

AN EVICTION DRAMA.

Cavalry, Police, and the Sheriff Turning out a Widow.

The latest sensation drama in real life was presented in a picturesque district called Lhahough, near New Ross, in the county of Wexford. At early noon a strong force of cavalry, infantry, and police moved along the high-road, evidently on serious business bent. In the rear of the little army there followed a number of bailiffs and "general utility men," carrying crowbars, pick axes, sledge-hammers, ladders, and other "properties." They were en route to the residence of a widow woman named Holden, who was a tenant on the property of Mr. Boyd, whose son was shot dead one Sabbath afternoon some time ago while driving along the road with his father, who at the time escaped with his life as if by a miracle. The widow Holden was under eviction. She, through her family, held possession of the farm-house, and the large civil and military force was proceeding to aid the sheriff in the execution of the law's decree by force of arms, if necessary. When the widow's house was reached, it was seen that "No surrender" was the order of the day, and that there was tough work to be done.

The scene is well "set" on a stage acres in extent; infantry, soldiers and police in a semicircle in front of the widow's cottage; a fringe of cavalry in their rear, and a background of excited peasantry—men, women and children. In front of the troops are the "property men" and the officers in command of the expedition. There is heard the rattling of muskets as the soldiers bring their arms to rest; the clanking of sabres, the clamping of bridles, the light laughter of the troops, and the angry talk of the peasantry in their native tongue. Enter now the sheriff, with the original writ of ejectment in his hand; the door of the cottage is shut and the windows are barred from within. The sheriff knocks at the door with the handle of his riding-whip, and in a somewhat uncertain tone of voice, demands possession by virtue of the Queen's writ to him directed. There is no response save a derisive shout from the crowd grouped around the line of military; all is as silent within the cottage as if it were deserted. But the sheriff knows that it isn't deserted, and this is the trouble with him. At a sign from him the "property men" advance and set to knocking in the door with sledge-hammers and crowbars. The first blow of a sledge is the signal for action from within. From an upper window comes a deluge of boiling water on the men beneath, who drop their implements, and run swearing from the scalding shower. A wild shout of triumph comes from the crowd, there is a short consultation among the chiefs of the expedition, and the "property men" again advance to the door, not at all with alacrity; again the boiling water leaps out at the windows on their heads and comes hissing into their faces through every space in the gaping door. One powerful fellow, who has been badly scalded on the shoulders and back, takes up a great stone and with a giant effort, hurls it against the door, which shakes on its straining hinges, but doesn't give way. A long and heavy ladder is now used as a "clattering ram," and before some of its impatient blows the enfeebled door groans, gaps still wider, and ultimately falls in.

But this is not much of a gain for the storming party, who find themselves face to face with a well-built barricade of stones and wood in the hall. The house is now surrounded by the military and police, who have orders to capture the garrison. The bailiffs set to work to tear down the barricade, and the boiling water does cruel execution upon their heads and faces. It seems as if they had been boiling water for a week in the cottage in anticipation of the siege; the supply appears to be unlimited. The barricade in the hall is at length torn down, when new trouble and danger present themselves in the form of the widow's stalwart sons and retainers holding the pass armed with pitchforks. The sheriff's men, regarding this obstruction as more serious than boiling water, refused to advance. The bayonets are ordered up. A party of police, led by an officer, confront the men with the pitchforks, whom the officer calls to surrender or take the consequences. They won't surrender, they say, and they don't care for the consequences, and saying this they take up a strong position on the stair-ladder. "Prepare to charge," says the officer to his men, and the bayoneted rifles drop to the regulation angle for charging purposes. "Charge," shouts the officer, and away go the bayonets up the staircase. There is a struggle, short and sharp, and when it is over the men on the landing are in custody and disarmed. They are handcuffed and led out prisoners of war. The process of clearing out every article of furniture is now begun, and when it is completed the woman of the house and her daughter alone remain. They refuse to cross the threshold, which the law requires to be done, otherwise the entire proceeding would be abortive. The end of it is that the widow and her daughter are carried outside the threshold, and then the legal process is completed. There are loud lamentations from the women of the crowd, the men are excited, and, probably, but for the presence of what they call "the army" in such overwhelming force, they would plunge into the scene. The house is now garrisoned in the interest of the landlord, and the troops re-form and march off the ground with their prisoners. All this, I think, leads to the conclusion that if dramatists who now write "powerful Irish plays" would give up attempting to invent sensation scenes and stick to the facts as we have them now, they would produce plays intensely sensational and at the same time rigidly true to life.—Dublin Cor. New York Times.

There has never been, since the creation, a period in which more has been written to disprove God, either in His essence or His attributes; and there never, since the creation, was a period when the sense of God was more universal, more profound, or more intense, than it is now. Nothing proves it so much as the effort to disprove. We do not attack myths and legends with the animosity, the acrimony, and the subtlety with which we attack truth. False philosophy is the inside-out of truth.—The Divine Sequence.

A MODERN DISEASE.

Indiscriminate reading is a modern disease; any man who to-day thoughtfully considers the abuse of the art of printing, can hardly set down its discovery as an unmixed blessing. Everybody reads. The small boy on his way to school carries among his books a sensational story-paper, and dips into the adventures of "Billy, the Body-Snatcher" between lessons; the school girl has her novel of love and murder strapped up with her luncheon-box; and the young woman, fed on novels and cranberries, ruins her health, physical and mental, by a constant indulgence in romance-reading.

There are novels and novels: Mr. O'Han, Ex-President of the Chicago Public Library, in an interview, republished in last week's Freeman's Journal, makes a proper distinction. He divides Scott, Thackeray, Gerald Griffin and Bulwer from a host of superficial scribblers who, under the guise of knowledge of men and the world, thereby disguise sensuality and materialism. And yet, Bulwer, clever as some of his books are, can not be recommended without reservation. His philosophy is false, though glittering and sentimental; and in several of his novels his aim seems to be to excite sympathy with interesting criminals—not because of their penitence, but because of their crime. But leaving out "The Last of the Barons"—in which there is a scene that would tarnish the mind of any young man or woman—and "Eugene Aram" and "Ernest Maltravers," Bulwer is comparatively harmless.

Of late there has come into the world a swarm of women-writers whose works are worse than the plague—whose effect is more blighting than that of the locusts which devastated the land of Egypt. They kill souls. They turn the blush of maidenhood into the flush of sinful excitement. They leave no freshness in the human heart. They inflame the imagination with sensual thoughts as everyday companions and passionate anticipations take the place of hope. They weaken the will and ruin the memory; and yet we find their works in almost every bookstore, in most parlours, sought for eagerly and displayed in every library. They are read until the eyes fall in the twilight, that no phrase may be lost. They are read until daylight grows dim and weary eyes close in restless sleep, to gaze upon disordered dreams.

"Ouida," a prolific novelist, is a favorite with the young girls of our time. When a new book by this writer is announced, the public libraries can not supply the demand. The philosophy of this writer is that passion, which she calls "love," is the only law; that tenderness, only long enough to keep up the interest of the story. Sensuality she condemns with such minuteness of detail that, after each paragraph against vice, she seems to lick her lips over the pleasure of describing it. Her stock in trade is of modern life, attired in the luxuriant colors and her menagerie of wretches, whose "superb length of limb," "tawny, leonine beard," and deep languorous eyes, added to their open vice, make them adored of the women. A pagan sensuality, tricked out with borrowed scraps from old books, constitutes her stock in trade, and yet half the young girls in the country, and half the novelists of the day, are under the spell of "Ouida" as a drunkard craves his bitters in the morning. She has taught them that a hero "with soulful eyes and a shimmering, subtle, tawny beard" will come to them one day, at whose feet they will worship, and find only "love."

She has taught them that women are substitutes at heart, waiting only the opportunity to sin, and that men are libertines—the more vicious, the more splendid and worthy of worship. All this she teaches in a high-wrought style, with a spurious show of scholarship, and with rhetorical ornaments after the manner of Frodude. A symptom of an uncouth age and vivid imagination—which she reinforces by the reading of translations from the most unspeakably vicious of the old Romans—she teaches our youths to know the world as she knows it. And yet, we repeat, her books are read openly by young women of our time, who pass them, with commendation, each to the other. Catholic girls—the daughters of thoughtful, patriotic, or ignorant parents—read them; and these same parents, blissful in their apathy, would swear to you that their daughters take no harm from them. Why? Because they are their daughters! Soft, fond, foolish, soul-killing, parental logic! It is so thoroughly understood in America that girls are capable of taking recovery is due to miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body, on this 6th July, sacred substance from the Chapel of Knock.

This opinion is, I consider, borne out by the fact that Dr. Blake attended her during a similar attack in 1877, which attack did actually end in the formation of matter, with symptoms of formation of matter in subcutaneous cellular tissue, and tumors in right and left lumbar regions; and that these tumors, and all other signs and symptoms of disease, suddenly disappeared on the sixth of July, at a time when I had her life well-nigh despaired of; and that in my opinion this instantaneous recovery is due to miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body, on this 6th July, sacred substance from the Chapel of Knock.

I hereby certify that I have recently attended Ellen Waldron, Augnamore, aged 14 years, during an attack of chronic vertigo, with symptoms of formation of matter in subcutaneous cellular tissue, and tumors in right and left lumbar regions; and that these tumors, and all other signs and symptoms of disease, suddenly disappeared on the sixth of July, at a time when I had her life well-nigh despaired of; and that in my opinion this instantaneous recovery is due to miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body, on this 6th July, sacred substance from the Chapel of Knock.

RODA BROUGHTON is another infamous writer whose books should never be read by any pure-minded girl. Improperly and an endless flow of words are her stock in trade. The success of the indecency which Charlotte Bronte introduced into "Jane Eyre" was the signal for the rising of this vile swarm of *femmes-outavours*, of which Roda Broughton is one. Recklessness, utter disdain of all that is good, pure and true, mark her pages with the devil's sign-manual. It is better that our daughters should read the books of Smollett and Fielding, of Sterne—even of Zola—than the works of this female and her class. They would shrink from Sterne in disgust. The poison would be too apparent—not presented in delicately-carved cups wreathed with flowers. But this she-Broughton, Mrs. Ross Church, Annie Thomas, Mrs. Edwards, and sometimes Miss Braden, cover their materialism and sensuality with pretty words and falsehoods. The Broughton hero is a licentious brute in clothes of the latest fashion, the

heroine a low barmaid in aesthetic gowns. They embrace and caress each other, pass from one equivocal situation to another, until the writer—in fear, perhaps, of the police—is forced to draw the curtain, after a series of burning kisses, sensual longings and impure suggestions, which tell plainly what the *femmes-outavours* does not dare to say openly. In Suetonius we read that Nero kept persons whose business it was to inflame the lowest passions. Novelists have taken the place of these wretches to-day. We pay for their books that they may inflame the passions of our children. Were any father thoughtfully to glance at the pages of these "popular" writers he would say this is true.

Mr. O'Han's words, the text of the above article, ought to make parents think. Deep in business or domestic duties, the father or mother often leaves a girl too much to herself. She finds her own amusements, selects her own friends. Material comfort is the least thing that a parent owes to his daughter; and to-day, when the whole atmosphere of life is poisoned—when novels, the daily papers and materialistic schools are the chief educators—when society has so far forgotten the importance of its loss—parents have a heavy responsibility. Watchfulness and care, especially in the matter of reading, are prime necessities. We repeat Mr. O'Han's words, based on observation:

"This question has been discussed with intelligent gentlemen of the city, with physicians and lawyers and other men of thoughtful mind and character, who, for the most part, agreed in the conclusion that the effect of admitting such books as those referred to is mischievous to the present social and future home-life of those who read them, especially upon females who give themselves up to this class of sensational books, and that absorbing such literature creates an unhealthy condition of the physical organization; and many physicians in the city, I am sure, will personally testify to the truth of this fact."—Freeman's Journal.

CURES AT KNOCK.

Two Skillful Doctors Testify to Two Miracles.

We have been requested to give publication to the following medical certificates containing two recent cures to which a miraculous character is attributed:

No. 1.

BELFAST, 20th August, 1886. Some months ago my attention was first called to the case of Elizabeth Duffy, No. 1, Leeson street, Belfast, aged 16, a pale, fair, anemic girl hardly able to walk, and suffering almost incessantly from pain. The morphia sickness, as it is indeed I found it, owing to constitutional and stomach irritability. I did not see Miss Duffy again until nearly three weeks ago, on her return from Knock. The change in her condition was surprising. I had seen the girl occasionally, but not as a doctor, on my professional visits to her mother's house, while attending a younger sister, but I had not intended to interfere unless the surgical examination were undergone. She had then become healthy and plump, looking, with red lips and full pulse, and the runnings ceased.

I have seen her three or four times since, and each time her condition is better. The lump in the groin is gone, and only the catarrhes of the three ureters remain. During the entire time she did not take a particle of medicine, the carbolic oil having been used only at first, and the morphia but a few times. To-day I pronounce her well and fit for work. I learn from her mother that the runnings had never ceased since she was a mere child. To sum up, then, I regret that there was not a surgical examination of the limb made. Believing, as I did, that necrosis of the bone undoubtedly existed, I am confident that no medical treatment, change of air, or good food, could have brought about a cure so rapidly, or indeed at all; and I am forced to the conclusion, though sceptical about miracles, that the all-powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin has operated upon Elizabeth Duffy, in a wondrous cure, while at Knock.

JOHN CAMPBELL QUINN, M.D., L.R.C.

No. II.

KILKENNY, July 25, 1881. I hereby certify that I have recently attended Ellen Waldron, Augnamore, aged 14 years, during an attack of chronic vertigo, with symptoms of formation of matter in subcutaneous cellular tissue, and tumors in right and left lumbar regions; and that these tumors, and all other signs and symptoms of disease, suddenly disappeared on the sixth of July, at a time when I had her life well-nigh despaired of; and that in my opinion this instantaneous recovery is due to miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body, on this 6th July, sacred substance from the Chapel of Knock.

This opinion is, I consider, borne out by the fact that Dr. Blake attended her during a similar attack in 1877, which attack did actually end in the formation of matter, with symptoms of formation of matter in subcutaneous cellular tissue, and tumors in right and left lumbar regions; and that these tumors, and all other signs and symptoms of disease, suddenly disappeared on the sixth of July, at a time when I had her life well-nigh despaired of; and that in my opinion this instantaneous recovery is due to miracle, as is stated by the father of the girl, who applied to her body, on this 6th July, sacred substance from the Chapel of Knock.

JOHN CONROY, L.R.C.S.I.

ENGLAND'S "MONEY, SYMPATHY AND HELP."

"She had never stinted money, sympathy, or help in any way," this, according to the veracious Earl of Carnarvon, how England has dealt with Ireland during the last "fifty or sixty years."

We had thought that some sense of honor, some respect for truth, some shame for falsehood remained. Lord Carnarvon has destroyed that delusion, so far as he is concerned; for a man who so obviously untrue, more deliberately deceptive, if he would have been impossible for fame. Her sympathy! For three score years, how has the sympathy of England been shown? By resisting to the uttermost every demand for justice, until a number of victims had been sacrificed to the Moloch of her iniquity. For three score years the bullet or the prison have coerced the oppressed millions. Her sympathy has been shown in the acts that committed to the dungeon every man who served Ireland prominently, from O'Connell to the last arrested suspect; in the laws that have annulled all law and liberty in Ireland; in the blood of those who fell, struggling at the beginning of the period, against the barbarism of the "thug" and the "Rathmuck," as it has been in the blood

of those who fell, at the close of the period, struggling against eviction in Mayo, Sligo, and Clare.

Help! the help of England to Ireland—the help of a shank to its prey! We know it well; it has been profuse and persistent—that help to famine, help to banishment, help to depopulation and devastation. Let the accusing figures, which speak the number of the people, tell of the efficiency of that help. Look upon this list:

In 1845 the population was 8,295,061
1848 " " " 7,639,800
1850 " " " 6,877,549
1852 " " " 5,972,451

Now it is little over five millions. Thus, during only thirty-six years, the help of England has driven three millions of Irishmen out of Ireland!—Dublin Irishman.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

WOLF TONE'S GRAVE. The annual visit to the old churchyard, wherein lies interred the remains of Wolf Tone, took place on the 15th instant. The Martyr's Band, headed by their president, Mr. Braken, left the Kingsbridge Terminus by an early train for Sallins. A large concourse of people awaited their arrival and formed themselves in procession to the band playing the "Dead March in Sallins." As they proceeded by Clane the procession increased in numbers, and when they arrived at the lonely and now almost unfrequented churchyard of Bodinstown the scene was indeed solemn and imposing—the whole assemblage knelt down and prayed for the happy repose of the dead patriot's soul. The Martyr's Band, having gone the circuit of the cemetery, again played the "Dead March in Sallins," returned to town, followed by an unusually large number of people.

On Friday evening, at a place called Doonagh, in the Queen's County, a lad named Leonard was shot and mortally wounded. He was one of a crowd engaged in hooting two laborers employed on the farm of a boycotted farmer, when one of the two men fired a revolver at the crowd. He was arrested, and was with difficulty saved from being lynched.

FOUR HUNDRED LEADS. Four hundred leads of brass were sent on Saturday by rail from Kingsbridge Terminus to Birdhill for the use of the Orange Emergency expedition. A quantity of cartridges were sent at the same time to the same destination. Birdhill is becoming as famous as Lough Mask. On Saturday morning a special train left Limerick for the seat of war with a large force of military in view of the anticipated disturbance. All the spare constabulary from the outlying districts were concentrated in the city during the day, and in the evening they left by the ordinary train in Birdhill.

PORT SPOILED. Mr. Stanhope Townsend, nephew of Mr. Uniake Townsend, agent of several estates in the south, was on Saturday shooting in the Galbally district, in company with two officers of the Forty-eighth Regiment, when they were set upon by a mob and obliged to fly for shelter into Lord Massy's shooting lodge, where they were besieged for a long time, while the car on which they had been was smashed to atoms. They were only rescued from their perilous position on the arrival of a company of the Forty-eighth Regiment and a force of thirty police who had been telegraphed for.

NO BIDDERS. On Thursday week an attempt was made at Creadon, County Wexford, to sell thirty-one head of cattle, the property of Edward Wall, seized for non-payment of rent to Lord Carew. There were no bids, and the crowd, who numbered nearly five hundred, cheered loudly for a bull which was decorated with green ribbons and garlands for the auctioneer and landlords generally. A sale for non-payment of rent on the lands of Ballykeane, near Fallow, was abandoned for want of bidders, and Emergency men are still in charge of the crops.

LEFT SEVERELY ALONE. Mr. John Hartnett, J. P., Curraghlass, County Cork, is isolated for having lately evicted tenants on his property at Abbeyfeale, County Limerick. Four police are guarding Mr. Hartnett, and two drive with him about the country. One man only, who is guarded by police, works on the farm. The shopkeepers in Curraghlass have refused to sell provisions to Mr. Hartnett, and the local smith has refused to work for him. The people will not sit with him in chapel.

A FIELD DAY. It required thirty men of the Sixtieth Rifles and twenty constabulary to guard the Drumshambo Sessions Court on Friday week while twenty-five persons were being charged with unlawful assembly. The accused were committed on bail to the next assizes.

A FLYING COLUMN. On reaching the Ballybrophy station, on Friday evening, an Emergency band were attacked by a crowd, and dispersed without a struggle. The "spalpeens" fled for refuge to the waiting-room, abandoning their kits and provisions. The Rathdowney police, hearing of the circumstances, proceeded to Ballybrophy, and came in for some rough usage, particularly one of their number who had recently been a witness at Borris-in-Ossory, when fourteen prisoners were returned for trial. An investigation will be held.

THE CROWBAR. An eviction took place near Fethard on Saturday. A two horse car loaded with and driven by the Royal Constabulary arrived from Cashel, and at half-past one the sub-sheriff, the agent, a force of police, and the bailiffs in a covered car, proceeded from the police-barrack through the main street. When passing the corner some mud pebbles were aimed at the covered car, and yelling continued for a time. While possession was being given, the Rev. Rev. Archdeacon Kinane endeavored to make an arrangement between the tenant and the agent.

"NOBLE" CATTLE SPOTTERS. On Saturday twenty head of cattle belonging to Mr. Wall of Oadon, were driven by bailiffs to the Cove near this city, to be sold for rent due to Lord Fortescue. One hundred and twenty police and military were present. The cattle, which were knocked down to the owner's father, were driven home to Craden amidst much cheering. On Saturday a large party of cattle-spoilers proceeded

from Kilmann to the farms of Robert Mitchell, John Sampson, and Michael Quinn, tenants on Lord Massy's property. They seized some cattle, which were set up and sold, the tenants in each case buying in for the amount of the claim. When the sub-sheriff was leaving Kilmann to catch the midday train, Mr. Fraser, sub-inspector, had to drive him to Kilmallack. No other person could be found to take the "fare."

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN UNFAITHFUL PRIEST.

The infinite mercy of Almighty God sometimes displays itself in the most wonderful and most unexpected manner. The following letter, genuine in all its particulars, is a striking illustration of this. "I was for several years a faithful priest; but from various causes, and chiefly in consequence of having entered the priesthood without a true vocation, I had at last sunk so low that I abandoned my post, and, wishing to marry, I even renounced my Catholic faith and turned Protestant. I made my profession of Protestantism, and was soon afterwards called to officiate in the town of X. There I became engaged to the daughter of a Protestant merchant, and the marriage was to take place in six weeks. One evening I was sitting in company with the Protestant pastor G., and a young student of theology. We were in the arbor of the minister's garden. Suddenly there came a summons for the pastor to attend a dying person. 'Will you not go, confessor?' the pastor said to me. 'Your first exercise of the ministry amongst us will be rather a sad one, but I cannot very well leave my guests.' I signified my readiness, and followed the messenger, who conducted me to the bedside of a man whose days on this earth were evidently numbered. 'I am the new preacher, and have come instead of the pastor who is engaged,' I said, looking into the pale face of the dying man. He shook his head sadly. 'There is a mistake,' he said; 'I sent for a Catholic priest.'

'Are you not a member of the Evangelical Church?' I asked in surprise. 'I was told,—'

'Yes, yes,' he said, interrupting me; 'but I wish to die a Catholic.'

'How is that?' I then enquired. 'Do you not believe in the Redeemer, who died for us on the Cross? If you believe firmly in Him, and put your trust in Him He will be a merciful Judge to you.' The dying man smiled bitterly.

'Faith alone will not help me,' he answered. 'I want to make my confession and receive absolution. I was once a Catholic priest; I abandoned my faith, and became a Protestant. I know that faith alone will not suffice; but it seems that Heaven refuses me the last grace, that of being able to confess to a priest and to receive absolution.'

'He heaved a deep sigh, and the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks. I had a feeling it was impossible for me to express. 'What a meeting! An apostate Catholic priest at the death-bed of another fallen priest! The condition of the sick man was such as to admit no delay. 'If you were a Catholic priest,' said I, 'you know that in the presence of death you were not a priest, for you had renounced your faith, and you were a Protestant. You therefore know that at this moment, when death is at the door, I have the power to receive your absolution and to give you absolution.'

'He looked at me with wonder; and, when I repeated my assertion, a gleam of joy flitted across his countenance. He reached out his hand to me, made his confession with tears of sincere sorrow, and died soon afterwards. 'What I felt in that hour I will not attempt to describe. Was not this meeting a warning from Heaven to me? My mind nearly as pale as those of the corpse, and my eye remained fixed in a motionless gaze on those lips that were silent forever. I seized the cold, dead hand in mine, and vowed to God to change my life. I seemed to look down into the gaping pit of destruction to which I was nearly rushing.

'I returned no more to the Protestant pastor's residence. I resigned the position of preacher, and begged my intended bride to forget me. I am going to a Trappist monastery, to try to expiate my guilt by works of penance. May Heaven be merciful to me!'

'He kept his resolution faithfully, and till his death, twenty years later, he continued to lead a life of most rigorous penance in the retreat he had chosen. A TERRIBLE "OUTRAGE." An affair recently occurred in Carrick-on-Suir which created the greatest dismay and consternation. A box, securely packed and sealed in a mysterious manner, was sent to the sub-inspector of the district, who at once "sniffed a rat," and suspecting the package to contain dynamite or nitro-glycerine, or some other deadly explosive, he sent for the Resident Magistrate, Capt. Slack. The box was placed cautiously at a distance, while a consultation took place; and one ventured to open it, lest some carefully designed machinery might go off, and annihilate the daring intruder.

After many suggestions the mysterious package was placed in a grass plot at some fifty yards from any house; a plover of the Royal Irish was told off, armed with a gun, for the order was given to "fire!" Round after round was fired, and the box remained unscathed. After uselessly using no less than fifty cartridges of ammunition, for which an account must be rendered to the ammunition department, Capt. Slack summoned courage to approach the box, while the sub-inspector and a party of police stood, hair on end, gazing at the effects of his unparalleled daring. The box yielded to his efforts, but—there was no explosion. On the top lay a delicate pink note upon which was inscribed in a lady's hand:

"DEAR SIR,—You have recently been advised by my sex have deputed me to present you with the score. Yours faithfully, 'FANNY.' And under this note, reposing in freshly-gathered moss, lay a couple of *duck eggs*! Imagine the feelings of the 'gallant Capt. Slack!'

The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth Violence, and the Violent Bear it away.

BY FATHER FABER. We have often to take serious steps in life, involving this world, involving the other: for instance, as to vocation, and even things short of that: then sometimes coupled in some tremendous mistake, and so gone the wrong road and have to get back into the right one. Now take another thought. Saints, like the great St. Anthony, have been made Saints by one word of the Gospels: what if our Lord appeared and spoke to us? He is going to speak to us now. Listen to His word. If we are in earnest, all our prayers, however various, must be the prayer of the jailor at Philippi to Paul and Silas: "Master, what must I do that I may be saved?" Jesus answers.—1. The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away. 1. What fullness in the words! 2. It is our world's one view of salvation. 3. These words were addressed to the crowd. (St. Matthew XI.) not as counsel to the disciples. 4. I should like to have seen His face, whether He looked saviour or the Judge—sorrowful or peremptory when He said this—and heard his tone of voice. He was a young man, full of life, and a young student of theology. We were in the arbor of the minister's garden. Suddenly there came a summons for the pastor to attend a dying person. 'Will you not go, confessor?' the pastor said to me. 'Your first exercise of the ministry amongst us will be rather a sad one, but I cannot very well leave my guests.' I signified my readiness, and followed the messenger, who conducted me to the bedside of a man whose days on this earth were evidently numbered. 'I am the new preacher, and have come instead of the pastor who is engaged,' I said, looking into the pale face of the dying man. He shook his head sadly. 'There is a mistake,' he said; 'I sent for a Catholic priest.'

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'Faith alone will not help me,' he answered. 'I want to make my confession and receive absolution. I was once a Catholic priest; I abandoned my faith, and became a Protestant. I know that faith alone will not suffice; but it seems that Heaven refuses me the last grace, that of being able to confess to a priest and to receive absolution.'

'He heaved a deep sigh, and the tears rolled down his pallid cheeks. I had a feeling it was impossible for me to express. 'What a meeting! An apostate Catholic priest at the death-bed of another fallen priest! The condition of the sick man was such as to admit no delay. 'If you were a Catholic priest,' said I, 'you know that in the presence of death you were not a priest, for you had renounced your faith, and you were a Protestant. You therefore know that at this moment, when death is at the door, I have the power to receive your absolution and to give you absolution.'

'He looked at me with wonder; and, when I repeated my assertion, a gleam of joy flitted across his countenance. He reached out his hand to me, made his confession with tears of sincere sorrow, and died soon afterwards. 'What I felt in that hour I will not attempt to describe. Was not this meeting a warning from Heaven to me? My mind nearly as pale as those of the corpse, and my eye remained fixed in a motionless gaze on those lips that were silent forever. I seized the cold, dead hand in mine, and vowed to God to change my life. I seemed to look down into the gaping pit of destruction to which I was nearly rushing.

'I returned no more to the Protestant pastor's residence. I resigned the position of preacher, and begged my intended bride to forget me. I am going to a Trappist monastery, to try to expiate my guilt by works of penance. May Heaven be merciful to me!'

'He kept his resolution faithfully, and till his death, twenty years later, he continued to lead a life of most rigorous penance in the retreat he had chosen. A TERRIBLE "OUTRAGE." An affair recently occurred in Carrick-on-Suir which created the greatest dismay and consternation. A box, securely packed and sealed in a mysterious manner, was sent to the sub-inspector of the district, who at once "sniffed a rat," and suspecting the package to contain dynamite or nitro-glycerine, or some other deadly explosive, he sent for the Resident Magistrate, Capt. Slack. The box was placed cautiously at a distance, while a consultation took place; and one ventured to open it, lest some carefully designed machinery might go off, and annihilate the daring intruder.

After many suggestions the mysterious package was placed in a grass plot at some fifty yards from any house; a plover of the Royal Irish was told off, armed with a gun, for the order was given to "fire!" Round after round was fired, and the box remained unscathed. After uselessly using no less than fifty cartridges of ammunition, for which an account must be rendered to the ammunition department, Capt. Slack summoned courage to approach the box, while the sub-inspector and a party of police stood, hair on end, gazing at the effects of his unparalleled daring. The box yielded to his efforts, but—there was no explosion. On the top lay a delicate pink note upon which was inscribed in a lady's hand:

"DEAR SIR,—You have recently been advised by my sex have deputed me to present you with the score. Yours faithfully, 'FANNY.' And under this note, reposing in freshly-gathered moss, lay a couple of *duck eggs*! Imagine the feelings of the 'gallant Capt. Slack!'