TALES OF THE JURY ROOM

By Gerald Griffin THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE

THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH

CHAPTER III-CONTINUED The third juryman having conclu-his story, which was listened to much attention, there was a general call for the song, with which, after a few moments recoilection, he complied as

Oh, weeds will haunt the loveliest sce The summer sun can see,
And clouds will sometimes rise bet
The truest friends that be ! And thoughts unkind may con chance, And haply words of blame,

Yet while I tread this leafy vale,
That nursed thine infancy,
And hear in ever passing gale,
A whispered sound of thee.
My nighted bosom wakes anew
To feeling's genial ray,
And each dark mist on memory's view
Melts into light away.

For pride is man's inheritance, And frailty is his name.

The flowers that deck this shaded sp Low, lovely and obscure, Were like the joys thy friendship

brought,
Delicious, calm, and pure.
Now faded is their genial glow,
And changed their simple hue,
Al must it e'er be mine to know
Their type is faded too!

Yet should those well remembered hours Return to me no more,
And like those cull'd and faded flowers

Their day of life be o'er. In memory's fragrant shrine conceal'd,
A sweeter scent they give,
Than aught the world again can yield, Or I again receive.

It was admitted by all present, that the third juror had fulfilled all the conditions of the common agreement with-out rendering himself liable to any deout rendering nimes in take to any de-mand on his purse. The call next passed to the fourth juror, who after some hesitation took from his lips the cigar with which he had been regaling himself, and after indulginglin a prolimdraught of the generous ale stood beside him, commenced the following narrative.

THE FOURTH JURYMAN'S TALE

THE MISTAKE

THE MISTAKE

There was no happier man in the wide world than Phelim O'Rourke, from the longest day he could remember until that on which he was married, and alas, that we should have to record it, no one so miserable ever after. His fate was the more pittable, that he was unusually cautious in entering on a state which was to fix the good or evil fortune of his future life. He did not embrace it as a mere boy; he was verging fast beyond manhood at the time. He had known the object of his choice from childhood, and he devoted a fortuight of deep contemplation to the affair before Snrove sne saw, instead of the natural expres-sion of countenance at such awful accounts, a stronded delight beaming in his looks, which was very badly con-cealed in his awkward semblance of templation to the affair before Shrove tide. But after the inextricable knot was tied, the grounds upon which his unfortunate attachment rested, proved beyond all conception unsubstantial. The gay good humor of little Anty O'Don-The gay good humor of little Anty O'Donnell, the tender look, the glad welcome, and above all, the winning obsequiousness of manner which first caught his heart, one by one faded, like fairy gifts, away, in the person of Mrs. O'Rourke, until at the end of five or six months, he becan element to call in guestion the face. began almost to call in question the fact of their having ever had any existence. s thought to himself that he must have been juggled by witchcraft, or his imagination deluded by some love potion, perhaps privately administered by Anty. When he went from home in the morning, instead of the fond farewell look, which, in his young fancy, he imagined would daily follow him to his early labour, he had to endure the frowning glances of his helpmate, and her oft repeated charges about his tarrying out repeated charges about his carry after work time; for the joyous welcome after work time; recention that would home, he met a reception have augured a change for the worse in of Rip Van Winkle; and for the fond anxiety to please in their fre-quent communings, a total disregard to-every wish of his heart, and a deter-mined resolution to have everything her

own way.

Phelim was, happily for himself, of a very elastic temperament. If he was easily depressed by his evil fortune, he was also easily elated when his better star seemed to be in the ascendant; and perhaps if the settled cloudiness of Anty's countenance had been ever so rarely visited with a gleam of sunshine, he might have considered his fate, though a very chequered one, as not quite insupportable. But the season of her ill-humour sat in after wedlock like a polar night to the northern mariner, long and honeless and with long and hopeless, and with no promise of a future day. "I have heard tell," he used to mutter to himself in his moments of bitterness, "of a woman's leading a man the life of a dog, but sure a dog has a fine life of it compared to mine. He's up with the sun, delighting himself with his sports in the grassy fields, and there's no living eye takes envy at his amusement; he gets his mess in peace in the chimney corner, twice in the day, with-out toil or trouble, and he sleeps like a kitten by the fireside all night, without dramin' or startin' as I do, thinken' of the days doens; if he gets an odd kick or a batin, he knows tisn't out of any ill will, and it doesn't dwell on his mind a minute after the pain is gone; and if he hears a tongue equal to Anty's 'tisn't

leare ! the life of a dog is a fine life." Time, which it is said, wears down the edge of the sharpest evil, did very little in his weary course for Phelim O Rourke, when the cholera suddenly reached his neighbourhood, and committed awful havoc in every direction. There was the greatest consternation throughout the district, and the visitation was met

in one house, and partaking of the same meals in so decorous a manner, as to keep their domestic agreements in some degree hidden from the public, it will be admitted that Phelim was a man of the most enduring patience. With whatever amount, however, of Christian resignation, he suffered this sort of life, he could not always avoid indications of peevishness and vexation at his lot. He was often heard to say, "I wish to Heaven I was taken off at once be the sickness, and 'twould be an ease to me;"

sickness, and 'twould be an ease to me;" sometimes indeed, it must be confessed, another alternative floated dimly in the

perspective, when his wicked angel whispered the question in his ear,

whispered the question in his ear,
"wouldn't it answer as well, Phelim, if
it took off little Anty." His better
feelings nevertheless always discountenanced those evil suggestions, as well as
the contingent results of such an occurrence, which his busy imagination was

ever ready to disport in when permitted

Phelim, and sgain she saw, or fancied she saw, instead of the natural expres

sympathy for the sufferers. Her ire wa instantly kindled, and after a pause of

few minutes, during which she was en-deavouring to subdue the up bursting

violence into, what she hoped might even for its newness prove more cutting a bitter irony, she observed:

"Pleasant news this fine mornen" Misther O Rourke; the loss of so many

Misther O Rourke; the loss of so many poor innocent craythurs at a sweep is enough to delight the heart of any one! "What do you mane be that, Anty," returned Phelim; "'twould be a strang

bizness, if I wasn's sorry for poor Dav

in his trouble!"
"Trouble enough!" retorted Auty,

when you hear of a poor woman dying, hopen it may come to my turn at last; but I'll disappoint you: wid the blessen

of Heaven, I tell you, I'll disappoint

these accusations, an

thrive with you."

Phelim.

priest?"

Phelim in vain protested against

rom the moment she saw Phelim fix his

"I'm off." cried Anty, "that's all-

asked the husband again, with as strong an expression of anxiety as he could

"Don't darlen me, you villain," returned Auty, "I'm off, and you know it —'tis all your doens—'tis out of the passion you put me into I got it—my death will be at your door."

"Got what, avourneen?"

"Lave off your palaveren again, and at me the priest. Oh! the Lord help

get me the priest. Oh! the Lord help me. I'm off, I believe—the cramp—the cramp. I'm done for in earnest—rub me—rub me— will any one get the

Phelim now clearly saw that she was getting the cholera, for while she was speaking, her voice began to grow hoarse and whispering; her face became

blueish and shrunk to half its usual size;

her eyes were sinking in her head, like

those of a wasted corpse, and a cold sweat was oozing out from every pore.

"Rub me, you vagahond, if there's any compassion left for your poor murthered wife. Oh, my leg—my leg—rub me—

ooks upon her, she exclaimed:

much more to the

by every one in fear and trembling, except by those for whom misery had already stript death of his terrors. Phelin could not be altogether placed among the latter class, nor said to be wholly devoid of sporehension, yet anticipating some respite to his torments, from the very natural hope, that Anty's temper would be mollified by the universal panic, he was much less depressed than the multitude. Even a furtive smile might be sometimes detected playing about his mouth, on the announcement fof some newl and appalling stroke of the destroyer, when he observed the smooth and pallid fear overspreading the brow of his partner, and a silence, sudden as the palsy, arresting her conversation. It at length unfortunately attracted Anty's notice, and as may be conjectured, convinced than the multitude. Even a furtive spile might be sometimes detected playing about his mouth. On the announcement fof some newl and appalling stroke of the destroyer, when he observed the smooth and pallid fear overspreading the brow of his partner, and a silence, sudden as the palsy, arresting her conversation. It at length unfortunately attracted Anty's notice, and as may be conjectured, convinced them the theorem that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the worth that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the worth that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the worth that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the worth that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the worth that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the worth that she would so contrive to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut off all common that the priest. We shall not venture to analyse his reflections by the way, nor offer a conjecture as to their nature. It is sufficient to sufficient to sufficient to sufficient to sufficient to sufficient gether, and though the priest was mounted very tolerably, and pushed on, as in all cases of urgency, as rather a rapid rate, he was far outstripped by the anxious Phelim, who stood again by poor Anty's side, before it could have been thought possible for him to traverse such a distance.

The neighbors were at the time holding a consultation in an anti-chamber, to determine what was the best course to be pursued with her.

"Take her to the hospital at once," says one, who thought the farther and the sooner she was removed from his own domecile the better."

"Tis the best way," says a second, and a silence, sudden as the paisy, arresting her conversation. It at length unfortunately attracted Anty's notice, and as may be conjectured, convinced from that moment that he was felicitating himself on the prospect of her seizure with the disease, her rage knew no bounds. Every thrill or start of terror she experienced, as the danger increased about her, furnished new ground for suspicion. Hs very looks were watched and examined with a metaphysical souteness, and the faintest ex-

were watched and examined with a metaphysical scuteness, and the faintest expression traced home to its iniquitious
source, until all his anticipations of
even temporary repose, were buried in
the darkest disappointment; the spring
by which he thought to lie down for
awhile, and drink the sweet waters of
contentment, pouring out for him only
new draughts of bitterness.
When we mention that five years had
already rolled over the heads of this illstared pair, and they were still living
in one house, and partaking of the same
meals in so decorous a manner, as to

'Tis the best way," says a

"Tis the best way," says a second,
"for she's a gone woman, if there isn't
something done for her in a hurry."
"Gone or not gone," exclaimed a
third, who proved to be a sister of
Anty's, "she'll never set foot in the
hospital. I'll not have her pisened be
the docthors any way."
"Indeed 'tis seldom they're throublesome afsher comen out of their hands,"
observed a pediar who stood iistening in
the crowd, "they're the quiter for
visiting 'em ever, to my knowledge."
"Thrue for him, faix," cried another,
"many's the fine young boy or girl I see
go in to 'em stout and ruddy, and come
out in the mornen with their feet fore-

ut in the mornen with their feet fore-"Eyeh, don't be runnen 'em down

that way," observed a little tailor, who had obtained some reputation as a wit, "they're not so bad after all; go into "they're not so bad after all; go into 'em ever so bare or naked, and they never fails to send you out with a new wooden jacket and steel buttons!"

"Ulaloo! the vagabonda," exclaimed the sister, "they destroy 'em with their physics; sure I seen 'em with my own two eyes in the hospital changing colors as soon as they drank 'em off."

colors as soon as they drank 'em off "No wondher," rejoined the pedlar, when they re paid for it."
"Paid by whom?" exclaimed half a

ever ready to disport in when permitted to go at large.

It happened one morning, as they were sitting to breakfast, that they heard a cry next door, and in a few minutes after a person ran in and informed them that the woman who lived there and her three children had been carried off by the cholera in the night, leaving the disconsolate husband alone in the world. Mrs. O Rourke's eye, after she had recovered from the shock which the first announcement of the news had occasioned, fixed itself instinctively on Phelim, and again she saw, or fancied dozen voices simultaneously.

6. By the government, 'returned the pediar, "who else? There are too many of us in the country entirely, and we're for ever fighten, and night-walken, and given the world in all of throuble. They thried emigration, and transportstion, and turnen us out to starve on the high roads by what they call the sub-letting act, and they thried the threadmill, and even hanging itself, and t'was to no purpose. So they med up their minds at last to rid the country of us be pisoning us like varmin, and when the cholera come, they took advantage of the docthors to do it, be way of curen, nknownst to us."

"See that why!" ejaculated several.
"'Tis a good hundred pounds to 'em at any rate, every poor soul they put out of pain," continued the pedlar. A low "Dheelen" (God help us) was

neard from the crowd.

The priest had now arrived, and seeing Mrs. O Rourke in such a depiorable way that there was not a moment to be lost, recommended strongly that she should be at once removed to the hospital. He met, however, perhaps in consequence of the pedlar's communication, with more opposition than he expected, especially from Anty's sister, a Mrs. Judy O Leary, of whom we have before made mention. He at length thought it better to refer the dispute to Phellm as "I b'lieve you'd give a thrifle to be in his case, for all, twould be the glory of the fittest person to give a final decision

on the subject.
"I'll take the advice of Father Mac," your heart, you murthering crocodile, if the sickness come into us to day, and that you saw me dacently laid under the sod in the even. I know your thoughts, you villain, for all your long faces, I know how you laugh in your heart within cried Phelim in a melancholy tone, "he's the best judge, and moreover I have a great opinion of the dotthors." Phelim had been attentively listening to the pedlar's account of them. "I tell you, Phelim," roared Judy,

"if you take her there, she'll never come out of it a living woman!"
"The will of God be done!" replied

Phelim, "how can we help it?"
"Be not putting her in there, you neyger," exclaimed the indignant sister, "is it to get rid of her you want?"
The priest, perceiving that the difference of opinion between the parties was likely to increase, interposed before it reached a climax, and demanded of Judy

same purport passed between them, until the dispute reached a pitch that, until the dispute reacted a pitch that, he found by experience, it was not safe it should long maintain. He accordingly struck his colors, and was hanging his head, after his usual fashion, in prowhat she meant by insinuating such imputations against the hospital, where found silence, waiting for the storm to subside, when the suddenness of that occurrence caught his attention and respectable medical gentlemen were risking their lives night and day, amidst looking up into his wife's face, he the most shocking scenes, in the hope o rescuing even a few lives from the thought he observed it singularly pale and grave. She was evidently strug-"Eyeh! the notorious thieves of the gling with some terror, and on recover-ing her speech, which she did at once

earth," returned Judy, "tisn't for no-thing they're doen it, and as for recoveren people, arn't the hospital open You have your wish, you murtherer, good as a fortnight, and for the bundred that come out in coffins, there if 'tis of any good to you, but 'tis your bad angel done it. If you hadn't sold yoursell, the wicked longing couldn't isn't one yet come out in his clothes !' "My good women," observed the riest, "this is all a foolish prejudice. What's the matter now?" answered

priest. The disease is a dreadful one, and people must die of it wherever they run for the priest—run, I tell you, and take your eyes off of me."
"Erah, what's the matter, darlen," are, but independent of any other consideration, I think the safety of the neighborhood should be considered; there will be danger of the sickness extending itself, if the poor creature is

left here. "I'll take care of her myself," answered Judy, " if she's left, and no one

else need come near her."

"No, no, Judy a lanive," exclaimed Phelim a little alarmed, "I'll not have you or the neighborhood in danger by any means. No, no, avourneen, I'd sooner suffer any loss," and he wiped his eyes with the skirt of his coat, "I'd coorder suffer any loss than have the sooner suffer any loss, than have the sickness spreading about like wild-fire, as it will, if poor Anty's left here."

"Thrue for you, Phelim," responded the alarmed crowd, "'t'will be through every house on the road before morner if she's not taken to the hospital."

"They'll be but few of us left to tell it, I'm afeered," said Phelim, "may heaven protect us."

As the sense of the meeting ran entirely with Phelimon the necessity of poor Anty's removal, it was in vain that the persevering Judy still held

that she should be taken off to the hospital, and the cholers cot having been summoned to the spot, she was laid into it in a state that, without much aid from the doctors, gave a fair promise of her never revisiting her little home again. Phelim followed, slowly and with a dejected look, in the wake of the cotmen, and they all soon disappeared from the sympathising eyes of the snxious and apprehensive crowd. He returned to his cabin alone, and as David wept for his son while he was yet living, but became resigned when hope and anxiety were alike over, so Phelim grieved for little Anty throughout the day, shedding abundance of

Phelim grieved for little Anty through out the day, shedding abundance of tears, but at night, when a messenger arrived directing him to bring a coffin to the hospital, the fountain of his sorrows became dried up. "If I was to weep for a hundred years," he observed, "sure 'twouldn't bring her back again to me, poor thing! 'tis only flying in the face of heaven not to submit to my misfortune like a Christian, there's no knowing how soon it be my own turn." He accordingly attended at the bospital gate with a becoming spirit, and having delivered in the coffia, received it in his car from the hands of the porter and cotmen again, freighted with the remains of Mrs. Anty O'Rourke, as was testified by the chalk inscription on the cover. He immediately proceeded to the burying ground, accompanied by the burying ground, accompanied by the hospital grave-digger, with whose solitary assistance she was consigned to

her last resting place.

Death was a matter of too commo occurrence in these days to leave that occurrence in these days to leave that deep or permanent gloom after it, which it is sure to do where its visits, as in ordinary times, are but few and far between. Individual distress, however great, seemed of small amount, even in the estimation of the sufferer, even in the estimation of the sufferer, while the pestilence was still laying life waste in every direction about him. When at the end of some ten or fifteen days it at length quitted Phelim's neighbourhood, to hunt for prey in some new or untouched district, his misfortune was but an old and ordinary one in public remembrance. He had indeed ceased to grieve on the subject himself, though the image of poor Anty, he declared, still haunted his mind, and, however long he lived, could never be effected from his memory. This assertion, however, very soon came to be doubted by his acquaintances. The living picture of Maggy Fitzgerald, a blooming girl who lived in his vicinity, was seen too frequently by his side, to permit the supposition that a rival from among the dead could occupy any very permanent place in his imagination. The truth was, that within three weeks after his late loss, Paelim was once more over head and ears in love. He more over head and ears in love. He had forgotten, or ceased to think of all his troubles and disappointments, and of such strange materials is the human heart made up, his affections were as fondly and utterly given away in this new attachment as if he had never loved or been deceived by women.

Fortune, however, seemed now fully isposed to make him amends for the long period of her desertion. His days passed on in uninterrapted dreams of delight, his nights in refreshing slum bers, and the lark welcomed the golden morning with a song less blithful. The blissful period that was to complete his happiness was at length fixed, and day after day, the rosy-footed hours kept whispering as they passed of the joys that were approaching, but also, for poor humanity! how uncertain are its hopes! how fleeting its evjoyments! on the very eve of the wedding, a friend broke the dreadful secret to him, that it was generally rumoured through the country Mrs. Anty O'Rourke was still Phelim sprung three feet from his stool at the announcement, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "murther!" as he came to the ground. On recovering his recollection, however, and calming a little, he totally denied the possibility of such an occurrence, describe minutely his having himself received the coffin containing her remains from the porter, and his having buried it beneath three feet of earth with the assistance of the grave-digger. That they even rolled a great rock over the spot afterwards, which no unsided human effort could roll off again, so that, admitting such an absurdity as her re-turning to life after interment, there was no possible way by which she could extricate herself from the grave. He partly satisfied his informant by these explanations, but by no means removed ne hankering suspicion from his own mind, though perfectly at a loss account for it. Somebody, it was said. had actually seen and spoken to her, and though reports as groundless every dev find circulation, this one came too mal-apropes to be treated with perfect indifference. He pondered and in-quired, and pondered again, until the subject took such entire possession of his mind, that he felt he could neither test nor sleep until he had his doubts cleared up in one way or another. He accordingly came to the resolution of visiting the hospital, and investigating

the matter most minutely. On arriving at the gate, he lifted the knocker with a palpitating heart, feeling that his fate depended on the decision of the next few mements. The por-ter appeared and demanded his busi-

ness. "Will you tell me, if you please," answered Phelim, "do you remember a woman of the name of Anty O'Rourke that I brought in here sick of the chol-

era, a little time ago?"
"I do, well," returned the porter. " What became of her?" "She was discharged cured, about

"Cured!" ejaculated Phelim, his jaw dropping, and his eyes dilating like "Iss to be sure, do you think we never cure any one," returned the porter, with an air of offended dignity.
"I don't mane that," faltered Phelim,

why then I never see one take the recovery of his wife so much to heart be-

fore."
"She's dead, I tell you," cried Phelim, "'tis a mistake of yours—you—you
—you yourself put her corpse in the

ceffin for me, five weeks ago, and gev it into my own two hands at this very doore; don't you remember here at this doore? do agra, try to remember—'tis as true as dayligha."

"I dou't remember any sich thing," answered the porter.

"Oh, murther,' exclaimed Phelim, striking his hand against his forehead.
"Maybe," continued the porter, "I gev you some one else in mistake."

"Oh, murther!" roared Phelim again, as with hands still pressed to his fore-

"Oh, murther!" roared Phelim again, as with hands still pressed to his forehead, he moved backwards and forwards before the gate, stamping the ground vehemently at every step.

"Faix, it sometimes happens us, for all," continued the porter, "when there's a great number of 'em goes off in the pright the names are nigned on 'em

the night, the names are pinned on 'em when they're thrun in the dead-house, but sometimes they slips off again you know, and then we're all at a dead loss not knowen' one from another, so no wonder a mistake should happen—some

wonder a mistake should happen—some one else's wife I give you I suppose."

"Phelim, upon whom some new light seemed to be breaking during this explanation, now started out of his reverte and catching the porter's hand with eagerness, exclaimed, "Tell me one eagerness, exclaimed, "Tell me one thing now, like an honest man, and may the heavens be your bed as you tell me truly, do ye ever have two peop e of the same name in the hospital at the same

"Eyeh! plague on e'm for names! to be sure we do, almost every day—there's no pleasing the people at all 'count of the bother we have with the way they're christened all Paddys, or Daveys, or Marys, or Peggys, till we can't tell one from another; but death and age, man," continued the porter, suddenly elevating his voice, "why do you squeeze my hand that way?"

"I didn't mane any offeace by it, avourneen," reeponded Phelim, "I'd be sorry to hurt a hair o' your head, but I have one question more to put to you. What sort of a woman was it be the "Eyeh! plague on e'm for names! to

What sort of a woman was it be the name of Anty O'Rourke, that you

name of Anty Orderes, that you turned out cured?"

"A handy little skeleton of a creature then, that no cholera could kill—one that the world couldn't plaze—scold—scolding always, and with looks that ud freeze a turnip when anybody ventured to answer her."

to answer her."
"Phelim's heart sank within him "Phelim's heard courage, however to continue the investigation.
"E'then, do you know at all, did she get much medicine from the docthers?"

"She couldn't be got to taste as much as a drop for any of 'em," replied the porter.
"Lord help us," ejaculated Phelim

with a deep sigh.
"But how is it," said the porter, "no

"But how is it," said the porter, "now I think on it, if she was your wife, that she didn't go home to you?"

"Thrue for you," answered Phelim, rubbing his hands and brightening up at a thought which had never occurred to him before. "What is it I'm thinking of at all; sure if she and I were on the living airth, she'd find me out in half the time. The power av the world ud hardly keep her from me for three whole weeks, that is, if she had her walk and her five senses. I'm the rail fool and not to recollect that at wanst. No! no! poor coman, she's dead and No! no! poor coman, she's dead an buried long enough to keep quiet for my day at any rate; sure I helped to make the grave and throw the earth on her

myself!"
"I'll be bail then, she has the good winter's coat of it," observed the porter smil-ing, "you wouldn's like to let the frost

to her, poor thing."
"Eyeh! no matter," returned Phelim, "'tis equal how we lie, when it comes to that with us, but I'm obleeged to you for your information entirely—a good

"Safe home to you, Misther O'Rourke," cried the porter, the smile still playing about his mouth, "and if I hear anythin of Auty's stirren about, l'il not fail to come with the news to

Phelim quickened his pace, and pretended not to hear, muttering however, when he reached a sufficient distance to when he reached a sufficient distance to vent his feelings with impunity, "wisha table to the unfortunate and treat his chick nor child, nor anything but your own four bones to trouble you; may be when you marry you'll not have your jokes so ready, and faix when you do, all the harm I wish you, is a wife equal to Anty.

On arriving home, Phelim recovered On arriving nome, Phelim recovered his spirits, and made every preparation for the wedding. After trying on a new suit of clothes which was made for him by a Limerick tailor, fitting himself with a shining caroline hat, and reviewing his figure with due particularity, in a broken piece of a mirror which he had neetly set in polished ash, he spent the evening at the bride's. To such as have loved, it is needless to tell that he did not return home until the moon was going to her rest, and that he then lay down on his humble bed to pass away the time in chiding the lazy hours, that tell him of the approaching morning. TO BE CONTINUED

A Reason for Turkey's Downfall

If it is asked what is the reason for the utter collapse of the Turks, we hope it may be said without presump-tion that it is because it has seemed good in the sight of the Almighty to put a term at last to that reign of cruelty and lust which has been the characteristic of Turkish rule from the beginning, but never more so than in our own times. Sir William M. Ramsay, the distinguished archaeologist, who for the last thirty years paid annual visits to the dominions of the Sultan asserts that no fewer than a 1,000000 men, women and children were massacred or put to death by the orders of Abdul Hamid. Nor did things charge for the better after his deposi-tion. If, however, the immediate agency is sought of the debacle, the first thing to which it is to be attributed is the large number of Turkish army. There were indeed some veterans, and these fought with all the old Turkish bravery, but large numbers had searcely had arms in their hands before they were called upon to use them against the Bulgarians. Again, the Turk is slways a bad manager, and although there was food for the troops in abundance, it was not where they could get at it. Moreover, attributed is the large number of raw troops in the ranks of the Turkish army. There were indeed some veterans, and these fought with "but my—my—my wife."

"Oh, ho! she was your wife, was she?

"Oh, ho! she was your wife, was she?

hands before they were called upon to

coffin for me, five weeks ago, and gev it recent events have undermined military tism and taught him the faith. The discipline among the officers. The revolution was due to their agency. This caused dissension, and lack of obedience. Lastly, over confidence in their own strength and contempt of enemies, whom they were accustomed to look upon as serfs, brought about that nemesis which often overtakes the footsteps of the proud and haughty. December Catholic World.

THE POTENCY OF KINDNESS OR, THE BOY APOSTLE

A TRUE STORY

By Rey, Richard W. Alexander in The Mi There was intense excitement in the sleepy Southern town. The v suppressed anger, and crowds of men and boys thronged the streets, particu-larly around the courthouse and jail.

Women gathered in groups on their rerandss and in the shops to discuss the fearful crime that had been comnitted in their midst. It was a brutal murder, and the murderer was a negro.
Only strict surveillance kept the poor wretch from being dragged from custody and hanged to the nearest tree.

The murdered man was his master.

What matter if the slayer was goaded to madness by cruel treatment and in-sulting words. To many a wild son of the South a negro has no soul; he has no rights; he is even yet a chattel, not worth as much as a good cow or a horse So these people reasoned. The murder was, to be sure, committed in a moment of frenzy, but there was no defense the conviction of the poor wretch was

forgone conclusion.

The learned court made haste to have The learned court made made to have the trial, and the jury quickly pro-nounced the fatal word "Guilty!" Public opinion was satisfied, and the excitement cooled down.

In his death cell the negro sat. No

one bothered him. He was left alone to a terrible fear of death and the world beyond the gallows. They asked him did he want religious aid? No! He ever knew religion in life, it was an unknown factor in his thoughts as he sat and brooded with sullen brow and muttered his caths. In the dark and in the light of the few days that were between him and eternity, people came and looked curiously into the barred window of his little cell. But no one

window of his little cell. But no one pitted him.

Among the throng that passed through the jail were two lads, who, like all boys, were curious to see a condemned man before execution. One of them heartlessly called him to the window and the poor wretch came, Immediately a spirit of wicked unkind-ness prompted the lad to call at him. "You scoundrel! You murderer!

The country does well to turn you over The negro, who expected a kind word, turned away with a bitter oath on his

"Shame on you, Tom," said the other lad. "How dare you talk that way to a poor condemned fellow! Watch out that the Lord doesn't take his part since nobody else does!"

"Pshaw!" said the first boy "he de-

serves his fate. I have no pity for him, the black devil!"
"Stop !" said his companion, "we

didn't come here to act the judge. He has my deepest pity.' and ca ling to the poor black wretch, he said some kindly ords and gave him some money.

The black man's eyes filled with

tears. "Young massa," he whispered, "if you done cum heah alone by yoursel', I'se got sumpin' to ast you. Kin you com comorrer, all alone?

turned disgustedly away.

The guard who was standing by and

who had heard the whole conversation, nodded approvingly and the boy disappeared.

This was a Catholic lad of fourteen, olic faith taught him also that the black man had an immortal soul that could made as white as snow if he repented for his sins and became reconciled with The kind words he uttered prought God's grace, and the boy determined he would go on the morrow and see if he could do something towards saving that negro's soul. He said nothing at home, but his promise never left his mind. He thought of it that night, and at the hour appointed he went alone to the jail to keep his word. As he passed the guard, the man said to him:

"I'm glad you came; that nigger has been raving about you ever since yes-terday. It seems he took a wonderful fancy to you. You are the first one he's ver talked about." They opened the cell door and the

with certain tremors easily boy, with certain tremors easily accounted for, found himself alone with the condemned man. The negro fell on his knees before him.

his knees before him.

"Young mas-a," he sobbed, "I'se goin' for to die, and I'se a pooah black nigger wid murder on my soul. Dey want me to git religion, but I doan see dat any 'ligion counts dat ain't got no kindness. You took up foah me 'gainst dat young gemplin dat cum 'long wid' you, an' you said dat de Lhard would take my gemplin part, an' all night I bin thinkin' dat your ligion must be de kurrect one, for you gib me comfort! If I die in any 'ligion its yours, young massa, so gib me youh way of thinkin' and maybe I'il see

de Loard!' The boy felt his heart swell with pity. He determined to save the poor fellow. He made him sit down on his poor bed and gave him the fundamentals of faith in the words of the catechism. He taught him one or two little aspirations and finally told him he would bring him his pastor if he desired it. The negro was all anxiety to follow the boy's instructions and sent for the warden, who promised that the priest should come. The

dangerous, now became gentle, resigned and pentent. The lad became his spon-sor in baptism and before his execution had the satisfaction of seeing him make

permitted.

At the last the negro held the boy's At the last the negro held the boy's hand close in both of his, and in a choking voice said: "Good by, young massa, you have opened de dooah ob Hebben to is poah nigger. When he is a while angel befoah de Lord he will watch ober youah footsteps and you will hab luck, and de Lord's blessing, where ebber you go. Let me held dese hans foahljust a minute, an' den nobody else shall touch dem. Good-by!"

The black blood stained hands held the boy's tightly. The lad could not speak, but his face told all that the poor penitent wanted of sympathy and speak, but his face told all that the poor penitent wanted of sympathy and kindness and pity. The priest attended the culprit to the last. The boy could not bear to behold the end, and he left hurriedly. But they told him when all was over that the negro went to his doom with clasped hands, praying audibly. He refused gently to shake hands with any one, saying: "My young massa must be the last. His white hands kept me from destruction, an' I'se goin' to take his shake-hands to an' l'se goin' to take his shake-hands to the Loard!"

And so he died, paying the awful penalty of his crime on the gallows— numble, reconciled to God and deeply enitent.

The boy still lives; a man deeply imbued with the spirit of faith, and he tells his grandchildren what a privilege it was to help one immortal soul to a happy death.

How many souls might be won if the thoughtless cruelty of unkindness were eliminated from our lives!

GOOD WORKS WITH FAITH NECESSARY TO SALVATION SERMON BY FATHER THOS. N.

BURKE, O. P. "And to the disciples, Jesus said : Son, behold thy Dearly beloved: On last evening I bedsity beloved: On last evening i endeavored to describe to you the beautiful harmony and analogy between the things of race, so admirably developed and illustrated in the dedication of the month of May to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and I told you then that on this evening I would endeavor to unfold to you the place and the position which the mother of our Divine Lord holds in the mother of our Divine Lord holds in the plan of man's redemption. Now, there are two great classes that occupy the world to-day, of men who differ in their apprehensions of the design of God as revealed in the redemption of man. The first are those who say, or who seem to say, that we did not stand in need of redemption at all. They dony the fall of man—they deny the indeny the fall of man-they deny the indeny the fall of man—they deny the in-herent sinfulness of man. Consequently they deny the necessity of the incarna-tion of the Almighty God. They deny the necessity of sacraments or their efficacy, and they say that man has, within himself, in the very elements of his nature—that by the mere develop-ment of his natural powers he may at-tain to all the narrowers of God, and to tain to all the purposes of God, and to the full perfection of His being. Such, for instance, is the doctrine of the widespread sect of Socinius. Such, in a great measure, are the ideas of a number of wide-spread sects—the Unitar-ians, Humanitarians, believers in human nature alone-Progressists, men look to this world and to its scientific "Sure," whispered the boy somewhat startled, as he made off down the corridor after his companion, who had look to this world and to its scientific attainments, and to its scientific ments as affected by man and reflected in the spirit and in the intelligence of man, for all the perfection of humanity and of society. This class takes in all those who refuse any definite form of re-ligion at all—who put away from them all idea of the necessity of any fixed faith. This idea represents the vast multitude of mankind, found everywhere, and nowhere more numerous who, with the most accurate ousiness, on commercial transactions, on aw, on politics, etc., are only found to be following, in an inaccurate comprehension, careless, indefinite and not only ignorant of, but willing to be ignorant of every specific form of de-fined faith, or belief in revelation at all. They do not give enough to God in their thoughts, in their minds, in the acknowledgments of their souls, in this question of man's redemption. There are, on the other hand, a vast number who profess Christianity, and who, if you will, give too much to God in this matter of redemption; who say that matter of redemption; who say that when the Son of God becau e man, he effected the redemption of mankind so completely, that He wiped away the world's sin so utterly, that all that we have to do is to lean upon Him—to gov-

> tion, His merits, and that without any concurrent labor of our own, without any work on our part, but only the easy operation of "believing on Carist," as they put it, that we can be saved. hence we hear so much about justifica-tion by faith; and hence we hear so much ribald abuse of the Catholic sacraments—of fasting, of the Holy Mass, of all the exterior usages and sacra-mental appliances of the Holy Catholic Church; all mocked at, all derided as contrary to the spirit of true religion; which simpl is, according to them, to believe with all your soul in Jesus Christ, in His redemption, in His atonemen and all sins are cleansed. A man may have a thousand deeds of murder upon his soul; a man may have loaded bi self with every most hideous form of impurity; a man may have injured his neighbor on the right hand and on the left, and may have enriched himself upon the spoils of his dishonesty-there is no law either of the relations of God to man, or man to his fellow man—but only "believe on God and you are saved." Hence we hear of so many

ern ourselves by faith, with His justifica-