

**Coming Back.**  
They say that our beloved dead should seek the old familiar place. Some wanderer would be there missed, And they would find a welcome face.  
I cannot tell what it might be In other homes; but this I know, Could my lost darling come to me, That she would never find it so.  
Outlines the flowers have come and gone, Offsets the winter winds have blown, The white her peaceful rest went on, And I have learned to live alone.  
Have slowly learned from day to day, In all his tasks to bear my part, But whether grave or whether day, I hide my memory in my heart.  
Fond, faithful love has best my way, And friends are round me true and tried, They have their place; but her to-day Is empty as the day she died.  
How would I spring with bated breath, And joy too deep for word or sign, To take my darling home from death, And once again to call her mine.  
I dare not dream the blissful dream, It fills my heart with wild unrest; Where younger could while my dream, She still must slumber; God knows best.  
But this I know, that those who say Our best beloved would find no place, Have never believed every day, Through years and years, for one dear face.  
—The San Francisco News Letter.

**KNOCKNAGOW**  
OR,  
**THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.**  
By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

**CHAPTER LIII—CONTINUED.**  
"Come, boys," said Mat, "up wud the ball."  
The ball was thrown up, and there was some good play, and running, with a friendly fall or two; but it was only a few goals "for fun" there was little or no excitement, and the "high gates," and "hell-and-heaven," and "bread-the-needle" were resumed, the players merely running away like a flock of frightened sheep whenever the ball came bounding in among them.  
"Mat," said Phil Luby, when two or three goals had been hurled, "I think you might send for the sledge."  
"Well, sure I'm agreeable at any time," replied Mat, "but 'twouldn't do to send for it until the captain proposes it first; you know how he likes the challenge."  
"Well, Donovan," said Captain French, "are we going to have the sledge? I can't say much longer."  
"Uv course, sir, as you came to have a throw we wouldn't like to disappoint you," returned Mat. "I'll send down to Jack Delany for the sledge. Barney!" he shouted, as Wattlesote was passing foot after a young girl, who was evidently bent upon leading him a long chase.  
"You lost, Mat," said Barney, "as he stopped and wheeled round, with a grin of intense enjoyment lighting up his face.  
"Oh, if you wud me at the high-gates," returned Barney, "you'd get your belly full uv kisses."  
"All right, Barney," rejoined Mat. "But I want you to run down to the forge for the sledge, as the captain 'd like to have a throw before he goes."  
"Begob, an' I will so," exclaimed Barney, becoming suddenly quite serious, on finding himself entrusted with so important a commission.  
"Take up that ball," said Phil Luby, in a tone that quite frightened Jacky Ryan; for it reminded him of the blebop's "Come down out of that window," the day that he, Jacky, and two other sprightly youths climbed to one of the high windows in Kiltubbar chapel, to hear his Grace's sermon in comfort, and as Jacky said, without out having the life "scrooged" out of them. "An' Brummagem," added Phil, "do you jolly Wattlesote, for fear he might bring the wrong wun."  
"I think I'll go down to the forge afther 'em," said Billy Hefferan, "as they'll be apt to be about him, an' delay you too long." But Billy Hefferan's real motive was to tell Nora Luby that Tom Cuddy had just been married, as it occurred to him that Nora might think the Knocknagow boys were beaten because there was no cheering.  
Barney soon appeared with the sledge upon his shoulder, and Mat Donovan, after balancing it in his hand, laid it to Captain French's feet.  
The captain stripped with the look of a man sure to win, and handed his coat and vest to his servant. A murmur, partly of admiration and partly of anxiety for the result of the contest, arose from the crowd of men, women, and children around as he bared his arms; for compared with them Mat Donovan's appeared almost slight and attenuated.  
"I never saw the like of him," some one was heard to exclaim in a low, solemn tone, but which was distinctly audible in the dead silence.  
He took the heavy sledge, and placing his foot to the mark, swung it backward and forward twice, and then wheeling rapidly full round, brought his foot to the mark again, and, lying from his arm as from a catapult, the sledge sailed through the air, and fell at a distance that seemed to startle many of the spectators.  
It was then bron, bit back and handed to Mat Donovan, who took it with a quiet smile that somewhat reassured his friends. Mat threw the sledge some three feet beyond the captain's mark, and many of those around drew a long breath of relief; but there was no applause.  
But the captain's next throw was fully six feet beyond Mat Donovan's; and several of his father's tenants and retainers cried, "More power, captain!"  
Mat Donovan, however, cleared the best mark again by three feet.  
The captain now grasped the sledge, clenching his teeth, and looking so fierce and fier-like, his eyes flashing from under his knitted brows, that the women at the front of the crowd involuntarily pressed back appalled. With every muscle strained to the utmost, he hurled the huge sledge to the mark, falling forward upon his hands; and as the iron ploughed up the green sward far beyond Mat Donovan's throw, the shout of the captain's retainers was a cry of triumph, and a cry of pain from the majority of the spectators.  
"Begor, captain," said Mat Donovan, surveying his adversary with a look of genuine admiration, "you're good!"  
"Taking his place again at the stand, he laid down the sledge, and, folding his arms, fell into a deep thought. Many a

tear-dimmed eye was fixed upon him, for all imagined that he was beaten.  
"His heart'll break," Bessy Morris heard a girl near her murmur.  
"The captain is a good fellow," thought Mat Donovan; "an' I'd like to have him the majority—if I could do it honourably."  
He looked on the anxious faces around him; he looked at Bessy Morris; but still it was undecided. Some one struck the big drum a single blow, as if by accident, and, turning round quickly, the thatched roof of the hamlet caught his eye. And strange to say, those old mud walls and thatched roofs roused him as nothing else could. His heart heaved, and with glistering eyes, and that soft plaintive smile of his, he uttered the words, "For the credit of the little village!" in a tone of the deepest tenderness. Then, grasping the sledge in his right hand, and drawing himself up to his full height, he measured the captain's cast with his eye. The muscles of his arms seemed to start out like cords of steel as he wheeled slowly round and shot the ponderous hammer through the air.  
His eye dilated, and, with quivering nostrils, he watched its flight, till it fell so far beyond the best mark that even he himself started with astonishment. Then a shout of exultation burst from the excited crowd; hands were raised, and every eye was fixed upon the sledge as it sped, and in their wild joy they crushed around him and tried to lift him upon their shoulders.  
"O boys, boys," he remonstrated, "be sure 'tisn't the first time you see me throw a sledge. Don't do anything that might offend the captain after comin' here among us to show ye a little diversion."  
This remonstrance had the desired effect, and the people drew back and broke up into groups to discuss the event more calmly. But Mat's eye lighted up with pride when he saw Miss Kearney upon the fence with her handkerchief fluttering in the breeze at her head, and Hugh waving his hat by the side of the road. The ladies in the p'ison caught the enthusiasm and displayed their handkerchiefs; while Grace ran to the doctor and got him to lift her up in his arms in order that she might have a better view.  
"Donovan," said Captain French, "your match is not in Europe. I was never beaten before."  
"Well, it took a Tipperary man to beat you, captain," returned Mat Donovan.  
"That's some consolation," said the captain. "I'm a Tipperary boy myself, and I'm glad you reminded me of it."  
"Mat," said Billy Hefferan, with tears standing in his eyes, "can you forgive me?"  
"For what, Billy?" asked Mat in surprise.  
"For misdoobin' you," replied Billy gulping down his emotion.  
"Now is that?" returned Mat.  
"Whin I see you pausin' an' lookin' so queer," said Billy Hefferan, turning away to dash the tears from his face, "I said to Phil Luby that Knocknagow was gone."  
"Knocknagow is not gone, Billy," exclaimed Mat, shaking him vigorously by the hand. "Knocknagow is not gone."  
"Knocknagow is not gone," repeated a clear mellow voice behind them; and on looking round they saw Father Mahon close to them, mounted on his bay mare.  
"Knocknagow is not gone," Father Mahon repeated, while his eye wandered from one to another of the groups of youths and maidens who had again returned to their sports over the field.  
"But how long can it be that Knocknagow is not gone?" he asked drily.  
"The good priest was just after kneeling by poor Mick Brien, stretched upon his wisp of straw in the miserable cabin; and as he counted the houses that had been levelled along the way, his heart sank within him, and he asked himself were the people he loved, and who loved him in their heart of hearts, doomed indeed to destruction.  
He rode back again, seeming to have forgotten the purpose for which he had turned into the field. But seeing Barney Broderick making a short cut to the forge, with the sledge on his shoulder, Father Mahon called to him.  
"Oh, bloodonous!" muttered Barney, "I'm goin' to get it now or ever, for lovin' Miss Kearney."  
"Barney," said the priest, "do you remember anything about a gun of Mr. Kearney's you hid in a bush?"  
"Be'cepel your reverence," returned Barney with a start, "I'd wint out uv my head till this blessed minute. The matter would be to bin' it over to Mat to feed the stock that Mr. Richard broke, and the beagles chance to be passin' hot fat afther a hare, an' I thru the gun into a brake uv birch trees above, an' cut afther the hunt. An' God help me! I never thought uv it, to carry it to Mat, but I'll go for it now."  
"Tis not where you put it," returned the priest. "The in the square bog hole in Billy Hefferan's turbary. I was desired to tell you so, lest you should get blamed; and say nothing about my tellin' you."  
"The square bog-hole," muttered Barney, as the priest rode on. "Sure the devil a bottom the square bog hole have. In the name uv the Lord I'll ex lave uv the matter to go see my mother, an' keep out uv harm's way till Saturday, at any rate." And Barney, dropping the sledge from his shoulder on the field—where it remained till Tom Maher broke his eye the night of the next summer—hurried off to ask leave to go see his mother.  
"I'm comin' to ax you to give me leave to go home for a couple of days, sir," said Barney, with quite a broken-hearted look.  
"Home?" returned his master, "what business have you home?"  
"My mother that's ill disposed, sir," replied Barney sorrowfully.  
"More d—n shame for her," said his master.  
"Good luck to you, sir," exclaimed Barney, brightening up with extraordinary suddenness and setting off for the little cabin above Glouramuckadher, where he found his venerable parent in excellent health and spirits.  
"I wish we had some place for a dance," remarked Mat Donovan, "to put the girls in good humour."  
"I'll give you my barn for a dance,"

said Tom Hogan proudly; "the best barn in the parish."  
"More power, Tom," exclaimed a dozen voices. "Up wud the music."  
Mat Donovan threw the strap of the big drum over his head, and an emotion of loud bangs reminded Mr. Lowe of his fright on Christmas morning, when he thought a blunderbus had been discharged through his window. Billy Hefferan and the other musicians produced their fife, and a loud cheer greeted the announcement that they were to have a dance in Tom Hogan's barn.  
The sound of the drum seemed to rouse Father Mahon from his gloomy reverie, as he rode on through the village. "No; they are not gone yet," he thought, as he stopped under the beech tree—looking up among the boughs, as if he wanted Tommy Luby to hold the bay mare, and thought of the top of the tree the most likely place to find him—"let us trust in God, and hope for the best."  
Nora Luby appeared at the door with a courtesy; and verily that wholesome, smiling face of hers seemed to say, even more plainly than the big drum itself, that Knocknagow was safe and sound—a little old or so; but hale and hearty and kindly, withal.  
"Well, Mrs. Luby, how is she?"  
"Finely, your reverence," Honor replied.  
Father Mahon cast his eyes up toward the beech again.  
"He's gone wud the drum, sir," said Honor.  
"Oh, yes, that's quite right. I'll just step in to see Nora," returned Father Mahon, alighting and hanging the rein on an iron hook in the beech-tree.  
And how Honor Luby's face did light up as she courted again! And how poor Nora's eyes beamed with pleasure and thankfulness! After inquiring how she felt, and hoping she would be better when the fine weather came, he was going away, when a long roll of the drum soffit away by distance made him pause.  
"Do you feel sorry that you cannot join them?" he asked, looking pityingly into the poor girl's pale face.  
"Oh, no, sir," she replied—"and there was gladness in her low, sweet tones."  
"Tis just the same as if I was with them."  
"Yes, then," added her mother, "an' she makes me go out to see which side uv the field the girls do be at, an' then she thinks she do be wud 'em from that out."  
"That's right, that's right," said Father Mahon, hurrying out as if the bay mare were trying to break loose and run away. And as he took the rein from the hook, Father Mahon flourished his crimson silk pocket-handkerchief and blew his nose loudly.  
"Throwing the rein over his arm, and thrusting his thumbs in his waistcoat, Father Mahon then walked down the hill, with his head so high, and looking so awfully proud that Jack Delany's wife matched up the twins from the middle of the road, seizing one by the small of the back and the other by the left arm—which, strange to say, was not dislocated that time—and ran with them into the square foot; and when she stopped to pick up the "rattler" and wooden "concrack" which Drummegun had brought for the twins at the fair after winning one-and-fourpences at "trick-o'-the-loop"; Mrs. Delany being fully persuaded that in his thin mood Father Mahon would think nothing of crushing the twins—one under each foot; and when she looked at the priest he had passed, "did any one ever see a man wud such a proud walk?"  
"Mother," said Nora Luby, "I'm as sure as I'm alive that I know two saints who are still walking the earth."  
"Who are they?" her mother asked.  
"Father Mahon and Miss Kearney," replied Nora.  
"Why, then, I know a saint," thought the poor woman, with a sorrowful shake of her head, "I know a saint, an' she's not dead to walk at all." And Honor Luby turned away her face and wept silently.  
Great was Phil Luby's astonishment when he heard that Tom Hogan had given his barn for the dance even without being asked. And, after pondering over the extraordinary circumstance for a minute or two, Phil declared that, "afther that, we'd get the Repeal of the Union." He could talk of nothing, however, but Mat Donovan's triumph, which he attributed in no small degree to certain "directions" which he had given to; and even when July Brophy's new admirer beckoned him aside, and wanted to know "what part of a woman was her contour," Phil answered shortly that he never "studied them subjects much"; so that the young man, who thought he had hit upon a new accomplishment, came muttering as he rubbed his poll with a puzzled look that he "didn't like to venture the 'contour,' though he was nearly sure 'twas all right; and he had to go over the old compliment again; to much delight as July Brophy listened with as much delight as if Brophy had not heard them all fifty times before. And now it is only fair to say that there was not a warmer admirer than that warm-hearted minister of night Hogan's beauty at the dance that night than July Brophy; and in protesting against her brother's bringing home a penniless bride, perhaps July Brophy did no more than a good many tolerably amiable young women might have done under similar circumstances. And, furthermore, we felt bound to admit, that were it not for those two hundred sovereigns out of Larry Cuddy's old snapper, that somewhat pedantic young man, who is so assiduous in his attentions, would be puzzling his brains about her "contour," as he is at the moment.  
Bessy Morris's is the only sad face I can see." Grace remarked to Mary, as the joyous crowd left the field. "Wonder what can have happened to her?"  
Mary beckoned to Bessy as she was passing, and after saying something about the alteration of a dress, asked curiously what was Captain French had been saying to her.  
"Well, he was humpbugging me about that sergeant," Bessy replied, with a look of pain.  
"Oh, yes, yes," returned Mary brightening up. "I understand. Good evening. And tell Mat Donovan how delighted I am at his victory."

Nora Luby sat in her straw chair looking into the bright turf fire, and deriving as much pleasure from the dance in Tom Hogan's barn as if her foot were the festive songs from morning till night. But it could not be helped, an' he can't say that he wasn't warned, at any rate." And Jer returned to Mount Temple full of forebodings, and almost regretting his promise to Tom O'way to go down to the county Carlow to have a look at his cousin.  
**TO BE CONTINUED.**

**CHAPTER LIV.**  
**BOB LLOYD IN DANGER—MAT DONOVAN'S OPINION OF "DEAVING" PEOPLE "IN THE WAY OF COURTESHIP."**  
The last straggler had left the field, and the music had broken hands with Mr. Lowe and the doctor, and driven up the hill, disappearing round the angle of the road like a vanishing rainbow, or anything else very bright and beautiful, from the doctor's gaze. Maurice Kearney was pointing out the wonderful staleness of the new dith to Mr. Bob Lloyd, and telling him how Mat Donovan had marked out the line for it with his plough. And Mr. Lloyd, stooping forward and carrying one eye, had looked along the new dith with the ears of his grey hunter, and said, "Ay, faith," Mr. Lowe had turned into the avenue gate to overtake Mary and Grace—when Grace, who looked round to see whether the pony would take it into his head to play one of his practical jokes, and return to the gate backwards, uttered an exclamation and stood still, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. Then Grace ran forward a few yards and stopped again; and then retreated backward, holding out her hand to feel for Mary, and keeping her eyes fixed upon a carriage that had just topped the hill and was coming slowly towards them. Having found Mary without the help of her eyes, she grasped her by the arm, holding on as if some unseen force were pulling her away, and panting like a startled greyhound. For a minute or so she seemed uncertain as to the occupants of the carriage; but all doubt was soon removed, and, regardless of consequences to her appearance, she sprang forward and flew up the hill as if she had wings. The old coachman, allowing his solema face to relax into a smile, reined in his horses, and in another instant Grace was in the carriage.  
"It is Dr. Kiely," exclaimed Mary. "It is her father. And Mary looked to it, that a new idea got into Mr. Lowe's mind, and when he saw a tall man of noble presence alight from the carriage holding his little daughter by the hand, Mr. Lowe felt sure that Dr. Kiely was the rival he had met to death. He remembered how Mrs. Kearney had described him as the "finest man she ever saw;" and he could see by her look that she almost worshipped him.  
"What is he doing with him," she exclaimed again, and hurried quickly back to the gate, as Richard handed a graceful girl with very long golden ringlets out of the carriage.  
When the greetings and introductions were over—and Dr. Kiely did not fail to shake hands with Mr. Lloyd, whom he had met before—the party all walked towards the house, the carriage going round to the back entrance; but Maurice Kearney observed that Mr. Bob Lloyd remained outside the gate, as motionless as any equestrian statue.  
"Come, Mr. Lloyd, and have pot-luck with us," said Maurice Kearney, going back and pulling the gate open.  
"Oh, he has to like a man in a dream, till he came to the hall door."  
"Take Mr. Lloyd's horse to the stable," said Mr. Kearney to Tom Maher. "Come in, Mr. Lloyd."  
Grace never let her father's hand all this time; but she glanced at Eva occasionally as if he feared some harm might befall her, and thought the "poor lass" required looking after. Mary was obliged to come down from her room to render her of the necessity of preparing for dinner, and Grace returned with her; but, instead of taking off her bonnet, she sat on a chair near the window, looking quite bewildered.  
"What on earth has come over you, Grace?" Mary asked. "You have never once opened your lips since they arrived."  
"To think Grace replied by rubbing at her sister, and flinging her arms round her neck. Eva stooped down and gently submitted to a choking.  
"You have lost your senses," said Mary, laughing.  
"Here now, Mary," returned Grace, in a business like manner, "sit down and write a note, which I will dictate."  
"To whom?" Mary asked.  
"To Castlevale. Papa likes a dance, and I can't see that we can get on quite well by ourselves. So ask them to spend the evening."  
"Very well," returned Mary; "I suppose I'm to include Lory."  
"Who is Lory?" Eva inquired, as she tried to rearrange her curls.  
"Oh, he's one of my admirers," Grace replied.  
"Shall I say, by way of indorsement, that we have Mr. Lloyd?"  
"Well, I think not. It would look as if we regarded that fact as a great matter. I'll send Adams with the note, and he can say that by the bye, Mr. Lloyd, incidentally, has been in the city, and could not be here. Here is his man Jer in pursuit of him, and you know what Richard told us about him."  
Mr. Lloyd was soon seen, without his hat, in the garden.  
"Well, Jer?" he said.  
"Aren't we goin' to the county Carlow?" returned Jer. "Afther gettin' the new traces for the tandem an' all."  
"Ay, faith," replied his master. "To-morrow."  
"Well, sure you may as well come away home so," rejoined Jer.  
"I'm staying for dinner with Mr. Kearney," returned his master.  
"You looked at him in silence for a minute. 'God bless him,' muttered, with a pitying shake of the head. "You never had a sin uv mine, since you were the height of 'em." And Jer held his hand two feet from the ground.  
"No danger, Jer," said Bob Lloyd, walking back to the house with a good-humoured smile.  
"No danger," Jer muttered to himself, as he glanced at Miss Kearney in the window. "How mild an' innocent she looks. An' she's always quite an' staidy, an' stays at home an' keeps her mind to

herself. But thin's the dangerous wun," added Jer, with a look of deep wisdom. "an' thin's the little cockers that's always round about 'em, raggin' their tails and singin' songs from morning till night. But it can't be helped, an' he can't say that he wasn't warned, at any rate." And Jer returned to Mount Temple full of forebodings, and almost regretting his promise to Tom O'way to go down to the county Carlow to have a look at his cousin.  
**TO BE CONTINUED.**

**A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN'S TRIBUTE.**  
THE REV. L. A. BANKS ON CARDINAL NEWMAN AND BOYLE O'REILLY.  
The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, pastor of St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, South Boston, took for the subject of his last Sunday's discourse, which attracted an immense congregation, "Cardinal Newman and John Boyle O'Reilly—A Protestant Tribute to Catholic Genius." His text was Hebrews, xi, 4. "Through faith, being dead, yet speaketh." Mr. Bank's discourse was as follows:  
This Scripture is from the roll call of the heroes of faith; a testimony to the immortality of a great faith. It is an illustration of the indestructible power of a worthy belief when incarnated in a human life. John Stuart Mill's greatest maxim was that "one man with a belief is equal to a hundred men with only interests"—a maxim which receives new illustration and proof in the life of every truly earnest man. A genuine human life flows on beyond its coast. As, far out at sea, off the mouth of a great river, out of sight of land, the sailor lifts from the vessel's side his bucket of sweet, fresh water from the midst of the salt ocean, so the lives we study to day will sweeten the waters of human thought and feeling far out of sight over the billows of the years. In a single week the Roman Catholic communion has been robbed by death of TWO VERY NOTABLE FIGURES.  
When I say robbed, I speak after the manner of men, for in truth death has no power of robbery. That which is noblest and best remains as imperishable possession. In my own country, I should be glad to see the public way, pay my tribute of respect and regard to the memory of these leaders of Catholicism, my answer is simple. Whenever I have had reason to differ from the Roman Catholic Church or its representatives on matters of public importance, I have not hesitated to candidly express my convictions. I see no reason why I should be less frank when I have sentiments of regard. Both Cardinal Newman and John Boyle O'Reilly were Catholics, intense partisan Catholics, you might say; on the other hand, I am a sincere Methodist Protestant. They were, however, more than Catholics. They were strong sympathizers, warm hearted, hearty men. Before both Protestants and Methodists I, too, aspire to be a man and a brother. It is on that platform that I stand this morning to pay my brotherly tribute.  
**CARDINAL NEWMAN**  
has come down to us as a heritage from a former generation. All the great men of all races of this world, whom we have wrestled more than two score years ago have long since passed away. Mr. Gladstone remains as a single and brilliant exception. Newman was remarkable not only being great, but many-sided. How rare it is to find a man who is at once great as a theologian, a novelist, a logician, a poet, and a universally acknowledged sage. Yet all this can be truthfully said of Cardinal Newman. If you were to burn up everything else he would live in history as a great preacher and theological essayist. If all that could be blotted out, he would remain as a novelist and the writer of, with one or two exceptions, the purest English prose of his age. If that, too, could be lost in oblivion, millions of souls threading their way through the darkness of human struggle would hold in their tenderest thought his "Lead, Kindly Light," and crown him a great poet; and if all these could perish, the record of a stainless life through fourscore years and ten, stretching a pure white line across three generations of his fellow-brethren, throughout the fragrance of Jesus Christ would remain to canonize him in the heart of Christendom, without regard to creed, as a pure white saint. The true greatness of Newman stands out in this; that his opponents, while still differing from him in judgment, came to recognize his sincerity of purpose, and the genuineness of his Christian character. Such a man stands up above the narrow relations of earth and time; he belongs to the brotherhood of the race.  
**JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY**  
stands nearer to us. He is a representative of much that is peculiarly characteristic of our own age and time. His life is a romance stronger than the wildest dreams of fiction. At 13 a student in school at Drogheda; at 17 a private soldier in the Irish Hussars; at 22 lying in a dungeon in Dublin condemned to death for treason against Great Britain; at 24 a nameless convict in a criminal colony in Western Australia; at 25 in Philadelphia without friends and without money; at 30 a successful journalist and a prominent poet in Boston, and at 35 the acknowledged leader of the Irish cause in America. There are some phases of this brilliant, fascinating career that are surely worthy of our study. All the world knew what he did. He excited interest and commanded admiration, and all men were his brethren.  
In the first place, as an adopted American citizen, O'Reilly fastly earned that every true-hearted American should speak him first in death. Standing at Plymouth Rock, an intense hot-blooded Irish Catholic, it was truly a great soul that could say as he did of our Pilgrim Fathers: Give praise to others, early come or late For love and labor on our ship or state; The Pilgrim Fathers laid the first real seal On their strong lives we base our own social wealth. The man, the home, the town, the commonwealth, the nation's builders? Yes, the conscious, the fall. Design is impotent if nature frown. No deathless pile has grown from intellect. Immortal things have God for architect. And men are but the granite He lays down.

O'Reilly is a splendid illustration of the unequalled opportunity America gives to a young man who has nothing but his hands, his head, and an honest heart with which to push his way. If a Welsh parson boy, given America's free opportunity can compel the entire civilized world to re-echo the name of Henry M. Stanley, or grant to an Irish emigrant, who at twenty five is unknown, homes and an immense fortune, and make for himself the name and fame accorded to John Boyle O'Reilly, then there is inspiration for every honest-hearted young soul in America to take courage and do the best that is in him. O'Reilly, like Stanley, succeeded by hard work—by doing promptly and with all his might the duty at hand.  
Another element of O'Reilly's success was his positive convictions. He believed things with all his might. It is the men who bathe their thoughts in their own blood and drive them home to the soul of other men with heart-beats who are irresistible.  
A remarkable fact about O'Reilly was that his sorrows in dungeons and penal settlements, enough to have broken the heart of many a really strong man, failed to sour or embitter him. These words of his have the true poetic insight:  
I know That when God gives us the clearest light, He does not touch our eyes with love, but sorrow.  
He makes even his dreary experience in Western Australia yield him some of the sweetest honey of poetry. Sorrow had made him tender and sympathetic with all whose hearts were sad. O'Reilly's pen and voice and purse were always at the service of the poor and the oppressed. No humble man ever approached him with an unheeded request. He had what used to be more common in America than it is to-day—the power to be splendidly angry at injustice and oppression. We need to cultivate that faculty lest it die out in our modern, purse-proud society.  
Of course, from their different standpoints, it would be easy for me to criticize his course in many ways. It is hard for those who stand at widely different points of observation to appreciate each other. Differing from him as widely by education and training and surroundings as, perhaps, any one else in the city, I would stand at the grave of John Boyle O'Reilly and sing his own song over the honest trapper:  
The trapper died—our hero—and we grieved, In every heart to echo the sorrow stirred. "His soul was red" the Indian cried, "Bereaved;" "A white man he" the grim old Yankee's word.  
So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best— How and he was, how brave, how keen to track. And as we laid him by the pines to rest, A negro spoke, with tears, "His heart was black."  
So, with unfeigned sympathy and love, I, a Protestant, with the charity with which I myself hope to be judged, would say of my brother Catholic, his heart was Christian.  
**SLAVERY OF THE PROTESTANT PULPIT.**  
A Protestant clergyman of Danvers, writing to the Pittsburg Advertiser, bewails the fact that "with a few noble exceptions, the (Protestant) pulpits no longer cry aloud against the sins of the day." In another place he exclaims, "The church does not reach the masses."  
The reason of this deplorable state of things is thus accounted for by our esteemed contemporary, the Buffalo Christian Advocate:  
"The reason why some pulpits no longer cry out against the sins of the day is because men of wealth, imbued with the spirit of the world, exert a controlling influence on the church on the same low moral plane that they do their business." This explains why so much dilletantism prevails in the Protestant pulpit of today. The poor clergyman is afraid of his shadow. He dare not hearken to the divine voice, "Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sin." If he should attempt this stalwart style of gospel in his pulpit he wouldn't get a chance to do so long. He'd soon get the "blue envelope" from those who ran the church.  
The vetry that gave the reverend gentleman the "call" is his master; and should be chance to tread betimes upon the minister's toes he does so at his peril. No marvel, therefore, that the poor man with probably a family to support, should feel his way carefully, and content himself for the most part with paper little essays upon glittering generalities.—Buffalo Union and Times.

**SORRETTY.**  
The Catholic Total Abstinence Union convention has closed its labors in our midst, and its members have gone to their homes. We, in our editorial capacity, wish to say a few words to those young men who have left college or academy, and are about to embark in some of the pursuits usual to them. To all of them we can safely say that success will not be attained if they become too much accustomed to the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. We could reckon by the score the sad career of young men who had given promise of much usefulness to their fellow men, who filled the drunkard's graves at an early period.  
Let our young men reflect. The successful man, in all vocations, are those of sobriety. To obtain a situation you must have a good record in this respect; still more so, to retain the situation. As habits to the detriment of sobriety are soon formed, we can assure them that the only really safe course is to give up "the right" total abstinence. The sacrifice is small; the reward will be great. This course will secure to them, at all times, and under all circumstances, the full use of their reasoning faculties. Reason was given to us that a good use might be made thereof. The hard drinker perishes with his reason too frequently. Do not, medicine, as a merchant, either in law, usual avocations to which our young men aspire? Young men, resolve to be sober and abstemious.—Pittsburg Catholic.

**Speaking for his fellow Irish exiles, the late John Boyle O'Reilly sang:**  
"No treason we bring from Erin, nor bring we shame of guilt. The sword we bear is not dipped in blood. The wrath we bear to Columbia is twisted from a thorn, not made of steel. And the songs we sing are saddened by the thought of desolate days. But the stars are not dimmed by freedom air. And we claim our right by a people's fight out living a thousand years."  
It is reported from Boston that Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly's success as editor of the *Pilot* will undoubtedly be Mr.

Buffalo Union and Times.  
Mr. Gladstone delivered himself of some very sensible talk to some High School girls, whom Mrs. Gladstone had invited to take tea with her and her husband on the fifty first anniversary of the old couple's marriage. The girls surrounded the aged statesman and his reply was full of sage philosophy. He cautioned his hearers against any foolish admiration for the "talent" and "executive ability" of so-called "progressive women" who seem to think any position save that of the household is the proper sphere for their activity. He warned his youthful auditors to work, strive, attain, to shun the public eye. This we believe to be a sternly true. Our views on the woman question have been given heretofore at length in these columns and we are delighted to find the ideas of the great Liberal statesman so exactly to coincide with the theories which we then advanced.  
New York Catholic Review.  
The labor troubles in Europe are lightened of some of their gloom by a cablegram from London which announces that the British shipping conference, representing a capital of \$400,000,000, have agreed to a conference to unite in a fight against the labor unions. Perhaps we have here the materials of a British-American conspiracy against lawful associations of labor in Britain and America. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain Depew has been more than a summer ambassador to England. Yet all this bother among the money-makers is but furnishing strong arguments for labor unions. In a struggle capital suffers most. The laborer has learned one truth: that it is pleasanter to starve in a strike than to starve on low wages. The great capitalists taught them this truth.  
Cleveland Universe.  
Our sectarian exchanges are making amusing efforts to place Methodism first in denominational statistics of church membership. To do this they compute Catholics by a rate of so many church members to the Catholic "population." That is nonsense. Our church membership includes the entire Catholic population. With sectarians it is different. Their youths are chiefly relegated to manhood to join or reject church membership, as they please. Ours are from infancy baptized members of the Church.  
Pittsburg Catholic.  
It is worthy of being noted that, at the grand celebration held by the Salvation Army recently in London, there were representatives from all the Protestant and nearly all the pagan countries of the world; but not an Irishman, French Canadian, Spaniard, Portuguese, or Italian was to be found in the ranks.  
The missionary field of Japan, to which we allude in another paragraph, is just now the arena within which of several rival Protestant denominations are striving for the mastery. The N. Y. Sun appreciates the fan of the situation, and thus depicts it: "Too poor Japanese just now are being hauled this way and that by rival religious schools. Missionary Harrington writes that the Baptists there are prospecting innumerable with right and main—the Catholics are introducing infidel baptism; the Unitarians are laboring orthodox Christianity unmercifully; the Universalists, who have just arrived, are proclaiming disbelief in future punishment; Sir Edwin Arnold is on the ground to extol the religion of the Buddha; the Anglican and Caucasian missionaries are making fun at missionaries in general; all of which is calculated to qualify the earnest native seeker after truth for an insane asylum."  
A writer in one of the most prominent Methodist organs of the country thinks his Church has departed from the simplicity of the days of its founders. He falls the Wesleyites of these States have despised the rule of a Pope; and that this abomination in the holy place is known as "General Conference." "King Caucus," he holds, has usurped the place of the spirit in the councils of Methodism and the whole body is permeated with his cunning and hypocrisy. "The highest offices in the denomination have become things of trade among the people, and the rule of a Pope and his sheen in the shambles. 'Aal for religion has given place to lust for power and place, and all the best pulpits and most of the sinuceres are bestowed as rewards for partisan service." This is a strong impeachment; but the writer, as a matter of course, has better opportunities of being acquainted with its truth than we have. We would rather feel that there has been some serious backsliding.  
New York Freeman's Journal.  
Premier Crispien has ordered a list to be made of all religious houses in Rome, with the view of confiscating those that are liable to suppression under the law.—Cablegram of Tuesday. The expense of cabling this might have been spared, since the Roman papers containing the notice arrived on Saturday last. It refers to the Opera Pia, or charitable institutions, whose property is being confiscated by the Sicilian adventurer. What is very curious, too, is to observe how anxious Signor Orto is to warn his underlings about supposedly false attempts of the charitably inclined to evade the law in some way in making legacies. No evasion, he says, will pass; every copper must go into the hungry Crispien's doled in rags, was once plucked with want, an institution of the kind he was upon relieved him. He now repays the charity. Little, if any, of the confiscated millions will ever find their way to the poor, unless Millionaire Crispien still considers himself poor.