

a sense of danger, but only a life of earnest prayer and devotion to the cause of Christ, bringing down from Heaven the assistance of the Holy Spirit, will enable any one long to sustain so arduous and important a work.

We soon became fully alive to the reality of the simile by the whirr, whirr of a stone close by our heads, only as the *avant courier* of a regular volley. It was necessary now to turn about and attempt to hold a parley, demanding the reason of so rude and unprovoked an assault.

"Surely yez be the sopers come with yer English goold to buy our sowls."

"Oh, bad luck to yez, why did ye come near this parish, where we are all true Catholics?"

"Oh, holy Virgin, blessed mother of God! save us from these devils."

"Shure, and I see his tail striking out a minute ago."

"Father — will make goots of you if you don't be off with ye."

Such were some of the replies which greeted our question; but we knew pretty well how to deal with them, and that their natural curiosity and love of argument could soon be aroused. So exclaiming, "Sure we are good Catholics too, and if you'll hear us, we'll show you we love the blessed Virgin as well as you do," we soon had several crying out, "Och, fair play, bedad, and let's hear what they'll have to say."

I was thus enabled for a considerable time—as is often the case under similar circumstances—to preach the truth as it is in Jesus to them: stating man's ruined state by nature; salvation by Christ alone; His sufficient sacrifice; the necessity of the Spirit's work; the duty of searching the Scriptures, &c., until, at length, some one a little more shrewd than the rest, and therefore the sooner discerning the real aim of the address, roared out, "But yez are not of the true Church;" and, after a series of questions, such as, "Does ye believe in the saints and in purgatory?" &c., to which, of course, we replied, "No," the pent-up fury of the mob burst forth with increased vigour, and, though at this juncture the few police at the station made their appearance, we were mercilessly pelted, and speedily covered with every conceivable filth of the foulest kind. An incident really amusing occurred even in the midst of so sad a scene. Not anticipating that the object of our visit would be yet sufficiently known to excite such violent opposition, and attracted by the beauty of the morning and the scenery, I had taken with me a child of nine years of age. Placing him between myself and my companion—a most excellent and devoted man, one of our Scripture-readers—we shielded him as much as possible from the missiles. As may easily be imagined, he could not be completely protected, and soon received a blow. Bursting from us, he turned on the crowd, and, with his little shillelagh, charged right at them. Of course, we rapidly turned also, and, despite the danger, could not resist hearty laughter. It was taken up by the foremost in the crowd, so easily are the feelings of such an assemblage sometimes changed; and a temporary respite was obtained. We gradually worked our way to the bridge, and out of the town, partially protected by the police, and were enabled to lie down that night, in peace and safety, after a warm bath, minus only a hat crushed into a hopeless state as respects future use, and with a feeling of sorrow.—*The British Ensign.*

HORRIBLE, THOUGH TRUE.

I have been thinking how horrible it must be to see anybody one cared for drunk; the honest eyes dull and meaningless; the wise lips jabbering foolishness; the whole face and figure, instead of being what one likes to look at, takes pleasure to see in the same room even—growing ugly, irrational, disgusting—more like a beast than a man. Yet some women have to bear it, have to speak kindly to their husbands, hide their brutishness, and keep them from making worse fools of themselves than they can help. I have seen it done, not merely by working men's wives, but lady-wives in drawing-rooms. I think if I were married, and I saw my husband the least overcome by wine, not "drunk" may be, but just excited, silly, otherwise than his natural self, it would nearly drive me wild. Less on my own account than his. To see him sink—not for a great crime, but a contemptible cowardly bit of sensualism—from the height where my love placed him; to have to take care of him, to pity him—aye, and I might pity him, but I think the full glory and passion of my love would die out, then and there, for ever—*A Life for a Life.*