

Written For The Pilot. The Angel.

BY ROBERT B. JOYCE, AUTHOR OF "DEERBEE" AND "BLANDE."

I saw an angel in the night, And my soul spake and stopped her flight— Spirit shewn! O! how sweet the sight— What air is fanned by your bright wing?

What lovely zone beled your birth Of shining sun, or star, or earth? Where sweet thou— to what radiant sphere? Or why with mortal singer here?

ANGEL. In the light of the primal Morn, When the warfare of sin began, In Eden's bowers I was born, To dwell with the soul of man; A spark of the splendour of God, Of the doubting soul, and I grew and grew Fairer and brighter the ages through, Till a light from my light filled the eyes of man.

ANGEL. And their hearts grew calm, and they saw The red Of Justice, of Doom, O'er their tribes and their nations wave Above, With the blossoms of Mercy bloom! I showed them God's marvels here, And the myriads called me Faith; I slew the dragon of Fear, And I bridged the house of Death, I opened the soul's dark eyes, I guided her feet the things beyond— That leads to the land of eternal day, O'er the desert of Doubt, o'er the lake of Despond, O'er the mountains of woe, through the curbs and pains of Despair, Till she saw in the fulness of Joy but the skies.

ANGEL. O'er her God-promised home shining there! I walked on the Deluge wide, I guided the wandering Ark, I sat by the Saviour's side, When the days were heavy and dark, I bade in the peasant's cot, As in temples and halls of kings, I heard the last breath that the Martyr drew On the cross and the wheel for Christ's cause, I strengthened the soul 'gainst the thousand stings Of the world and the flesh, till the earth seems not, And her yearning eyes Look for away from this darkness spot, Where the Islands of Heaven arise, A golden glory round her shone, That dazzled mine eyes, and mine was gone! I said, O troubled soul of mine, Have faith in God, and Heaven is thine!

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, D.D.

CHAPTER XXIV. LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Fond son of my infant tear, Fond sharer of my infant joy, Is not thy shade still lingering here? Am I not still thy sweetest employ?"

The next morning brought to Coolidge's farmhouse Louis D'Arcy and his son, and with them, one would have thought, all the men of Fairy Dell and its neighborhood; indeed, all the male population of the surrounding country. For the news of this foul murder had spread with the rapidity of lightning, and awakened in every breast a deep feeling of horror, indignation, and grief. All political differences gave way to the one overwhelming sentiment of respect for a man who was the impetuous champion of true nobility, and of hatred of the lawless violence that bore such fearful fruits as these.

Over the meeting of Louis D'Arcy with his children, by the side of his murdered parent, we shall drop the veil. The calm and indomitable spirit of him who lay on the lovely couch of E. Merce Coolidge, so majestic, so unflatteringly beautiful in the sleep of death, seemed to have passed into the bosom of his son. Not one reverential or resentful word escaped Louis D'Arcy's lips. His dying parent's only words had been words of forgiveness, a prayer that no blood should be shed in atonement of blood. Besides, Louis D'Arcy knew how blameless had been the long life thus violently cut short, and how well prepared for the dread account was the soul so suddenly called before its Maker.

Although worshipping his father for his exalted virtues— for his perfect humanity especially— Louis D'Arcy, at the learning of this second bereavement, following so close on the first, thought less of his own loss than of the dreadful blow that had fallen on his daughters— of his dear Rose above all.

While preparations were making for the removal of the corpse to Fairy Dell, and the crowd outside were discussing in low but earnest tones the measures to be taken to repress outrages, that were a disgrace to their hitherto orderly and peaceful community, the D'Arcy's, with Hiawasse and Jamie McDuffie, were left alone in the death-chamber. Jamie's wound was much brighter than had been at first supposed. The arm was not broken, the blood had been staunch, and the sturdy young fellow would not hear of quitting his post. Hiawasse sat but little. Seated by the side of him who had been to him from infancy companion, friend, and almost brother, and who had been to him as gently as the bullet aimed at his own breast, the Cherokee presented a most touching picture of manly grief. He had shared all the deep religious joys of Francis D'Arcy, as he had shared his perils, his labors, his home, and his unbounded confidence. He sat now by his lifeless remains, praying fervently that they might not be long separated. In his soul, too, all thought of revenge had died out beneath the mighty influence of the faith he professed so sincerely.

In the furthest and darkest corner of the room, Rose sat cowering her little sister, Mary, who had been so cruelly struck at home, when she learned of Rose's arrival and of her grandfather's death. It was a blessed diversion to Rose's intolerable grief to pour out on the child the pent-up mingled love and grief whose swelling, at times, seemed to break her heart. Poor Rose! the sight of her grand father, blessing and unconscious, had seemed to freeze all the currents of life in soul and body. She had been a mute and tearless witness of his death, while all lamentation, despair, and loud anger around her. And the whole remaining night, and during the long hours of the early morning, she had stood, or knelt, or sat by the side of the insensible form so dear to her, without shedding a tear or uttering more than meaningless monosyllables. She had crossed and soothed by her caresses the loud grief of her younger sisters. And the physician who had been summoned to attend to Jamie McDuffie's wound began to entertain very serious fears for the much-tried gentleman's reason.

But no sooner had Louis D'Arcy arrived from Fairy Dell with Gaston and Mary, than the latter darted into the house in quest of Rose, and Rose, at sight of her, uttered a loud cry and clasped her hysterically in her arms, while the locked up tears gushed forth abundantly.

Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy arrived just as the mournful cortege was about to set out for Fairy Dell. Their coming, by calling forth still more the afflicted girl's tears, relieved the too full heart. And Mrs. Hutchinson's true motherly tenderness, together with Lucy's sisterly friendship, did much to temper the desolation of such a coming back to the dear old home.

If ever son could be consoled by the outpouring of a people's grief around the bier of an honored parent, and by the unthought demonstrations of love, gratitude, and reverence toward the dead, Louis D'Arcy must have felt such consolation. He had not for the solemnance, the uncovered head, and the tearful eyes of hundreds in the crowd, one might have deemed the progress toward Fairy Dell a triumphal pageant.

Alas, no clergyman of Francis D'Arcy's own faith was near at hand in that calamitous period to perform the sublime service of the Church before committing to the Patriarch of the Hills' to his last resting-place here below. But during the two days and nights that the body had to be exposed to the veneration of the people far and near, the little chapel near the ruins of the Manor House was never empty of those to whom the dead had to be especially, as it must have been in his day. And I now can admire still more the far-sighted wisdom that prompted him— when he had become the undisputed master— to take such large and liberal measures for promoting the religious interests of the natives, as well as the material prosperity of the country itself.

What a calamity it has been for America that the jealous, selfish and narrow-minded policy of the kings of Spain and their immediate counselors served to thwart the lofty policy of such statesmen as Cortes and Columbus, and to substitute the domination of one race over another to the ruin of Christian brotherhood and equality, which these great men contemplated! What a pity for Spain as well as for America, that the warfare and greatness of our magnificent transatlantic empire should have been sacrificed by the government of Madrid to the fatal and fatal policy of metropolitan supremacy!

Had we been more Christian in our treatment of the native Indian population in the beginning, as well as of them by the natives— by Spanish populations afterward— there had been no such thing as the mother-country, no revolt, no intricate misrule and crying monopolies, no angry passions aroused against the Church and her possessions! But your revered grandfather can explain to you in detail what I here only indicate briefly.

"You know," said he, "that I have undertaken to do for the mother-country, no revolt, no intricate misrule and crying monopolies, no angry passions aroused against the Church and her possessions! But your revered grandfather can explain to you in detail what I here only indicate briefly."

"I have not been slow to perceive that the interests of Spain are in no way connected with the present war, declared by the French king, and I have been ever since an ardent and convinced against this most unhappy country."

"And I am now— after seeing with my own eyes and hearing with my own ears on the spot— free to confess that Senor Francis D'Arcy was right in his estimation of the native Indian population, and in the 'Church Party,' and of the probable result of their alliance with a foreign and half-fidélité power."

"Miramon, who was described to us, at Madrid and Paris and Vienna and London, as the all-powerful chief of the Catholic party in the government of the native people, was a man of no great ability, but very little of a general, and nothing at all of a statesman. As to the conservative majority— if, indeed, it can be called such— it is made up of fragments that can never be made to unite and to act together. They, too, have their rival military and political parties, and are engaged in either for their country or for their religious interests can induce to act in concert. The victories achieved on any point of the national territory by one of their leaders are rendered useless by the revolt or defection of his rivals. Miramon was a man who could only look to the favor or active support of the invading French forces for any power or position in his own country, which, at the present moment, he is forbidden to enter. Senor Almonte and his associate emissaries to Europe, now that the French flag is unfurled on Mexican soil, will be used as instruments by Napoleon and his generals, and broken or cast aside the moment they cease to be docile to the hand of the master."

"I have discovered that I could neither serve Spain nor Mexico, neither the Catholic party, nor the Mexican people, by approving or abetting any ambitious or absurd projects of a European sovereign, who favors revolution in Italy while repressing constitutional liberty in France, and who promises Mexican charismen to see their rights respected and their confiscated property returned, while he is in open league with Cavour and Mazzini to destroy, root and branch, the Church— the establishment, in Italy."

"As to the people themselves, I have seen in the respect paid by the Spanish race, both before and since the revolution, to the rights of the conquered populations, an evidence of what the religious purpose doing, and would certainly have accomplished, if the jealousy of local governors and the equality of landed proprietors, speculators, and merchants had not always counteracted the design of priest and missionary."

"In the United States you have driven out or destroyed the native races. They form the immense majority. The cruel oppression under which they suffered in the first age after the conquest, in spite of the protestations of Cortes and of the religious authorities, have now ceased altogether. They are daily increasing in numbers, intelligence and power. They are a people made for heaven, formed by nature to understand, appreciate and practice the beautiful virtues of the Christian faith— if the storms of political passions and the prevalence of religious intolerance or indifference did not daily render all religious sympathy in their eyes."

"I have made it a point to be present

as often as ever I could at the religious services performed in the towns and villages wherever I happened to be. It is my firm conviction that five or six millions of Mexicans of Indian blood only need the teaching, the example, and the devotion of an enlightened priesthood to be in the near future all that Cortes and Palafox wished and designed them to be."

"Here it is— Senor— a Mexican by birth or adoption— that I should endeavor to labor, as your true knight, to restore to the priesthood of New Spain the magnificent schools and seminaries, now deserted or in ruins, or turned to secular purposes, in which, just a century ago, were trained not only enlightened and thoroughly Christian men for every worldly profession, but the apostolic missionaries, whose creations still subsists from Alaska to the Lake of Nicaragua, the priests and prelates who adorned their sacred profession in city and country, and the distinguished writers who yielded in elegance and eloquence with those of the mother country, even when your great university schools were in their infancy."

"If my mission, undertaken at the command of my sovereign, could have succeeded in re-opening these and such like schools— if I could have secured the greatness in what was formerly New Spain, then indeed should I have exited in running the knightly career my dearest lady desired for me, and then should I have won her colors in a cause infinitely dear to my heart."

"So you can guess from what I say and what I leave unsaid that a blessing has come to me with the dear pledge you placed round my neck, with the sweet and holy influence of your priceless love."

"In a few days I shall write more fully of this beautiful region! At present the people are all excited— not by any sad division— but by the French invasion— we Spaniards are a proud race, and for eight continuous centuries we fought and bled to rid Spain of the presence of foreigners. In the beginning of the present century, when France poured her victorious armies into our country, the nation brooked not that Eugénie should ask her in repelling the invasion. It is the same proud feeling here. All true-hearted Mexicans resent the presence on their soil of a foreign arm, called in, too, by some of their own bishops to protect or restore religious liberty. I now see that the Church is held responsible for the misdeeds of men who are not authorized to act in her name."

"The French intervention, which they have succeeded in obtaining, is judged by their countrymen, by the true Catholics in the land, as it will be judged by posterity, as a great crime, not only because it is worse than any other, it is blunder!"

"When shall it be given me to visit Fairy Dell? Has the dreadful war which in your country also has arrayed brother against brother, spared the peace and solitude of your sweet mountain home? I imagine I see it now, as my dearest Lady, as Miss Genevieve, has so often and so fully described its beauties to me. May I beg you to offer my profound respect to your dear and honored grandfather and father, with kindest remembrance to your brother?"

"To you, who have already been the good angel of my life, and whose love I must daily make myself more and more worthy, I can only offer the devotion of a heart all your own."

"DIEGO DE LEBLINA" Rose, as she read page after page, pausing while she read the deep meaning that underlay the stately formality of Spanish style, was deeply moved. The dawn of religious faith in that dear soul had been the purpose of many a fervent prayer. She had suffered, to obtain such a precious grace for the man she loved, all the bitter pangs of the past twelve months. She had besought the Divine Goodness with tears to enlighten a soul so gifted and so good, and so full of noble aims. And as paragraph after paragraph revealed to her that the light had dawned, and that her knight was now God's knight as well, a deep joy filled her heart.

"From what I say and what I leave unsaid you can guess what a blessing has come to me with the dear pledge you placed round my neck, with the sweet and holy influence of your priceless love."

Rose remembered, too, how Diego used to listen at night, to her own private chamber, while she had set to music of her own; and now she saw how wonderfully the prayer she breathed was fulfilled in Diego's case:— "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home— Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not step from home— The distant scene, one step enough for me. 'Tis not for ever thus, nor pray that Thou Leave me to choose and see my path, but now I have trusted Thee with my soul, and now I will be true, when Thou art gone, Remember not my past years."

The words came back to her memory with a fullness of meaning she had never perceived before. Sing she could not in her present grief. But there was music in her heart of hearts, and to it she sang then intently, forgetting all around her, till she came to the last lines:— "So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, Till the night is gone! And with the moon that shines on me, And with the soft stars that are bright on me, Lead Thou me on!"

As the entranced girl went on, singing in the deep secret of her soul's sanctuary the pregnant words, and drinking in their hidden melody, it was as if from near the throne of high divinity a beam of light came down to her, and the "angel faces" so lately lost and so loved, were smiling on her. How long she might have remained thinking of the light which had led her so surely onward, and of the future toward which the eyes of her soul was turned, it were hard to tell. But her door was opened suddenly, and Victoria's voice startled Rose from her dream.

"Why Rosette, I have been searching house and garden for you! And here is Lucy too, who is always afraid that someone or somebody will spirit you away again." Rose, blushing and confused, tried in vain to conceal the letter which lay open

on her lap. To Genevieve her secret was no secret. But she did not wish to be questioned on this point even by Lucy. Besides, Lucy was no longer the pale, sickly, undergrown child Rose had left her two years before. She was now almost as tall as Genevieve, robust, with ruddy cheeks browned by constant exposure to the air, and the look of one satisfied with the world around her. The truth is, that her unceasing activity in attending to all the great works bequeathed to her by Rose, had effected a complete revolution in Lucy. She gave herself with her whole heart to the good of others, and was dearly loved in return. This atmosphere of love, it was which had so rapidly developed the pale, pining little flower of a girl into the fresh, bright, and lovely young lady who had thrown her arms round Rose's neck, and was overwhelming her with caresses and endearing terms.

"Oh, Rose!" she exclaimed at length, "Do not put away those long letters from Andalusia, and come back to your old friends. Come out into the sunshine with us. Maud has gone for Charles, and we shall take a stroll through the grounds. I think all the flowers will be the brighter for a smile from you. And you, dear, will bring a little of your color by taking one loving look at Fairy Dell."

"How you rattle away, Lucy!" Rose replied. "But I really cannot go immediately. I have to give a few orders to the servants. So, if you will wait for me in the shrubbery, I shall be with you in a few minutes' time."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF MARY AT NAZARETH.

One of the things most to be admired in Mary, although contrary to the ideas we sometimes form of perfection, is the ordinary life which she led. We are usually inclined to measure sanctity by what is exterior, striking and extraordinary; we can hardly believe a man to be a saint unless he astonishes us by his solitary life, his fastings and his mortifications; while, at the same time, that which makes sanctity fixed and firm is concealed within the heart.

The Blessed Virgin led an ordinary and hidden life—a life with which she was well content, and which she preferred to all that was singular and extraordinary. After having received an embassy from Heaven and given birth to Jesus, we see her becoming a simple woman, dwelling in a poor hamlet. There was nothing remarkable in her exercises of devotion. Other women who visited her saw nothing in her manner, in her conversation—in all her actions—she ever showed the same simplicity and modesty.

Consider this august Queen of Heaven, engaged in those occupations which appear to us most humble; either making garments for her Divine Son or preparing the modest family repast. At evening, when the women of Palestine were in the habit of going to the fountains for water, the Blessed Virgin used to set out upon the road which led to Cana. About two hundred paces from her house was an excellent spring, the waters of which at the present day suffice to satisfy the needs of the inhabitants of Nazareth. This spring bears the name of "Our Lady's Fountain."

No one then noticed the angelic spouse of the Blessed Virgin used to set out from her humble home, carrying upon her head the vessel she was going to fill, and leading by the hand a sweet little Child dressed like the son of a laborer. At that hour, the women of the village assembled around the spring; they never once suspected that the girl who led them, and who admired her angelic sweetness, she would pass modestly, recognized only by a few friends, through the midst of laughing young maidens, who came to this evening gathering, at which the women of the East enjoyed an hour of recreation to see their pitchers, would stop to converse about the news of the day, Mary returned immediately, and charmed with the words full of grace that proceeded from the lips of her Son, she would forget the burden she carried upon her blessed head. How beautiful to see her thus in these humble labors— what an example for women of every age.

The labor of Mary was assiduous and constant. It was not a labor of taste or fancy, but one of necessity; a labor that was hard, obscure, humiliating, self-denying; in a word, her mode of life was that of the wife of a poor artisan, and she was what an example for women of every age.

Origin relates that the pagans, who knew not the value of humility, ridiculed the first Christians, because they gloried in being the disciples of a Man born of a poor woman— poor by choice— who gained a livelihood by her needle. There is perhaps no precept in regard to which men are more easily deceived, than the precept which obliges us to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. If men are not bound by this precept, through the precept of living, there is still a necessity of a higher order, which imposes the obligation upon them; for we are obliged to suffer the chastisement inflicted upon us; we are obliged to obey the law of God; finally, we are obliged to imitate Jesus, Mary and Joseph, if we wish to be of the number of the elect.

Let lowly works be performed with humility, and under the eye of God, by dwelling upon thoughts, and praying, from time to time, were it only by simple elevations, of the heart, that the allowed tasks may be sanctified; for that alone is of value before God which is done in conformity with His holy will. Thus acted the valiant woman of the Scriptures. Her hand was industrious; habit gave it facility to work, and yet allow the mind its freedom; and therefore it is said of her children, "The disciples who are already active and also intelligent. Outwardly, her work is material; in its principles, its end, it is spiritual and supernatural, worthy of heaven, and as St. Paul says, 'worthy of God.'"

Learn, then, from the example of Mary, that there is no occupation, however humble it may be, according to our way of judging, of which a Christian need be ashamed, provided it be honest; and he ought to consider himself happy, and even honored, if his state of life so resembles that of Jesus, Mary and Joseph; but to be in perfect conformity with them, he must accept with love the labor to

which his profession or condition subjects him.

God loves the least act of obedience and submission to His will, infinitely more than all the services that one may propose to render to Him through mere taste or inclination. Never look to the quality of what you do, but to the honor it possesses of being agreeable to God.

THE CRIB OF BETHLEHEM.

The cradle of our Saviour—the identical crib in which the Infant Jesus was laid—was for a time preserved in Bethlehem, and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula, and others, had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib and a few pieces of rock from the cave at Bethlehem were brought to Rome. Some have asserted that the transfer was made in the year 325, but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. proved that it was not until the year 657, at the time that the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 652. St. Jerome, who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there, telling him to carry the crib and his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did.

The Crib, considered one of the most precious relics of the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the titles of Our Lady of the Snow and Our Lady of the Crib. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel, built by Pope Sixtus V. in the year 1586, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre, directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar, where the Blessed Sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone, leading to a little chapel called the Chapel of the Crib, formed by the holy crib was kept here, but now only a few pieces of wood taken from it remain on the altar. The main part of the crib is preserved in another side-chapel, enclosed in a magnificent, silver-mounted, crystalline reliquary, surrounded by a gilt iron railing. Every year, on Christmas night, these relics used to be carried in solemn procession to the main altar of the church, where they remained during three days, for public veneration. Old and young, beggars and princes, may be seen during these days, like the shepherds and kings of old in Bethlehem, hastening to Santa Maria Maggiore to visit the holy Crib.

THE ARRESTS IN IRELAND.

This is what the Belfast Examiner (edited by Father Farrell) has to say on the recent arrests in Ireland. The Government have made a very grave mistake. They have arrested three rather impetuous men for impetuous language. The opinion of Europe—for plainly to European public opinion are the Government appealing—will laugh with a smothered laugh at the absurdity of the present Conservative Administration. Nothing approaching to their insane action has occurred within the memory of living men. The opinions which had expression at the Sligo meeting, so far as we can gather their import, are our opinions. We are not to be determined, to have the Irish people rooted in the soil, not by fixity of tenure—but by a system now exploded—but by a peasant proprietary. The reference to the sleeping warriors was but the rhetorical embellishment of the speaker, and if the present Administration is determined to put a stop to Irish oratory by the use of imprisonment, assuredly will bring itself into the most sovereign contempt. Never was more weakness displayed by any Administration; and for the information of their legal advisers the writer of this comment addresses the opinion advocated at the Sligo meeting, and the opinions of the Government be really in excess in this recent insane move they should arrest the chief agent. Mr. Parnell is the man to be punished upon. But the Ministry are afraid and being afraid they demonstrate their weakness. We are not sorry for their action, as it strengthened the hands of their political opponents immensely. To them condemnation of Messrs. Davitt, Daly, and Killeen will not avail much, but the lever with which they have furnished their opponents is immense. If they for a moment imagine that by such a paltry action they can overthrow Ireland, they are in a mistake. Times have changed, and the manhood of Ireland, supported by the manhood of England and Scotland, will not be trampled upon by the governing classes in England.

THE RECENT CIRCULAR OF CARDINAL MANNING.

The early and severe cold which has set in warns us to look for much suffering in this winter among the poor in London. Nevertheless we write you to this first of others at a distance, who are always suffering severely, and who, as the winter draws on, will probably have to endure want of food, fuel and clothing of a kind happily unknown to us. We have received private letters from well-informed and responsible persons in Ireland, full of anxiety for the next months, that describe what is day by day before their eyes, and they assure us that in the West of Ireland such hunger, poverty and woe as now are to be seen have never been known since the fatal famine 1847. Fever has already shown itself, especially among the school children. The diseases which are already suffering most are Ross, Kerry, Galway and Tam. It may be little that you can send, but you will be glad at least to show the sympathy and love of your hearts towards our suffering brethren in Ireland. We therefore affectionately and earnestly call upon you to give promptly and generously, as far as you are able, for their relief, and in thanksgiving to our Divine Master for all the blessing we enjoy. A collection will be made at all the Masses and other services on Sunday and December 7. May the charity of God be poured forth into your hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to you."

Some masses were sung in the streets. Rue d'Orléans, gathered together the children of the people, caught citizens, masses of quire to a lady "Mouché" indeed! She was who drew who then in sobs of it rendered a novel martyring Maud where? the aid the Elph rising knelt out of spread with p of this way the face in

Her name of living vented name, of these seems hostage to the their poor and the victim of the pre- white Wenke her grave served forward beyond it is like of the fe- horrible the so brutal that her of last T. Alas! given return she a sweet march to were attend hand- a scene and still at this half victim seen in the the b- awaiter wrapped joy, as the moment's sweet struck present soldier however greater until grieved weeped bodies found dressed to the lying dead, faintly Oulivai the e- little nized confes- here, "Oh, suffer! he rep- my ch- great Magde- blood words fainte The w- his lip- to the advan about dead, man- to go. The e- this p- will be game on he- concl- should priest- alive, best of unite who is say- who ly the li-