

The Last of the Light Brigade.

There were thirty million English who... They were broken troops who... They were only the last of the Light Brigade.

They lay their heads together that were... They were broken troops who... They were only the last of the Light Brigade.

They were broken troops who... They were only the last of the Light Brigade. Thirty million English that babble of England's might.

KNOCKNAGOW

OR, THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY.

By CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LIII

THE HURLING IN THE KILN FIELD—CAPTAIN FRENCH THROWS THE SLEDGE AGAINST THE THRESH—HARRY IN TROUBLE—FATHER M'MAHON'S 'FROUD WALK'.

mother's cabin above Glouanmahadhee, or to his relations near Ballydunmore, he had better fly to escape Mr. Kearney's wrath.

But the roll of the big drum reminded him of the great hurling match that was to come off in the kiln-field that day, and of the sledge-throwing between Mat Donovan and Captain French, and of the 'high gates' and 'bell-and-heaven' and, above all, of Peg Brady, whom Barney pronounced to be 'a tuppence a pound before any girl in the parish'—and a kiss from whom, he assured Tom Maher in confidence, was 'sating and drinking'; and Barney was a happy man once more!

"Begob, Tom," he exclaimed, his eyes glistening with delight, "there'll be no show but all the byes an' girls will have in the kiln field to day. Look up Thomas's Boherovog. The road is black and 'em."

window, and some books, and a bird in a cage to sing for her all day long." "I like Nora's Luby's linnat," Mary added.

"No," rejoined Grace, "he is too grave and sober for Bessy. Elin's goldfish would be more suitable, or a canary. But Mat himself would be for a thrush that would awaken the Haven Sleepers. Bessy, however, has, I think, more ambitious views than to be the mistress of that little house."

"I'd be sorry to think you are not mistaken," returned Mary, thoughtfully. "But it is just the sort of man who would feel such a disappointment deeply. I can't help laughing at myself," she added, "I am so anxious about the hurling, and this trial of strength with Captain French. I would not wish for anything that Mat should be beaten. And yet of what consequence is it?"

The party whom he addressed made no reply, but they whispered among themselves, and one or two got upon the 'new ditch' and looked towards the Three Poplars.

"Is there anything wrong, boys?" said Mat, after leaving his place at the head of his men, and mingling with the crowd, from which 'the farmers' had not yet separated.

"Tom is not here," was the reply, slowly and reluctantly given. "Tom Cuddeby not here!" exclaimed Mat Donovan, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. "Where is he?"

Captain French's servant called his attention to Bessy Morris, and he immediately came towards her and commenced talking to her.

Mary Kearney seemed surprised on observing this; and she looked grave, if not pained, when she saw Bessy's face was crimson and her eyes cast down, while the captain's white teeth glistened—unpleasantly Mary thought—through his dark beard.

"He is a splendid-looking man," said Grace. "But what can he be saying to Bessy Morris?" Mary asked. "Oh, flattering her, of course," replied Grace. "And really I never thought she was so very beautiful. But she is strikingly so—not handsome, but some way fascinating. If I were Miss Isabella Lloyd I might be jealous."

AMONG THE MAORIS.

BABIES DROWNED BY HEARTLESS MOTHERS—NUNS AND MISSIONARIES TORTURED.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 10.—Rev. Father Lawrence, a French Catholic missionary of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, has just concluded a series of meetings at St. Piousness's church, Pittsburg. He is now in New York where he will call for France and repair to the mother house of the Order. Father Lawrence has spent twenty three years as a missionary among the Maoris in New Zealand, and after his retreat will return thither to take up his work. He tells a most remarkable story of his experience with the Maoris.

"The people," he says, "exhibited some of the worst forms of savagery. The killing of infant children was an ordinary occurrence. I have seen human mothers take their little ones to the water's edge, plunge them in until they died from suffocation, and then send the tiny, lifeless bodies, limb from limb. We missionaries, although powerless to break up this practice, exerted ourselves to rescue as many of the children as we could, with the ultimate object of bringing them into the Christian fold when they reached mature years. The first time that I was fortunate enough to capture a mile of humanity in this manner, I felt sorely perplexed as to how I was to take care of the child. It was milk procurable, and I knew that solid food would be useless as sustenance for an infant. I went into a rude church which had been erected for our mission, and, falling on my knees, prayed to God to send me an inspiration. As I left the church the first object that met my gaze was a ewe, her udder heavy with milk, and its appearance pleased me there by evidence for the very purpose concerning which I had been in such embarrassment. Without more ado I placed my infant charge in a position to absorb the needed nourishment, which it did with evident gusto. I had the child and its strange foster-mother lodged in my own quarters, and the last animal discharged its maternal duty with a fidelity equal to that of a human being, sometimes even rapping on the floor with its feet when the baby needed attention. This was the beginning of a system which has since developed, until there are now over seven hundred infants in the hands of the missionaries in New Zealand, whose sustenance is derived almost exclusively from the milk of ewes."

"I have also been subjected to shocking tortures. I have been strung up for ten days by a cord attached to my hands, which were tied behind my back; my toes nails were torn off, and—these deep grooves in my arms, they are the scars remaining where the flesh was cut from the wrist to the shoulder in strips nearly one inch thick."

HEROIC MISSIONARIES.

THE CARDINAL SENDS TWENTY OF THEM TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

On the Feast of St. Peter and Paul, at the Cathedral of Algiers, the solemn ceremony of the departure of the twenty members of the Society of Algerian Missionaries for Equatorial Africa was held. The great church, decked for the high festival, was filled by thronged crowds who came to witness the function. The great and little Seminaries of the Mission, the priests of neighboring parishes, and the titular Canons formed a long cortege in attendance on Cardinal Lavigne, who presided over the ceremony. After Benediction the singing of the Mass, the splendid Chant des Depart, during which the twenty young Apostles, with Pere Gerboin at their head, formed into a semi-circle before the altar. After the first verse of the hymn was finished Cardinal Lavigne spoke to the travellers. They were going, he told them, amidst the heat of rivalries, passions, and divisions of nations. They were to range themselves on no side in the quarrel for any political reason; faith and humanity must be their double motive. "Be filled with respect for authority where it is established; give all equally the aid of your charity; mingle neither your cause nor your name in human intestine. I have wished, in sending you to the dark and unknown, who have labored in Africa should have been represented. I see among you not only Frenchmen, as is natural, since your work took root and grew up on the soil of France; I see here representatives of England, Germany, and Belgium—in a word of all the powers, which at this moment fight African domination. . . . Ask of God for the best medicine, especially for those who are ahead of all others in this work, namely, the common Father of all Christians—Leo XIII.—and after him—I say it is a solemn homage to the truth—England, which was the first to take up our crusade with enthusiasm, and which has, at my prayer, sought and obtained, for the best of all nations, an assembly hall of the powers. . . . At the end of these words the Cardinal advanced along the foot of the altar as far as the missionaries, where, stopping, he proceeded to kiss their feet. After the Cardinal, the whole clergy and congregation also came to kiss the missionaries' feet, and so the ceremony went on their way to mid-Africa.

THE DWELLERS IN GREAT CITIES

London University, July 2.

The feast of their great countryman, St. Vincent de Paul, was celebrated with due solemnity by the Marist Fathers at the Church of Notre Dame de France, Leicester Square, on Sunday. The High Mass was sung by Father Quasprillon, assisted by two Fathers of the mission; and the Right Rev. Dr. Patterson, Bishop of Emmanu, who was present, was attended by Fathers Mijolis and Oberier. Among the congregation was the president and several prominent members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

His Lordship the Bishop of Emmanu preaching on behalf of the patronage work of the society, dwelt on our responsibility to God, which was founded on three great considerations which Christians and Catholics should always have before their eyes—first, that He created us, and, secondly, that He redeemed us; and, thirdly, that we owed to Him the sanctification of our souls by the indwelling of God's holy spirit, whereby each Christian became a temple of God. Then we owed responsibility to God for all the extrinsic gifts given to us—for our talents, the strength and energy of our will, our opportunities, education, and so forth; and, for the gifts of fortune. And, in addition to all these things, to come to the matter on which he had to address them that day, we owed responsibility for those feelings of mercy and compassion which were seated so deeply in our nature that human society was compacted and held together by them, and that to imagine a society lacking those feelings would be to imagine a forest of wild beasts."

THE DWELLERS IN GREAT CITIES had that brought before them more than those who lived in the country. One could not live in a great city without having the needs of his fellows forced upon his notice. In a huge city like London the contrasts between the rich and poor was too obvious to escape the notice of the most fastidious and the most foolish person. The question then arose how that unhappy condition of things was to be relieved. Many thought that there was a panacea to be found for those woes of humanity, but he was not of them—when the sea was dried up and the sun ceased to give light then, but not till then, might be found the philosopher's stone, or a charlatan—of being at least a fanatic, at worst a knave. No practical man could believe in any panacea that would act in a wholesale manner and change the whole of society. What, then, was the remedy? While there was no such panacea, no such royal road for the relief of human distress and misery, they read in the lives of the saints the only possible remedy for those widespread woes and sufferings of human nature, and were taught to see in them opportunities for attaining Christian perfection, and, though no definite remedy was prescribed, a principle was laid down which, if it were only acted upon by the greater part of mankind, would infallibly produce the correction of most of those woes. Many objected, and in perfect good faith, that in spite of all that was said of THE GOOD DONE BY CHARITY, any one who tried to bring that principle of charity to bear found an enormous difficulty in doing so. That was most true, and he had not lived for five and thirty years as a priest in London without being perfectly well aware that there were few things in which it was more easy to do harm and more difficult to do good than in that matter of charity. Our civilization was so complex, and the vice and corruption of the artificial society in which they lived was so great; as to make it most difficult to satisfy themselves that they were doing good when they got along with a poor man. They knew perfectly well that THE HANDS STRETCHED OUT TO THEM IN THE STREETS were almost invariably the hands of those who came under the ban of the Apostles. St. Paul, who said, "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." With his wonderful sagacity that saint saw at a glance how that beautiful phenomena presented by the primitive Church, in which all men were so penetrated with the love of God and of Jesus Christ that no one called anything his own, was susceptible of great drawbacks and dangers, and therefore he laid down THAT STRONG DECREE, SO UNLIKE THE MAWKISH UTTERANCES OF MODERN PHILANTHROPISTS, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." Acknowledged, then, that it was most difficult to do any good to the poor; he gave them the clue to that difficulty. Men of business, for instance, had not time to ascertain the worthlessness of the objects who claimed their compassion, and hence the value of such institutions as that Society of St. Vincent de Paul for which he appealed to their sympathies that day. He would particularly mention as worthy of every confidence and support the patronage work of that society. That work consisted in TAKING IN HAND THE YOUNG UNFRIENDLY LABORERS. He would explain that and youths of London, in trying to know them with a certain degree of intimacy, to ascertain their moral and religious condition, and to beck them up in their endeavors to keep themselves straight with God and society. He was present the day before at the opening of a new installment of that work at Sobu—a work which had already instituted a few of the work clubs or homes for unfriended and homeless boys. It was not possible to conceive any reasonable objection to such a work as that. The care of those boys for the purpose of keeping them in the good way was a work ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ANY DRAWBACK WHATSOEVER. It was one of unbounded good, and he knew from his own experience how many of the working men there were who owed every thing to such a home as those he spoke of. They may not all be able to help actively in the work of the society, but they could give it their sympathy and support. He urged them to

It Saved His Life.

Mr. G. W. Maclay, Pavilion Mountain, O., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

Miner's Aromatic Quinine Wine is distinctly superior to any other as an appetizing tonic and fortifier.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

(Francis E. Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Association in St. Paul.)

"I am a Protestant and I presume most of you are Protestants, but there is no blinking this fact: The Catholics are in this country and in Ireland ahead of us in social purity. You can get a Protestant family into London slum and put them into a dirty room on the right hand top of the stairs, and then put a Catholic family on the other side of the stairs, and you will find after two, three or four years half of the girls of the Protestant family have gone to the bad and every member of the Catholic family have retained their virtue. I was astonished when I went to Ireland by the contrast between the people of the country and our own. I found the people there living in miserable hovels, numbers of them in places where no human being should live, small, dark, overcrowded, and in which both sexes are shamefully berated together. I heard from Protestant and Catholic, from Unionist and Home Ruler alike, that although they may be packed together as if in a sty, in Kerry and elsewhere you will find they are the most virtuous peasantry in the world. How is that? preached sedulously and inculcated in the confessional and in families the duties of parents to children and the duty of young people to each other. In this matter the result is, I say frankly, a moral miracle before which we Protestants have reason to bow our heads in shame."

THE HANDS STRETCHED OUT TO THEM IN THE STREETS

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