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, costodiar of the township library, retired doctor, with certain drugs for sale at retail, as emergency demanded, deacon, farme was Cyrus Worthy Woodman the "prominent citizen" of Woodman's Corners, who wanted an orphan to "fetch up." The orphan was to be is wonderful how, on this earth, supply and demand seem to have created for each other. Se 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 portentous person than Cyrus Worthy Woodman had reached, the small boy would have

This small boy was not a prime article. He was but nine years old, no robust, a secretly egotistical little fellow, with a sad consciousness of the hollowness of the merit upon which he based his self-love, yet almost mortally sensitive to the candid remarks of the Thus, after the great Cyrus had secured the orphan, and after mention had been elaborately made to him of the advantages of being a boy in Squire Woodman's family, it became necessary to examine the boy critically in order that there might thrive in his heart no vanity or other hateful thing.

been handed forth.

There followed, then, the torture of this daily and conscientious exhibit of his lack of personal sightliness, his lack of promising muscle, his lack of a deep religious satisfaction with his lot as an orphan, whereby the kind Father had exalted him to be even a servant in the house of Cyrus Worthy. The little fellow said "Yes" to all this with his lips, but he was not an able liar, and the women folk, with their sharp eyes soon determined that Squire Woodman

had a viper in his bosom.

All the infantile triumphs of this unfortunate child withered in the Sahara of human feelings which it was now his fate to cross. His speeches at the Sun day school festivals were as naught for there was no Sunday school. His great geography, with the wee boy seated among grown girls at school, was a memory which no one else would believe, for there was no school-for There was nothing for the orphans. oy to do but to split wood, to carry it in, and when people asked him if he liked it at Square Woodman's, to say that he did. Already has this human being questioned within himself "What And from the morning pray ers of Cyrus Worthy Woodman, of course, has come the admonition that life is a blessing to the good, and a terror to the ungodly.

There is a growing suspicion of un-godliness in the child's heart, for life rapidly terrorizes him.

The spring floods have begun There is the usual gossip and guessing whether or not the dam will go out. On each side of the little bridge, built with so much of a township noise-the feat of water waders — there yawns a stretch of swollen stream that must be Beyond this Pigeon Creek is the farm which Cyrus Worthy Woodman owns and rents to Beebee-Beebee the base; Beebee, the ungodly, whom life is very properly a terror and when Cyrus Worthy doth add to this terror, is he not merely an instru-ment of an all-wise Providence? So ruminates Cyrus Worthy Woodman, and if he say it aloud, so chime in his delightful family, for Cyrus is a great

man in whom they have their pride. Let us then behold the beginning of life in its reality, so far as this boy is The frugal morning meal has been eaten; the household has gathered in the sitting room, and before the glass doors of the township library the boy has kneeled and spelled out the titles of all Abbot's biographies, and all the "Beechnut" yarns, and the "Rollo" stories, "Robinson Crusoe," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Thaddeus," and "The Children of the Abbey." The prayer Progress," "Thaddeus," and "The Children of the Abbey." The prayer closes, and the men folk go forth to the There, as the morning light barn. grows better, Cyrus Worthy repeats to the lad the hope that he will never whistle again on Sunday, as he had been apprehended in doing the previous The tone a man adopts towards a small boy is always mocksolemn, but with Cyrus this solmnity is a delight.

There is to be built, within the tribute-paying realm of the despised Beebee, a new rail fence which shall run through a thick growth of timber To a small boy a and over a morass. rail fence entering a piece of woods is often the sign of infinity. It shall be the beginning of real life for the small boy to aid in cutting the way for this

The horses are hitched to the wagon gearing, the lunch is grasped, Cyrus bestrides the reach just forward the rear axle, and, with the small boy before him, sitting between his arms and the lines, they are off for Beebee

dom. "I woo-hoo-hood not live alway, I a hask not to stay," sings Cyrus, as his mind travels over the church meetings of yesterday, and the boy in front of him, filled with the glory and humanity of Cyrus Worthy Woodman which so beswells the whole family, concludes that his own homesickness and his unhappiness and his thoughts of his poor dead mother, who held even her little boy as a Cyrus Worthy Woodman, a joy in the world-concludes, I say, that these feelings must arise entirely from ungodliness, whereby life becomes a terror, that Providence

may hide a shining face. And, as the flood comes upon the

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 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 broken dam, or going on an errand cross a swollen creek.

But to the despair of a wee child there happily enters the promptest of reactions. The very bark upon the trees is a study. The bladder upon reactions.
trees is a study. The blauces
trees is a fithe bull frog is a mystery the neck of the The plainness of a linnet, or the jaunty dress of a woodpecker will cheer child far off beyond the reach of any wagon or the chant of any hypocrite And in the bottoms of any free little creek, nature has her playground. There, returning birds and waking frogs arouse the spring. times the national convention of black birds meets, spends three days in organizing, and takes fifteen hundred ballots without a nomination.

And with the creek receding come also the spirit of mastery — for has not Cyrus Worthy Woodman, at last, thinking that the boy had life, spoken fitly of their success in crossing? And this so cheers the Protected that he And begins in his mind to chop trees with his little axe, and already wishes he were at the point of work.

It is a new country in northern adiana. The man and the boy pass Indiana. many clearings. The blows of the axe are heard in many directions. Let us notice this woodchopper, as Cyrus Worthy drives past.

He stands on the log, in his shirt sleeves. He chops for a small chip, which flies out, and the little notch sharpens to a point. Then he spreads his feet still further apart, and applies himself, with terrific blows of his keen axe, to a point perhaps fifteen inches at the right of the deep notch just finished. As he brings down his axe he gives utterance to a "humh" that can be heard far into the timber. A few such blows, and such emphatic, half-dumb ejaculation of the body, and the first great chip, or "carving," almost a slab, loosens from the log, and is thrown out of the woodman's way.

The phonographers, as they writ their shorthand, have their tees and and their dees, their eels, and their lees. If you say "lip," you use a "labial"; if you say "tooth," you use a "dental"; if you say "looth, "you use a "dental"; if you say "like," a "lingual"; if you say "ink," a "nasal"; if you say "Gog," or "Magog," a "gutteral." Thus the phonographers preachers preach you pedantically of your lips, your tongue, your nose, and your throat. And it ever you pass the initial point of their analysis you must have also their "labio dentals," their "linguodentals," and so on. But this woodman's phone tics goes beyond the lore of the hand men. His "humh," his body inarticulate cry, is from the stomach and through the nose. It must be a "gastro-nasal." It has no name among Americans. But the Scotch, quicker students of human nature than we are

dl it "pah-ing." And here they are, bright and early, at Beebee's; Cyrus Worthy Woodman, making first the little chip, and ther the big one, though on a standing rather than on a fallen tree, Chop—"humh!" Chop—"humh!" Chop—"humh!"

And on the small saplings the little boy strives to imitate his protector. is the under stroke the boy cannot get So all his blows are delivered down ward, many within a hair's breadth of each other. And when, at last, the sapling can be bent over and broken off, the stump looks like a splint broom. It is neither scientific nor rapid. simply work. That was the object. The boy was learning to work. I have in days gone by, when the heard, New York printers waited for steamers to come in with the news, such as is now cabled, they could either "loat" or set "bogus." "Bogus" was Bible copy, filled with "superiors," italic, genealogical tables, and very narrow in measure. This "bogus" was corrected with scrupulous care—and then It was work, and work distributed. only. Well, this boy was chopping "bogus." He felt it, for he was a thinker. The things he loved to chop were the blue birches—long, beautiful withes, without a branch, that could be cut down clean with one blow. They grew ten feet long, slender, erectfine withes with which to whip oxen Haw, there !- and an ox would haw had you one of those magnificent withes to shake over his horns.

"Chop down you sapling, William, quoth Cyrus, as he examined the edge of his axe.

There arose in the tired boy's mind countless number of downward hack

"I can't!" he whined. It was a sad moment to say " The skilled axeman was filled with what Napolean III. might have called elan-the blood of Cyrus Worthy was warm with the triumph of flesh over fibre. "O-ho! You can't?" he cried with a merry light in his eve I know just how to teach little boys never to say 'I can't! Now you run over there, and bring me that blue -there, that longer one-that's That will teach you, guess (sing-Jesus Died on Calvary's Moun-Now stand there till I get the lean of this tree. Now stand behind

And then a chop-humh !- and the creak, the crackling, the crash and

the awful fall, such as you hear in the forest in the midst of the gale, at

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

Reader, one world may come close to other 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 clone, not one of us knew or cared and no one is sure that either Java or lowa 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 funds of his township, and the unworthiness of Beebee. The affai. of the moment was to whip a little boy The affair as the affair of the previous mome been to fell a tough beech What the little boy might think tree. could not arise as an inquiry in the judicial mind of Cyrus Worthy Wood

But, there before him, like a mu derer on the scaffold, tied hand and foot with the terror that only the ungodly have, the wretched little wrong-doer stood. Where now was his frog with the bladder, his saucy blue jay, his garter snake and his red wintergreen perries? Down goes his feeble pu 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 belfrey. 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 fook away that father. He sleeps late beside his mother, and wakes to find a neighbor in the house shricking that his mother is dead. He goes into 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 the steeple. 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!

But Cyrus Worthy Woodman has no notion of killing him! He is merely going to teach him not to say He poses his small victim who has fairly lost all volition. He fiourishes the long withe - a magnificent whip for oxen—and he administers the rebuke of a conscientious teacher o norals and protector of orphans.

There are ten screams of the withe through the air and the adjacent leaves humh; two - humh; threehumh; four-humh; five-humh; sixhumh; seven-humh; eight-humh; nine-humh; ten-humh!

It is Cyrus Worthy Woodman, pahing! ... There! You will never say ')

can't' any more!' No, no; that demoralized little fellow will never say the dreaded words again. It is a question if he will dare hazard any other form of speech which the sweet-spoken monster may have sibly interdicted. But, oh, the faintness and the awful terror of the moments just passed through! Why had not his mother told him such me could live! He had himself once aptured a meadow lark that throbbed died from fright within his hand. Perhaps God has put him in this man's clutches for his wickednes in wishing to examine the brave little bird that would not leave her nest of peckled eggs in the fallow.

But the memorable day pa out another switching. In fact, the good Cyrus, accepting the office of orrection as a sort of Druid ceremonial, an offering in the woods, grows genial ale though ean to be trusted. A hundred years could not wipe out of that brain the impression of brutality that a screaming or withe and a hideous gastro-nasal have

inflicted upon a soul of terror. The phenomena of nature confused themselves with the idea of flogging. All beautiful blue birches had a Judas like look, and prophesied countless corrections. The bullfrog croaked "I an't!" The killdeer cried "I can't The quail taunted him: "O, I can't! The national convention of black-birds, in session near by on the bottoms, a once nominated Cyrus Worthy Woodman by acclamation, amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. Alas! it seemed that even nature had hurled the poor boy from her heart.

But at night—may God be praised

as they slashed homeward through the swollen flood, a friendly bird, that had no fear of township author-ity, lamented: "Whip-poor-Will?" ty, lamented: Whip-poor-Will?"

Thus went the spring. On came the ummer.

The odor of sanctity hung about the mansion of Cyrus Worthy Woodman. June airs, laden with the bloom of the fruit trees, and carrying also the of an early and delightful day ould not steal joyously into that house hold that they did not meet the solemn accents of the good man haling forth the imprecations of Holy Writ upon them that did evil. Night could not close upon the little world, tired with he stern demands of toil, without first istening to the same line of godly dia ribe against all them that persecuted the righteous or held the saintly not select and apart. For the Lord whom Cyrus Worthy Woodman worshipped jealous God, visiting was a iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation. Verily was it needful that all who sought that house should those walk with circumspection, lest the ven-geance of so frightful a Repayer and Smiter should fall upon all that dwell thereabout!

On the other hand must it be related

that, recoiling with dread from the ministration of the chosen servant of an exacting and suspicious Creator, the lad would climb to the garret of that house, and there, beside he would study the passage in his mother's Bible, which that mother had marked after the death of her husband Here was a God of love. It could not be that the Father of the fatherless marked in these verses was th same God smiting the Eg tians and unholding Abraham in cruelest chapter of all history! Oh! indeed felt as he read that the Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow. When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up; for father of the fatherless and a judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation! Then, kneeling, this little stranger at the gates of Squire Woodman's good hard heart would pray to his God of love to be taken away from that hateful abode; and in the sweet otherwords of that same psalmist would he petition: Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble; thou wilt prepare their heart! Thou wilt cause ear to hear : to judge the fatherless and

no more oppress. may It grows clear to the reader that secret heresy was hatching under the shingles of that devoted roof—a heresy more dangerous than the hornet's nest that hangs stoutly to the midway

the oppressed, that the men of the earth

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 upor

that wrong-doer. The mind of the faithful servant of a rebukeful heaven was often troubled To whistle on Sunday, to read as cormorant eats, and of worldly history when the Advocates, and Exemplars and Expositors offered mines of preciou truth; to be infamously homesick; to say he was glad so feebly that the lie shrivelled 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!

With a view of sounding the basest depths of this child's ingratitude, it was with some diplomacy wormed from him that, if Squire Woodman gave him up, he would go. There would be no tarrying under difficulties, as your vagrant dog clings to the hope of an asylum in a house where he has attracted enough attention to be kicked. This state of mind, mildly as the boy had depicted it, made a decided commotion in the household. The daugh ter who had worked up the case was forced to substantiate her statements. In a horror fortified with a few firm whippings, the good Cyrus visited the relatives who had passed the wretched youth upon him and announced that the boy must be returned. The relatives, now knowing more of Cyrus than they had once known, accepted his ultimatum in good spirit, and the

dve was cast. The boy was stripping sorghum in a field near by. He was called to the house and asked if he still harbored the base discontents which neither mildewed pie-plant pie nor blacksnake norse-whippings had seemed to eradi

In the drawning light of faith in prayer, the boy, with a thousand sav ng clauses, admitted once more that he might possibly be willing to abide

There came an "I-can't" sparkle in Cyrus Worthy's eye, which nearly brought the boy to beg to stay on any terms, but the demonstration ended in a hymn, and the boy was sent to the garret to pack his little box. He came below again. His cousin was at the The bad child walked down the gate. pathway, and the good family honored him with a scornful glance. Their minds traveled to John Milton's pic

As when a prowling wolf ager drives to seek new haunt for Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In huddled cotes, amid the fields secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold,
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold.

ture:

So had this prowler also clomb into God's fold. So clomb he now into the wagon of his own sinful generation, and the malediction of the chosen house went with him and all his.

But the boy took naught for granted until he was a mile out of that hamlet Then, as the four corners were sinking on the horizon, his heart leaped forth in thoughts of indescribable joy. The God of orphans had harkened

unto his supplication. Alas! how was it to go with that blessed home whence he had been ejected all too late? The harm was done. heresy had hatched along with the hornets. The wrath of the God of the Ishmaelites, of the Egyptians, Judah's pestilence and of Herod's massacre was gathering over Woodnan's Corners. Such is the sublime justice of a jealous God. Such is the reaping where the sowing has been the seed of heresy. Let us speak briefly of the storm. A fire breaking out in the premise

burned the mansion to the ground. In the difficulties and afflictions arising from this disaster the good wife died and made no sign. This being interpreted, led to a somewhat unexpected second marriage within nine or ten months, whereby the family man took for a helpmeet a vixen of resolute The church would have none mould. of it, and put out the shining light forthwith. Cyrus was churched. The people of the township affirmed the finding and took away his dignities and their library. The second wife tity was meant not what the world was in no way fitted to hold a position called heroic, nor that which was highly so exalted in a household previously so esteemed by men as a wonderful work

distinguished. The solemn visage, the unctuous dogma, ay, the previously never-failing psalm of Beebee's land-lord, refused to do their perfect work; and the wife!—instead of pining into the green and yellow melancholy of complete subjugation, henpecked Cyrus Worthy Woodmen with precision and effect !

A son went to war, to escape in battle the turmoil that was rending his revered father's household,

The daughter was driven out of the house, as Hagar had been driven into Beersheba. The worthy Cyrus was ingloriously forced to allow her to go at work flagbottoming chairs in neighboring town.
At last it pleased the Power that had

reached out for Pharoah and Herod to thrust the father out of his own home-The great disciplinarian fled before an angry woman and sued for a divorce. Then all those perverse elements of

men that persecute the righteous banded together to espouse the cause of the grass widow. And Beebee's name led all the rest! At the end of divers ingenious litigations of fabulous cost, there remains but one course for the illustrious subject of this truthful hronicle. That course lay due west.

He who had been magistrate, deacon, township librarian, trustee, farmer, prominent citizen and protector orphans, set out one fine morning for northern Illinois. His possessions had dwindled to a horse and a divorce. I have heard that the horse died at

Valparaiso. - From "Short Stories."

FEAST OF THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

The Claims of Englishmen on Oliver

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 wa celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Reilly Brother Donnely and the Rev. Father O'Brien acting as deacon and subdeacon 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. 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 proession in honor of Our Lady. string band and choir, conducted by Mr. Lovett, were in attendance. Lady's statue was borne by altar boys, preceded and followed by acolytes in scarlet cassocks. The Rev. Father Clarke preached from the text: "Thy saints shall flourish before Thee like the lily, alleluia; and shall be fragrant in Thy sight like the balm. alleluia."

These words, he said, occurring a the first antiphon in the Common of Martyrs at Paschal time, described the condition of those united to our Lord in heaven, purgatory, or an the earth the bond of supernatural charity There were, however, unlimited degree of the happiness of the saints of God As St Paul had said, there was one the glory of the sun, another the glory of the moon, and another the glory of the stars. Father Clarke then pointed out that there were four classes of God' saints. First, there were those little children who had been cleansed from the stain of original sin, and who had the happiness of being carried to heaven before they were old enough to ommit serious sins. These, he might say, were the lowest class of the saints He thought it was one of the saddest and most moving sights to see A POOR LITTLE CHILD WITH THE HAND

OF DEATH UPON IT, suffering in a way which it could not understand and one which was painful and heart-breaking to those who looked on, unable to relieve its childish agony. Parents ought rather rejoice when they saw those little ones carried away, for, as in a beautIful nosegay there not only full-blown flowers, but also buds that had not yet fully attained to perfection and beauty, so in the garden of God's saints there were those sweet rosebuds, those little ones who had departed this life unstained by sin. The second class of saints of which he would speak were those who were called ordinary Christians, and some of whom were found on earth, in purgatory and heaven. There was class, whose purity was infinitely greater, and the sweetness of whose fragrance in heaven was altogether superior to that of ordinary Christians. These were those who were called pre eminently saints, and although title in its strictness was applicable to those in a state of grace, yet when they spoke of a saint they meant one whose sanctity was heroic. That heroic sanctity was found in the Catholic Church. There were some indeed, outside that Church who, on account of ignorance, were united to God by the tie of supernatural charity. There were good men and women in every nation and almost every form of religion, even in the heathen world. who would serve God to the best of their ability, and whom they would have the happiness to meet in heaven. They could not, however, discern that heroic sanctity neither in the Church of England nor any form of dissent, or sects, for it was exclusively the posse sion of the Catholic Church. belonged to these sects could not rise above a certain low level; they could never attain to that beautiful holiness, that purity of intention, that fragrance before God, which was the privilege of those alone whom He called into the Church He founded. By heroic sanc-

of charity, benevolence, or mortification. It did not consist in going into religion, nor in living what was gen erally esteemed a life of penance,

IN PREACHING TO THE HEATHEN. nor giving away all their goods to feed the poor, although all such works were pleasing to God when done for love of Him. There was nothing mag-nificent in our Lord's life at Nazareth; He led what men would term an ordinary life. Even His brethren, the towns-people, did not remark anything wonderful in Him. He so concealed His divine glory in leading a matterof-fact ordinary sort of life that they were surprised when He preached and worked miracles, and His life was a pattern for all men. If our Lord, then, gave men a pattern of the highest life by spending thirty years out of His thirty-three while upon earth doing menial work, and engaged in ordinary occupations, why should not men sanctify themselves by their daily There was a special class of lives? saints whom they might say were glorious before the rest, whoin heaven would receive an aureole—a special crown of glory—and those were they who had laid down their lives for our Lord and Saviour. That was not only the greatest privilege which could be given man, but it had also an especial favor attached to it, for he who laid down his life for our Blessed Lord went straight to heaven without going purgatory, and therefore He only chose for martyrdom those who were especially pleasing in His sight. Still God sometimes called to that dignity those who had been sinners as well as those who had been saints. They were that day celebrating the feast of the English martyers who suffered on Tower Hill, in the Tower, and at Tyburn, as well as other places, from Cardinal Fisher and Blessed Thomas More down to the last of the martyrs. The last of these was one of whom he proposed to say a few words, one who was put to death in England for the

OLIVER PLUNKETT, ARCHBISHOP OF

Englishmen counted him an English martyr. He, however, came from that island which, through God's mercy, had sent so many faithful priests and lay men 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 re-mained twenty years. At the end of that time the See of Armagh fell vacant and he was sent there as a man o heroic sanctity, great wisdom, tact, and prudence. For some years he exercised his ministry as Archbishop. He was universally respected, even by Protes tants and those who persecuted the Catholic faith. One distinguished him from others saying "He was a prudent, quiet man; he never meddled in any thing save in the care of the souls com mitted to him." Plunkett, however, had occasion to punish and centure certain persons in his diocese who were leading evil lives. They in revenge denounced him to the English Govern ment, thinking thereby te earn mone 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 IRE LAND AFTER HIM.

These witnesses denounced him, who had only £60 a year, as one who had been entrusted with large sums of money by the Pope, in order to bring over an army from France; who was going to raise the Irish against the English Government, which statement, it was needless to say, was an absolute lie from beginning to end. excuse they tried and found him guilty. He has not given the necessary time to defend himself and bring other wit. nesses from Ireland to prove his complete innocence. His enemies were determined on his complete destruction because he was a Catholic Archbisnop. After leaving him to rot in prison for more than a year he was brough 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 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 The Catholics treasured that burnt. head and sent it to Rome. There it was given to Cardinal Howard. it arrived at Rome there was no sign of decay about it. The Cardinal had a relicary made for it, and after keeping t some time sent it to a convent in Drogheda, in which a niece of the martyred Archbishop was the superioress. 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 cor-It was quite black from the effects of the fire. THERE WAS A SLIGHT BURN ON THE

SIDE OF THE NOSE AND ONE

OF THE CHEEKS, otherwise it was quite untouched. The spinal marrow could be seen sticking out from the spine where the head was None of it, however, was severed. crumbled away, nor had it grown cor rupt. On entering the room in which head was kept a sweet perfume was at once perceived. On opening the glass case in which the head was preserved at once a most delicious odor proceeded from it, and that odor was not from spices. they touched it, as he (t preacher) had had the privilege they doing, they would find a fragrance