

had been first tortured, then cut. So he devoted himself to the money game with the fanatical absorption of one who had no other interest, and so the years slipped by until they numbered seventeen—twenty since he had dared the Western chance.

In all that time, though his increasing reputation as a wealthy eccentric furnished much food for gossip among his old neighbors, he had no direct word from the old village. An orphan boy, shy and sensitive, his only youthful comrade had been Mary, and after the marital spasm she seemed to belong to a former existence. Married, he could not write to her; and even when, not long after their meteoric contract and separation, the fervid flame that had been his wife burned itself out and left him a desolate widower, he still shrank from acquainting the girl's pure soul with his pitiful story. In the back of his mind and heart her image was still enshrined, and he hated country houses because it was in such a house that matrimonial fate had overtaken him, and babies because of an undefined feeling that but for Mary's infant sister they might have been happy; but Mary, as a concrete personage, had no reality for him during this time.

Then, one day business chance took him to a small Western town and marooned him there overnight in one of the ill-managed "hotels" he so specially hated. But the pouring rain on the roof brought him sound slumber, and he awoke next morning with a strange thrill.

The weather had changed, and the patch of blue sky visible through the open window was clear and sunny. A fleecy rose tinted cloud drifted across its azure. In the distance robins called and a passing breeze brought in its train an odor of blossoming lilac, moist and entrancing. And suddenly the far sky had given place to the shadowy staircase on which he had last seen Mary—and she was coming down!

She was in simple white, just as he had last seen her, and in her arms she cradled a small white bundle. Her glance held all the sweetness of womanhood in it; but the wide eyes above were mistful. And what was this they bore behind her?

The vision faded, and almost before the white cloud had dispersed the man was out of bed dressing, ordering a hack to take him to the station. He had no idea what the vision meant; but a long hushed something was stirring within him, and he felt that he had received a psychic summons. Out of the past long silent voices called him, and in obedience he was hastening "home."

The train drew into the shabby, well-remembered station, and he swung off and made his way into Main street, which showed but few changes. Nobody recognized him of course; but he saw one or two faces familiar despite Time's relentless markings, and he heard a couple of drug store loafers speak of "the Lewes funeral." After that he dared not voice the intended question. He could only push on straight to Mary's old dwelling. His heart leaped to find it apparently just as when he went away.

The lilacs, old but still thrifty, were abloom in the dooryard. It had rained that morning, and the soft air seemed bathed in their glorious perfume. The same huge bush still leaned over the porch rail as in welcome, and when, trembling a little, he rang the bell, Mary herself answered the door a moment later. At sight of her Davis felt a thrill that told him how thorough was this strange resurrection of his long atrophied soul. He could have worshipped her as she stood there, amazed but smiling, with her simple white gown falling softly about her, and a little downy head cuddled into the "divine hollow" of her slender throat.

"Mary!" he cried, and found his voice no more than a whisper. "I thought—"

"No," she told him, seeing that he could not finish, "that was Sheila. We buried her yesterday."

This time it was he who would have lingered in the sunshine; but she led the way, just as of old to the cool, dim parlor, unannouncedly haunted by lingers of yesterday's flowers. Again as of old she sank into the low rocker and deftly mothered the stirring baby. While she crooned it back to sleep David studied her eagerly. She was paler than he remembered, and the red lips curved to unwonted paths; but otherwise the years that had left him gray and lined seemed to have made slight impression upon her. Her face was still like a delicate flower, her eyes blue, her hair bright as ever. But that the baby in her arms was smaller than had been that earlier infant, the whole scene might have been the same.

She looked up presently, calm and sweet as ever, and he began to ask questions.

"Your father, Mary?"

"Oh, father is well," smiling brightly. "He is an old man now—you remember he was always the kind of man to grow old early—but he has good health and is happy. He married again the year after you went West."

"The children?"

"The children!" The smile was infinitely sad now, and the wide eyes darkened. "They haven't been children for sometime, Stanley, though they seemed a long while growing up. Mrs.—my father's wife, didn't care to have them in the same house with her; so father went to her home and we stayed on here together. Billy's practising law in New York now; married and doing fine. The first re-ack came when he went to college. The baby died in its second summer. And Sheila," her voice breaking

"was married early last year. Her husband died suddenly, two weeks ago, and the shock killed her. This is her baby. History repeats itself, Stanley," a tear fell on the baby's head suddenly; "Sheila, dying, gave her baby to me."

A long moment of silence; then, on the man's part, a burst of passionate self-reproach.

And to think that we might have had twenty years together! I could have made a home for you and the children almost from the beginning. But I was money mad at first, and then I got entangled. And when freedom came I paid the price in having my soul die by inches. I thought of nothing but business success for years, until the day before yesterday. And now—"

Her eyes, deep and still with the wisdom of long and loving patience, bade him continue; but instead of finishing the broken sentence, he leaned forward to grasp her unoccupied hand.

"Mary," and the starvation of a cheated lifetime gave tensely to face and tone, "God knows I've little enough to offer you now—nothing but uncertain health and the money for which I've bartered everything worth while—but I've always loved you! And you're too sweet and good to judge harshly. Forgive me all my sins, dear, and be my wife, now, even though I don't deserve it. We've lost so much happiness already, and only my stupid self to blame for everything! But I can't let you begin again—alone—with this child, Mary, and I feel that I can't live longer without you. I'll do anything you like, live where you please, obey your slightest wish, sweetheart. Only—don't say that you don't love me, that I've forfeited all joy in the future by the stupid wrong of the past!"

She was silent so long, her eyes closed, her mouth quivering, that his soul shivered with fear of what might happen during his twenty years of absence. She wore no wedding ring; but this might mean nothing. Perhaps she was no longer free to love him; perhaps some more decent fellow had won her these many moons back. Perhaps—

His heart failed him, and a keen sword of pain smote through it. Of course it was just, this punishment; he would have deemed it light in the case of another such sinner. And yet—Mary! Somehow it had seemed that she must always be faithful, even if he were faithless. And never, God help him! had he loved her as now.

"Mary!" he cried again, and at sound of his breaking voice the aura of remote and impersonal sweetness that held him aloof was flushed to wonder by the message of her lifted eyelids. Without conscious movement he found himself on his knees by her chair, his eager arms enfolding both herself and the sleeping baby, her head on his shoulder.

His joyous exclamation of "Mary!" snatched her last shred of ice film between them. Her long, curling eyelashes modestly veiled a bliss too ineffable for common daylight.

"I suppose they'll say I have no spirit," she whispered. "But—I've always loved you, Stanley, always remembered you, even when you seemed to have forgotten me utterly. And if you'll let me bring Sheila's baby, I'll marry you whenever you like, my dearest dear!"—Ethel Colson in the Sunday Magazine.

### THE STUDY OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. KENNEDY, PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AND ENGLISH LITERATURE AT CLOSING OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S HIGH SCHOOL, ANTIGONISH, N. S., JUNE 18, 1913

Mr. Kennedy spoke, in part, as follows:

It is in connection with learning that I intend to speak to you this evening. In England we look on Canada as the most progressive of all the dominions of the Empire. But your present position has cost you much sacrifice, much struggle, much patient endurance. You have been compelled, as is the case with every young nation, to judge from the point of view of utility and necessity. In the past, your studies have been to a large extent pursued under such a direction. But the time has now come when you must face, as individual students and as a people, the problem of the relation of study to life—not life as a mere existence, not life as a struggle which in a greater or lesser degree every one has to meet, but cultured life, life which is the true product of the High School and the university, what we mean when we say "real education." Now this culture is something indefinable; it is something which you cannot analyze by any chemical process—but it is something very real, and something the want of which is at once noticeable. It is the product of intercourse with men who are themselves cultured, it is the outcome of a well-disciplined contact with learning—not the mere learning that can translate the classics or solve problems in mathematics, not the learning that is measured by percentages in examinations, however good in themselves, but the intellectual condition that is produced by the assimilation of real thought unconfined by examinations. In education you also stand in this institution for the old ideal of educating the whole man. You know nothing here of a divorce between intellect and heart. Behind all the culture which human learning affords, you recognize that there is a deep self-

discipline which every individual owes to God. To me it seems impossible for a man to be in the highest sense cultured, who shuts out from his life a personal contact with his Creator. Intellect and heart—the whole man—must seek to develop both, and without this double development, I am bold to say, there can be no permanent culture. It would be impossible for me this evening even to attempt to mention the many studies by which culture is produced. I intend, therefore to speak in some detail of two branches of learning which are in my opinion absolutely essential to culture—the study of Literature and the study of History. Why they are essential I cannot explain, but the sum of human experience goes to prove that without them it is impossible to produce the cultured man. Samuel Taylor Coleridge found in literature its own exceeding great reward. Not long ago, one of our greatest European historians said that without the study of history no one can be called really educated; and some of you may remember one of the most beautiful passages in pagan Cicero where in the "Pro Archia" he sums up in all the pregnant preeminence of his style, the advantages of a literary education.

First then, I wish to address specially the students of the High School and those who to-day have entered the University. You will forgive me saying that you stand abroad as children before the great temple of English Literature; and all those who would walk with sure feet in that hallowed shrine must be prepared to approach Literature with method, with discipline, with direction. Literature is something like a huge field surrounded by a close thorny hedge. You desire to enter that field, you must be prepared to suffer before you get there—to suffer the hardest of all sufferings for youth—that is mental training. I believe however, that you are generally ready to undergo this discipline. When you have passed through it, you will have reached the universal field of human thought, and you will hear beat the great palpitating heart of humanity. The study of English Literature is just the same as the study of Classical Literature. You cannot appreciate Homer in his Greek or Virgil in his Latin until you have gone through a somewhat dreary discipline of Greek and Latin Grammar and Composition. Now the fact that you speak English does not in my opinion make the real study of English Literature anything different in subject, and in creating for himself a mental condition which I think is both deplorable and unchangeable. All real thought, and all true appreciation of the thoughts of other men must be arrived at by a gradual process. You have only to glance into the pages of the greatest thinker the world has produced in the Christian era, St. Thomas Aquinas. With what patience he defines his terms; with what microscopic look does he examine every detail of his thesis; how carefully does he weigh every argument for and against—and only when this process is complete, does he give us the magnificent statement of his position. Thus then I appeal to you to be prepared in your school and university life to accept intellectual discipline in a sphere of knowledge which is so fascinating. If you do, I can with assurance promise you that in the future English literature will be to you a life factor, an energizing force of which you yourself—in your thought, in your writing, in your cultured taste—will be a part. You will become real blood relations of the great writers who adorn our history. For you Chaucer will have led his pilgrims along the Canterbury Way; for you the mighty intellectual giants of Elizabethan times will have toiled and worked; for you the blind Milton will have produced his epic; for you Wordsworth and his school will have communed with nature and caught her inner voice; for you Arnold and Tennyson and Browning will have striven to give poetical expression to the strange medley of modern life and thought.

Finally, I wish to say a word about the study of history which is the twin sister of literature—the one brings us in contact with men's thoughts, the other with their lives. History is no dead record of dates and facts. It is as literature, a living thing of which you to-day are the product and the heir. But before I say anything further about it, I want to warn you that you must approach it in a similar manner to that in

which I have asked you to approach literature. You must be prepared to spend time on the outer shell of history, so to speak; you cannot dispense with dates; you cannot dispense with lists of battles and kings; you must know the relationship between dynasties and peoples—then and only then can you arrive at the great pulsating life of modern history. What a vista then lies before you! You see in history a real process of continuity and development. You will find, in the present, points of contact with every age that has passed. You will take up the atlas of modern Europe, and every country will speak to you of movements, of struggles of events which have gone to form it and which it cannot lay aside. As you learn to appreciate more and more constitutional freedom you will see its origin in the glorious freedom which came to man in Bethlehem and runs down through history as a unifying principle in the Church's life and work. What you are, history will explain—what you hope to be, history will provide the clue, until at least you realize that for you personally William the Conqueror changed the social face of England; for you personally the medieval barons struggled for liberty; for you personally England went through the tremendous upheavals of the sixteenth century; for you personally Cromwell set his foot on the neck of his king—in a word, that you are the product of all that has gone before, that you are the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time. In addition, the study of modern history will develop your judgment. You will learn that facts have more than one side; that however good generalizations may be in other branches of learning, they are no good here. You cannot pass any sweeping judgments where the line of demarcation is so thin between the right and the wrong. The development of your judgment will be more than anything else help you to take your part as a cultured citizen. To form a correct opinion will be of more value to you than all the facts of all the sciences. Our history school here is not the appendage of any party system. One of its great objects is to send out men into Canadian life who can judge honestly, speak strongly; but above all, who have learned in the lecture room to appreciate the opinions and tenets of other men. This view of history may seem utilitarian. It may seem like going back to those studies which I early spoke of as necessary. But I am convinced that it has a higher purpose. The study which I have placed before you is one which will teach you to set a real value on truth as it is in itself; and above all, as you wander through the complicated mazes of historical work you will learn to see that nothing happens by mere chance; that behind every calamity, every complication, every cataclysm, there lies, sometimes obscured but never less present, the hand of God. I make no excuse for placing this clearly and emphatically before you at the beginning of my work here in history. It is the solution of the whole matter. You cannot grasp the historical ideal or be a real student of history until you have learned to say at the beginning of your study, and say it more emphatically at the end of it, with Browning's Pippa:

"God's in His Heaven  
All's right with the world."

### A POET OF OUR TIMES

The announcement that the collected works of Francis Thompson are about to be published is the best news heard of late in the literary world, and it comes with special and intimate interest to Catholics. He was of their kin and of their upbringing. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, in the New Witness, couples him with Mr. Coveney Patmore as a convert to the Church. But that was not so. Francis Thompson's father, together with two of his uncles—of whom the Rev. Edward Healey Thompson was one—was the convert, and Francis went to Ushaw when he was only a very little boy, and spent a long series of formative years within the walls of that northern fortress of the faith.

Similarly, when he began his literary career, it was in the pages of a Catholic magazine. Other periodicals he has bombarded with his paper pellets, but never had they struck the "sentient target" of a heart. Coming to his own, he was received by them. It was that good friend of his, the late Bishop Carroll, his family's intimate acquaintance, who wrote to the young man aloof in London to tell him that his magazine, The Tablet, existed, and that it had a way with it, something out of the common, which suggested possibilities for the Lancashire lad who was so far out of the common himself that he had refused to follow his father's profession of medicine, and after a long course at Owen's College, Manchester, had tramped to London to seek independence, if not fortune, on its pavements.

Bishop Carroll's letter reached him, it would seem, in the very nick of time. He was at the end of his tether. A few months previously he had been accosted in Wardour Street by a strong man who saw and pitied his plight. "Are you saved?" asked the strong man. The poor youth bridled up: "What right have you to ask me that question?" The questioner was taken aback by this sudden assertion of spiritual

dignity on the part of one so tattered and torn in body; but, undaunted in his good intentions, added quickly, "Well, let alone your soul, your body is in a bad way. If you want work, come to me to-morrow morning at 10"—and he added his address hand by hand. And that was how the poet became for the nonce a handy-boy in a bootshop. Alas! from his master's point of view, he was a "failure," for reasons we need not enter upon here. The curious will find them fully set forth in the biography of the poet, which will follow the collected works in quick succession from the press.

All that concerns us here is the bare fact that the poet had to quit the friendly shelter of the boot-shop, and knew not in what direction to turn his steps. He had composed verses, and prose, too, and had written the pieces out on clean pages borrowed from the exercise books of the children of the kind boot-maker. All his life after he loved such common exercise books, and entrusted to them his finest compositions. His MSS.—having no Queen's heads at his command—he had dropped by his own tremulous hand into the letter-boxes of various magazines, without results, until, as a last venture, the letter-box of Merry England in Essex Street, Strand, was so assailed, with complete capitulation as a result.

Catholic readers, outside the charmed Meer of England, circle naturally a small one—were the first to bear of the new name in our literature. The first notices of his work appeared, as was fitting, in the Catholic Weekly Press; and the proprietor of our own paper, who was also the proprietor of the Dublin Review, had a part to play in the commissioning of the famous "Shelley" essay, though fortune had her strange tricks in the date of its production. Cardinal Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, knew the Thompson family in their Lancashire home, and remembered Francis at Ushaw—even had an envious eye on him as a possible future priest for his diocese. Meeting him in London, soon after his resurrection from the London streets and from maladies that cost him little less than his life, he favored an article for the Dublin, and the Shelley paper was the result. No one acquainted with that composition which Mr. Wyndham has named the most important contribution to English literature during a quarter of a century, will need to be told that its author put into it a portion of his very being. You get nothing for nothing in this world, says a common phrase—and very little for sixpence! Francis Thompson gave his all as a prose-writer to that paper, and what it received from him it gave back to the public. It was an almost exhausting effort, and he may well have had it in mind when he declares in a poem that will rank among his finest when it appears among many other new and great ones in this collected edition:

So much as I have lost, O world, thou hast,  
And for thy plenty I am waste,  
Ah, count, O world, my cost,  
Ah, count, O world, thy gain—  
For thou hast nothing gained but I  
hast lost!  
Ah, ah, my loss is such,  
If thou have gained as much,  
Thou hast even harvest of Egyptian  
years!  
And that great overflow which gives  
the grain,  
The bitter Nilus of my risen  
tears!

In the case of "Shelley" the little reward of knowing what the world indeed had gained was denied him. It did not appeal to the den editor of the Dublin, and the fact that it was especially addressed to Catholics, in their own domestic terms, deterred him from trying his luck with it elsewhere. Its appearances in the Dublin after his death secured its instant triumph, and nobody stopped to say "Sectarian"—no secretary of them all was so foolish. This is the difference which one man of genius makes in the dull world.

The volume of Thompson's prose which will accompany the two volumes of his verse in the Collected Edition will have this Shelley essay on its fore-front. With it will appear hitherto unpublished papers of an original and eratic cast, and, added to these, a selection of the critical papers he contributed to various periodicals—a selection made in accordance with his own written directions and avowed preferences.

"The Hound of Heaven" has been said by a foremost critic to denote "the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas A. Kempis," and a famous Catholic missionary has declared, in unconscious confirmation of that outside saying, that he has found in it the most valuable of his auxiliaries in the work of evangelization. Undoubtedly, it has confirmed and preached in highways and byways of the outer world, as of the human heart, the gospel of the love of Christ which constraineth us. It has been read in pulpits by an Anglican bishop, and presented to great dissenting congregations. Recent converts, both here and in the United States, have dated their drawing to the Church from the day when these feet of Poetry, and the mystical Feet which move beside them, first made music, sweet, terrible, and compelling, on their track. For it is to Catholics first and last that this great English poet makes his appeal; he speaks their speech, makes his image from their religious mysteries, and is, as he

says, the "poor thief of Song" from their offices. As such he commends himself to the Lady of his heavenly love in the Kingdom of her Son.—The Tablet.

### FANNING BIGOTRY'S FLAME

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC TELLS HOW THE CHILDREN OF ENGLAND HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO REGARD IRISHMEN AS SAVAGES

The following remarkable apology from the pen of an "English Catholic" appeared recently in the Catholic Times. It was occasioned by the person reading Mrs. Green's latest work, "The Old Irish World."

I can remember well when the English schoolboy's idea of the Irish people was that they were wild and wretched, that they were not to be trusted, and that history showed they had never liked England, and, indeed, had always been ready to make the English occupation of Ireland as difficult as they could. It never occurred to me to ask why my countrymen could not leave Ireland alone, what we were doing there at all, and whether our histories told truly what we had done while we have been there.

WRITING "HISTORY" FOR ENGLISH YOUTHS

I supposed the historian's statements contained the truth, as doubtless thousands of simple boys continue to suppose to this day; that is how I had learned their history. How can a growing youth suspect that a historian would take the trouble to write solemn pages from a purely National or partisan standpoint; that a serious English or Scots writer would say things about Ireland which either he did not know how to be true, or knew to be false? How could he suspect that what Englishmen wrote of Ireland and Irishmen was, on all the probabilities, likely to be favorable to England, owing to the fact that we Englishmen, having taken the trouble to read the land of Ireland, never took the trouble to understand the people who lived on it?

Mrs. Alice Stopford Green, in the opening chapter of her most instructive volume, entitled "The Old Irish World," gives us some of the reasons why the Englishman's history of Ireland is so far from the truth. She says: "When the English arrived, they, according to their constant insular tradition, refused to learn a strange language, so that the only history of Ireland they could discover was that part of it which was written in English—that is, the history of the English colonists told by themselves. On this contracted record they have worked with industry and self-congratulation. They have laid down the lines of a story in which the historian's view is constantly English on England."

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF EVERYTHING IRISH

"All that the Irish had to tell of themselves remained obscured in an unknown tongue. The story of the whole Irish population thus came to be looked on as merely a murky prelude to the civilizing work of England—a preface savage, transitory, and of no permanent interest, to be rapidly passed over till we come to the English pages of the book. Thus, two separate stories went on side by side. The Irish did not know the language which held the legend of English virtue and consequent wealth. The English could not translate the subterranean legend of Irish poetry, passion and fidelity. Religion added new distinctions. Virtues were Protestant, the sins of the prodigal were Catholic. Finally, class feeling had its word. The upper class went to their university, and their manners and caste instincts entitled them as of course to the entire credence of their own social world; the lower class were alleged to be men whose manners were common and their prejudices vulgar. In this way there grew up an orthodox history based on sources in the English tongue alone."

I would very respectfully and affectionately submit to every reader the advantage of keeping the truth of the above statement in his mind, whenever he stops to lament the un-friendliness of some English Catholic or other of his noble country's cause, and is tempted, perhaps, to judge harshly the anti-Home Rule attitude which a few English Catholics adopt. Let him bear in mind, please, that we were brought up on anti-Irish ideas; we heard and read of no others. Our histories were written by anti-Irish, English or Scotch Protestants, and people of our own kith and kin had as deep a detestation of Ireland and the Irish as any Protestant ever had. We English Catholics have been, for generations, most rankly deceived. History, social environment, political chicanery, everything we were told bore hardly against Ireland.

HOW IRELAND WAS PICTURED FOR BRITISH MINDS

It was not merely prejudice; it was first principle. And as so often happens, we never submitted our first principles to any searching scrutiny. Irishmen were wild and wicked; and all the more wicked that they were so conspicuously wretched. That is how we did look on them. Whether we can be excused for continuing so to look on them, is another matter; evidence in favor of Ireland and her holy claim for justice and liberty is so full and common to-day that ignorance

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may be considered inexcusable. I know not, being no appointed judge for my brother.

But I gladly and gratefully bear witness to the fact that, he God thanked for it, many English Catholics are now quite willing and anxious even to do all they can to atone for the bad past, and that when Home Rule is carried and Ireland's chains are dashed from her arms, among those who will rejoice over a great deliverance from a mighty, wicked, age-long crime, will be numbered many an English Catholic who, if ever he erred, went wrong because he did not know? How could he know that there was in Ireland another story of which his histories told him never a word? What did he know of that Irish life and story that was handed down among the people, and told over and over again in the dark cabins while the turf smouldered down towards the hour for bed?

IRISH LOVE FOR LEARNING

"History," says Mrs. Green, "was the early study of the Irish, the inspiration of their poets and writers. Every tribesman of old knew not only the great deeds and the famous places of his own land, but of the whole of Ireland. In the lowliest cabin the songs of Irish poets lived on for hundreds of years, and dying fathers left to sons as their chief inheritance the story of their race. When war, poverty, the oppression of the stranger, hindered the printing of Irish records, there was not a territory in all Ireland that did not give men to make copies of them, hundreds of thousands of pages, over and over again, finely written after the manner of their fathers."

"Through centuries of suffering down to within living memory the long procession of scribes was never broken, men tilling small farms, laboring in the fields, working at a blacksmith's forge. And this among a people of whom Burke records that in two hundred thousand houses for their exceeding poverty a candle, on which a tax lay, was never lighted. As we follow the lines and count the pages of such manuscripts, we see the miracle of the passion in these men's hearts. No relics in Ireland are more touching than these volumes, and none should be more reverently collected and preserved. They form a singular treasure, such as no country in all Europe possesses."

IRELAND HAS A PROUD RECORD

To how many of us English will not that tale of devotion to the remembered past come as a weird evidence of our little knowledge of the Irish people? Few of us, at any rate, will fail to read the final words of Mrs. Green's admirable chapter introducing a treasure of historical lore, with feelings of deep sympathy and respectful admiration. "Let us," she cries out to her countrymen, "let us in Ireland remember that we have an ancestry on which there is no need for us to cry shame. Chivalry, learning, patriotism, poetry, have been found there, even in huts to which an Englishman would have hesitated to give the name of house. No people have ever surpassed them in exaltation or intensity of spiritual life. The sun has risen and set in that land on lives of courage, honor and beauty."

"The seasons have watched the undying effort to make Ireland the honored home of a united people. Not a field that has not drunk in the blood of men and women poured out for the homes of their fathers. Why should not we, the sons and daughters of Ireland, take our birth inheritance? Let us enjoy, whenever we have an opportunity, the delight of admiration, and perform the duties of reverence.' So long as the Spirit of life is over us, I do not know, and I hope you do not know, why we in this country should not be worthy of our dead."

THE FUTURE WILL SOON BE HERE

There is a sentiment, at the words of which every Englishman uncovers in respectful sympathy. His own dead he honors. He respects those who honor theirs. And Ireland has lived on the honors due and duly paid to her dead. Her eyes have lain in the past, while her heart was looking to the future. The future will soon be hers. And then, in the glad, warm days of hope and freedom, the stories past will come forth, and Ireland will tell her own proud tale of glory and sorrow, and many an Englishman, as he reads, will wonder how his fathers could have been unkind and cruel to a people whom but to know is to love. The old lie of an Ireland wild and wicked will be exposed, and its exposure will put to shame the selfishness of the men whose interests led them to injustice, based on force, and backed up by legends which helped them to ruin Ireland while they plundered England. The lie was a lie, a thief's lie. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.