JULY 26, 1890,

What Do They Think ! NELLIE BOOTH SIMMOPS.

Oh, what do the hungry people think.

As they walk in the streets of the town at night; n the hearth fires glimmer and gleam and blink rough many a window, warm and bright? they drift in the dusk like the flecks of

m tossing waves of the turbulent sea, ver a haven and never a home : tuckless waifs of humanity.

And many a mansion, tall and fair, Is lifting its head to the wintry sties, A-blossom with all that is rich and rare Tast wealth can purchase or art devise Andput through the portals come burst

And murmurs of music and laughter what do they say to the homeless wight no is wandering past with his weary

Does he ever think, when the winds are cold And the hunger causes a ceaseless pain. And the storm is beating his garments old And chilling his heart with its dull refrain Does he ask how it is that in many a life The roses are always in sweeter bloom, While his are the longings, the endless

The days of sorrow, the nights of gloom

You say they are idea and weak and bad;
Tast pity is wasted on such as they?
An trany a vagrant, worn and sad,
Could tell you a tale, if he would, to-day:
A story of failure, of hopes that fied,
Of toil and hardships and boundless woeOf wrongs that imbittered, of wounds that
bled,

bled, And dreams that were lost in the long ago KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERAR BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

IN THE LONESOME MOOR - MEDITATING MURDER -DARBY RUADH THINKS HIM-SELF BADLY USED TOM HOGAN HAS AN ARGUMENT AGAINST PHIL LAHY.

The light in Mat Donovan's little window called a third dreamer back from window called a third dreamer back from the dead Past to the living Present. He too was gazing on the moon, which shed its silvery light upon him as softly as upon the pale face and mild eyes of the lovely girl who at the same moment sat alone in the window of the old cottage among the trees. His dream is of a golden autumn evening. He is standing in the shade of a row of elders, at the back of a that the drambouse, looking out upon of a thatched farmhouse, looking out upon the stooks in a newly-reped corn field. His hand rests on the shoulder of a blush-ing girl; and he tells her that the field is his, and points out how thickled it his, and points out how thickly it is studded with stooks, and what a rich har west it will prove. The scene changes to a bright fireside. The blushing girl is a happy wife with an infant at her breast, listening to the practice of these year bill. listening to the prattle of three rosy chil-dren who crowd about their father's these as he takes his accustomed place by the hearth after the day's toil Aud, though his toil was hard, he did not grudge it so long as he could keep that hearth warm for those happy prattlers, and feel that at least the dread of want and feel that at least the great of want would never cast a shadow upon that dear face bent so sweetly over the sleeping infant. But the gleam of light from Mat Donovan's little window makes him start to his feet. The bright hearth is quenched forever. The mother and children are cowering over a few embers in a wretched hovel. The fields which his toil had made fruitful are added to the broad acres of his wealthy neighbor, whose gold induced the irresponsible absentee landlord to do
the deed that left him a pauper, with no
prospect in the wide world before him but
a pauper's grave. He had auper's grave. He had been leaning inst a bank out in the lonesome bogagainst a bank out in the lonesome bog— one of those banks upon which Billy Heffernan loved to recline, and revel in bliss till he would scorn to claim relation-ship to royalty itself! But far different from Billy Heffernan's visions were those from Billy Heffernan's visions were those of him who now, kneeling upon one knee, and with one hand resting upon the black way. No wan lookin' at her could doubt there was a heaven. The augels are desolate moor. There scarcely could have been any necessity for this caution; for at that hour, and in that place, it was extended observe his movements. He took a could observe his movements. He could doubt the markets; "but now about "the markets; but now about "the markets; "but n gun from where it lay beside the bank, and after carefully examining the lock, placed it at half cock. As he was about letting down the hammer again, a sound like a sigh, or a deep breathing, close to his ear, made him pause, and a seneation of fear crept through his frame. A shadowy object passed over his head, and, on casting his eyes upwards, he beheli something between him and the sky which filled him with amszement and terror. In shape it was a bird: but of gun from where it lay beside the ban

vater that covered a large portion of the bog like a lake. And now he saw it was only a heron that had lodged for a moment on the bank above his head. Moment on the bank above his ness. While he thought it high up in the air the bird was within a few feet of him; and hence the illusion by which he was so terrified. With an exclamation of scorn at being frightened like a child, he stooped to pick up his gun. But he had been lying near the brink of a square bog-hole filled with water, and the gun had fallen into it, and, of course, sunk to the bottom. He knew the hole was eight or ten feet deep, and that to attempt recovering gun would be useless. He ground his teeth with rage; but, after gazing round the slient moor, and up at the peaceful moon, it occurred to him that the weapon had been snatched, as it were, by the band of Providence from his grasp; and the thirst for vengeance ceased to burn within him, and he felt as if God had not aban 'I must see about gettin' id up any

terror. In shape it was a bird; but o

such monstrous dimensions, that it was not like a great cloud hanging in the air. Fo

but the alow, regular waving of the huge wings satisfied him that it was a living thing. The long snake-like head and neek

were thrust out towards him, and in his terror he let the gun fail from his nerve-less grasp. The head was quickly drawn back, and the monetrous bird waved its huge wings, and salled away through the moonlight air. He followed it with his

eyes till it dropped on the brink of the

nt he thought it was only a cloud ;

way," he observed to himself, "or poor Barney might get into trouble about id. He tould me he was bringin' id to Mat Donovan to put a piece on the stock, where the doctor broke id when he fell on the ice. But he's such a fool he won't the bush be stuck id in when he med off afther the hounds. I don' know what put id into my head to take a farcy

to such an ould Queen Anne, when this is handler and surer." And he took a horse-pistol from his breast and clutched it firmly in his hand. He looked down into the square bog-hole, and touched the smooth black surface of the water with his hand. The action reminded him of the holy water with which he used to sprinkle himself on entering and leaving the chapel before his clothes had become too ragged to allow him to appear with decency among the congregation; and involuntarily he sprinkled his forehead,

decency among the congregation; and involuntarily he sprinkled his forehead, and made the sign of the cross.

"There's some great change afther comin' over me," he thought. "My mind is someway 'asier; an' the madnessis gone off uv me."

off uv me."

And, locking at the pistol again, he replaced it in his breast.

"I'll do nothin' to-night," he continued with a deep sigh, like a man overpowered by fatigue. "If I could lie down here in the heath an' fall asleep, an' never waken again—I'd be all right. But," he added, rousing himself by an effort, "but—I musn't forget poor Mary!" He walked towards a road which looked like a high embankment the aurices of the hog havtowards a road which looked like a nign embankment, the surface of the bog hav-ing been cut away at both sides of it; and as he climbed up this embankment the light in Mat Donovan's window again

caught his eye.
"Tis long since I exchanged a word wud
any uv the ould neighbours," he continued, "till Billy Heffornan chanced to
come on me th' other night, an' I makin'
a show uv myself. An' sure 'tis little wish
I had to talk to any ways. Balt somests. I had to talk to any wan. But someway I think now I'd like to hear a few friendly words from some wan. An' that light in Mat's window reminds me how I used hardly ever pass by wudout callin' in to

light the pipe."

He looked wistfully towards the light, and then looked down upon his tattered

habiliments.
"I'm a quare object," he muttered with a bitter smile, "to go anywhere. But as

back."
Instead of following the road or "togher" upon which he stood, he crossed an angle of the bog till he came to the stream or canal in which Dr. Richard Kearney left the leg of his nether garment, and following it for a few hundred yards came out on the public road.

The road was quite deserted. He reached the hamlet without meeting a living thing; and as he stood at the "cross," and looked up along the silent street, he felt a strange wish to steal through it without being seen by anyone. He moved on like a spectre, treading through it without being seen by anyone. He moved on like a spectre, treading lightly as he passed those houses the doors of which were open, and glancing furtively to the right and left at the lights in the window panes. On coming to the back tree he stood still and looked up at the pointed gables and thick chimneys of the "bar-rack"." and happening to glance through rack;" and, happening to glance through
the kitchen window, he caught a glimpse of
Norah Laby's pale face. She was praying,
with clasped hands and eyes raised to
Heaven; and there was something in her

look that moved him instantly to tears.
"I wondber is id dhramin' I am?" he said to himself, "I can't remember what's said to himself, "I can't remember what's afther happenin' to me, or what brought me here, except like a man'd feel afther the faver, or somethin' uv that soart Oa'y I'd be afeared I'd frighten her, I'd go in an' ax her to pray for me, an' I know'twould do me good. An' as id is I feel I'm the betther of lookin' at her; for no wan could see such a look as that an not know there was another world besides this. I could kneel down on the road here an' pray myse'f; what I didn't do this many a day—right, at any rate. I might go on my knees an' say the words; but id wasn't prayin'. The curses used to choke the prayers! I could hardly keep from tellin' God that he was a bad God! But I'm not that way now at all; an' maybe 'twas the Lord that sint me round this

how she smiles an' le whin her mother came in. She wants to cheer up the poor mother that knows she won't have her long. The Lord save us! I feel my heart laughin' wud her! But I'd betther not let anyone see me standin here," he observed, as he walked on, on hearing Kit Cummins calling to her husband to come home to his supper, and judged from the pitch of Kit's voice that Jack was down towards the forge, and

must necessarily pass by the beech tree on his way home.

his way home.

Mat Donovan was humming "The little house under the hill" by the fireside, while Nelly was turning the "quarters" a griddle of whole meal bread that was baking over the fire, when the latch was rated and a tall grant figure stood be. raised, and a tall, gaunt figure stood be tween them and the candle in the window The fire, being covered with the large enable them to recognize the new-comer and the candle being behind his back only showed the outline of his figure, in which Nelly fancied she saw something wild and she felt and looked somewhat frightened as she thought of the "gang," which according to common report, were just then prowling nightly about the neighbor-hood. Mrs. Donovan, too, seemed alarmed, as she dropped her knitting on her knees, and stared over her spectacles at the man, who stood looking at them for nearly a

minute without speaking.

"God save sil here," said he, at last.

"God save you, kindly," returned Mat starting from his chair, and moving towards him til he was able to see his face. Is id Mick Brien?

"The very man," was the reply,
Mis. Donovan and Nelly exchanged
looks of the deepest pity, but remained

"Sit down," said Mat, placing a chair for him.
"I don' know," he replied, irresolutely. "I just see the candle in the windy, an id reminded me to come in."
"Sit down and take a hate uv the fire,"

said Nelly, in a subdued tone, and as if it required an effort to address him.
"I hope herse'f an' the childher is in good health?"
"They're on'y middlin', then, Nelly,"

"They're on'y middlin', then, Nelly," he replied. "The winther was very hard."

He sat down, however, and said more

"I'm glad to see you lookin' so well,
Mus. Donovan. You're as young-lockin'
this minute as you wor the night uv poor
little Bally's wake; God rest her sowl.
But sure I needn't pray for her; for she
had as little sin on her as an infant, though
I b'lisve she was goin' on thirteen years
when she died."

"She was a beautiful child," returned
Mrs. Donovan. "But God is good; and
maybe 'twas for her good, and your good,
and her mother's good, that she was taken
from you. God knows what is best for
us all."

"That's thrue." rejoined Mick Brien.

us all."

"That's thrue." rejoined Mick Brien.
"An' 'tis of'en I think 'twould be well for
the whole uv 'em if they went too."

"Don't say that, Mick," returned Mrs.
Donovan. "Ye had yer own share uv
sufferin' and throuble; but there's no
knowin' what might be in store for ye
ret."

"I'm afeared," said he in a hollow voice, "'tis gone too far for that,"
While his mother was speaking, Mat was hurriedly filling his pipe, which, after lighting, he presented to Mick Brien, who took it eagerly, but checked himself as he was putting it to his mouth,
"No, Mat, I'm obliged to you," said he, handing back the pipe. "'Tis a good start since I tuck a blast; an' maybe 'twould be betther for me not to mind id."
Nelly and her mother exchanged looks again, and the old woman shook her head sorrowfully.

again, and the old woman shook her head sorrowfully.

Drawing his chair to the fire, he held the backs of his hands close to the blrz; that struggled from under the griddle.

"Was id in the bog you wor?" Mat saked. "Your hands are black wud the turf mould. An', begor, there's enough uv id stuck to your ould brogues too."

Mick Brien was taken by surprise, and seemed embarrassed. He could have had no legitimate business in the bog at that hour, and felt at a loss what reply to make.

Mat noticed his embarrassment, and, with instinctive delicacy, appeared to forget the question altogether; and turning to his sister, he said:

"Are you goin' to let that bread be harred?"

burnt ?" She turned the four quarters of bread and, finding them properly baked, placed them standing on their ends on the griddle, so as that the thick edges cut by the knife in dividing the circular cake into four quarters might be fully baked. While she was thus employed the door was opened, and two men walked in with an apologetic grin, holding their pipes in their hands.

"God save ye!" said the foremost, as he approached the fire to light a piece of paper which he held between his fingers. "God save you kindly!" returned Mat,

in a manner that plainly showed they were no welcome guests. The second man was advancing to light his pipe at the fire also. But the moment their eyes fell upon Mick Brien, both wheeled quickly round, and, lighting their bits of paper at the candle in the window, hurriedly applied them to their pipes as

hurriedly applied them to their pipes as they made for the door, where they en-countered something which drove them backwards into the kitchen again.

It was only Tom Hogan, who walked slowly after them; and, after glancing at Mick Brien—who never raised his head all the time—and looking wildly about them, the two men, with a sneaking sort them, the two men, with a sneaking sout of "Good night to ye," left the house. "Wisha, is that Tom Hogan?" said Mat—for Tom was not a frequent visitor

"I was down at Phil Lahy's returned "I was down at Phil Lahy's returned Tom Hogan, "an' Honor towld me he was up here. So I tuck a walk up."

In fact, Tom Hogan had got quite a mania for talking about landlords and agents, and kindred subjects, since that conversation with Phil Lihy when his hands began to tremble in so strange a manner. Before that, he only cared to know about "the markets;" but now nothing that bore on the land question, or, indeed, upon any social or political question, from Columbkille's prophecies to the latest missive ornamented with a skull and cross-bones, came amiss to Tom Phil Lahy's the moment he was don

supper, for the sole purpose of getting himself abused as a "crawler." himself abused as a "crawler."

Mick Brien continued warming his hands, and never raised his head. Nelly took up the quarters of bread and laid them on the dresser, and whipping the griddle off the fire, raked up the lighted turf that was spread out under it till it bezed so brightly that he was obliged to draw back his chair and close his eyes, as if the light dazzled him.

draw back his chair and close his eyes, as if the light dazzled him.

Tom Hogan was quite as much astonished as the two men who had come in to light their pipes, on seeing Mick Brien sitting before Mat Donovan's fire; but, instead of retreating like them, Tom Hogan seemed fascinated by the gannt and ragged figure over which the firelight filckered; and, as the hollow eyes were turned towards him, he mechanically turned towards him, he mechanically drew near and sat down on the chair from which Mat Donovan had risen when he

recognized him.
"Mick," said Tom Hogan, keeping his eyes fixed on the woro, emactated face, "did they rise the rint on you?"

Mick Brien seemed surprised, and evi-

dently did not understand the question, "Did they rise the rint on you?" Tom Hogan repeated anxiously.
"Is id the rint of the cabin?" he asked. "No," returned Tom Hogan, bat the

rint uv the farm, before they put you out ?"
"Well, no," replied Mick Brien; "when the lase dbropped they said I should go as my houldin' wasn't large enough. An' no matther what rint I'd offer 'twouldn't

be taken." So they never riz the rint?"

"No."
"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Tom
Hogan excitedly, turning to Mat Donovan, his eves lighted up with joy.
"What did I tell you, Mat?" he repeated

triumphantly.

Mat was greatly astonished; for it bap-pened Tom Hogan had never spoken a word to him on the subject.
"What did I tell you, Mat?" he ex-

claimed a third time, apparently in the

claimed a third time, apparently in the greatest glee.

"Begor," returned Mat at last, greatly puzzled, "you never tould me anythin' about id at all, so far as I can remimber."

"They never rise the rint, Mat, when they're goin' to put a man out. Never. Don't b'lieve any wan that tells you any-

thing else. Never. Such a thing was never known."

"Oh, maybe so," said Mat, quite unable to comprehend his meaning, but wishing

to be dvii.

"You may be sure uv id, Mat," rejoined Tom Hogan.

"Make your mind 'aisy on that p'int,"
he continued, laying his hand on Mat's
knee, as he sat down on Billy Heffernan's
bench. "No, Mat. There's nothin' so
uncouragin' to a poor man as to have the
rint riz on him. For then he knows
they're not goin' to disturb him, Mat.
Look at this poor man that held, I b'livey,
as good as fifteen acres more than I have
mese'f; an' see what a loss it was to him
that the rint wasn't riz on him. There's
nothin' like a rise to give a poor man
courage. I must go an' find Phil Lahy,
an' have a talk wud him. He thinks
there's no wan able to argue these p'inte
but himse'f. Bat let me alone if I don't
open his eye for him. Good night to ye."
He turned round at the door and asked:

"Ah, thin, Mat, what was Wat an' Darby
doin' here?"

doin' here ?"

doin' here?"

"They on'y came in to redden their pipee," Mat replied.

"Oh, is that all? Well, I must go look for Phil Lahy to open his eye for him."

"Au' I wondher where them fellows wor?" Mat muttered, after appearing to brood over the question for some time. "They passed up this way late in the evenin."

evenin?"

"Wishs, how do I know?" his sister replied, as if the question were addressed to her. "But wherever they wor, 'tien't in the betther uv them, you may be sure."

The two worthies of whom she spoke walked quickly and in silence down the road, seeming wholly absorbed with their

pipes.
"Tis an admiration," said Wat Cor

"Tis an admiration," said Wat Corcoran, at last, "how long he stuck about the place. I thought he'd be gone uv his own accord long ago."

"So did we all," returned Darby Ruadh. "But whin we found him thatchin' the cabin, the masther said he should get notice. He's not safe; an', begob, we'd want to keep an eye on him."

'Tian't you or me he'd mind," replied

Wat.
"You wouldn't know," rejoined "You wouldn't know," rejoined Darby Ruadh, "When they're in that soart uv way, whoever comes next to hand 'll meet id. They're d-n fools," continued Darby mildly. "They seldom continued Darby mildly. "They seldon or ever knock down the right bird. Now he'd as soon stretch you or me as the man that sent us; an' that's foolish." "What about Tom Hogan?" Wat

asked.
"Well, from all I can see, he must go." "There'll be no great throuble wud him. He'll get a thrifle uv money, an' he'll go away quite an' 'asy."

"I don't know that, Wat. Men uv his soart is the worst uv all."

"He knows nothin' about firearms, nor

nothin'," returned Wat Corcoran. always braggin' he never fired a shot."
"Thim's the men. Wat, that'll get

"Thim's the men, Wat, that'll get a fellow to do the job. I met some coves uv that soart in my time."
"Faith, be all accounts, you done some quare things yourse'f in your time, Dar-

"Well, maybe I did, an' maybe I didn't. An', by ——!" he added fiercely, "maybe I would agin, if id was worth my while. 'Tis enough to dhrive a man to "maybe I would agin, if id was worth my while. 'Tis enough to dhrive a man to anything to think uv the beggarly way we're paid. They want you to put your life in danger every day in the year—an' to swear anything they ax you besides; an', by—, you're not paid betther than a cowboy afther."

"Tis a hard life," returned Wat Corcoran; "an'tis of'en I do be wishin' to give id up, an' turn to somethin' else. Bat when wance you get into id, 'tis hard to get out uv id."

"Unless a man could make a hanl." returned Darby Ruadh, "an' make off to America. Good night, Wat." "Good night, Darby, an' safe home."

They parted at the crossroads; Wat Corcoran turning to the right towards his own house, and Darby Ruadh going on straight to Wellington Lodge. ir still furthe

Mick Brien drew his chair still further back from the blazing turf fire. The heat seemed too much for him, for the perspiration stood in large drops upon his face; and when he took off his hat, they remarked that his hair was damp and clammy. Yet it was not the heat that so affected him. It was the smell of the new'y baked bread. He was fainting; but by a great effort he roused himself, and asked for a drink of water.

Nelly dipped a cup in the never-empty pall under the window, and handed it to him. He gulped down the clear spring water hurriedly ; and, as he handed back the cup, he turned to Mat, and, with apparent cheerfulness, asked:
"What news, Mat? is there anything at

all goin'?"
"No, then," replied Mat. "I don't

know uv anything."

Mrs. Donovan, who had kept her sad eyes fixed upon Mick Brien's haggard face, while her knitting rested upon her kneed as if she had forgotten it, now rose from her chair, and, going to the dresser, poured something from a jug into a saucepan something from a jug into a saucepan which she placed upon the fire. Her daughter looking inquiringly at her as if this proceeding had taken her by surprise: but the old woman resumed her seat with-

out speaking.
"I think," sa'd Mick Brien, "the weather is likely to hould up."
"This was a fine day," returned Mat "But I'm afeard 'twas on'y a pet day. Phil Luby tells me we're to have a change uv the moon to-morrow; an'he says the almanac talks uv broken weather, wud

cowld showers, an' aistherly winds."

Mick Brien made no reply. His head drooped, and he seemed to be falling

"Nelly," said Mrs. Donovan, "hand me that white bowl." She filled the bowl with warm milk from the saucepan she had placed on the fire ; and Nelly looked nad pieced on the fire; and Nelly looked quite frightened on seeing her mother present the bowl to Mick Brien. "Here, Mick," said she, "dhrink this, I know by you there's somethin' the mat-

ther wud you. An' if id be a touch uv an' inward pain you're gettin', there's nothin' like a dhrop uv hot milk for id."
On opening his eyes and seeing the bowl held close to him he started like one suddenly awakened from sleep. He looked at the milk and then into Mrs. Donovan's face, upon which he kept his eyes fixed

for several seconds. Then, taking the bowl between his hands, he looked at her again with a bewildered stare.

"Drink id while 'tis hot, Mick," said abe, "an' 'twill do you good."

"Twas a great relief to Nelly to see him lift the bowl to his lips and drink; not swallowing the milk hurriedly, as he had swallowed the cup of water, but alowly and continuously, as a child will do.

Mick Brien had been one of the most comfortable and respectable small farmers in the neighbourhood; and he and his handsome wife used to call in on their way from town for a rest and a chat with Mrs. Donovan, who was much respected by them—as indeed she was by all who knew her. And now that he was reduced to poverty Nelly was quite afraid the offer of the milk, under the circumstances, might hurt his feelings, and be taken as as insult.

Mick Brien handed the bowl to the kind old woman, and buried his face in balance.

Mick Brien handed the bowl to the kind old woman, and buried his face in his hands. He remained so long in this position they all began to look embarrarsed, and did not well know how they ought to act—fearing that to rouse him might look as if they wished him to go away.

After some time, however, he raised his head, and, stretching out his arms, but without venturing to look at any one, said with assumed cheerfulness:

"Fatth, I b'lieve 'twas fallin' asleep I was."

"What hurry are you in?" said Mat, on seeing him rise; "sure you may as well rest yourse'f."
"I must be goin," he replied; "herse'f 'll be wondherin' where I was all the

Ill be wondherin' where I was all the evenin'."
He had been lying many hours by that bank in the bog, maddened by hunger and the thought of the cruel wrongs inflicted upon him and his. He lay there waiting for the night, and bent upon having revenge. He lay there hour after hour, meditating a deed of blood; till the mild moon called up visions of the "dead Past." And then the light in Mat Donovan's window recalled him to the "living Present," and to his purpose. And it was only the waving of a bird's wing saved his soul from the guilt of murder!
No word has ever escaped our pen intended to justify such a deed as that contemplated by this poor maddened victim of tyranny. Yet when we think of his blameless life of patient toil; of his cheerful unquestioning surrender of the greater

ful unquestioning surrender of the greater part of the fruits of that toll to the Irresponsible taskmaster to whose tender mercles the rulers of the land had handed him over body and soul; of the pittane which he was content to retain for himself of his terror and angulah on discovering that a felon hand was determined to tes that a felon hand was determined to tear even that pittance from him, and fling the wife of his bosom, and the little ones that were the light of his eyes, homeless outcasts upon the world; of the roofless cabin, the cold, the fever, the hunger—when we think of all this we find it hard to brand Mick Brien as a MURDERER. And arrely think of all this we find it hard to brand Mick Brien as a MURDEBER. And surely no one will for a moment class him with the human wild beasts with whom the writer of these pages was doomed to herd for years, and among whom at this hour Iriebmen, whose only crime is the crime of loving their country. of loving their country, are wearing away their lives in the Convict Prisons of Eng-

Mat Donovan stood up to open the doo for Mick Brien and see him out to the

"Good night to ye," said Mick Brien, as nearly as he could in the same tone as he used to say it in after a chat and a smoke on his way from Kilthubber on market days.

Nelly ran to the dresser; and then fol-lowed them to the door. "Mat Brien,"

said she. He turned round, but Nelly seemed to She stood with her hands behind her back, and looked into his his face. At last, while the blood mounted to her forehead, while the blood mounted to her forehead, she quickly brought her hands round to the front, and, pressing two of the quarters of bread against his breast, she wrapped his coat over them, placing his own hand so as to keep them from falling, and looking anxiously into his face all the time. He remained quite passive, gazing with a vacant stare straight before him no sign of displeasure in his look, she cautiously withdrew her hand as if in doubt whether he would continue to the bread where she had placed it. He did continue to hold it, however, and followed Mat outside the door without

speaking a word.

Nelly leant over the back of the chair he had been sitting on, and rested her hand.

"God help him!" said she.
"God help him!" returned her mother whose head was also resting on her hand. So they continued gazing into the fire. "God help him!" said Mat Donovan, as he resumed his seat by the fireside

opposite his motifier.

These were the last audible words spoken under Mat Donovan's roof that Yet poor Mick Brien had unconsciously

laid the train of much suffering for those kind hearts that sympathised so deeply with him. "Tom," said Phil Lahy solemnly, "I wish you would not be introducin' these subjects to me. I don't want to hurt your feelin's, or say anything off-maive or insultin'. But indurance has its limits. An' now I tell you what, Tom Hogan, within't within the product of the same artists to have

tlen't-'tlen't in human nature to have

patience wud you!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Tom Hogan "I knew I'd open his eye. I knew I had an argument that 'd put him down. Ha, ha, ha! Begor, Phil, you're bet! Good night to ye. Good night to ye. There's nothin'," muttered Tom Hogan, as he closed the door behind him, "there's nothin' to give a noor man courage like a nothin' to give a poor man courage like a rise in the rint—now an' then. Look at that unfortunate man, Mick Brien, an' wouldn't id be a lucky day for him if his rint was riz? What signifies a few pounds a year? I'll let Jemmy go sell that grain uv oats, as my face is marked afther that powdher. Jemmy is a good boy. An' how wild he was whin he thought 'twas

wind he was whin he thought 'twas any wan was afther touchin' me! I'm very fond uv that fellow! Ay, and I'll give him lave to spind a shillin' in Clo'mel; unless he'd rather keep id for the races. Ha, ha, ha! the divil a word I left Phil." "Father," said Norah Lahy, "I'm afraid poor Tom Hogan is not right in his mind."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

WHAT THE CATHOLICS OF DUBLIN ARE DOING FOR THE WAIFS AND ORPHANS.

SEVERAL POOR SCHOOLS IN OPERATION— THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE NUMBER -A NEW BUILDING ON A HISTORIC SITE
-A GLANCE AT THE MIXED SYSTEM OF EDUCATION-THE REFORMS THAT ARE

Dublin, June 21, 1890.

The work of caring for the education and moral training of the children of the poor and unfortunate goes on without interruption. The charitable and public-spirited Catholics of the Irish metropolis have responded nobly to the appeals of the clergy for aid in this highly laudable enterprise. A few days ago His Grace the Archbishop laid the corner-atone of a new building which will be used as poor schools, in the slums just back of Capel street and Upper Ormond Quay. The schools will be conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Faith, who have been located in Lower Jervis street since 1872. The late Cardinal Cullen encouraged them in their good work of teaching and reclaiming the gamins who prowled about the streets and alleywaye, and who would otherwise grow up to lives of crime and spiritual darkness. Five hundred children have been taken in by these good Sisters and taught not only the rudiments of the English language, but the truths of Christianity. They have been saved from the fate of too many others in large cities who either fell in with gangs of thieves or into the jaws of proselytizing bands of

PROTESTANT SOUP DISPENSERS. The quarters in Lower Jervis street became too small to accommodate the growing membership of the little com-munity of waifs, and the Sisters looked about for additional quarters. Through about for additional quarters. Through the generosity of Mrs. Allingham a pures of £1,000 was placed at their disposal. This encouraged them to begin building in Little Strand street in the centre of a very populous section. The new schools will stand upon historic ground. They will stand upon the site of St. Mary's Abbey, an educational institution confiscated in the reign of Henry VIII. of sacrilegious memory. It was one of the oldest houses in Dublin. It was founded by the Danes in 948, just after the Danes had accepted Caristianity. It was a Cistercian house. Richard Strongbow, the celebrated Earl of Pembroke, directed that he should be buried in this abbey, where his brother Thomas had taken the habit of the order. King John, when Earl of Morton, granted it a charter, which he renewed on ascending the throne. Felix O'Ruadan, Archbishop of Tuam, resigned his See and spent the remainder of his days there. He was a Cistercian monk. In 1238 he was buried at the foot of the altar, and in 1718 there was found when digging among the ruins the generosity of Mrs. Allingham a purse

among the ruins
THE INCORRUPT CORPSE OF A PRELATE among the ruins
THE INCORRUPT CORPSE OF A PRELATE
in his pontificals, who was supposed to
have been this Archbishop. On May 27,
1304, this beautiful abbey, with the
church and steeple, were destroyed by
fire. At that time it was the depository
of the rolls of chancery, which were all,
down to the xxviii. of Edward I, consumed. This abbey, the abbot of which
had a seat in Parliament as a baron, was
confiscated to the crown on July 20,
1537, and was, subsequently, granted
forever, by Queen Elizabeth, to Thomaa,
Earl of Ormond. And in the year 1890,
just three hundred and fifty three years
after the confiscation, a Catholic institution of learning is to be reared upon its
site. It thus returns to its former allegiance. The Archbishop delivered a
significant address after the ceremonies
incidental to the corner-stone laying had
been finished. He praised the intelligent work of the Sisters in other congested districts, and then arraigned the
national board of education for its intolerence in enforcing

national board of education for its intol-THE MIXED SYSTEM in purely Catholic districts. This policy made possible the persistent proselytism practised by the colporteurs and the Aminidab Sleeks who hover over the thickly-settled sections of our large cities. Archbishop Whately, of the Protestant Church, saw the advantages which like in the mixed average of advection. testate church, saw the advantages which lie in the mixed system of education.
"If we give it up," he said, "we give up the only hope of winning the Irish from the errors of Popery." In this city alone there are twenty fire thousand Catholic children attending national schools under Catholic managers in schools under Catholic managers in which there is not a single Protestant child. The Archbishop reiterated his protest against these schools being treated as if they were mixed schools, and against the tyrannical restriction of the treaty contests.

the twenty crotchety gentlemen who constitute the Board, In time the educational system in Ireland will be cleared of its incongruities, just as the administration of civic affairs must be. As the cause of Irish national

OTHER NEEDED REFORMS come to the front and receive the careful attention of the people. Our plan of education is mouldy and antiquated. It education is mouldy and many particulars, has been modernized in many particulars, the principle remains unaltered. but the principle remains unaltered. Catholic Ireland must be governed, Catholic Ireland must be governed, trained and educated according to Protestant notions so that her people may be finally, "converted" to the religion of Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth and Martin Luther. This has been the dream of Tory and Whig statesmen for several campries: it has been the dream campries: centuries; it has been the dream centuries; it has been the dream of parsons and Bishops, of mission-aries and soup dispensers. To accom-plish this persecution and persuasion have been tried alternately and sometimes together. Priests have been hunted like wild beasts; it was a crime to celebrate Mass or to attend such a celebration; it was political and social death to be a Catholic. And yet Ireland preserved her faith, and now, that the dawn of her freedom approaches, all the crudities, absurdities and abominations of crudities, assurances and accomment in this the British system of government in this unhappy country will be relegated to the lumber room of political antiquity and reactionism, to be in desuctude with the ancient statutes recently revived for the purpose of sending Irish patriots to prison. And perhaps the first great reform will be in the methods of public education. Meanwhile the Catholic hierarchy and laity
They are watching a
lously over the faith o
to their charge. And be more potent or moring the cause of reli among the poor than a Strand street which under such happy aus

THE IRISH PARTY DINA

Nearly all the Irish Nearly all the Irish ment attended at Ax Westminster, on Tues congratulate the Cardi his silver jubilee, and tan illuminated addres present were: Messre Sexton, T. Healy.
O'Keefe, Stack, P.
O'Brien, Clancy, Cox, Redmord, Hayden, M'Cartan, Abraham, Roche, Tuite, Kilbride, rington, Carew, M. J. Roche, Tatte, Kilbride, rington, Carew, M. J. Corbet, D. Sheehy, For O'Brien, Flynn, R. Po Byrne, W. Murphy, MacNeil, P. O'Brien, Healy, Sir Joseph Esmonde, Dr. Kenny, Dr. Fitzgerald. On Leavnes. Mr. Seyton lesgues, Mr. Sexton which eulogized His E in the cause of religion motion of education an especial stress on his vention between capital recent dock strike, and his efforts to establish go between England and dress was signed by M whole of the Irish part His Eminence in remen, when Mr. Dillor men, when Mr. Dillor told me you had the kindness to desire to p address, I accepted it joy. Before I say mor you a little notice. E week following the E when the English Blab here. We have on the 7 here, we have on the I ception and a gathering lic men of London. my desire to see as ma willing to come, but I without an invitation y sion that no one could say to you now that no given. For that night It is a joy to me if would say specially to sentatives of Ireland-will always consider f ward that I shall be g this Tuesday night, an understand that not on but that you will be m hear). I had not thou you in answer to this and only too kind addr I do not feel it possible have the representative me without knowing w In the year 1857, in duty to speak in the dore upon St. Patrick' ous day upon which about Ireland—and I sa what I say this day; ar of you have ever seen n will take the trouble will find that I dwelt of Ireland about as exac now. Well, in the year duty to write a letter which I touched on the which seemed to me one the disestablishme and the other the lawhat I said on the law what I shall say now, religious question, of we sensitively feel, bu is the question of the most odious evidence between race and relig moved from the fac the land." That mad upon me, and I hav it, and the Bessbore deepened that convic me to be the great prob now to solve, it is t three hundred years work which is beyond to accomplish. In t nature and God the co

who are born upon it a in it (hear, hear). The twenty years ago, and istill, and the attempt, of dence and the law of upon the soil any ci social estate which does that first governing law that first governing law I believe to be doome hear). Well it appea those unhappy conflic and I am sure, gentle with me\_those most s with me—those most siating cases of outrage happened if there had not oundo the law of nat God (bear). I have said God (hear). I have said that these acts were I Irish people (hear, het who has provoked the say, has accomplishe say we Englishmen ha we have come into plause). People say you go on about the let bygones be bygones well sak me to let let bygones be bygon as well ask me to let bygone (hear and a limpossible. It is impressible, case justiles we take it as a whomen the state of the stat less we take it as a win
remember saying—it v
twenty years ago—Wh
Irish people their mo
country? Who have
triotism? I say with
most exaggerated form the most exaggerated form the face of the earl lishmen. We English gerated it, You have n our footsteps as fait would allow. I munationalism and patric

with ours, I always rational, more Christ way more refined the hear). I have no de