KNOCKNAGOW

THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

> CHAPTER XL FATHER HANNIGAN'S SERMON.

It is right that we should follow the two gentlemen with whom we parted some hours ago on their way back from the old castle. Mass was nearly over when they arrived at the cottege; and Richard quieted his conscience for losing it, by persuading himself that his absence was a case of necessity.

A table in the hall, raised to a sufficient height by means of two chairs, upon the

Was a case of nocessity.

A table in the ball, raised to a sufficient height by means of two chairs, upon the backs of which it rested, served the purpose of an altar.

Mr. Lowe was egsin struck by the fervor of the people, who filled the hall and kitchen, while not a few knelt on the frozen ground outside the hall-door. He was not a little surprised to see Hugh Kearney, officiously assisted by Phil Lahy, "serving Mass."

Piloted by Kichard, he got into the hall, the people making way for them as they went on, into the parlor, where Father O'Neill was still hearing confessions.

Mr. Lowe sat in the window-seat next the door, where he could see the altar and the officiating clergyman. He saw that he was too late for the sermen he was so anxious to hear, as Father Haunigan was in the act of taking off his vestments.

But though Father Haunigan had delivered his regular discourse after the first gospel, it was his habit to address a few homely words to the people, at the conclusion of the Mass, upon what we may call local and individual topics. He now turned round and began, in his deep big voice, with:

"Now, what's this I was going to say to big voice, with:
"Now, what's this I was going to say to

He pressed the fore finger of his left hand against his temple, as if trying to recall something that had escaped his memory, Mr. Lowe thought he was about giving up the attempt in despair, when he suddenly jerked up his head, exclaiming—

"Ah! ay! ay! D'ye give up stealing

the turf in the name o' God!

"Everyone," he continued after a pause,
"must steal turf such weather as this that "must steal turf such weather as this that havit it of their own. But sure if ye didn't know it was wrong, ye wouldn't be telling it to the priest. And ye think it would be move diegraceful to beg than to steal it. That's a great mistake. No dacent man would refuse a neighbor a hamper of turf such weather as this. And a poor man is not a beggar for asking a hamper of turf such weather as this when he can't get a day's work, and the Eistor water botties bursting. But we all when he can't get a day's work, and the Ester water bottles bursting. But ye sill know that stealing is bad, and ye ought fitter make your cases known to the priest, and maybe something might be done for ye. Pride is a good thing—lacent, manly pride—and 'twill often keep a man from doing a mane act even when he's sorely tempted. Sperit is a good thing. But, take my word for it, there's nothing like Honesty. And poverty, so long as it is not brought on by any fault of his own, need never bring a blush to any man's cheek. So, in the name o God, d'ye give up stealing the turf."

Here he paused, and Phil Lahy, sup-

seek. So, and Phil Lahy, sup-p stealing the turf."

Here he paused, and Phil Lahy, supposing the discourse ended, advanced with a bowl of holy water with a kind of brush laid across it, for the purpose of sprinkling the congregation before they dispersed. But Father Hannigan motioned him back

and proceeded:
"Father O'Neill is against the beagles. "Father O'Neill is against the beagles. He says 'tis a shame to hear the horn sounding, and see ye scampering over ditches and hedges on the Lord's Day. Well, I don't know what to say to that. 'Tis the only day ye have for diversion of any sort. And as long as ye are sure not to lose Mass, I won't say anything against the besgles. The farmers tell me they don't mind the loss to them to let their same keen I dog or two. And if we meet sons keep \$\frac{1}{2}\text{dog} \text{ or two.} \text{ And if ye meet after Mass-mind, I say, after divine ser vice—I don't see much harm in it. I'm told, too, the gentlemen of the neighborhood—that is, such of them as are gentlemen—lon't object to it, as ye are honorable sportemen and spare the hares. But then there's the haring. There's a day able sportemen and spare the hares. But then there's the hurling. There's a deal of bad blood when ye hurl the two sides of the river. If there's any more of the work that was carried on at the last match, ye'll be the disgrace of the country, instead of being, as ye are, the pride of the barony. 'Tis given up to the Knocknagow boys to be as spirited and well-conducted as any in the county. Didn't I point ye out to the Liberator himself the day of the Meeting, and he said a finer body of men he never laid his eyes on. Such men, said he, are the bone and sinew of the country. Some of the best boys ye had are gone since that time, short as it it.—"

Hore there was a murmur amongst the

short as it is.—"

Here there was a murmur amongst the women; and a low, suppressed wail from two or three whose sone had but lately emigrated, made him pause for a moment.

"Well," he continued, shaking his head as the low wail died away—"thank God the crowbar brigade didn't pay ye a visit like other places; and I hope there is no danger of it, as the landlords here are not exterminators like some I could mention. exterminators like some I could mention. I was in Cloonbeg the other day at a funeral—I was curate there six years ago
—twas the first parieh I was sent to after
being ordained, and it broke my heart to
see the change. I could hardly believe eee the change. I could hardly believe
'twas the same place. The people swept
away out of a whole side of a country,
just as if 'twas a flood that was after passing over it. I married some of 'em myself and christened their children, and left
'em happy and comfortable. 'Tis little I
thought I'd ever pass the same road and
not find a human face to welcome me not find a human face to welcome me. Well, please God, there's no danger of ye

Well, please God, there's no danger of ye that way, at any rate. And yet, sure, 'tis fittle security ye have—but I won't say anything that might discourage ye."

Father Hannigan turned toward the altar, and Phil Lahy was again advancing with the holy water; but after taking a pinch of snuff he resumed his address:

"I want you to keep up the good name ye have. And talking of funerals reminds me of your conduct at the berrin' of that poor man ye brought to Kilree the week before last. 'Twas a charitable thing to carry him thirteen long miles through the teeming rain, and I know ye had pains in your shoulders next morning after him.

Twas a charitable thing to lay his poor old bones alongside of his wife and chil-

dren, as it was his last wish—though he hadn't a chick or shild living belonging to him. I say that was a charitable, Christian, Irish ast—and may God reward ye for it. But that was no excuse for the way ye behaved. The parish priest of Kiiree said such a set never came into his parish. And ould Peg Naughton, that keeps the shebsen house at the church declared to myself that, though she is there goin' on fifty two years, 'twas the drunkenest little funeral she ever laid her eyes on. I m't that a nice character ye're airning for yourselvee? But I hope now ye'll remember my words. And now I have one request to sak of you. I want ye to promise me that ye'll dig the Widow Keating's stubbles for her. She hasn't a sowl to do a hand's turn for her since her boy lost his health. Will ye promise me now that as soon as the weather is fitting ye'll dig the Widow Keating's stubbles? 'Tis short 'twill take ye if ye all join together."

"We'll do id, sir," "we will, sir, never

ye'll dig the Widdow Keating's stubbles?

The short 'twill take ye if ye all join together."

"We'll do id, sir," "we will, sir, never fear," was answered all round.

"That's right, boys. And now any of ye that's very badly off, come to Father M'Mahon or myself and tell your story, and don't be ashamed. There's a little money collected for cases of distress in the town. And as the M'sjor has subscribed ten pounds, and we're writing to Sir Garret Butter for a subscription—and 'tlan't easy to know to where to write to him"—giancing towards the parlor window—"'tls only fair that cases of hardship on their own property should be looked after. I may as well tell ye, too, the Major sent Father M'Mahon a quarter of beef for Christmas. There's not a finer quarter of beef in Munster this minute. "Twould do your heart good to look at it."

And abruptly selzing the brush, he dipped it in the holy water, and swung his arm round so vigorously and dexterously in all directions that even the gentleman at the parlor window came in for a share. The people now dispersed, and Mr Lowe was conducted to the breakfast room, and formally intreduced to the three clergymen.

CHAPTER XII.

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MATRIMONY AND "MARRIAGE MONEY,"
THE WIDOW'S LAST WISH.

THE WIDOW'S LAST WISH.

In the matter of breakfast, Mrs. Kearney came out in full force on the occasion of a Station. Even Mr. Lowe could not help taking notice of the display on the table. The antique silver coffse pot was particularly conspicuous, and it was quite affecting to see the reverential gentieness with which the good woman hantled this relic of the O'Carrolls. Her fingers would sometimes play softly on the lid in a manner that caused her husband visible anxisty; for the coffse pot had been her grandmother's, and was presented to herself at the time of her marriage by her Uncle Dan. A tail urn was equally an object of dread to honest Maurice; and when she was heard to ask Father M'Mahon did he remember the day long ago, when he was a young to ask Father M'Mahon did he remember the day long ago, when he was a young student, that the urn was upset by Annie Cleary's sleeve being caught by the deer's horns on the lid, a full and true history of Bailydunmore was looked upon as in-wit able. But, fortunately, the housekeeper whispered into her ear that a certain cream jug, which, by right, should have attended the coffee pot, was forgotten; and the announcement so startled Mrs. and the announcement so startled Mrs Kearney as for the time to put Ballydunmore and the tea-urn completely out of her head. Father M'Mahon spoke little, and seemed to the stranger reserved, and even haughty.

The reserve of the young curate was of a different sort, and evidently arose from backfulness.

bashfulness.

But Father Hannigan had something to say to every one; and Mr. Lowe was not

eay to every one; and Mr. Lowe was not long in discovering that, with all his pecularities, Father Hannigan was a scholar and a gentleman.

On finding that the stranger had taken his degree in one of the Euglish universities, Father Hannigan engaged him upon some knotty points of classical learning, and the young A. B. soon began to feel not quite at his ease with so able an antagonist.

Grace paid great attention to this learned encounter, and looked so exceedingly

chin resting on the little finger of her left hand, that Mary was in doubt whether she did not really understand every word. "Really, Grace," said she, speaking so low as not to be heard by the gentlemen, "one would think you are as familiar with Homer and Virgil and the rest of them as you are with Longfellow and Sidney myth, to say nothing of Robinson Cru-

soe."
"Indeed, no," she replied, with a half-displeased look, and dropping her hand on the table; "but I was remarking that Mr. Lowe pronounces Latin like papa, and Father Hannigan like the 'Brehon.'"

"He picked up that in Trinity College," said Father Hannigan, who sat next her, and heard part of her remark. "That's not the way he pronounced it when he and I read Virgil together in Larry O'Rourke's mud-wall seminary in Glou

namuckadhee."

"Ob, perhaps so," replied Grace, not at all pleased that her papa had read Virgit in a mud-wall seminary, and in a place with such a name as Glounamuckadhee.

"Ay, then," continued the priest, with a twinkle in his eye, as if he took pleasure in teasing her; "and every one of us brought a sod of turf under his arm to school during the winter."

Grace looked quite offended, and made no reply.

no reply.
"I am told," said Mr. Lowe, "that

Doctor Kiely is at present writing a work on Irish antiquities."

The eyes of ithe offended young lady sparkled with pleasure as she fixed them with a look of pleased surprise on the

speaker.
"Yes," said she, in a softened tone, "he

bent upon going elsewhere for wives. I have already given helf a-dosen certificates, while as jet I have heard of no one returning the compilment."

"Ned Brophy is getting a fine fortune," said Mr. Kearney.

"So I'm told," replied Father M'Mahon; and Mary thought she could see a look of displeasure in his face, which she could not help connecting with the tear she noticed on Nancy Hogan's pale cheek as she was leaving the drawing room after confession an hour or two before.

"Two hundred gold sovereigns," continued Mr. Kearney, "out of an ould saucepan."

saucepan."

This piece of information regarding Ned Brophy's good luck caused a general laugh; the more readily, perhaps, because it was given with a look of perfect gravity. "And you would not miss it out of it," he continued, seeming quite unconscious of their mirth.

"Out of what air?" Richard asked.

"Out of what, sir?" Richard asked.
"The saucepan," replied his father;
"Ned himself teld me so." "Do you approve of this fortune hunting, Miss Kearney?" Father M'Mahon asked, turning to Mory.
"No, sir," she replied, blushing deeply, "I don't like it at all."

"I don't like it at all."

"And what do you say, Mies Kiely?"

"I really have not thought much on the subject," Grace replied. "But it is by no means unpleasant to be rich. And I m rather inclined to think there is a good deal of truth in the proverb: 'When poverty enters the door, love files out at the window."

Father Middle.

the window."

Father M'Mahon lent back in his armchair, and laughed a lew and somewhat
sattrical laugh
"I fear," he said, "there is not much

love in some of these cases. I am as much opposed as anylody to imprudent marriages. But this buying and selling is a bad business."

"Sure you don't want them to be like the Protestants ?" Mrs. Kearney observed

"The Protestants !" Father M'Mahon replied with surprise. "How is that ?" "I never knew a Protestant," she replied, "that would not live with a husband on a lough of water."

Father M Mahon opened his eyes and

Father M Mishon opened his eyes and seemed to want more enlightenment.

"There are the three Miss Armstrongs," continued Mrs. Kearney; "the youngest, to be sure, made a very good match—though she hadn't a penny—for they were after losing the property before her marriage. But the two eldest girls, with their fine fortunes, married poor men—though they were respectable, I know, and sensible too. One of them, I'm told, is doing well in Dublin; and Mr. Armstrong tells me Fanny said in her last letter from Australia that they expected to come home and purchase an estate in Ireland yet, they are making a fortune so rapidly."

"Mr. Lowe," said Mary, "you ought to make mamma a bow. She has complimented both the ladies and gentlemen of your religion at our expense."

your religion at our expense."
"And look at the Miss O'D wyers," con-

tinued Mrs. Kearney, not beeding the interruption; "the fact is, I believe they'll never get married, as they can find no suitable matches"

"It might be better for them to be

doing weil in Dublin, or even making a fortune in Australia," said Father M'Mahon.

"Is it a fact," Mr. Mr. Lowe asked, turning to Hugh, "that Protestants are less hard to be pleased in the choice of wives and husbands than Catholics in Ire land ?" "It does really seem they take the plunge more courageously," replied Hugh.
"I have noticed instances of it even among
the humbler classes."

the humbler classes."

"Yes," said his mother, "there is George
Hartford, who gave his daughter to Henry
Johnson, the pensioner's con, though he
hadn't a trade or anything. Took him
into his house and kept him till he got a

stitus, Father Hannigan engaged him upon to some knotty points of classical learning, and the young A. B. soon began to feel not quite at his sass with so able an antagonist.

Grace paid great attention to this learned encounter, and looked so exceedingly wise with her elbow on the table and her chin resting on the little fingage of her left.

"And leases " said Mr. Kearney. don't know a Protestant that hasn't a

don't know a Protestant than "Yes," Father M'Mahon rejoined, and it would seem the rule will soon be that Catholics will have no leases. And it is this state of dependence, this uncertainty of being able to keep a roof over their heads, that has made marrisges the mercenary bargains they often are among us."

"It was not always so," Father Hannigan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan remarked." I remember a time, mygan remarked. "I remember a time, mygan rem

ary bargains they often are among us."
"It was not always so," Father Hanni gan remarked. "I remember a time, my-self, when the man looked more to the woman and less to the fortune than

"That is true," said Father M'Mahor "That is true," said rather and the people "Leases were general then, and the people more independent were consequently more independent Emancipation has done us harm in this respect. The sacrifice of the Forty shill lug Freeholders was a great injury to the ountry.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

Never Say Die! Scourged with ulcers, boils and tetter, Weak of limb and sore of eye, Hopeless now of growing better, Surely one must die.

Surely one must die.

Not at all, poor, discouraged sufferer from disordered blood and scrofulous trouble. Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifyer and life-saver of modern days. All those unwholesome sores and blood disorders may be cured, and the victim will look and feel like a new man. It is WARRANTED to beneor cure or money paid for it promptly returned.

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Death Dealing Drugs

Death Dealing Drugs
Such as Calomel, Morphine, etc., are remedies better left alone. 'hey often weaken even strong constitutions. This Burdock Blood Bitters never does, it contains no mineral or other poison, and cures all diseases of the stemach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and blood by unlocking the secretions and removing all impurities.

A Naw Flament

A New Element Must be infused into the blood of the weak and debilitated, who suffer from disease of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys or blood. This revitalizing constituent is supplied by Burdock Blood Bitters which repairs waste, drives out all impurities and restores health to the entire system. THE OLD CLOAK.

At the top of the church steeple the Bells were talking together. The two youngest were cross, and said to each

"Is it not time to sleep? Midnight is noar at hand, and twice we have been shaken; we have been forced to raise our voices in the darkness just as if it were broad daylight and as if we had to ring for the Sunday Mass. There are men fussing in the church down there; are they going to worry us again? Cannot we be left in

peace?"
The oldest of the Belle grunted angrily, and in a deep though chosked voice said

and in a deep though cheaked voice said to the others:

"Be silent, children! You are talking nonsense. When you went to R me to be blessed you were consecrated to do your duty; do you not know that the first minute of Christmas Day is going to strike and that you must now celebrate the birth of Him for whose resurrection you have

of Him for whose resurrection you have sing?"

A young Bell then said piteously:
"It's so cold!"

The old one replied sternly:
"Do you think that He was not cold when He came into the world, frail, naked and crying? Did He not suffer on the heights of Bethlehem, when the ox and the ass warmed His poor frc2m limbs with their breath? Instead of grumbling and complaining put forth your sweetest tones in memory of the hymn which His Mother sang to put Him te sleep. Make ready; I see they are lighting the candles; near the altar of the Lady Chapel they have madea crib; the banner has been taken out of its sheath; the beadle is hurrying about; he has a bad cold and is sneezing; oh, fie ! now he is sauffing a candle with his fingers! Monsteur le Oure has put on his best embroidered alb; I hear a clattering of wooden shoes, the peasants are coming to pray; now the clock is going to strike—the hour is come! Yule, Yule! ring now, ring a full peal, that no one may say we have not summoned Christians to the midnight Mass!"

night Mass !"

II.

It had been snowing heavily for three days; the sky was dark almost to black ness, the earth was white, the north wind moaned in the trees, the large pond was frozen, and the little birds were very hungry. Women, folded in large brown cloaks edged with black velvet, and men well wrapped in their warm outer garment slowly entered the church. Kneeling, with bent heads, they repeated the responses to the Scripture words of good tidings uttered by the priest. The incense burned; before the altar, lighted up with candles, were a few Christmas trees."

burned; before the altar, lighted up with candles, were a few Christmas trees."

At the entrance to the church, behind a column bearing the holy water font, a child was kneeling, barefooted, for he had taken off his wooden shoes to avoid making a noise. He was dressed in a thin blouse of blue cotton stuff, notwithstanding the cold; his cap lay before him on the pavement of the church, and with clasped hands he prayed:

hands he prayed :

"For the soul of my father who is gone,

"For the soul of my father who is gone, for the life of my mother who is so ill, and also for me, for Thy poor little Jacques, who loves Theeso much—oh, my Father in heaven, I pray to Thee!"

The child wept as he prayed; he exemed lost in the fervor of his supplication; he remained kneeling during the whole Mass, and only raised his bent head when the priest uttered the final words, "Ita missa est." ("G), you are dismissad.")

priest uttered the final words, "Ita missa est," ("G", you are dismissed.")

The crowd gathered under the porch of the church; each worshipper lit a lantern; the women drew their mantles round them, the men raised the collars of their cloaks, and all shivered.

"How cold it is!" a boy said to Jacques, "Are you coming with us?"

But he answered "No, I have no time," and hegan to run.

and began to run.
From afar he heard the villagers sing ing, as they went on their way home, the old French hymn "Il est ne le divin En-fant," ("For us a Child is born.")

III.

Jacques reached his mother's cottage, "I the bill at the end of the village. He gently opened the door, and felt his way through the room, where there was no fire

thirsty, there is a jug of water within reach."

In a corner of the room near Marguerite's bed Jacques shook up a heap of dried grasses and ferms; he then lay down, drew a rag of a counterpane over him, laid his head on his arm, and went to sleep. But Marguerite remained awake; she was thinking deeply, and weeping, though trying hard to make no sound, lest she should rouse the child. She clasped her hands despairingly, and thought to herself, "What will become of us? Here am I, unable to leave this bed; I cannot even go out charing to earn a few sous. We have not paid the year's taxes; the baker's tally is covered with notches, and credit will be refused to us. Jacques is willing, but he is too young and too weak to earn much. Oh, what will become of us? Oh, if my poor good man were not dead! He took all our happiness away with him!" Then, hiding her face in her poor pillow, as she felt the tears run down her cheeks, emaciated and burning with fever, she thought of the happy days gone by, and cried still more.

thought of the happy days gone by, and cried still more.

Her husband had been a steady, hardworking, honest man, who had won the good-will of all except the landlords of public houses, where he never went. When he was called for the conceription he was employed to drive the military baggage waggons, for he drove well and was kind to his horsee, never going to his was kind to his horsee, never going to his own rest till he had made them comfortable. He was proud of the time when he had "gone to the war with the army," and said, laughingly, "I have carted the glory of the wars in the Crimea and Italy." When he returned to his naire goot is the house."

Jacques took the closk, which was eare fully folded in the cheet; on the top lay a loved her. They married without any provision but their industry; Marguerite's only adornment on her wedding day was a new cap, costing three france. The cried still more.

Her husband had been a steady, hard-

house they lived in was their own; it was very small, very shabby, and out of repair; but they were happy there, for they were hard working and honest, and they loved each other. So the neighbors said:

"La Marguerite was, after all, not so silly when she married Grand Pierre; he is a good and strong workman, who is at his work early and late, who is thrifty, and does not drink."

Yes, Grand-Pierre was a good workman.

his work early and late, who is thrifty, and does not drink."

Yes, Grand-Pierre was a good workman —active, punctual, talking little, but toiling hard. He was employed in a stone quarry, and drove a cart loaded with large blocks of stone, dragged by four powerful horses. Pierre excelled in the manage ment of the crane; he knew well how to load and balance the huge stones, and how to bring them asfely down the steepest declivities leading to the plain. When his day's task was done Pierre came home; his bowl of soup was ready for him, with his jug of cider; he then hung up his homespun carter's cloak on a nail, put his whip down in a corner, and, taking off his woolen cap, said to Marguerite:

"Come, mistress, sit down and let us have supper, for it is time to feel very hungry."

All seemed bright and cheerful in the

hungry."

All seemed bright and cheerful in the young couple's humble home, where soon was seen a wicker cradle, made by Pierre in the evenings, for little Jacques was

was seen a wicker cradle, made by Pierre in the evenings, for little Jacques was just born.

But happinese is not lasting in this world; an Arabian proverbays: "When thou hast painted thy house rose color, then fate comes to turn it black. "For eleven years Pierre and Marguerite had lived joyfully, without anxiety for the fature, when misfortune crossed the threshold, took up its abode in the house, and would not leave it. One dark, dreary winter day Grand-Pierre set out early in the morning for the mountain quarry. After having loaded his cart carefully and brought his horses, holding them by the bridle, through the most difficult defiles, he felt tired, and sat down on the cart, leaning against a huge block of granite. Unconsciously his eyes closed, and, lulled by the motion of the vehicle and the monotonous tinkle of the bells, he fell asleep and woke no more in this world. One of the wheels passed over a thick bough which lay across the road; there was a sharp shock, and Pierre was thrown down. Before he could move or rise, the the wheel of the heavy cart had crushed his chest.

The horses went on their way, uncon-The horses went on their way, unconscious that their driver, their old friend, lay dead behind them. They came to where lived the master of the quarry and stopped before his door, "Where is Grand-Pierre?" Search was made; they went to his house; he was not there, and Marguerite was getting anxious. Night had come. They took lanterns, they lighted torches, they followed the mountain road, calling out "Ho, Grand-Pierre?" No one answered. At last they found him, poor fellow! Iying across the road, with outstretched arms, his cheet crushed in. The wheel had torn his carter's cloak, which was stained with blood.

All the villagers followed the funeral

which was stained with blood.

All the villagers followed the funeral to the church and to the graveyard; all came to press Marguerite's hand as she stood, white as wax only her lips moving, for she prayed; but she could only say:

"Lord, have mercy upon me!"

Jacque had just reached his touth more

Jacques had just reached his tenth year.
He did not, he could not, understand the
extent of the calamity which had fallen
upon them; but he cried when he saw his mother shed tears, and so he often cried. Since the day when Grand Pierre had been so suddenly overtaken by death misfor-tune had marked that cottage which had been so happy; now it witnessed more than poverty—sheer wretchedness and misery. So this is why Marguerite sob-bed so bitterly on Christmas night.

When the first struggling rays of the Winter dawn awakened him Jacques rose; he shook off the bits of dry grass which had got into his hatr, and looked at his mother. She was lying with half-shut eyes, pale lips and the red fever spots on her cheeks. Still she smiled, and nodded to her son.
"Have you slept well, mother?"

"Oh, yes, little one, well enough. I feel better, but I am rather cold; you had better light the fire."

Jacques looked in all the corners of the room, opened a cupboard, went into the little cellar, where formerly provisions were kept, and then said ruefully:

drivers; it had a black velvet collar and was fastened with a brass clasp. It was torn, and the rent had dark stains of red. Jacques drew the cloak around him, but it was too long, and trailed on the ground behind him. Marguerite made a large fold inside, and looked everywhere for pins to fasten it; but they were so poor that no pins could be fourd. Jacques, who was ingenious, picked up some long thorns, which had belonged to a burnt fagot; the thorns were used instead of pins, and then Jacques put on the cloak. Just as he was going out, with his hand on the door latch, Marguerite called him back:

back:
"If you see the Crucifix of Treves,
don't forget to say a prayer."

Jacques trudged on the road; no human being could be seen far or near; all was sad and desolate; the snow feli fast, and seemed to fall horizontally, being driven so violently by the north wind; a crow, perched on the highest branch of a poplar, croaked as he passed. From time to time little Jacques was obliged to stop and stamp his feet, for the enow had gathered under his wooden shoer. He was not cold, but the cloak seemed very

and stamp his teek, for the snow had gathered under his wooden shor. He was not cold, but the cloak seemed very heavy; nevertheless he trudged on bravely through the storm; for he was a good little fellow, with plenty of spirit and a firm will to do his duty. He had walked a long way, and was just reaching the first shoulder of the mountain where the forest begen, when he stopped short, greatly frightened, for there was the garde champetre, with his cocked hat and his sword, smoking his pipe.

He was greatly feared by all the young sters, gruft 'Pere Monhache,' who, before being raised to the dignity of gardechampetre, had been in the army, as appeur to a regiment of grenadiers, and who so often talked of his axe, which he ungrammatically called "mon hache," that his surname stuck to him, and he was known as "Pere Monhache." Woe to the urchins who were caught trespassing, known as "Pere Monhache." Woe to the urchins who were caught trespassing, or stealing apples, or shaking plum trees! he caught them by the ear, growling terrifically; and dragged them straight to Monsieur la Maire, who, after a solemn reprimand, had them taken to their fathers, with the announcement that

personal chastisement was expected by the authorities.

Jacques was consequently extremely frightened, when he found himself sud-denly face to face with the merciless arm of the law.
'Where are you going, Jacques, my

boy, in the devil's own weather? Jacques was tempted to seek some ex-cuse or equivocation; but he remem-bered that his father had told him that he must always speak the truth, and though his heart throbbed fast he an-swered bravely:

"I am going to the mountain, Father

Monhache, to gather dry sticks, because we have none, and mother is ill and very

The gerde champetre uttered an expletive that he would have done better to keep to himself; his moustache quivered, then he rubbed his eyes and said gruffly: "This north wind hurts one's eyes and makes them water."

"This north wind hurts one's eyes and makes them water."

Then, looking at Jacques, not at all crossly, he added:

"So, little Jacques, you are going on the mountain? Well, we must part company, for I am going toward the plain, so we shan't meet; and when you come back, if I come across you—well, I won't look that way. I was a friend of Grand-Pierre: he was a good honest falwon't look that way. I was a friend of Grand-Pierre; he was a good, honest fellow who never did anybody any harm, and I am sorry to find that his widow is in trouble. To day, on account of Christmas, we have made some nice soup at home; never fear Marguerite shall have some, and I will take it to her. These are bad times to go through, Jacques how—but I have seen worse, when

These are bad times to go through, Jacques, boy—but I have seen worse, when I used to carry mon hacks at the head of the regiment. Keep a good heart, and say nothing about what I have just told you, or I will pull your ears."

The gards champetre walked off, shrugging his shoulders, half-sorrowfully, half-crossly. A few paces further he suddenly turned round and called out: "Ho! Jacques, boy, go to the underwood."

Jacques looked in all the corners of the room, opened a cupboard, went into the little cellar, where formerly provisions were kept, and then said ruefully:

"There is no wood."

Marguerite looked up to heaven.

"What is to be done?" Then, trying to smile, she said: "Never mind, little one, I don't feel so cold now."

Jacques had sat down on a large stone which served him for a sest; with a pebble, used as a hammer, he was driving a nall to fasten a strap on his wooden shoe. He slipped it on, drew bis cap over his ears, and said to his mother: "I will go on the mountain and look for dry sticks."

"But it is Christmas Day."

"This is needful work, and Monsieur le Oure will not be angry."

"This is needful work, and Monsieur le Oure will not be angry."

"Never mind, mother; the garde champetre on Saturdays."

"Never mind, mother; the garde champetre on the mountain and look for dry sticks."

"Never mind, mother; the garde champetre on the mountain and look for dry sticks."

"Never mind, mother; the garde champetre on the since the side of snow. No birds flew about the trees, but a few sparrows speckled the anow seeking their food and looked like dark stains on the white ground. As if to help bis steps and gain spirit as he went on, Jacques began to eligate the drops off his forehead before he went on. Every now and then, in the dreamy sheard; it was some branch giving way under its load of snow. No birds flew about the trees, but a few sparrows speckled the anow seeking their food and looked like dark stains on the white ground. As if to help bis steps and gain spirit as he went on, Jacques began to disparred the drops off his forehead before he went on. Every now and then, in the dreamy selected, the stores of groaning sound was heard; it was some branch giving way under its load of snow. No birds flew doked like dark stains on the white ground.

mother."

Little Jacques put a knife in his pocket, threw a piece of rope over his shoulder to tie the fagots that he hoped to gather, and opened the door. A tremendous gust of wind and snow pushed him back and filled the room.

"What weather!" said Jacques.

"Oh! mon Dieu!" cried Marguerite, "it is like a white flood! Listen, little one; you are only thinly clad, and you are not down his face.

rope he tied his bundle carefully, le should lose a twig on his way; the threw his closk around him, and, le on a stick he took the shortest cut led to the village. His legs shook a as he trudged on, for the load was he and the snow deep; often he was ob to stop and take breath, leaning agai

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VII. Walking on bravely, though wearil-

came to an open place where several roads met; it was the Treves. Form in the days of the Romans, it had in the days of the Romans, it had called Trivium, for there were three paraching off; the Latin word has corrupted into the French word Treve. Formerly there had been an dedicated to Mercury, the protector or roadside, the god and friend of ped and thieves. The Christians threw of the pagan altar and erected in its stellarge crucifix of granite; on the basen large crucifix of granite; on the bases worn away by creeping plants, may be read: An. Dom. 1314. During Hundred Years' War the image of C was broken, and its remains strewer ground, but when the victories of Jor Arc had restored the Kingdom of Fi to "the little King Bourges" the si had been put back in its origin place was much treasured in the neighbort On the pedestal, with extended nailed to the cross the figure of C seemed to summon all sinners to refuge in His embrace. The image of large size, and in the folds of the gbirds had made their nests, which had been disturbed. The face was turned ward the east; the eyes, opened wild intensity of suffering, were relaed to Heaven, as if they sought for the which guided the wise men, and appet the shearbest of Rathleson.

which guided the wise men, and appeto the shepherds of Bethlehem. By side of the great crucifix had been pla mountainash trees, whose red be recalled the memory of the drops of b which fell from the Saviour's brow.

Marguerite loved to pray at the foothe great crucifix of Treves because men who had brought back her husba body, sad and weary, had rested there had prayed for the soul which had so don't have to the had been taken to be a soul which had so the had been taken to be a soul which had so the had been taken to be a soul which had so the had been taken taken to be a soul which had so the had been taken taken to be a soul which had so the had been taken take denly been taken by death. This is she had said to her boy: "When you before the crucifix of Treves stop and

VIII.

Jacques had not forgotten his mot desire; he put down his load of wood began to say his prayers, while the v maned dreamly round him. Herepe the prayers which he had been taugh the village Catechism, held by Mons le Cure, and other words also which c naturally to his lips for they spraug f his heart. As he prayed he looked at face of the Saviour on which the dranow was falling; he gazed at the pa lips, the upturned eyes, with their pression of infinite suffering, the li convulsed by the last death struggle.

Jacques had been well taught; he k

that what he saw was only a represe tion of that terrible scene on Mount (vary which had been related to him; memories it recalled were so v that he could not bear to look at it seemed to be witnessing the death of Redeemer, and he was miserable; longed to do something to comfort Divine Sufferer. When he had finle his prayers he took up his load of wand moved away. But after walkin and moved away. But after walkin few paces he turned and again gazed the image of the Saviour. A gust wind covered the figure with an Jacques thought of Calvary, and the suffered there, in addition to all the o tortures and stopped. "Ah, poor Dieu! how cold you were!" and he oback to the crucifix, unwittingly stand on the very spot where his dead fa had been laid.

He took off his cloak, and, by cling

He took off his cloak, and, by cling to the stone girdle, he managed a climbing the pedestal, to reach shoulders of the figure so as to throw cloak over them; he took out the the which had looped it up, and spread is such wise as to cover the figure. He

such wise as to cover the figure. He down, stepped back to judge of the sult of his efforts, and was pleased, ing in his childish simplicity, "Now least, He does not look so cold."

Jacques ran off, while the biting where the cotton blouse. He flew down hill like a young colt, feeling meanw the hard wood shaking up and down bruising his shoulders. Breathless, stopped at the foot of the hill ne bruising his shoulders. Breathless, stopped at the foot of the hill ne ravine sheltered by fir trees from snow and wind. Oh, how tired he we He got down into the ravine

thought he would rest—only for minute—before going home to mother. He pushed the wood under head and stretched his limbs, say meanwhile, "I must not go to sleep must not go to sleep!" But, as he spe he fell asleep.

IX. When little Jacques awoke he lood around and was greatly astonial. Where was the ravine, the snow, forest, the mountain, the dark sky, icy wind? All gone; and where was precious fagot of wood? That was greated it too; he thought he was dreaming, rubbed his eyes. He had never seen place where he was, nor had it ever b described to him. In vain he look he could understand nothing; but was inconceivably beautiful. The si

breathed was soft and warm, and seen

to vibrate with delicious music.

Jacques rose, but he could not feel
hard ground under his feet; he seet
to float on something soft which him up, and all his weariness had appeared. A bright halo of light seen to surround him. But what a beaut cloak was thrown over his shoulde Who could have given him such a close Who could have given him such a cloid He had never seen any one like it; stuff seemed all luminous, yet blue it he sky and as if spangled with at His hands—his poor little hand cracked with cold, swollen with colains, hardened by rough work—with they were as white and soft as the tof swan's wings! Jacques was asteriated, but he was not frightened: he ished, but he was not frightened; he no fear or anxiety; not only was and happy, but there we wonderful sense of got rid of a heavy burden which weighed him down hitherto, and which he thought no more, being now