HOME SICKNESS.

storms, from the darkness, oh ! call me, hy bright home of beauty, which smiles fro

such my poor spirit to brook the delay, patiently suffer till summoned away.

How fair in Thy beaven the daylight must a near is that once sorrowed as darkly as mine, sweetly the songs of the angels must fall, at the voice of the tempests no more can appai

Through the far echoed music my heart seems to kno A rest from her labors—a full to her woe; Ket sighs through her dreamings till summened by The Where those joyful Hosannas will ring forth for me.— MARY ALPHOESUS.

From the Catholic World ALL-HALLOW EVE;

OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

CHAPTER XXIII,

It was the usual method on such occasions for the leader who won the tess to threw the ball with all his force as high into the air as possible, and, as a matter of course, as far toward his opponent's goal as he could. The height into theair was as a token to his friends to cheer, and the direction toward his opponent's goal was considered the great advantage of having won the toss.

This was, however, the first occasion in the annals of burling where this laster point had been questioned. Emon-a-knock and Phil MTDermott were both experienced hurlers; and previous to their having taken the high bank in such style, from the field outside the common, they had stepped aside from their men, and discussed the matter thus:

"Phil, I hope we'll win the toss," said Emon.

gamblers—which was six, and even seven, to four en Ratheash at the commencement, was mow even for oboice. Ay, there is one red-haired fellow, with a small eye and a big one, who shows three thimbles upon a board at rases, has offered five fippenny-bits to four appea Shauvilla; and well he may, for Emon and his men had got the ball amongst them, and Emen's orders were to keep it close—for to puck it at all, now that they had it, but to tip it along and keep round it in a body. This was quite fair, and would have been adopted by the other party had they got the chance.

They were thus advancing steadily but alony. The Ratheash men were on the outside, but found it difficult, if not impossible, to cater the solid body of Shanvilla men, who were advancing with the ball in the middle of them toward Ratheash goal.

"To the front, to the front, boys, or the game is lost!" roared Tom Murdeck, who was aimself then watching for an open to get at the ball.

Forthwith there was a body of the green.

himself then watching for an open to get at the ball.

Porthwith there was a body of the greensleeves right before Shanvills, who came on
with their ball, tip by tip, undawnted.

Still Eathcash was owthe outside, and could
met put a harl on a ball. It was a piece of
generalship upon the part of the Shanvilla
leader not often before thought of, and likely
to be crowned with success. The cheers from
Bhanvilla on the hills were now deafening—
the final streggle was evidently at hand. Rathcash on the hills was allent except a few
maximum of apprehension.

This will never do, boys?" said Tom Murdock, rushing into the centre of Shanvilla and endeavoring to book the ball from amongst them; but they were too solid for that, although be had now made his way within a hur!" slength of Emon.

Emon called to his men to stoop in front that he might see the goal and judge his distance.

tance. "A few yards further, boys?" he cried, "and then open out for me to swige: I will not miss either the hall or the gost. "Steady, Emon, steady a bit" said Phil M'Dermott: "don't you see who is, I may say, alongs de of you! Keep it close another att."

In with you, men! what are you about ?"
roared Tom Merdeck; and half a score of the
measure year gushed in amongst the real
flare the clashing of hurls was at its height,
and the abouts from both sides on the hill
wave tremendous. Shanvilla kept and defended their ball in spite of every attempt of Mahing like violence was thought of by either
aide.

whispering. One of them, a big black-haired follow named Ned Murrican, burst out at last, and brandishing his huri over his head, cried out:

"Arrah, now, what are we about, boys? Are we going to see our best man murdered before our eyes, an' be satisfied wid a piper an' a dance? I say we must have blood for blood?"

"An' why not?" said another. "It was no accident; I am sure of that."

"What baidherdash?" cried a third; didn't I see him aim the blow!" and the whole of Shanvilla flourished their horls and their sticks in the air, clashing them together with a terrific noise of onslanght.

Tom Murdock's cheeks blanched. He feared that he had opened a floodgate which he could not stop, and that if there had not been there would soon be, murder. His men stood firm in a close body, and not a word was heard to pass amongst them.

"Don't strike a blow, for the life of yon, boys!" he cried, at the same time he took back his hurl from the man to whom he had given it to hold, who handed it to him, saying, "Here, Tom, you'll be apt to want this."

The Shanvilla men saw him [take the hurl, and thought is an acceptance of a challenge to fight. They now began to jamp off the ground, crying, "Whoop, whoop!" a sure sign of prompt action in an Irish row.

At this still more critical moment, Father Farrell, the parish priest of Shanvilla, who had been sent for in all haste "for the man who was killed," was seen cantering across the common toward the crowd; and more fortunately still, he was accompanied by Father Roche, parish priest of Rathcash. They were both known at a glance; Shanvilla on his "strawberry cob," and Rathcash on his "light little black mare."

It is needies to say that the approach of these two good men calmed, to all appearance, if not in reality, the exhibition of angry feeling amongst the two parties.

"Here, your reverence," said one of the Shanvilla men to Fathey Farrell—"here's where the man that was hurt is lying; poor Emon.-Aknock, your reverence."

Father Farrell torned for a moment and whispered to hi

"Pil do what I can; but son can de mere with your own men than I can. Rathcash will not strike a blow, I knew, until the very last moment."

They then separated, Father Farrell dismounting and going over to where Emonaknook still lay in M'Dermott's arms; and Father Roche up toward the Rathcash men.
"Boys," said he, addressing them, "this is a sad ending to a day's sport; but, thank God, from what I hear, the man is not much hurt. Be steady, at all svents. Indeed, you had better go home at once, every man of you. Won't you take your pricat's advice?"
"An' why not your reverence? to be sure we will, if it comes to that; hut, plaise God, it won't. At worst it was only an accident, an' we're tould it won't signify. We'll stan' our grand another while, your reverence, until we bear how the boy is. Sure, there's two barrels of beer an's adance to the fore, by-an-by." We'll lade be your restready and been your.

barrels of beer an' a dance to the fore, by an'.

"Well, lads, be very steady, and keep your
selves quiet. I'll visit the first man of you
that strikes a blow with condign—"

"We'll strike no blow, your reverence, if
we beent struck first. Let Father Farrell
look to that."

"And so he will, you may depend upon it,"

set tip at the hall, keep branched lines where the thurk is the air, scaring at the top of their voices, "Good boys "Branched and the there is the air, scaring at the top of their voices, "Good boys "Branched and the there is the air, scaring at the top of their voices, "Good boys "Branched and the there is the air, scaring at the top of their voices, "Good boys "Branched and the the will, you may depend upon it," and the lock of the the will, you may depend upon it," and the lock of the the state of the third will, and he had the state of the third will be the state of t And the second s

CHAPTER XXIV.

The moment it had been ascertained that Emon-a-knock had been as seriously burt, somebody thought—oh, the thoughtfulness of some people!—that some conveyance would be required, and she was determined to take time by the forelock. Jamesy Doyle it was who had been dispatched for the cart, with a token to the only servant woman in the house to put a hair mattress—she knew shere to get it—over plenty of straw in the cart, and to make no delay.

Jamesy Doyle was the very fellow to make no mistake, and to do as he was bid; and sure enough there he was now, coming up the boreen with everything as correct as possible. Phil M'Dermott and Ned Murrican led poor Emon to the end of the lane just as Jamesy Doyle came up.

"This is for you my poor fellow," said he, addressing Emon "An I'm to lave you every feet at your ewn doore—them's my orders from the ould masther himself."

Emon was about to speak, or to endeavor to do so; but M'Dermott stopped him.

"Don't be destbroyin yourself Emon, strivin'to spake; but let us lift you into the cart—an' hould year tongue."

Emon-a-knock smiled; but it was a happy

vin' to spake; but let us lift you into the cart—an' hould yenr tongue."

Emon-a-knock smiled; but it was a happy smile.

Of course there was a crowd round him; and many a whispered observation passed shrough them as poor Emon was lifted in, fixed in a reclining position, and Jamesy Doyle desired to "go on," while Pail M'Dermott and big Ned

burt. If he is, my friend, I'm afraid we shall | Murrican gave him an escort, walking one on have a hard task to keep Shanvilla quiet. Could | each side.

Murrican gave him an escort, walking one on each side.

"It was herself sent Jamesy Doyle for the plants, Judy; I heard her tellin' him to put a planty of straw into the art."

"Ay, Peggy, an' I heard her tellin' him to get a hair matteres, au' put it alop of it. Isn't well for the likes of her that has hair matteres to earn."

"Ay, Nelly Gaffeny, an' didn't I has be tellin' him to dhrive for his life?"

"Ay, Nelly Gaffeny, an' didn't I has be tellin' him to dhrive for his life?"

"An troth an' ye didn't, Naucy; what she said was 'to make no delay'; wasm't I as sear her se! am to you this minnit?"

"Mhist, girls," broke in (as Lever would say) a sensible old woman—" it was ould Ned Cavana himself sent Jamesy off; wasn't I lookin' at him givin' the kay of his barn to get the sthraw? Dear me, how pleasant ye' all are!"

"Thrue for you, Katty avrone; but wasn't it Winny that put him up'to it, an't the tears coming up in her eyes as she axed him f an' be the same token, the handkicher she had in her hand was for all the world the very color of Emon. a-knock's cap an' sleeves."

There was a good deal of truth, but some exaggeration, in the above gossip.

It was old Ned Cavana himself who had di-

Murrican gave him an eacort, walking one on each side.

"It was herself sent Jamesy Doyle for the jennest, Judy; I heerd her tellin' him to put plenty of straw late the earl."

"Ay, Peggy, as' I heerd her tellin' him to get a hair matters, ac' put it stop of it lard it well for the likes of her that has hed and tresser to spare."

"Ay, Nelly Gaminy, an' didn't I hear he fellin' him to dhrive for his life?"

"Ay, Nelly Gaminy, an' didn't I hear he fellin' him to dhrive for his life?"

"In troth an' ye didn't, Nancy; what she said was 'to make no delay'; wasn't I as ser her as I am to you this minnit?"

"Whist, girls," broke in (as Lever would say) a sensible old woman—"it was onld Ned Cavana himself sent Jamesy off; wan't I lookin' at him givin' the kay of his barn to get the straw? Dear me, how pleasant ye all are!"

"Thrue for you, Katty avrone; but wasn't it Winny that put him up to it, as' the tearsoning up in her eyes as she ared him! an' be the same token, the handkicher she had in her hand was for all the world the very color of Emon-a-knock's cap an' sleeves."

There was a good deal of truth, but some carageration, in the above goesip.

It was old Ned Cavana himself who had dispatched Jamesy Doyle for the jennet and cart, and he had also given him the key of the barn—old Katty was quite right so far.

Now let it be known, that time was not a man in the parish of Kathessh, whe was the wand the father should be was determined that her father should be was determined that her father should be first if the lield." There, was not hand should be first if the lield." There was not his man in the parish of Kathessh the relative and the parish of the parties that roadered it food for the gosip which we have been listening of the parties that roadered it food for the gosip which we have been listening of the parties that roadered it food for the gosip which we have been listening of the parties of the parties that roadered it food for the gosip which we have been listening for the gosip which we have been listenin

divine the purport of the ameane states watte the which appearedly took place between the winds appeared to the mind, and slewes now also recurred to his mind, and slewes now also what was before him, he must be now how how be continued to the same to the new him, and the slewes he had not been to the same the new to have been continued to the sound better, and he wished to come in which we had not seen to the same to come in whom he believed there was a past to come in whom he believed there was a past to come in whom he believed there was not not he safety to the same to come in whom he believed there was not not he safety to the same to come in whom he believed there was not take you out for the wind, and to the same to come in which and to come had not see the game, had been given the manufactured to the same control of the from his manufactured is a strength of the same to the same

sent me back for fear I'd lose the first dance—
for he knew I was engaged;" and he winked
at a very pretty Ratheash girl with soft blue
eyes and bright auburn hair, who was not far
off.

"Arra, didn't I know they'd dance?" said "Arra, didn't know they'd dance ?" said Murrin, giving two or three dumb squeezes with his cloow before the music came, like the three or four first pulls at a pump before the water flows.

three or four first pulls at a pump before the water flows.

It them ran like lightning through the crowd that the dance was going to begin, and old Mafrin blew up in earnest at the top of his power. He had, with the help of some of the best dancers amongst the girls on both sides, selected that spot for the purpose, before the the game had commenced; and he had kept his ground patiently all through, playing all the plansities in Carolan's catalogue. But not without wetting his whistle; for as he belonged to neither party, he had been supplied with beer alternately by both.

Phil Mormott whispered a few words to the pretty Rathcash girl, and left her apparently in haste. But she was "heerd" by one of the gossips to say, "Of course, Phil; but I will not asy, 'with all my heart; arre, it is only a pleasure pestpened for "a little—now mind, Phil."

"Never fear, Sally." And he was off through se crowd with his head up.

the Rathersh."
"That may be carried out too; but surely mechan arrangement is not to prohibit a person from the privilege of asking a near neigh-

bor."

No; but you had better begin, as leader, by setting the example yourself. You were head of the Rathcash men all day, and they will be likely to take pattern by you."

"Well, I shall begin so Winny; but say that you will dance with me by-and-by."

"No, Tom, I shall not say any such think, for I do not intend to do so. I don't think I shall dance at all; but if I do, it shall be but once—and that with a Shanyilla man."

for I do not intend to do so. I don't think I shall dance at all; but if I do, it shall be but once—and that with a Shanvilla man."

"Do you mean to say, Winny, that you came here to-day intending to dance but once?"

"I mean to say," she replied rather harghtily, "that you have no right to do more than to ask me to dance. That is a right I can no more deny you than you can deny me the right to refuse. But you have no right to cross-question me."

"II," he continued, "it is in consequence of that unfortunate accident, I protest—"

"Here, father," said Winny, interrupting him and turning from him; "shall we go up toward the piper? I see they are at it."

Tom stood disconcerted, as if rivetted to the spot; and as old Ned and his daughter walked away, he saw Phil M'Dermott come toward them. He watched and saw them enter into conversation.

The first question old Ned acked knowing

them. He watched and saw conversation.
The first question old Ned asked knowing that Phil had genesa piece of the way home with him, was of course to know how Emon



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