

matters. Thus a friendly visit will not be repaid, a polite note will be left unanswered, a neighborly call will be disregarded, a pleasant smile will be met with a cold look of indifference, and a cordial grasp of the hand will be responded to with reluctance, if not surprise. All this may seem nothing, and yet the effect upon the mind and the heart is chilling and painful.

PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Those parents who believe that they have done all they can for their sons by giving them a liberal school education, make one of the most distressing mistakes that afflicts modern society and business circles. No class of young men in city or country is so deserving of pity as those who have good education, good morals, but no practical knowledge of the solid business affairs of life. They are deserving of pity because they are really worthy of a better position in life than their capabilities will warrant, and because they are not to blame for being entirely unfitted for responsible positions. Thousands of well-educated young men walk the streets of the cities, even in the flush of prosperous times, who do not know how to earn their livelihood, and go seeking, day after day, such positions as they believe their talents demand, and meet with disappointment at every turn. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly, if not quite all, of the great, good, and substantial business men of our country, have come up from boyhood familiar with the use of the ax, plow, forge or plane; and they are not now, nor have they ever been, ashamed to own that their hands have been hardened with toil. Labor is a great free gift; it is a promoter of health and morality, and hence, of happiness and prosperity.

THE ROCK OF DOON.

Most of us have heard of the Rock of Doon, near the slender village of Kilmacrenan, on the river Gannon, county Donegal. On the Rock of Doon the O'Donnells were wont to be inaugurated chieftains of Tyrconnell—but the allegation has its opponents, among whom must be numbered the Four Masters. Later on we find Sir Cahir O'Doherty fighting his English foes beneath the Rock. O'Sullivan Beare describes the battle with characteristic eloquence and verse. Sir Cahir received a blow from a double headed javelin, and died in two hours. Beare's circumstantial account puts to death a rather

comic story now told in Innishowen, and which was honored some time ago with print. According to this legend Sir Cahir and Sir Phelim MacDevitt were asleep under the Rock when a Scotchman named Ramsey stabbed Sir Cahir. Sir Phelim awoke and heard the groans of his friend, and raising him in his arms he hurried to the camp. *En route* Sir Cahir cried out that he was dying, implored to be laid down, and commanded his friend when he had died to cut off his head, take it to Dublin, and claim the reward. The first thing, perhaps, to discredit a story like this would be a Scotchman leaving the thing undone, and the second that Sir Cahir should think of blood-money for a friend in his last moments. But the legend was more wonderful still. We were told how Sir Phelim accepted the ghastly commission, and, head in hand, got as far as Swords on his way to the capital. One of the Chichesters staying in that village caught Sir Phelim's design, stole the head during the night, fled to Dublin, and got the reward. The authority of O'Sullivan Beare and a record of an inquisition of James I show conclusively that Sir Cahir was slain in battle; and so the story, like so many other good stories, must be dismissed, like the second power of a lie, as Mr. Carlyle would say.

While it is worth while to note this topic it is worth while to note the heroic but appallingly tragic fate which befell Sir Phelim. Soon after the battle of Kilmacrenan—that in which Sir Cahir had fallen—Sir Phelim was betrayed into the hands of the English. The Lord Deputy offered him life, pardon, restoration and honors if he abjured his faith; and all these Sir Phelim scornfully refused. Instantly a gallows was erected, and Sir Phelim ascended the fatal tree. He was pinioned and the bolt was drawn. He swung into the air with a sudden jerk, and the rope snapped, Sir Phelim fell heavily on his feet. The executioner rushed upon him with a hatchet, with the assistance of a couple of soldiers, and literally hacked the unfortunate gentleman to pieces. Amid the cries and horrified exclamations of the crowd, the executioner drove a knife into the breast of his pinioned victim, dragged out his heart, and flung it on a fire. The clan MacDevitt fled from the place and took refuge in the wild glens of Donegal, where their descendants remain to this day.

The barriers of faith and revealed morals, so far from being obstacles, are the ramparts of human governments.