

THE PHARISEE OF PIGEON CREEK.

BY JOHN M'GOVERN.

Well on in years, an eye severe, a beard of even length, a body not spare, and yet lean enough to uphold the austere face forever sitting on those shoulders, justice of the peace, custodian of the township library, retired doctor, with certain drugs for sale at retail, as emergency demanded, deacon, farmer—such was Cyrus Worthy Woodman, the "prominent citizen" of Woodman's Corners, who wanted an orphan to "fetch up." The orphan was to be had. It is wonderful how, on this earth, supply and demand seem to have been created for each other. So thought the people who were closing out the small boy. It is needless to believe that he would have gone cheaper—that is, if a less portentious person than Cyrus Worthy Woodman had reached, the small boy would have been handed forth.

vision of the distinguished magistrate, physician, father, landlord and orphan protector, his hymn rises higher, as though it were Moses, Joshua, Elisha or John the Baptist going down into the waters. The hymn, though it may depress the spirits, still sustains the courage of the small boy. It is only the matter of a wetting, for the water sometimes comes over the reach. For all this, to the lad, the whole proceeding is horrible. It is work, the Gorgon and Chimera of the world. For that small boy who wades for fun to-day, and goads his mother to despair, would cry loudly out to fate were he dredging a broken dagn, or going on an errand across a swollen creek.

the awful fall, such as you hear in the forest in the midst of the gale, at midnight. "Now where's the birch? Ah, yes, I'll trim it. You had better stand there—right there! I never knew a little boy to say 'I can't' to me but once." Reader, one world may come close to another world, and know nothing of it. A few years ago, a half dozen planets went by our mother earth, and beyond a sun spot or a volcano, or a cyclone, not one of us knew or cared; and no one is sure that either Java or Iowa owed her troubles to the stars. So, here in this forest, there were two worlds. The mind of Cyrus dwelt, probably, on his greatness among men, the worthiness of Beebee. The affair of the moment was to whip a little boy, as the affair of the previous moment had been to fell a tough beech tree. What the little boy might think could not arise as an inquiry in the judicial mind of Cyrus Worthy Woodman.

But, there before him, like a murderer on the scaffold, tied hand and foot with the terror that only the ugly dog and the wretched little wrong-doer stood. Where now was his frog with the bladder, his saucy blue jay, his garter snake and his red winergreen berries? Down goes his feeble bell. He hears the boys say the church bell is at the depot. He sees it there. He watches all the operations that hoist it into the belfry. He goes home, and his mother, in poverty and misery, talks to him past midnight of his kind father, and the blindness of the destiny that took away that father. He sleeps late beside his mother, and wakes to find a neighbor in the house shrieking that his mother is dead. He comes to the neighbor's house, and then comes the toll of that same bell—for all the villagers asked when it first swung in the steeple. "Whom will it toll for first?"—and it tolled for his own mother! And here in the woods, with Cyrus Worthy before him, he hears the tolling of that bell, and in the blue sky he looks, to see the dove descending, or his mother, or something that shall take away the dread of all dying!

Why, then, should we tarry to detail either the march of that summer across the page of an obscure lad's history, or the slow-eating canker of that secret heresy? Error had set her mark upon that wrong-doer. The mind of the faithful servant of a rebukable heaven was often troubled. To whistle on Sunday, to read as a comorant eats, and of worldly history, when the Advocates, and Exemplars and Expositors offered mines of precious truth; to be famously homesick; to say he was glad so feebly that the lie shriveled upon his weak lips—it was all that could be expected of the progeny of Satan! Cyrus began to believe the women folk; the viper was already stinging him!

Englishmen counted him an English martyr. He, however, came from that island which, through God's mercy, had sent so many faithful priests and laymen to England, and had done so much to keep up the faith in that country. The venerable Oliver Plunkett was an Irishman who went when young to Rome to study for the priesthood because persecuting laws rendered it impossible for him to pursue the necessary studies in his own country. In Rome he remained twenty years. At the end of that time the See of Armagh fell vacant, and he was sent there as a man of heroic sanctity, great wisdom, tact, and prudence. For some years he exercised his ministry as Archbishop. He was universally respected, even by Protestants and those who persecuted the Catholic faith. One distinguished him from others saying: "He was a prudent, quiet man; he never meddled in anything save in the care of the souls committed to him." Plunkett, however, had occasion to punish and censure certain persons in his diocese who were leading evil lives. They in revenge denounced him to the English Government, thinking thereby to earn money for themselves. He was not tried in Ireland but sent to England, because it was known that no jury could be found in Ireland, not even one composed of Protestants, who would condemn a man who was universally loved and respected. He was sent to London, and PERJURED WITNESSES CAME FROM IRELAND AFTER HIM.

FEAST OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

The Claims of Englishmen on Oliver Plunkett.

London Universe.

Sunday being the Feast of the English Martyrs, it was observed with much solemnity at the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill. In the morning the Mass of St. Teresa was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, Brother Donnelly and the Rev. Father O'Brien acting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. S. Browne, O. M. I. In the evening Vespers were sung by the Rev. Father O'Reilly, O. M. I. Immediately after the sermon, which was preached by the Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., Benediction was given. Brother Donnelly and Father O'Brien assisting; after which there was a procession in honor of Our Lady. A string band and choir, conducted by Mr. Lovett, were in attendance. Our Lady's statue was borne by altar boys, preceded and followed by acolytes in scarlet cassocks. The Rev. Father Clarke preached from the text: "They shall flourish before Thee like the lily, alleluia; and shall be fragrant in Thy sight like the balm, alleluia."

THE CLAIMS OF ENGLISHMEN ON OLIVER PLUNKETT.

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These witnesses denounced him, who had only £50 a year, as one who had been entrusted with large sums of money by the Pope, in order to bring going to raise the Irish against the English Government, which statement, it was needless to say, was an absolute lie from beginning to end. On that excuse they tried and found him guilty. He has not given the necessary time to defend himself and bring other witnesses from Ireland to prove his complete innocence. His enemies were determined on his complete destruction because he was a Catholic Archbishop. After leaving him to rot in prison for more than a year he was brought out to Tyburn, and there he was first hanged and then cut open, his heart was torn out by the hangman, and his arms cut off. Then his head was thrown into the fire. Now came the interesting part of the story. Some Catholics who were standing by bribed the executioner to give them the head. It was saved from the fire when scarcely burnt. The Catholics treasured that head and sent it to Rome. There it was given to Cardinal Howard. When it arrived at Rome there was no sign of decay about it. The Cardinal had a relicary made for it, and after keeping it some time sent it to a convent in Drogheda, in which a niece of the martyred Archbishop was the superior. That head was still in the convent just as it came out of the fire. He himself had seen it twice within the last few months. The head was in no way corrupt. It was quite black from the effects of the fire.