## (From the Catholic World.)

HEREMORE-BRANDON;

THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY. CHAPTER III.

And now 1 am sure you are satisfied that. Dick was on the right road, acting religion as fast as he learned it; trying to be all he knew-to live a truthful, generous, self-respecting life. He had little help, you know, and if he followed that crowd that I told you of ottener than before, and heard much that enabled him to take whole books into his "inner consciousness" which would otherwise have been a dead letter to him, he was not one to make a flourish of trumpets about it, or to dream of complaining that the world would not stand still until he got up to it. He had but one intimate friend, it is true but he was a friend you and I might be glad to win; a friend who never argued or lectured, but only quietly built his life on the only true foundationthe true faith-and then left it to show for itself. So, simply trusting in whatever was bood, yet so fierce against whatever was evil, scornful of every thing wrong and weak, practising as well as believe ing, you may be sure Carl Stoffs would never have held out his honest hand to Dick, if Dick were not worthy of it. And this, makes me think great things of my hero, of whom scarcely anybody thought at all. He had his place at Ames & Harden's store, and he had his talks, too, now with one person, now with another, and perhaps thought of things he heard. He was only a boy yet, and had his follies, without doubt, fancying at times that there was something in him, if circumstances would only draw it out, which would prove him a great deal worthier of high places than those now occupying them. I am not sure but that, if he had had a country-home he might sometimes have lain down under the trees, and, while watching in a dreamy way the clouds sailing down to the west, and the vigilant stars coming out to guard the earth in the sun's absence and listening to the wind among the trees, the twitering of some wakeful bird, or the rustling of some grand old river, he might have had yearnings no one could explain, and not have felt the sky too far to climb or the river too deep to fathom; for Dick's was only a boy's heart, that had still to learn that we cannot go from the Broadway pavement to Trinity spire in one step. Even in his city home, if home it could be called, it may be that, just after he had been to church with Carl, he had glowed with the thought that he-even he-might some day be a Loyola or a Francis Xavier, for "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

But as yet his life consciously held but one romance—one dream of earth. There were few to care for him; but there was a little girl once who had made Christmas memorable to him, and Dick had not forgotten her. She had grown a beautiful young lady now, in Dick's eyes, though to all others she was merely a thin, dark school-girl. They still lived in the handsome house on Fourteenth street, and Carl Stoffs and his band played for many a dance there, although I am sorry to say that, even after a New Year's party Dick had to be sent more than once to Mr. Brandon's office with a little bill due to Ames & Harden, mostly for school-books, novels, and gilt annuals. But then that was no fault

of Mary's, you know. Mr. Brandon was not a pleasant man to go to with a bill, or for much of any thing in the money line. "The duce take it, my dear!" he often said to his wife. "Are you bent on ruining me?" "Don't be silly, Charley, love," the dauntless little woman would say, not in the least disturbed by the augry voice and black brow that were so terrible to Dick. "For people of our position, we

live very shabbily." "Hang our position! I tell you, madam, we are going the road to beggary; we are, indeed." "O Charle! do be quiet," was her ready answer.

"I am so sick of that sort of stuff." "Then be sick of it," this dreadful man would exclaim; "for I'll tell it to you every hour, until it gets through your silly head. Money! money! money! money. I never hear anything elso in this house. I've sold myself for it body and soul, and much it has done me! I'll not give you a penny,

madam; not a penny." But that was all talk; for, of course, he had to give his wife, who was a nice little body, very sweet and good-tempered, but rather fond of the good things of this world, whatever she had set her heart upon having.

"If papa should be right"-Mary would sometimes urge."

"Nonsense! they all say the same thing; why shouldn't they? If I didn't spend your father's money in making things pleasant at home, he'd be spending it on clubs, or whatever it is which uses up their money when they have the spending of it all to themselves. You'll have a husband, likely enough, one of these days, who'll scold for every pocket handkerchief you buy; but you won't mind it. They must ecold about something, you know,

"O mamma! I'd never live a day-if-"At which sentence, never completed, Mrs. Brandon would laugh, and the subject would be dropped for the present, but, of course, after such scenes, Mr. Brandon wouldn't be very amiable to a boy like Dick with a bill in his hand. But Dick to him. was a mere machine, belonging to a store over the way, and as such he treated him, with as little malice in his hard words as if he were swearing at a table or chair. To Dick Mr. Brandon was Mary's father, and that meant a great deal; Dick could never talk openly to him, nor stand in his presence quite as he did in the presence of other men.

For though Dick had never been outside the

city limits, and had never seen a hill, nor a field of corn. But there was a good time coming "Dick," said Carl Stoffs, that true and faithful

friend-"Dick, would you like to go to the coun-

"Would I like to go to the country?" he repeated finding no words of his own to say, so great was his bewilderment a such at question—"Would I like to go to the country?" Any time you're ready," said the German seat-

ing himself. "Take your time to answer my lad." What would I do in the country? I was never there in my life !"

"And you don't look more pleased than though I'd asked you to go t>--to--the end of the world."
"I have often wished to see the country," returned Dick, in a tone in which we might wish to see

China if we had nothing else to do; "but I don't see my way to doing so at present." "I do believe, Dick, that you have lined the walls

with gold pieces, you are so miserly of your time, and so stuck to this old place. Come, now, we shall take you to the country, my wife and I. Now, to think there should be one on earth who never saw the green field and the woods! It is to me a very odd thing! you are the blind man who never saw the sun, and does not think the sun worth see-

"Oh! no, indeed; not so bad as that; but—" "Then you shall go. My sister has a house, with room for many, and we have taken half, keeping one room for you. Come and spend your week with us."

read so much-to take long walks about the city-

nd Mrs. Stoffs-"

"My wife sent me; I would not of myself have

come ?'

"Indeed-" "You will come." And, in truth, Mr. Stoffs had previously said so much about that wonderful land in which he was now living that Dick could not resist his last appeal, and afraid and shy as he well might be, having never spent twenty-four hours in a home circle in his life, he gave his promise to be at the appointed place of meeting in good time for

the train. But when the magnetism of his friend's presence was taken from him, Dick's heart grew heavy in his breast. If it had been to go to another city, or on a matter of business, Dick's excitement would have been delightful; but "the country," of which he knew nothing, and of which he had such strange fancies, picked up he could not tell where, that was another thing. City boys always laughed at country people when they came to the city-they had such queer ways—and yet—and yet—he felt strange and shy about going among them. Perhaps he felt that the table would be turned on him there, and that his ways would be as queer in their eyes as theirs would have been in his; perhaps he felt the full force of the homely old saying that "a cock can crow best in his own farm-yard."

But, as the day wore on, Dick's spirits rose; he thought of all the stories he had read of fresh country life; a poem or too of cows and brooks came vaguely among his thoughts, and by the time he and to take note of the strange Sunday like still reached his little reom, and began to pack his not abundant wardrobe, he was eager for the first glance

at "the country." "Then, may the Lord's blessing go with you," said his kind but very slovenly landlady. "I hope you il come back as brown as a berry, sir. I was two years in the country, and, though I won't say I'd like it for always, yet my heart do yet be wishing for a sight o' the flowers and the fields. You'll mind the fruit, sir, and the dews o' night; there does be great dews fallin', and a deal of ague, I'm told. Good bye to you." And Dick said "good bye" to her with something like emotion ; for it was his first "good-bye to any one, and the woman had been good to him, and if her hair was in a blouse, and her garments ill-made and not clean, Dick was not startled, for he had never seen them other-

Then he walked on to meet Mr. Stoffs, and found he was nearly an hour before the time. It seemed as if the moment of departure would never come! but it did, at last, and, as in a sort of dream, the dusty city youth was whirled by cottages, nestling among proud, projecting trees, past the green hills, and through fields "all rich with ripening grain," until the panting train pulled up between pile of stones and a little yellow station-house, with a narrow platform running beside it.

Now, then, here we are!" said the German, and took up his bundles and basket; for who ever saw a Carl Stoffs in the cars that had not a bundle and basket, and a quantity of household furniture besides: this last Dick took in charge, and so laden the two made their way out of the cars. Around the little yellow station-bouse dodged two splendid bays with silver harness, that being rapidly driven around the corner close to the narrow platform, and went out into the dusty road; for sidewalks there were none. Soon the sound of carriage wheels made them turn aside, and Dick stumbled, as he walked for the first time on the soft green grass.

When you take a mountain lassie to Rome and show her St. Peter's, she is not enthusiastic : indeed. she is terribly disappointed. She expected something so much greater than her mountains, so much brighter than her green valleys. If Dick was disappointed when he put his foot on nature's velvet carpet and found it only caused him to stumble, I cannot say. I think he felt surprised that a brook beside the way and far blue hills before him wrought no emotion within him. Fortunately Carl asked no rantures.

"That was the Brandon's turnout," he said in a prosaic way, as Dick recovered his footing, and re-

turned to the road. " Is that so ?" asked Dick. " Do they live here?"

"Yes," said Carl, "and a fine place it is too; but I think the man's going too fast." Then Dick was thoughtful for a minute or two.

pitying the daughter, if it were so; but it is hard to think that a man's family are near to want when his stylish carriage has just turned you out of the road, and the pity soon seemed misplaced.

The walk seemed long to Dick; he did, indeed enjoy the cool breeze, fresher and purer than any he had ever felt before; but he had his own baggage and Carl's curtain-rods besides, and he was used to pavements. They had already passed many fine houses, with lawns and carriage-ways, shaded by great trees in front of them, and now and again a little house, with flowers and clustering vines, and groups on the porches; but Carl's steps lingered at none. At last they turned out of the dusty road into a shaded lane, a veritable lane, as new to Dick as the Paris Boulevards would be to Mrs. Partington; two or three more cottages, smaller and not so so much garden-room, and then Carl said:

"Eh! but I'm glad to get home! Come here, Will Come, boys!"

The last call seemed to fill the lane with children. They might have come down from the trees, or up from the earth, for all Dick could tell; but at the sound of Carl's voice the place was alive-big boys and little boys, great girls and little girls, all round and fat, brown-eyed and yellow-haired, with all manner of greetings, gathered around the travelers. eagerly drew their baggage from their hands, and with baskets, bags, bundles, and curtain rods, made a grand triumphal procession before them, shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the big ones stumbling over the little ones, and yet nobody

hurt. A few steps more and a rustic gate was opened and some one came and stood under the archway of evergreen branches, intertwined with some drooping vines. She was facing the West, looking down the lane, shading her eyes with her hand, although the sun was almost down. Just for a moment she stood in the bright sunlight glow, under the green archway, shading her brown eyes from the light, looking down the shadowy lane; and, as she so stood, she seemed a very fair and graceful girl indeed. An instant more and the children in the importace of their mission as baggage carriers, pushed past her, and she retreated with them towards the

"Come, Rose! Here we are!" called Carl to her. And she turned and met them as they reached the gate.

"You are welcome," she said to Dick when he was introduced at the gate. "You are welcome," said Mrs. Stoffs, coming

towards them from the porch. "You are welcome," repeated Mrs. Alaine, at the door. 'And Dick had not a word of answer to any-

one or them. They were to him as grand as princesses and as gracious as queens, as they came forth to receive him and bid him welcome to their little cottage; and Dick was not used to courts or to queens and princesses, so he could only bow and shake the hands

so cordially extended to him. I am afraid my hero was not at all happy for the reek with us."

first few minutes that he sat on the stoop between
But, Mr. Stoffs, I intended during that week to Mrs. Stoffs and Mrs. Alaine, not knowing what answer to make to even their simplest remark, and that he was much relieved when they joined their voices to the hubbub the children were making such a blind man with me, to read, to study, around Carl. Such shyness as Dick's is very painto walk; how can you in the city now? You ful to the spectator, as well as to the embarrassed

us. You will go to-day with me-I will be it is once entirely conquered it never can come back waiting for you at my place at five. Will you again, and I fancy there are some very nice people in the world; now very sulf-possessed and perfectly well-bred, who would give much to feel again the awkwardness and embarrassment which, once upon a time, caused them such keen annoyance. The women pitied Dick, but liked him none the less for the color that would come into his face and the hesitation of his replies; but their feeling for the stranger was greater than any pleasure to themselves, and so it was not long before they went into the house with the declared intention of "getting tea." But going into the house was not going away altogether, for the room which served for parlor, library, sitting-room, dining-room, and all, had a low window opening on the stoop, and Carl and Dick could see them well, and speak, if they chose, without raising their voices, as they went back and forth from the table to the closet, and from the closet to the table, not to mention innumerable visits to Carl's basket, which seemed a pantry in itself. The children ran in and out, and one jolly little one, called Trot, who was as round as a dumpling, and was too young to be shy for very long, informed Dick she was glad he had come, for they were to have sweet cakes for tea. Occasionally Rose would come and stand at the window and say something to tease "Uncle Carl," who was not slow to "give her as good as he got." Thus gradually Dick became more at ease, and began to distinguish a difference in the tones of the children's voices ness which, except for the merry voices in the house was complete, and, to him, wonderful.

I think a tea-table is one of the nicest sights in the world. If there is a grain of poetry in a woman, and I believe that there is no woman without a grain of poetry in her, it will surely, mark my words, however rough and prosaic she may be, come out about tea time. That was a very pretty tea table at which Dick took his place that evening; there was no silver nor China, and there was, perhaps, too great an abundance of good things; but it startled Dick, and I contend that it was nice and pretty, if only for the reason that it had a clean table cloth, a bunch of flowers, and every dish in its proper place. Mrs. Alaine, who was only a feminine edition of her brother Carl, sat at the head of the table, in a clean calico dress, with a white collar and a blue ribbon. She had a child on each side of her, whose glee, at the prospect of sweet-cakes and peaches (out of Carl's basket) after they had caten their bread and butter, she tried to moderate with a smiling, "Rush, children! What will Mr. Heremore think of you?" Mrs. Stoffs, who had also a round, flat face; and was dressed in a clean calico, with white collar and a knot of pink ribbons, Dick had seen many times before, and dearly loved the good humor that bubbled all over her face whenever she spoke. She also had a child on each side of her, whose audible whispers about the good things coming she answered and mysteriously increased by promises of the same again another day. But opposite Dick was a face that was not round nor especially good-humored; for the children under charge of Rose were the least repressible of the whole flock, and they tried her slender stock of patience sorely; especially as she said afterwards to her mother, with many blushes and half crying at the recollection, "as they would say such things right before the strange gentleman!" Rose had a pretty blue muslin with a tiny bit of lace around the neck, for her raiment, and there was a something red, green, brown, blue, pink, or yellow, that fluttered here and there before Dick's eyes whenever she moved to help the children, or turned her young face, with its flitting colors, towards him. But whether it were aribbon, or a blush, or the hue of her hair, or an auerole around her head, and whether it was no color at all, or all colors together, or a rainbow out of the clouds. I do not think Dick had, for one moment, a definite iden-at least, while it was flitting before his eyes.

his big chair on the porch; and the children, having got somewhat over their awe of the stranger, volunteered to take him down the lane and show him where there had been a robin's nest last spring, an expedition, however, that was vetoed by Carl on the ground that you couldn't see even a robin's nest in the dark. Then Rose came out to tease glory, like the angels in pictures; and by and by it came about, no one knew how, that her shrine was vacant, and she, a very nice little girl with her hands in her pockets—very impracticable pockets they were-of her muslin apron, was telling Dick, with the children as prompters and commentators, the full particulars of the finding of the robin's nest, and what work she had to keep the children from bringing sorrow and dismay to the hearts of the parent robins by stealing away their little ones. Then, as the moon rose, there was no reason why the children should not take Dick down the lane to show to him the tree where the nest had been; and then it was needful that he should know just how far it was from Sister Rose's window, and yet how quickly, on hearing the shouts of rejoicing she had come to Mrs. Robin's assistance. Then it was so funny to see a man who had never climbed a tree, that it was needful two or three should go up one to show how it is done. Then, too, there, were lightning bugs by the million around them, and as Dick had never seen anything like them, unless it was fire crackers on Fourth of July night, they had to catch several for his investigation. When Rose told how those little things are really the people of the forest, who are so timid they do not dare to come out in the daytime, but do all their praying by night and have always been good friends to children, showing them their way home when lost, and driving away the ghosts that would frighten the wanderers, then the children open their hands and let them fly away, promising never to make pri-

After tea, Carl took out his pipe, and settled into

soners of them again.

And so, though Dick still felt strange and shy, it was not in such an unpleasant way as when he sat on the porch trying to answer when he sat on the porch trying to answer Mrs. Alaine and Mrc. Stoffs when they spoke to him. When, at last, he closed his eyes that night, he was half-ready to admit that "the country" might almost be the enchanted land some people had made it out to be.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

## NOTES ON IRISH HISTORY.

There exist many authentic records which enable historians to arrive at a just conclusion in regard to the origin of the Irish people. Ireland was known to the ancients long before her sister island had found a place in the history of the world. All writers seem to agree in the fact that it was colonised by Phonicians many centuries before the christian era. The manners and customs, the language and religion of the early Irish bear unmistakable evidence to the truth of this opinion. If we compare their language with that of Carthage, which came direct from the Phænician, a marked similarity is at once detected. Moreover, testimony is in favour of the opinion that the Irish race sprang from a Phonician colony is supported by traditions from Greece and Rome, Spain and Portugal. The Phonicians were a Scythian tribe, descended from Magog, the son of Japhet, the son of Noah. They dwelt upon the banks of the Red Sea, but afterwards migrated to Phoenicia, whence they derived their name. From here they spread along the coast of Africa, until they arrived in Spain. Spanish writers tells us that the name Hibernia is derived from Iber, the chief of the adventurers who, setting out from Spain to discover new and unexplored rethough some writers suppose this colonisation to have taken place at a much earlier date. As a proof of the reality of this immigration, it is affirmed that the Irish language has been found to bear a great resemblance to that which is spoken in Biscay. of a polytheistic nature. Strabo tells us that they paid homage to Proserpine and Ceres, though it does not appear that the inhabitants long indulged Cæsar tells us in the Gallic War that their priests, who were called Magi, and were the instructors and judges of the people, believed in the immortality of the soul. This sun-worship, however, at length degenerated into fire-worship; and the round towers in Ireland, which have excited so much speculation and given rise to the most profound antiquarian researches, were, it is said, temples intended to preserve the sacred fire and where the sun was adored. Diodorus Siculus says that the Irish were held as more especially the priests of Apollo; that the citizens were chiefly harpers who, striking their harps in the temple, sang sacred hymns to the god. Whether the round towers date from pre-historic times, as some suppose, or from the days when, early in the fifth century of the Christian era, the light of the gospel was spread throughout the land, we are enabled to gather from the art and skill displayed in their construction what kind of civilisation prevailed in the country. Not till ages after Christianity was introduced into Ireland do we find in England any monuments built of stone, though Britain was once a Roman province, and the art of masonry was practised almost exclusively by the citizens of Greece and Rome. The Irish had their arts and science and philosophy, and had arrived at a high state of cultivation, while the Briton painted his body with wood, supported himself on the chance products of the chase, and passed his life in a low wicker but, surrounded by forest and swamp.

MARCH. 16, 1877.

It was not long after the death of our Lord that the Gospel found its way into Ireland. Though the people were not gathered into the true fold until the arrival of St. Patrick, Eusebins tells us that some of the Apostles visited the British Isles; and we learn from another source that St. James the son of Zebedee extended his travels hither. Tertullian tells how in the first century the British Isles were subject to Christianity, and it is known beyond a doubt that there were Irish saints prior to either Palladius or St. Patrick. The latter saint, on his arrival in the island, found hown out in the cave of a rock an altar with four glass chalices, one at each corner, destined for purposes of religion; showing that though the people might still have been accustomed to the heathen fire worship and the adoration of Apollo, in parts of the island a knowledge existed of the true faith. The first great event, however, in the ecclesiastical history of the Irish people is the landing of their great patron saint, who rescued them from the realms of dark. ness and made them adore the true God Whom they were never to forsake. It was on Easter Sunday in the year 432 that, as the King of all Ireland was seated in state, surrounded by his councillors, his priests, and his minstrels, St. Fatrick appeared upon the scene, holding aloft the Cross of Christ, and delivered the good tidings. The reception he met with was very different from that which awaited all other apostles of nations on their mission to pagan peoples. Those he confronted did not rise up to threaten instant death. They listened in silence to the words of the man of God, and when he had concluded his discourse they argued and disputed with him, and at length uprose the arch-minstrel, the first in authority after the King, saying "Hear me, O high King and chieftains of the land! I now declare that this man who comes to us speaks from God-that he brings a message from God. I bow before Patrick's God. He is the true God, and as long as I live this harp of mine shall never sound again save to the praises of Christianity and its God." Then the King and warriors and chieftains and minstrels and people gave in their adhesion, and the faith quickly spread throughout the land. Patrick converted Kings and princes, the rich and the poor, and after establishing monasteries Uncle Carlagain; but, forgetting her purpose, stood of monks and nuns from the coast of Antrim to where the light from within seemed to set her in Cape Clear, and from Dublin Bay to the isles of Cape Clear, and from Dublin Bay to the isles of Arran, he was gathered to his fathers at the age of seventy-eight.

The grain of mustard-seed had taken root, and we find monasteries filled with men and women springing up in every direction, and drawing down a blessing upon the country. During his own lifetime the number of monks and nuns was so great that S. Patrick found himself unable to count the sons and daughters of chieftains alone who at his bidding had forsaken the world for the cloister. S. Bridget, the contemporary of S. Patrick, erected at Kildare the first monastery for women, and many are the convents which trace their origin to the Abbess of Kildare. Wherever the Irish monks have set foot from Cologne to Seville, churches have been raised in honour of S. Bridget; and wherever in our time emigration carries the Irish peasant from the shores of his native land, there a church will be found to commemorate this Irish saint. So great was the zeal for building monasteries that one of the successors of S. Patrick alone whose name was Luan, is eulogised by S. Bernard for having founded one hundred religious houses. Some monasteries, like those of Bangor, Clonfert and elsewhere, became actual towns, often containing within their walls as many as three thousand comobites. The Thebaid was reproduced in Ireland, and the West might now vie with the East in the number and sanctity of her saints. A burning desire sprang up within the breasts of these holy men to carry to distant lands the faith they had learnt from Patrick. Accordingly, Ireland became par excellence the nation of missionaries. They launched forth in their unwearied voyages and visited every nation; they made their way into every kingdom, and landed on far distant islands; they deluged the Continent like a great flood with their successive immigrations. And well was it that the sons of St Patrick were endowed with such zeal for the glory of God. for fifty years after the Apostle of Ireland had set foot on her shores, the continent of Europe was reduced to a most deplorable condition. Italy was a prey to successive incursions of barbarians under Alaric and Attila. Germany was wholly pagan and in Great Britain the faith was stifled by the inroads of Angles and Saxons. Spain was plundered and laid waste by the sword of the Visigoths, the Sueves, the Alans, and the Vandals, all of whom professed the Arian heresy; while France was invaded from the north by the pagan Franks, and from the south by Arian Burgundians. The Church was infected with heresy and schism. Throughout the whole of the Roman world there was not a prince who was not a pagan, an Arian of a Eutychian. Corruption, confusion, and despair reigned in every place. The social polity was dismembered, authority and morals were set aside, and the arts and sciences neglected and forgotten.

At such a crisis uprose these monks of the West to oppose the heretic and the barbarian. At the call of religion, and in the interest of secular learning, the Irish monks rushed into the thick of the fight, and confronted heretical sword and pagan pen. They covered the whole Continent; there was scarcely a town of any note that did not bear the marks of the army of the West. As an example of these zealous men, we may cite the great Saint Columbanus. He arrived with twelve companions will be wild when you have been once with one; but, then, there's this to be said about it, when gions, arrived in Ireland about the year 500 BC., I two monasteries in that kingdom, he drew up a mad.

monastic rule which for its excellence was afterwards accepted by several monasteries of France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. He incurred the enmity of Theodoric, the King of Burgundy, because he re. proached him with his profligate life and threatened The religion professed in some parts of Ireland was him with excommunication. The saint was there. fore.expelled from the kingdom, and sent back to his native country. But the winds were against him, and he and his companions remained at Nantes. in these gross forms of idolatry, and they shortly He then went into Austrasia, and along the Bhine rose to the highest and purest of the many shades to Mentz. When he arrived at Bregentz he entered to Mentz. When he arrived at Bregentz he entered of heathenism in the worship of the sun. Leaving the pagan's temple, where three ancient images aside the testimony of St. Patrick in this matter, received the adoration of the people; and on the man of God opening his mouth to announce the Word of God to the pagan multitude, the idols were broken into pieces. When he had brought the whole of the ancient Swiss to the Faith, he journey. ed into Italy, arriving at Milan in 612. Net content with preaching and evangelising every city he entered, he took up the pen against the Arians, and as the last act of his life founded the monastery of Bobbio, in the Appenines, which became a centre of knowledge and instruction, and was long the light of northern Italy. He ended his labours in the year 615, at the age of seventy-two. Space does not allow us to speak of St. Columbkille, his great monastery at Iona, and his labours in Scotland; n. r of St. Aidan, who came over to convert the Northum. brians; nor of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. Suffice it to say that so great was the number of Irish men who visited the Continent in the interests of religion, that there are few towns in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, or Germany, where at the present day some such saint or benefactor does not receive the veneration of the inhabitants. But while the faith was thus kept burning abroad.

it was not allowed to languish at home. A century had not elapsed since the death of St. Patrick, before the bishoprics of Tuam, Ossory, Clonfert, and others, to the number of twenty-four, had been established many, if not all of them, being founded by canonised saints. We are now entering upon the period when the schools of Ireland acquired a celebrity in every country of Europe. The fame of the Irish scholar had reached afar, and everywhere he was venerated for his learning and crudition. Whilst the old Roman Empire was crumbling away, and the barbsrians of the north were pouring down to complete her destruction, the world of science and letters also presented a scene of confusion, and no one could pursue his studies in peace through fear of the violence of the ignorant and illiterate pagans. Ireland, however, was in the enjoyment of peace and quiet; and whilst her schools were the most brilliant in Europe, she held out her hand to the foreigner and bade him come and reside there, and take advantage of her great masters. Students flocked from Egypt and Rome, from Saxony, Italy, Gaul, and Britain. All were received with open arms, and provided with books free of cost. One of the most famous of these seats of learning was the schools of Lismore, which were founded in 632. They had their faculties of theology and literature. They soon acquired celebrity, and there might be seen within their halls students from Gaul and Germany, Italy, and the plains of the Danube. In 791 two Irishmen went over into Gaul, and to them are due the foundation of two of the first and oldest universities in Europe-those of Paris and Pavia. Bede tells us that English nobles used to go and reside in Ireland for the purpose of sacred study. W.C .- Catholic Progress, London.

## REMARKABLE STATISTICS OF BIRTHS.

HOW THE PURITAN ELEMENT IS DYING OUT.

We (Boston Pilot) take the following report from a Lawrence, Mass, contemporary. It is a sample of the statistics of New England with regard to the birth rate among foreign-born and native-born mothers. And we remind our readers that many, perhaps most of those "native-born" mothers, are daughters of Irish parents :-

Mr. M. F. Hutchins, who was employed by City Clerk James E. Shepard to take the census of births in Lawrence, for the year 1376, has completed his work. The result clearly establishes that there has either been a most sudden and remarkable falling off in the birth-rate, or else that, in previous years, the system of paying a certain sum per birth reported, had the effect of inducing the census-takers to e returns. There is some teason to be lieve that instances have occurred of the return of names known to have been actitious, and the inducements to such falsification were at one time made rather tempting by the allowance of 25 cents for each birth returned. Mr. Hutchins insists that his work has been thoroughly and honestly performed. The total number of births for 1876 he places at 724-a falling off from 1052 reported in 1875, and a decrease of 328, or over 33 per cent, in a single year. So large a decrease cannot be justly chargeable solely to the account of hard times, and the conclusion is unavoidable that there has been exaggeration hitherto, or that the total for last year falls short of the facts.

The average birth-rate of the State is one birth annually to every 37 inhabitants. This ratio would give Lawrence about 900 births annually, but in a population composed in so large a proportion of unmarried persons, and, with such an excess of females over males, the birth-rate is, doubtless, less than the average in the State. Of the 721 births last year, 387 were males and 337 females. There were eight pairs of twins, and one pair of triplets—Mrs. John Ewarts, at South Lawrence, all of which are dead. The following statistics of the nationality of parents will show how much more generally, than among American-born women, the function of motherhood is being exercised by women of foreign birth. The mothers of the 724 children born in Lawrence last year had birthplaces as follows:-

Ireland	. 327
America	. 184
Eugland	. 98
Germany	. 48
Canada	29
Scotland	. 21
Nova Scotia	. 5
Newfoundland	- 6
New Brunswick	
Portugal	
Sweden	. î
Prince Edward's Island	i
Total	724

Our population is pretty evenly divided between native-born and foreign-born, but only 184 children were born last year, of mothers who are Americanborn, while 540 children were born of foreign-both mothers. It is possible that these figures may 10. quire some qualification, but the conclusion they warrant on their face is that three children are born in Lawrence of foreign parentage to every one of native parentage.

## A TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

One day, on the Boulevard Pereire, Paris, a mad dog started in pursuit of a velocipede, mounted by a boy of fourteen named Dupraty, living in the Boulevard, No. 16. The case was a terrible one, and ended in the fall of the boy. Happily it was in the iron of the velocipede that the teeth of the mad buildog closed. . . . There ended the first act of the drama. The second follows: In an impulse of passionate joy on seeing her son saved from so great a danger, Mme. Dupraty pressed her lips to the wheel of the velocipede. Some hydrephobic virus had remained on the iron and after an in Burgundy in the year 590. After establishing agony of a fortnight the poor mother died, raging