated under Michael Donnelly, of Wexford, and his was the only school I ever attended." The story was told by McGee in Wexford twenty five years ago, when his teacher was already an old man. Mr. Donnelly had one son, who devoted his life to the service of God, and who sacrificed his life in a trying mission to the West Indies. The old man nad seen blood flowing in the streets of his native town in '98. A handsome thoroughture now crosses the ground where "Donnelly's School" once stood, and the scholars are scattered the world over. Mr. Donnelly, enfeebled and almost blind, daily makes his way to the oldest of the Wexford churches. He has lived in the forgotten past, and his thoughts are already on another world. A testimonial is at pre-sent being raised in his behalf.

AN ABBEY BURNED.

and his "Irish Sketch Book," and this Destroyed.

The tamous Abbey of Feemin, where the purpose estatisfully distributed full of local performers on sundry unstruments, including small camon; and that they would each levy an assessment as we passed. Horses and fone guides, begans, peddlors of wooden ware for memorials, and twenty other thresome sorts of internats best of internats best of the Riddlors of which it is not one-fourth the size; then, when we came back, we said our way. It began to seem like a chapter of the large lake is the most beautiful.' And so at every point we stopped to Kate Kearney's cottage,—the verifical entries."

No: the large lake is the most beautiful.' And so at every point we stopped to Kate Kearney's cottage,—the verifical entries. "Oi, dill ye never hear of Kate Kearney's cottage,—the verifical entries." "Oi, dill ye never hear of Kate Kearney's many had gond in an assort in its paint. A child will be shall allow in the wood of the grant and hadden in the wood of the grant and t The Benedictine Monastery at Fecamp Destroyed.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Chip at Home.

A writer in Our Animal Friends tells the following story of his acquaintance with a family of squirrels: It was up in the woods of Maine that made Mr. Chip's acquaintance.

There was a large hotel on a hill near by, where people came to drink the water of a celebrated spring that bubbled out

out for a walk. Now, perhaps, you think I ought to have gone to church, but there was no service but "Shaker Meeting" anywhere near; so I, as a good books in the running brooks."
Did you ever sit quite still in the woods

and listen to the thousand little voices that must sound to the performers themselves very much as a symphony concert bright little eyes inspecting nie as if he unceremoniously.
I lay periectly still, and he came a bit

nearer and sat upon a branch like a tiny preacher with a white tie under his chin After a while he whisked off, and when he came back, in each cheek he had an acorn that gave his face such a funny expression. I laughed, but he didn't seem to mind; only he wanted something done, and I was to do it. Presently found out what this something was: I had thrown my hat right over his home, and when I moved it he ran in

ike a flash. Then I had the impudence to peep in, which was certainly rude; but I was so curious. There was a quick frisking around at first, but I think Mr. Chip assured his family that I was a harmless person, so they quieted down, and I could count them and tell which tails belonged to which heads. There was Mrs. Chip and three baby Chips. I named them at once Frisk, Flip and

By good luck I found a nut in my pocket, and dropped it in very gently Then I leaned back and waited. It seemed just as though I had sent in my card to Mr. Chip and family and was waiting to be received. It took them a long time to decide. You see they were F. F.'s and had to be careful about extending their list. However, they finally decided to accept me. Mr. Chip came first, then the children, and last Mrs. Chip herself, and they gave an exhibition just for me.

You know how a dancing class per-forms on visitors' day; well, it was something like that, only ever so much more ditheult, for boys and girls only have two feet to manage, which you know is sometimes hard enough; but Frisk and Flip and Flirt had four feet apiece, to say nothing of brushes quite as large as their bodies. They jumped and skipped in the liveliest fashion, and whirled around and in and out, so that you would have thought the lancers quite simple in comparison.

When they didn't seem to know how to perform a new feat, Mr. Chip went ahead and showed them how, and then they all tried it too, and, even when they tumbled, they did it as gracefully as kittens. It was great fun, and when on a sudden they all flashed out of sight and left me wishing for more, I thought that of all folks to visit, Mr. Chip and his family were the most entertaining.

After that I became a regular visitor

and all the nuts from the dinner table which I could conveniently get into my pockets found their way into the Chips arder. Frisk and Flip and Flirt became such good friends of mine that when held out a nut in my hand they would come and take it. Hundreds of nuts and acorns were packed into their storehouse, and I often wondered what they ever could do with so many.

And now I am going to tell you a story which you may not believe, but which is just as true as a "midsummer night's

dream," and we all know about that. It was the night before I came home a beautiful, clear moonlight night. There was a hop at the hotel, and everyone was dancing gaily; but I kept thinking of the Chip family, and so, at the first chance, I slipped out and away into the woods. I did not expect to see them, but I wanted to leave a parting handful of nuts to surprise them in the morning However, when I came to the old stump and thought of the five little warm hearts beating softly inside its gnarled old trunk, I felt so at home that I sat down in the same place and leaned my head against its rough bark. Pretty soon heard a tinkling, and there sat Mr. and Mrs. Chip and all the rest with stalks of hare-bells in their paws, which they were swinging and shaking so that the tiny

bells rang out merrily.

"What can it mean?" I thought; but as still as I could and waited. Presently all the air seemed full of the rush of wings. From every side, out of every flower and leaf they came, little creatures of every shape and color, with wings of velvet or gauze, or with rose leaves just fastened to their shoulders, which seemed to answer the purpose beautifully. They all fluttered around the Chips, and I knew at once that Frisk

Where were the Chips and the fairies? They had all disappeared. I looked at my watch and found I had just time to

catch the morning train. I had made myself so much at home with the Chip family that I had spent the night in the Surer foundation can not be laid than the real merit which is the solid base for the monu-mental success of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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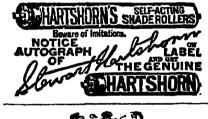
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could feel their wings on my face and hear their voices in my ear, while Frisk, Flip and Flirt frolicked and jumped all the time, and swung the harebells and pelted each other with nut shells.

One of the shells struck me on the nose, and I sat up fairly bewildered.

One of I sat up fairly bewildered.

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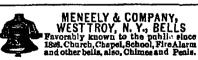
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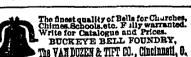
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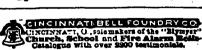
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