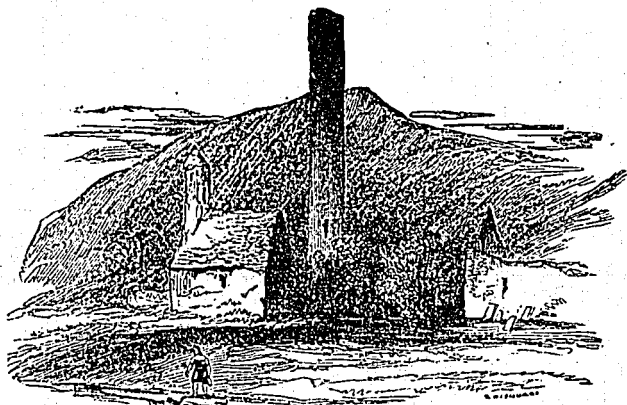


but when the day of execution comes, a wretched creature who was never seen before, who arrives in the night time, and has a mask upon his face, in order that no man may know who he is—the common hangman comes with a mask upon his face, and puts the rope around the man's neck, and launches him into eternity. Now the man who curses his fellow man, and says to him, "Damn you," "Blast you," "To hell with you," that man puts God into the position of the common hangman. He says, "You

have offended me; I am not able to damn you; I cannot send you to hell; but I ask Almighty God to do it—to carry out my sentence." Actually the man puts himself in the position of the judge of his fellow-man, and with the impudence and audacity past all believing he calls upon the Eternal and Omnipotent God to execute his sentence, and damn his fellow creature! The greatest insult that can be offered to our Lord and God. And this comes from drink.—*Father Burke.*



GLENDALOUGH.

THE lone and singularly wild valley of Glendalough, in the county of Wicklow, lying at a distance of about twenty-four miles from Dublin, presents a scene which, for stern and desolate grandeur, is in many respects unsurpassed. Huge, gloomy mountains, upon which clouds almost continually rest, encompass, and in some places overhang, the silent and almost uninhabited glen. The two little lakes, now appearing in the deepest shadow, now reflecting the blue vault, according as the clouds above them come or go,—a winding stream, and grey rocks jutting here and there from out the heath,—from its natural features. A noble monastic establishment, round which a city subsequently rose, flourished and decayed, was founded here in the early part of the sixth century by St. Kevin. The ruins of many ecclesiastical structures yet remain, and "the long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender Round Tower moves slowly, from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses,

scathed yew-trees, and tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and anchorites." How few of the gay tourists by whom the glen is yearly visited, view these ruins with any other feeling of idle and ignorant curiosity! They wander unmoved among shrines which, nearly thirteen centuries ago, were raised in honour of their God, by men joyous and thankful in the feeling of certain immortality,—men whose fathers in their youth had revered the Druid as a more than human counsellor.

COMPASSION.—There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate. It is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind; for every man would be a distinct species to himself, were there no sympathy among individuals.

Misfortunes are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience custom makes them easy to us, and necessity gives us courage.