

religious teachers: he strength of char- ing, and of clearly which must be the foundations of a Christian. No Christian can be more passive loyalty to Mother: He that with Me scattereth re is no such thing as the Catholic is fellowmen to give faith. And it is vation of not a few, he is thrown in pend largely on his the specious obje- are not members of

have come more op- enlightenment of the postleship of Prayer us in particular, this great Dominion, of Leo XIII., dated rear, and addressed the Bishops of Switzerland, and the Tercentenary of the Society up to the Catholic laborers of the second German speaking for their admir- pressly for their im- with the all-absor- teaching for exists upon its neces- of pupils, from those primary schools to our Catholic colleges. Though addressed es, it embodies the Church, and ideal towards which efforts and aspira- We translate for Associates the prin- ciples e us in a question s and those which lend eral intention of the

dwelling on the im- rendered to the many by Blessed unities as follows: exhort you, Ven- to be ever vigil- your schools, in the and even should needs back to the faith, ed by past genera- tly founded. And to children's schools ose of intermediate edemies, as they are the remainder of the our care, they should vailing the rights of Church restored, and uphold them in all eation of youth. In will especially bear in

first place, Catholics above all in the case e system of mixed t have everywhere own; and they must achers, such as have roofs of their trust- y system of instruction eon is mutilated or t with peril, and we remarked that one or evils obtains in what ed schools.

you allow yourselves that instruction may religion with impun- e that in no period of ate or public affairs, religion be ignored, age when this duty eeded than in that of that heedless age the and the heart is exposed corrupting influences. eate a system of impar- which has no point in- sion, is to corrupt in y terms of what is able; it is to prepare, e ratherland, but a e for mankind. Eim e and we can con- e capable of holding tuty, or of recalling ay strayed from the and are plunging head- pths of vice?

and place, the young e taught religion at but all other branches must be impregnated or of Christian piety. g atmosphere is want- fragrance does not per- s of both teachers and r otherwise may be the instruction imparted, its will be but meagre, ecruting will not be in- It stands to reason that, of knowledge is accom- peculiar danger, it is that young men should er unless the impulses are held in check by traint.

ly, the greatest care ead lest the one all-im- e practice of right- eligion, be relegated to e; lest youth captivated amor of things, should rtle to be enervated; e true teachers lay bare and tedious technical- e weighty theory, their set little value on that which the fear of the winning, and to the pre- they are bound to con- y moment and phase of efore, the transmission

of worldly knowledge, in its multiplicity of forms, be wedded to the task of forming the character. Let religion permeate thoroughly and dominate all teaching, whatever it be, that, by its majesty and kindness, it may so transcend all else as to leave an ardent yearning towards it in the minds of youth.

"But since it has ever been the purpose of the Church to have the study of all branches of knowledge contribute most effectively to the formation of the young, not only is it necessary that this work of formation should have its own determined place in the curriculum—where place must be the highest—but, moreover, no one should exercise the very responsible function of teaching unless he be deemed fit in the eyes of the Church, and be approved as a teacher by her authority.

"Furthermore, it is not only in the case of children's schools that religion asserts her rights. There was a time when the statutes of every university, and more particularly those of the university of Paris, were mindful to so order the curriculum with regard to theology that the highest scientific honors were accorded to no one who had not borne off a degree in theology. Leo X., the restorer of the Augustinian age, and after him other Pontiffs, our predecessors, at a time when an impious warfare was kindled against religion, willed that the Roman Athenaeum and other institutions of learning, known as universities, should stand as so many bulwarks in her defence, and that within their walls youth should receive instruction under the guidance and protecting influence of Christian wisdom.

"This system of instruction, by allotting the first place to God and the things of God, yielded good results. It effected this much at least, that young men who received this training clung more steadfastly to the line of duty.

"Similar consoling results will be seen among you also if you use your every endeavor to maintain inviolate the rights of religion in your schools—in such as are intermediate, in your colleges, your lycées and your academies. It will never baffle you to see your best purposes come to naught, or your endeavors prove vain, provided there be no discussion arising from diversity of opinion and no want of harmony in carrying out measures adopted. What, indeed, could the divided forces of the good accomplish against the united onslaught of their enemies? Or of what avail the merit of each individual singly, there be no concerted action resulting from discipline?

"Wherefore, we earnestly exhort you to banish from your midst all importunate controversies and contentions of party, which so easily end in mutually alienating the minds of the faithful. Let all in unison—with one voice—vindicate the Church's claims, bringing their united strength and fixedness of purpose to bear upon the one point, being, meanwhile, careful to keep the unity of Spirit in the bond of peace (Eph. iv., 3)."

Such is the latter utterance of the Holy See on religious teaching in Catholic schools. From it we glean the set purpose of insisting more and more on its necessity in our primary schools, and the implied wish of the Holy Father to have the knowledge acquired in earlier years supplemented by something more complete in our institutions of higher education. He has not framed any programme to be followed. This he leaves to competent local ecclesiastical authority to determine, as much depends upon circumstances of time and place. In a matter of such importance we feel that our own views can have little weight, and this is sufficient to explain our diffidence, and to prevent us from trenching upon a question for the practical solution of which we must look higher. Others, however, have touched upon this matter, and have thrown out, in a tentative way, suggestions which are valuable in proportion to the reputation which their authors have won as masters in what concerns university training.

Cardinal Newman, more than two score years ago, in his work entitled, *The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated*, thus cautiously ventures upon the ground, and feels his way to the partial conclusions drawn from the considerations which follow: "It is congruous certainly that youths who are prepared in a Catholic University for the general duties of a secular life, or for the secular professions, should not leave it without some knowledge of their religion; and, on the other hand, it does, in matter of fact, act to the disadvantage of a Christian place of education, in the world and in the judgment of men in the world, and is a reproach to its conductors, and even a scandal, if it sends out its pupils accomplished in all knowledge except Christian knowledge; and hence, even though it were impossible to rest the introduction of religious teaching into the secular lecture-room upon any logical principle, the imperative necessity of its introduction would remain, and the only question would be, what matter was to be introduced, and how much."

"And next, considering that, as the mind is enlarged and cultivated generally, it is capable, or rather is desirous and has need, of fuller religious information, it is difficult to maintain that that knowledge of Christianity which is sufficient for entrance at the University is all that is incumbent on students who have been submitted to the academical course. So that we are unavoidably led on to the further question, viz., shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect, and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it

will, and with the chance of its exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge?"

"Religious teaching, then, is urged upon us in the case of University students, first, by its evident propriety; secondly, by the force of public opinion; thirdly, from the great inconveniences of neglecting it. And if the subject of religion is to have a real place in their course of study, it must enter into the examinations in which that course results, for nothing will be found to impress and occupy their minds but such matters as they have to present to their examiners."

As the reader will not have failed to remark, the great Cardinal, in the foregoing passages, presinds entirely from any obligation, imposed explicitly by the Holy See, of introducing religious teaching into the curriculum of Catholic universities, but considers the question on its own merits. He continues: "Such, then, are the considerations which actually oblige us to introduce the subject of Religion into our secular schools, whether it be logical or not to do so; but next, I think that we can do so without any sacrifice of principle or of consistency; and this, I trust, will appear, if I proceed to explain the mode which I should propose to adopt for this purpose:—I would treat the subject of Religion in the School of Philosophy and Letters simply as a branch of knowledge. If the university student is bound to have a knowledge of history generally, he is bound to have inclusively a knowledge of sacred history as well as profane; if he ought to be well instructed in Ancient Literature, Biblical Literature comes under that general description as well as Classical; if he knows the Philosophy of man, he will not be extraneous to his general subject, if he cultivates also that Philosophy which is divine. And as a student is not necessarily superficial, though he has not studied all the classical poets, or all Aristotle's philosophy, so he need not be dangerously superficial, if he has not a parallel knowledge of Religion."

"However, it may be said that the risk of theological error is so serious, and the effects of theological conceit are so mischievous, that it is better for a youth to know nothing of the sacred subject, than to have a slender knowledge which he can use freely and recklessly, for the very reason that it is slender. And here we have the maxim in corroboration: 'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'"

"This objection is of too anxious a character to be disregarded. I should answer it thus:—In the first place it is obvious to remark, that one great portion of the knowledge here advocated is, as I have just said, historical knowledge, which has little or nothing to do with doctrine. If a Catholic youth mixes with educated Protestants of his own age he will find them conversant with the outlines and the characteristics of sacred and ecclesiastical history as well as profane; its desirability that he should be on a par with them, and able to keep up a conversation with them. It is desirable, if he has left our University with honors or prizes, that he should know as well as they about the great primitive divisions of Christianity, its policy, its luminaries, its acts and its fortunes; its great eras, and its course down to this day. He should have some idea of its propagation, and of the order in which the nations which have submitted to it entered its pale; and the list of its Fathers, and of its writers generally, and of the subject of their works. He should know who St. Justin Martyr was, and when he lived; what language St. Ephraim wrote in; on what St. Chrysostom's literary fame is founded; who was Celsus, or Ammonius, or Ulpian, or Symmachus, or Theodoric. Who were the Nestorians; what was the religion of the barbarian nations who took possession of the Roman Empire; who was Eutyches, or Berytus, who the Abigines. He should know something about the Benedictines, Dominicans, or Francis canons, about the Crusades, and the chief movers in them. He should be able to say what the Holy See has done for learning and science; the place which these (British) islands hold in the literary history of the dark age; what part the Church had, and how her highest interests fared, in the revival of letters; who Bessarion was, or Ximenes, or William of Wykeham, or Cardinal Allen. I do not say that we can insure all this knowledge in every accomplished student who goes from us, but at least we can admit such knowledge, we can encourage it, in our lecture-rooms and examination-halls."

"And so in like manner, as regards Biblical knowledge, it is desirable that, while our students are encouraged to pursue the history of classical literature, they should also be invited to acquaint themselves with some general facts about the canon of Holy Scripture, its history, the Jewish canon, St. Jerome, the Protestant Bible; again about the languages of Scripture, the contents of its separate books, their authors and their versions. In all such knowledge I conceive no great harm can lie in being superficial."

"But now as to Theology itself. To meet the apprehended danger, I would exclude the teaching *in extenso* of pure dogma from the secular schools, and content myself with enforcing, and content myself with enforcing, such a broad knowledge of doctrinal subjects as is contained in the catechisms of the Church, or the actual writings of the laity. I would have students apply their minds to such religious topics as laymen actually do treat, and are thought praiseworthy

in treating. Certainly I admit that, when a lawyer or physician, or statesman, or merchant, or soldier sets about discussing theological points he is likely to succeed as ill as an ecclesiastic who meddles with law, or medicine, or the exchange. But I am professing to contemplate Christian knowledge in what may be called its secular aspect, as it is practically useful in the conversation; and I would encourage it so far as it bears upon the history, the literature and the philosophy of Christianity.

"It is to be considered that our students are to go out into the world, and a world not of professed Catholics, but of inveterate, often bitter, commonly contemptuous, Protestants; nay, of Protestants who, so far as they come from Protestant universities and Public schools, do know their own system, do know, in proportion to their general attainments, the doctrines and arguments of Protestantism. I should desire, then, to encourage in our students an intelligent apprehension of the relations, as I may call them, between the Church and society at large; for instance, the difference between the Church and a religious sect; the respective prerogatives of the Church and the civil power; what the Church claims of necessity, what it cannot dispense with, what it can; what it can grant, what it cannot. A Catholic hears the celibacy of the clergy discussed in general society; is it not of faith, or is it not of faith? He hears the Pope accused of interfering with the prerogatives of her Majesty, because he appoints an hierarchy. What is he to answer? What principle is to guide him in the remarks which he cannot escape from the station of importance, and he is addressed by some friend who has political reasons for wishing to know what is the difference between Canon and Civil Law, whether the Council of Trent has been received in France, whether a priest cannot in certain cases absolve prospectively, what is meant by his intention, what by the *opus operatum*; whether, and in what sense, we consider Protestants to be heretics; whether we deny the reality of natural virtue, or what worth we assign to it?"

"Questions may be multiplied with out limit, which occur in conversation between friends, in social intercourse, or in the business of life, when no argument is needed, no subtle and delicate disquisition, but a few direct words stating the fact, and when perhaps a few words may even hinder most serious inconveniences to the Catholic body. Half the controversies which go on in the world arise from ignorance of the facts of the case; half the prejudices against Catholicity lie in the misinformation of the prejudiced parties. Candid persons are set right, and enemies silenced, by the mere statement of what it is that we believe. It will not answer the purpose for a Catholic to say, 'I leave it to theologians, I will ask my priest'; but it will commonly give him a triumph, as easy as it is complete, if he can then and there lay down the law. I say, 'lay down the law'; for remarkable it is that even those who speak against Catholicism like to hear about it, and will excuse its advocates from alleging arguments if he can gratify their curiosity by giving them information. Generally speaking, however, as I have said, what is given as information will really be an argument as well as information. I recollect, some twenty-five years ago, three friends of my own, as they then were, clergymen of the Establishment, making a tour through Ireland. In the West or South they had occasion to become pedestrians for the day; and they took a boy of thirteen to be their guide. They amused themselves with putting questions to him on the subject of his religion, and one of them confessed to me on his return that that poor child put them all to silence. How? Not, of course, by any arguments, or refined theological disquisition, but merely by knowing and understanding the answers in his catechism."

"Nor will argument itself be out of place in the hands of laymen mixing with the world. As secular power, influence, or resources are never more suitably placed than when they are in the hands of Catholics, so secular knowledge and secular gifts are then best employed when they minister to Divine Revelation. Theologians inculcate the matter, and determine the details of that Revelation; they view it from within; philosophers view it from without, and this external view may be called the Philosophy of Religion, and the office of delineating it externally is most gracefully performed by laymen. In the first who laymen were most commonly Apologists. Such were Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Aristides, Hermias, Minucius Felix, Arnobius and Lactantius. In like manner in this age some of the most prominent defences of the Church are from laymen; as DeMaistre, Chateaubriand, Nicolas, Montalembert and others. If laymen may write, lay students may read; they surely may read what their fathers may have written. They might surely study other works too, ancient and modern, written whether by ecclesiastics or laymen, which, although they do contain theology, nevertheless, in their structure and drift, are polemical. Such is Origen's great work against Celsus; and Tertullian's Apology; such some of the controversial treatises of Eusebius and Theodoret; or St. Augustine's City of God; or the tract of Vincentius Lirinensis. And I confess that I should not even object to portions of Bellar-

mine's Controversies, or to the work of Suarez on laws, or to Melchor Canus's treatises on the Loci Theologici. On these questions in detail, however,—which are, I readily acknowledge, very delicate,—opinions may differ, even when the general principle is admitted; but, even if we confine ourselves strictly to the Philosophy, that is, the external contemplation of Religion, we shall have a range of reading sufficiently wide, and as valuable in its practical application as it is liberal in its character. In it will be included what are commonly called the Evidences; and what is a subject of special interest at this day, the Notes of the Church."

"But I have said enough in general illustration of the rule which I am recommending. One more remark I make, though it is implied in what I have been saying:—Whatever students read in the province of Religion, they read, and would read from the very nature of the case, under the superintendence, and with the explanations of those who are older and more experienced than themselves."

Thus far Cardinal Newman. What he has said on this topic is already familiar to most of those who are engaged in the great work of higher education; these latter, no doubt, will in the main agree with the opinions expressed. The modes of carrying out in practice the principles laid down have varied and will still vary greatly.

Nor could it be otherwise, owing to the divers temperaments and wants of the populations in whose midst Catholic colleges and universities have sprung up.

If we were allowed, at this stage, to hazard a remark, we would say that the Cardinal's list contains several works which could with difficulty be consulted by even the more advanced students of our colleges as now constituted: whatever else might be pleaded in favor of those who frequent our universities. On the other hand, Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the Church would be more easily mastered by our young men. Those relating to the Rule of Faith and Transubstantiation are probably better suited to our requirements than anything written before or since. Christianity or Evidences and Characters of the Christian Religion, by Bishop Poynter, though long since out of print, could scarcely be surpassed for cogency of argument and conciseness. Father Ryder's Answer to Littledeale would be a great help. The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance, by Cardinal Manning; The Catholic Church and Civil Government, by Rev. John Earnshaw; The Syllabus for the People, by a Monk of St. Augustine's, are anything but ponderous tomes, and are quite within the intellectual grasp of college graduates. The textbooks, on the New Testament, now in course of publication, and intended for the use of Catholic students at Oxford, should not be overlooked. The many publications of the Catholic Truth Society in England contain a wealth of knowledge in both the domain of history and religion, and are being added to from year to year.

But that God's blessing may fall upon the efforts so strenuously put forth in all our educational establishments, and give increase to the fruits of these labors, Catholic teachers must beg the Sacred Heart of our Lord to show them day by day how to excite in their pupils a real thirst for solid Religious instruction. The Church needs forsooth, a generation of courageous, practising Catholics; but she needs no less a body of faithful members, well versed in their religious tenets, and who can do her honor by an intelligent and enlightened PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that the students of our Catholic colleges may devote themselves still more earnestly and with heart and soul to the study of their religion. Amen.

# INTERESTING FIGURES.

The Catholic University of Ottawa publishes annually an "Opening Statement," for the information of its students and professors and the Catholic public in general. The "Statement" for 1897 shows a highly satisfactory condition of things. Up to date 467 students have registered in the various departments. The Rector, Rev. W. Murphy, M. A., states that the number will certainly pass 500 before the 1st of November, as in previous years an average of 45 students have registered during the month of October. So far this session there is an increase of 30 students over the highest attendance last year.

The 467 students are classified as follows: Theology, 71; Arts and Philosophy, 238; Commercial and Preparatory, 158. They hail from every province in Canada and from several states of the American Union, and are divided thus: Ontario, 355; Quebec, 81; United States, 57; other Canada, 19; other nationalities, 21. The chief officers of the University, with the subjects they teach and the institutions in which they themselves received their training for professorships, are next given. The following is the list: Rev. J. M. Guédon, D. D., Rector; Rev. M. F. Fallon, English literature, Ottawa and Quebec; Rev. W. J. Murphy, physics and astronomy, Ottawa and Harvard; Rev. G. Guéreau, chemistry and Greek, Ottawa and Harvard; Rev. E. David, Latin, Ottawa; Rev. A. Young, botany and geology, Harvard; Rev. W. Patton, mental philosophy, Ottawa and Rome; Rev. W. Howe, Latin and Greek, College Dalhousie; Rev. C. Gabel, moral philosophy, Paris and Rome; Rev. H. Lacoste, French and history, Paris and Rome; Rev. J. Turpe, English and mathematics, Ottawa; Rev. H. Corvax, Latin and Greek, Laval; Rev. J. Dally, English and Latin, Ottawa; Rev. D. Sullivan, mathematics, Harvard; Rev. B. McKenna, history, Ottawa; Rev. A. Madden, Greek and English, Ottawa.

The professors of theology are all graduates of the Gregorian University, Rome, to which great credit of learning Ottawa University sends every year some of its members,

the better to prepare them for the work they shall be called upon to do later on. A summary of the rules of discipline is also given in the "Opening Statement." The students who are not residents of the City of Ottawa live entirely within the University, and are therefore under constant communication with their professors and directors. Thus the moral and religious training of the students is secured at the most critical period of their lives, when their whole future is decided for good or for evil.

Besides the libraries and laboratories of the University these students have free access to the library of Parliament, with its 200,000 volumes, as well as to the museums and laboratories of the Government, while the debates in the House of Commons, at the best of which the students assist, are a splendid training in oratory and a valuable means of forming good citizens.

## KILLARNEY—THE ROYAL VISIT

"Angels watch Killarney."

Killarney.—And where will I begin? At the ancient fortress of the O'Sullivan's Mor, old Dunloe Castle, or down among the ruins of Achadoe? ("The Field of the Two Yews," it is called, and the name is said to be of St. Finian in the sixth century, or right from the deep heart of the Gap of Dunloe itself, down which I rode when a slip of a girl, the back of the wild pony in Kerry, at a full gallop. "Redai, it's aye seen it's no Sassenach lay ye are," said Jerry O'Connor, when I delivered up Kitty Chree to him, smiling and radiant as the edge of the lake. "It's taddin' they do be ridin' down the Cunnin' Plany,"—there is a story of a young man and Kitty Chree, and where is the wild slip of a girl who never spent fear, whether it was of men or of fairy. Gone—all three of them—roasting, maybe, on the top of Carran Tuil, or at rest in some glade on sweet Inishfallen, or down in the lake with the O'Donoghue and the good people. Sure, the humor of Jerry, and the fire of Kitty Chree, and the spirit of the big, red haired child could never have been broken by any of the world's real hardships. Not they. They are off in the fairs, that's where they are, and here is a tired sort of woman who knew them all long ago, come down to Killarney to try if she can see the shadow of a ghost of them anywhere among the hills and rocks. Killarney was excited. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, coming down from Dublin to see her beauties, and she did not know whether to laugh or cry over it, so she took to doing both.

And brilliant rainbows were spanning the hills, and the sun was shining brightly deep into the mountain sides, making their bosoms glow with indescribable brightness. The little town—a poor patched-up little town—was crowded. The Victoria was full; the Inishfallen had let its bath rooms, and Kilmorane Place sold its stair landings at so much a foot. As for the real Lake hotels, they overflowed their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the earth has tossed up. So unlike everything but their coming, they overtook their banks, so to speak, and carried guests up to the edge of the Eagle's Nest. Flags—pathetically new, and no less pathetically old and faded—were flying from the windows of the Victoria, and the little town and its railway station. The "sails and the tear" stirred alternately in many an Irish heart. Beautiful, wild, and lovely, the hills of Killarney, the hills—so unlike the mountains of Switzerland, or any other mountains the