

to turn the water into wine?"

"But he refused her, my man, and said his time was not come."

"Ay, to show that he wouldn't do it for any other one; didn't he do it, though?"

"Bravo, Paddy! that's it," shouted the crowd.

Paddy elbowed his way in, and stood fronting Mr. Sly.

"I ax you, sir, if you wanted a favor of Lord Clearall, wouldn't you go to Mr. Ellis to intercede for you?"

"Faith he would, Paddy; that's a poser."

"Bah! he's done up; that sthopped his fine speech."

"Shure ye have no religion," continued Paddy. "You are divided into so many sects that ye are changing every day. Socinians and other sects scarcely believe anything at all, and yet, they belong to you. No, the Spirit of God cannot teach contradictory things, and there is but one Lord, *one faith*, one baptism; and how can all your faiths then be right?"

"Success, Paddy; sthick it into him; he hasn't a word."

"Begor, Paddy is the great man entirely," shouted the women.

"You are wrong, my man; all Christian sects believe in the fundamental articles of faith; they believe in the grand dogmas on which eternal salvation depends."

"Do they, indeed? Is it an article of faith to deny that our Saviour was God? It will not do to believe small things. Ye must believe all things: Hear what our Saviour said to His apostles: 'Go, ye, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe *all things*, whatsoever I have commanded you.' Again—'Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.' Who founded our religion? Ay, will you tell me that? Luther and Calvin, and Henry the Eighth, and Queen Bess; a precious and chaste lot, no doubt—nice apostles to preach the word of God! Oh! your religion is a rotten humbug, sir; got up to favor rapine and plunder, and every kind of injustice, and the worst of passions. It is divided into contradictory sects, without union, without—"

"Stop, sir; if we haven't the union of sects, we have the union of faith, and faith—"

"Arrah! hould your tongue, man; how can ye have faith when ye believe different doctrines; and as to charity, shure ye have it!—Arrah! isn't it the nice charity to go into the houses of the sick and stharrving, and to try and timpl them with meal and money, and when they wouldn't sell their souls, to lave them to die, as you did to-day, and as you're doing every day. Look at the priests; they are going into fever hospitals, into fever cabins, attending and

consoling the poor. Shure, they haven't a shilling—they can't thrive in a gig. And the poor are forced to send their children to hear their religion and the Blessed Virgin reviled."

"We are but leading them from darkness. As to the mother of God, it is blasphemy, heresy, to pray to her; she's a woman, she is—"

"Arrah! now, do you know better than the saints. Saint Bonaventure says, 'Mary is most powerful with her Son; and Cosmas, of Jerusalem, that 'The intercession of Mary is omnipotent.' She is called 'As a fair olive tree in the plains.' The Archangel said to her, 'Fear not, Mary, thou hast found grace.'"

"It is blasphemy, my man; rank blasphemy, to attribute to a creature the power of the Creator. Mary is a woman—she's nothing but—"

"Oh, holy Joseph! do ye hear that? Maybe it's something as bad as himself he's going to call the Blessed Virgin," said an old woman from a heap of stones.

"Bad cess to me; did ever any one hear the likes! Dhoul take every mother's sowl of ye, to let the Blessed Virgin be run down that way. Oh, if I were a man," said another, and she commenced rocking herself to and fro.

"Take that," said a virago, flinging a lot of dirt into the Rev. Mr. Sly's face.

"Oh! ye cursed papists," said Mr. Sly, hitting the woman with the whip.

The men were looking on for some time with a kind of sulky stupidity; they felt themselves annoyed and insulted; but what could they do? Ruin stared them in the face if they said a word; but at this insult they could not bear longer.

"Let us dash the devil into the pond beyond," shouted one.

"Kick him about; to the denuce with the whole dirty set," said another.

"Hurra! give it to them, the soupers!"

The women flung mud at Mr. Sly, and at Adam Steen, who came to his assistance; even Mr. Pembert did not escape. They then hoisted the two first between them, and were dragging them over to the pond, when Lizzie Ellis ran and threw herself on her knees before them.

"She deserves the same thratement for helping the villains!" shouted some of the women. But others thought better of and contented themselves by rolling their victims in the mud.

Mr. Sly and his colleague were very glad to make their escape. Mr. Pembert ordered the works to be stopped, and went to lodge information. The works were thrown idle, and men and children prowled, living skeletons, about the country; some stole potatoes and sheep to keep soul and body together; but their owners were well repaid for these by county taxation.

The Petty Sessions came on in a few days. Lord Clearall was the presiding