

BENEDICTION.

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

KILLARNEY.

AN OLD BUT EVER WELCOME STORY

The Hotel at Clogheen—The Village and The Catholic Cathedral—The Famous Lakes.

The O'Sullivan's are a motherly lot; and their hotel at Clogheen is quite primitive in its appearance, but as comfortable as possible.

As soon as the "rain" took up this morning our car was at the door, and I joined a friend in the special excursion of the season.

WITH RIGID MUSCLES and distimbed limbs, breathlessly await a pause at the first gate. By and by you get used to the motion.

We trotted through the village of Killarney, which has but one noticeable structure—the Catholic Cathedral; it is handsome and modern.

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.

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 enthusiasm than they merit.

It was Kate's granddaughter who sold us goat's milk, with a drop of the "mountain dew" in it; and Kate's great-granddaughter who furnished photographs of the little cottage with its bright new roof.

Gap. We could ride over to the lake on the other side of the mountains, about six miles away, or foot it if we preferred.

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.

TWO GARDENERS 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 with the middle lake.

The story of the O'Donoghue of the Lakes is cheerfully related by one of the guides. Once every seven years, on a fine morning, before the first rays of the sun have begun to dispense the mist from the bosom of the lake, the O'Donoghue comes riding over it on a beautiful snow-white horse, intent upon household affairs; fairies hover about him, and strew his path with flowers.

FOR THE PLEASURE

his company has afforded; but before the sun has risen the O'Donoghue recrosses the water and vanishes amidst 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 tyrannous."

WHOLE MULTIPLICATION TABLE,

and fancy he had it by heart." True, O'Connell said; but that is what most tourists do when they come to the Lakes of Killarney. Now we drew up by a

bridge, overgrown with vines, that spanned a pond full of lily-pads. There we found a path leading through the meadows to Muckross Abbey. Glorious ruin, I salute thee! 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.

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 familiar with almost every stone in it.

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.

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well; May calm and sunshine long be thine; How fair the scene that sunny strait, While but to feel how fair be mine.

D'Arcy McGee's Schoolmaster.

The schoolmaster of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, 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. He loved his calling, but his greatest recompense was the satisfaction he derived from the success of his pupils in various parts of the world.

AN ABBEY BURNED.

The Benedictine Monastery at Fecamp Destroyed. The famous Abbey of Fecamp, where the well-known Benedictine liqueur is made, was totally destroyed by fire last week. The fire broke out at two o'clock in the morning, and in an hour the abbey was a mass of ruins.

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 I 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 of the rocks; there were great names on 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 I ought to have gone to church, but there was no service but "Shaker Meeting" anywhere near; so I, as a good Catholic, preferred to go into the woods, and enjoy the "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks."

I lay perfectly 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.

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.

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 became such good friends of mine that when I 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.

A moonbeam came through the branches and threw, like a tablecloth, a white light over the stump. Then the secret came out. All my nuts were brought up. Mr. Chip carried them, and my small friends passed them to the guests in acorn cups, with a drop of honey for sauce which Mrs. Chip poured out of a pitcher plant. After that they danced, such wonderful dances—up in the air as much as on the ground, and singing all the time. They didn't mind me at all, but danced over me, and I could feel their wings on my face and hear their voices in my ear, while Frisk, Flip and Flirt frolicked and jumped at the time, and swung the nutshells and pelted each other with nut shells.

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 woods.

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