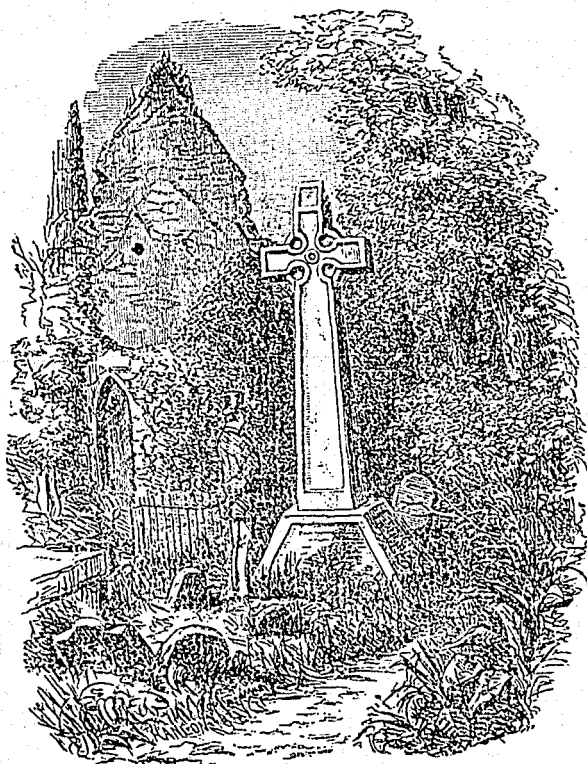


of the Protestant gentry of those days. Indelicate songs and maudlin speeches were indulged in by the company till a late hour; bottles were emptied and toasts drank, until more than one half the guests were under the table in a drunken stupor. The Major, being the first to get drunk, was carried to bed by a servant, and Dick, taking the chair, all restraint being gone after his father's

departure, plied them so freely with the liquor that the most hardy among them was at last forced to succumb, he himself being among the number. But the last thoughts uppermost in their minds ere they fell on the floor was the glorious sport they would have on the morrow, hunting a poor priest to death.

*(To be Continued.)*



TOMB OF DR. LANIGAN.

[In the number of THE HARP for July, 1878, we gave a description of the Death of the celebrated Dr. LANIGAN, together with an engraving of the Tablet erected to his memory in Finglas Chapel. Our engraving this month is an accurate picture of his tomb in the parish graveyard of Finglas.]

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken, how many a kind heart has been wrecked—how many a loved one has been lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a crib or cradle

stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of all treasures of the heart? A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow or gladness of which people never hear. Go home to the family, man of business! Go home you heart-erring wanderer! Go home to cheer that all-wronged waif or life's breakers. Go home to those