

than the other since the Holy Alliance at Vienna, in 1815, pledged themselves to save the world from these fearful devastations, could they do it? Must there needs be war? Is that included in the scandals that needs must be? Who knows?

Fast falls the eventide for this admirable woman. She is now in her eighty-fifth year, and lives in retirement in her pleasant home in Derbyshire. His Majesty the King paid a graceful compliment to the lady, who is easily the most illustrious heroine in the English world, by conferring on her the dignity of a "Lady of Grace of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem." And only the other day President Loubet decorated a Sister of Charity. Thus the story goes on; the world is always redeeming itself by the manifestation of the sweetest of all truths: "God is love, and men and women are made to the image of God."

S. N.

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## The Informer.

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(A page from "Glenanaar.")

Canon Sheehan's place in literature will be as a portrayer of Irish life. In this respect his niche will be high in the temple of Fame, on a level with the very best artist of the kind of any nation. In "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," he opened up a distinctively new field and achieved a wonderful success, and though the latest work from his pen may be classed as in a sense inferior to the works just mentioned, it is characterized by an exactness of delineation and a purity of style that place it far above like productions of Irish writers.

Glenanaar opens with a page or two borrowed from the history of Whiteboyism, the genealogy of which is thus succinctly but clearly stated:—

'Cromwell begat massacres and burning; and massacres and burning begat reprisals; and reprisals begat Penal Laws; and Penal Laws begat insurrection; and insurrection begat the Union; and the Union begat outlawry; and outlawry begat Whiteboyism; and Whiteboyism begat informers and judicial murders; and judicial murders begat revenge, *e da capo*.'

This brief bit of history and the introduction of the informer