2

SPANISH JOHN.

covered himself and entered with per-

ing him Graeme, as usual. My firs impulse was to seize and denounce him before them all, but Father O Rourke

een him before, which he returned as

What I had called for now came in

"Why is that, sir ?" I said, pretend

ing to be somewhat gone in liquor. "I try to avoid giving offence," he

blunder out something which might not

company, Mr. Creach," I said, hoping he might take me up on the name, but he made no move. "I am a peaceable

take offence at anything, provided you

apologize immediately afterwards. Now, here's a health I cannot let pass --to my host of last night, Rory Mc-

the Prince and his better fortunes, and a curse on any one who plays him false!"

Here was an opening as good as an

"Then, sir, I do not drink to him, because he lies under grave imputa-

"And pray, sir, what may they be?"

"Oh, I only have them on hearsay,"

"Only that he is a coward and an in

"What i" said he ; "do you really

"That is his general character." "That is his general character." "Then, sir," said he, "if you will end him a challenge I will bear it, and

As a matter of fact, I would not the

but since I could not lay hands on him

it was some little satisfaction to out

TO BE CONTINUED.

BRINGING BACK THE PRIEST.

since Frazer penned his lines in prais

escape unscathed during this era of

sion and sectarian intolerance.

Brosna.

BROSNA BANKS

"Yet idle as these visions seem They were a strange and faithful guide, When heaven itself had scarce a gleam To light my darkened life beside."

Is he a friend of yours ?"

"Here's to

"Oh, I am not particular as to my

collected as a tax-gatherer.

to drink more.

he made no move.

Donald Fortymenruck !

He drank this too.

other, and I took it.

said, drawing him on.

believe him a coward ?"

'And what do you hear ?"

'He is, sir.'

tions.

cool.

rise

at Portree

of his beloved

days

he asked.

He drank with the rest.

I began again at once.

call

first

him

fect assurance, greeting the compall of whom evidently knew him,

SPING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IS COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIPE ANI ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONELL KNOWN AS "SPANSH JOHN 'WHEN J LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA. IN THP SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OFERAT ING IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM M LENNAN. VIII.

Then I lost control of myself " Take that, you, Red Fox !" shouted, and, raising myself, struck Colin Dearg McKenzie above the breastbone, so that he wen down under my hand like an ox that is went felled. With my pistol hand I knocked over the only light, and jumped for the door, shouting "Fraceb Eilean;" and before they could recover, I had passed out under the swords of my men. "Fire the thatch now! Fire the

"Fire the thatch now! Fire the thatch !" I shouted; but even as I spoke the red flame began running up the roof, and our men joined us again

Every heart was beating and every we knew arm tingling to begin, for ber, but, to our surprise, no man attempted to make his way out, though the dry thatch was beginning to crackle and discommode as with its glare. There was a silence like the dead within.

I approached the door. "Dundonald What is the matter with you, within Come out yourself alone, and I give you my word of honor you shall go un harmed. Then let the others come as

"McDonell !" he called back. "Colin is dead. They have no heart

for fighting." "Then let them burn! But come you out!" for I could not bear that he, a gentleman, should perish with cattle such as these.

"That I will never do! We either go out together, or my blood will be on your hands with theirs !" he answered

"My God, Dundonald! What folly is this?" I cried, much distressed at his obstinacy. But there came no sound save the crackling of the thatch.

My men said never a word; it was my private quarrel, and though I knew they would be satisfied with whatever I might decide. I was in a sore quandary what to do, and in my perplexity I leaned towards mercy. "Dundonald ! If they will say to-

gether, 'He was a thief and came to his death by my hand honestly,' and if you will come out to us, we will stand by and let them depart unharmed. Th is no time to lose; the roof is wellnigh

this there was a babel of tongue within, while my men grunted their approval behind me. Then came a cry from the house: "Red Colin was wrong, and came to his end fairly and honestly at the hand of little John McDonald !" "That will do!" I cried. "Come you

out first, and the others may follow We stood off to one side, prepared against any sudden rush; but Duadonald stepped out of the door alone sheathing his sword as he did so, and placed himself in our midst. Then appeared four men bearing the stalwart body of old Colin Dearg between them in a plaid, and after trooped the others They passed us without a word or look and kept on their way in silence up towards the hills, not even turning when the roof crashed in, sending a shower of sparks and flame into the darkness overhead. "Dundonald," I said, when the night

had shut them out from us, "I trust you bear me no ill-will for this busi ness? My hand could not reason when

it banked his last treachery." "No, McDonell," he auswered, with much openness, "he was my kinsman and I owed him my support, but, now that he is gone, I will never lay his going against you." And thereupon we shook hands and partel very goo friends.

On my return to Glengarry, I was supported by his approval of my action. And, after giving suitable acknowledg ments to the men, dismissed them and made my way back to Crowlin, where I found them much disturbed at my long

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

zealous revenue man, whom he suspected of priest-hunting. The stories concern-ing his simplicity are as characteristic

Ing his simpletcy are as on a solution out of as they are humorous and voluminous. Unique in his own way was the ne er-do well Murty O'Madden. He was in possession of a comfortable farm left him by his father; but everything seemed to go wrong with him somehow. He was behind hand with his work, and, at the time one etch ensure the means hand was on me under the table, and I reflected that my mission from the Duke not being yet at an end, I was still bound in my word; so I managed to conceal my feeelings, and when he was t the time our story opens, the conceal my feeelings, and when he was introduced I bowed as if I had never end of his affairs seemed to be going rapidly foremost. This did not trouble him in the least. Like many a true Celt, he was an idealist, a day-dreamer, and rather fond of terrorizing. This latter proclivity he cultivated with amazing success. He could talk by the hour on methods-good, had and in-different—of farming, and was the exwhat I had called for how called in, but I noticed that Creach did no more than touch his lips to his glass, upon which one of the company rallied him, and I heard him say he did not choose ponent of many schemes for improving and simplifying land cultivation. one could argue better than he on such said, very pointedly, " and sometimes if I am warmed with liquor I am apt to subjects as draining, hay making or turf-cutting. He was equally at home diagnosing a strange disease among cattle or in a disputation regarding the "in-tentions of the French." Many were the droll winks exchanged among his audience when he became eloquent in support of some peculiar method of farming-his own farm being a by word man myself, and promise you not to for mismanagement. Some of the neigh bors averred he was bewitched. 'Suc a fine, clane boy, so knowin' an' all,' to have such bad crops and meet with such disaster could not be otherwise ecounted for. Owen Moran, however bluntly declared Murty's misfortune to be the result of his own dashed laziness Owen, it may be remarked, was a shrewd, well to do farmer, and the father of Bride Moran, "the best-I was thinking out something more pointed, when he stopped me by asking why I did not propose the health of my consin, Allan McDonald Knock. father of Bride Moran, "the best lookin' girl in the parish of Ballyma cool,' which was saying a good deal for her. She had, as a matter of course admirers and lovers by the score, but such is the contrariness of womenkind she favored the ne'er-do well Murty O'Madden, much to the disgust of her she father and the annoyance of many slighted swains. Some of these latter considered themselves Murty's superiors, because, like the woman of three cows, they were better off in worldly goods. In the hurling field, and, indeed, in athletic contests generally O'Madden was the acknowledged cham deed. pion. former, and, of course, a scoundrel, whose health any gentleman would refuse to drink," I answered, mighty

While O'Madden's was a character counterparts of which are found in many countries and in almost every station of life, Aodh McMahon belonged to a class exclusively Irish, and, fortunately otherwise, poorly represented now-ays. He had great faith in Murty O'Madlen, whose friendship he was as proud of as that of a king, nay, prouder. Too simple to be a sycophant, Murty's misfortunes did not affect this regard, send him a challenge I will bear it, and if he will not fight you, I will." "Oh, do not trouble yourself. If you are anxious for fighting, you have a sword by your side, and so have I. Why lose any time? Out with you at once, and I will give you all the fight-ing you can stomach between this and doomsday," and I made as if I would rise. nor, since a strong character often reacts upon a weaker, did they blind him to the fact, which even he realized that

The honest man, though e'er sae puir, Is king o'man for a' that."

Both sprung from a stock entitled to be ranked among "Ireland's best and bravest." Aodh McMahon's family came from "down Munster way;" but have fought with the reptile for worlds, the O'Maddens "were ould resident ers intirely, and great people way back Sure there was Cloghan Castle tha face him before his company, and I made no objections when the others interfered, but only thought that Mr. that everyone knew belonged to the O'Mad-dens ever since Conor Macnessa's time." If you wanted further proof of Creach had added a long bit to his reckoning when he asked me to drink to the health of Allan Knock in the inn their past glories, why, there were Gurtnmadden, Kylemadden, aye quite a number of such townlands testifying to their territorial importance. All this, however, has nothing to do with the immediate doings of the present of a noble race ; but it served scions the Shannaghies as a spice, and in many instances a saving one, when re-lating some of their scapegrace do-ings. When Aodh McMahon almost ings. When Aodh McMahon almost killed the proctor and the story reached the old people their eyes Many changes have taken place, both as regards the country and the people. brightened and many of them in moments of confidential conversation declared that "the good ould blood was Greater stil have been the changes since the penal Yet even that troubled epoch thera, bedad, anyway''-this with a re-sounding whack on the nearest piece of had its romances as well as its struggles. Yes, "Brosna's Banks" has seen furniture. " As for sinse, sure he had strange vicissitudes, and if it were not in the vortex of the strife, it did not enough to keep him from goin' to the Shannon for a light for his dudeen, an'

what more did he want ?' Early one glorious autumn evening we find Murty O'Malden on the bog of Foolah. Here, after working with rather unusual constancy " clamping the winter's supply of turf, he is busy -dreaming. He has been thinking of the history of his country and conjur-ing up visions of her long past glory, accounting-to his own satisfaction for the humiliating position she now occupied, and dwelling with strange persistency on "the might have been." It was just the evening for such an occupation and for the fantastic, aerial castle-building in which he so often indulged. The sun was setting in blaze of reddish golden light, whi blaze of reddish golden ngue, was reflected with chastened beauty in the calm waters of the Shannon. sheep were peacefully grazing on the distant meadows of Connaugh everything spoke of restfulness. Connaught, and So intent was he on reconstructing the dram, of his country's decline and fall that he forgot time, place and circumstance. A pleasant ringing laugh called him from the dead and distant past to the living present. Bride Moran had been an amused spectator of his absorded attitude of attention, and his intent gaze on the setting sun. She listened to his enraptured mutter. ings until she could no longer restrain her laughter. Murty started and turned in the direction from which the laughter came. His eyes were dazzled and his efforts to see only added to When he recovered her amusement. When he recovered from his confusion and stood some g od humored lecturing on wasting his time, they proceeded towards the cross-roads, on their way home. The subject of their conversation may safely be left to the imagination of the reader. But grave rumors were afloat The yeomen, hitherto unknown in the parish, had been unwelcome visitors, and were making inquiries as to "Pa-pistic practices." For, be it known pistic practices." For, be it known, these were the good old times-the

-d short work of all Papist recalcitrants," and proceeded accord-ingly. The licutenant in charge of the company had on the previous day de-liberately shot a poor old man from whom they could not obtain informa-tion_they recome "Bantle" being and whom they could not obtain informa-tion—the yeomen's "Beurla" being as intelligible to the peasant as his Gaelle was to them. Little wonder, then, that gentle Bride Moran should tremble with fear when her companion re ferred to passing events, bitterly curs ing the laws which countenanced such conduct on the part of the military. Like a true daughter of Erin, she partook of its varying moods-one min

next clinging to him in terror, as he wrathfully bewailed his impotence to deliver his country from such tyranny. "Surely," she said, after one of his outbursts, "surely the best thing to do is to keen quiet." "Surery, outbursts, "surely the best tuning ... do is to keep quiet." "Quiet, enyach !" he exclaimed, "what are we doin' but kcepin' quiet? "up are we doin'? Still, we

ute laughing at Murty's "idays," the

What harm are we doin'? Still, we won't be let alone ! What harm was ould Thige Flanagan doin' yesterday when the cowardly yeos shot him ?'' "Whisht!" cautioned Bride ; " lool

what's comin' down the road !'' The individual referred to was known locally by the soubriquet of "Shaun Dhuy;" and he deserved the name or more accounts than that he was dark complexioned. Jack Millar lived in the neighboring town of B---, which was garrisoned at the time by the yeomanry. He was a frequenter, in a fur tive sort of way, of the parish " divar manry. divar sions." Latterly he was bolder-he met and fraternized with the boys, and was consequently voted "a quiet, dacent, fair-spoken man — for a Pro-testan'." He was, however, suspected by our hero of harboring priest hunting proclivities under his bon comraderie manner. He noticed that Millar was partial to the company of the boys when they frequented the shebeen at Meelough. When he cautioned them however, his advice was disregarded. "Wisha, it's jealous ve are, because

he's welcome at Moran's, where you're not," one of them replied-somewhat imprudently it proved. But if Murty's advice fell on deaf

ears his motives were not unworthy neither were his suspicions groundless Shaun Dhuy's "prowlin" - as his nightly visits were termed by Murty-filled him with a vague uneasiness for which he could not account, even to

which he could not account, even to his own satisfaction. Shann usually spent the earlier parts of the night at Owen Moran's, listen-ing to the news and entertaining the boys with anecdotes illustrative of incidents as characterized a garrison town in those days. His early return on the present occasion was a matter for speculation with our hero, who for spee noticed that he seemed to avoid a meet ing, but that being inevitable, he strode past with a certain air of bravad which contrasted unfavorably with the quiet independence of O'Madden.

"The shnake !" was Murty's ejacu lation when Shaun had passed. He's up to some divilmint now, as shure as m a livin' man." "Yerra' whist !" said his companion

ye're ever an' always sayin' somethin the like

Well, I hope I may be wrong," said Murty, fervently. The matter dropped at that, but our hero retained his look of perplexity and was more than usually abstracted during the rest of the way to the cross roads.

Early in the afternoon on the following day a large troop of yeomen rode into the little hamlet at the cross-roads of Ballymacool. At their head was the lieutenant, who had already earned notoriety by his cold-blooded butchery. Beside him rode Shaun Dhuy-to the consternation of these man reacting the second who recognized him in his character of trooper. They were evidently on some important expedition, and as the made no inquiries from the people, it was equally evident that Millar wa They took the road towards the guide! Shemus Donovan's house, in which or near which it was know that Fathe en was hidden, and the alarm quick spread. Amid the excitement and dread that filled the minds of the people O'Mad den's oft-repeated warning was remem bered. Shan Dhuy came in for his ful share of indignant abuse and hearty maledictions. That deep rooted dev tion of the Irish people for their Sog garth Aroom was quickly manifested Old men and women, undeterred by the presence of the military, flocked to re ceive the priest's benediction. The younger men and gossons, however, collected in rudely armed bands as the alarm spread from hill to hill. Pikes which had not seen the light for many a day were unearthed, while reaping hooks, scythes and forks were presse into service. The yeomen, conscious of their superiority, amused themselves by insulting the peasants through their religious susceptibilities. Each one indulged in his particular form of insult. The lieutenant was anxious to send a shot among the crowd "jist to see the cowardly beggars run." Now on the top of a neighboring hill could be seen a figure more resembling

almost incredible in a man of his easy. going temperament he decided upon a course of action. In such circumstances the true leader's strength of character

the true leader's strength of character asserts itself. The men readily – nay, eagerly—obeyed him. The road by which the yeomen must return lay between two hills, and was bordered on one side by thick clumps of fuize and cn the other by a plantation of fir trees. In a by road near where the main road entered the hills O'Madden posted a part of his force with the den posted a part of ins force with the nacessary instructions, and where the road emerged from its flanking shelter he stationed a similar force to oppose the yeomen in front. The remainder, with O Madden at their head, lay in wait in the fir plantation. The only road left unguarded was the boreen lead ing down to the bog of Foolah. Th disposition was effected with marvelo This celerity, and there was nothing to indi cate that any hostility would be shown by the peasantry. Addh McMahon was, as the saying is, very much in evidence during the manoeuvers, sometimes aiding, but oftener impeding the efforts of the others. Nothing could dissuade him from his resolve to attack the yeo men himsel¹, thereby giving the signal for attack to the men lying in ambush. "Lave id to me," was the only ex-planation vouchsaled when he was asked " Whin ye see to explain his purpose. "Whin ye see me shtrike in front ye can do the same

in the rear.' As the lieutenant and his troop ap proached the end of the defile he urprised to see approaching him the huge tatterdemalion who a short time previous had caused so much a nuse nent and speculation among the mer

Acdh approached trailing a huge clehalpeen behind him, and in the mo-humble manner petitioned " his hono his honor. the capteen," as he called the lieuten-ant "to let the poor priest back to his people. Shure what harm had he His " honor's " only reply was :

"Begone! you Papist rebel, or by--I'll ron you through. Get out of the road," making a motion to draw his sabre Faugh-a ballagh, is it," said Aodb;

we'll see.' He stepped back and quick as light-ning grasped his huge alpeen in both hands and brought it down with a crushing blow on the head of the lieu tenant's horse, killing it instantly. Before the troopers could realize what had occurred the peasants were upon them with a wild yell.

The attack was highly successful the priest was rescued. In their panic when so unexpectedly attacked, the only object of the gallant yeos seemed to be-escape! In confusion they were driven down the by-road to the bog of Foolah, where they were hopelessly at the mercy of their assailants. Night alone put an end to the conflict. Next morn ng many troop horses were discovered drowned, while others were road-straying in the fields or on the road-side-all in their war trappings. They drowned. while others were found -all in their war trappings. were never claimed, nor did the yea nen again disturb the peace of Bally

maco The fate of Shaun Dhuy was never discovered.

About a year after the rescue Murty O'Madden and Bride Moran were married amid the felicitations and neighbors. Having in the mean-time devoted himself more to the practical side of affairs, Murty was welcomed by Owen Moran in the new relation.

On mary a winter's evening, round the blazing turf fire, the succeeding generations have listened to tales of the doughty deeds of Aodh McMahon and Murty O'Madden on the occasion of "bringing back the priest."

A MYSTICAL LEGACY OF LOVE TO MEN.

Cardinal Gibbons delivered his regu lar monthly sermon at High Mass at the Cathedral Baltimore, Sunday morning. He took his text from St. John, chapter 6-" He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood has everlasting

immense multitude of persons, who were attracted to him by the miracles which He wrought and the words of salvation which He spoke. Seeing the people had no food, He multiplied five loave and two fishes to such an extent as to supply the want of five thousand besides women and children. "Our Lord considered the

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a favorable occasion for spe pres the Sacrament of His Body and Blood which was to be distributed few thousands, but to million not in one place, but everywhen at one time, but all days to the the world. 'I am,' He says the world. 'I am,' He say hearers, 'the Bread of L hearers, 'the Bread of Life. fathers did eat manna of the deser to His died. * * * I am the Living which came from heaven. If any eat of this Bread he shall live to and and the bread which I will g Jews, therefore, disputed among them. Jews, therefore, disputed among them. selves, saying : 'How can this give us His flesh to eat?' Then said unto them : 'Amen, amen, Then Jesus unto you: Unless ye eat of the flesh 831 unto you: Unless ye eat of the flesh d the Son of Man and drink His Blood, ye shall not have life in you. He that eatheth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood has everlasting life, and I will raise him on the last day. For My Flesh is meat, indeed.'

" If you had been among the number of our Saviour's heavers on that occu-sion would you not have been irresist, ibly led by the noble simplicity of His words to understand Him as speakin truly of His Body and Blood ? For His language is not susceptible of any other interpretation. "When our Saviour says to the Jews:

Yours fathers did eat manna and died, * * * but he that eateth this (Eacharist) Bread shall live forever,' He evidently wishes to affirm the superior ity of the food which He would give give over the manna by which the children of Israel were nourished.

Now, if the Eucharist we commemorative bread and wire, in-stead of being superior, it would really be inferior to the manna, for the manna was supernatural, heavenly, miraculous food, while bread and wine are natural, earthly food.

"But the best of the most reliable interpreters of our Saviour words are certainly the multitudes and the disciples who were listening to Him. They all understood the import of His language precisely as it is er-plained by the Catholic Church. They believed that our Lord spoke literally of His Body and blood. The Evan gelist tells us that the Jews disputed among themselves, saying : 'How can this Man give us His Flesh to eat? How can And even His disciples, though avoid-ing the disrespectful language of the multitude, give expression to their doubt in this milder form: This saying is hard and who can hear it? So much were they shocked at our Saviour's promise that 'after this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him.' They evidently im-plied by their words and conduct that they understood Jesus to have spoken literally of His Flesh, for had they interpreted His words in a figurative sense it would not have been a hard saying, nor have led them to abandon their Master.

"When our Saviour beheld the Jews and many of His disciples abandoning him, turning to the chosen twelve, he said, feeling'y to them : 'Will ye alse go away?' And Simon Peter answered Him : 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal life.' You, my dear reader, must also take your choice. Will you reply with the Jews or with the disciples of little faith or with Peter? Ah! let some say with the unbelieving Jews: 'How can this man give us His flesh to est? Let others say with the unbelieving dis-ciples: 'This is a hard saying. Who can hear it?' But do you say with Peter: 'Lord, to whom shall we go?

Thoa hast the words of eternal life. " So far have I dwelt on the words of the promise. I shall now proceed to the words of the institution, which are given in almost the same expression by St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke. In the Gospel according to St. Matthew we read the following narrative: 'And while they were at supper Jesus took bread and blessed and broke it and gave to His disciples and said : 'Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins.' "I beg to recall to mind the "I beg to recall to mind the former text relative to the promise and to compare it with this. How admirably they fit together-like two links in a chain. How faithfully has Jesus fulfilled the promise which He made. Could any idea be expressed in clearer terms than these? 'This is My Body; this is My Blood.' You tell me it is a mystery above your comprehension. A myster, deed. A religion that rejects a rev mystery, intruth because it is incomprehensible contains in itself the scale of dissolution and will end in rationalism. Is not everything around us a mystery ? Are we not a mystery to ourselves ? Ex-plain to me how the blood circulates in

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reason? Do you not admit nation — that the helpless Bethlehem was God? I un why rationalists, who admit above their reason, reject Presence, but that Bible (Presence, but that bible (presence, but that Brole a

Let St. Paul be our first Represent yourself as a mithe primitive congregation ass Corinth. About fifteen years Matthew wrote his Gospel a from the Apostle Paul, read the following words occur chalice of benediction which is it not the Communion of th Christ? And the bread break, is it not the partaki Body of our Lord that whi delivered to you, that the L on the night in which He was took bread, and giving thank and said : "Take and eat Body which shall be delivered This do for the commemoratio in like manner, also, the cha the supper, saying : "This new covenant in My Blood. aew covenant in My Blood. ye as often as ye shall drai commemoration of Me. For as ye shall eat this bread the cup ye shall show the the Lord until He comes. whoever shall eat this Brea chalice of the Lord 1 shall be guilty of the Bod Blood of the Lord.' But himself, and so let h prove that Bread and drink of the

body of the Lord. "Why is it that so ma brethren who profess the name, deny the Real Pr Christ in the Blessed Eucl it because then body of the Lord. it because they see any of ambiguity in the words of pel of St. Paul's Epistle ? They must acknowledge th claration is as clear and claration is as clear and words can mike them. Be cause they cannot compr miracle. Is, then the p mercy of God to be me man's little yardstick? mighty not permitted to d but what we can sanction 1 son? Is a thing to be decla sible because we can not

For he who eateth and drin

ment to himself, not disce

because we can not sibilities ? "Does not the Holy abound with the most miracles? Does it not say created the heavens and th the flat of His will? Do hold this world in the mids Does He not transform a grass to grain for the nou the human race? It not to vellous transubstantiation less wonderful because

occurring the world over not rain down manna on of Isreal for forty years in Did He not with five barley two fishes feed five thousa sides women and children not change the rivers in Egypt and change water i

e marriage feast of Cana Do you not believe in -mystery that is not on mystery that is not on reason, but apparently con-reason? Do you not be Incarnation, which declar helpless Infant of Bethleb of God and True God of Th

"Is not everything arou tery, and are we not a my selves? You cannot expla the soul, which is a simp without length, or breadt sions, permeates and animat body. You cannot expla blood circulates in our cannot explain the myster "The material world dwell abounds in mysteri

" If man were to have to

their children

a century ago that the da

pelled by steam over the

the rate of forty or sixty they would have consider

mented. If he would ha that steamships would p

the oceans they would ha his face. When the quest

boats by steam was cont

than half a century ago nent English scientists

cannot solve.

the hands of the English.

It was now about the beginning July, and hearing that the Prince would most likely be in Skye, Father O'Rourke and I determined we should take our way thither to volucteer our services, and accordingly took leave of my father. He was most willing we should go, and never complained of our leav ing, although we could see he was daily drawing nearer that to But he was anxious his end. about our appr hension, as many had been taken of late. Major Ferguson had laid waste the lands of Barisdale and, among others, my cousin Coll Barisdale's fine house, Traigh, was burned to the ground. This my father felt keenly, and felt too that the next blow might fall even nearer home.

So we crossed over, intending to make or Trotternish, on Lord McDonald's for estate, but heard news soon after land ing that the Prince had gone on, probably to the main-land.

However, we kept on, and after pending the first night with Rory McDonald of Fortymeuruck, pushed as far as Portree, as I thought Father O'Rourke might as well see the principal place in the Island.

When we reached Portree, we went into a tavern to obtain refreshment after our march of twenty miles, and e landlord to fetch us some thing to drink. Upon this he informed as there were gentlemen in the next room who would like to have the pleasure of our company if we thought proper to indulge them. I inquired their names, and, on hearing them, desired him to present our compliments and we would join their party.

In the next room we found nine or ten gentlemen, some of whom I knew and others I had heard of, and, after partak-ing of what they had, I called for more

and the states of the states

Bordering this river near its junc tion with the "Lordly Shannon," and deriving some of its scenic beauty from the fact, is the parish of Ballymacool. At one time—before famine and emigra-tion had done their fell work—very papulous, Ballymacool was a place of a least provincial importance before hard ship compelled the people to

where rural mirth and manners are no more,

Emigration, that last resource of the oppressed, gave them that liberty-civil and religious-which was denied them at hone by "the powers that be." who shrieked with a screechowl delight at the sepulchral ruin it had wrought-"The Celt is going with a vengeance.' Ballymacool took its share in the sor rows and joys of the country. Love and war were closely united in its his tory and fortunes. That story, old as the universe, yet not outworn, had been told and listened to even when hardship and persecution were driving the people

in despair from the land. e early part of the past century In th the parish, including the village, had. like every place of importance, its famous characters, its Hutton, Dutton and Daniel O'Leary. Instead of through new-fangled dailies it controlled popular opinion on all subjects of public interest and announced that opinior through a cotorie of Shannaghies whose authority no one thought of question-

ing. Among its characters were tw who claim attention Aodh, or Hugh, McMahon belonged to that class known in Ireland as "half natural " or " goms." He was at once the glory and the despair of the parish. His strength was phenomenal, and he had his full share of the cunning found

in persons of his class, but his lack of wisdom often led him into scrapes which involved the honor of Ballymacool This was a sore point among his ading of what they had, I called for more liquor to our account. While the land-blard was preparing this the door opened, and who should appear on the sight of us his white face turned even a shade paler; however, I could not but admire the address with which he re nirers. Many were the stories told of

an animated farbrega than a human be-ing. His shrill whistles and waving arms attracted the attention of both the

"Yerra, musha, it's that gom Hugh McMahon; I suppose it's afraid of the sojers he is," said one in the crowd.

Presently the whistling and windmill motion ceased, and the figure stood motionless looking toward the bog of Foolab. His quaint appearance and great height were accentuated at his wearing a tall square hat and knee breeches. The spectacle afforded fresh amusement for the yeomen.

The object of Hugh's tactics was to ment. convey the information of the priest's arrest to the workers of the bog, among whom was Murty O'Madden. In voluble Gaelic he lamented the outrage and vented his wrath in curses on the cothe

life, and I will raise him up on the last

His subject was "The Holy Euchar-

ist." The Cardinal said in part : "Among the various dogmas of the Catholic Church there is none ests on stronger scriptural authority than the ductrine of the Real Presen of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. So copious indeed and so clear are the passages of the New Testament which treat of this subject that I am at a loss to determine which to select, and find it difficult to compress them all within the compass of this short chapter. "The evangelists do not always dwell

upon the same mysteries of religion. Their practice is rather to supplement each other, so that one of the mention what the others have omitted or have touched in a cursory way. But in regard to the Blessed Eucharist the sacred writers exhibit a marked devia. tion from this rule. We find that the four evangelists, together with St. Paul, have written so explicitly and abundantly on this subject that one them alone would be amply sufficient to prove the dogma without taking them collectively.

"These five inspired writers gave the weight of their individual testimony to the doctrine of the Eucharist be they foresaw — or rather the Holy Ghost, speaking through them, foresaw —that this great mystery, which ex--that this great mystery, which ex-acts so strong an exercise of our faith, and which bids us bow down 'our understanding unto the obedience of Christ,' would meet with opposition in Christ,' would meet with opposition in the course of time from those measure the infallible word of God by the erring standard of their own judg-

"I shall select three classes of argu ments from the new Testament which satisfactorily demonstrate the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The first of these texts speaks

your veins; how the soul animates and permeates the whole body; how the hand moves at the will of the soul. Explain to me the mystery of life and death.

" Is not the Scripture full of inc prehensible mysteries ? Do you not believe in the Trinity, a mystery not only above, but apparently contrary to

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scheme as physically impr these same men were to fathers sixty years ago th and homes would be light ity, that the lightning of be chained to our city draw them with great s our streets, they would by a smile of incredulity. " If they were told the to their friends in a



prevents

It clears t discomfort. Ke the action of clears the head It is the s ills and ails of

Sold by all