A Beautiful Metaphor.

Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true,
And as the leaves and angels turn
The pages of our years
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the ill with tears.
—Whittier.

MEMORY.

To be faithless oft means to be faithful,
To be false often means to be true;
The vale that lover clouds that are golden
Forgets them for skies that are blue.
To forget often means to remember
What we had forgotten too long;
The fragrance is not the bright flower,
The echo is not the sweet song.
—Father Ryan.

REMEMBERED.

I need not be missed if another succeed me
To reap down the fields that in spring I have sown.
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name be unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed I shall yet be remembered—
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.
—Horatius Bonar.

MOY O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF IRISH LIFE

By Miss Skefington ("Melusine.")

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(Continued.)

'Well, this is nice!' said Mr. Cormac; 'as the American boy said, 'this is real jam!' as if finding the home of one's ancestors was not enough, but one must light on some of their blessed fixings besides. Now, do tell Mr. Gilmartin, how old do you think this is, say?' and he held the brooch at arm's length, and gazed fixedly at it.

'The exact date would be difficult to determine,' said Mr. Gilmartin, smiling at his original questioner. 'But I think we may, in time, perhaps, get pretty near it.'

Here Mrs. Hart came and begged that they would come out of the cold and sit by the cheerful fire she had in her best room. There was a table (drawn close to the welcome blaze, and on it they found some books the two gentlemen had been consulting before Moy and Carinna arrived at Moneydonart.

'Mr. McDonnell tells me for certain,' Mr. Gilmartin continued, 'what I was sure I had heard or read somewhere—the chiefs of his house came back to Ireland about the beginning of the thirteenth century. I believe the Latin inscription was added then but the brooch itself may have belonged to the family in the first century, for I think an Ogham inscription, found by a very talented Irish lady, is proved to be of the first century.'

'Snakes alive! Think of that!' ejaculated Mr. Cormac. 'I'll take a rise out of them when I go back. Why, the relics of antiquity we have there are the block houses which were built there during the Rebellion of 1838 or '39; but tell us something more of what you think, Mr. Gilmartin. It's real nice to hear you talk.'

Moy mentally agreed with Mr. Cormac, and liked him better than ever, but Mr. Gilmartin laughed as he went on: 'It seems rather presumptuous for a beginner in the study of Irish antiquities to say anything, but my guesses may help those who know more. I believe that the ancestors of the McDonnells took this brooch with them when they emigrated to Scotland and the Hebrides, and some of them returning in the thirteenth century brought this heirloom back, and then had inscribed on it their surname in this Latin character besides the lines of Ogham writing. I think any unprejudiced person will allow that not only has it the appearance of being squeezed in just where they could get room for it, but that the Ogham letters have a far greater appearance of age than these Latin characters. I have not studied the Oghams enough to speak with any certainty, even if I knew the pedigree of the McDonnells; but I think you will find, when you ask some competent person, that the Ogham writing contains the names of the McDonnell family, and as they are known to have emigrated from Ireland in the remote past, it will throw another gleam of light on the fact that the Irish had a written language many centuries before the arrival of St. Patrick. Like the spirals and interlaced ornaments, I think the Ogham character will be traced to Egypt.'

'Where, perhaps, it was used by the priests,' said Mr. McDonnell, thoughtfully.

'Very likely. There were monasteries in Egypt long before Christianity, and I think the Monastic Orders (on the mode of those in Egypt) were already flourishing in Ireland when St. Patrick came.'

'And he was so very careful to preserve whatever was good in the Pagan Irish customs,' said Moy, smiling brightly in her lover's face, 'that it is more than likely that he would let them keep their monasteries and their Ogham characters, just as he built his Christian churches close to their Pagan towers, so that the people would come to the usual place to worship the now 'known God.'

'I guess Miss O'Brien has hit the right nail on the head,' said Mr. Cormac. 'I think St. Patrick was as wise as he was holy, and could see further into a stone wall than most people.'

'We must humbly apologize to a recent writer on the Round-towers for daring to differ from her,' said Mr. Gilmartin, smiling. 'The work she has done for the Irish Christian inscriptions can never be forgotten, and entitles her to our everlasting gratitude. But as to the Round-towers! I think it is curious to see people laboriously working out a certain theory when nearly all the facts of the case are against them.'

'As some French writer has said, 'So much the worse for the facts,' said Moy, laughing.

'I want to ask you one question,' said Mr. McDonnell, 'the alphabet of the Irish language, where did we get that? Is it known for certain?'

'No,' replied Mr. Gilmartin; 'so every one is at liberty to have a theory on the subject, and this is mine: De Rouge, as you perhaps know, has traced the Phœnician alphabet to the hieratic writings of ancient Egypt. I believe some of the early settlers in Ireland came through Egypt, for the Irish alphabet is like and yet unlike, the Phœnician; just such difference as one would expect in two alphabets derived from a common source. The Irish people (or whatever they were called then) no doubt brought from Egypt their reverence for the dead, and many curious customs at funerals. Their knowledge of how to make the fine linen of Egypt, which, even down to the times when the Danes ravaged our coasts, always formed part of the spoils carried off, and I dare say you remember how Plutarch mentions Cleopatra wearing the sacred robe of Isis, which was of all colors. Well, a monarch of Ireland, who reigned B. C. 1543, introduced the wearing of certain colors in the dress, by which different ranks were distinguished, and the king and queen and professors of the liberal arts had the greatest number of colors in their robes. Then too, the costumes of some of the figures in the wall-painting of various tombs at Thebes is exactly like the dress of the ancient Irish.'

'I am very much interested in what you have told us,' said Mr McDonnell, 'and I think your theory will hold far better than many I have considered. I forget what you said about the Round-towers?'

'Well, I can't see,' said Mr Gilmartin, 'when those early emigrants brought to Ireland the religion, the music, the traditions, the very dress and language of the East, even the way of building their tombs, why we should look elsewhere for the origin of the Round-towers or the Ogham; but I must tell you that there is a very clever Oxford philologist who, sooner than trace the Welsh Ogham-nams to the Irish, writes pages and pages to try to prove that 'the Celts go their Ogam (Ogham) from the Teutons, and the latter directly or indirectly from the Phœnicians;' but this only shows how deeply even in a superior mind, enlarged by scientific study, the old English prejudice against the Irish is rooted; for I believe that this (though perhaps unconsciously to himself) is the secret of his elaborate, but to my mind unconvincing, argument, and this is the opinion of far more scientific men than myself.'

'If I were only clever enough,' said Moy, 'I would write a peaceable sort of book for Wales and Scotland and Ireland, a sort of popular hand-book of the Celtic races, showing how we are all brothers and sisters, and reminding all that a friend should bear a friend's infirmity, and that we ought to help one another now, as 'in the brave days of old.' I was reading lately an extract from the Bishop of Truro's sermon, in which he reminds the people in Cornwall how, in the 'fifth century, there came over from Ireland (which was already Christian) missionary after missionary to the coasts of Cornwall.' Surely we did good to Wales and Cornwall and Scotland then. They need not begrudge us any glory and learning in the past, because it pleases them to deny our superiority in the present.'

'I believe the Oghams were introduced into Wales and Cornwall by the Irish missionaries,' said Mr. Gilmartin, 'just as we know they were into Shetland. The well known Irish cross in a circle is found in Shetland on an Ogham stone, and also one in Wales, about a mile from Cilgerran—if you spell the word with a 'K' you have one of our names at once. 'Cill,' or 'Kill,' means church, as we all know in Ireland, and it is certain that many churches were founded in Cornwall and Wales by Irish saints, both men and women. There is hardly any mention of Oghams in Scandinavian literature, none in Welsh literature, unless what even my Oxford friend calls allusions 'faint and nebulous' can be called so; but in Irish literature we find an immense number of writings on the subject, which surely goes far toward proving that this land was (in Europe) the birthplace of the Ogham character. Then all the Welsh Oghams, with the exception of two, have also Latin inscriptions, showing plainly that when the Irish introduced them into Wales, Roman influence was at work, for only two of our Oghams have also words in Latin. I am indebted for this bit of information to my friend, for he is my friend, at Oxford.'

'I think the arguments are very convincing,' said Mr. McDonnell; and when we remember how the East ever sought the West; how, as Mr. Gladstone proves, the great northern and northeastern mass of Europe was taken by Homer to be the sea, surely all points to a spreading of races, one wave after another down the Mediterranean, and out to sea in search of new lands.'

'One of the most accomplished linguists of the day,' said Mr. Gilmartin, 'is now on the Eastern track of the Oghams. I think he will trace them from Ireland to Egypt, or rather *vice versa*, and that he may also prove that the Runes are a perfectly independent and later development of some character and language from Irish Oghams, but which found its way by the upper instead of the lower end of the Caspian Sea through Russia to Scandinavia.'

'The only thing against it,' said Mr. Cormac, 'is, could the people in that blessed early time have made such a long voyage as from the Straits of Gibraltar to Ireland?'

'Why, they made longer,' said Mr. McDonnell. 'Even Carlyle [who is so down on us poor Irish while he is doing his white-washing of Oliver Cromwell] says that in Dahlmann's opinion the Irish were probably the first discoverers of America. They had evidently, Carlyle adds, 'got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out.'

'The ancients were too wise to overlook what the moderns are only just beginning to find out,' said Mr. Gilmartin—'that Ireland has the most fertile soil and the finest harbors in Europe; and is it not more than likely that the adventurous colonists who came from the East and peopled Ireland would presently set off on farther explorations? I believe that Homer's Odyssey is fact and fable mixed up, and that 'the route of Odusseus' really included Ireland, and that the whole story is founded on the voyages of some ancestors of the Asiatic Greeks, who in very early times not only found their way to Ireland by sea, but returned and tried to astonish their friends at home with an account of the different countries they had visited, and that more and more followed their example, and founded one colony after another on the shores of Ireland. You will find it more than hinted at that the language which, next to their own, the ancient Irish were most thoroughly acquainted with was Greek.'

'Mr. Cormac,' said Moy, 'I am going to ask you a great favor.'

'Lor,' Miss O'Brien, don't be formal. I'd do anything for you, give you anything, up to half the profits of the saw mill.'

'Thank you very much,' said Moy smiling. 'You were telling me the other day that you intended to make a grand tour round Ireland. Now, if you would only inquire for any inscribed stones, and note the localities down in a little book I will give you, and also what you may see for yourself, we would feel really thankful to you. Would we not?' she said, appealing shyly to *Mr.* Gilmartin.

'*Most* certainly. Mr Cormac would deserve a testimonial. *But* seriously,' he continued, 'it would be a most useful inquiry. There never has been in Ireland a systematic search for Ogham stones, as there has been in Wales by my friend whom I just mentioned. But here is Mrs. Hart with some of her delicious home-made wine for us to drink success to the rebuilding of parts of Moneydonart.'

CHAPTER XLIX.

"She was my one companion, being herself
The jewel and adornment of my days,
My life's completeness. —Jean Ingelow.

It is summer-time again. June (royal June) Lilacs and laburnums have faded, but roses and lilies are gloriously fresh and bright.

On the grassy platform on which stands Gilmartin Castle, close, indeed, to the spot where its lord and master once lay asleep in the ruins with the 'Life of O'Connell' beside him, stand Mr and Mrs. Gilmartin. Moy has a large garden hat on, and her husband is carrying a basket of freshly gathered roses, which can well be spared from the profusion in every direction; for lovely gardens in terraces surround the ruins, especially on the side which has been restored as a dwelling for its owners until the new Gilmartin Castle is finished, which will not be for years.

From where they stand now they can hear the chip, chip of the stone-mason's chisel and hammer, the air is so still, and the quiet only now and then broken by the quack of some happy ducks wading in a pond full of water-lilies.

'Moy, that farm house is ever so much too near,' said Mr. Gilmartin. 'It would be glorious fun to plant a cannon here and demolish the old heap.'

'Denis, how can you make such a horrid speech, even in fun?' said Moy, reproachfully.

'My dear love, of course I would have all our good people out first, and into a more comfortable house,' he returned.

'I know you would,' said Moy; 'but don't suggest it to them; it would grieve them, Denis, terribly. And what matter if the farm-house is too near? Those trees you planted will soon grow up, and I like to hear the ducks quack.'

'Oh, if you like it, dear, it's all right,' he answered gayly. 'And it the old saying is true about 'birds of a feather,' it's no wonder the ducks come near you.'

'Now, Denis,' she said, laughing, 'that is a questionable sort of compliment, as you say I am so fond of doctoring the farmers' children. But won't it be nice this afternoon to have Maurice and Catherine here?'

'It will indeed, dearest. Davoren is full of rejoicing over this measure just passed. They may think it a small affair in England, but it involves a good many interests here; and Davoren may well have a few days' holiday, for he has worked hard, and this triumph is one 'oasis in the desert' for the Home Rule members.'

'Ah, the tide will turn,' said Moy, 'It's always darkest before the dawn.'

'I ought to own the truth of that good old saying,' replied Mr. Gilmartin. 'I shall never forget that day at the inn before Miss Wentworth's note came up to me.'

'Hush, dear!' whispered Moy; 'don't talk of that dreadful day; it's the only cloud in my life now—to think of Miss Wentworth, alone in the world, her mother dead, her brother married—it's dreadful to me.'

'My dear love, you must not be miserable about her,' said Mr. Gilmartin; but he looked grave enough as he spoke. 'I know that as long as Alice is helping others she is happy. She has the house in Eaton Square for her life, whether she marries or not; and from thence she goes out to her poor people, and does them good every day of her life; and to her house the scientific, the artistic, and the literary, as well as the fashionable, are all only too glad to be invited. Did she look unhappy when we saw her?'

'No,' said Moy, slowly, 'not exactly unhappy; but then she was a little excited, perhaps, at seeing us, and talked more than usual.'

'I don't think Alice could get excited about anything,' said Mr. Gilmartin.

Lady Catherine had, by promise, kept her cousin acquainted with the Gilmartins' whereabouts. The consequence was that as soon as they had returned to London from the south of France they found an invitation from Miss Wentworth waiting for them.

'Well, Moy,' Mr. Gilmartin went on, 'turning from the subject that, notwithstanding all he said to reassure his wife, did give him many a pang, for he felt that he had entered lightly into his engagement with Miss Wentworth, when he was so utterly miserable and out of humor with life that he did not much care what might be his next step—Moy lost to him forever! the world so dark that Miss Wentworth's affection had seemed the only ray of happiness left; but he knew now that he had erred in offering her the wreck of a heart, and he bitterly reproached himself. Turning from the subject with a deep sigh, he said: 'I was thinking only to day that as I am not in Parliament, and not likely to be till there is a general election, still I might do something to show my real interest in the dear old land, and (but of course this is a secondary thought) please you.'

'No one now doubts your interest in the land,' said Moy, smiling at the conclusion of his remarks; 'but what were you thinking of doing?'

'Of offering a prize at the school in Ballyvorna and other places about here for a short essay or poem in Irish. It would be a spur to the young people in the study of their own language.'

'Oh, it's a beautiful idea!' said Moy, in great delight. 'And you will give the subject yourself? Some heroic or magnanimous event in our own history.'

'I might give them that splendid incident about Brien's favorite troops, when they were stopped on their return from the battle of Clontarf, and he had to fight the Prince of Ossory. You remember what I allude to?—when the wounded men asked that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. Between seven and eight hundred of them were each tied to and supported by a stake, and placed in the ranks beside a sound comrade.'

'Oh, that was heroic!' said Moy. 'But'—then she hesitated for a moment—'just now don't you think there is another incident might do more good? I mean where Daniel Radh, in 1282 came suddenly among the O'Brien clan and so pathetically appealed to this country-men to make up their quarrels and wait with patience till they could all get a victory over the common enemy. Of course it's a different kind of story, and [illegible] can bring to mind [illegible]

"When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's bar."

Mr. Gilmartin [illegible] with a flash of sympathetic admiration, as he replied:

'Give me chapter and verse, Moy, and I will set to work at once. What you have suggested will do capitally. Perhaps we may get up an Irish meeting year by year, at which all classes may unite—no matter what their creed—in the one wish to revive and preserve the ancient language of Ireland, and cultivate brotherly love.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Lime-kiln Club.

'At a late meetin' of dis club,' said Brother Gardiner as he arose with solemn countenance, 'we disposed of some resolushuns on the death of Kurnel Cabiff. It now becomes my duty to announce dat we hev met up wid another loss. Another kurnel has been called away, reducin our list of kurnels to about fifteen. As most of yo' am aware, Kurnel Kyann Johnson departed dis life las' Tuesday arter a sickness which only scattered itself through two short weeks. I know it am usual in sich cases fur somebody to observe dat de late deceased was a great an good man, possessed of about all de varchews of mankind, but I cannot consistently foller de rule. In the fust place, as yo' all am awar', I doan' believe in eulogies, and in de nex', it neber did help a dead man any fur de libin to stand up and lie about him.

'Kurnel Johnson was jes' an aiverage man—no mo' and no less. My fust meetin' wid him was under rather embarrassin sarcumstances. One night at midnight I heerd my Leghorn chickens makin' a great fuss, an I riz up and went out to de coop to investigate. De kurnel was in de coop an had already lifted two fat pullets off de roost. I lit onto him and hammered him for half an hour an he den explained dat he was walkin in his sleep. I could stan up yere and say dat de kurnel was an honest man, but I shan't do it. He was as honest as de aiverage, an dat's praise nuf.

'It am usual to observe in sich cases as dis dat de departed was possessed of qualities which endeared him to a large circle of frien's. I cannot say dat fur de kurnel. He had some of de meanest streaks in him of any man I eber met up wid, an on as many as fo' different occashuns I hev had to take him by de neck and temporarily improve his manners. If I was called upon to sw'ar to it I should say he had twenty faults to one varchew. His circle of frien's wasn't much bigger'n de head of a bar'l, an it was growin smaller all de time. I has actually knowed de kurnel to take out a plug of tobacker in de presence of twenty-two men, bite off a large hunk an calmly replace it in his pocket without skippin a cog!

'I reckon some of yo' expect to h'ar me say dat de kurnel was a kind father an a lovin husband, but I shan't do it. He was about de aiverage. He'd lose three dollars shootin craps when his wife was shoeless, and he'd put up two dollars on a hoss race when his chilren hungered for taters. It was hisself fust an de fust'ly next. I hev happened into his cabin when he peared to be a lovin husband, an I has happened in when he was licking his ole woman wid a strap. Sometimes he would surprise de chillen wid popco'n candy an sometimes wid such a spankin dat de police would git arter him.

'I haven't said dat de world was better for the kurnel bevin lived in it for forty-eight years, seben months and fourteen days, nor shall I. It wasn't. If he had bin bo'n a rabbit or a mewl, or if he hadn't bin bo'n at all, it wouldn't hev made a cent's wuth of difference to de world. Like de aiverage man, he arrove, he sloshed round an he went hence, an nobody on de next block concerned deselves about his livin or dyin. Our loss am not oben his gain—nor as any one knows of. About de only phrase I can wring in on him is dat we shall miss him. We shall miss him bekase he was allus trying to borrow money; allus behind in his dues; allus kickin an complainin and gittin up disputes about Dan'l in de lion's den. He died owin de grocer, butcher, landlord an about ebery member of dis club an de fam'ly didn't hev a shillin in de house. It am jes hard needless to add dat his wife selected a ninety dollar casket an had twenty-five bucks in de funeral purcesshun, an she looks to dis club to put up a hundred dollar monument.

'We shall display de usual emblems of mournin fur de kurnel. We shall set aside a page to his memory. We shall remember ebery good deed he ever dun an try our level best to forgit dat he had a single fault. We owe dat to de dead, and it's mighty seldom we owe any mo.' When it comes my turn to go I only ask of his club dat it puts de words on my tombstone. 'He was aiverage.' De world will understand de rest."

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