

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY. A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES. CHAPTER XXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

For the first time since Henry O'Halloran's arrival at Portarah, the thought who was he—and wherefore had he come in disguise from a distant country, to a poor, unknown village, to people who differed from him in rank, in feelings, and almost in language—seriously entered into Fergus' mind.

not occur to him for an instant that there was anything supernatural in his departure. For though educated in a country full of wild stories of supernatural agency, his mind from infancy was taught to rise above superstition; and though he was not sceptic enough to deny that beings superior to nature had the power to interfere in mortal affairs, still he believed that this power was limited, and only exercised for wise and important purposes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the morning which followed the day of Fergus' departure from Portarah, on his mission to the city, Connel O'Keane was called from his sleep earlier than was his custom to arise. He appeared with a hasty dress in the kitchen or principal room of his cabin, in which he saw two strong men wrapped in large frieze coats, seated smoking over the few coals of fire, which they had taken from the "raking" of the previous night.

His thoughts would have run on in the same strain of regret, had not the unknown visitor said, in a calm but thrillingly solemn tone—

"Young man, you have had time to consider your answer; let it be true, else let there be none, I ask you again, what think you of the young stranger who has lately arrived at Portarah, and in what relation of friendship does he stand to your family especially to Eeveleen?"

"I cannot say," Fergus replied, with sudden petulance, "I dare not tell my fear."

"As far as man is bound to do for his fellow-man in danger, I would do so," replied Fergus, immediately. "But I know not why I should hazard the loss of freedom and of life for a stranger, whose danger is a mystery to me, and whose only claim upon my good will is the interest my father feels for him."

"Young man," said the unknown person, "your respect for your father's will deserves a recompense even in this life. The Holy Scriptures teach us this, and that which will happen to you will prove true in your case. Listen to me; I am your friend, the best friend of Eeveleen, of your father, and even of this stranger. You and I are closely connected in furtherance of the one object—we are bound together by similar interests of family, of country, and of faith. Our private feelings of interest may be different, but these will not prevent us from acting together in support of our one great and good purpose. Listen then to me, with deep attention, and believe me, for Shemus Dhu when he speaks solemnly, speaks knowing and feeling that there is a God to punish falsehood, and that He is a witness of his words, and that He hears and recollects them as they are spoken. Henry O'Halloran at your father's is the son of Godfrey O'Halloran, your father's dearest friend and fosterer, and the companion of his youth."

"Glorious Heaven!" interrupted Fergus, "why did I not know this before? Why did not my father tell me that this was the son of his dearest friend, for whose safety his prayers were breathed night and morning to heaven, and I would have sacrificed my life—aye a thousand lives—to do him service!"

"Be contented, young man," replied the unknown person, "that your father has had wise reasons for keeping young O'Halloran's visit secret. To me alone is entrusted the liberty of disclosing it. The time is come now; for dangers are about us, which without your exertions, we cannot escape; and you, if I understand you, will not give your assistance freely and promptly unless you know the powerful motives which act upon your father and me."

"I have brought you a witness of Fergus' capture. This man has heard of his imprisonment, he knows the circumstances of it, and I dread to tell you that he is in greater danger than you conceive."

"Say what danger, Eugene?" Connel replied, "were the papers found on him?"

"The papers are safe, old man—safe in the keeping of Father Thomas, or of Shemus Dhu," said the second stranger, in a voice naturally hoarse, but still hoarser or deeper from the mouth muffling from which he spoke. "But your son, the generous, devoted Fergus, is not safe, unless your affairs, and those of this stranger under your roof, come at once to an issue. He is in the absolute power of one whom I know well no feeling of honour or of humanity will deter from his revenge."

"But your conscience will not be satisfied, if you neglect your son, when it is in your power to effect his escape," replied the stranger in the same cold tone.

"Show me the way to save my son, stranger," exclaimed Connel, "I will sacrifice my liberty, my life for him. Let them take revenge upon my grey head, my time will not be long in this world, but let my son live. His young life is dear to him, but tempt me not further, stranger, I will do no evil for the end."

"I ask no act of evil for his safety," answered the stranger. "Your son and yourself live—are honoured and enriched, if you cease to exert yourself in the cause of Henry O'Halloran—if you aid him not with your advice. Promise these, and you both live and are happy. Refuse them, your only son dies to-day, and a worse fate hangs over you and your guest."

formed feats of agility and strength to be expected, from the strongest and most active, or that he was able to endure as much as a young man in his prime. The expression of his countenance was still more inexplicable. When he spoke to Connel in a burst of feeling, his grey eyes beamed sincere kindness; the harsh outline of his features was softened, and the sinister character of his dark beetling eyebrows was neutralized by the smooth-extended expanse of his high pale forehead.

"Why, Shemus, asked Connel, 'have you come to your friend's house in disguise, to tempt his fidelity? Did you doubt the sincerity of the friendship which I swore to you and our departed friend?'"

"Dermot," answered the latter, "had you lived with those with whom I have lived since our last meeting, you would not have asked that question?" said the Peddler, over whose features the same sudden and remarkable change of expression came which we noticed before.

"I have associated with the worst of my race; I have heard them plot against the innocent, and these wicked men covered their dark plans with the cloak of zeal for religion. I have listened silently to them. I appeared to agree with them; but you, Dermot, will forgive me. You know the reason of my silence: it was to defeat their plans of evil. Great God! how my blood boils to think that men should make obedience to the holiest of laws—the laws of conscience—a pretext for the indulgence of the vilest passions of the human heart, and should succeed even to triumph in their acts of wickedness! But it may be the will of heaven for a time. The ways of God's providence are secret to us."

"I cannot, Dermot," answered Shemus Dhu, in a low, melancholy voice; "I cannot even to you explain them. I will go to my grave, charged by both friends and enemies, with peevish, eye, with worse crimes. On the green sod, which will cover the bones of Shemus Dhu, none will kneel to pray. My memory will be recollecting with curses. Yet, no," he exclaimed, with energy, "there will be some living after me, who will remember me with affection. You are one of them, Dermot; and though I cannot explain all, I will tell you enough to satisfy you that I am worthy still to be trusted by the virtuous."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

UNIVERSITY OF MONTREAL.

SOLEMN OPENING OF THE SUCCESSORS OF LAVAL.—ANOTHER FRUIT OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE'S MISSION TO CANADA.—ANOTHER GLORY OF THE REIGN OF PIO NONO.

ELOQUENT SERMON BY MGR CONROY.

Interesting Letter from the Special Correspondent of the "Catholic Review."

MONTREAL, Jan. 12th.—Seldom if ever in the brief but varied history of the Church of Canada, has there occurred any event calculated to be productive of more wide-spread utility than that of which the Seminary of Montreal was the scene on the recent festival of the Epiphany.

HAPPILY OVERCOME BY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE, not however without the cost on his part of much anxious thought and labor during the past few months. The new University in Montreal is a success of the Laval University in Quebec, that is to say it is governed by the same laws as Laval, and the course of studies preparatory to the taking of degrees is the same in both.

THE FATHERS OF THE COMPANY OF JESUS have been constituted the teachers in the arts. The doctors of the medical school in Montreal, who have hitherto conferred degrees solely by virtue of their connexion with the Protestant University of Victoria, in Upper Canada, have, this connexion being now severed, become the medical teachers of the new school created by his Excellency. The faculty embraces a distinguished body of judges and eminent jurists, and lastly to

THE LEARNED FATHERS OF ST. SULPICE, has been assigned the important department of Theology, Scripture and Canon Law.

The Professors of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

International Law.—O. S. Chertier, Esq., Q.C. Knight of St. Gregory, Dean of the Faculty.

Commercial and Maritime Law.—Hon. S. C. Monk, Judge of Court Queens Bench.

Internal Pathology.—P. Munro M.D. Dean of the Faculty.

Clinical Surgery.—W. H. Hingetou, M.D.

Ophthalmology.—L. E. Desjardins, M.D.

The ceremony preceding the formal opening took place as already stated, in the Seminary of Montreal, which is under the enlightened management of the Sulpician Fathers. At 10 o'clock A. M., the members of the different faculties entered the church in procession; following came 300 ecclesiastical students, and an immense number of clergy, wearing surplices; next came the bishops of the Province; Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Racine, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Mgr. Lafleche, Bishop of Trois Rivières; Mgr. Langevin, Bishop of St. Germain, Rimouski; Mgr. Dubamel, Bishop of Ottawa; Mgr. Fabre Bishop of Montreal, and the venerable and illustrious Metropolitan, Mgr. Taschereau, the Archbishop of Quebec.

It is fitting that the inauguration of a new centre of Catholic University education should take place on this day of the Saviour's Epiphany, for the festival of the Epiphany is pre-eminently a festival of first fruits. This one day, thus sings the Church in her Antiphon, shines with the united glory of three several marvels of God's power; to-day, a star guided the Magi to the manger of the Divine Infant; to-day, at the marriage feast in Cana, water was changed into wine; to-day, Christ, for our salvation, willed to be baptized by John in the river Jordan. Now, the Magi were the first fruits of the Gentile world, and their coming was the inauguration of the triumphs of the Catholic faith among the nations. The wonderful wrought at Cana was the first fruits of Christ's miracles, and the beginning of that splendid series of supernatural signs by which He proved to an unbelieving world that His mission was divine. The baptism of Christ in the Jordan was in a manner the first fruits of the sacramental system of the New Law. St. Gregory of Nazianzum writes that

OUR SAVIOUR, ARISING TO-DAY

from the waters, bore with him a regenerated world for the stream that touched His Divine brow was made thereby powerful to cleanse men's souls.

BUT, BETWEEN GOD'S WORK, in the formation of this Church and His work in the creation of the material world, there obtains a singular difference. In creating the material world, God had but to speak the word, and behold! it was made.

IN HIS NEW UNIVERSITY, there obtains a singular difference. In creating the material world, God had but to speak the word, and behold! it was made. In the formation of this Church and His work in the creation of the material world, there obtains a singular difference. In creating the material world, God had but to speak the word, and behold! it was made.

tholic Church as a whole can ever be stained by human guilt or darkened by human ignorance or error; for it is the Bride of the Lamb, without spot or stain, and the pillar and the ground of truth? Not that she can suffer decay or death as if she were a human institution; for she has the gift of immortality. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her," and as St. Ambrose tells us, "wherever the Church is, there no death can come, but sempiternal life forever reigns."

AND AMONG THESE AMERICAN CHURCHES, there is one present here to-day in its hierarchy, which calls for all my reverence and love, the Church of Lower Canada. I behold her standing in her benignant strength as it were midway between the venerable Churches of the Old World and the infant Churches of the New; older than these by the two hundred years of her glorious history and by her riper organization, younger than those by many an eventful century; truly a work of God in the midst of years. She is not young, nor yet is she old, and the dangers that beset her are all the more serious for this reason.

of the Church consist? *Le vita erat lux*; the Church's life is light, a light that is threefold; the light of Faith, the light of cultured intellect and the light of holy living. And the triple light corresponds precisely to the threefold power of which on the day of Epiphany, God gave to the Church in the mystery of the star, in the power of miraculous proof, and in the first outpouring of baptismal grace. Now this is the threefold light of which according to the Church's conception

is the source and centre. O true Light that enlightenest every man that cometh into the world, send forth this day into this institution which we have built for Thy glory alone, this threefold supernatural light! Let no shadow of error ever darken the minds of those who shall set forth Thy truth; *emite lucem tuam et visitentiam!* O! Lord of all science, let divine and human learning be so cultivated ere so that they may ever lead to Thee from whom they have come! And, O God of Holiness! let the light of faith and the light of reason ever find their full complement here in the light of Christian virtue; This triple light is the life we crave to-day: *vivifica vivifica.*

THE EARLY FATHERS OF THE CHURCH OF CANADA, the men who first gave it its life, are here to-day in the persons of their successors in name and office, who have been chosen by God to help in the new infusion of spiritual vigor in the people of Christ. In the laymen I see before me, I see the descendants of those first French settlers who came hither, not so much to win a home for themselves in the forest clearing, or by the banks of the mighty river, as to win a home for Christ in the hearts of the Indian population who here dwelt in darkness and in the shadow of death. One of the first acts of Jacques Cartier upon his arrival was to hold aloft before the savage inhabitants of Hochelaga the crucifix, which told them that they had been redeemed by the blood of a God. Here to-day his descendants proclaim that the saving sign which sanctified the courage of their sires shall ever sanctify their own intellectual culture, and that they are not ashamed of the cross of their Lord. Here, too, I behold united in common action the priests of St. Sulpice, whose history is inseparably bound up with the history of Montreal, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who have bought their place in the land with the blood of a hundred martyrs. Hither, also, have come the mitted pastors of the Canadian churches, not merely to scatter blessings upon the new undertaking, but to pledge themselves before God and the people that they will ever guard pure and bright the light that the Church is kindling here to-day.

NOR IS PETER WAITING to the goodly company. When the aged Patriarch was approaching the end of his life, we are told in Holy Scripture that he strengthened himself on his bed, that he might give to the children who were to be the fathers of the tribes of Israel each his own proper blessing. To-day, in Rome, the Patriarch of the Catholic Church, from his bed of pain, is blessing one by one the Churches of Christendom, each with its own proper blessing. That blessing he has bidden my unworthy lips to utter here to-day. In his name, therefore, and by his supreme authority, I bless this new University. May those who bless it be themselves filled with blessings, and from it may the light of God's truth shine out for all ages upon generation after generation of Christian youth. *Deus misericorditer nostri et benedictor nobis, illuminet vultum suum super nos et misericorditer nostri, ut cognoscamus in terra viam tuam, in omnibus gentibus salutare tuum.* After high mass, all were hospitably entertained at dinner by the Sulpician Fathers. The guests proceeded after dinner to the *aula maxima* of the college, which was suitably decorated for the occasion, and addresses were presented by the several faculties to the Apostolic Delegate, who replied to them in his usual felicitous manner.

THE DELEGATES VISIT TO AMERICA, On last Tuesday, his Excellency left Montreal for Portland, Me., where he is the guest of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Henly. It is understood that he will go from Portland to Boston, and thence in a few days to New York.—Montreal correspondent of the *Catholic Review*.