

the, and life, and noise lay behind. Death and silence reigned. He rarely met any one at this hour; the townspeople were taking their tea. Yonder was the house wherein she had died—yonder her grave, with its gray cross and its brief inscription:

KATHERINE.  
ETAT 17.

REBURIAL.

He knew it so well—he had been here so often. Would he go on coming here, he wondered wearily, as long as he lived. He paused. What was that? He was near the grave, and standing looking down upon it, her back turned to him, he saw a woman. A woman! His heart gave one great leap, then seemed to turn cold and still. He went on—on—on the grass, impeded by the most irresistible fascination that drew him here. His feet struck a dry twig; it snapped, but the woman turned and looked. There, over Katherine Dangerfield's grave, looking at him with Katherine Dangerfield's eyes, stood Miss Hernecastle, the governess!

#### CHAPTER V.

"SOME WORK THE GATE BEHIND ME FALLS."

For one moment he thought the dead had arisen; for one moment—his speechless and spell-bound; for one brief, horrible moment he thought that he saw Katherine Dangerfield looking at him across her own grave! She made no attempt to speak, but stood with her eyes fixed upon him—her pale, changeless, marble face. He was the first to break the silence.

"Miss Hernecastle!" he gasped—"you!" Her eyes left him, and he moved. While they were riveted upon him he had stood as one under a spell.

"Sir Peter!"—the low, soft, sweet tones lingered like music on the air—"and I fear I have startled you again; but I never dreamed of seeing you here."

"Nor I you. What brings you, a stranger, to this place of all places, Miss Hernecastle, so soon after your arrival?"

He asked the question angrily and suspiciously. Surely there was something ominous and sinister in this woman who looked enough like the dead girl to have been her twin sister, and who visited her grave so speedily.

Miss Hernecastle drew her mantle about her tall, slim figure, and turned to go.

"I came out for a walk, Sir Peter. I have been in the school-room all day, and I am not used to such close confinement. I asked my lady's permission to take a walk, and she gave it. I am a rapid walker, and I soon found myself here, the town behind. It looked so peaceful, so calm, so inviting, that I entered. This lonely grave attracted me, and I was reading the inscription as you came up. If I had known it could have mattered in any way—that I should have disturbed any one by coming—I should not have come."

She bent her head respectfully, and moved away. Dressed all in black, moving with a peculiarly swift, noiseless, gliding step, she looked not unlike a phantom herself flitting among the graves. And in what an emotionless, level monotone she had spoken, as a child repeats a lesson learned by rote!

He stood and looked after her, dazed, distrustfully. It seemed plausible enough; but that hidden instinct that comes to us to warn us of danger, told him something was wrong.

"Who is she?" he repeated—"who is she? Enough like Katherine Dangerfield to be her twin sister. Who is she? He stopped suddenly. "Enough like Katherine to be her twin sister! And why not?—why not Katherine's sister? Who was there to say Katherine never had a sister? He knew nothing of her or her family, save what Mrs. Vavasor chose to tell. Katherine might have had a dozen sisters for what he or she ever knew. A gleam came into his eyes; he set his teeth with some of his old bull-dog resolution.

"Katherine is dead and buried—nothing can alter that; and this young woman, this Miss Hernecastle, is more like her than it is possible for any but sisters to be. I'll find out who Mrs. Hernecastle is, and all about her, and what she's here for, before I'm a week older!"

"Queenie!" Lady Dangerfield said, tossing her cousin a rose-colored, rose-scented note, "read that."

Lady Cecil caught it. The note was written in big, dashing chirography, and this is what it said:

"ST. JAMES STREET, July 2nd.

"DEAREST LADY DANGERFIELD: A million thanks for your gracious remembrance—a million more for your charming invitation. I will be with you on the afternoon of the 4th. From what I hear of it, Strawberry Park must be a terrestrial paradise, but would not any place be that where you were?" Devotedly.

"JASPER ALGERNON FRANKLAND."

Lady Cecil's brown eyes flashed. The fulsome, flattery of compliment, the familiarity—the easy insolence of the writer—grated like some discordant noise on her nerves. She looked up reproachfully.

"Oh, Ginevra!"

"And, oh, Queenie!" with a short laugh, but not looking round from the stand of gladder-roses over which she was bending. "You see we will not be moped to death down here after all. And we shall have two gentlemen more than we counted on for our lawn party this afternoon. I wonder what sort of a croquet player Sir Arthur is, by the bye."

"Ginevra, I wish you hadn't asked Major Frankland down here. I detect that man. Sir Peter is jealous. The odious familiarity with me addresses you, too, and his horrid, coarse commonplace compliments. Any place must be a paradise where you are! Bah! Why doesn't he try to be original at least?"

"Lady Cecil Clive is pleased to be fastidious," retorted Lady Dangerfield, tearing a gladder-rose to pieces. "Who is original nowadays? To be original means to be eccentric—to be eccentric is the worst possible style, only allowable in poets and lunatics. Major Frankland being neither, only—"

"A well-dressed idiot."

"Only an everyday gentleman—answers my note of invitation in everyday style. You ought to thank me, Queenie. Who is to entertain Sir Arthur and take him off your hands when you tire of him? Even baronets with thirty thousand a year may fall sometimes on the frivolous mind of a young lady of two-and-twenty. Your father will do his best—and Uncle Raoul's best when he tries to be entertaining, means a good deal; but still Major Frankland will be a great auxiliary. Queenie, I wonder why you dislike him so much!"

"I dislike all mere club-room loungers, all well-dressed tailors' blocks, without one idea in their heads, or one honest, manly feeling in their hearts. Jasper Frankland knows Sir Peter hates him. If he were a right-feeling man, would he come at all, knowing it?"

"Certainly, when I invite him. And again, and again, and again Sir Peter! I wish Sir Peter was at—Queenie, you have had an excellent bringing-up under the care of that wicked, worldly old dowager, Lady Ruth, but in some things you are as stupid as any red-checked, butter-making dairymaid. Talking of ideas, and feeling, and Sir Peter's jealousy

—such nonsense! When I did Sir Peter Dangerfield—and, without exception, I believe he is the most intensely stupid and disagreeable little wretch the wide earth holds—when I did him the honor of marrying him, I did it to secure for myself a pleasant home, and the comforts and luxuries of life—and I chose the society of pleasant men like Jasper Frankland, chief among those luxuries. He is the best figure, the best style, the best bow, the best waiter, the best second in a duel, and the best scandal-monger from here to the 'sweet shady' side of Pall Mall. If Sir Peter don't like the friends I ask, then I will recommend Sir Peter to keep out of their sight, and make himself happy in the society of his impaled bugs, and dried butterflies, and stunted toads. Congenial companionship, I should say—birds of a feather, etc. By the way, what was the long discourse you and he had last evening about? Natural philosophy?"

"No, ghosts," answered Lady Cecil, gravely. "He believes in ghosts. So did the great Dr. Johnson—was it? He isn't quite positive yet that Miss Hernecastle is not the disembodied spirit of that poor girl that died here. And he says there is a place three miles off—Bracken Hollow, I believe, haunted to a dead certainty. Now I am going to see that house the very first opportunity. Sir Peter gravely affirms that he has heard the sighs and seen the sounds—no—I don't mean that—the other way—vice versa."

"My opinion is," said Sir Peter's wife, "that Sir Peter is in a very bad way, and that he shall be taking out a decree of lunacy against him one of these days. Sir Peter may not absolutely be mad, but in the elegantly allegorical language of the day, his head's not level."

"What is that about Sir Peter?" inquired the earl mounting up. "Mad is he, Ginevra?" "Pon my life I always thought so since he committed his crowning folly of marrying you. Pray what has he done lately?"

"Nothing more than the Right Honorable the Earl of Roseland has done before him—talked of seeing ghosts. He takes Miss Hernecastle, the governess, for a ghost. So did you. Now, Uncle Raoul, whose ghost did you take her for?"

She shot her words spitefully enough. The earl's little satirical jests were apt to be biting sometimes. She looked at him as she asked the question, but like Lady's countenance never changed. My Ladyland, if you had kicked him from behind, his face would not show it.

"Does she bear an unearthly resemblance to some lovely being, loved and lost half a century ago, my lord? You remember she gave you quite a start the day of her arrival."

"I remember," said the earl placidly; "but she did not disturb me very greatly. She has a vague sort of resemblance to a lady dead and gone, but not sufficient to send me into hysterics. Queenie, I'm going to the station—you know who comes to-day?"

"Yes, papa, constrainedly."

"If you are going to Castleford my lord," said Ginevra, "I have two or three commissions I wish you would execute. Queenie, where are you going?—it will not detain me an instant."

"I am going to the nursery. Lessons are over by this time, and Pearl says no one can make dolls' dresses with the skill I can."

She left the room. Lady Dangerfield looked after her, then at her uncle, with a malicious smile.

"If you really want Cecil to marry Sir Arthur Tregeenan, all your finesses, all your diplomacy will be required. I foresee thirty thousand trembling in the balance. She is inclined to rebel—talks about being cold and the rest of it. As I said to herself, in spite of her admirable bringing up, her ideas on some subjects are in a deplorably crude and primitive state."

"She shall marry Sir Arthur," the earl responded serenely; "it is written—it is destiny. Her ideas have nothing whatever to do with it; and if there be any point of worldly hardness and polish which Lady Ruth may have omitted, who so competent as you, my dear Ginevra, to teach it? I am at peace—my only child is in safe hands. Write out your list quickly, my dear. I shall be late as it is."

His niece laughed, but her eyes flashed a little. It was diamond cut diamond always between the worldly uncle and quite as worldly niece, and yet in their secret hearts they liked each other, and suited each other well.

(To be continued.)

#### MRS. PARLINGTON SAYS

don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are regimental to the human system; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general debility, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe attack of tripped fever. They are the *plus unum* of medicines.—*Boston Globe*.

#### FROM WHITEVALE, ONT.

WHITEVALE, Jan. 28.—Some time this morning while her husband was absent a Mrs. Sheppard living here killed her two children, boys, one aged three years and the other a baby of about seven months, the former with a revolver the latter with a butcher's knife, she then stabbed herself in the throat with the knife. I thought not yet dead she is not expected to recover.

BILE, WIND, INDIGESTION.—DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, one of the medicines that really acts upon the Liver, giving immediate relief in all cases of Bile, Indigestion, Sick headache, Wind, Sickness, Torpid Liver, Costiveness, Giddiness, Spasms, Nervousness, Heartburn and Debility. Thousands of constitutions have been destroyed by Mercury, Blue Pill or Calomel. The only safe remedy is Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS. 5-2

#### THE ISLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Special Committee of the Montreal Island Railway Co., composed of Ald Aldred (chairman), Gilman, Laurent, Proctor and Donovan, met in the City Hall Wednesday afternoon to take into consideration the petition of the above company for permission to build a railway from Craig Street, along St. Urban street to Mount Royal Avenue and thence to the Mountain Park.

Mr. W. O. Buchanan, one of the Directors was present at the meeting and stated that if permission were granted, the Company intended to have open cars for the summer, and a noiseless and a smokeless engine. The officers of the Company he said were John Lewis, President; Jackson Rae, Treasurer; the Directors being T. W. Ritchie, C. C. P. A. Peterson, C. E. and W. O. Buchanan. He also stated that it was proposed to charge 25c fare for the round trip.

Ald. Gilman, after some discussion favorable to the scheme, moved, seconded by Ald. Proctor, that the City Surveyor be instructed to report on the most favorable route.

The motion was carried and the Committee adjourned.

An important discovery of "Kaolin" or the valuable porcelain clay of China, has been made within three miles of the city of Quebec.

## THE LAND LEAGUE.

We translate the following article from *Le Canadien*, which has itself translated it from the Italian of the *Aurora*, the Papal organ in Rome.

"The English press and Anglophiles maintained that the permanent cause of the misery in Ireland is to be found in the idleness of its inhabitants. Others go further and delight in attributing it to the Catholic Religion."

In answer to these accusations we will at first state that in Ireland a great portion of the soil is either marshy or stony, and consequently barren and unfruitful.

Thus, in Connaught, there is a proverbial saying that "the farmer doesn't work to live but to keep from starvation." Then, during the past few years, American produce has invaded the European markets to such an extent that the wages which the agricultural laborer commands all over Europe and, particularly in England and Ireland, no longer reach a remunerative standard. This is a fact acknowledged by all.

Idleness is not a characteristic of the Irish race, but on the contrary the greatest activity is one of its most distinctive features. One has only to go to look abroad and see how the sons of the intelligent Irish prosper in foreign lands and in the colonies.

Under the free flag of the American Union the Irish people not only gain an honest and comfortable living, but they amass immense riches; they become millionnaires and display an amount of activity and energy which no other race can surpass.

The richest mine owners in California are Irish, the most opulent cultivators of the luxuriant fields of the West are Irish, their names are Irish and they are of Irish descent, such as the O'Connors, the Kellys, the Donoghues, the Doolins, the Graces, and so many others who shine with such lustre and amid such glory in the financial firmament of America, that they have no reason to envy the descendants of the old Puritans of Plymouth, nor the fabulous fortunes of the Dutch nephews of the Kuickerlockers.

In short, no sooner is the Irishman emancipated from the oppression of his landlord; no sooner have the ties which bind him to the land of his fathers been severed than he stands up with all the nobleness and vigor of the blood of the old Celts; far from languishing in misery and inertia, he floods in his activity the means whereby to afford considerable help to his brothers injured by a ferocious legislation, and also to aid the august Head of the Church, robbed by the Revolution.

No, it is not indolence which makes Ireland poor, but it is the nature of its soil, the invasion of American produce, and the growing and egotistical exactions of the landlords.

The landlord has two advantages: the necessity in which the Irishman is living exclusively on the fruit of the soil, and the laws which place at the mercy of the master the blood, the sweat, and even the life of the unfortunate tenant.

What, then, is astonishing in the fact that a Land League has been formed and spread so rapidly over the country? Is self-preservation no longer a right?

This League is not, as certain English papers would have us believe, a dark conspiracy against life and property, and is not a bloody tribunal which silently arms the hands of hired assassins to execute unjust and ferocious sentences.

It is an association of men, victims of oppression during ages, who denounce their oppressors to the justice of man and to the public opinion of Europe.

Having recourse to legal means and using the arms with which the English Constitution furnishes them, they say to the landlords:

"We are tired of working and dying on this land whitened by the bones of our fathers who have perished with hunger. We will no longer go down alive into the tomb of the workhouse; we will no longer willingly emigrate to the banks of the Mississippi or the hunting grounds of the Indian, to look for peace and liberty. This soil is ours and we are going to remain on the land of our country, untrammelled by your tyrannies or by your exactions. We no longer want to see our brethren, under the odious uniforms of the constabulary, come and trample down the little hut which we have built in the corner of this land so long watered with the sweat of our brows, under the sole pretext that we can no longer pay a rent which increases as our hunger and our misery become more intense. You have ruined the industries of our country; taken away from the soil we cannot turn our hand to any other work. We cannot, like the Englishman and the Scotchman, find a shelter against the cruelty of a master in the humanity of another. We want justice by legal means."

This is nothing more nor less than the League demands. It does not say to the tenant "Do not pay." But where the rent is tolerable it tells the tenant to pay his rent. This is what happens in Munster, where the payments are made with punctual exactitude. And where the rent evidently exceeds the return made by the soil, such has been determined by the Government under the title of Griffith's valuation, the League orders the tenant to offer a just rent, and in proportion to the valuation.

Is that what the English Press calls living at the expense of the master? The League has already declared at all its meetings that its actions would be within the constitution. Whatever extraordinary language has been used, the resolutions have been modified, corrected or withdrawn on the demand of the leaders of the League and the members of the clergy.

Wherever individuals would not listen to the counsels of moderation, the League has publicly disowned them and cast them aside. It has declared that its intention was as it was the duty of all, to hand over to the authorities any one who at public meetings would counsel vengeance or threats and any one who would commit any violence.

On the other hand, the statistics prove that less crime has been committed in Ireland during this year than during any other, and there is less to record; and in any case, there is much less than in England or Scotland.

"And the Landlords that were murdered?" Well, do the recent investigations tend to reveal that these murders were committed by the orders of the League?

What has been the result of the trials and judicial investigations? If anything, they fell victims to the wrath of a wronged father or husband, and not as victims singled out beforehand to public vengeance!

We shall conclude this article with the words spoken by an illustrious Irish Bishop: "The necessity of an immediate and radical change in the land system of Ireland is acknowledged by all; public opinion throughout the civilized world is undivided on this question. All that will contribute by legal and legitimate means to bring about this change, so desirable and so necessary, will thereby render a great service not only to Ireland but to the British Empire. If the actual state of affairs is allowed to continue, unfortunate Ireland, compelled to struggle

hard between anarchy and famine, will be, in the eyes of the world, both a pitiful spectacle and a shameful scandal, whilst she will be a source of weakness to England."

## "THE MEN OF '48."

Mr. Francis A. Quinn gave, on Monday week, a lecture upon the above subject to the members of the Catholic Club.

After referring to the constant resistance of the Irish people to conquest and tyranny, the lecturer gave a sketch of the state of things in Ireland after the Emancipation Act; he then reviewed the Repeal movement of O'Connell, showing the genius of that uncrowned King, his immense labors, the great meetings of the people, their order, and their meaning. In O'Connell's eyes these meetings were to serve only as a threat, and when the Clontarf meeting was prohibited, his submission was considered by the Young Irelanders as a death blow to Repeal. They held that the climax had been reached, and that there was no other step to be taken but a step in the direction of war. Whether they were right or wrong it is certain that O'Connell's yielding upon that occasion broke his power with the people, and the claims of Ireland were thrown back for years. On the other hand it would have been a tremendous responsibility to take upon his shoulders, to resist the orders of the Government, for undoubtedly had O'Connell given the word, the country would have been thrown into the vortex of revolution; the people would have been massacred in thousands, but they were so united under O'Connell, that even in the event of failure Ireland would in all probability have gained many of the rights for which the people are still contending.

In 1843 Duffy, Davis and Dillon founded the Nation. Its success was immediate and deserved; its columns gleamed with poetry and the highest patriotism. Week after week were issued articles upon every Irish question upon which the Irish people needed instruction; Irish song and music, Irish legends and history, Irish antiquities, the Irish language; in fact, the Nation formed almost an encyclopedia of Irish knowledge.

This was the work to which the Young Irelanders especially devoted themselves, to educate the people upon all Irish subjects, to vivify the spirit of nationality in their hearts, to create in gentry and peasantry a genuine love for Ireland and everything Irish. They drew to their ranks a host of young, ardent spirits—McGee, Doherty, McKinnis, Mitchell, Martin, and the words and writings of those brilliant writers were read every week to the remotest parts of the island and to America and the colonies. The work done at that time in the matter of educating the Irish people on Irish questions was done thoroughly and has been permanent. A taste was created at that time which still continues; and the world over the Irish people are perfectly informed about their country, and this knowledge has only intensified their love for the old land.

In this propaganda, it would have been impossible to speak in so-called moderate language of the misdeeds of England; naturally the writers of the Nation drifted into strong language, theorized about the rights of rebellion and the duty of resistance. John Mitchell, in unmistakable language, advised rebellion and that of the sternest description. The English press, then as to-day, howled with rage, called upon the Government for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, for Arms Acts, Coercion Acts and the other methods by which England usually governs outside of England.

Mitchell was arrested, tried, condemned to 14 years transportation, and buried off at night to a convict's cell.

Smith O'Brien and a few others escaped to St. Patrick's, and at Ballinacorney they bravely tried to sell their lives, but the light was short, for what could an unarmed peasantry do, pitted against fully armed, barricaded in a strong position?

Two leaders were captured, tried and condemned to death, Duffy alone escaping condemnation.

Commutation of sentence to transportation followed, and the movement of Young Ireland seemed dead. But it was not so; that movement appealing to the noblest sentiments of the heart, stirring the mind with the memories of Ireland's glorious and Ireland's sorrows, teaching the intellect to judge Irish questions in a reasonable light, still lives, and he who wishes to write the history of the Land League cannot do so without studying the movement of '48," as it is also true that he who wishes to speak of '48" must acquaint himself with the great achievements of the Liberator. These three periods of agitation are linked together, each has done a great and a good work, and each was the consequence of its predecessor. O'Connell gave the Irish people freedom, the Young Irelanders gave her education, Parnell will give her prosperity and strength.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

Paris has more than doubled since 1846, and Munich since 1852.

Mr. S. G. Beatty, of Belleville, is reported to have purchased the Feigut Gold Mine for \$80,000.

William F. Dalrymple of the famous grain farm in Dakota says that the clean profit for 1880 was over \$250,000. He raised more than half a million bushels of wheat on 24,000 acres, and disposed of it in Buffalo at a profit of fifty cents a bushel.

The London World.—On the marriage of the Hon. Arnold Keppel to Miss Egerton the unfortunate indisposition of two of Lord Bury's daughters, who were to have been the bridesmaids, gave rise to the happy invention of the Gainsborough Boys—a very pretty precedent which all young ladies requiring a hymeneal retinue will do wisely and picturesquely to follow.

Notwithstanding his standing on the Eastern question Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle, is reinstated affectionately in the bosom of the radicalism below the gangway; and the party of the future is to be led by a triumvirate consisting of Mr. Cowen, Mr. Ashton Dilke and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Mr. Peter Rylands will act as the radical whip in the coming troubles about Ireland and the Transvaal.

Sir Saville Lumley, the British Minister at Brussels, who was for many years at Washington as First Secretary and Charge d'Affaires, seems to have an easy time at that capital of a quiet little kingdom. His chief duty seems to be the transmission of some special bouquets from the Queen of the Belgians to her sister, Queen of England. Victoria took a fancy to them when travelling in Germany, and is passionately fond of them.

An abstract of the gross produce of the revenue of Great Britain and Ireland for the past year shows that it exceeded the previous year by £600,000. There was a decrease of nearly a million in customs and excise, but there was an increase of stamps of £246,000, and the post office and telegraph service showed an increase of nearly £150,000, besides an increase in interest on advances of £200,000. The land tax and house duty gave an increase of £75,000.

## JNO. BOYLE O'REILLY.

The fame of John Boyle O'Reilly has not yet reached its zenith, as he is still a young man and perhaps hardly realizes the full force of his own genius, but nevertheless, his career has been so strange that it is a matter for astonishment that a youth, who fourteen years ago was a private soldier in the British army should to-day occupy so exalted a position in the ranks of the world's literati. But genius like water finds its level. We take the following sketch of O'Reilly from the Lynn, (Mass.) Transcript. It is written by James Berry Bunsell, himself a writer of no mean talent, and it will prove interesting to our readers, the more especially as it is thought he will soon be induced to lecture in Montreal.

I have just this minute laid aside a volume of poems,—"Songs, Legends and Ballads,"—and somehow it seems as if I felt the physical presence of the author near me, so thoroughly am I imbued with the magnetic power one gathers from the works of John Boyle O'Reilly. It is impossible to be with the poet for any length of time and not feel the eloquence of strength which is stamped so forcibly upon the man, in physique, in mind, in face; lifting one up to his own mental height, and sweeping one along in the rapid flow of ideas, the manly handling of topics, as fired with enthusiasm over some theory or determined purpose, O'Reilly points out, clearer than you have ever been shown before, the right and wrong of some movement, the meanness or grandeur of a deed. If it were in my power, or I felt at liberty to repeat in his own words some of the noble thoughts that have entered my soul from the poet's lips, I should make this sketch a most interesting one. But I must be confined to my own words, my own thoughts of the man whom I admire and love, and who if not now known as one of our greatest poets, sometime will be, and certainly is our strongest, having as well humanity and sympathy throbbing in every verse as in his warm generous Irish heart.

Undoubtedly the most powerful poem Boyle O'Reilly ever wrote is one that has been widely spread by the newspapers and will appear in the new volume of his poems to be issued this winter—"From the Earth. A Cry." Here are one or two extracts—

"Can the earth have a voice? Can the clouds have speech? To murmur and rail at the demi-gods? To trample them? Grind their vulgar faces in the clay?"

"The earth was made for lords and the makers of law; For conquerors and the social priests; For traders who feed on and foster the complex life; For the shrewd and the selfish who plan and keep; For the heirs who squander the hoard that bears The face of the King, and the blood of the seer, And the curse of the fatherless sons!"

"O Christ! and O Christ! In Thy name the law! In Thy mouth the mandate! In Thy loving hand the whip! They have taken Thee down from Thy cross and sent Thee to secure the people; They have shed Thy feet with spiky reeds, and joined Thy dead knees with iron, And passed Thee by, hiding behind, to trample the poor dumb faces!"

"As sure as the Spirit of God is Truth, this Truth shall reign, And the trees and lowly brutes shall cease to be higher than man, God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire."

This poem was received with shouts of applause when read at the "Papyrus Club," and has been extolled highly by all critics. In this all the fiery passion of the author is given full sway; untrammelled by the conventionalities of bates, and against which his bold, great nature rebels, the words are thrown out, the whole wrong ruling, wrong management, wrong principles of the world are set forth. He sees that the earth is given over to corporations. That the poor, the laboring man, the employed, are slave bound land and blood as much as ever the negro was enslaved, and his own love of freedom shrieks out Shame!

"Come from your mines and mills, Pale-faced girls and women with ragged and hard-eyed children, Pour from your dens of toil and filth, out to the air of heaven's sun, Breathe it deep, and harken! A cry from the cloud or beyond it, A cry to the toilers to rise, to be high as the air of heaven's sun, To own the earth in their lifetime and hand it down to their children!"

"The moment a man employs another, that moment the employed becomes a slave," he said to me last night, and his magnificent soulful eyes flashed with his thought. "And this is wrong! radically wrong! Why should a few men own the earth, and possess the lives of those who are thrown to their care by the accident of necessity caused by the bondage of this conventional living which is all hypocrisy, all lies? The world should be free to man as to animals, and as the good God meant it should be!"

Here is a man, a successful man, one who has been imprisoned, has passed through dangers and vicissitudes enough to make a marvelous book of strange and vital interest if his history were written out in full. A man who ten years ago had no money and seemed little chance for being anything but the second mate of a vessel. Who says he then knew how to do but two or three things, and looked only for an opportunity to do one of them. Who, fourteen years ago, was a corporal in the British hussars. Thirteen years back a Fenian prisoner in Australia. Less than two years later picked up at sea in an open boat, an escaped convict. God save the mark! A man who is now editor and part proprietor of one of the most potent organs in America. A man in the world. A widely-known poet. An author. And above all still a man. No falling off of individuality because of his success. A man with a heart, whose quick eye a glowing soul can see and sorrow over the woes of any life, and yet one who says there is nothing doleful in life. Listen—

In this brief life despair should never reach us, The sea looks wide because the shores are dim; The star that led the Magi still can teach us The way to go, if we but look to him. And as we wade, the darkness closing o'er us, The hungry waters surging to the chin, Our deeds will rise like stepping-stones before us— The good and bad—to save or plunge us in.

A sign of youth atoned for and forgiven Takes us where if we choose to find, When clouds across our onward path are driven We still may steer by his pale light behind. A sin forgotten is a debt to pay for. A sin remembered is a constant gain; Sorrow, next joy, is what we ought to pray for, As next to peace we profit most from pain.

"Do not look a week, a month ahead. Take care of the present. A man who does to-day what to-day requires of him is building surely and well. One of the truest things I ever wrote, and I do not know but it is the favorite verse from my poems, is—

"Like a sawyer's work is life; The present makes the flow, And the only field for strife Is the inch before the saw."

Oh! I tell you men and women, thinkers and idlers, here is a man who has the right view of life. Were he selfish in these thoughts, if he spoke such words as I have quoted and yet lived only for himself, he could despise him and find him weak. But day by day he lives up to what he sings, day by day he draws more hearts toward him by deeds of generosity and kindness, done as only an Irishman, a lover of nature, the friend of all humankind, could ever do them.

Last year Mr. O'Reilly was President of the "Papyrus Club," which is made up of authors, editors and magazine-writers, and not one of them but will give you a cordial greeting if you carry as passport to his sanctum the name of Boyle O'Reilly.

The editor, poet, author, Irishman, has a home in Charlestown. An hospitable home. Here is his study; this long room occupying half of the first floor. Artistic in all its arrangements, from the draperies at the windows to the statues, bronzes and pictures scattered about. No doors bar out the visitors; heavy, soft hangings cover the doorways. Perhaps the most striking things in the room (if the owner himself is not in) are these two great bronze busts. One the agonized head from the "Laocoon," the other the head of "War" from the "Arch of Triumph" in Paris. Strength—the strength he has here. But the first I should seize upon—after his books—if I were to do to "take my choice," would be "The Praying Boy," a statuette—charming—expressive—beautiful. The graceful arm raised and expanded, following the movements of the face and eyes, which are turned toward