

letter appeared on November 18th answering the champions of the Board and giving particular attention to Inspector Kidd and Mr. D. H. Marshall, a professor in Queen's University. It was the Dr. Cleary brought into the light of day Principal Grant's high boots, "Tros Tyrusque," Ontario by this time was ringing with the strife; but now that it is all past and gone there are none more ready than Dr. Cleary's opponents of that day to acknowledge his prowess and valor in the conflict. Of a verity he scouted his enemies and moved even the most indifferent Catholics to enthusiasm for his noble defence of divine faith. The assault which he led upon The Mail newspaper was more than an incident in one of the pauses of the main conflict. The time is not yet ripe for revealing the true inwardness of the general assault; but when the history of the time comes to be treated by some well-informed writer it may appear that all these things were very closely associated with the unseen politics of the hour. At all events Dr. Cleary stood like a bold rock in the centre of a torrent, and he had not been moved an inch from his ground when the shock of battle had subsided. The least worthy incident in connection with the whole affair was the falsification by the press in November of the address at Napanee on the dangers of co-education of the sexes in the public schools. As a result of this incident every journal in Ontario represented Dr. Cleary as uttering offensive imputations against the young women of Canada. But he was not a man to rest tamely under an imputation any more than he was to finish in face of a whole battalion of opponents. From Brockville, on the 19th Nov., he sent out a telegraphic message claiming "as an absolute right" a denial of the "foul calumny concocted by desperate men." On the following Sunday he publicly referred to the matter again at the opening of the hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, Brockville. He said he had great cause of complaint against those who unwarrantably ascribed such odious imputations against him and wrote three editorials denouncing him "without any warrant except a nameless communication written in a manifestly hostile spirit." He added that his action in defence of the little Catholic children whom the Public School Board of Kingston had sought to stigmatize before the world by branding them as "expelled" pupils, although uncondemned of any crime and unaccused, was nothing more than the fulfilment of his obvious duty as the children's pastor. The subsequent withdrawal of all the children of Catholic parents and of some Protestant fathers living in the public schools of Kingston was the result of the Board's cruel proceeding. "It is to avenge this upon the Bishop," he said, "that the anonymous libel was concocted two days after he had announced this result in a pastoral letter to his congregation." On Thursday following Bishop Cleary celebrated the sevenieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration and received an address from the clergy. In replying he announced his intention of visiting Rome and spoke a last word upon this subject. Addressing his priests he said: "Bay especially to the young females who have come out of the public schools that their Bishop does not believe that they or their school companions of the Protestant faith, or the female youth of Canada in general, are either 'immoral' or 'immoral.' Assure them that if the Bishop of Kingston should ever hear such an accusation made in any public assembly in Canada or elsewhere, he is prepared to send up and indignantly repel it and offer the testimony of his seven years' experience of Canadian life and his fullness of belief that the imputation is unwarranted and untrue."

The Bishop had visited Rome in 1883 to give his regular official relation of the state of the diocese. At that time he remained till March 1884 being accompanied by his dear friend and secretary, Fr. Thomas Kelly. During that visit to Rome he lived with the Augustinians and was in constant daily communication with Mgr. Martinelli, the present Apostolic Delegate to the United States. Mgr. Martinelli, it should be observed, was present at his consecration. Furthermore, more than two years before Mgr. Martinelli was appointed Apostolic Delegate he visited Kingston and spent some time with the Bishop. On his way back from Rome in 1884 Dr. Cleary went to Ireland, arriving in March and remaining until June. During that interval his only sister, Mrs. Lylestone, of Limerick died. Upon his visit to Rome in 1887 he was accompanied by Vicar-General Gauthier. Reference has already been made to Dr. Cleary's great love for Ireland and his intimate knowledge of her social and political condition. He made several collections for the national cause in the diocese of Kingston and at home towards Mrs. Gladstone's Home Bill of 1880 was introduced by the House of Commons. He made a great speech upon the Home Rule question. When Mrs. Gladstone delivered his great speech in the House of Commons on April 8th his like of arguments corresponded both in material and order of arrangement with Dr. Cleary's speech that had attracted such general notice in Canada. Another of his famous speeches was delivered before the I. O. B. U. in conversation with a representative of

The Register Mr. Alderman Bohan, of Kingston, recalled this speech. Mr. Bohan said: "It seems but a short time ago since the international convention of the Irish Catholic Bishops Union was held in this city, on which occasion the Catholic societies turned out to receive their brother from the United States. One of those occasions Dr. Cleary delivered one of the finest and most patriotic addresses that it has ever been my pleasure to listen to. So pleased indeed were the visitors with him on that occasion that on their return home a large society was formed in Philadelphia and was named The Archbishop Cleary Society. Another incident may be mentioned in connection with the respect in which he was held in the United States. He was visiting in Baltimore when the great synod was in session. Being a Bishop out of the jurisdiction he had no right to sit in a public session of the synod. Nevertheless the American bishops were very glad to have him there and he was frequently referred to upon important matters.

**SUBLINE LETTERS.**  
**THE PASTORALS FROM THE PEN OF DR. CLEARY.**

The series of Pastoral Letters written by Dr. Cleary during the past seventeen years must be regarded as most lucid, thorough and admirable instructions to the clergy. The first letter, in the form of a grateful notice to God and the priests and people of Kingston written after the splendid demonstration of loyalty and welcome to him upon his arrival in Kingston has been incorporated in this article almost in its entirety. The first letter, dated the 15th of August 1881 he addressed two circular letters to the clergy. One was upon the great blessings of the jubilee which recommended the House of Providence, Kingston, for the benefit of the jubilee alms. The other drew attention to the subject of the diocesan debt. This letter mentioned how Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Dr. Cleary's predecessor, had labored, travelling from parish to parish and might be said to have sacrificed his life in the attempt to lighten his diocese from this mighty evil. Dr. Cleary then promised to effectually prevent any further accumulation of debt, by referring to the people through their pastors every religious necessity requiring their help according to their means, and rendering to the diocese generally and to each parish at the end of every year an audited account of the money received and its disbursement. A magnificent letter is the one published in 1882, the "Law of Lent." One of the passages in this letter that warmed every Irish Catholic heart in Canada more even thoroughly than before. Towards Dr. Cleary was in the following words: "The Lenten season is a season of purification of soul and enthusiasm of devotion towards the Irish race, we grant a plenary indulgence, by virtue of the Apostolic Indult to all who, having confessed their sins with contrition of heart and according to the sacrament of penance, on Friday the 17th of March. It would be idle to do more than mention the title of the scholarly and exhaustive letter of Sept. 26, on The Church, the Bible and the Pope. This letter was written on the eve of the visit to Rome, and reports upon the condition of religion in the diocese. The Lenten pastoral of 1885 was a powerful denunciation of the evil of intemperance. The letter on the jubilee of 1887, in which the pastorals of the series, contains a patriotic prayer for Ireland that "Niobe of the Nations," "made a spectacle for the joys and taunts of the multitude that close around the conqueror's way, and a banner of triumph for the vanquished." A somewhat host of flatterers literary and political that sing the victor's praise for place and pay. "But," declared the great prelate, "there are two most annoying gifts of heaven of which Ireland has never been robbed. To know how his heart earned towards the devotion he had known in Ireland, we quote a few words from the pastoral of 1892 written with special reference to the more regular attendance at the morning mass. "It is not bedding" he wrote, "that so few of our people in this province of Ontario are accustomed to attend the daily mass. We can make due allowance for the severity of the weather in the winter months, but the delightful summer? To rise at seven o'clock on those bright mornings and walk to the church, hear mass devoutly and return home with God's blessing upon the soul and heart is health to both the soul and body of the Christian, the father, the mother, or the grown child." A letter written on the Feast of St. Agnes, 1893, on the collection of Peter's Pence embraced in the writer's pastoral. To know how the Italian kingdom. In February 1895 the last of the "No Popery" campaigns in Ontario had been found and the fearless and uncompromising Archbishop could then lay aside the trenchant pen which he had so long wielded in battle for Catholic education and religious equality. Those events are a fresh in the public mind, and the subject so intimately touches the public interest as to be somewhat out of place in this sketch to enlarge upon this gloriously militant period in the Archbishop's career. Still an allusion must be made

in a general way to the provincial campaign of 1893 as well as to Mr. Moreland's previous appeals to the electorate upon the school question. The letter of the late pastor, of 1895, the contents of which showed that the Archbishop had no wish to retire from the long and severe strain of battle. He was standing on high ground and took in the plan of campaign. "We will it incumbent on us," he wrote "to correct a false and obviously malicious statement that has been frequently handled about by unscrupulous politicians on all the platforms of the province, and by their unscrupulous journals during the three 'no-Popery' campaigns through which by God's special help, we have most successfully passed in the last decade of years. We emphatically contradict any insinuation that we wholly and absolutely untrue that any public money is granted, or has been granted, to our religious sisters of any order by the Government of this Province or any other. They who went on to advocate the making of a 'miserably small' grant, usually to the indigent poor whether Catholic or Protestant who have no friends to take care of them in the days of their helplessness. Continuing this reference, he described the justice done by the Catholic Archdiocese of Kingston by the Municipal Council, by inequality in the distribution of the public money applied to the support of the poor.

When Dr. Cleary came to Kingston the first address the people presented to him before entering the two weeks in the diocese (1) the incomplete condition of the cathedral and (2) the silent halls of Regis College. Two of his latest letters bear testimony to his success in handling the Regis problem, whilst his address on November 18th, in the presence of the cathedral and the Regis College, is a guarantee and proof of his earnest solicitude for the usefulness of this ancient house of education, which he happily restored. He wrote one letter in August 1900 on the Revival of Regis College, and another in November, a general collection in aid of Regis College. It is only necessary to mention his last powerful and most convincing letter on the Sacrament of Matrimony.

**CATHOLIC MONUMENTS**  
**LEFT BY DR. CLEARY ARE TO-DAY THE PRIDE OF KINGSTON.**

In accordance with the terms of the earliest request made to him by the people of Kingston to look to hand the work of completing St. Mary's Cathedral. While he was in Dunganvar, he commenced a scheme of window decoration, depicting the whole range of sacred history in stained glass; but he was called away before it was completed. He did complete this same plan on the windows of St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston. He had the finest church tower in Ontario reared over his Cathedral, at a cost of \$100,000, and St. Mary's, as a result of his efforts, is the grandest piece of church architecture in Ontario. The Church of the Good Thief in Portmouth is another monument to his energy and generosity. The name at first started in the papers, was so successful in its progress, that it was the penitentiary; but the Archbishop changed that feeling into sympathy by a series of beautiful discourses on the subject of the Good Thief and the words "Thou shalt be with me in Paradise." By his efforts also new churches sprung up in Cushealden, Gananoque, Cornwall, Deseronto and other places. Upon being raised to the episcopate he did not neglect the chapel adjoining the cathedral and just now, in addition to the new chapel that graces the Hotel Dieu, there is going up a monastery for the nuns which will leave the main building entirely for hospital purposes. The bell in the tower of the Church of the Good Thief is his personal gift; but he personally and generously aided every building work he ever took in hand. The Hotel Dieu is almost entirely due to his generosity. Besides purchasing the fine bank buildings for Regis College he built the new ones of St. Vincent's Academy and St. Patrick's school. His individual generosity raised the Home of Providence, and he was personally engaged in building a chapel suitable to the institution. In short, he has stamped upon the face of the beautifully situated city of Kingston the noblest Christian Catholic characteristics.

**HIS PRIVATE CHARACTER.**  
**CHILDLIKE NOBILITY MARKED HIS RELATIONS WITH THOSE NEAR HIM.**

A final word as to the private character of the venerable prelate. Those who lived day by day under the same roof with him say that his was a childlike and unvarying simplicity of manner. He would always knock at the parsonage door and knock on the door of his priests, and he was one of the wisest men who relished "a little nonsense now and then." He would tell an amusing story to make the others laugh; but whenever he thought his presence was wanted he would withdraw and listen sadly to their laughter from his study. Sometimes he would return and ask that the joke be repeated and then he would know that the last year in his heart which he would not let go. Nobility was expressed in his every habit. Espionage of any kind he detested; and as his movements about the house were very gentle he always knocked before entering. He had an extraordinary facility for sneezing loudly; and one young priest he was not used to the noise said to the others—"after he had heard about half a dozen of those sneezes—How do you manage to stand the noise?" He would say, "I do not mind it more than you could say whether or not he was in the house." Such was the gentleness in private life of the prelate who was regarded by the non-Catholic as the holiest community and by the Catholic as the champion of Catholic doctrine and opinion living.

Without provision there would be no struggle, and without struggle no life; and as certain as that two seeds will make four. Battle means life, and behind it victory beckons you on.

**The A. O. H.**

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, is the name of an organization which is now rapidly rising in popular favor. It is by no means a new candidate for fame. We look in the files and almanacs it has a long habitation and a name in Toronto if not in various other parts of that which is now known as the Dominion of Canada; and it is no exaggeration to say that every movement intended to promote the social and political welfare of the Old Land found in that patriotic Association of Irishmen a powerful, an active, and intelligent auxiliary. Fortunately there are many Catholic organizations in Canada laboring in strict harmony with the teachings of our Holy Church whose benevolent deeds attest their value. Their plan of insurance, with its exceedingly moderate rates has in numerous instances placed the widow and the orphan beyond the reach of want; and in cases not few far between; have given to the latter the opportunities for securing that mental equipment so essential to success in the every day struggles of life. For those charitable and benevolent unions, the Ancient Order of Hibernians have nothing but feelings of sincerest kindness, but in these appeals for a wider recognition, they claim for themselves an unflinching desire to promote the interests of Catholicity, as well as a paramount will to promote and foster a love for the land from which they take their national origin; and to rehabilitate that spirit of Irish nationality which, unfortunately, is now on the wane in Canada.

The A. O. H. although not as widely distributed throughout Canada, as its most ardent friends would wish; or as its benevolent and patriotic aims would warrant, has, nevertheless, made large accessions to its membership during the past few years. It has taken root in the Ancient Capital, and from its surprising development, it has evidently come to stay; in Montreal it is recognized as one of the giant institutions of that great city, there being on its rolls at present, the names of more than a thousand of the best men of our own race. There are four flourishing divisions, with a fifth in process of organization; besides the selling in favor of extending still further its ramifications in growing strength as its beneficent aims are becoming better understood. Much of this great success is due to the unselfish labor and persistent efforts of Col. B. Feeny, and Mr. James McGinn, both well-known and patriotic residents of St. Gabriel's parish; also to that clever Irishman, the indefatigable secretary of No. 3, Mr. W. J. Rawley. Nor must I omit to bear my feeble testimony to the patriotic labors of that old veteran in the sacred cause of Irish brotherhood, Mr. Timothy O'Connor of the St. Andrew's market, of Messrs. Martin Brogan, E. Wall, John Kenney of the East End and Alexander D. Gallery, a gentleman who has been permitted to remark parenthetically, who has broken his way into the city council, having defeated at the last municipal contest a most popular man.

In both the towns of Cornwall and Brockville, I found the harvest of Irish patriotism ripe, the only thing required being the presence of a properly qualified organizer to garner it, in which case a flourishing division in each of those prosperous towns, would be an absolute certainty. In Gananoque our fellow countrymen have moved long ago, and now, in that hive of manufacturing industry, there is an enthusiastic division in full blast. The Ancient Hibernian visiting this pretty town on the St. Lawrence, will be sure of receiving always a hearty welcome to their interesting meetings.

In old Kingston also, a division has been organized as far back as May 18th 1869, and that it is both healthy and prosperous will be readily inferred from an examination of the following list of officers: M. J. Lynch, county delegate; P. F. Lawless, President; W. McDonald, 1st vice-president; W. L. Flanagan, recording-secretary; Alfred D. Murphy, financial secretary; W. J. Bryson, treasurer; Mr. J. Lawrence, sergeant-at-arms; John J. Waters, guard; St. H. James, marshal; Rev. Father O'Brien, chaplain. This flourishing society occupies splendidly furnished rooms on Brook St. in the building formerly used by the ladies of the Hotel Dieu, where, Ancient Hibernians, visiting the Limestone City, are always sure of a cordial welcome. I have myself been the recipient of courtesies from the officers, as well as from Mr. Joseph Lawlor, an enthusiastic member of the division for which I now beg to return thanks.

**An Ancient Hibernian.**  
**St. Mary's Orphanage, Hamilton.**

HAMILTON, Feb. 28.—The forty-fifth annual festival in aid of St. Mary's Orphan asylum was held in the Grand Opera house last evening and was as largely attended as former festivals. Bishop Dowling, Mgr. McEvay and the priests of the various churches occupied boxes, and the four political candidates were present most of the evening. Rev. Dr. Burns also sat with the bishop. A very interesting programme was presented.

Courtesy and etiquette are flowers; the one has its root in the heart, the other in the intellect.

**The Domain of Woman**  
.....TALKS BY "TERESA".....

**HOW AGREETTES ARE OBTAINED.**

The following is from "An Appeal to Womanhood" by Edith Roberts in the North American Review. I commend it to every mother and every woman with a woman's heart.

If every woman could realize that a hat trimmed with agreettes was ornamented at the expense of a little mother life, would she still wish their adornment? Agreettes are obtained in the breeding season, when the mother bird— anxious to protect her young—will not hover far from the nest, and thus is an easy mark for the sportsman. Then when the proud, happy mother is gone, killed in the moment of her terror, the cries of hungry baby birds are left for the echoes of the woods to soothe until death, at last, hushes them into stillness.

Women laugh in their thoughtlessness at sentiments akin to these, calling them the foolish exaggerations of one of nature's enthusiasts. They cannot see the necessity of giving without the wings and agreettes which make their headgear more stylish and becoming. "What are a few among many?" they say. "These ornaments are in the shops. We did not kill the birds."

Pardon me; you are as much a murderer, at least, as the hunter sent at your demands to bring those bird lives for sacrifice to the altar of your love for fashion. You will wear the evidence of a cruelty, and smile and be merry under the burden of your guilt.

What would nature do if the sunbirds of the world were not put to music in the trees? Think of a spring without the lo-calls of the birds! Can we get along without our songsters in the land? Then how can we stop their destruction? Only by women, in one great body and in the love of humanity, standing up for the right; lifting their voices in one mighty chorus of determination against this awful devastation of life and soul, this sacrifice of joyous existence to vain desire for ornament.

It seems as though nothing that could be said about this abominable and heartless fashion would do any good. For more years than I care to count, I have steadfastly refused to have an agreette in my hat, and I have known a lady when purchasing a bonnet that suited her, to insist upon having the agreettes removed. "But will you spoil the bonnet, madame," protested the milliner.

"Nonsense," was the reply. "There is no beauty in an ornament like that, it is out of place altogether. Put some flowers in its place." She had it done and the bonnet looked ten times better without its barbarous ornament.

If every woman would do the same, we should soon put a stop to the horrible cruelty that is being perpetrated in the name of fashion.

Overheard in a street car.  
"Why, Mamie?"  
"Why, Lizzie?"  
"Whoever would have thought of seeing you? Why I thought you were in Europe."

"Oh, that to come back in a hurry, because Uncle James was sick, and it only a false alarm after all; I am so wild. I did look forward to spending Easter in Rome; Mr. Chausable says it is so interesting, the dear Italians are so different, you know."

"Oh, that is too bad, and it's always so dull here in Lent. Noth' going on at all."  
The Brownsons are going to have a theatre party Friday night, quite a jolly you know,—but of course you're going?"

"Oh, I couldn't, really; dear Mr. Chausable is so very strict, especially in Lent. He said if his sermon last Sunday dealt with more than the varieties of the world, to save our souls you know, such a lovely sermon! And he is such a dear man, so like one of those Roman saints. He wore such a lovely surplice, too, it was his linen and trimmed with Valenciennes a quarter of a yard wide."

"Yes, they have some lovely lace at St. Ethelburga's; it makes me quite envious; but speaking of lace, what are you going to wear for Easter?"  
"Oh, I don't know anything quiet and subdued, I think; dear Mr. Chausable dislikes violent colours, and extravagant dresses. I did think of a dove coloured silk, trimmed with silver embroidery and lace; and a white Leghorn hat with white tulle chiffon and hills of the valley." "That would be sweet! Are you saving up for it?"

"Yes, I want everything to be in quite gloves, shoes, parasol and all, but dear Mr. Chausable says that if I try and dress myself as much as we can in Lent, so I only have a fifteen cent box of candies now, instead of a 25 cent one, and mamma is giving all the meat we don't use to the poor; I've given up meat altogether."

"You don't say! my, but you are brave!"  
"Yes, I never did care much for meat, mamma has to have chicken or white-bait, or plivers eggs for me, besides it's so nice to think one is helping the poor by one's self denial, don't you think so?"

"Yes, it must be nice, where are you going?"  
"I'm just going down to Madame Furbelow to look at some silks she's just received. By the way, what are you going to have for Easter?"  
"Papa has promised me a silk, and I think I'll have a velvet coat; they have some beautiful silk velvets at Galtens and Snip's, marked down from \$7.50 to

\$5.50 a yard, I'm going to get one now, will you come?" Can't, Madame always closes at four on Saturday and it's half past three now. I must see the silks; they will soon be snapped up, and I want the first choice."

"Selina Brownson told me she thought she would have a lavender poplin."  
"Silly thing it will make her look a perfect fright, lavender is such a trying color, and it will just kill her complexion."  
"Yes, I don't want to say anything against her, Mr. Chausable is so severe against backbiting and detraction, and one ought to be as careful in Lent, but really, I think it would be a charity if somebody told her what an object she makes of herself; she really hasn't a bit of taste."

"I've heard that she paints."  
"But her face is so far as to say that, outright, but, do you know, I've often thought her color was rather too pronounced to be natural."  
"Anyway, I know 'he powder, because she sold me so herself, in confidence."

"Do you believe she is only twenty-five?"  
"Goodness, no! she's thirty if she's a day."

"Well, she really is a nice girl."  
"But her taste is execrable."  
"And her hair is just horrible."  
"Yes and she has a snub nose, but I wouldn't say a word against her, would you?"

"Never, dear, I think it's so mean to pull a friend to pieces behind her back, I never do it, dear Mr. Chausable has quite cured me."  
"Oh, then, that hateful Levinia Tomkinson getting into the car, I do dislike that girl."  
"So I, I spiteful little thing—why, Levinia, dear, how are you? Hero my street, I'll say good-bye; shall you be at evening-to-night Lizzie?"  
"Oh, yes, I never miss unless I am going anywhere."

"Then I'll see you there; good-bye, good-bye Levinia, darling."

It is reported that a large number of conversions have taken place during the missions recently held in Toronto. Many Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists have made their submission to the Church as a result of the powerful preaching of the learned missionaries.

At first sight it seems impossible that an adherent of the most famous societies could become a Catholic. The whole trend of their education and teaching is so diametrically opposed to the teaching of the Church, the human reason opposes such an apparently impenetrable barrier to the mystical and occult belief, that, were it not for a miracle of grace, it never could be overcome.

Protestants will seldom understand this, we must give up our reason to a certain extent, and be ready to receive truth like a little child. If we would really know and recognize it.

The command to become as little children is not understood in these days. The mind of a little child is an example of the purest and most unquenchable faith. It believes, because of the reverence of his heart, and because it does not think they would deceive it, it believes them to be good and wise, and much better than itself.

But we older people, how do we behave when asked to believe anything on Divine authority? We argue terribly afraid of being deceived, we are made to believe a lie; that we must weigh consider, and search and examine, and put the wonders of the Divine Intelligence under the infinitesimal microscope of our human intellect, and after dissecting and comparing, come to trust in the cross or the other, because we cannot understand it, or we do not think it can be true, or something.

Would a father deceive his children? Would the Eternal Truth deceive and reject those who strip themselves of everything and come in trust to receive the Word? Never. Sooner would the stars fall, and the sun go out and leave the earth in darkness.

Sooner or later every earnest soul that is really seeking Truth shall find it, not in the vain speculations of heathen philosophy, nor in the materialistic doctrines of man-made sects, nor in the thousand and one meteor lights that are such a dear man, so like one of those Roman saints. He wore such a lovely surplice, too, it was his linen and trimmed with Valenciennes a quarter of a yard wide."

**The Celtic Mother's Lullaby.**  
Alanna ban shee, my Heaven-looked child  
Lena ban shee sleep, my white-limb child!  
Ever your red lips are upon me to say  
The mo cullas, na dhúsa mo!  
Out on the moorland its lonely night  
Pale brims the face of the lantern light  
The sough of the wind ere gulls  
I hear:  
Spirits of God guard well my dear,  
From charms of evil shield him well  
The demons of night and the fairy spell  
When daisiedance in the dawnling light,  
My joy will wake with the dewdrops  
bright.  
Macabha stor! Oh safely sleep  
(Like banahoe singing the night blasts  
sweep)  
Your sweet lips kissing, they seem, to  
The mo cullas na dhúsa mo.  
—By Rev. J. B. DOLLARD (SHEW NA MON),  
in the Catholic World Magazine.

\* "It is an ailment, do not awaken me" I should gulls—Lil. "The Fairy-wind."