With loving kindness have I drawn thee." BELIEVE, OBEY AND WAIT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Believe Him and obey Him; Hold fast His pierced hand; Abide in Him with patience, And you shall understand.

Yes; in the appointed season
The mystery shall grow plain,
of poor earth's desolations, Of all creation's pain.

Dark, dark and strange and dreadful The doom of Nature seems, of sinless, suffering creatures With which creation teems.

We tremble at the anguish, The want, the deadly woe,
That through time's decades, ever,
Man, beast and bird must know.

And God would seem unfeeling, A cold and iron Will, But for fair Olive's garden, But for Golgotha's hill.

Too deep for man to sound them; Too dark for erring sense, €od's ways; but mercy equals His dread omnipotence.

So trust Him and obey Him; Wait, clinging to His hand, And all things now so painful, Thou soon shalt understand.

A STRANGE SIGNAL.

THE night was unusually boister-ous when the ship "Viking" unexpectedly struck the coral reef. The next wave carried her over the reef, and she lodged on a shoal in comparatively smooth water near an inlet whose outline could be dimly per-

ceived through the gloom. This was, indeed, an unpleasant pre-dicament. The captain supposed he was many miles from the nearest land and could not imagine what island this could be to which they had been carried by treacherous currents. No lights were to be seen, and whether the islet was uninhabited or occupied by savages and cannibals they would not know until daylight. One or the other it was sure to be. Being young and romantic, Walter Durand, who was a passenger on board, was less alarmed than his companions, and the lively fancy of his artistic brain was busy picturing the possible scenes that the morrow would reveal.

But terror overcame most of the crew, who knew too well the miseries and perils of shipwreck on the isles of the Pacific. This caused them to defy the authority of Captain Bernard. At daybreak a number of them lowered a boat and started for the land preferring to learn their fate at once rather than wait until a multitude of savages should board the wreck and massacre the crew.

When the sun rose a lovely island was discovered rising in bold crags and lofty hills, covered as with a mantle of velvet by the opulent vegetation of the tropics. Near the shore buts were seen and thin columns of smoke curling upwards. With the glass, canoes were also perceived on the beach and men moving towards them in animated groups as if preparing to come off to the ship.

Captain Barnard at first determined to resist any such attempt. But the supply of arms was so insignificant and the departure of so many of his crew had so weakened his power to resist attack that

should first come on board. The idea was surjected a cool head not lose hope, for he was sure that his weaves is put upon the market. Linen, and steady hand, signal had been seen, and that this was mulle, finen damask and a new goods and steady hand.

A dozen large canoes full of savages were now approaching the wreck. The carvings on the nearest boat showed that it bore the king of the island. The natives, whose chief clothing consisted of feathers and tatooing, swarmed over the sides, and seeing the peaceable disposition of the crew, at first ran helter skelter over the decks, examining everything with childish curiosity and laying their hands on every object which attracted their covetousness. But their spears and beautifully carved clubs were not pleasant objects at the time, and their entire bearing seemed like that of wild animals which play with their victims before slaying them.

The king was a magnificent specimen of a barbarian, tall and powerfully built. He was completely covered with the most elaborate tatooed designs, as if clad in a garment of oriental embroidery. He was evidently vain of the beauty of this savage finery, this royal dude of the

Pacific. With a courage born of desperation, Walter began to block out the figure of a warrior with dabs of brilliant color such as would attract the eye of a savage. The chief looked on with exclamations of delight. Never had such splendor been seen by him before. Several savages collected around the chief and also gazed on the painted canvass with

As it in anticipation of a tragedy that could not he much longer deferred, the king laid his hand on Walter's shoulder, and with a gesture that indicated that he had adopted him, said something in a tone of authority. At once the savages dispersed again over the ship and began their work of slaughter. Three or four of the unhappy crew were bound and thrown alive into the canoes. The others were cut down without mercy. Resistance was useless, as the savages out-

numbered the crew by ten to one. During this awful scene Walter stood trembling for his own life and horrorstricken by the fate of his companions. But no harm came to him, for the king stood by firmly grasping him by the arm, both to sheild the youth from attack and to prevent him from attempt-

When the massacre was over the well rid of.

savages returned to the island with their captives and plunder. They were welcomed home by throngs of women and children dancing and singing songs of

But the king had not forgotten that men sway by stronger physical powers, Walter practised the arts of painting, but in her own way and by her more and soon signified that he would like to see some exhibitions of what he considered a magical art. Fortunately the wreck still remained pretty much as it had been left owing to the continued fine weather, or it might have gone hard with the captive. He succeeded in making the king understand that the means by which he wrought his magic were still on the wreck. Accordingly the king took him out there to get his color box. While paddling to the ship, Walter conceived a plan to escape, which might be carried into execution provided the stores in the wreck were still in good order, which happily proved to be the case.

He found in the carpenter's shop a quantity of sealed pots of paint, together with a supply of large brushes, varnish and linseed oil, intended for painting the ship. These he caused to be transferred to the canoes, and also several spare topsails and other sails, and several coils of manilla rope and a few small tackle blocks. He also took his own color box and brushes for the finer work that might

be required. Walter began with sketch portraits of the prettiest girls and the handsomest warriors of the island, and also decorated the war canoes and clubs. He won immense applause and popularity by these efforts. This gave him courage to proceed further and to suggest to the king the construction of a royal pavillion right on the beach out of the sails he had brought from the ship. The scheme struck his copper-coloured majesty as simply immense. They were all enlisted to cut and sew the canvas. With considerable skill Walter succeeded in erecting a spacious tent with partitions and a

He then suggested that for the purpose of decoration and protection from the rain the tent should be painted. This idea was also very heartily received. Walter had now reached that part of his plan which required the utmost circum-spection in order to avoid the suspicion of the natives, who were by no means stupid and who ever on the alert, as he could see to prevent all attempts at escape. Walter therefore began first by decorating the interior of the tent with words similar to those he proposed to paint on the outside. This would disarm suspicious. As these interior decomtions were greatly admired, he then ventured to decorate the entire exterior of his tent in a similar way; further, to disarm suspicion, he decorated every side exactly the same as the side which faced the sea. When the undertaking was at last complete the roof of the tent appeared of a yellow colour: on this, in black letters, seven feet long, was the legend: "A white captive is here: land with caution." The same words were painted on the walls of the tent, but with vermillion bordered with black on a grotesque and appears ridiculous. white ground. Walter had to arrange his colours as far as possible with his means so they could be discerned a long distance. This enterprise, of course, took months.

When the pavillion was pronounced complete, the king gave a grand feast under its shelter. But years passed on before Walter saw any evidence of its self. He rested on his laurels, lived a life of indolence, and waited as patiently as he could for relief from what was, in fact, an intolerable existence to a young man of culture and ambition.

Aware of the love of bright colors and decorations common to savages it occurred to Walter to bring out his paint box and by means of it divert the attention and arouse the good humor of those who should first come on board. The idea should first come on board. The idea who should first come on board, and because the colors there the should first come on board. The idea who when the vessel again stood away did these particular shopers the very linest that his because is not entirely conquered the femalities as not entirely conquered the femalities are two mass not entirely conquered the femalities as not entirely conquered the femalities as not entirely conquered the femalities are two mass not entirely conquered the femalities and the femalities are the femalities and the femalities are the femalities and the femalities are the femalities as not entirely conquered the femalities are two mass not entirely conquered the femalities. cautiously walked down to the beach, legious touch of the sewing machine no There he saw a man-of-war's boat ap- longer becomes a necessity to the shap-

> and suspected. With yells of rage the made chemise or petticoat; the hand warriors swarmed at his heefs, hurling made articles is the fashion entirely. their spears after him. As the boat Such magnificent garments are generally touched the sand he sprang on board, imported or purchased from the convent but the savages rushed into the water nuns, for few Canadian women care to. following the boat as it moved off and or can stitch as fine as invisible emwounding two or three of her crew. They were repelled by a volley of small arms. and Walter was filled with regret when he saw his friend and protector, the king, borne back to his pavillion mortalwounded. Freed from the savages the boat soon reached the ship, and Walter stood once more a free man under his country's flag.

It is not always a sate matter to hazarp | twisted. remarks upon the personal appearance of those with whom we come in contact. The writer once saw a specimen of the travelling Englishman completely sat upon for venturing on an impertinence tempt to do anything with it.', of this kind. It was at a table d'hote at Boulogne. The Englishman in question, then? a very bumptions individual, was accompanied by a lady, and sitting opposite to them was a young German, on whose fingers were a number of massive rings. After gazing in a most persistent manner at him, the Englishman, addressing his companion in a loud tone,

"I hate to see a man with rings on his

fingers! The German replied to this with a supercilious sort of sneer; so the Englishman "went for him again, and said, in a still louder tone :

"Do you know what I would do with ring if I had one?"

Before the lady could reply, and to the great amusement of all who heard it, the German, in a sulky growl, broke in: "Vare it in your nose!"

It is companionship that helps to form and mould character. The company of good men, sought and cultivated, makes the upright character. The company of the vile, depraved and vicious ing to escape, which would have proved gives the criminal, the shunned of society, the foul excresence the world is

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Interesting Selections for Lady Readers

A woman never loses anything by Walter never saw any of the crew of the ship again, nor did he for a long time dare to ask what fate had befallen them. love. She was created to sway, not as gentle qualities. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world to-day. By her very nature she conquers, whether she be the wife of a humble clerk or a ten-time millionaire.

A boudoir dressing-case is a practical dea for ladies who live in little houses. The ordinary spectator only observes a handsome upright mirror, but the initiated owner will find at the back of it a comb, hairpins and other adjuncts wherewith an incomplete toilet may quickly be rectified.

An observing floor-walker in a local shopper: "Stylish women, whether lects or other shortcomings of parents or they come in the cars or their carriage, relatives, are entitled to at least as much wear cloth, flannel or cotton dresses, with bonnets to match, and brown or black gloves. They may have children with them, but dogs never, and their jewelry is limited to a brooch and a watch. These women buy when they find what they are looking for and they buy quickly, without asking any questions. The fashionable women wear lace or silk gowns, diamond earings, white or pearl gloves, a lace or chiffon parasol and an air of importance. They do more shopair of importance. They do more shop ping than buying and more fibbing than ping than buying and more fibbing than by the observers, large and small, who by the observers, large and small, who surround us. We are unconscious of the surround us. characteristic of these festive shoppers to look over a stock, say 'Well,' bite their lips, ask a dozen questions and go off with a promise to 'come in to-morrow and get it.

A great change change is taking place in the costumes of children. Last sea-son the long skirts and picturesque Greenaway costumes were noticeable, but this year short plaided Scotch costumes and velvet Esme styles are popu-

Dotted muslin is inexpensive and about the pretties and freshest material that can be selected for a sash curtain. In the way of hangings there is nothing ; to be compared to good Nottingham

For some seasons there has been quite an evolution in the umbrella handle. Ten years ago it was short almost as a pipe stem and the length of the umbrella was in the springs, latterly it grew longer and more pretentious and last season there was more handle to the umbrella than anything else. This season it is still longer and is just the size of an Alpine crook. There is a picturesqueness about this sort of a walking stick and parasol combined, but when put in use on a rainy day it descends to the

It is quite hard to understand the reason of the late styles of headgear. They mean nothing. They are of no practical use. They are just ornaments. I speak of the frills, cakes, pans and shells of straw and fell which are being paraded in the cher windows. in the shop windows. A hat is supposed to be worn to protect the head.

the answer. He was up at dawn and called innotese is shown. The sacriproaching, exactly as he had suggested, ing of the undergarment. It is con-But his movements had been perceived sidered bad form to wear a machine-

> While passing a pleasant afternoon at a five o'clock tea, the writer had the pleasure of meeting several well known metropolitan society women and in course of conversation a young matron of 30 asked her to go to the dressing room with her and aid in readjusting the skirt of her own gown, which had become

> "Now we are here," she said, "will you kindly unfasten that third button from the bottom; it is a villainous fastener and it really is painful for me to at-

"What makes you keep it so tight "Why you see how small I look. well

I am just five inches larger without a corset than with, and if I didn't have my dresses glove tight I would be as fat as a dime museum freak." The dress was arranged and the lady

returned to the drawing-room. In a few minutes another guest asked the writer to arrange her basque and in less than five minutes a young lady re-cently a debutant inquired if I would just fix the ornament in her hair, she couldn't reach so far up with her corsets

I acquiesced and after doing so said: "Why do these women all ask me to help them out of their difficulties?" She answered: "Why don't you know they see right away that your clothes are not tight. You are thin and slight and look perfectly passable with comfortable clothes, but all the women here this afternoon are either plump or fat women."

With all the talk there is being made about corsets going out of fashion, the waists getting broader and the muscles Good News.

being given freer play, there still are sold large quantities of the elastic laced French corsets, which is a deathly weapon manufactured to give a woman with a naturally 27-inch waist a stylish basqe girdle of 20. In the back of these corsets there is a special bone piece made of elastic which fits in over the spine, and if the truth were told it is the cause of the hollow eyes and gasping breaths of the society women of to-day

Family Criticism.

THE appended bit of realism is from Harper's Bazar. But why may one's family "say anything to one'? Why isn't the household the place in which children should get their first lessons in tact? Why should not a child be taught at the outset the difference between truthfulness and brutality?

The entant terrible is not a delightful joke, to be quoted and iterated, but a nuisance to be promptly suppressed. If the child may not, unchecked, exercise his sharp eyes and undisciplined little dry-goods store has this distinction to tongue on the peculiarities of guests, be-made between the refined and the vulgar gin by traching him that the physical deconsideration.

The child whose brutal candor or unseasonable revelation of little family matters are laughed at, grows up the obtuse, uncivil man or woman, who makes few friends, and limits the influence of his talents and virtues by his in-

considerateness for the feelings of others. If a man's foes are those of his own household, certainly a woman's severest critics are to be found there also. Few of us realize how surely our words and judgments passed, because they are usually silent ones. When they happen to be spoken out instead of only thought, we are taken back, and something ap-palled, at the arraignment and sentence of which we had been entirely unaware.

It is the privilege of the family critic to be ruthlessly frank. Politeness is unnecessary, and consideration for the feelings of the condemned one ridiculously inappropriate. The strictures are given carelessly and freely, and offence at the plain speaking is a contingency never

imagined.

"It is only Jennie; she always says what she thinks." "No one minds Will; he always speaks out." "One's family, of course, may say anything." And why Draw

Children are the most terrible of family critics. They see so straight. Your "no" to them means "no," and your "yes," "yes." You cannot deceive them with half truths, or by a juggle of words. They cut through your subterfuge and convict you at once. Their straightforward simplicity makes you ashamed of your talsehood.

And of all critics, a boy is the cruelest. He is no respecter of vanities or shains. His cool questions and downright remarks make you writhe while you laugh,

and laugh while you burn.
One of this sort, aged lifteen, asked lately. "Have you got a sinewy neck, manima?" "Gracious!"—with a start, "What do you mean?"

"Why"—an inquiring and observing expression in his eyes—"I read the other day that all literary women have got sinewy necks. It said one could always tell 'em that way. It was a never-failing test. Did you ever notice it ?"

"Never?" hastily. "You will have to judge for yourself. I'm sure I don't

"Well," meditatively." I think, perhaps.

REBELDAN TELLS HIS STORY

THE FENIAN UPRISING OF 1866

Graphically Described—The Relator Now a Business Man of New York. But His Memory of Old Days Still Green.

Daniel O'Geary, the Irish patriot, or Rebel Dan, as he is familiarly called by those who know his record, is at present a well-to-do business man in New York. In the palmy days of Fenjanism he made his mark. He

shouldered his pike in the year 1866. Marshalstown, in the parish of Michelstown, County Cork, is where Dan first saw the light of day. When but a mere child his parents removed to Glanworth, one of the most pictur esque spots in the county. Here he was ready amid it sold byy-mantled castles, hills, streams and gens. In his boyhood he was a devoted student of Nature. One time he might be seen ascend ing the Kilworth hills; again he would be found sauntering along the green banks of the Funcheon. Rockmills was also a favorite haunt of his-

Where old Function meanders in low tuning And balmy airs flort from the heather-crowned

And the throstle's sweet matin harmonlously Through all the green groves that encircled Rockmills.

And many a pilgrimage did he make to the little churchyard of Kilcrumper, the last resting place of the famous knight of the road, the bold and undaunted Willie Brennan. Dan wooed the muse, too, in his time, having written a few spirited ballads. One of them has already appeared in print, from which I have selected the following lines:

"Many an eve, when settled near the ancient Crunbe well, On Funcheon's green-clad, mossy banks, em-bosomed in the dell, Surrounded by my comrades, our evening joys

to crown;
But—curse the foc! I had to go, and leave you,
Glanworth town."

In conversation, Dan is quiet and unassuming, but warms up with all the ardor of his youth when denouncing his country's oppres

He is of good physique; his countenance denotes strength and force of character; in stature, though somewhat below the middle height, he is compactly build, and in his prime must have been capable of enduring great fatigue. In the memorable year of '67 his powers of physical endurance were often tested. It is true that Stephens, Kickham, Luby, O'Dono-van Bossa, O'Loary and others were the mas-ter spirits of the revolutionary movement, but not a single man of them all was more daring or more willing to sacrifice life and liberty for the sake of his down-trodden country than Re-bel Dan O'Geary.

bel Dan O'Geary.

Having asked him the other day to relate on pan of cars.

Having asked him the other day to relate some of his exciting adventures, he said:

"I could fell you stories enough about my exploits to fill a good sized volume, that is if I had the time and you the patience to sit and listen to me, but I think if I contine myself to one or two incidents I can interest you. I'll say nothing or the midnish drills, the patient vigits, the long, weary marches in the dead of night, in all seasons, but It was the split of Tone, Fitzgerald and Emmet that strengthened me with fortitude to endure the hardships; their example filled me with enthusiasm and hope, making the goal of my ambition a happy and regenerated Ireland. But to come to the point. Of all my adventures I think the one that made the deepest impression on my mind was the night we went foraging for arms."

"Of all the nights in the year, he continued, it happened on St. Patrick's night in 1866. The Coerelon act was in vogue then. Martial law was proclaimed all over Ireland. Every man in Glamworth and the neighboring parishes received notice to collect windever arms they might have on their premises, guns, pistols, swords or pikes, as the case might be, and deliver them up to Captain Barry at his grand mansion in Ballyclough, for the captain was the deputy ford fleutenant at that time. Some of the weak-kneed farmers and shoneons and others that cared little about the cause of Ireland obeyed the summons and carried their weapons to the mansion at Ballyclough. Captain Barry would then send all arms delivered to him off to the town of Ballincollig. THE RAID FOR ARMS.

weakened his power to resist attack that he decided to meet the savages peace ably and thus, perhaps, incline them to mercy. The ship was in no immediate danger of going to pieces. The weather was again screne, and it was hoped that the fears of attack might not be realized. If worst came to worst, they would sell their lives dearly.

Aware of the love of bright colors and decorations common to savages it occurs.

Aware of the love of bright colors and decorations common to savages it occurs.

The ship was in no immediate doctor for all headache and nervous ills will be the ostracising of the headgear. What answer can be given to such redicted to most on the time, the reliance of the colors and more and ambition.

But at last a sail appeared moving in the offing part of the Island. Then she there is hardly a woman of any the doctor for all headache and nervous ills their true."

Well, meditatively. I think, perhaps. It is true."

What answer can be given to such the doctor of all headache and nervous ills will be the ostracising of the headgear.

What answer can be given to such the doctor of any the doctor for all headache and nervous ills will be the ostracising of the headgear.

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What answer can be given to such the town of Balline color.

What answer can be given to such the color.

The same

and appreciative eye at one of her percent stories.

Ahr, the remarked, musingly if it is a ball. I readly think that stey is into lead. I readly think that stey is introversely good, after all.

Ahr, the cold and heardes critic was within he aring. Mamma is there any think you ever write you don't think?

The the citim has bee one hardened, the cold of the citim has been an elabored. The most you!

But the citim has bee one hardened, the cold of the citim has developed, the citim has been an elabored. The most you if the same hardened, the citim has been an elabored. The largest trees are the mammath the citim has been an elabored. The largest trees are the mammath the citim has been a citim to be a constability of the citim has been a citim ha

"Our mission proved to be a grand success. We were masters of the situation. Yet we took

no mean advantage of our enemy. There was every delicacy in the way of eating and drinking. There was wine, brandy and whiskey in plenty, but it did not tempt us. Our men were tonest, brave and determined. They scorned to touch anything in the mansion except what they came for. They had a mission to fuffill and, having succeeded, took possession of the arms and departed from the mansion. We had our pickets well posted outside, behind and in front of the house. After depositing the sacks in the cart, the young man with the ligh boots set to work with his shovel and removed every foot-print."

boots set to work with his shovel and removed every foot-print."

Having Arms by Moonlight.

'Having Secured the prize, he continued the next thing to consider was, where to conceal it. Finally we arrived at the conclusions that a five-acre wheat field belonging to Champion Foley's father would be the safest place. So brave Foley jumped on the car, took the reins and led on the funeral cortege. The night was growing colder by this time; it had stopped snowing and the moon was bright. We had to cross over the Funcheon Bridge, with its B arches, and, by the light of the clear moon we could see the salmon and trout leaping and diving in the purling waters below. We passed the village green, the three big trees of Glanworth and the police barrack, and met but one patrolman during our journey, and, as luck would have it, he chanced to be a Fenian. We gave the signal and continued on our way without interfe cace; when we arrived at Blan Rhuew had to get a suitable colla to hold the arms before consigning them to their resting place. Brave Champion Foley, who was atways ready in case of an emergency, took a couple of the boys with him, and in less than five minutes they returned carrying a brand new pig-trough was carefully as possible into the pig trough, wrapping them up neatly and covering them over with some flax and tow which, Champion brought from the house unknown to his parents. The trough was then carried on the shoulders of about a dozen of the boys to the middle of Foley's five-acre wheat field. We then day a grave about three feet deep. During the proceedings we took off our hats out of respect for the sad ceremony, The pig-trough was then handled as tenderly as if it held the remains of a human being. We lowered it bottom, end up into the newly duggrave. Finally, when, it was covered over with the fresh sods, we retend the following day and house of a footmark. When the ceremony was over, we went interfered to reward the mule with an extra feed of oute the helph of our chyoment, we didn't forget to reward BURYING ARMS BY MOOSLIGHT.

THE HUE AND CRY.

with him, and never enjoyed a heartier mest in my life.

THE HUE AND CRV.

"This all happened in the year 1866," Rebe Dan explained. "The whole story appeared in the Had and Cry, shortly after the raid. Capt. Barry offered £1,000 reward for the recovery of the two gold-hilted swords. But to the credit of my countrymen, although more than 100 mer knew the secret as well as myself, not a man could be templed by the golden bait to turn traitor. Next there was a Government reward of £10,000 offered, but the secret was kept for two years. It leaked out at last his very curious manner in 1888, after the crops-growing for two years over the buried arms.

"The brave Champion Foley was coming home from the Fair of Kildorrery, in company with a man named Coffey, an old pensioner who was employed by Champion's father—it was after 2 o'clock in the morning, and on their way home they stopped at severalhouses, so that they were beginning to feel pretty exhibition. On their way they had to pass the five acre wheat field where the weapons lay buried. So when they got close to the field poor Champion, in a thoughtless way, not dreaming of doing any harm, said to his companion: "Coffey, my boy, there is £20,000 growing in that field."

"Of course, he meant the covernment reward, never thinking that Coffey would suspect the meaning of his words. But Coffey hough full of liquor, was wide awake enough to take the hint and keep it to himself. So he said nothing about it, for fear of arousing young. Foley's suspicion. He was an old soldier, and some of the old soldiers were very cute. At the same time he resolved in his mind to get hold of the Government reward by hook or bycrook as soon as a favorable chance pres niedited. The hint and keep it to himself. So he said nothing about it, for fear of arousing young. Foley's suspicion. He was an old soldier, and some of the old soldiers were very cute. At the same time he resolved in his mind to get hold of the Government reward by hook or bycrook as soon as a favorable chance pres niedit

proceduaterwards to be the bottom of the pix irongh. When the weapons were uncarthed they were found to be as bright and clean as or the night we harried them, the tow and flax served to preserve them from rust. The bix reward was supposed to have been divided between Coffey and the infantry man. But Coffey's share of it didn't protong his life, for I between the met with a bod end shortly after in Liverpool.

SEARCHING DAN'S COL.

SEARCHING BAN'S COL.

"It was some time prior to the assovery of the arms that I succeeded in making my escape from freland," ban said further, "and atthe sequel shows I was very fortunate in sodoing; for, after the weapons were uncarthed, Captain Barry was heard to remark; "That if Rebel Dan O'Geary had been captured after the discovery penal servitude for life would have been his sentence for the active part he took on the night of the raid."

"The cause of my sudden departure wasthis: I was suspected of having concealed arms in my cottage. The suspiction of the authorities was not without foundation, though when my betrayer was I could never learn. One night white entertaining a few friends I was surprised in the midst of our festivities to find my dwelling rudely hivaded by 22 of the Royal Irish Constabulary, under Sergeant Ahearn's command. It was not a very agreeable surprise to me, for at the time I had 475 rounds of cartridge, two Croppy pikes and a builet mould concealed under the boards of my sitting room, and over them stood a glass case. John Bullinan—Lord be merelful to him—leiped me to hide them.

"The search commenced; every hole and

and over them stood aghies case. John Ballman-Lord be merelful to him-helped me to hide them.

"The search commenced: every hole and corner of my cottage was scrutinized by the peelers, except the place containing the weapons. My lucky star must have been watching over me that night. I felt in high spirits when I saw their search was a falture, and I said to Sergeant. Ahearn (for he wasn't such a bad fellow, considering the position he held): "Sergeant," said I, "does it take twenty-two armed men to arrest a little man like me?"

"To be caudid with you, Dan," he replied, "James Stephens, the great Head Center himself, would nit be a greater prize than yourself. If I could only succeed in finding the arms you are supposed to have concealed."

"When the search was abandoned, Aheara talked the matter over in a good-humored way to the chief of police, who was in his car out side on the road. The result was that the twenty-two policemen returned to the barracks empty-handed. Before they left, however, Sergeant Ahearn gave me a hint, on the quiet, that I was a marked man, and if I regarded life or liberty, the sooner I shook the dater settling my affairs, it wasn't long before I was sailing from Queenstown Harbor for America."

Mr. O'Geary was quite recently the recipient of a handsome blackthorn brought over from the Emerald Isle, and presented to him by Judge Fitzgerald. He is justly proud of the souverir. It is a magnificent stick, girdled near the top by a silver band, on which is engraved in clear-cut letters' the name—Rebei Dan.

Barry O'Connor.

BARRY O'CONNOR.

To know others is the only way to know ourselves. To find other men and women better and nobler than we, will teach us humility; to find them poorer in worldly goods, harder-natured, more encompassed with difficulties and perplexities, will teach us pitifulness, toleration, forbearance.

The weight of the fear of God is the anchor of our soul .- St. Gregory.