

A PATRIOT IN EMBRYO.

(BY AMINTA.)

"We want to win Ireland and keep it. But to be able to keep it and use it, and govern it, the men of Ireland must know what it is and what it was, and what it can be made."—THOMAS DAVIS.

Usually I spend but little time in my library—in that magnificent room, with all its treasures of book and manuscript, the pride of my father's heart in by-gone days; there is an atmosphere of learning and weightiness about it that I find rather oppressive, as I have little affection for books or anything of that sort. But a few evenings ago, strolling aimlessly from room to room, I came to it, and, pushing aside the portieres, went in. It was not unoccupied. Seated on a corner of the large writing-table in a window alcove, was Brian, my lad Brian, one leg doubled under him after the manner of Paul Dombey, (I have read Dickens of course) and poring over a large volume. Several opened books were placed along the table, as though for reference.

I remained silent and watched for a few moments. Through the wide window, I could see a vast stretch of the Western horizon, tinged a ruddy gold by the declining sun. The last level rays of sunlight fell softly on the grey roof of the college Brian attended, and which was visible over the dark tops of a grove of leafless trees; inside sat Brian with his looks. The heavy purple curtains, on either side, framed in this charming picture. When I came over and stood by him, he looked up and said: "Can you guess, Uncle Roger, what I am studying now?"

"Two or three versions of the Bible, one would suppose."

"Now, Uncle, stop quizzing; it is history—Irish history. I have been reading it up this last month, and I find it simply grand."

"Bah, you'll be an old man before you are out of your teens, if you spend so much time at books. Arthur Wynne told me there was a good game of baseball coming off at the college this afternoon. Why are you not playing?"

"My team does not play, and I wanted so much to finish this volume to-night. And, Uncle, looking laughingly up, 'you see to it that I do not spend very much time at this,' touching the books, as he spoke, 'and, you know, I take part in all the games.'"

In my mind, "student" is always connected with a pale face and ill health; Brian's intense love for books and reading has sometimes made me anxious and he is aware of this. But as I looked at him then, I felt my mind ease, for he is as sturdy and sunburned as the veriest little rustic. A handsome lad with deep blue eyes and dark curls, and one who can play as neat a game of baseball or football as any young gentleman of fifteen years. Five years ago Brian and I became the fast friends we are now. For then, within a few months, there died, pretty Helen O'Neill, his young mother, and that other Brian O'Donnell, the beloved companion of my childhood days. Ah, those old times—merry, light-hearted times, what a change has come over me since then! Each year, my friends say, I build up my wall of reserve, my shell, and retreat farther from them and their kind advances; they wonder what has "soured my life." Only Brian knows; this gay, spirited youngster, who has crept so into my affections, understands that the shell is but the unemotional nature I have inherited from a race of sturdy, unambitious and quiet-loving Wiltshire squire, the ancestors of the gentle mother—the other Brian and mine—who last went to join our family circle above.

I selected a very comfortable chair, and drawing it up to the table, disposed of my person in its depths with due regard to ease. I was then ready to hear what Brian had to say of the history he had been reading. It has always been our custom—my respectful, though scarcely interested, attention to an account of what he reads; I desire to be always my lad's confidant. And Brian did speak of what he had just read, with kindling eyes and glowing face, that reflected the warm feelings of his youthful heart.

I have never believed much in this talk of pure patriotism, of enthusiastic race-pride; I have called it rant; but even my cold nature felt a responsive thrill to his ardent enthusiasm. It struck me, that perhaps this wealth of love for one's country and race is morally and mentally better than my usual indifferent attitude toward them; perhaps it does ennoble man's nature and endow it with other and great gifts.

I casually asked him what was his opinion of Ireland now.

He answered earnestly, even solemnly. "She is the noblest, saddest country God has made, and I love her even more now than I did before. The longer you study her history, you know, Uncle, the grander she appears, because one is always finding out some new beauty in it."

"You speak of Ireland as though she were a person."

"And is she not our Motherland? But, Uncle, I could not even commence to tell you of the wonderful events of her history. You may read them yourself some time," he added, in his most winning tones.

Then he said, "She has had many great sons, and even to think of them makes me try to be worthy of being of their race."

"Tell me something of their wonderful doings?" I asked.

"Why, mon uncle, it would take me a month to tell you about all of them. But of what one would you like to hear first?"

"Begin at the beginning, Brian," I answered laconically.

"The beginning! Ah, that is such a long, long time ago, that the memory of many of the great ones has only come down to us shrouded in a mist of political traditions. But after the time when St. Patrick with his little band of followers came up 'the slope of the Glades'—that's the lovely name the road from the North of Ireland went by; when he came up the slope to the Royal hill of Tara, one beautiful spring day, and, almost alone among hundreds of powerful Pagans, preached of his God

and his religion to those impulsive, warm-hearted ancestors of ours, and gave Ireland the Faith, she has never since lost; after that, the heroes who delighted me most were the second King Malachy and Brian Boromhe."

"It was Brian who gained the glorious victory of Clontarf," but here my knowledge of history failed me.

"Of Clontarf? Yes, Uncle, but Malachy was very successful against the Danes as well. He defeated them completely at Tara once; you remember the words of the song,"

"When Malachy wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud invader."

"What I think the most beautiful passage in all the story of their lives, is where Malachy comes to Brian on the hill of Tara and resigns all claim to the proud position of Ard-Righ. He had been High-King for twenty-one years, and it must have been bitter to him to give it up. But this good old King, and he was every whit as gallant and generous as Brian, only not quite so clever a strategist, came without safeguard, relying on the honour of his rival, to the camp, and gave up his kingship. The two old men vied with each other in kindly magnanimity; Brian gave Malachy the gift of as many horses as he had brought horsemen with him. I think that is a splendid scene; these grand-hearted old men—rivals, and yet friends. Didn't they act nobly?"

"Yes," I said, jeeringly; "it's a pity, my lad, their successors, the 'High-Kings' of Ireland now, do not take a lesson from their book."

I regretted my mean sneer as soon as it had passed my lips. It was a sorry thing to bring him down from his enraptured contemplation of the virtues of two immortal heroes to the quibbles of our present Irish leaders. His sensitive lips quivered just a little, and his dark eyes appeared to catch in their depths some of the purple gloom of the curtains.

"They won't always be divided," his voice gained strength and held in its accents a world of faith, as he continued: "God will not long permit his children to be in opposition to each other. They will soon be as brothers again. But, Uncle, do you know how this love for wrangling came to us?" He laughed—an apologetic, shy laugh, as though not quite assured of the argument he was bringing forth. "You know, the Danes tormented us for years and centuries. We could not be conquered; but they found us a gentle, peaceable race, with the old taste for fighting gone, and they left us with this spirit strongly developed. We have been known, on occasions, to dispute among ourselves, but 'tis only to keep our hands in, of course," and he laughed.

"Just for pastime, perhaps. But it would be well to unite before a common enemy. Well, and have you fallen in love with any more of the ancients?"

"With numbers of them. There were many grand Geraldines, who gave their lives for their country as freely and royally as they performed everything. But I like better the history of the stout-hearted 'old Irish' chieftains, who never bent a knee to their oppressors, than that of the Anglo-Irish, though ever so many of them were loyal friends. Now, there was John the Proud; when he came of age, he threw aside the title of Earl of Tyrone, which his father had received from Henry VIII., and took the prouder title of the O'Neill. Through all his life he would have no other title.

And there were two naughty O'Connors, lords of their tribes in Roscommon and Affaly, who would not acknowledge Henry's civil supremacy, even when many of the other native princes did. One of these splendid McCarthys, too, was just as firm. These all had lots of spirit, eh."

The O'Moore, in Queen Elizabeth's time, knew how to pay back his enemies," and he laughed gleefully. "A mean wretch named Cosby, the leader of the troops in that part of Ireland, invited the O'Moore and other noble Irish families to meet several Englishmen. Gentlemen, these fellows pretended to be, but they weren't anything but cowardly adventurers in search of estates. So the O'Moore went to the place, an old Rath, at Mullagunnast; they were two honorable themselves to suspect treachery in others, but those who went into the Rath never came out again. There were four hundred persons murdered and nearly half of them O'Moore's, so this Rory O'Moore, their chieftain, took up arms to avenge their death. And he did it splendidly. He took town after town so quickly that his enemies did not get time to collect their wits, if they had many. He was always appearing where they least expected him. He picked up one of the histories. 'Listen to what McGee says: "While the town of Naas was burning, he sat coolly at the market-cross enjoying the spectacle, but he suffered no lives to be taken; and when he took Cosby prisoner he did not have him killed. That was grandly generous, wasn't it? I do not think I would have been so merciful. I would have executed Cosby and the other murderers."

"You blood-thirsty lad! it is well for the poor wretches' heads you weren't in Rory O'Moore's shoes."

"Yes, indeed; there would have been 'wigs on the green.'"

"I do not suppose they would object to losing the wigs if the heads were spared."

"But, of course, I meant the heads, too. I was only making use of a figure of speech. Metonymy, of which Brother Basil was speaking to-day in class. 'Using the container to express the thing contained.' Reverend Brother accused me of not paying attention to what he had been telling us, but, you see, I was wrongfully accused."

"Perhaps—perhaps you looked it up afterward?"

"Perhaps I did—or perhaps I knew it before. However, Gerald O'Neill was sitting behind me, and he had some books packed up before him on the desk, and was telling me a little anecdote about the Great Hugh; I may not have appeared very attentive. Gerald is well up in history. I wish I knew as much about Ireland as he does." He shook his head slowly, evidently deeply impressed with the fact of Gerald's superior knowledge.

"Have you ever heard of the Great Hugh—the O'Neill during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign?" he inquired almost abruptly.

"I think I have somewhere or some

time heard something of him," I replied leisurely.

"Then he is another of the Irish heroes I admire. He was educated at the English Court, and when he rose in arms against the English, at the head of his own and several other Ulster tribes, he had the advantage of being acquainted with their method of warfare. Hugh's friend, the old chieftain of the O'Byrnes, 'the firebrand of the mountains,' the English called him, had been attacked by troops under the Lord Deputy. He left his castle and went into the mountain fastness of Wicklow, and kept them at bay. It was then Hugh O'Neill came into action. He took the principal English fortress in Ulster, and when a powerful army advanced against him, he retreated with his unskilled warriors. But he burned his old ancestral castle to the ground; no foe would take possession of that old home of the O'Neills." Here he paused as though connecting in his mind the facts of his little discourse. He continued: "That Feagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne was truly a 'grand old man.' When a young man, he had appeared at a Parliament in Dublin, in which he had no seat, and when the Deputy and his train were none too friendly to him. And he was as dauntless in his old age. He kept his people together unconquered during his lifetime."

"But did the Great Hugh only take one fortress? He scarcely earned the 'Great.'"

"Oh! no, that is not a tenth part of what he did. Why, for eight long years he kept the English in hot water, and troubled the ambitious Queen's peace of mind more than she would care to acknowledge. He was the leader at the great battle of 'Glenlochy,' where the English were utterly routed and their baggage and colors captured. When he did honorably submit, and that was only when thousands of his people were dying of starvation, because the troops had cut down and burned their crops, it was on condition that the Irish would be permitted to practise their own religion freely. Before three years, only three years, uncle, had passed, they were persecuted more horribly than they had ever been before; and a few years later, O'Neill, an old man then, had to exile himself from his native country to escape the treachery of those men, who had been overjoyed to come to terms with him such a little time before. The poor old chieftain, he died without ever resting his eyes on his country again! Now, uncle, what do you think of the creatures who acted so meanly to that great-souled man?"

"Faith, as Hugh himself might say, I think they had little of honor in their compositions."

"And, uncle, do you know who assisted him, like a true patriot, during those years of struggle? The glorious young chief of our own race—the O'Donnells."

The youngster's eyes fairly danced with excitement.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The funeral of the Earl of Pembroke, which took place at Wilton, was attended by a large number of persons of all classes, who came from afar and near, and so gave evidence of the universal love and respect in which he was held. All Catholics will feel deeply for his bereaved mother, Lady Herbert, in this great sorrow. Lady Herbert has taken such a large share in Catholic life, is so universally known and blessed for having identified herself so closely with every good and pious movement, that our heartfelt sympathy is hers by the best of rights. We offer her ladyship the tribute of our profound condolence in the inexpressible sorrow that has come upon her.

She had not the joy and consolation of seeing her son, Lord Pembroke, a member of the visible Church. Yet few who knew him could doubt that he lived up to the opportunities and lights of grace that God gave him, and that he is now participating in the boundless mercies of Him with whom there is copious redemption. His soul has a just claim to the earnest prayers and suffrages of all Catholics. He was not himself a Catholic (although ready to join us at any moment if he could have seen the truth, for he had no human respect), yet nothing could have exceeded the purity and clarity of his life, which two virtues were his great characteristics. He was the soul of honor and truthfulness. From quite a young man he had a marked horror of anything like impurity or immorality. He set a high standard to London society, as many since his death have noted, no one daring to tell doubtful stories or scandals before him, while he was such a bright example to all. His charity was universal, not only in London, where he built a beautiful model lodging-house, but everywhere on his Wiltshire and Irish estates. The Freeman's Journal has feelingly recalled the great works he had done in the neighborhood of Dublin, restoring or building all the Catholic churches and schools on the estate, giving only last year £5,000 for a new technical school for the fishermen's children at Ringsend, and £6,000 to the different Dublin hospitals. One of the priests of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, Canon O'Hanlon, wrote to say that when first the poor people heard of his illness, they came to him begging his Masses and prayers for him, saying: "The Earl was their best friend." When the news of his death came, on no one did it fall with a greater blow than upon his Catholic tenants in Ireland. In proof of their personal sorrow, they sent representative of each parish with the Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon to attend his funeral, bearing crucifixes, wreaths and flowers to be laid upon his tomb in token of their deep love, gratitude and respect for so kind and lamented a landlord.

Lady Herbert would be intensely grateful if any priest whom she knows, and whom she has helped in their works for God would say Mass for the repose of his soul.—London Tablet, May 25, 1895.

ANONYMOUS ATTACKS.

On Saturday week a meeting of the Catholics of Silvertown censured the conduct of The Daily Chronicle in allowing anonymous attacks on the Catholic priesthood to appear in its columns, and pronouncing it to be "a paper unfit for Catholic homes." Father Ring presided, and in putting the resolution proposed

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by Mr. Gourley, and seconded by Mr. J. Nagle, said that we could not ask a magistrate to protect us from offensive impertinence such as The Chronicle thinks it "good business" to show towards the divinely constituted teachers of 250,000,000 of the human race, but we ourselves can punish it and make its "business" a losing game. "If, for instance, 1,000 Catholics who pay their daily penny for The Chronicle will stop that practice for a year, we shall do little to avenge this insult, and I for one will do a priest's part to exclude that paper from some Catholic homes."—London Tablet May 18, 1895.

THIRTY YEARS OF TORTURE.

HANDS AND FINGERS TWISTED OUT OF SHAPE WITH RHEUMATISM.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAN NOW NEARING THE FOOT OF LIFE'S HILL—HOW RELIEF CAME TO HIM AFTER REPEATED FAILURES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

From the Kemptville Advance.

"I am now almost at the foot of the hill of life, having attained the 76th year of my age, and never during that time have I made a statement more willingly and conscientiously than now. My body has been tortured by pain for upwards of thirty years, caused by rheumatism, and there are thousands enduring a like affliction that need not if they would but heed my experience and avail themselves of the proper means of relief. The disease first affected my hip and spread to my legs and arms. Like many sufferers I spared neither trouble or expense in seeking something to alleviate the pain. The disease had made me so helpless that I was unable to put on my coat and my hands and fingers were being twisted out of shape. There seemed not the shadow of a hope of relief, and very naturally I became discouraged and disheartened, and time after time have I given up in despair. While in Arizona three years ago I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for six boxes in order to give them a fair trial. I followed the directions closely and by the time the fourth box was finished the pain had greatly lessened and I was much improved. My friends having witnessed the



I was unable to put on my coat.

wonderful effect upon my body could not help admiring the Pink Pills, and being about to leave for the east, I gave the remaining two boxes to them. Unfortunately I neglected getting another supply for nearly a year after returning to this part and I felt that to me Pink Pills were one of the necessities of life. Last spring I procured a few boxes and have been taking them since with a very satisfactory effect am glad to say. Now I feel like a new man, entirely free from pain or stiffness of joint. I have a slight numbness of feet and half way to the knee, but am confident that these pills will relieve this feeling. Although well advanced in years, I am able and do walk many miles a day. For rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand pre-eminently above all other medicines, according to my experience and I urge a trial on all suffering from this painful malady."

The above is an unvarnished statement of facts as told the Advance recently by Mr. George Selleck, an esteemed resident of Miller's Corners, and no one hearing the earnest manner of its recital could fail to be convinced of Mr. Selleck's sincerity. But if this were not enough hundreds of witnesses could be summoned, if need be, to prove the truth of every word stated. Mr. Angus Buchanan, the well known druggist and popular reeve of Kemptville, speaks of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as one of the most popular remedies known, having a great sale among his customers and giving general satisfaction.

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THE DEVIL'S SHRINE.

A sensational discovery was recently made in a portion of the Palazzo Borghese in Rome, let a short time ago for a Masonic lodge. The family wishing to resume occupation of the rooms, which are required for Don Scipione Borghese and his bride, notice to quit was duly given to the tenant, and the representatives of the owners were admitted on the appointed day to take possession. One room, however, remained locked, and was open-

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ed under compulsion, after a threat to call in the police to force an entrance. It was found to be fitted up as a sort of temple of Lucifer, whose figure was painted of colossal size on a screen at the further end, the remainder of the walls being hung with black and red silk damask, while triangles and other emblems were scattered about. A circle of magnificent gilt arm chairs, each with a sort of eye or lens in the back lit with electric light, were grouped round a throne occupying the centre of this singular temple. The story is told by the Roman correspondent of the Corriere Nazionale, and some color is lent to it by a late statement that the Borghese family were so shocked at the profanation of the apartment known as that of Paul V., that they are about to have the place solemnly blessed by way of purification.—London Tablet, May 25th, 1895.

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