

carded until the lacerated flesh hung in ribbons on his back, because he had bid at the sheriff's auction for Thomas Meredith's cow, that active officer cursed his misfortune in not having proceeded on duty two hours later. But Martin Dooley could have told a tale that would have thrown light upon the fatality by which patrols have so often passed by the scene of an outrage an hour or so too soon.

By this time Martin Dooley had developed into a clever young man, whom his employer found it advantageous to appoint his travelling agent. No man had more business to look after than had Mr. O'Dooley, who had assumed the prefix after the manner of Irish patriots. As provincial centre, all serious matters were referred to him. He is a clever organizer and objects to the hasty adoption of extreme measures before milder efforts have failed. When Paddy Bolton was waylaid because he accepted the situation of herd to Mr. Wallace, a brother having been dismissed after forty sheep had died from neglect, Mr. O'Dooley was very angry because of the precipitate action of the local committee, who sanctioned the way-laying of Bolton before a threatening letter had been duly sent to him. Bolton was murdered accidentally, the boys assured their leader, as they only intended to beat him, but he had a weak skull, and it broke sooner than could have been reasonably expected. Mr. O'Dooley severely reprimanded the committee, reminding them how efficacious the threatening letters had been in other cases, and how safe, of course, in such an instance as that of Dolan, who had taken the farm of which James Corcoran was robbed because a few years' rent was due, and had kept it after three letters had been sent, a notice posted on his door, and his corn-stack burned; there was nothing for it but the pistol, and if Joe Brien, who came a distant townland to earn the price of the job, was seen coming from the direction of the place where Dolan's body was found, there was a large wake that evening, which would account for Brien's presence in the neighbourhood. James Mullany had a very narrow escape when he dismissed Dwyer, one of his shopmen, on finding that he had fraudulently appropriated £40. Had he known that Dwyer was a member of the society no change would have been made in his establishment. Fortunately for him there were others of the brethren in his employment whose interests were dependent upon his safety. Before Cooney, who was engaged, could succeed in executing the wishes of Dwyer and a few of his friends, Mullany received a timely hint and, communicating at once with Mr. O'Dooley, the latter had the matter amicably arranged.

Drawn by ambition, and spurred by necessity, Mr. O'Dooley is determined that if distinction is to be the reward of violence he will not be found wanting. Indeed, after the scenes in which he has borne the wildest part, language seems by comparison but harmless sound and fury, and while he congratulates himself that he has now escaped from the danger of his former position, he still drops a word in season to the brethren, which practical illustration is necessary to show the determination of the people.

Sitting at dinner in the private room of a country hotel, after a land meeting, Mr. O'Dooley feels that he has not lived in vain. At the same table are not alone the priests and farmers who form the bulk of such social gatherings, but three members of Parliament, one of them a gentleman in whose society Mr. O'Dooley little thought a short time before that he would have dined and quaffed the sweet champagne of the hotel, to the exclusion of his native stimulant. He was one of the first who planned the organized resistance to the payment of rent. Not that he believes the people will long resist the temptation to take any vacant farms that can be obtained. Repeal; Home Rule; education; readjustment of taxation; are so many sounding words that mean nothing to the average peasant. But, "The Land for the people," is a cry that all can understand; and the volley fired into the house of the bailiff who at his master's request took Bryan Kelly's farm, surrendered when five years' rent remained unpaid, has been accepted as a hint, not less strong because of Kelly's miraculous escape, that for the present vacant farms had better remain without a tenant. Mr. O'Dooley has watched with keen interest the struggle between the law and the people. Having advised resistance to the service of processes or writs, he excels himself in his denunciation of the government which, thirsting for the lives of the people, has sent large bodies of armed constabulary to enable the process-server to perform his "iniquitous duty." "Men of Ballymacsidney," he said to the crowds assembled at the village, "behold the blood of your women upon the reeking bayonets of the infuriated police. Rackrented, downtrodden, starving, with crops destroyed, and the skeleton hand of famine visible upon the pinched faces of your little children, the land robber who squanders in licentious orgies the fruits of your labour, calls for his accursed rent where there is none to give, and the British Government true to its bloody principles, answers with fire and sword your wail for succour." This is all pure imagination, no famine-stricken child and no licentious tyrant being producible for many a mile round Ballymacsidney at any rate.

So long as the present agitation lasts in Ireland the round sum already accumulated in the banks on deposit receipt will steadily increase, and after the agitation has ceased to be profitable here, a lecturing tour in America or the Irish correspondent of an American paper is open to him. If he is so fortunate as to be prosecuted for sedition at home, twelve months in gaol will not be too much to suffer for the parliamentary career, with all its infinite possibilities that will certainly follow; and when by active wits and frugal living he has accumulated sufficient money to enable him to invest in a small property in his native country, he will confidently call upon the Government he has so often maligned to protect him in the exercise to the bitter end of the legal rights he may have acquired over the unfortunate tenants living upon the property he has purchased.—*Pictures from Ireland by Terence McGrath.*

MINISTERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

AMONG the earliest official records of Massachusetts, there is a memorandum of articles needed there and to be procured from England. The list includes beans, peas, vine-planters, potatoes, hop-roots, pewter-bottles, brass-ladles, spoons, and ministers. It is but just to add that in the original document the article here mentioned last, stands first; even as in the seventeenth century, in New England, that article would certainly have stood first in any conceivable list of necessities for this world or the world to come. An old historian, in describing the establishment of the colony of Plymouth, gives the true sequence in the two stages of the process when he says, they "planted a church of Christ there and set up civil government." In the year 1640, a company of excellent people resolved to found a new town in Massachusetts, the town of Woburn; but before getting the town incorporated, they took pains to build a meeting-house and a parsonage, to choose a minister, and to fix the arrangements for his support. New England was a country, as a noted writer of the early time expresses it "whose interests were found remarkably and generally enwrapped in its ecclesiastical circumstances;" it followed that for any town within its borders the presence or absence of a "laborious illuminating ministry" meant the presence or absence of external prosperity. Indeed, the same writer stated the case with delightful commercial frankness when he remarked: "The gospel has evidently been the making of our towns." During the first sixty years, New England was a theocracy, and the ministers were in reality the chief officers of state. It was not a departure from their sphere for them to deal with politics, for everything pertaining to the state was included in the sphere of the church. On an occasion of an exciting popular election, in 1637, Mr. John Wilson one of the pastors of Boston, climbed upon the bough of a tree, and from that high pulpit, with great authority harangued the crowd upon their political duties. The greatest political functionaries, recognizing the ministers as in some sense their superior officers, "asked their advice upon the most important occasions, and sometimes even appealed to them for the settlement of personal differences that had arisen among themselves. In 1632 the deputy-governor, Thomas Dudley, having a grievance against the governor, John Winthrop, made complaint to two ministers, John Wilson and Thomas Welde; whereupon a council of five ministers was convened to call before them the governor and the lieutenant-governor, and hear what they had to say for themselves; having heard it, the ministers "went apart for one hour," and then returned with their decision, to which the governor meekly submitted. To speak ill of ministers was a species of sedition. In 1636, a citizen of Boston was required to pay a fine of forty pounds and to make a public apology, for saying that all the ministers but three preached a covenant of works.

The objects of so much public deference were not unaware of their authority; they seldom abused it, they never forgot it. If ever men, for real worth and greatness, deserved such pre-eminence, they did; they had wisdom, great learning great force of will, devout consecration, philanthropy, purity of life. For once in the history of the world, the sovereign places were filled by the sovereign men. They bore themselves with the air of leadership; they had the port of philosophers, noblemen, and kings. The writings of our earliest times are full of reference to the majesty of their looks, the awe inspired by their presence, the grandeur and power of their words.

Men like these, with such an ascendancy as this over the public, could not come before the public too often, or stay there too long, and on two days in every seven, they presented themselves in solemn state to the people, and challenged undivided attention. Their pulpits were erected far aloft, and as remote as possible from the congregation, typifying the awful distance and the elevation of the sacred office which there exercised its mightiest function. Below, among the pews, the people were arranged, not in families, but according to rank and age and sex; the old men in one place, the old dames in another; young men and maidens prudently seated far apart; the boys having the luxury of the pulpit stairs and the gallery. Failure to attend church was not a thing to be tolerated, except in cases of utter necessity. People who stayed away were hunted up by the tithing-men; for needless absence they were to be fined; for such absence persisted in four weeks, they were to be set in the stocks or lodged in a wooden cage. Within the meeting-house, the entire congregation, but especially the boys, were vigilantly guarded by the town constables, each one being armed with a rod, at one end of which was a hare's foot, and at the other end a hare's tail. This weapon they wielded with justice tempered by gallantry; if a woman fell asleep, it was enough to tickle her face gently with the bushy end of the rod; but if a sleeper were a boy, he was vigorously thumped awake by the hard end of it.

In the presence of God and of his appointed ministers, it was not for man to be impatient; and the modern frailty that clamours for short prayers and short sermons had not invaded their sanctuaries or even their thoughts. When they came to church they settled themselves down to a regular religious siege, which was expected to last from three to five hours. Upon the pulpit stood an hour-glass; and as the sacred service of prayer and psalm and sermon moved ruthlessly forward, it was the duty of the sexton to go up hour by hour and turn the glass over. The prayers were of course extemporaneous; and in that solemn act, the gift of long continuance was successfully cultivated, the preacher rising into raptures of devotion and storming heaven with volleys of petitionary syllogism, could hardly be required to take much note of the hour-glass. "Mr. Torrey stood up and prayed near two hours," writes a Harvard student in the seventeenth century, "but the time obliged him to close, to our regret, and we could have gladly heard him an hour longer." Their sermons were of similar longitude, and were obviously ex-