

said Malone as he reined up. "Will he be able to carry on, d'ye think?"

But he got no answer, for the horse presently shivered a bit, shook himself, plunged forward on his head and side, and took all Maher's quickness to get his feet out of the stirrups before he fell, and save himself from being crushed.

The cheers and ribald shouts of their pursuers were plain enough now—plain almost as if beside.

"If I were never to see the setting sun again, I'll put a kink in their saddle, and slinging his gun, got it ready. "Don't mind that horse, Mick, don't bother yourself about him, he'll never travel a foot again. Got your gun."

It was fortunate the horse was a trooper's horse and could stand fire, for both rested their muskets on his back, took steady aim at the yelling pursuers behind, who were in no hurry now knowing their prey was certain, and fired.

They were both good shots. Much firing at horses and wild fowl in these same regions in the more peaceful days had made them so. When the smoke lifted they found that their pursuers had something else to occupy themselves with than yelling forth ribald insults. They were in a state of confusion, and their horses were rearing and trembling.

"There! that will delay 'em a time," Malone said, slinging up his gun again and leaping into the saddle. "Now, Mick, jump up behind me. Why—eh? What the devil are you doing?"

"Well! Saint Aidan help us! Of all the loonies I ever saw! Jump up, will you—while there's time!"

The words came in a wildly desperate wail—hot with indignation and wrath.

Mick Maher did as he was told.

"We'll never make it, George," he said. "We'll never make Glenmalur. This horse is tired, an' 't's too much."

"He wouldn't be much the better for having your saddle on him," said Malone angrily. "Anyhow, we can only do the best we can. 'T's all in the hands of God! How dreadful dark it's growing!"

Two were too much on him, as Mick Maher had said. That was evident from the labored way in which the horse strove to get along. That was quite evident. All the more evident when, gazing through a narrow cleft, he staggered visibly against the cleft side rock, scraping the rider's shins.

George Malone felt Maher's fingers, holding on to him, go in through his ribs at this.

"Never mind," he said, in reply to this unintended remark. "It's all right. The best horse in the world might do that. Did you bring the cartridges?"

"No," said Maher with a choke.

"No, neither under the saddleskirts. I never thought of them. Why did you hurry me?"

This seemed to be the last straw for Malone.

"Ah—oh my!" he said glibly. "Yes, I know. I forgot all about the cartridges. Never once thought of 'em, no more than yourself. Oh, my! Do you know what we'll do, Mick?"

"What?"

"We'll make for Darrycorrig. It's all we can do. We'll get shelter there a bit."

"But what's the good of that?" broke in Maher, with something like a sob. "They can shoot us from the banks, like hares in a trap."

"It's the only thing to be done. It's better than hiding in the boulders here, where they could stalk us at their ease like deer. Isn't it growing frightfully dark?"

It was indeed growing frightfully dark, as their horse, under its double weight, stumbled along. One would think old Carn Tual was putting on mourning for them—as indeed well he might. Men could not be much more dead than they were in that gloom. They had some six miles to go, perhaps eight, to reach Glenmalur. They might as well try to make their horse fly to the moon! They might, by a miracle, reach that. It was not much; but, at Malone had said, it was the only thing to be done.

Darrycorrig was a narrow ravine—something like what the calli caun in Arizona—a about a mile long. In the long foretime, when Wicklow was tossed and rent and torn by convulsions of nature, before the form of man had been seen on this round globe, it had been made. Just as the scalp had been rent asunder—just as the severance where the Avoca runs through at Cronbane had been made—just in a similar manner had nature made this great rent. It was not more than twice the length of a horse's leap in width, but it was very deep. Its sides were studded with protruding rocks, out cropping in places straggling with bushes. Otherwise its walls were steep as the side-walls of a house. And below, in the bed of the ravine, ran a tiny brook—tiny now in the summer, but roaring wild in the winter, when Carn Tual caught the rains and the snow melted on its tall summit and sides. To its shelter they turned their horse's head.

Pounding down the rocky ways, floundering across the spaces of shaggy heath, laboring heavy and with dead lifeless strides, their steed finally reached its edge, about centreways in its length. They did not expect it would do so much. But he did, and whipping off the winkers, they turned him loose and crept over the edge of the precipice, just as the yelling and shouts of their pursuers came on their

ears from behind the boulders, not three hundred yards away.

It was not much of a shelter, when there.

Each bank commanded a complete view of the opposite side, and if the soldiers went to the far bank they could pot them at their leisure—riddle them with holes, like a cullender while they were helpless to reply; or they could come down the canon from either end, or both ends, and capture them. From the near side, the projecting stone under which they crouched protected them in a degree. The darkness, or cloud, or whatever it was—so very unusual of a summer's day—protected them also. But it was a poor shelter, and a dismal business at the best, and Death was spreading his wings very close to them. They could feel his icy, shivering breath on their faces.

The second plan was that adopted by the soldiers, perhaps in ignorance of the ground—perhaps because they wanted to take them alive to wreak more tortures on them. The Ancient Britons were a nice lot, and if anything, the Hessians were worse.

One party rode up and, dismounting at the Carn Tual side, entered the gorge; the other went to the lower end and entered there. They were caught as a hare between two nets, or a salmon in the weir.

"I knew we'd be caught here," Mick Maher said. "We're just like rabbits in a ditch, with the ferrets tracking 'em up."

"We have done the best we could," God help us! An' that's not much.

"Well, crying will make it no better. Say a prayer or two and I'll share my cartridges with you. We'll make a last fight for it, anyhow," Malone said.

"It's so dark I can hardly see your hand," said Mick, after a minute or so as he reached out for the cartridges.

"What's amiss with the day at all, at all?"

"I'm blest if I know," said Malone, as mortal fear for the first time grew over him. "God bless us! It's like a day that would be going to thunder, and yet it don't."

"I never saw a thunderstorm come like this, whatever it means," observed Mick.

They were quite right in saying so, for the blackness was not that of a thunderstorm. A blanket of heavy clouds had covered the face of the sky, obscuring it completely—the result of a long spell of very hot weather. It was not that blanket so much that made the intense gloom. Over the sea made the intense gloom. Over the sea made the intense gloom. Over the sea made the intense gloom.

And forthwith rose up from the sea another, comeshaped, to meet it—forming a waterspout. And this went whirling, revolving landwards. The two fugitives saw not all this. But they could see the top of the enormous cloud, and they could see the intense blackness of the day.

"Listen! Eh! What's that?" as a dull, subdued, sullen roar burst on their ears. "Was that a volley fired?"

"No," Malone answered. "Too dull to be firearms. I think it must be thunder."

"It isn't thunder, whatever it is," Maher said.

And presently, the sky cleared and the summer day shone out, revealing all things plainly.

"We had a better chance while it was dark," Maher said again. "Give me the cartridges. We ought to stay a bit apart. I'll fire at those coming up—you at those coming down."

"The very thing, Mick. God send they don't go to the other bank facing us. There's no hope then. But, eh? See here! What is up? The stock of my gun's all wet."

They had been hiding very near the bottom of the canon, and the barrel of Malone's gun was between his knees.

"In the name of God! Look! The stream's rising!"

It was, indeed, rising—fast, too. Rising by the half-foot per second—so very fast that there was nothing for it but to climb up by bush and rock as quick as they could. Even so the rising stream caught them, and their feet and boots got wet.

They lifted themselves swiftly to near the brim.

"Oh! glory be to the high name of God! Mick Maher—as he flung the other's arms with fingers that seemed grown into steel—" There! See there. Was ever anything like that!"

Not often, indeed. A quarter of a mile higher up a living green wall came swooping along, roaring with a mighty rush. It was high as a two-story house, and its front was perpendicular as a cloven cheese. It carried rocks, shrubs, trees—everything—before it and with it. Grasping one another with a fear to which their former fear was as nothing, they watched it come. It did not take long to come and sweep by, but that passing, though instantaneous, seemed a generation in time.

"Father in Heaven!" Did you see that?" whispered Malone, in awestruck tones.

"I did! I saw it—saw them," said Maher, while his form shivered and shook, and his face had grown the color of the newly dead.

In that momentary rush by, they had seen men's forms sweep by on its surface like straws. They had time to take the swift glance to note the faces of the red-coated men, and to see the terrible look of unspokeable dread that was on them—a dread that there are no words given to any language to describe. The look that Dante tells us comes into the eyes of those sinners who see Death before them—and Hell after.

The two men, unspokeable, stood

there for full half an hour, watching that stormy rush of raging water. It struck like one solid mass and fell as swiftly as it rose.

The apparition was afterwards simply explained. The whirling waterspout, coming inwards, had struck Carn Tual and at once dissolved—fell in one mass. It had poured down the mountain sides and open to it—through the ravine or canon of Darrycorrig; thence down the Carraway Stick, into the valley of Glenmalur, whence it rushed, doing immense mischief, back to its home again in the sea.

There were less thankful men in Ireland that day, and a good many less than George Malone and Mick Maher, as they emerged on to the solid bank and looked around them on the smiling summer noon.

There was but one soldier left, he who had care of the picketed horses, and him they had little difficulty in securing. The troop of horses they lead with them over the uplands and down into the valley. Then turning their faces westward, from the direction which the rushing waters had taken, they came to the end of Glenmalur and deflected northwards.

The summer eve was falling, and a peaceful haze setting in over the Avonmore, at the time they stood in the shadow of Derrybawn, and handed Michael Dwyer the letter with the welcome news of Ballyellis.—The Southern Cross.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Father Coleman's Recent Agitation Discussed.

Rev. J. F. X. Coleman, of St. John's parish, Frederick, Md., created some-thing like a sensation recently by announcing that he was about to take practical steps in his congregation. He proposed to increase the number of marriages in his parish, and he proposed to do so by the means of a matrimonial bureau.

At the various interviews suggested by conditions in Frederick are little different from those in other parts of the country, and the same causes which lower the marriage rate there apply, with equal force, elsewhere.

The Baltimore Sun devotes a lengthy editorial to the subject, summing up the facts gleaned by its interviewer.

"Father Coleman," says the Sun, "believes in the Biblical declaration that it is not good for man to be alone, and has noted with regret that the marriage rate in St. John's parish is far below the normal. As stated in the interview with him in the Sun, there are about 1500 persons connected with St. John's Catholic church in Frederick, of whom from 800 to 1000 are adults. In a congregation of this size, he holds 'there ought to be a couple of dozen marriages every year. Up to about ten years ago there was an average of about eighteen marriages a year. Now there are not more than four or five, if that many.' One reason for the small number of marriages in his parish, Father Coleman thinks, 'is the lack of social intercourse among the young people,' and some of his remedial plans will centre themselves about ways and means of bringing about more social life." Another reason, he concedes, may be found in the

EXCESS OF WOMEN OVER MEN

in the parish, caused by the departure of many young men to other sections and cities in search of employment. The general industrial conditions may also have something to do with this lamentable decline in the matrimonial market, he admits, but he adds: 'Down at the bottom of it all lies the generally prevalent tendency towards luxurious living. Girls are not satisfied with stamper styles of living. Instead of that, they look forward to having homes furnished extravagantly and elegantly. And the men know they are unable to provide the luxuries that are expected.'

"Whether the same state of affairs prevails in the other churches in Frederick, Father Coleman does not know, but it seems probable that what is true of one parish is, in the same community, true of others in the case. Father Coleman's efforts should be seconded by the pastors of other churches, until matrimony has once more become as popular in Frederick as it should be. No doubt the causes assigned by Father Coleman all have something to do with the falling off in the number of marriages in that community. Whether the girls themselves are principally at fault, as Father Coleman says, and as is alleged by a male member of his congregation, who discreetly withholds his name, we do not undertake to affirm, but the indictment which they both bring against the ladies of Frederick is one which is not confined to that city. Father Coleman says that 'girls are not satisfied with the stamper style of living,' and that the men, 'knowing they are unable to provide the luxuries expected,' think it better not to take up

BURDENS TOO HEAVY FOR THEM.

"The anonymous witness referred to above says pretty much the same thing. The reason the Frederick young men are shy of matrimony, he says, is because these young men know something about the homes these girls live in. They know about the girls they lead—'the majority of these girls haven't a care in the world. They don't know what it is not to get and buy and have anything they want. The young men know all these things—the majority of them are young clerks or professional men—they know they can't give the girls what they

THE CASE OF NESTORIUS.

The agitation of the period, as is well known, arose out of the heretical teaching of Nestorius, Archbishop of Constantinople, who attributed to our divine Lord a human personality, thereby denying the substantial union between the two natures, thus aiming a deathblow at the doctrine of the Incarnation. St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, a man of commanding disposition, great intellectual power and immense zeal, was the champion of orthodoxy who confronted Nestorius and sought by every means in his power to bring the arch heretic to a better mind. But failing in this, the opportunity was offered of illustrating to all future time the great fact that the Pope, as at that time looked upon and treated as the infallible teacher and final court of appeal in the Church. Cyril appealed to Celestine, the reigning pontiff, laid the whole case before him, and asked for his solemn decision.

The Pope called together a number of Bishops, who happened to be in Rome at the time, and after mature deliberation Celestine renewed the anathemas of his predecessor, Damasus, against those who assert that there are two Sons of God, thereby denying the hypostatic union of the two natures, human and divine, in one Person. He wrote a long letter to St. Cyril stating the whole case and authorizing him to proceed against Nestorius, and if he

should prove recalcitrant to depose him from his office and appoint some one in his place. Cyril wrote to Nestorius communicating the decision of Celestine and requiring him to obey the decision and recant his heresy. Nestorius did not deny the authority of the Pope, but sought to evade the decree by delay and finess. He had gained the good will of the emperor, Theodosius, and induced him to call a general council, thinking that he (Nestorius), as Archbishop of the Metropolitan see, would preside, and have things all his own way. The council was called, but before the bishops were assembled Cyril published the papal decree of deposition of Nestorius, together with the only conditions on which he could be restored. This put a new face upon the matter.

The Pope had written to Cyril, after stating the importance of the case: "Wherefore, assuming to you the authority of our See and acting in our stead and place, with delegated authority, you shall execute a sentence of this kind, not without strict severity, viz., that unless, within ten days after this admonition of ours, he anathematizes, in written confession, his evil teaching, and promises for the future to confess the faith, concerning the birth of Christ, one God, which both the Church of Rome and that of Your Holiness and the whole Christian religion preaches, forthwith Your Holiness will provide for the Church."

That language is clear and emphatic, and it is enough to say now, that that decision, grounded upon the fact that the Pope was the successor of St. Peter was recognized by this general Council of Ephesus, which, after much debate and great opposition and tergiversation on the part of Nestorius, and his friends, decreed accordingly, and his friends, decreed accordingly, as given by Father Rivington, is exceedingly interesting and must convince any candid person who will take the trouble to read his book. Our limited space will not allow us to dwell any further upon either at the present time.—Sacred Heart Review.

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It may not be improper, therefore, to suggest to Father Coleman that an essential point in his scheme for the promotion of matrimony is to impress upon the feminine mind the importance not merely of being willing to marry, but of being fit to marry. If there is authority for the statement that a young man married is the same as a young man made, there is the same authority for the declaration that a young man married is a young man marred. Whether he is made or marred depends largely upon the maid, and the maid should see to it that she is a maker and not a marrier.

That many young men are fond of luxuriant living themselves and avoid marriage because they are too selfish to surrender their pet indulgences goes without saying. But the great majority of them are strongly inclined to matrimony, and require very little coaxing to get them up to the altar. When they hang back from pretty girls like those in Frederick, it is due to practical conditions which Coleman can get to solve. If Father Coleman can get the girls of his finess and ability to be the helpmates of poor men, the girls will be snatched up like hot buckwheat cakes and honey on a cold morning, and his matrimonial bureau will do a land office business all the year round.

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