

MARY LEE

or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XVI.

REFLECTION ON AN IRISH CHURCHYARD —MISS REBECCA AND HER COUSIN WEEKS—PIETY AND INFIDELITY.

Mr. Weeks left his room soon after his cousin—it being now somewhat advanced in the forenoon—and with a cigar in his mouth, descended the steps at the hall door, and sauntered out to breathe the fresh air. It was a delightful morning. Every thing looked cheerful again. Every thing looked happy in long swaths on the lawn, exhaling its perfume under the warm sun. The mowers, swart with toil, were slowly sweeping their scythes through the ripe grass, and moving onwards, side by side with measured step across the broad field. Over the tops of the trees which skirted the demesne below, and through the vistas which time or the axe had made, appeared patches of a mirror. On its southern shore a little white-washed building, showing a gilded cross on its gable, stood facing the sea, and round about among the fern and hawthorns, with which it was surrounded, a number of white headstones peeped out here and there to mark it for a burial place of the dead. This was Massmount, where our foreign friend first saw Mary Lee, as she knelt at the altar. It was a solitary spot, and as pleasant for the dead to rest in as could be found in the whole world. No house within a mile of it, and no noise to disturb its repose but the twitter of the swallow about the eaves of the little church, or the gentle wash of the waves amongst the sea shells at its base. And if, on the Sunday morning, the silence which reigned there through the week was broken, it only seemed to make the stillness which succeeded the more solemn and profound. To the eastward of the chapel, and surrounded by a belt of trees, stood the modest residence of Mr. Guirkio—its white chimneys just visible from the windows of Crohan House; and leading away to the westward lay a long tongue of meadow land called Morass Ridge, on the tip or extreme point of which rose up the still majestic ruins of Shanagh, once a stronghold of the far-famed O'Dougherty of Inishowen. Midway between these two prominent features in the landscape appeared the old churchyard of Massmount, with its little white chapel facing the sea.

Mr. Weeks, touched by the simple beauty of the scene, laid himself down half unconsciously on the grassward to enjoy it at his leisure. Dear Irish reader, let us sit down beside him for a moment, and view the picture also. There is nothing in it new to your eyes—nothing you haven't seen a thousand times before. It was only an old churchyard, and old churchyards, in Ireland, you know, are always the same. The same old beaten foot-paths through the rank grass—the same old hawthorn trees which in early summer shed their white blossoms on the green graves—the same old ivy walls overshadowing the moss-covered tombs of the monk and the nun. No, there was nothing strange or new in the picture—on the contrary, everything there was as familiar to you as your own thoughts. But tell us, dear reader—now that we can converse quietly together—does not the sight of such a spot sometimes awaken old memories? Do you still remember the place in the old ruins where the priest's chest was seen so often after sunset, or the fairy tree beside the holy well which no axe could cut down, nor human hand break a branch off with impunity? But, above all, do you remember the shady little corner where the dear one lies buried—the grassy mound where you knelt to drop the last tear on bidding farewell to the land you will never see again? O, dear reader, do you ever thoughts ever wander back to these blessed scenes of your youth? When in the long summer evenings, after the toil of the day is over, you sit by the porch of the stranger enjoying the cool night air, and gazing up at the sparkling heavens does your eye ever roam in search of that star you should know better than all the rest, the bright one that shines on your own native land? And when you feel under a sense of its isolation—nay, when it turns with disgust from the treacherous and the cold-hearted, who, having wiled you to their shores, now deny you even a foothold on their soil—does memory then ever carry you back to the old homestead among the hills, where in bygone years you have met so many generous souls round the humble hearthstone? Ah, alas! when you look at those once stalwart limbs you gave your adopted country as a recompense for the freedom she promised you—now wasted away in her service—when you think of the blood you shed in her battles, the prayers you offered for her prosperity, the pride with which you heard her name spoken of in other lands, and the glorious hopes you once entertained of seeing her the greatest and the best of the nations of the earth—and yet to think, O, to think that the only return she makes for all this is to hate and spurn you—when thoughts like these weigh down your heart, dear reader, do you not sometimes long to see the old land again, and lay your shattered frame down to rest in that shady corner you remember so well in the old churchyard?

But they tell you here you must not indulge such thoughts as these. On the contrary, you must forget the past; you must renounce your love for the country that gave you birth; you must sever every tie that knits you to her bosom; you must abjure and repudiate her for evermore; the songs you sang and the stories you told so often by the light of the peat fire, must never be sung or told again; all the associations of home and friends, all the pleasant recollections of your boyhood, all the traditions of your warriors and sainted ancestors, must be blotted from your memory, as so many treasons against the land of your adoption. Or, if you

do venture to speak of old times and old places when you meet with long absent friends round the social board, it must be in whispers and with closed doors, lest the strangers should hear you as they pass by. And behold the return they make you for these sacrifices! They give you freedom! What! Freedom to live like helots in the land they promised to make your own—freedom to worship your Creator under a roof which a godless mob may, at any moment, fire with impunity—freedom to shed your blood in defense of a flag that would gladly wave its triumph over the extinction of your race. Speak, exile! are you willing to renounce your fatherland for such recompense as this? O, if you may no ray of sunlight ever visit your grave—no friend or relation, wife or child, ever shed a tear to hallow it. If you've fallen so low as to kiss the foot that spurns you, and to grow so mean as to fasten upon a nation that sings you from her with disgust, then go and live the degraded, soulless thing thou art, fit only to batten on garbage and rot in a potter's field. Go! quit this place, for the sight of an old Irish churchyard has no charms for you.

Mr. Weeks had been sitting for half an hour or more contemplating the scene before him, when, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he turned to see who was coming. It was Rebecca Hardwinkle, accompanied by the colporteur and two of her younger sisters, on their way to Ballymaganey.

"Well, there," said Weeks, rising, and shaking off the chips he had been whittling from a withered branch that happened to lie within his reach—"There! I thought you'd gone long ago."

"My brother detained me," replied Rebecca, "to select some tracts from a parcel he had just received as I was leaving the house; and seeing you here, I passed this way, to offer you one for your inspection. It's on the efficacy of prayer."

"Humph! I know what your coming at, I guess; I haven't been at family worship this morning."

"Ah, cousin, were it only once you absented yourself, we might find some excuse, but to be absent so often—O, dear!"

"Well, now, look here; I don't profess to be much of a Christian, you know, and consequently you can't expect me to get used to your traces right straight off."

"Well, but your religious sentiments are so very shocking, Ephraim, that I tremble to think of your soul, and the end which awaits it if you turn not speedily to the Lord. Read that little book, however, attentively, and you will find it of great spiritual advantage. And then dear cousin, I shall have you prayed for next Sabbath?"

panions, and tried to blush and look mortified. Well, it did seem kinder strange, I allow," said Weeks; "but not being well posted up in the customs of the country, I didn't know but it was all right."

"Don't go, Ephraim," said Rebecca, laying her black-gloved hand affectionately on his arm. "Don't go; take my advice."

"She can't hurt me, I reckon—can she?"

"No, dear Ephraim; she can't hurt your body, but she might hurt your soul. You're weak, you know—very weak indeed, and she is very captivating both in person and conversation. I don't like, my dear cousin, these visits to Miss Petersham and the Catholic priest, especially without some one to protect you against the dangerous influence of their society."

"You don't, eh?"

"No, dear cousin."

"Look at me, Miss Hardwinkle," said Weeks, thrusting his hands down into his pockets, and hitching up his shoulders.

"Is there any thing remarkably green about me?"

"Green! No."

"Ain't I a Yankee, born and bred, eh?"

THE LAST PRAYER.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY OF SISTERLY DEVOTION.

They had put us in what used to be a chapel belonging to the Carmelites, and it was so damp that the water kept dripping from the arched roof and oozing out of the bare walls.

There was only a faint light from the high, narrow, stained-glass window, which was all covered with dust and had an iron grating before it, and we slept on sacks with scarcely any straw in them.

Once a day the heavy door of the little chapel was opened and the jailer, standing on the threshold, called out the name of one of us, and we all knew that the one who was called would never be seen again by the rest of us.

The jailer's visit only lasted a minute, and we lived through all the other hours of the day and night in horror of just that minute.

Such was our state of misery when the two sisters, Solange and Delphine d'Alancourt, were thrust in among us. They came in with their arms round each other, both of them with fair hair and pink and white complexions, resembling each other as one springtime resembles another and lighting up our damp, gloomy prison like a sunrise. It took us quite a week to distinguish them apart for they were so much alike. On Delphine's beautiful face, though, there was an expression of playfulness, whilst a gentle melancholy seemed to be more natural to Solange. There voices, too, were different; Delphine spoke in a lively, quick way, whilst the voice of Solange was grave and penetrating.

We grew so accustomed to seeing them always together that we never thought of them apart, and it never occurred to us to give the preference to one or the other. If by chance they happened to move away from each other for a moment, we felt instinctively that something was wrong as long as they stood alone, so ideal was their mutual devotion.

Somehow, when they first came among us, we felt that something of that adorable which men who have been shipwrecked in the night must feel when the dawn begins to break. We were not deceived in our expectations, for they brought us relief in the midst of our distress.

When the two sisters had been searched, Delphine had managed to hide her prayerbook, and now every day, just before the jailer arrived to fetch her condemned prisoner, she and her sister went across the little chapel and took their place so that the faint light from the high stained-glass window fell on them.

We all followed and grouped ourselves around them, the most valid amongst us kneeling down on the stone floor and the others sitting on their straw mattresses. And in an arm, as fair and beautiful as symbols of Faith and Hope, the two sisters alone remained standing in the center of our group, and holding the precious little book in her delicate, white hands, Solange, in her deep, solemn voice, which went straight to our hearts, began to read the burial service.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

IMMEDIATE DISAPPEARANCE OF PARALYSIS AFTER ATTENDANCE AT MASS, YOUNG MAN RECUPERATES AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS' AFFLICTION.

A remarkable recovery from paralysis is recently reported in the Atlantic Constitution.

"With the suddenness of a miracle the malady that had afflicted Neal A. McGuire, of this city, for the past eight months, depriving him of the entire use of his right hand and arm, disappeared yesterday morning as he was departing from Sacred Heart church after a lengthy service, leaving him sound and whole."

"The full use of the member returned to him with the quickness of thought. The service over, and the reverberations from the superb music of the Mass dying away after the last notes from the great organ, he was making his way to the door with the aid of worshippers; when, reaching the vestibule of Sacred Heart church, he felt the impulse to extend his right hand in response to the greeting of a friend. Suddenly and without warning, he was aware of the fact that his paralyzed arm was whole again."

"The time, the place, the ceremony that had just been concluded, during the course of which a sermon had been delivered that affected him strongly, came over him with a flood of emotion, and it impressed him with the feeling that the hand of the supernatural was extended and touched him. Mr. McGuire is a devout Catholic, and returned to the church with a heart overflowing with thankfulness."

ORIGIN OF THE AFFLICTION. The malady that so strangely afflicted Neal McGuire, without cause or reason, so far as the best medical talent of the country could discover, came upon him at home very abruptly about eight months ago. He awoke one morning with a feeling of numbness and pain in his right arm. At the instant, imagining that he had lain on the member in his sleep, he applied the natural means of bringing it back to life. The numbness continued throughout the day, and he consulted a physician. Many remedies were applied, but the strongest currents of electricity were powerless to restore the afflicted arm, and it became rigid and absolutely useless. Within a short while it was impossible to bend the arm with the use of the united physical strength of several men.

"The best physicians of the city were consulted, and after trying all the remedies known to their skill the case was declared a most puzzling and unusual one. An X-ray photograph was made of the arm by Dr. Hinman, of Atlanta, and studied by the medical profession of the city, without revealing any cause for the appearance of paralysis that had seized upon it. In perfect health up to the time of the strange affliction, and with a record of regular habits and free from every form of indulgence, the young man was suddenly seized with constant pain in his whole arm that gradually extended to the shoulder."

"In obedience to the advice of his physician, he consulted the most famous nerve specialists of New York, and they, in turn, were as much baffled by the strange phenomenon that had resisted the most heroic remedies known to medical science as had been the best physicians of Atlanta."

"For three months he was under constant treatment and the leading figure at every large clinic attended by the medical fraternity of the city and all the medical students of the colleges. No relief resulted, and the wearing effect of the constant pain began to tell upon his strong will and vigorous constitution. The case created widespread interest, and his life, habits, antecedents, present and former occupation and diversions were closely studied in the hope of arriving at a clue that would lead to some effective cure. Mr. McGuire returned to Atlanta about a month ago very much discouraged by the repeated failures, and has been growing steadily worse since."

GOOD OFFICES OF PRAYER.

Every day at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, our Lord Jesus Christ Himself offers to the Father the infinite merits of His expiation and intercession.

One Mass would suffice to obtain the grace of conversion for all the non-Catholics of the whole world. Why do so many Masses fall to win them? Because Our Lord is in the hands of His servants. Miracles He works sometimes. But in the ordinary course of His grace He does not produce outward and visible effects except with the co-operation of His priests and His people. The conversion of the country is, therefore, in our own hands. All must be done by the grace of God. But to open the flood-gates of heaven and to let loose the streams of that mighty grace is given to the prayers of men. Therefore never should we assist at Mass without praying for the conversion of non-Catholics.—Catholic Transcript.

"He spoke of the power of the Mother of God as an intercessor, and recommended her invocation to all human creatures."

"It is not known whether the young man afflicted with the strange malady proffered a request, but when the service was over and the people were being away from the sacred edifice deeply affected by the words of the minister, the malady passed away, and he praised God, who had wrought the wonderful change upon him."

"Mr. McGuire can use and write with his right arm as well as before his affliction, and is in every way well and strong again."

"Neal McGuire is just twenty years of age. He graduated from the Boys' High School of Atlanta in the class of 1901, having gone through the Grammar schools of the city. He was quite a bright and popular student, and was President of his class the year of his graduation."

"He is a son of Mrs. Margaret McGuire, and lives with his mother at 214 South Pryor street. He is a nephew of John A. Corrigan, Assistant Solicitor of the City Criminal Court, and of Thomas F. Corrigan, the well-known lawyer of this city. His brother, J. Edward McGuire, is connected with the Atlanta office of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. His father has been dead a number of years."

Missionaries in the Household.

"Why is the first week of a mission always set apart for women and the second week for men?" The question is pertinent and not irrelevant. When the zealous women feel the quickening influence of the mission's work they become missionaries in the household, and the men, seeking peace and relief, hie themselves off to church. Obedience is not so much a virtue that it becomes a necessity.—Pittsburg Catholic.