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**AWAKEN.**

BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

"My son, there's a cloud on your troubled brow,  
And the tears to your dark eyes start;  
Say why does the light in those eyes grow dim,  
And the flush from that cheek depart?  
Your voice has forgotten its musical ring,  
And your step its elastic bound;  
You heed not the neigh of your own good steed,  
Nor the whine of your fleet greyhound.

"But name your wish, and whatever it be,  
If I can the boon afford,  
Though it cost the half of my hard-won wealth,  
'Tis yours at your lightest word.  
Look round, look round on those waving fields,  
And number those lowing kine,  
And the flocks that speckle your green hillside—  
They are yours, my boy, and mine."

"My father, your words do but drive me mad;  
Like fire on my brain they fall;  
Those fields, that hill, are not yours nor mine—  
They belong to the tyrant, all;  
And have I not seen you, your white locks bare,  
The thought makes my blood run cold—  
Like a lackey you stood at his horse's head,  
And he flung you the rein to hold?

"I've seen you linked with the soulless herd  
Who voted at his command,  
And heard you cursed as a traitor slave,  
Unfaithful to creed and land.  
His bullfinch, and keeper, and menials all,  
Are your welcome, honored guests;  
You listen, unmoved, to his blasphemous oaths  
And you laugh at his ribald jests.

"If this be the life you would have me lead  
Oh, why was I taught to pore  
O'er the hero struggles of Greece and Rome,  
And dear Elsie's tear-dimmed lore?  
Far better it were to my grave to crawl  
An unlettered, unthinking clown,  
Then be forced to train my immortal soul  
To bow at a lordling's frown."

"My boy! my boy! how you rive my heart!  
And were all my strivings vain?  
To make you a happy, wealthy man,  
Was the thought of my toiling brain:  
For this I have levelled the poor man's cot,  
Though his doom was a pauper's grave;  
For this, like a spaniel, you saw me crouch,  
A fawning, degraded slave.

"And where's the reward of my greed for gold,  
And, my boy, must you share my shame?  
Oh, no! look up—sure you yet may strive  
For honor, and love, and fame.  
Ha! have I discovered the magic spell,  
To chase from your soul the gloom?  
Even now there is hope in your kindling eye,  
And your cheek has its wonted bloom."

"Oh, yes! there is hope—and a manly joy  
Has thrilled my awakened soul;  
And my heart is swayed with a deep resolve  
To strive for a destined goal:  
To labor and pray with a hopeful trust  
And be ever prepared to stand—  
To dare and do—with the brave and true,  
When they're up for the green old land."

**THE "POOR SCHOLAR."**  
An Old Story Retold.

It is now over one hundred years ago since the substantial farmhouse of Owen O'Mahony occupied a comfortable corner by Munster hill-side. It was a right well-to-do looking dwelling, backed by a full "haggard" flanked by a cozy paddock, sheltered by a grove of fir trees, and surrounded on all sides by rich pastures, and broad fields of the thickly green agriculture, for it was at the time we write about, mid-way in the spring of the year. It was evening, too, and a sabbath evening; the rooks cawed away from the tall chimneys by the roadside, the kine lowed long and deeply, with their thick necks stretched over the paddock gate; and an occasional uproarious cackle of glee from the fat white geese on the brook before the farmer's door made the whole scene breathe of real and fresh rusticity.—There was a swaying feather of blue smoke slowly mounting from the chimney top, and several pigeons of various kinds occupied the thatched roof. The half door was flung widely open, and the watchful house dog was absent from his post, playing truant with the young people, who were away everywhere enjoying the leisure of the evening.—You might see the hale burly farmer himself sitting within and alone, partaking of a hearty meal, for he had been out during the day, visiting a sick cow belonging to a poor neighbor, and only returned when the family table was long ago broken up and its attendants separated on a thousand little personal missions. The good man, Owen, nevertheless, munched away with gay free will, and the more contentedly as his comely good wife was just within ear-shot, occasionally asking him a few questions about the neighbors and their affairs or humming a dreamy old air in a purring tone that spoke all right and tight about the homestead and the week's work well ended. The farmer had just finished his repast, and backed his chair a pace or two, and pushed his plate into the middle of the table, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and then the halting of a timid footstep.

"Come in," said the farmer, in a round, hearty, good-humored voice;—"come in, in, whosoever you are; we are peaceable people hereabouts, and will take no bit out of you."

In walked a little boy of about fifteen years of age, but so pale, so haggard looking, and woe-begone that the honest O'Mahony started at his first appearance. On his unkempt locks was the remnant of an old leather cap, his eyes were bleared and bloodshot, his feet bare, mired and bleeding, his dress the bleached remains of a tattered corduroy suit; and under his arm was a bundle of books very much riven and thumb-worn. The poor child walked into the room, and very slowly over to the table where Owen was still sitting.

"Who are you?" asked the farmer, softly, for he was eyeing the extreme misery of the wretched little lad all the time.

"I am a poor scholar," was the reply, and in so low and desponding a cadence that the heart of the good man gave a big thump against his ribs and his eyes grew moist with pity. But when he noticed the poor creature pick up the potato skins from the table and thrust them furtively into his mouth, he could stand the scene no longer, but bustling to his legs called out to his wife in a hoarse, broken voice, striving thus to hide his emotion:—"Hullo! hullo! I want man, bring some food here to this little lad; I am sure he is badly in want of it."

Mrs. O'Mahony came running in after a few moments, and carrying in her hand a foaming bowl of fresh new milk, set it down on the board before the poor scholar. The child seized it with avidity, and without uttering a syllable, but was unable to raise it to his lips.

"Bring him something substantial," now fairly blubbered out the soft hearted farmer. "Bring him some meat and bread; the boy is famishing."

The poor little fellow was still silent, but his eyes followed O'Mahony and his wife as they both hurried out on their mission of hospitality. The food was soon brought in abundance, and the poor scholar lifted into the farmer's chair was left, after due encouragement and admonitions, to eat while he was able—to discuss the good things placed before him: for the good old pair, with that intuitive sense of good breeding which always pertains to an unselfish and generous spirit, thought that their little guest would enjoy his meal best by himself and without the eyes of strangers to disconcert him.

Well, everything on earth must have an end, and so, at last, had the repast of the famishing poor scholar.

The good wife then set about washing his bleeding and way-worn feet, and after making him repeat a few short prayers with her, just as she would with her own loved children, made a bed of wheaten straw near the fire-side, and placed him comfortably in the midst of it;—then tossing a heavy coverlet over him, left him to sleep away the past fatigues.

The next morning the poor scholar was still abed, although the farmer shook him by the shoulder as he was going abroad into the fields.

The good wife next came, and told him to be up and stirring. He started suddenly to his feet, but fell helplessly into the straw. The woman bent over;—he had fainted;—his face was livid as lead, and beads of cold perspiration stood upon his brow, his very lips were white, cold and colorless.

She hurried away, prepared a hot drink, and poured it down his throat. He began to speak, but hurriedly and incoherently—he was raving. The long and weary road had overtaken his slight frame; famine had drunk away too much of his vital current, and then the unexpected and hearty meal of heavy food was too much for him—all combined prostrated the miserable little wanking;—he was in "the fever."

The good old people, when they saw that the poor scholar was in for a protracted illness, had his bed removed to a warm and comfortable out-house, and commenced to attend him in turn, night and day, as long as his illness lasted—which was over three weeks—and even when the fever left him, his exhaustion was so great, that his convalescence brought him into the merry, joyous summer.

The boy was still reserved and silent—but always most respectful, gentle, and obedient to his kind patrons—the least harsh word always moved him to tears, but he never complained. He could never be induced to give any account of himself previous to his coming to O'Mahony's house, nor did he like to be questioned about it. All they could learn from him was, that he stole away from home to pursue learning and to make his own way through the world.

One day, he took down his old tattered book that lay upon a shelf over the bed where he had so long lain a helpless invalid—and looking over each of them lovingly and carefully, walked into the little parlor where O'Mahony and his wife were sitting immediately after their breakfast—and with a dusted face, and faltering tongue, announced to them that he was going to leave, but he would never forget their great kindness and care of him; he would have said more, but his speech failed him; he only stood and trembled, and bending down his head, fixed his burning eyes upon the floor.

"What! tired of us already?" asked O'Mahony, reproachfully; "why, boy, you are not by any means strong enough for the road yet."

"I have trespassed too long," replied the poor scholar, "when God knows, if I can ever make any return for all you have done for me. If I am knocked down again I must perish." This was the longest speech ever made by the poor scholar, and it greatly affected the good-natured old people.

The good woman insisted upon dressing him in a suit of her son's best clothes, and Owen put a round sum of money into the right hand pocket of the new vest.

Thus dressed and equipped, with his stock of books still clutched close to his heart, he shook hands with his generous patrons. The woman kissed him, the man patted him on the back and bade God bless him, and so away started the young aspirant after the paths of knowledge on a beautiful summer morning, with health almost restored, well attired, a purse in his pouch, his courage raised, and the wide-world before him.

The old people followed him with their eyes until he was out of sight, and then turned silently back into their dwelling despondent and uncomfortable; for, some how or other, they both felt that the poor scholar—quiet, taciturn, and gloomy though he always was—still left a void behind him. For years upon years after they would often recall his memory, and wonder what became of him—whether he had fallen ill again anywhere, or was left unheeded and uncare—to famish or to perish. They wondered should they ever again get any tidings of him, or whether he would be mindful enough of them to let them know in what part of the world he was still living. At last they spoke of him seldom and less frequently; a little while longer still, and his memory seemed to have vanished away from their minds entirely like a dim dream.

The stirring events of the time, too, not a little contributed to this result, for France and England were at war; the battle of Fontenoy had been fought, and the men of Ireland had been painting with pride at the feats of the glorious Irish Brigade. French ships came frequently to the coasts of Clare, Limerick, Cork, Kerry, and Galway, smuggling wines, brandy, silks, &c., and their return cargoes were recruits for the Brigade. But as this was a penal proceeding they were entered on the ship's books as *wild geese*. Yes, King George did not wish King Louis to get any more Irish soldiers, he did not wish them *gone with a vengeance*, but bitterly cursed the laws of his own realm that sent even so many of them as formed the Brigade into the stranger's country to turn the tide of battle against himself. Ireland never begrudged men to France because France knew how to estimate their worth and reward them for their services, because she helped the Old Country in her struggles for freedom, and always attested the chivalry of her sons before the world. Then God bless France—the home of the Irish exiles! God bless France—the camp of the Irish warriors! God bless France—the hope of the Irish people!

But to return to the thread of our narrative:—It so happened that O'Mahony's eldest son, now a fine, able young fellow, took it into his head to enlist into the French service, and to be booked in an old lugger on the Southern coast, as one of the "Wild Geese." This was not done, however, so secretly as to leave it out of the power of an informer to discover the fact, and report the same to the proper official authorities: the young O'Mahony was, therefore, arrested before he got on board his destined vessel, and was instantly thrown into prison to be tried for his life.

The poor old father was greatly troubled at this untoward event, and endeavored to get every legal assistance to extricate his hapless child from the horrid dilemma; but, alas! such was the terror of the times, that no lawyer cared to undergo the suspicion of the Government, or the reflections of its underlings, by undertaking the defence of any criminal so odious in its eyes, as one found sympathizing with the success of foreign arms and anxious to lend a hand thereto. O'Mahony could get no defender for his son, and when the day of trial came on, he stood in the court, all intents and purposes, a doomed man.

Witnesses were called by the prosecution for the Crown, all of whom swore point blank to anything suggested to them, and the prisoner was called upon by the judge for his defence, if he had any to offer, or did he plead guilty to the fact of his being found in arms and in league against his sovereign majesty, King George of England.

The old O'Mahony explained that his son could get no one to undertake his case, so that any attempt at defence were idle, and would avail him nothing.

"That is truly a hard lot," remarked the Judge, "but that your son may not be condemned, without some scrutiny," he added, "I will examine the witnesses myself, and test the validity of their several charges against him."

Accordingly he did examine them, and with so searching an acumen, too, that he upset their evidence with apparent ease, set them forswearing themselves, contradicting one another, and jumbling together truth and falsehood so inconspicuously that everybody in court saw that the men were suborned, badly trained for their work and were nothing better than hired blood-money hunters,—

He then charged strongly in favor of the prisoner, so strongly, indeed, that he was acquitted without the jury leaving the box.

Owen O'Mahony and his released son called on the Judge the next day at the hotel where he put up in the town, to thank him for his disinterested kindness, and his generous defense of a man an utter stranger to him.

The Judge received father and son very kindly, thanked them very courteously for their deep expressions of gratitude, but when the old man offered him a heavy purse of gold, he put it aside and said with a light laugh:

"Oh! no, O'Mahony; you owe me nothing. I was interested about you from a story I heard of you long ago, about your singular hospitality to a poor scholar whom you saved from famine and death, and who never failed to spread the account of it wherever he went."

"My Lord, I recollect the lad, but it is a very long time ago, indeed. I remember, too, he left our house with very few words indeed and forgot us afterwards; God knows I would have done as much for any poor creature as the youngster in question. Does your lordship know where he is at present, and did the world thrive with him?—my good woman cried a good deal after him, for she took a great liking to his silent ways, and pitied and loved him, bless you, just as if he was her own. I'd like to see the boy again, if it was only to have it to tell her that he is alive and well."

"You shall see him, O'Mahony," exclaimed the Judge, rising from his seat, taking the old man by the hand and pressing it warmly. "O'MAHONY, I AM THE POOR SCHOLAR!"

**SCENE FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.**

Appius was one of the ten tyrants who, about 300 before the Christian era, cast the gloomy shadow of his vices over the simple but warlike people of Rome. After the murder of Dentatus, he greatest soldier of the army, he was guilty of a disgraceful domestic tragedy that has branded his name with disgust to every child that has read the history of those days.

One day, whilst sitting at his tribunal to dispense justice, he saw a maiden of exquisite beauty, aged about fifteen, passing to one of the public-schools, attended by a matron, her nurse. The charms of this maiden, heightened by all the innocence of virgin modesty, caught his attention and fired his heart. The day following she passed; he found her still more beautiful and his heart still more inflamed. Accustomed to yield to those inferior passions that vilify the rational being, he determined to possess himself of this innocent child, whose honor and virtue were to be sacrificed to his lust. Passion cares naught for right, for liberty or honor. The sighs of outraged innocence and the sacred claims of a father are feeble barriers to oppose this passion. The tyrant vainly tried to corrupt the fidelity of the nurse, and then had recourse to stratagem and deceit still more dishonorable. He selected from the companions of his debauchery a man named Marcus Claudius, whom he bribed to assert the beautiful girl was his slave, and to refer the cause to his tribunal for decision. Claudius behaved according to his instructions. Entering the school where Virginia was playing with her companions, he seized upon her as his property, and about to take her away by force, but was prevented by the people who were drawn together by her cries. After the first impulse of opposition, this lying instrument of tyrannical oppression explained to the people how the girl was born from one of his slaves, and therefore his property, but he was willing to plead his cause before the tribunal of Appius, who was then administering justice (save the word!) in the Forum close by. They consented, and the weeping girl was led to the tribunal of Appius, who saw them approach from a distance, and was delighted that his impious plot had so far succeeded. In the meantime the crowd had increased; a murmur of pity passed along; indignation was swelling the heart of some brave youths, who were determined to see the end of this unblushing infraction of the rights of the citizens. They knew the child to be the offspring of the brave centurion Virginia, who was then on the battlefield defending his country, and that she was betrothed to a noble youth named Icilius, for whom they despatched a messenger in haste.

Arrived before Appius, Claudius pleaded his case. She was born of his slave, sold to the wife of Virginia, who was barren, and brought up as his child; that he had several witnesses, but that until he could gather them together it was but reasonable the slave should be delivered into his custody, being her master. In deep cunning the impious judge pretended to be struck with the justice of his claims. He observed, if the reputed father himself were present, he might indeed be willing to delay the delivery of the maiden for some time, but in his absence he could not detain her from her proper master. He therefore adjudged her to Claudius as his slave until Virginia could prove his paternity; but Heaven will not permit such impiously to triumph—the sigh of injured innocence has ever been heard at the throne of God and found vindication. The tyrant had scarcely finished his sentence when a bustle is heard at the door; the crowd make way; a well-known voice falls on the ears of the fainting Virginia, another moment, and she is clasped in the arms of Icilius. The victors were ordered to separate the youthful pair and seize Icilius; they approached, but drawing his sword, for he, too, was a centurion, and with a voice that struck terror into the menials of the tyrant, he bade them stand back. "Appius," he cried, his eyes glistening with fury and his forehead wrinkled with a frown of defiance, "you must first pass over my corpse to seize Virginia. She is espoused to me, and I will have her in her unsullied innocence. Whilst I live she shall not leave the house of her father. If you have succeeded in usurping the rights of the tribunals and trampling on the liberties of the people, the curse of your lust shall not penetrate the sacred enclosure of our families to the insult of our wives and daughters. We will invoke the vengeance of the people and the army. Without passing a stream of blood, you will not execute the iniquitous sentence you have given." Appius trembled on his throne; he heard the applause of the people; he saw the determination that fired every countenance; and, feigning his

discomfiture, he calmly replied: "It is evident Icilius still breathes the sedition of the tribunals and under pretence of defending this slave, he wishes to excite the passions of the people. Not to supply cause for his seditious projects, I will not give any sentence to-day, but security must be given that the slave will be brought before me to-morrow."

The security was given, and the murmuring crowd parted, congratulating the weeping youths, and breathing vengeance on the Decemvirate, whose days of tyranny would find a last and terrible sunset on the morrow.

In the meantime, couriers were sent with the fleetest horses to the camp to bring Virginius to Rome. The tyrant Appius had also sent despatches that Virginius should be detained, but his letters were intercepted; the brave centurion was already in full gallop towards his sorrowful home, and was soon in the embrace of his blooming child.

The next day—one of the most eventful in the history of Rome—Virginius, to the astonishment of Appius, appeared before the tribunal, leading his daughter by the hand, and both clothed in deep mourning. Claudius, the accuser, was also there, and began by making his demand. Virginius spoke in turn; he represented that his wife had several children; that she had suckled her children, as many could testify; moreover, if he had intentions of adopting a supposititious child, he would have selected a boy rather than a girl. It was surprising such a claim should be raised after fifteen years. The people gave from time to time unmistakable indications of their sympathy. The earnestness of the afflicted father had the consequence of truth; and Appius, seeing the impression growing stronger, interrupted Virginius, and in one of the most daring acts of injustice on record, once more adjudged the girl to Claudius.

A cry that would melt the heart of the greatest Ilberline burst from the poor girl; she threw herself on the neck of her father. Icilius was near. His hand was on his sword; he remembered the oath of the previous day, and the people, who knew the Forum was full of soldiers, trembled in suspense. At length Appius gave the order to clear the way and give the slave to her master; but, before Icilius could give vent to the passion that was burning in his heart like the interior of a volcano, Virginius, in a faltering voice, pretended to acquiesce to the sentence, and asked permission to take his farewell from one he had long considered his child and loved as such. Appius nodded on condition the interview should take place at once and in his presence. The hardy veteran, with a commotion that showed the poignant anguish breaking his heart, took his almost expiring daughter in his arms, supporting her head on his breast, and wiping away the tears that rolled over her beautiful countenance. Unmindful of the crowd that wept around him, he gently made his way to one of the shops that surrounded the Forum. Suddenly seizing a large knife that lay on a block before a butcher's stall, he cried out, "Virginia, by this alone can I save thy honor and thy liberty!" and plunged the steel into her maiden heart. Drawing forth the blade reeking with her blood, he turned towards Appius, crying out with a loud voice, "Tyrant! by this blood of innocence I devote thy head to the infernal Furies!"

With knife in hand, foaming with fury, he ran through the city, wildly calling on the people to strike for freedom; thence he went to the camp, where, weeping and showing the knife stained with the guiltless blood of his murdered child, he roused the soldiers to fury and desire of revenge. The soldiers left the camp, abandoned their generals, and came to Rome to be avenged of their tyrants. They took possession of the Aventine. The people in the city, in the meantime, led on by Icilius, were preparing a dreadful attack on the few wretches that still guarded the tyrant Appius. For several days he lay secreted. At length the soldiers, gaining from the Senate the change of government, banished all the Decemvirs except Appius and Opilius, whom they cast into the dungeons of the Mamertine until they would determine the death they should give them. But they both strangled themselves in their prison before they could be torn to pieces by the fury of the mob.

Cicero must have had this fact before him when he wrote: "The uncontrolled desire is a burning fire; it not only destroys particular persons, but entire families, and ruins the whole commonwealth. From desires spring hatred, discussion, discord, seditious, and bloody wars."—From the *Victims of the Mamertine*.

**Cicero de Finibus;**

ANNALS: ILLUSTRATION.—A case was lately tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, in which the plaintiff sued for damages for injuries sustained by falling into a cellar, the grating of which had been improperly left open by the defendant. The plaintiff in his fall, broke the grating, and for this damage to his property the defendant claimed the sum of £5. Plaintiffs counsel said that the audacity of this demand had never been paralleled in his experience except in one instance, and this exceptional case he proceeded to relate for the benefit of the Court and jury. There lived, he said, at one time in Merriem square, Dublin (the fashionable quarter of the city), an eminent lawyer, who afterwards came to occupy a place on the judicial bench. It was a man of high professional attainments, but of testy and irritable temper. His next door neighbor was a retired major, noted for the eccentricities of his habits; between the two there was anything but friendly feeling, and they did all in their power to annoy and harass each other. One night memorable as "the night of the great storm," the major's chimneys was blown down. Crash they went through the roof of the lawyer's house, and thence down through floor after floor, carrying havoc in the course. The man of law was in no good humor as he contemplated the destruction, and what made matters worse was that it was the major's chimneys that had occasioned the wreck. His mind was actively engaged in devising some process by which he could get satisfaction from his arch enemy, when a missive arrived from the attorney, couched as follows:—"Send me back my books immediately, or I'll put the matter into the hands of an attorney."