THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Erin Machree!

2

How dear to my heart is the Emerald Isie, With its wealth of past glory-its tears and its smite-lis sorrow-diad centuries-starry-crown'd slope, Now dark with grief's cloudlets-now bright/ning with hope! How oft in my day-dreams I've feit the strange spells That bind me to Erin-its vales and its delis; How oft has my heart gone beyond the deep tee. To greet thee, Mavourneen, dear Erin Machree!

I have lived in thy glory and breath'd of thy air, I have shelt at thy shrines in the incense of I have kneit at thy shrines in the incense of prayer,
I have feit the warm pu'se of thy patriot heart,
Now joyoos at meeting, now grieving to part;
In all thou hast arch'd my young life with thy love,
As bright as the bow of God's promise move. And wherever thy star may shine forth in the sky, I pledge thes my faith and my love till I dle.

'Tis strange that, though cradi'd 'neath map's and pine. My'sou is bouild thirst strong for thy patriot wine; In childwood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd And in fancy I've strayed by thy streamlet and bower-And I ve wandered afar from the place of my birth To the and of my fathers-the fairest on earth-

earth-And with heartfelt devolion 1've wished thee as free As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin Machree!

Oh ! land of my fathers, my faith, and my Objiand of my numers, my family and God; How I long for true freedom to kiss thy green sod! Then my soul will sing clear as the lark in the sky. And chant notes of thy glory that never And chant notes of thy glory that never will die; For from East unto West, in the warmest

Will ring in bright numbers thy deeds and thy fame, And the harp of thy freedom by heard o'er tha sea. In the land of the Maple, dear Erin Machree !

Toronto, Ont. THOMAS O'HAGAN,

A NIGHT IN AN OBANGE LODGE.

Dr. Murray, the author of the follow ing sketch, was, perhaps, the most distin-guished Irish theologian of the present Gensed from the born of the county densities of the second second second second Monsghan, on the 18th of November, 1811, and reserved both his English and ISH, and received both his higher and classical education in the neighborhood of his native town. From his earliest years he showed a decided preference for the ecclesiastical state, and with a view to pre pare himself for the sacred dignity of the pare himself for the sacred dignity of the pricethood, entered the rhetoric class in Maynooth College on the 25th of August, 1829. He passed through the different classes in the college with great distinc tion, and was, in June, 1835, appointed a scholar of the Dunboyne Establishment, the perfect of which was then Dr. Mac Nally, who afterwards became bishop of Clegher. Towards the end of his Dun boyne course he was, with the permission of his diocesan, the Bishop of Clegher, appointed to a curacy in Francis street chapel, in the cl y of Dublin. In Septem ber, 1838, he obtained the chair of belles letters in Maynooth College after a pub lie concursus. He continued in this chair for three years, when, after another con The concursus. He continued in this chair for three years, when, after another con-cursus, he was appointed professor of theology. On the re establishment of the Dunboyne class in 1879 he became its prefect, in which office he continued unprefect, in when once ne continued un-til his death in November, 1882. Dr. Murray wr.ts a large number of tracts, both on moral and dogmatic theology, his great work being his *Tractus De Ecolesia*, which earned him a world wide reputa tion, and made him a standard authority in coclesiastical science. Late in the summer of 1835, I was

set out late or lottered on my way, for when I get the lergth of the town of when I get the lergth of the town of M______the shades of evening were begin-ning to fell. On reaching the village of G____, about three milei further on, I determined to remain there for it was market or fair day; the way was through a Protestant country. I was clerically dressed, and being rather in a hurry to come to my journey's end, I did not the back to the door. "I say, boy; you don't know what the next room; I seen him." The uproar waxed greater and greater. By and by the brother in-law, who had something for God. When your backets are filled with grapes, give a cluster to the beggar who passes you on the road. If you are a carpenter consecrate an hour of labor to God by repaining a bench in the next room; I seen him." This, no doubt, was from the red-haired choose to run the risk of such delay as the random shot of an Orarge gun or a stroke of an Orange bludgeon might So, having inquired from th decentest looking person I saw on the already thinned streets for the hotel of the town, I was directed to a comfortable looking house over the way. I bent my course to it, lit at the door, had my horse I bent my put up, walked in, and asked if this were the hotel of G ----- (for it did not look like one), was answered in the affirmative, shown upstairs into a very good sitting. room, had lights put before me, and requested "the brother in-law" of th house who was bustling in a good natured way about me - to leave me alone for some time. I soon perceived that my hotel was of a species of doversoria, known in that quarter under the name of "Car men's stages," a better sort of public houses provided with beds for travellers. The place was good enough for me, and I was quite comfortable and satisfied, or would have been but for the uproarious noise of market-day revellers proceeding from one or two rocms conthe one in which I sat tiguous to suppose there was only a lath and plaster wall between us, for I heard the voices

quistly into the adjoining closet, where I was to sleep. Drink was of course called for and came, and with it went round the usual clatter and din it produces in such disclose to work on the produces of the such usual clatter and din it produces in such circles at such an hour. By and bye a song was called for and sung, and then, at short intervals, one or two more. They were all in the same strain; loud panegy-rics of Orange prowess and victories, mingled with constant repetitions about loyalty and wading in Poptsh blood---two ideas, by the way, at the time closely united in the minds of both parties in those quarters. In the manufume the those quarters. In the meantime the brother-in law gently lifted the latch, and

stealing in, sat down beide me and commenced a familiar chat—evi-dently with a view of drawing away my attention from the proceedings in the next room, and quieting any alarms I might feel. He told me that he was the prother in law and by constrained the brother-in law, and, by repeating this from time to time, seemed anxious that I should have a distinct impression thereof. He informed me, moreover, that he had a great deal to do with the management of the "consarp," meaning the house and appurtenances. In fact he was a kind of headpiece there, and at lest-for his communicativeness in-creased as he perceived that my face and manner exhibited no signs whatever of incredulity-he was, in reality, the master, but people generally were not aware of this. He had very much the appearance of what in his neighborhood would be called an "old cock," but he would be called an "old cock," but he was a good-humored, soul, who came to do me a service, and I would sooner have bit my tongue than, by a rude smile or word, have disturbed the intense gratification which he manifestly derived from the persuasion he fancied himself producing on my mind of his

own importance. "Do you know Priest Murphy ?"

"A nice wee man he is, and a nice wee woman his mother is, Biddy Murphy, of —. I know them both; she's one of . I know them both; she's one of the laughiest wee sowls uver ye seen; I knowed the priest since he was jist that high"—putting his hand horizontally within about six inches of the floor. "Och, man, but he's mortial like his mother; I'm towl he has a great deal of her ways. We lived begide each other mother; I'm towh he has a great deal of her ways. We lived beside each other at that time, and throgs I'd sarve a dog belongin' to her, and I'm sure she'd a' done the same far me." "You must be pretty well advanced in years, though you don't look old. Father Murphy is a prizet for many means"

Murphy is a priest for many years." "That's a long time ago, but I mind it rightly-stay to we see. I'm sure its beyant thirty years. You're from-

"No, I'm from C____."

"Then you know Billy MacGriskin, He's a friend (relative) of ours. He's married to a Roman Jinoy Mucaree, an' sorra dacenter woman from this to where she lives. She's a distant relation of priest Murphy." He wanted to show me that he was no

riest hater, that he was no riest hater, that he was what in higher circles would be called a liberal minded man, and his kind object plainly was to put me at ease in his company, which he would have succeeded in but for the

growing clamour and ferocity outside. "Och it's us that bate the Papists at the Clownish fighting fair, For the boys of Lisbellaw had a noble body

there, We chased them through the Diamond and down Fermanagh street, Till not a Popish face in the town you could

meet. And the loyal Clownish yeoman did join us in the fun. Till like water in the guillons the rebel blocd aid run."

"Come, boys. I'll give you a toast-here's to the tree that's watered with Popish blood and never fades."

"Here, boys, I'll give another-here's to the little house in the bog that's built with the bones of Papishes and thatched with the ekins of prieste, with O'Connell's

head for a chimley." The uproar waxed greater and greater. By and by the brother in-law, who had sat for some minutes silent and anxious.

THE QUAINT SENTRY.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE STRANGE CONDUCT IN CHURCH OF A YOUNG DRAGCON. From the Catholie Youth.

From the Catholie Youth. A young dragoon from the gariaon of the Nantes was in the habit of going to the cathedral several times during the week It was observed that it was his habit to walk slowly, sometimes toward the holy-water font, sometimes toward the alms-box, and frequently to the entrance of one of the chapels. At times he would remain motionless during an entire hour, his eyes riveted on the altar, or upon some "aliting of the Way of the Cross. The attitude of this young soldier was res-pectful, and no word ever escoped his lips. Always standing, he paid scarcely lipe. Always standing, he paid scarcely any attention to the services that were being held; his thoughts seemed to be else-

The sexton, who had observed his ac The sector, who had observed his ac tions, suspected him of some evil inten-tion. He informed his asistant and they both watched him closely. Discovering nothing, they informed one of the curates, who, in a kind manner, questioned the soldier, and even invited him to take a seat. This proposal was repulsed with a certain degree of warmth. The young trooper replied: "I do no harm to any one." one." The honest look of the young man, his

reserved bearing, the marks of plety which he naturally and without estenta

which he naturally and without cetenta-tion manifested; nothing could reaseure those whose duty it was to watch him. At length the bishop was notified. After being assured of the truth of these facts, and without tecking to learn their extent, he asked the aid of the military subtained. authority. The general was entirely at a loss to ac

court for the assiduous presence of a soldler in the cathedral. He sent at once a sergeant to the church, with a written order to conduct the soldler to the bishop's residence. If the soldler was ab sent, the sergeant was to wait, and if necessary, to return the next day to the

cathedral. Three hours later, the general returned Three hours later, the general returned to the bishop's study. While he was passing through the court-yard, he saw the sergeant with the soldier, the latter exhibiting considerable emotion. He appeared before the general and the bishop, after the sergeant had returned to bis nost

his post. This youthful looking soldier of twenty. three years, with uncovered head, his countenance expressing both mildness and firmness of character, bore with diguity the piercing gaze of those who thought to scrutinize his thoughts. After a short silence, the general said to

him: "We have nothing with which to reproach you, young man; you are there fore, not before judges. We merely desire, the bishop and myself, to know frankly why you pass from four to five consecutive hours in the church, walking

sitting, observing, etc., etc ?" "Pardon, general, I never remain more than two hours in succession, and always stand.

"The time is of little importance, friend," said the general, "as is also your attitude during that time. Answer without fear. What is your object in going there ?"

The young soldier smiled, and address. irg the bishop, said with charming sim-plicity : "Monseigneur, I am the son of poor vine-dresser, from the banks a poor vine-dresser, from the backs of the Dordogne. I scarcely know how to read and write. In the country, we have a good old pastor, who in the evening, after his day's labor, assembles all the

young man from sixteen to twenty years of age in a corner of the church. The The pastor does not preach a serion, but he talks to us, listens to our wants, to our projects, gives us good advice, hears our

roubles, and receives our promises. 'One evening during the vintage, he said to us: "My children, always do something for God. When your backets are filled mith convertion.

TO SLANDERERS.

LESSON OF WARNING

A LESSON OF WARNING A faithful priest lay on his death bed. He had for many years labored zealously in his parish. Only the pleasure of his Divine Master, and the salvation of souls, had been his constant aim. But, like in many other places, there were those who misconstrued his noble motives, since they could not find fault with his con-duct. They hated him, and finally sought his removal on suit of Boston Pilot. Miss Varina Anne Davis, the daughter of Jefferson Davis and the "Caild of the Confederacy," as her Southern country-men lovingly style her, has earned the love of a yet larger constituency by a noble tribute from her pen to the memory of Robert Emmet. "An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century" is the title of her book, recently published by the John W. Lovell Company, of New York. duct. They hated him, and fault with his con-duct. They hated him, and finally sought his removal or ruin, of course, under pretext of benefiting the parish. Evil minded men have a way of giving their wicked plans a pious guise. They learn that from their father, the Evil Spirit. Satan rarely or pare appears in preced Spirit. Satan rarely or never appears in his true form. Now, these disgruntled holds the foremost place in all Irish hearts. The terrible history of the penal days is The behavior is the penetral stars is to be without exageration or extenuation. "The promises of England to this unhappy country," she says, 'have ever been like the gitts of the fairles, which crumble in-to dust at the first touch of the morning

his true form. Now, these disgruntled men of the worthy priest's parish sought revenge for some imaginary grievance, which they attributed to their pastor. The Evil Spirit is ever watchful. He saw his chance and made the most of it. He employed these dissatisfied persons to make the good shepherd pay dear for the loss he himself had sustained, through the zeal of the faithful priest. through the zeal of the faithful priest. If the Devil hates anything, it is a priest that is prudent and faithful in his duties towards the souls intrusted to him. Sooner or later such a one will feel the Evil One's wrath.

Evil One's wrath. Ocrtain abuses had crept into the par-ish which the pastor deemed it necessary to remove. Though he went to work mildly and prudently, he nevertheless displeased a few seriously. They en-deavored to make his work impossible, and when not succeeding in this the

deavored to make his work impossible, and when not succeeding in this, they at last spread an ugly story about him and succeeded in having some believe it. This hurt the poor priest so keenly that he lost health by degrees, and finally one day found him at death's door. When his bitter and relentless enemies, who had received nothing but kindness from their pastor heard that he would from their pastor, heard that he would probably die, they soon grew uneasy. Plainly they understood then, when it was to late, how wrongly they had dealt with him. Fearing that their priest might pass from life, and appear at the bibliouel of the Eternal Under before tribunal of the Eternal Judge, before having obtained his forgiveness, they

They entered the sick man's room, and humbly and with tearful eyes asked and humbly and with tearing obbed him of his forgiveness for having robbed him of his name. "We are very sorry, Father," they pleaded, "for our conduct. We will do all we can to make reparation.

"I have already forgiven you," gasped the dying priest, "So you will retract

and make reparation, will you ?" "Yes, Father," they esgerly ex-claimed.

"Very well, he answered, "I have but one request to make. Will you do what I ask ?" "Surely, Father; whatever you wish we

shall do "Well, then, one of you take this feather pillow; go with it up into my church steeple and empty the contents of the pillow out of the window above the roof so that the feathers will be

the roor so that the reathers will be scattered by the wind." Those present in the room looked at one another in surprise at this strange request. They doubted whether they had heard him aright. Therefore they asked him, "Father did we understand you to say, that we should scatter the feathers in the pillow to the winds ?"

He smiled and nodded assent. Thereupon one of the two men took the pillow to the church steeple, and threw the feathers out of the window. The wind immediately sent them in every direction. "That is a queer petition," said the man to himseif, "but if that is all the good father wants, why should it not be done ?"

Returning to the sick room he told the dying priest, "Father I have done as you wished."

"That is only the first part of my re quest," whispered the sufferer, "the second part pertains to both of you ; please, now, to gather all the feathers again, put them to this same pillow and place it under my head, then I shall die in peace." Amszed at these words, the men doubted, still A NEW LIFE OF EMMET.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. SHORT INSTRUCTIONS FOR LOW MASSES.

[Delivered by the Rev. James Donoabe, rector of the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

AUGUST 11, 1888.

XXXI. PENANCE.

PENANCE. In previous instructions we spoke at some length on the necessity of confession, and the causes which most frequently keep people away from the tribunal of Penance. In the present instruction we are going to speak on the qualities of a good confession. According to the Cate-chism, the chief qualities of a good confes-sion are three. It must be humble, sin-cere, and entire. "Our confession is humble," says the Catechism, "when we accuse ourselves of We book, recently published by the John W. Lovell Company, of New York. In it Miss Davis displays a wonderful acquaintance with the story of Ireland's wrongs throughout the centuries which preceded the advant of the store when when led the advent of the hero who still

"Our confession is humble," says the Catechism, "when we accuse ourselves of our sins, with a deep sense of shame and sorrow for having offended God." No matter how exaited one's position may be, when he comes to confession he is simply a poor sinner come to avow his sins, and to ask pardon through God's mercy. "Our confession is sincere when we tell our sins honestly and truthfully, neither exaggerating nor excusing them."

anecdote of the boy Emmet, how, one day, exaggerating nor excusing them.

Nothing need be added to this defini-tion given by the Catechism. It is clear

tion given by the Catechism. It is clear that an insincere confession would sim-ply be a mockery of God. Oa the third quality, integrity, we will have to dwell at greater length. What sins are we bound to confess? "We are bound," says the Catechism, "to confess all our mortal sins, but it is well to confess our venial sins also." The Council of Teert puts this recent

to confers our venial sins also." The Council of Trent puts this very plainly: "If any one saith that in the sacrament of Penance it is not necessary of divine right for the remission of sins to confess all and singular the mortal sine, which after due and diligent previous meditation are remembered, even those which have the sectors of a sin as for which change the species of a sin, or fin-ally that it is not lawful to confess venial sing, let him be anathema."

It is necessary, then, by divine right to confess all the mortal sins you can re-member after a careful examination. You must tell every mortal sin, the number of times it was committed, and the circumstances which change the species or nature of the sin.

Have you always brought to the holy tribunal this necessary integrity ? Have you confessed your violent bursts of anger ? Have you confessed the number of times you have been absent from Mass without necessity ? Have you confessed the number of times you have violated the precepts of the Church in regard to fasting and abstinence, annual confession and paschal communion? Have you confessed the hatred you have entertained towards your neighbor? Have you confessed your grave negligence in regard to correcting the faults of your children ? Have you told how often you have allowed them to associates with dangerous companions? Have you con-fessed your violation of the duties of your state in life? Have you told how often you have acted unjustly towards your employer or towards your servent ; or, if you are engaged in business, have you told how often and to what extent your transactions have not been regulated by

equity ? equity ? In order that your confession have this necessary quality of integrity, it is necessary to distinguish thoughts from desires, desires from words, words from actions. A sin of desire is different from a sin of thought, and a sin of action dif-fers from a sin of desire. To accuse your-self of having had bad thoughts while in reality you had consented not only to reality you had consented not only to bad thoughts but to bad desires, or perbad thoughts but to bad defires, or per-haps to criminal actions, would be to make a sacrilegious confession. Volun-tary doubts in matters of faith, voluntary thoughts of despair, rash judgement in a serious matter, desire of revenge, are sins which are frequently omitted in con-fessions either through cultable imporshe has climbed with threless feet the rugged path which alone leads to Lib erty's demense. Who, then, shell say that those have failed who, with their very heart's blood, fed the watchfires for her guidance, who deemed it glory to be accounted wortby of such sacrifice? That patriot-blood may be the tallsman to break the chains that ever bound her down, the veriest slave, at England's mercy; and now, that in the near future the program to be the near future the program the same to the will. Whatever is certain rate may be a court sour to critain sent of the will. Whatever is certain must be told as certain, whatever is doubtful must be confessed as doubtful. If a sin is forgotten it must be confessed at the next confession. It is necessary to tell sometimes whether the matter is serious or light, for the sin may change its nature accordfor the sin may charge its nature accord-ing to the gravity of the matter. It is necessary to tell the number of times the sin has been committed. No priest can dispense from this obligation. It is necessary to tell whether the sin has been examplified in the transmission been committed in the presence of others, for if it be committed before others a new sin, the sin of scandal, is committed. If you are in the proximate committed. If you are in the proximate occasion of sin, the fact must be declared. Sometimes it is necessary to tell whether certain consequences have followed the commission of cerhave followed the commission of cer-tain sins, for it may be necessary to make reparation. It is difficult for those who have been a long time from confession to tell the number of times they have been guilty of certain sins ; but if you make a diligent preparation, God will help you, and you must remember God does not demand impossibilities. If you do your best you may be sure God will do the rest. I have not enumerated the one hundredth part of the rules that regard the integrity of confession. These rules are a portion of the professional knowledge of the confessor. If you carefully examine of the confessor. If you carefully examine your conscience and tell your sins in an intelligent way, the priest will put such questions as will guard the integrity of confession. If you do not read religious books or come to the instructions given at certain times in church, at last Mass, or at Vasners. In Lent or during a mission at Vespers, in Lent or during a mission, no matter what other accomplishments you may have, it is difficult to see how it

People in the North-west

AUGUST 11, 1888.

Donal Kenny

JOHN K. CASEY.

"Come, piper, play the 'Sha Or else the 'Lasses on the H And, Mary, lay aside your wh Until we dance once more that fair and pattern oft before Of reels and jigs we've tripp But ne'er again this loved old Will feel the foot of Donal I

Softly she rose and took his hi And softly glided through t And softy gudea through t While, clustering 'round the vi Looked half in sorrow, half Warm blessings flowed from e As ceased the dancers' siry Oh, Blessed Virgin, guide the s Which bears bold Donal o'en

"Now God be with you all !" h Adown bis face the bright tes "God guard you well, avic," th

"Upon the strange path you So full his breast he scarce co With burning grasp the stret taking He pressed a kiss on every che And sobbed as if his heart w

"Boys, don't forget me when I' For sake of all the days pass The days you spent on heath a With Donal Ruahd, the ratt Mary, agra, your soft brown eye Has willed my fate" (he

slowly); "Another holds thy heart; goo Heaven grant you both it holy!"

A kiss upon her brow of snow, A kiss upon her brow of snow, A rush across the moonlit m Whose brown clad hazels, trer The mossy boreen wrapped Away o'er Tully's bounding ril Aud far beyond the Juny rive One cheer on Carrick's rocky 1 And Donal Kenny's gone for

The breezes whistled through The breezes whistled through O'er Galway Bay the ship v And smothered groans and bu Told all the grief and pain of One form among that exiled bu Of parting sorrow gave no to Still was his breath and cold hi For Donal Kenny's heart we For Donal Kenny's heart was

Written for CATHOLIC RE CATHOLICS OF SCO

BY THE REV. ANEAS M'DONEL LL. D , F. R. S , ETC.

PART II. Some account of the Jaco of 1745 will not be out of plac involves the history and the f

Catholics of the Highlands, as of all Scotland. Contrary to advice of Bishop Macdonald gentlemen of repute, all frier cause, Prince Charles Edwa from the French ship in whi come, disguised as an abbe, s panied by seven of his leading He immediately raised his s Glenfinnan, and in an incretime was surrounded by devoted followers. With this enough for the conquest of an proceeded to the Lowlands, towns and laying the country tribution far and wide. It long till he reached Edint capital, and as he had numer there, it became an easy conwas keeping his court in this palace of his ancestors, and for further and still more da tions, when Sir John Cope, mander of the Government Southand, advanced in order to progress. The armies met a pans, near Edinburgh. The a brilliant victory for Frince a billisht victory for ring-which gave eclat and presti-cause. Encouraged by this as prince resolved to invade Eng succeeded in taking the impor-Carlisle, and thence proceede any serious interruption as fai within 127 miles of the British lis. He had evaded an army of

by King George II.'s second Dake of Cumberland. This

two days' march behind that

Coarles, and never could have Charles, and never could have the active Highlanders. A c held and the chiefs decided on to Scotland. To this the pr

reluctantly consented, for he c and rightly, that to retrace his

to give up the cause. So judg numerous friends who were

from Wales to join his sta

strong force of French, under mand of the Chevalier's Brot

which was preparing for a c the south coast of England discouraged from undertaking When it was known in London

surgent army was so near the ca

prevailed the greatest con among the anti Jacobite pop

that city. Many merchants a who were hostile to the House

art, removed their most valua

as did also King George, wh yachts in readiness and was p

embark on the approach of

power. A leading member of the Duke of Newcastle, shut

a whole day, resolving to prod James 111. and VIII. All

plainly shows that the anti Ja

ley. They fought with the

The infamous polley of "carotid cutting Castlercagh" in permitting Emmet's con-spiracy to go on after he had become fully aware of it, in order that it might be put down in blood, leads our author to com-ment: "The policy which allows men to rush blindly on to destruction, that their blood may prove a safe cement for the foundation of new tyrrannies, is one which is aborrent in the extreme to any right-minded person. That this has been the usual mole of dealing with Irish rebellons since the time of Elizabeth is also an evident fact to those who read, The infamous policy of "carotid cutting

She tells a touching and characteristic

rebelitons since the time of blocket is also an evident fact to those who read, with upprejudiced eyes, the history of Hibernian insurrections." It is, we may add, the policy and the hope to day of

sunshine.'

add, the policy and the hope to day of the infamous Balfour, fit successor to Castlereagh, but thank God ! it is a policy which shall no longer be successful. Emmet's epitaph, by his own request,

Endet's epitaph, by his own request, has never yet been written on stone; but, like the just man of Horace, he has raised a monument more enduring than brass, and his epitaph is engraved in millions of hearts. "In the deserted churchyard of St. Michins," says Miss Davis, "there is a slab on which no name is traced. Beneath this stone rest the aches of Robert Emmet. How hone. O Ireland how hone will the

her own eloquent epitaph : "Thus died Ireland's true knight, sink ing into the grave clothed in all the bright promise of youth; never to put on the sad livery of sge; never to feel the hopeless ness of those who live to see the principles for which they suffered trampled and for

him too went to let the suits and con-tumely of outrageous fortune dim the bright lustre of his virgin fame. Was it that in every revolution there must be some sacrifice to fill the ravenous juws of watchful tyranny ere the new liberated people can march forward to the fruition of their hopes? Or is it that the graves of those who fall; like road side crosses point new generations on the road to freedom? * * * Irelaad stands now with outstretched hands eagerly waiting the advent of her freedom. Now she has climbed with threless feet the

How long, O Ireland, how long will it remain without an epitaph !" Here is

for which they entered trainplet and to gotton by the onward march of new interest end new men. Perhaps freedom, like some delty of ancient Greece, loved him too well to let the slurs and con-

anecdote of the boy Eurmet, how, one day, while experimenting with chemicals, he became accidently poisoned by corrosive sublimate. Instead of giving an alarm, the peculiar little fellow consulted the Encyclopedia and fluding chalk to be the antidote, took it and crept into bed. He suffered greatly during the night, but he solved the problem on which he was en gaged when the accident occurred. "Very strongly does the picture rise before us of this strange, knightly child, who met the this strange, knightly child, who met the probability of death with the same utter fearlessness which formed so marked a characteristic of his after life."

very distinctly. "I say, Wilson is true purple and blue he's not afraid of the Parishes; he's the boy that can lick them."

'H-11 saize the dhrap of Orange blood in his veins.' "Don't say that; don't you mind the

Clownish fights? He was the man that showed off in them "

"Come, Thompson, let us have no more of that; we're all for the right cause; down with the Papishes and to h-ll with the Pope." And so went on, for a quarter of ar

hiding place and my fears. hour or better, the symphony of words, phrases, toaste, and sentiments long fami-liar to my ears. Suddenly the door of my room was thrown open, and a tall, and hence the symphony open and a tall, brother in law's congratulations on my escape, ard of his regret that I had been subjected to such peril and annoyance. I red haired, very Orange looking fellow standing on the threshold, looked at me have not since visited, and it is not likely standing on the threshold, looked at me sternly for some seconds, and then turned on his heel, banging the door after him with a crash. Very soon a crowd of persons walked into the room and com-menced quietly to sit down at the table. I took up my candlestick and walked as

police were patrolling the streets.

Whatever your trade may be, if it does not procure you enough money to give some away, use it, if you can in God's ervice. If not it, then some other employ-ment. My children, do charity with your man. There was an immediate rising and rush to the door. "Drsg him out-let us work; sometimes one day, and sometimes another, employ your arms, your hands, your bodies for God. Durit g this work Brother in-law and another man-whose name I afterwards learned to be (if I reyou will remember Him who sees you, and who will bless you, and your soul will member rightly) Williamson-tood man fully opposite the door, parleyed, pushed, critd "shame," and held their ground. rejoice." "This, Monteigneur, is what our good ground The room was small, the party large, some of them intoxicated, all of them excited

"This, Moneigneur, is what our good pastor has told us. In the country I gave my bunch of grapes for God, but in the army what can I give? One day I said to myself, I will give to God something of my profession of a soldier—a sentry. I will, therefore, be sentined in the house I fold during two hours I will mount say, seriously alarmed for my life, I ex-tinguished the candle and tried to drag inguished the candle and tried to drag over the bed against the door; it was what is called a press bed, "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," heavy and unwieldy. Fail-ing in all my efforts, I barricaded the door with the table and whatever other loose furniture lay about in the room. I then retired behind the bed, and knelt of God ; during two hours I will mount guard, standing and silent, thinking of my instructions." "What instructions ?" kindly asked the

general. "Well, these which God sends me every time, and which come to my soul, often down to make the essential acts preparaalso by the sound of the organ, but gen tory to death. I might have acted more beroically, but this is what I did. It was, perhaps, very unromantic; but I was just erally b church. by the majestic silence of the I am there for God and if our good old pastor knew that, it would please him." The bishop arose and took the hand of

after finishing my course in Maynooth, and I had a great fear of eternity in my soul. The landlady came up, like a courthe young soldier in bis. The latter appeared surprised, so guileless was his soul, so simple his heart, and so elevated ageous woman, to remonstrate. One the ruffiens flung a large jug at her head It missed her, however, and was smashed in picces egainst the wall. Luckily it had been market day, for a large contingent of his spirit. This narative is true. It contains

lesson for each one of us who have means of earning a livelihood. Why should we not at least sometimes, work for God by doing competing these, work for God by were sent for and appeared after consider able delay, and after the door of my room had been two or three times forced open. doing something in our line of busines The crowd was with some trouble dis-persed, and I was emaccipated from my for His sake.

A Happy Woman.

Nothing could exceed the fervor of the Happy is the woman without bodily ils, but happier is the woman who hav-ing them knows of the saving properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When relieved, as she surely will be upon a trial of it, she can contrast her condition with her former one of suffer. ng and appreciate bealth as none can who have not for a time been deprived of it. The "Favorite Prescription" cor. rects unnatural discharges and cures all "weakness" and irregularities.

than before, whether their pastor

"But, Father, that is impossible," they remonstrated, "we should have to climb remonstrated, "we should have to climb npon every tree and house-top; besides the wind has carried the feathers every, where, so that they can never be found." "That is just what I wanted to make you understand,"the dying man answered, willow extand, "the dying man answered, you understand," the dying man answered, smiling sadly. "You say you will make every reparation for your slanders. But you cannot. It will be easier for you to gather those feathers, than it will be for you to restore my good name."-Pilgrim f Palestine.

Wanted a Genewine Bishop.

From the Detroit Free Press

A number of years ago, at the time of one of the late Methodist Bishop Simpson's visits to San Francisco, he was stay ing with some friends on Howard street One morning about ten o'clock, a man rang the door bell and asked to see the Bishop. "The Bishop isn't here; he went yesterday to San Jose to be gone a week,' the lady of the house replied. "The Bishop isn't here ; he went

"Weil, now, that's awkward. You see, me and that lady out there in th' hack so that that italy out inter in the inter-so that make up our minds to get married by the bishop, 'cause she comes from England, an' was brought up on bishops, don't you know; an' so we come down way from Stockton to find a bishop." 'I'm sure I'm very sorry," answered

the lady. "Now ain't there any more bishops "Now and there any more bishops layin' around in the city somewhere, marm ?" asked the man anxiously. "Well_yes—there's Bishop Kip, he's up on Eddy street; and there's Arch bishop Alemany over on California street."

street.

"Now that's something like. Which is the nearest? You see we want to see Woodwards after the cer'mony, an' get the aft'noon train back." "Well, I guess Archbishop Alemany's

house is the nearest, but he's a Catholic. "No diff rence," said the man, hastening cff, "so long's he's a genewine bishop. Let'sgo, Sal!"

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure bottle and take it home.

we may see-ob, blessed vision !- a new era dawn upon this beautiful but un happy land, let us reverently remember who died martyrs in the effort to save their countrymen." So writes this generous, warm-hearted

daughter of the warm hearted South, who does not possess, so far as we know, a drop of Irish blood in her veins, but who, ot ignorant of woe has learned to feel for the unfortanate." Twenty million Americans of Irish blood will thank her for this tender and beautiful tribute to the idol of Irish hearts and the cause for which he nobly lived and bravely died.

The Christian Standard (Protestani), of Cincinuati, says: "Sam Small addressed a large meeting in Chickering Hall the other afternoon. It is reported that when he had finished "a well-dressed woman, with an earnest face and modest manner," at tempted to reprove the "vulgarity and slang" which she thought the reverend gentleman guilty of. But "the audience hissed," men cried "Put her out!" "Choke her off!" and "the little woman was finally hushed." Does that scene, it asks, fairly represent the spirit and temper of modern revival crowda? inquiry is at least not imperiment or untimely, whether these great popular "revivals," which depend largely upon sensation and slang, are not a posliive and As we said before, stripped of their slang and vulgarity, the revival services conducted by such mountebanks as Small would lose their power of attraction. It t preposterous to associate the term religlous with the performances of these 'revivalists."

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

Hypopnosphiles is sold all over the world. It is far superior to plain Cod Liver Oil, palatable and easily digested. Dr. Martin Miles Stanton, Bury Bucks, London, England, is possible for you to confess your sins in the way that is necessary, and it is also difficult to see how you can be excused on the plea of ignorance,

and easily digested. Dr. hlattin hines Stanton, Bury Bucks, London, England, says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion, and taken it myself. It is palatable, efficient, and can be tolerated by almost anyone, especially where cod liver cil itself cannot be borne. Put up in 50c, and §1 Know from experience that Putnam's Pain-

less Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure-pop corn cure. At dealers every-where. MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE is distinctly superior to any other as an appe-tising tonic and fortifier.

tion of the city possessed n means of defence. The Bar land itself was in danger, and saved from a declaration of b by the stratagems of its frien the circumstances, it is scarce to conceive the infatuation surgent chiefs, who preferred sure destruction to a tair chan realize the situation. He we pressed that he could hardly t along at the rear of his brave only chance would have been to the force at large, who were mortified as the Prince him they found that they were in Every advantage that had be was lost. There remained indomitable bravery of the little army. At Falkirk, in they encountered a super under the command of Gene