

indignation mantled upon his cheeks; and the tears rose to his eyes, as he muttered:

"I didn't mean to offend you, sir; I hope you'll overlook any hasty word I said."

"Well, well, I'm glad to see you repent; I'll consider it."

The young man turned and muttered:

"Oh, my God, how we are scourged!"

"Brethren, the Scripture tells us that, 'if the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch'; now, ye are in the blindness of sin, and quacks, that are as blind as yourself, pretend to lead ye. 'They are glad when they have done evil,' sayeth the proverb; so with your priests, they sow the seed of iniquity in men's hearts, that they might empty their pockets, but the Scripture says, 'evil doers shall be cut off.' Our Saviour called each servant to account for the talents entrusted to his care. Now, what could your priests say, they are living in idleness."

"Oh, oh!" murmured the people.

"Hould your tongue, you schamin villain, shouted some man from behind."

"Shut your thrap!"

"Go, preach to Miss Ellis, behind the ould chap's back," said another.

"Faith, he's practising bether than he's preaching, there," said another.

"Who could blame the starved devil," said a little thin fellow, almost without a rag upon him.

Mr. Sly looked horrified.

Miss Ellis wondered what it all meant, and asked Mr. Sly to come into the gig, and drive away.

"No, Miss Ellis; I have a duty to perform, and I will," said he, heroically.

"I tell every one of ye," said Mr. Pembert, "if I hear another word from ye, I'll stop the work and send ye home, so take your choicé."

"Shure he's abusing the priests, that always sthuck to us."

"Take your choice now—go on, Mr. Sly."

"Ye all know that your priests will not do anything without payment. It is with them as if I were travelling, and lost my way, and fell into a deep pit; I chance to catch some branches on the edge, and cling to them; a man is passing; I call to him, for the love of God to pull me up; he asks me, 'Have you a half-crown?' 'No.' 'Oh, well go down, I can't help you.' So your priests will let you go where you like, if you haven't the money. Again, they tell ye that no one will get to heaven but Catholics, as if Christ did not shed his saving blood for all Christians. Now, let us take a parable, when, say Mr. Ellis dies, he will go to the gates of heaven; Saint Peter will ask, 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Ellis, sir.' 'What kind of life did you lead?' 'A good, charitable life; gave every man his due, and wronged no man.'"

Here there was a general titter at the picture he drew of Mr. Ellis's life.

"Faith," muttered one, "I think he'll scarcely see the gates at all."

"Nabocklish," said another, "if he do Saint Peter will be ashleep."

"Well, the Saint will say, 'all very good, but now, what was your religion?' 'I was a Protestant, sir.' 'Oh, ha; if so, you must leave this,' and he shoves him down to hell."

"Faith, in troth, true enuff for you, it's there he'll go."

"Aye, and into the warmest corner, too."

"Shure, he'll have company; they say the best of quality are there."

These and similar expressions were muttered.

"Well, take the other side; some ruffian dies, whose hands are red with the blood of his fellow-creature." Saint Peter asks him, 'How did you live?' 'Only middling, thank your riverence.' 'I want to know, what kind of a life did you lead?' 'No' great things of 'one, for, the devil take me, if—' 'Don't be cursing.' 'If I was not a making, drunken fellow.' 'Bad enough, but what's your religion?' 'Arrah, faith, in troth shure I'm a Catholic, and every mother's soul that ever came before and after me; and, more betoken, my—' 'Hush, hush, that will do, come in, the joys of heaven await you.' You see the bigotry and 'narrow-mindedness' of your priests; they would consign the good Christian to hell, because he differed with them in religion, whilst they would send the murderer to heaven. Again, they will not allow you to read the Bible, lest your eyes would be opened; the Scripture says: 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked.' We will give you the Bible, the word of God, and point out to ye the way of life. We are the light."

"Yes, a new light."

"Aye, and a d—n dark one, too."

"A light that will quench in darkness."

"It would be no harm to cut your wick," muttered the crowd.

"Again, your priests tell you to pray to images, and to worship the saints. You pray to the mother of God, as if she were a God, while she is merely a creature like yourselves. God is all grace, with Him is salvation; what need, then, is there of praying to a woman? she has no influence; she—"

"Sthop," said an intelligent old schoolmaster, who was a gänger on the works, and who prided himself upon his knowledge of the Scriptures; he had committed them to memory, and was looked upon by the peasantry as a second Father Maguire. "Sthop, don't we say, 'Hail Mary, full of grace; the Lord is with thee—'?"

"Yes," said the schoolmaster.

"Then the Lord is with her; we only ask her intercession with the Lord."

"Rank heresy, my man."

"Why was she asked to intercede with him at the wedding of Cana and Gallilee?"