

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIV. (CONTINUED)

Had Eveleen no cause for apprehension for her own safety and that of those who were dearest to her, from the knowledge which she had obtained during these last few days, she could have felt anxious now, seeing the young stranger so far from Portarah, where she thought she had left him at rest; and connecting his presence in the hermit's neighbourhood with the dark conversation and conduct of Connel, and with the visit of Fergus to Galway, she suddenly regarded the young officer as opposed to her happiness, and as the cause of the misfortunes which she feared had happened to Fergus.

How premature do we judge of men and of their motives, when we once allow ourselves to be biased by love or hate! Here was Eveleen suddenly changed towards her father's friend and guest. A few hours ago so gentle, so affable, so warmly kind to him, that he began to feel an affection for her which he never had felt for woman. He was grateful to her, and from his gratitude sprang a feeling which he would not call love—but unknown to him it grew stronger and stronger; he experienced that he could not be so happy without her presence as with it, and felt inclined to please her more than he felt inclined to please others. This he thought was friendship for an artless, innocent, pleasing, and beautiful young woman—a dangerous feeling for one whose deep affection had never been stirred. He was happy in this friendship—his melancholy had disappeared. The rough and dark prospects of the future, which, in his hours of loneliness, his fears drew, were softened—were entirely changed by Eveleen's presence; softness and light took their places upon the picture; and he felt a hope that even in this life he might be happy. But now all this happiness, all these hopes, were about to be destroyed, by his supposed connexion with Fergus's misfortunes, founded upon a sudden and vague thought of Eveleen's! Happy was Henry O'Halloran in his ignorance of her thoughts! Man upon whom chance circumstance depends thy earthly peace! The young man did not perceive the approach of the woman, until he was addressed by them. When he was called by his name, he turned suddenly upon them a pale and haggard countenance. He arose quickly, and rushing towards Eveleen, seized her hand, whilst he exclaimed:—

"I am glad, Eveleen, thou art come! The hermit expects you!"

"We knew not that we were expected," said Kathleen, answering for Eveleen. "Lead the way; we follow you."

O'Halloran did not remark, in the excitement of his feelings, Eveleen's cold manner. He rushed through the trees, followed by the women, and stood at the door of the hermit's hut, without saying a word. At the noise of their entrance, the dumb boy, who slept in his usual place upon the hearth, awoke; he looked listlessly upon them, and again fell into a deep slumber. O'Halloran approached the door of the cell. He was told to enter, and pushing it open, he disclosed the hermit bent over a small table, upon which was an open book and a small ebony crucifix. The cell presented the same appearance as that which we described at D'Arcy's visit. The hermit scarcely raised an eye at the entrance of O'Halloran; but when he perceived the women, he arose in agitation, and advancing a few steps hurriedly, stepped some feet from his visitors. There was a purpose of opposition in his look and in his manner. On entering, Eveleen had drawn the hood of her blue cloak over her head. He did not appear to know her. He looked to the young man, requiring an explanation of the intrusion. There was silence for a few moments. Eveleen was too agitated to speak; Kathleen held back through fear; and Henry O'Halloran turned his eyes from the hermit. The hermit was the first to break the silence.

"Why come you so early, my children?" he said in a mixed tone of kindness and of anger—one was his natural feeling, the other was excited by the sudden, unexpected interruption. "Wait for me; I will have leisure during the day to ask your wants and to assist them as far as I am able."

"Father," interrupted O'Halloran, starting, "It is Eveleen of Portarah who stands before you. She has come to speak freely to you."

"Eveleen of Portarah?" exclaimed the hermit, with a loud cry. "Eveleen, my child, uncover your face, that I may behold you!"

"It is I, father," said Eveleen tremblingly—she was startled by the wild manner of the hermit. "I am come to consult you, father."

"Eveleen, my daughter, my long-lost child! And I knew thee not before!" cried the hermit.

In an instant the bewildered girl was in the strong embrace of her convulsed parent. We dare not describe the scene that followed the gradual restoration of Eveleen and of the hermit to consciousness, to the certainty that it was no dream; the feelings of Kathleen, evinced by sobs and cries; the tears of the young man's sympathy. For some time Eveleen hardly could believe that the bosom upon which she leaned was that of her natural parent. Kathleen's words told it to her; Henry O'Halloran said it; and more than this, the tender, low voice of her father whispered that she was his long-lost only child. How sweet to the ears of generous youth are the accents of a parent's forgiveness, but far sweeter, and more powerfully exciting are the words of a discovered parent, who bids a welcome home to a fond and yearning heart; who says to his lost but found child, here you may rest; here you may fix your affections; for there alone on earth your heart beats with love! Eveleen felt this. The pent up feelings of filial love, which had flowed only drop by drop towards Connel, and which nature would not allow to be misused—for nature is the mysterious mistress of true affection—now were freely let loose. She felt in her heart that the hermit was her parent, and she cried as she clasped him in an ardent embrace, "Oh my father! thou art my only parent, my real father!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Henry O'Halloran parted from Connel's cabin on his journey to Galway, in a melancholy mood. The grave tone of his feelings would not surprise us; it was habitual, but there was an unusual heaviness upon his spirits. At one moment he rejoiced that Eveleen was so nearly related to him, and in a moment after he was sorry that she was his cousin. He felt that he could not love her without fear of dishonour to her or to himself. He had fancied with the feeling common to the well-looking young man, that if he only hinted his growing affection for her, Eveleen would feel honoured and happy, but her manner towards him during the day proved that Eveleen might be kind to him as a friend and relation, but would not admit a warmer feeling in his regard. How painful it was to think that Fergus was more loved than he—Fergus, his inferior, without pretensions to birth or to fortune—almost of the reasonableness of Eveleen's affection for him. He considered not that they were long acquainted, that they had loved, unknown to themselves, from infancy. He looked upon Fergus only in the light of presumptuous affection, and he who would sacrifice his own happiness, where necessary, to duty called

for it, sought a pretence for selfishness in the supposed lowliness of his rival's birth. How cunningly our passions deceive us, and magnify the slightest reason for their indulgence! Connel, in the opinion of Henry O'Halloran, shared the presumption of his son. He had known Eveleen's pretensions, and yet had permitted her intimate association with Fergus. O'Halloran that evening was distant from Connel. He parted from him in apparent friendship, but his farewell to him was a cold and patronizing expression of kindness.

With these gloomy thoughts the young man threw himself at Shemus Dhu's side, in the stern of the boat, which soon shot into the wide lake under the strength of four strong young men. Shemus Dhu was silent for many minutes, except when now and then giving some directions to the rowers and Henry O'Halloran was too much engaged with his own thoughts to interrupt the silence. However he was young, and the feelings of youth are subject to quick changes. The gloom of thought in which he indulged for more than half an hour, had its influence to soften his feelings. He felt less indignant towards Connel and his son. He was even disposed to think, that his own love for Eveleen was too sudden to be lasting; at least, he resolved to offer little opposition to Fergus's pretensions, if he proved himself worthy of her. This change might be effected by his natural generosity of disposition; it was partly that—but it was owing, perhaps, still more to the excitement which he felt in the cause of his visit to Galway, and to the danger which he felt to the interest which his danger had for him. It was a frosty evening. Twilight gently passed from the sky, leaving a mellowed darkness, through which near objects could be distinctly seen. Shemus Dhu had kept the boat as near to the banks as he could; sometimes, even against the remonstrance of one of the boatmen, he had touched the mud and gravel with the keel, and when the boatman told him that there was error in his steering, he only replied, given in a low, decided tone were, that "he knew his course," or "that there was a necessity for the trial." The other rowers seemed confident of the skill and guidance of their steersman. They pulled without any remark, or without ceasing for a moment from their labor. Only once did they join their companion's remonstrance. When they had come to the point at which the river emerges from the lake, Shemus Dhu turned the boat quickly into the channel of the river, but at the same time in a direction which evidenced an ignorance of the way, or an intent to incur danger for a purpose.

"Had you not better head the island?" said the rowers who had before spoken to Shemus Dhu; "you can pass through the river's out into the river at Menlough. Trust me, it is the easier and safer way. There are many rocks and mud-banks in the course you steer."

Before the speaker, who was resting upon his oar, had ceased, the boat, by a sudden turn of the helm was high up on the bank of the island, which closed the mouth of the lake. The boatman exclaimed together, but were satisfied by Shemus Dhu's explaining that he wished to reconnoitre the river as far as he could before entering it. At his wish the young men leaped upon the island, and spread themselves to examine the north and south sides of it. Shemus remained in the boat with O'Halloran.

From the time at which Henry O'Halloran's thoughts became calmer, he wished to engage Shemus Dhu in conversation, but the latter appeared not desirous to speak much. He answered the inquiries of his companion in monosyllables. The fact was, he was more than vexed with O'Halloran. He sometimes believed that his cold manner on that day towards Connel and himself, and his apathy of interest in his journey to Galway, proved him not only unworthy of any sacrifice of theirs in his cause, but also—that was a greater sin in the eyes of an Irishman—ungrateful for the exertions and sacrifices they had made. Yet he could not entirely allow this thought to settle on his mind. It would be the greatest misery in his life to be convinced of the degeneracy of his dearest friend's son. In the fulness of his heart, he was more than once on the point of telling his doubts to young O'Halloran, but he as often suddenly checked himself, ashamed to find himself suspecting the patriotism and fidelity—for fidelity is a duty from the high to the low, as from the low to the high—of him for whose safety and honour he was willing to lay down his life. He was vexed with O'Halloran, but he was vexed because his sullen and cold manner to his friends gave some ground for suspecting his unfaithfulness; not because he believed it, but because others might.

"Shemus," said the young man, after the boatmen were out of hearing, "I am glad they have left us for a time, their presence hindered you from answering my questions."

"I have no thought in my heart," replied the peddler, interrupting O'Halloran, "which I would conceal from them. I know them, and I trust them."

The conversation was introduced by O'Halloran to try the disposition of the peddler. He perceived from the manner and reply of Shemus Dhu, that he was resolved to remain in his vein of ill-humour. O'Halloran recollected that his conduct to Shemus Dhu and to Connel had given them cause for displeasure. He resolved therefore to conciliate the peddler.

"Shemus Dhu," he said, in a feeling tone, "I once mistrusted you! I had reasons for believing you false to me, and to the memory of my father, but I was wrong to doubt you. I now have full faith in your friendship and fidelity to me. All my secrets are known to you, all my interests are under your guidance. Why, then, are you so reserved to me?"

"Ask yourself," replied Shemus, in the same severe tone. "Ask yourself have you given your friends cause to be distant to you? I will not believe it of you—I cannot think—that you are a traitor to the virtues and to the memory of your noble father; but may not others believe it of you? To-day you made weary the heart of your father's dearest friend. Your cold conduct towards him proved to him that in foreign lands you lost love for your country, for your friends, and for your family."

"By—, you wrong me, peddler!" exclaimed the young man; "I have not insulted Connel. I know his virtue, his love, his disinterested love for my welfare. I could not have said or done anything to show ingratitude to him. Have I not given myself to his and to your guidance in this affair? and am I not now endangering my life to save his son? You willingly wrong me," Shemus, or else you know me not."

"Would to heaven that Connel heard you!" said the peddler, with feeling. "It would ease his heart of a heavy burden. I doubt you not, Henry, to be the son of your noble and generous father. Yes, Connel and his son are worthy of your everlasting gratitude. They have constantly wished for your return to your native country. Your safety and happiness was always their first and last prayer to heaven."

"Say no more, Shemus," interrupted O'Halloran; "I feel sorrow for displeasing Connel. Fergus knows not of it? Let it be forgotten, but you cannot be displeased that I felt interested in the honour of my cousin Eveleen."

"Young man," said the peddler, with warmth, "your education in a foreign country has destroyed your natural nobleness of heart. What dishonour was offered to Eveleen? Say that she loved Fergus; that he knew her love not to be a sister's, and that he returned it. Say that they were married;—what disgrace is it to your family to give one of its members to the bravest, most generous, and most devoted friend that breathes? Your father

would not judge like you. I speak openly to you, O'Halloran, because I have a confidence in your generosity. Unless you have a reason which goes beyond my simple understanding, tell what interest in your cousin's honour and happiness can you feel which her father, which I, and her friends do not feel?"

"You ask rightly, Shemus," answered O'Halloran; "I was foolish to think of dishonour from Connel's family; but I loved Eveleen before I knew her to be my cousin, and I love her more since."

"Ha! young man, beware of indulging an unreturned affection," exclaimed Shemus Dhu, "Eveleen may not love you; she does not love you with a feeling equal to yours."

"I know it," said O'Halloran, with emotion, "I know that she loves Fergus. But what right have I to her affection? If her father and her friends all prove of her attachment to the son of Connel, all that I can desire is that he may be worthy of her. I must be satisfied."

"He is worthy of her, my son; you shall be a witness of his noble nature."

"Do it so, Shemus," said the young man, despondently. "I go to give him hope of happiness, but I must go to make myself miserable."

"Say not this, my child—my more than child," answered the peddler. "I had a son once. He was good; he was brave and beautiful. I loved him—loved him with a stronger love than a father's; for I hoped to see him an instrument of his country's freedom. He was taken from me in the strength of his youth; but I loved him not more than I love you, my son. Say not then that you are unhappy. Hope brightens before you. The cause in which you are engaged is worthy of every affection of your heart; it is holy. Remember your father—the honour of your house and of his. You go to redeem his memory from the charge of treason and of murder. You go to punish his enemies, the unjust possessors of your property, and the calumniators of your family name and honour."

"I feel this, Shemus," said Henry O'Halloran. "I know the sacredness of my cause. I am resolved to perish or succeed; yet I fear a blight has come over my heart's peace. But, no," he continued, with increasing energy, "I will show myself worthy of my father's trust. I will prove that I can defend, in life and death the name and honour of my ancestors."

"Henry O'Halloran," said the peddler, "thou art worthy to be their descendant. My life or death hangs upon yours; but we will succeed; God's blessing must be with us in such a pious cause. I am now happy, my son. Let us move on."

Shemus gave a low whistle for his companions, and in a few minutes the boat was again silently passing the banks of the river in its progress to Galway. They quickly passed the space between Woodstock and Menlough. Holding the middle stream of the river, they shot by the castle without meeting any interruption. A death silence was above and below them. A few boats were anchored in the inner current, a short distance from the castle quay. Lights were glancing from every window of the castle upon the stream, but there was no other sign of life on either bank of the river. The only noise was the chafing of the stream, and the low murmuring of the breeze through the leafy boughs of the wood. They passed the trees and entered the smooth sheet of water which breaks the river between Culagh, on the Menlough side, and Dangan, on the opposite side; we give the places their modern names. The peddler was beginning to congratulate himself on their quick and silent passage by Menlough—he had reasons, unknown to his companions, to expect some interruption—when the bow oarsman perceived a boat, some distance ahead of them, swiftly entering the river from the lake of Culagh.

"By my faith, it is so," said Shemus Dhu, suppressing any stranger expression of excitement. "They may not be over friendly, boys; we have need of caution; we will keep to the Danagan bank."

The crew of the other boat seemed aware of their intention. Instead of coming in a direct line towards Shemus' boat, they kept lower in the stream, crossing in an acute angle to the opposite bank.

"Ha!" exclaimed Shemus Dhu, when he saw the course of the stranger boat; "these fellows have some design; we must not let them know who or how many we are. Draw in the aft oars gently, but be ready with them. Henry O'Halloran, you must stretch in the boat with the two men. Haste, they already perceive our manoeuvre."

In an instant there appeared but two rowers in Shemus' boat; and he himself holding a pike-rod, which he had baited before he left Portarah, steered in the direction of the strangers. Before Shemus approached near enough to commence a casual conversation—which was his intention—he perceived that the boat was of a larger build than his own—longer and sharper; she was manned by six rowers besides two persons who were seated in the stern. Their appearance as well as their course was more than suspicious. Shemus knew in his heart that they were hostile to him. Accordingly he changed the hall of friendship, with which he had intended to greet them, into one of displeasure and of command. When he came within a few oars length of them he said, in a voice of authority—so changed from his natural tone, that O'Halloran started, believing for a moment that some other spoke the words:

"Pall aboard boys, or drop into our wake; there is danger in keeping so near to each other in the darkness."

The crew of the strange boat, at a command from their helmsman rested upon their oars, allowing Shemus Dhu's boat to pass between them and the bank.

"Whence come you, and whither do you go?" was asked by the strange boat, as they passed it, in a shrill voice, which the peddler was sure was familiar to his ears, and yet he search his memory in vain to find to whom it belonged.

"We were a pike-fishing," answered Shemus Dhu, in a careless tone. "The night came suddenly on the lake. We are bound for Galway, our home."

"Your lones," friends, said the voice, keeping the same distance in the wake of Shemus.

"If you be our friends, we willingly give you our names; if you be not, we question your authority to ask," answered the peddler, keeping up the same change of voice.

"We cannot know our friends from our foes until we hear the names," said the unknown steersman, gently urging his boat through the water with a light dip of the oars, like a bird of prey, which, secure of his quarry, gracefully poised itself upon the air before it makes the last full stoop.

"We are the men of McGowan of the Gate," said Shemus, with evident anxiety of voice.

"You cannot be they; they could not be spared at this hour," said the unknown. "Besides I know them; your voice is not of them. Hold your course or we run you down."

In an instant the water glauced under the strong stroke of the oars, and the stranger boat was at the side of Shemus.

"It is as I suspected," said the strange steersman to his companion in the stern. "They have some other persons with them." And then he commanded his crew to grapple with the small boat. The oars were immediately in; a boat-hook was raised from the bow, but Shemus Dhu was prepared for the intent. He had previously desired his crew to be prepared; they were quickly in their seats, and with one vigorous push they left the stranger many oars' length in the rear.

"Unless you hold, we fire upon you," cried the stranger, amid the curses and confusion of his men.

"You dare not—you should answer for our injury with your blood," said Shemus Dhu aloud! "A ball, which by its report was fired from a pistol struck the water a few yards from their side, and then the stranger was madly dashing through the water in pursuit."

"He has missed his mark," said the peddler, rubbing his hands with glee. "Though if they knew who we are I think they would have taken better aim. However, I opine, they make a shrewd guess at us. 'He devil! why do I forget that fellow's voice. I would give much to know who owns it. By my faith they come gallantly on; they are lusty oarsmen—the lake never bred them. See, O'Halloran, how the water dances about them in foam. Pull cheerfully my hearts; depend upon it, however many they be, they must be the keenest of eye, and the strongest of heart and hand to catch us between this and the city."

And well did Shemus' companions respond to his call to pull cheerfully. They had a confidence in each other. They were strong young men, from infancy inured to every toil and danger upon the lakes and in the woods. They spoke not a word, but with quick precision and strength timed their stroke upon the swells. The boat flew like a thing of swift life upon the surface, even gaining space, at every stroke, upon the six-oared barge which thundered after them.

"Ha! this is rare sport," exclaimed Shemus Dhu, rapt in joy. "I have been inactive for some days; it is a new life to me. Are you not glad at the adventure, O'Halloran?"

"By my honour, I think there is more cause to fear than to be glad," replied the young man, still in a merry voice, for he felt his youthful feelings rising in the excitement of the moment.

"Fshaw! there is no danger, I tell thee," said Shemus Dhu. "The fellow must not fire to fighten us with that ball. He will not fire again; and if they come up with us, believe me I have more means than one to disappoint them."

"If they be means of violence, heaven forbid we should have a necessity for their use," said Henry O'Halloran.

"That would be our last means, and then only in our own defence, said Shemus, in a low, decided voice; "but lest we be forced to that I think I must show them one of my tricks in the current."

An island of more than ten acres area divides the river into two arms a short distance from Culagh. They unite again a few perches above the castle of Terryland, and from that point sweep in a rapid current through three channels, divided by the weirs of Newcastle on the right, and Ferryland on the left. The centre stream, which is the largest of the three, sometimes—after rain or in winter time, especially when a thaw takes place—so rapid that few boats even with press or sail joined to the strength of their rowers, are able at that time to breast its current. I remember some ten years back, having toiled for an hour one day, in spring time, with four youths of my acquaintance, to ascend the lake by the middle stream. On the occasion the strength of the current compelled us to lose a bet, and what we then prized more, the honour of the feat. B sides the rapidity of the stream, there are other circumstances which render its passage full of peril in darkness: there are some rocks scattered here and there in the bed of the channel, which in a dry season top the water, are pointed out by branches which the boatman of the lake renew annually. In wet season and in winter, these rocks are covered by the water, and very often their marks are swept away by the current. However, a fatal accident seldom occurs: the rocks are known to all who navigate the lake—they are even named by them; and it is only to the inexperienced, and that in darkness, that they offer real danger. Shemus resolved to pass by the middle stream. It was a safer course, for the water was deeper and the rocks were well known to him. However, he had other reasons to induce him to this. He perceived, though he did not speak of it to O'Halloran, that they were gaining space upon him every moment. It suddenly struck him that their object was to hold him within the power of a few strong pulls, and that this power would not be exerted until he was upon the point of landing.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

FATHER BURKE. SERMON ON THE PASSIONS OF SOUL AND BODY. PERILS OF A YOUNG MAN. HOW TO BREAK THE CHAINS OF SATAN AND WALK IN JESUS'S LIGHT.

FATHER BURKE. SERMON ON THE PASSIONS OF SOUL AND BODY.

PERILS OF A YOUNG MAN.

HOW TO BREAK THE CHAINS OF SATAN AND WALK IN JESUS'S LIGHT.

The following wonderfully powerful sermon on "The Passions and the way to govern them," has been recently delivered by Very Rev. Father Burke O.P., in the church of his order (Dominican) in Dublin. He said:—

The danger of procrastination in spiritual amendment, my dear brethren, is the subject of our thoughts to-day. First of all let us consider it from the standpoint of our own passions. Dearest beloved, you all of you know that we are all made up of two distinct natures or elements of being, namely, the soul, which is a spiritual element, spiritual in its essence, immortal from the moment of its creation by the very necessity of its being; and the body, which is a mere brute, for I shall speak of the body as a mere brute. Man would be a brute but that he happens to have in him a soul, a free will, and intelligence, which are the attributes of his soul; and we may, as far as the body is concerned, speak of it as a mere brute. Now, such being the component elements of man's existence, there are certain passions, inclinations, weaknesses, and propensities which belong to the soul, and which are of necessity spiritual, because the soul in which they dwell is a spirit; and the passions that belong to the body, which are of necessity brutal, because the thing in which they dwell is a brutal thing.

THE PASSIONS OF THE SOUL.

are spiritual, its weaknesses are spiritual—doubt, inconstancy, envy, the craving for revenge, the sense of anger, that makes every power of the soul rise against an enemy—the craving of avarice or covetousness—these are the passions of the soul, and there are many more. Amongst the passions of the body are the lustful desire of impurity, common to man, and the pursuit of drunkenness, licentiousness, and sensuality in every form—these are the passions of the body. Now, every sin that man commits he commits through the passions of the soul or body, and, in fact when the scripture enumerates our sins it only tells us our passions. Pride is a sin, but it is also a passion; lust is a sin, but it is also a passion of the body; anger is a sin, but it is also a passion of the soul. Sin means nothing else than passion indulged in, passion conquering, passion asserting itself over the law of God, against the grace of God, against the dictates of human reason, against the very highest reason of conscience and soul in the enlightened man—it is sin and nothing more. What follows, my dearest beloved. It follows that any man who wishes to deal with his sins has only to turn to his passions and to deal with them. Any man who wishes to lay his hands on his sins has only to lay his hands on his passions. Any man who wishes to root out his soul any one or any number of sins, must lay hold of his passions, and tear them out, and if he is not able to tear them out by the roots he must cut them down, so that though

is there, no fruit of its sinful exuberance shall be allowed to spring from it. Therefore it was that Urban VIII, in philosophic words, cried out, "Grant me, O Lord, grace to expiate my offences"—that is to say, to wipe out my past sins, and to subdue my passions; that is to say, to avoid future sin. Now, dearest beloved these passions—speak of them, whether of the mind or of the body—are innate with us, they are born with us; they don't develop themselves for a while, but they are there. A little child, for instance, in its

RIGHTEOUS INFANCY does not develop its passions, but if you watch it for only a few months you will instantly see the young passions growing up—anger begins to show itself, and the infantile perversity of the child even at its mother's breast is the infantile anger and passion. The strong bodily passions are undeveloped until the little child arrives at a more advanced age and then for the first time, the blood begins to boil with an impure heat, the passions and appetites of the flesh begin to develop themselves, and the child that yesterday was unconscious of impurity will to-day form a meaning in the eye it throws at an impure object; the child that yesterday knew not the meaning of iniquity finds a thrill of pleasure in the touch of something gratifying to the senses. The passions are raised and

GROW WITH OUR GROWTH, and whether they be good or evil they cannot be entirely eradicated. They cannot be entirely pulled out of us. Educate the child in no matter how carefully in the way of humility, there will still be in its soul the root of pride; guard the young child no matter how carefully, fortify it in the way of purity, you make him pure as an angel of God, but until his dying day the poison will be there and if only allowed to spring up, will yield the bitter fruit of lust, licentiousness, and shame. They are a portion of our nature, they are a part of us, and St. Augustine, one of the greatest of the church's teachers, goes so far as to say to us that if any man wishes to be saved he must be saved through his passions; that is, by the cutting down, burning and conquering of our bad passions and the development of the best passions of the soul and body. Now the nature of these passions is this, that when taken in hand in early youth, when they are not allowed to grow and fix themselves deeply in our hearts, and to develop in our characters and set their stamp and seal on our bodies—if we only

TAKE THEM IN TIME, before they do all this, they are easily dealt with. But if we allow them to fester and foster themselves in our lives, to shape our views, to animate our intentions, to guide our intelligence, to direct our corporal action—the more difficult and almost impossible it will be to eradicate or cut down these passions. It stands to reason. A prudent gardener in charge of a beautiful garden goes about and examines frequently the garden from end to end. If he finds a weed he plucks it out. He does not wait for it to grow and blossom and form its seed and multiply, and so deform his garden—no, he plucks it up in the spring time and carts it away where it will die. If he finds a little nettle growing he fearlessly takes it in his hand, because in its first sprouting it won't hurt him, all he has to do is to pluck it up fearlessly, it has not yet developed its horns and cannot hurt him. If

A YOUNG SAPLING is growing where it should not grow, he takes it in his hand and roots it up. But if he leaves it for a while, if he waits for even a few months, the sapling has grown strong, he cannot move it; he must dig around it and put the axe to its root—that which was easy has become a serious difficulty by neglect. So with the passions. If we allow our pride, our dislike to our neighbor, our deep envy at the prosperity of another, our feeling of a grudge, our rankling feeling of dishonor to ourselves, our sensuality, our tendency to impurity or to any other brutal excess of the body—if we allow it to remain in us uncorrected, unreprieved, every single day that passes over our heads adds to the difficulty of our ever rooting it up. How true this is!

THE YOUNG MAN who begins his career of dissipation goes out for the first time. After being brought up by a holy and pious mother—kept in restraint, firm but gentle, by a loving father—brought up in the best school—no pains spared, no money stinted—the young man goes out; he must go out some time or another to earn his bread; he is put into his first situation either in trade or in a profession, and is left completely his own master. He is now free, compared with what he was. By degrees he falls into ways of dissipation. He meets companions reckless like himself—young, thoughtless, careless. They bring him first to the theatre; from the theatre to some light house where they have supper, which he is delighted with from its novelty; he is led into the streets, and there, under the flaring lamplight, sees his

FIRST VISION OF SIN—sweet to the eye in all the tinsel of its borrowed beauty, sweet to the senses of his body, for he is but clay—and he falls into his first sin. He is covered with shame, stricken to the very earth with remorse, fallen—and he feels it for the first time. He dares not on that fatal and terrible night kneel down and say, "Our Father who art in Heaven"—he knows that he is no longer worthy to call the eternal God his Father. Covered with confusion, smitten with remorse, oh! how easily can he, if he only answer the grace of God, prostrate himself before the first priest he meets, confess his sin, and in the first virgin shame obtain the restoration of all he lost. But no, he

HARDENS HIS HEART, he hardens his will, he says, "That which I have done I will do again," and in six months behold he is a scoffing, infidel, sceptic, laughing in the face of Jesus Christ Himself; his heart has been chained in a net-work of sin, though he is a mere youth, and he has become the slave of that sin. Hence, dearest beloved, the danger of a man putting off his conversion. These passions are growing every day in strength, intensity, and in the difficulty of ever being subdued or cut down with us. With the growth of man grow his passions, and strange to say, when a man has come to the climax of his humanity, and begins to go down hill, whilst every other power and energy of body begins to decay and to fail, there is only one thing that goes on increasing, and that is the strength of his unholy passions; so that the man of seventy is more passionate, more enslaved than when he was only fifty—then he was in the prime of his life. Tell me, oh, brothers, are you Christian men dowered with the glorious liberty of the children of God, are you going to lie down in the slothfulness and weakness of your sins, and to allow every sin to toil around you are unable to move hand or foot? Oh, my brethren, let us this night

BREAK THESE CHAINS that cluster round us and cast these bonds away from us. Let us break these chains—it is God alone can do it. He who raised Lazarus from the grave, fair and beautiful to the eye—He alone can do it, who said to the man who was paralyzed, I say to thee arise. He will say the same to you and to me, but he will only say it to-day. Behold now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation." Oh, let us not allow Him to pass away—if the blind man in the Gospel had not cried out "Son of David says me," he would never have seen the light. So let us to-day put out our voices to Jesus, and His hand will, through the intercession of His holy Virgin Mother, be extended to save us.