

ROMANTIC STORY OF EILEEN AROON.

"I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon, I know a cottage there, Eileen Aroon, Deep in that valley shade, I know a gentle maid, Eileen Aroon."
Carroll O'Daly, a Wicklow chieftain of the sixteenth century, was the author of "Eileen Aroon." Apart from the exquisite beauty of the melody and the touching pathos of the words, it possesses an "exquisite" interest in the romantic interest attached to its own position.

O'Daly was a man of much culture, a poet and musician, but also a soldier, who in the fastness of the Wicklow hills held aloft the standard of revolt against the authority of England's Queen. Occasionally, too, he was a clansman away down from the mountains upon the Pale to wreak vengeance on the brutal soldiery of Queen Elizabeth and her Irish retainers. In one of these forays he first met Eileen Aroon, whose name he has immortalized, and the story of whose love is known throughout the world after three hundred years.

It is this lack of faith that makes the life of the religious orders such a perplexing mystery to Protestants. This is why they always try to explain by "high motives" for it that are absurdly inadequate. Mr. Allen thinks, and of course so do his readers, that disappointed love keeps many a nun in her convent. But they would not, indeed they could not, believe it, if they knew anything of her real manner of living. A life of unquenchable abstinence to a superior, of constant self-forgetfulness, of years of hard labor solely for the good of others, and all borne with an unwearied patience and sweetness that cannot be assumed or counterfeited very long at a time—and the motive for it all a disappointed earthly love!

And Eileen Aroon recognized the voice of her lover in the disguised harper. This song that gushed from the poet's heart, sung with deepest feeling, touched a responsive chord in her own. It was an easy matter to whisper a word in O'Daly's ear, for there was no suspicion of his presence in the stronghold of his enemy.

THE MYTHICAL NUN OF PROTESTANT LITERATURE.

"I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon, I know a cottage there, Eileen Aroon, Deep in that valley shade, I know a gentle maid, Eileen Aroon."
Most Catholics will lose nothing by resolving not to read anything whatever from a Protestant source, that touches upon the life of the religious orders, or the motive for that life. For the ill will of the writer is pretty sure to be as obvious as his gross ignorance of his subject; and the reader's indignation at the former will leave little room for the amusement he might otherwise derive from the latter.

Yet such writings have a kind of value of their own. The fact that such a story as "Sister Dolorosa" by Mr. J. L. Allen, should have lately been published in so widely read a magazine as the Century, is not without significance. For it shows that people who are capable of believing its absurdities, are utterly incapable of rising to the conception of the highest order of Christian life, such as is led day by day by thousands of devoted men and women in the religious orders of the Catholic Church.

It is a fact that, with the exception of the religious orders existing in the Catholic Church, community life, properly so called, has always an every where despicable, amusement rather than concern. Canada, with its little imitation royalty and its ridiculous conventions, is apt to ascribe to itself too much importance. It seems to have a bad case of provincial "big head."
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CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union and Times.
As we go to press, the Canadian election is in progress, and by the time this paper is in the hands of its readers, the result will probably be known. What it will be, we do not care. Neither does the United States. Yet from the remarks of the Canadian papers about "Yankee hirelings," "swaying traitors," and "bustle cries of loyalty," one would imagine that our neighbors thought the eligibles of this country were waiting with bated breath and clepeless eyes to discover the triumph of this or that faction. The truth is that nine tenths of our population have not been aware of any Canadian election at all.

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SEE WAS A CATHOLIC.

At the Woman's National Council, held in Washington last week, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, sister of the late Henry Ward Beecher, delivered an address on "The Queen Isabella Association."
The Association intended to erect at the World's Fair a building for the use of women, which has been designed by a woman and to have secured, by a woman, a statue of Queen Isabella.
"The only objection," said Mrs. Hooker, "that I have heard urged against this statue is that Queen Isabella was a Catholic. I have heard that of jettison over and over again till I am tired of it. If Protestantism is afraid of itself and cannot survive without maligning a woman who had been a noble woman, wife, mother, and ruler, then Protestantism ought to understand and Catholicism and rise up in (great applause) I believe in the survival of the fittest." (Applause)
Yes, Queen Isabella was a Catholic, and that is the reason why there is no enthusiasm in the project of erecting a statue of her in Chicago.

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