There is no truth in faces, save in children, They laugh and frown and weep from nas keys; who meet the world give out false The true note dying muffled in the heart.

O, there be woeful prayers and piteous wail-That spirits hear, from lives that starve for love! The body's food is bread; and wretches' cries Are heard and answered: but the spirit's Is love; and hearts that starve may die in agony And no physician mark the cause of death.

You cannot read the faces; they are masks— Like yonder woman, smiling at the lips, Silk clad, belewelled, lapped with luxury, And beautiful and young—ay, smiling at the lips, But never in the eyes from inner light: A gracious temple hung with flowers

Within, a naked corpse upon the stones !

O, years and years ago the hunger came-The desert-thirst for love—she prayed She cried out in the night-time of her soul they gave was poison whipped to For years she drank it, knowing it for death; She shricked in soul against it, but must drink; were dumb -she dared not swoon or The skies scream.

As Indian mothers see babes die for food,
See watched dry-eyed beside her starving

heart, And only sobbed in secret for its gasps, And only rayed one wild hour when it died O Pain, have pity! Numb her quivering bring guerdon! Thrice a thousand years, The boy-thief with the fox beneath his cloak Has let it gnaw his side unmoved, and held

the world; And she, a slight woman, smiling at the lips! With repartee and jest—a corpse-heart in her breast!

— From "The Statues in the Block and other Poems."

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Sketch of the Adventurous Life of the Irish Patriot, Editor and Poet.

HIS ESCAPE FROM AUSTRALIA-A ROMAN TIC EPISODE IN A BRILLIANT AND SUC-CESSFUL CAREER.

A visitor to Boston may meet in its literary haunts or passing along its narrow, crooked streets, a swarthy-looking man, from under whose slouched hat there gleams a pair of keen, glowing dark eyes. The figure is about the middle height, close knit and compact; the head is of the Celtic type and shows its marked charac-teristics of fiery energy and rugged strength beneath the close-cropped black hair. The finer traits in this vigorous man are revealed in the delicate nostril, sensitive mouth and the eyes that fairly bubble over with the emotion that upon occasion animates his whole nature. To see him going along the streets, with his free, swinging gait and his firm, defiant, almost reckless bearing, he might be taken for a Bohemian of the Bohemians. a contemner of all conventionalities, a scorner of the kid-gloved refinements of the dainty literary metropolis. Meet him at a social club or in a private parlor and the rugged, defiant strength is softened by an ease and grace of manner which, however, never loses its impression of frank, hearty independence. When he however, never loses its impression of frank, hearty independence. When he speaks the features, which in repose have

eventful mediocrity.

John Boyle O'Reilly—for this is the County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844. His father, William David O'Reilly, was a scholar of repute, with a marked mathematical bent, and was for thirty-five years master of the NeHewille Institution, Dowth Castle, a British charitable institution. It is from his mother's side that pet-patriot derived those tendencies have flowered alike into earnest deeds and fervid fancies. Eliza Boyle lady of fine literary culture and nearly related to Colonel John Allen, the gallant patriot of '98, who commanded a company in the French Legion at the famsiege of Astorga and reared the tricolor on its ramparts in face of a tremendous fire. The young O'Reilly was carefully educated by his father, and when yet a boy began to learn the art of printing in the office of the Drogheda Argus. For several years afterward he set type in various English cities and occasiona short-hand reporting. When the ally did short-hand reporting. When the revolutionary movement in Ireland had begun seriously to threaten the safety of the gov-ernment O'Reilly was working on an English journal. His earnest patriotism led him to return to Ireland in May of that year and advance its cause in the best way enlisted in the Fourth could. (Prince of Wales Own) Hussars, the crack on regiment of the army. Here he worked zealously to spread republican principles in the ranks of this and other regiments. The government, finding that disaffection was becoming alarmingly rife, vainly dispatched Head Constable Talbot This notorious informer, who was afterwards murdered, was the original of Harvey Duff, the police spy, in Boueicault's "Shaugh-ran." A detective from Scotland Yard was subsequently sent to ferret out the conspirators, but O'Reilly and his associates succeeded in setting this astute officer on the wrong track and completely evaded his vigilance. At the end of three years the government discovered his con years the government discorrered his con-nection with the insurrectionary move-ment by means of informers. He was ar-rested for high treason and brought to trial on the 27th of June, 1866. Being found guilty on five capital charges, he, shot, but this sentence was afterwards still later to twenty years' penal servitude

O'Reilly's first experience of English prisons was at Chatham, and he was afterconfined at Portsmouth, Portland artmoor. While in the last-named and Dartmoor. on he and his brother patriots collected

A CONVICT

prisoners of war, who were shot in cold blood by their British guards in 1814. The bodies of the slain had been flung tate shallow trenches, from which their bones had been dragged by the prison pigs, and they lay bleaching in one of the yards when they were collected and given honorable burial by the Irish Republicans. On the rude stone with which they were allowed to mark the grave they inscribed the motto, dear to every patriot heart: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." A convict ship, into which three hundred and forty criminals had been crowded, sailed from England in November, 1867, for the penal colony of West

crowded, sailed from England in November, 1867, for the penal colony of West Australia. Among the political convicts was Boyle O'Reilly, then twenty-three years of age. Imprisonment had not dulled his zest for the art to which he had been brought up, and so, with his fellow exiles, John Flood, Denis B. Cashman and Edward O'Kelly, he published a weekly paper called The Wild Goose. Of this sheet, which enlivened the dreary voyage of the convict ship, seven numbers were printed. On the 10th of January, 1866, the vessel reached its destination. O'-Reilly began the seemingly hopeless round the vessel reached its destination. O'Reilly began the seemingly hopeless round of his term of service in the penal colony. The chances of escape from that sea-girt prison were desperate, and death confronted the man bold enough to brave them. But O'Reilly was of too earnest stuff to be deterred by danger from attempting to gain freedom for himself and opportunities for helping his country's cause. He had brooded over the project of escape from the time of his arrival. In the official Police Gazatte of Western In the official Police Gazatte of Western Australia for April, 1869, appeared this announcement, which showed the first of

his daring schemes: ABSCONDERS. ABSCONDERS.

2. John Boyle O'Reilly, registered No.
9,843, Imperial convict; arrived in the
colony per convict ship Hougoumont in
1868, sentenced to twenty years, 9th July,
1866. Description: Healthy appearance;
present age, 25 years; five feet, seven and
one-half inches high, black hair, brown
one-half inches high, black hair, black hair, brown
one-half inches high, black hair, black hair, black hair, black hair, black hair, black hair, blac eyes, oval visage, dark complexion; an Irishman. Absconded from convict road party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869.

O'Reilly had made preparations for his escape several months before attempting it. He had told no one of his intention, because he had witnessed so many failures that he decided the safest way was to trust that he decided the salest way was to trust to himself alone. A chance occurrence led him to change his mind. One day while in camp with a convict road party he had a call from the Rev. Patrick McCabe, a Catholic priest, whose "parish" extended over hundreds of miles of wild bush country, and whose only parishioners were convicts and ticket-of-leave men. This scholarly, accomplished gentlemen had at e passed fifteen years in ministering to the spiritual needs of convicts upon whom he exerted a very beneficial influence. His days were almost wholly spent in the saddle, riding alone from camp to camp, and the nights found him wrapped in his blanket under the trees. He was kind to all men, whatever their creed, and a sincere Christian worker. O'Reilly, who had found him a warm friend during his stay in the penal colony, thus bears witness to his usefulness: "He was the best influence, indeed, in my time; he was however, never loses its impression of frank, hearty independence. When he speaks the features, which in repose have a lowering, almost stern expression, are lighted up by a genial earnestness that fascinates while it commands. There are evidently two sides to this nature—one that of the man of action, and the other that of the man of thought and sentiment and tender sensibility. This combination of qualities has enabled him to make a brilliant mark in literature and life at an age when most men are plodding patiently along in the ruts of unambitious, undo O'Reilly never heard from him. It age when most men are plodding patiently along in the ruts of unambitious, un-

> and adviser. THE ESCAPE PLANNED. O'Reilly was exempt from the hardship of labor with the criminal gang on the roads, but had charge of their stores and carried the warden's weekly report to the Bunbury depot. While trudging along with this report one day he reached a plain called the "Race Course." As he was plain called the "Race Course." As he was crossing it he heard a "coo-ee," or bush-cry. Looking wistfully in the direction of the sound, he saw a stalwart man com-ing toward him with an axe on his shoulder. There was a pleasant smile on his handsome face as he approached O'Reilly and said: "My name is Maguire; Ym a friend of Father Mac's, and he's been speaking about you." Having learned the importance of distrusting strangers in convictland, O'Reilly said but a few words and those such as could not reveal his relations with the priest. Oberving his hesitation, the stranger took a card from his wallet on which was a message addressed to O'Reilly in the hand-writing of Father McCabe. This set at rest all doubts and fears of the man's in tentions and O'Reilly eagerly listened to what he had to say, for he had come to carry out the good priest's plan of escape. He said he was clearing the race course, and would be at work there for a month. In February—it was then December— American whalers would touch at Bunbury for water, and he should arrange with one of them to secrete O'Reilly on Loard and take him out of danger. This was cheerbut during the week which ing news, but during the we O'Reilly could hardly sleep for fear that the man would shrink when the time came from the danger to his own life of helping him to escape. But Maguire's hearty and confident manner when he ext saw him helped to dispel these fears.

aid."as sure as my name is Maguire. December and January passed away and a wood-cutter chancing to go to the con-vict-road camp mentioned the fact that three American whaling barks had put into Bunbury. The news made O'Reilly terribly anxious lest the plan for his escape should fall through. He determinded to venture out by himself if he heard nothing from his friends. On returning from the depot, to which he had carried his weekly report, as usual, O'Reilly found Maguire waiting for him at the race course. "Are ready?" were the faithful fellow's words. He then said that one of the whalers, the bark Vigilant, of New Bedford,

board if he fell in with him outside Australian waters, and had even promised to cruise for two or three days and keep a lookout for him. Maguire had arranged all the details of the escape. O'Reilly was to leave his hut at eight o'clock in the evening of February 18 and take a cut through the bush on a line which was likely to mislead the native trackers. He had obtained a pair of freeman's shees, as

had obtained a pair of freeman's shees, as the mark left by the convict's boot could be easily traced. After leaving the camp he was to push on through the bush in a straight course toward a convict station on straight course toward a convict station on the Vasse road. There he was to lie till he heard some one on the road whistle the first bars of "Patrick's Day." The plan was gone over carefully between Maguire and O'Reilly, every point being repeated till there could be no doubt of their mutual agreement. The two men then separated.

separated.

On the evening of February 18 O'Reilly wrote a letter to his father about his intended escape that night and his purpose, if successful, to go to the United States. Two months afterwards this letter found its way into the Dublin newspapers. At seven o'clock that evening the warden of the convict party went his rounds and looked in upon all the criminals. He saw O'Reilly sitting in his hut as he passed saw O'Reilly sitting in his hut as he passed on his return. Soon after a convict came to the hut to borrow some tobacco and remained so long that the host became very nervous. Fortunately the convict went away before eight. As soon as he had gone O'Reilly changed his boots, put out the light and started on his desperate venture through the bush.

A DESPERATE VENTURE.

Though the woods were dark the stars shone brightly overhead. Before he had

shone brightly overhead. Before he had gone two hundreds yards he was startled by discovering that a man was following him. It was a moment of terrible strain for O'Reilly, but with admirable nerve he coolly waited for the fellow to come up. coolly waited for the fellow to come up. He proved to be a mahogany sawyer named Kelly, whose saw-pit was close to the fugitive's hut. He was a criminal who had been transported for life. "Are you off?" he whispered hoarsely. "I knew you meant it. I saw you talking to Maguire a month ago and I knew it all." These words filled O'Reilly with astonishment and alarm, so that he could not ment and alarm, so that he could not speak. He felt that he was in the man's power. He might have already put the police on his track, or he could do so the next day. But the criminal showed a manly sympathy with the youth who had risked so much for freedom. Holding out his hands to O'Reilly he gave him a strong grip, saying, with a quivering, husky voice: "God speed you. I'll put husky voice: "God speed y them on the wrong scent The fugitive could not speak the gratitude he felt, so, silently pressing the manly hand, he pushed on again through the

It was eleven o'clock when he reached the old convict station and lay down beneath a great gum tree at the roadside. From his dusky hiding place he kept an anxious lookout for friends or foes. In about half an hour two men rode by. They seemed to be farmers, but they may have been a patrol of mounted police. the old convict station and lay down have been a patrol of mounted police. Soon after the sound of houses coming at a sharp trot was heard by the fugitive. They stopped near his resting place and he heard "Patrick's Day" whistled in low but clear tones. In an irstant O'Reilly ran up to the horsemen, who proved to be Maguire and another friend, M——. They had another horse with them, which O'Reilly mounted and then, without saying a word, the three started off at a gallop for the woods. They rode on in silence for several hours. At last Maguire, who led the way, reined in his horse, dis-mounted and whistled. He was answered another whistle. In a few minute three men came up, two of whom turned was a weary waiting, but the convict, though tortured by the uncertainty which third man took the horses and galloped man whose appearance and character have been thus hastily limned—is now 37 years of age, having been born at Dowth Castle, third man took the horses and galloped warm shake of the hands expressive of hi good wishes. The three men then formed in Indian file and, to prevent the disovery of their number, the two behind covered the footprints of the leader.

After walking for about an hour they

reached a dry swamp near the sea.

O'Reilly remained at this place with M-, while the other men went on. He was told that Bunbury was near by and that they had gone for the boat. After waiting half an hour in anxiety lest the plan of escape had been thwarted at the last moment, a light was seen about This disappeared, only to flash out three more times. It was the signal for O'Reilly and his companion led the way, was soon aboard with O'Reilly. M—— meanwhile remained on the shore, and when appealed to by Maguire in a whisper to "cor answered in a trembling voice: "come or promised my wife not to go in the boat."
This led one of Maguire's cousins, who had come aboard before the others, to answer back in a sneering tone: "All right, go home to your wife." Yet M—— did not deserve this taunt of cowardice. was brave enough when duty called him, as he afterwards showed.

FAMISHING IN THE SWAMP. The four men in the boat were careful to pull quietly till there was no danger of their being overheard. Then they bent vigorously to the oars, as if rowing Little was said, but thoughts of for life. what they had at stake were all the deeper for not finding vent in words. By sunfor not finding vent in words. By sun-rise the boat had got almost out of sight of land, only the tops of the high sand-hills being visible. The course was a straight line of forty miles across Geographe Bay. It had been arranged to lie in wait for the Vigilant on the further shore and row towards her as she After pulling strongly till near noon the men began to feel the need of food and drink, which from some reason or another had not been provided for their cruise. O'Reilly, who had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, suffered dread driven into the sand, and went back to his crnise. O'Reilly, who had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, suffered dread fully from thirst. Accordingly the boat was run ashore through the surf and pulled high dry on the beach. The drenching which the men got in doing this gave them t imporary relief from thirst. But this soon became so intense that they wandered for hours through the dried wasness in surface of water. Hundreds of Durtmoor. While in the last-named on he and his brother patriots collected buried the bones of the American Bak r had agreed to take O'Reilly on swamps in search of water. Hundreds of the water fastened by a rope of paper bark.

paper-bark trees were examined for the wished for drink, but not a drop could be found. O'Reilly became alarmed at the burning pain in his chest, which seemed as if its whole inner surface were covered with a blister. A night was covered with a blister. As night was coming on they came to a cattle-track which led to a shallow and muddy pool. But the water was too foul to drink, so they had to con-tent themselves with cooling their faces

in it.

As the whaler would not put to sea till morning or, perhaps, the following evening, O'Reilly was in sore need of sustenance to keep up his strength. Fortunalely there was a man living in a log house a few miles away, whom the Maguires knew and thought well of. He was an Englishman named Johnston, and lived on this lonely expanse of coast with no Englishman named Johnston, and lived on this lonely expanse of coast with no neighbor nearer than forty miles, as keeper of a large herd of buffalo cows. The three men started for his house, leaving O'Reilly in the bush for safety, but promising that one should return with food and drink as soon as he could get away unobserved. The poor sufferer whom they left behind watched them winding in and out among the sand-hills whom they left behind watched them winding in and out among the sand-hills till they were lost to view. Then he lay down on the sand in a shady spot and tried to sleep. But the terrible blistering pain in his chest made it impossible for him to remain in a reclining position and he was obliged to get up and walk about. Hours passed and his friends did not return. O'Reilly's sufferings at this time were the worst he ever experienced. In were the worst he ever experienced. In his desperate straits his knowledge and of woodcraft served him in stead. Recollecting that the natives live on freshly killed meat when they could get no water, he sought for a tree with possum marks. This he soon found and possum marks. Into he soon found and on climbing it secured a large 'possum by pulling it out of its hole by the tail and striking against the tree. He then learned what his subsequent experience confirmed, that this meat was the very best substitute. for water. Maguire returned at night-fall, bringing food and a bottle of water. He remained but a short time, thinking it best to go back to the Englishman's house to avoid exciting suspicion. Soon after his departure, O'Reilly made a bed with boughs and leaves on the sand, using the young branches of the peppermint tree in order to keep away ants, snakes and cen-tipedes. He soon fell into a sound sleep and did not awake till his friends called him the next morning. Yet all this time he was in danger of being tracked by the

The party soon started for the beach, which was reached at about nine o'clock.
One of the men was sent with a strong glass which Maguire had brought to the top of a high hill to keep a lookout for the Vigilant. At about one o'clock he came running down with the welcome news that the vessel was steering north, with all sails spread. As no time was to be lost the boat was quickly run out through the surf. The men pulled cheerily towards the headland, for they were confident of reaching it before the bark passed. They had rowed about a couple of hours when she was seen steerwhich was reached at about nine o'clock. of hours when she was seen steercouple of hours when she was seen steering straight towards the boat. The men
therefore stopped pulling and waited for
her to come up. To their intense disappointment she changed her course slightly
when within two miles of the boat, as if
to avoid them. The men looked on
amazed. Maguire repeatedly said that
Cantain Raker had yledged his word to Captain Baker had pledged his word to take them on board and he could not believe him mean enough to break it. To settle the question one of the men stood up in the toat and hailed the vessel loudly enough to be heard on board. There was no answer. Again the men hailed her, his companions joining in the came back Vigilant seemed to be moving a little further off. At last she brought up abreast of the boat, at about three miles distant. As a last resort, Maguire fixed a white shirt on the top of an oar and the men all shouted again. But the Vigi passed on, leaving the boat to its fate.

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT. As the bark gradually receded in the dis-As the bark gradually received the bitterness of O'Reilly's disappointment was increased by the sense of danger. What could now be done to save danger. him was the thought of every one in the boat, as she was put about and pulled slowly for the shore. Maguire proposed that the boat should be hauled on to the beach and then O'Reilly should be left in the bush, as before, while the others went on to Johnson's. It was necessary to trust the Englishman with the secret and let him know the hiding-place of the fugitive, for the signal for O'Reilly and his companion to go forward. They went along the road till they came to a bridge where Maguire was waiting for them. The boat was all ready, but the tide being out the whole party as the best way out of the Maguire was waiting for them. The boat was all ready, but the tide being out they had to wade knee-deep through the mud to reach the water. Maguire, who reached the shore. As his three friends and valley with the Wholly in the secluded and valley that the second of the shore. left O'Reilly in the secluded sand valley they shook him by the hand and told him to keep up a good heart. They promised that one of them would come from Bunbury in the course of a week to tell him when the whalers would sail. They also said that they should communicate with old Johnson and ask him to bring food and water to the sand valley, which the

old man did. In his nervous desire to get away as soon as possible from the penal colony, O'Reiliy brooded over Captain Baker's promise to cruise for his boat if it was not sighted when the Vigil int came out. He thought that the captain might not have seen the boat and might be sitll cruising along the coast on the lookout for it. This idea made him eager to row out again and take the chance of falling in with the vessel. But the boat in which he had ventured before was too heavy for. one person to set affoat or row. He asked Johnson's boy, who came the third night in place of the old man, if his futher had a boat. The lad said there was an old dory at the horse range further up the coast, buried in the sand. When th passed the northern head of the bay.

After pulling strongly till near noon the men began to feel the need of food and the boat. The heat and dry weather had

> hiding place for the night. AN UNPROFITABLE VENTURE. Next morning he ventured out to sea this frail craft, which he nad made water tight by the use of paper bark.

to the stern of the boat. The light craft went rapidly forward under his vigorous rowing and before night, had passed the headland and was on the Indian Ocean. That night on an unknown sea in a mere shell had a strange, wierd interest, heightened by the anxious expectations of the seeker for liberty. O'Reilly ceased rowing the next morning, trusting to the northward current to bring him within view of the whaleship. He suffered a good deal from the blazing rays of the sun and their scorching reflection from the to the stern of the boat. The light craft water. To add to his troubles the meat towing in the water was becoming putrid and he found that some of the 'possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks in the night. Towards noon he saw a vessel under sail which he knew must be the Vigilant and his hopes ran high, as she drew so near to the boat that he could hear voices on her deck. He saw a n:an aloft on the lookout; but there was no answer to the cry from the boat

the night. He afterwards heard from Captain Baker that strangely enough the boat was not seen from the ship.

Being refreshed by the dew and the cool night O'Reilly bent to the work of rowing back to shore. There was nothing to od but get to his hiding-place and await Maguire's return. He tugged at the oars pretty steadly through the night and when morning came he was within sight of the sand-hills on the headland of Geographe Bay. He reached land by noon and then walked on wearily to Johnson's where he arrived the same night. The where he arrived the same night. The fatigue and anxiety which he had gone through had thoroughly exhausted him. He cared for nothing but sleep and this he could have without stint in the secluded and raller. The horoid security and the secluded the second raller. sand valley. There he remained for five days, when he was cheered by the arrival of Maguire and M—, who said that they had come to see him through. This time Maguire brought a brief letter from Father McCabe, asking O'Reilly to remember him. He had arranged with Captain Gifford, of the bark Gazelle, of New Bedford one of the whalers that were to sail ford, one of the whalers that were to sail next day to take O'Rilly on board. In order to ensure the fulfilment of this agreement the good Father had paid the captain ten pounds to carry his friend as far as Java. Unfortunately there was one serious danger ahead. This was the presence of a criminal convict, one of the worst characters in the penal colony, Martin Bowman, of Beaumont, a ticket-of-leave man. This fellow had dicovered of-leave man. This fellow had dicovered O'Reilly's plan of escape and had threat-ened to reveal the whole affair to the police if Maguire did not take him on board the whale ship also. As it was unsafe to refuse this demand Bowman was

unwillingly included in the party. ESCAPED. Soon after daybreak the next morning the men went down to the beach. Old Johnson and his boy were there to see them off. They got afloat without delay, and rowed vigorously towards the head They got affoat without delay, and rowed vigorously towards the head-land according to Captain Gifford's dir-ections. By noon they saw the two whaleships under full leadway. Towards evening they were hailed by one of the vessels and a voice shouted O'Reilly's name and cried out, "Come on board!" The men were delighted at this call. They pulled alongside and O'Reilly was helped out of the boat by the strong arms of Henry Hathaway, the third mate. He was warmly welcomed by Captain Gifford, was warmly welcomed by Captain Gifford, who gave him accommodations in his cabin. Martin Bowman, the escaped criminal, was quartered in the forecastle with the crew. As the beat pushed off from the ship, Maguire stood up and cried; "God bless you; don't forget us, and don't men-tion our names till you know it's all proved his courage, shouted a kind fare-well, which moved the grateful O'Reilly published and handsomely paid for, the well, which moved the grateful O'Reilly to tears. He has never ceased to cherish the memory of their kindness and has letters from them regularly.

The strain of the weary, anxious days which had followed his flight now began to tell upon O'Reilly, whose exhaustion it took weeks of kind care and bracing sea air to overcome. As soon as he was restored to health he entered with zest into the experiences of a whaler's life, and we owe to his careful study and sympathetic observations of the romance and reality of its exciting scenes, one of his most ing and powerful poems, "The Am-A FRESH PERIL.

But his dangers were not yet over. The Gazelle, after a six months' cruise from Bunbury, touched at Roderique, an English island in the Indian Ocean. She had hardly arrived before the Governor of the island came on board. O'Reilly, who was standing with Mr. Hussey, the mate, was startled to hear that dignitary say that he was in search of an escaped convict from Australia, a black-haired man. The mate declared that no such man was on board. The Governor answered that he had intormation that the convict had escaped on the Gazelle. Fearing that the British authorities would seize the vessel the mate hit upon a bold, though desperate method of extricating O'Reilly from immediate danger. He said that a man answering the Governor's description had come on board off the coast of Australia. He then called Bowman, the criminal, whom all the sailors had learned to detest, and he was put in irons and taken on This step only postponed for a brief time O'Reilly's peril. It was known that Bow-man would betray the whole secret in revenge for being given up to justice. He only delayed doing so till he left the vessel in order to make his own release a condition of informing against O'Reilly. His dan-ger was increased by the fact that there were on board the Gazelle some English ex-convicts, who had shipped in A stralia, who longed for an opportunity of having him retaken.

An ingenious ruse was now employed

v the officers of the vessel to save him. When night came on they threw the ship's grindstone over-board, together with O'Reilly's hat, while he lay hid in board!" was raised, the boat lowered and the hat picked up. So natural was the whole affair that one of the ex-convicts, who had witnessed it, declared that he saw O'Reilly sink where the hat was picked up. The next day the whaler's flag was set at half-mast and convergence of the whole affair that one of the ex-convicts, who had witnessed it, declared that he saw O'Reilly sink where the hat was picked up. The next day the whaler's flag was set at half-mast and convergence of the presidency of the Papyrus Club, representing the best elements of literary Boston, was a tribute to his geniality not less than to his genius. picked up. The next day the whaler's flag was set at half-mast, and when the Governor of the island came on board to demand the fugitive, the officers told him which included the contents of the first,

was drowned while trying to escape. The police, who had made inquiries among the crew, heard the same news, the account given by the English ex-convict leaving no doubt in their mind of its correctness. The Gazelle sailed from Roderique two days afterwards and the crew were both astonished a O'Reilly came on deck. both astonished and amused when

TRANSFERRED TO THE SAPPHIRE A month later, while off the Cape of Good Hope, the bark signaled an Ameri good deal from the blazing rays of the sun and their scorching reflection from the water. To add to his troubles the meat towing in the water was becoming putrid and he found that some of the 'possums and kangaroo rats had been taken by sharks in the night. Towards noon he saw a vessel under sail which he knew must be the Vigilant and his hopes ran high, as she drew so near to the boat that he could hear voices on her deck. He saw a man aloft on the lookout; but there was no answer to the cry from the boat and the vessel again sailed off, leaving O'Reilly to sadly watch her fade away into the night. He afterwards heard from Captain Baker that strangely enough the the whole story. Captain Seiders at once gave O'Reilly a state room in the cabin and treated him with the utmost kindness as a passenger. As Captain Gifford took his leave he handed O'Reilly thirteen sovhis leave he handed to remy thirteen sovereigns, all the money he had, trusting to his being able to pay it back if he reached the United States. It was a sad parting for both of them, for each had learned to

love and respect the other.

On board the Sapphire was an English gentleman named Bailey, who was on his way from India, to whom the secret was told, and when he reached Liverpool he remained with O'Reilly till he saw him safely embarked for America. The crew of the Sapphire had been told that the new passenger had been wrecked near the Mauritius, his name being registered as Mr. Soule. As there was som Mr. Soule. As there was some danger of the discovery of his identity when the vessel reached Liverpool, the mate, Mr. John Bursley, secured a hiding place for O'Reilly till he obtained a passage for him on the ship Bombay, of Bath, Maine, bound for Philadelphia. The captain of this vessel, Frank Jordan of Brunswick, who is a dear friend of O'Reilly, made him feel at once, as he has himself said, that his friend as the deck of an American ship was free soil for a political refugee. ON AMERICAN SOIL.
On the 23d of November, 1869, John
Boyle O'Reilly landed in the United

States at the age of twenty-five, penniless, almost friendless, with his way to make in a new country. Twelve years have passed and his name is now known throughout the land not only as the editor and one of the two owners of the leading Catholic paper in the country, but as a lecturer of great and growing reputation a vigorous novelist and a poet of rare gift and promise. To this height has the escaped convict, tugged for life and liberty in an open boat on the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean, reached. It will be intreesting to mark the steps of this rapid progress. He did not stay long in Phila-delphia, going thence to New York, where he delivered one or two lectures and wrote several articles for the press. In 1870 he came to Boston, where he obtained a position on the Pilot at a small salary. He now began to draw on his fund of poetic observation and experience, and to give to the world some of the treasures of thought and fancy which had been garnered amid the varied scenes of his eventful life. As long ago as his confinement in English prisons he had been impelled to compose poetry, and for lack of paper on which to indite his verses had carried them in his memory. These poems, which were of a military character, he now sent to the crack Church and now sent to the crack Church and editors little dreaming that the author of these brilliant effusions was an escaped Fenian. When this fact was in time discovered the magazine was not eager to re-ceive his poems, but they had already done him good service. In 1873 his first volume "Song of the Southern Seas" was published. It was touchingly dedicated

> which he had such striking experiences and which he depicted with imaginative tenderness as well as realistic vigor volume contains "The King of the Vasse," his most sustained piece of poetic imagery, "The Dog Guard," "The Dukite Snake" and "The Monster Diamond," three of his best realistic poems, besides the intensely exciting picture of whaling life, "The Amber Whale." The following exquisite prelude is one of the gems of olume: WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

nobly rescued him. But the gallant Cap-tain never lived to hear of this tribute.

The volume attracted great attention by

its vivid pictures of the life and scenes in

to Captain David R. Gifford,

Nations of sun and sin,
Thy flowers and crimes are red,
And thy heart is sore within,
While the glory crowns thy head.
Land of the singless birds,
what was thine ancient crime,
Burning through lapse of time,
Like a prophet's cursing words? Aloes and myrrh and tears Mix in thy bitter wine; Drink, while the cup is thine, Drink, for the draught is sign Of thy reign in the coming years.

"THE PILOT."
About this time O'Reilly succeeded in obtaining, in connection with the Archbishop of Boston, the ownership of the Pilot, of which he had become the editor. They voluntarily assumed the debts of Mr. Donohoe to depositors in his private bank, who were mostly of the poor class of Irish. The payment of these debts, amounting to about \$80,000, has absorbed a large part of the profits of the paper. "I undertook once," said O'Reilly, "to pay these dividends myself, but the gratitude of these people was to make the many of these people was to make the many of the profits of the pr of these people was too much for me. I couldn't stand it and had to give it up." This incident illustrates the warm, tender humanity of O'Reilly's nature. It is this which inspires his most fervent poetry and

show the versatility as well as intensi
of his genius. The powerful realis
poem of the penal colony, "The Mutiof the Chains," is here; the tender a
ardent lyric, "Jacqueminots;" the ph
osophic stimulating "Love's Secret;" the
osophic of which is the color of the inventive felicity of "The Temple Priendship," and the deep, broad, intersympathy of "From the Earth a Cry There is admirable felicity of thought a expression in the fellowing prelude

lately been issued. This contains some

his most brilliant and thoughtful works a

The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science
Explain, decide and discuss;
But only in meditation
The mystery speaks to us. In 1879 O'Reilly published "Moondyn

a novel of singular vividness and dram, power. It was originally designed sim as the story of the "Gold Mine," as forth in the first book, but the interest tracted to the narrative as it appeared the Pilot led to its enlargement. latest literary effort is a brilliant po "The Three Queens," illustrating the nificance of liberty, law and learning the property of the progress of society and to be read fore the Phil Beta Kappa Society of Di mouth College, June 29, 1881.

mouth College, June 29, 1881.

THE POET AT HOME.

Any sketch of John Boyle O'Re would be incomplete which did not m some reference to his attractive he Here in a study which is the embodin of comfort and culture, the poet sits his books on a range of low shelves a the walls, and with bronzes and pict looking down upon him, while a charr the walls, and with bronzes and pict looking down upon him, while a charr wife and interesting children come is stimulate and enliven, not disturb "thick coming fancies." His house Charlestown, within a stone's thro Bunker Hill, and a pleasent mile's from his office. Photographs of scen Western Australia are among the suggestive of the many objects of int in this apartment, which contains a water color sketch of Dowth Castle, we the poet was born, made by a brong made by the author of "Deel" water color sketch of Dowth Castle, we the poet was born, made by a bropoet, Dr. Joyce, the author of "Deir and "Blanid," the latter being the rewhich O'Reilly has given to his your child. It may be added that the leditor is a welcome guest, in the beserary and social circles of the Hub. is a member of the St. Botolph Chil is a member of the St. Botolph Cl authors and artists and is always in re at the famous Chestnut where he has read some of his finest p It is much to say of any man, but be truthfully said of O'Reilly, that he was disciplined by adversity been broadened and mellowed by prosperous fortunes which are the lecisive test of genuine nobility

SELECT SCHOOL OF ST. JOSI CONVENT, ST. CATHERINE

The Annual Distribution of Pr

On 30th ult, the closing exercises Academic year took place in the Cor St. Joseph. The attendance was la appreciative and well represented ever and creed in St. Catherines. Amore in the control of the establishments and realizes all the of-quirements, and realizes all the pu-education in its true sense, and fur powerful antidote to the great, the evil of this age. Without going the saying that great without going the saying that devention is the pena-social disorders, it can be well in that the evil, by excellence, of the tury is the disposition evinced by men, and even nations to reject (Lord, and to place all their hopes science and in the practice of the virtues. What occurred lately Lord, and science and in the practice science and in the practice wirtues. What occurred lately over the grave of, M. Littre, is at lustration and a proof of this assem. M. Monrouroff, a leader among M. Monrouroff, a leader among by the spokesman on the spokesman on the spokesman on the spokesman by the spokesman on the spokesman of the spokesman on the spokesman of the spokesman on the spokesman on the spokesman of the spokesm virtues. What occurred tately over the grave of, M. Littre, is at Instration and a proof of this asset M. Monrouroff, a leader amongs tivists, was the spokesman on the said, "I want to prove by the He said, "I want to prove of the many liberal-minded Call in Europeand Americahold tenach ame teachings. That this view of the most eminent men of to the age, is easy of proof. To your valuable space and for the try out valuable space and for the tribute of the try of the most eminent men of to your valuable space and for the try out valuable space and for the try out valuable space and for the try out valuable space and for the try of the try of

this world, with the world, and its pomps, its power, its rist and its pomps, its power. Its cits nationalities, the sole object and love. Such (this learned wis the growing evil of this light is so scoraful of the "dark age initely more subtle and destruage or glose of Volutire."

The careful students, sir history of Europe, will not fat that the legislation of its more enlightend countries has befuenced by the principle must be not simply moral. The government of Protestan its councils were blighted by a Bismark, wisely decreed tional system, giving to each tonal faith and practice of the faith and practice and Protest England, "while with her malignant harred of the frisk