

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Little Things. Ave Maria.

Mr. Longfellow in one of his poems tells a beautiful story of Charles, the great Emperor of Austria and Spain. Before a beleaguered Flemish city the Emperor had pitched his tent, and so long had the siege held out that a bird had built her nest at the top of the royal pavilion. The courtiers were indignant at such a desecration of the splendid velvet tent, embroidered with gold and studded with costly jewels. But the haughty Emperor stayed the rude hand that would have destroyed the little home.

"Let no hand the bird molest," said he solemnly, "nor hurt her." Adding then, by way of jest: "Goldsmiths in my quest—'Tis the wife of some despoter." So they left the tent standing; and until the cruel siege was over—

"So it stood there all alone, loosely flapping, torn and tattered, till the brood was fledged and flown, singing o'er those walls of stone, which the cannon shot had shattered." It is a kindly act to remember of that stern Emperor, whom men feared rather than loved, and from whom they expected rigorous justice rather than tender thoughtfulness. Some one says we are all

"Building nests in Fame's great temple, As in spouts the swallows build." And it is just such gracious acts as these that one would like to have remembered after death.

Those who knew Father Ryan, the poet, say that, absorbed as he always was in some new enterprise, he never forgot the little courtesies of life. Once, when preaching to a large audience, a tiny child went toddling down the aisle, and before he could be stopped pulled at Father Ryan's robe. Stopping, the kindly priest raised the little fellow to his arms and continued his sermon, holding him, as some one said, "like Saint Anthony holding Our Lord." How much such an act must have impressed all who saw it!

There is a man who by those who know him is always spoken of as "grand," so noble is he in all the sterling qualities which go with those who—

"Bear 'midst wrong and ruth The grand old name of gentleman!" He is at the head of a large Sunday school, and it had been his habit to visit for a few moments each Sunday the classes of the very tiny children, saying a few words to each one; but one Sunday he was compelled to be absent. The following week he was in his place; and as he neared the small children he heard an excited rustle, saw little faces peering over the benches in eager expectancy, and heard a childish voice whisper: "There he is! There he is! Oh! I was so afraid he would not come!" That grand man, whom prominent business men from all over the land welcome and look up to, told this simple anecdote with tears in his kind large eyes; and that child's speech he thought the greatest compliment he had ever received in his life.

"Only great souls," observes a French writer, "realize how much grandeur there is in being good;" and only Christlike souls realize the greatness of little things. Life is so made up of "trifles light as air;" and 'tis the little, simple, kindly deeds, the daily thoughtfulness for others, which make the rough places smooth.

write by scribbling letters on an old wool card, with the end of a burnt heather stem? Are you more indignant than was Lord Kenyon, chief justice of England, who began his life as a bootblack and an errand boy? Are you more friendless than John Leyden, the brilliant scholar, who, when a poor, barefooted boy, walked six or eight miles across the Scotch moors to learn to read; or, amid the abjectest penury, hunted Constable's bookstore in Edinburgh, and passed hour after hour perched on a ladder in mid air with some great folio in his hand, forgetful of the scanty meal of bread and water which awaited him in his lowly lodgings?

Are you more needy than was Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, who, on the very eve of his triumph, wrote to his mother: "I am crushed for want of means; my stockings all want to see mother, and my hat is hoary from age?" Is your environment more depressing than was that of the great journalist and politician, Thurlow Weed, who cultivated his mind while tending "sap-bush;" who tramped through the snow shoeless, with his feet swaddled in the remnants of a rag carpet, to borrow Carlyle's French Revolution, which he read by the light of "fat pine?" Are you more forlorn than was Henry Wilson in his boyhood, who for eighteen years was senator in Congress, and was vice president of the United States? He toiled and drugged as a farmer's apprentice from daylight till dark, from the time he was ten years old, until he was twenty-one—spending, as he himself affirmed, but one dollar during the day he was born till he attained to manhood—and yet he read borrowed volumes of history, biography and philosophy.

Poverty did not prevent the poor, sorrowful, melancholy Samuel Johnson, who went up to London with but a guinea in his pocket, from rising to literary eminence. It did not prevent Schliemann from becoming the first paleontologist of his time; nor Edward Sugden, a barber's son, from becoming one of England's greatest lawyers, with an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year. It did not prevent Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Chancery, a carpenter's apprentice, from learning the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee and other languages, and becoming a famed professor in the University of Cambridge. Poverty could not keep in obscurity Garfield the canal boy; nor Linnaeus, the naturalist, in spite of the fact that he had to prosecute his studies while hammering leather and making shoes. Indigence did not hinder Velpeau from becoming the most illustrious figure in French surgery; nor he a blacksmith's son; nor Littré, the learned translator of Hippocrates, from rising to eminence amid the most depressing discouragements; nor Professor Moor from making his mark in the world, though, when a young man, he had not money to buy Newton's Principia, and had to copy the whole of that great work with his own hand. "Chill penury" did not "repress the noble rage" of Jean Paul Richter, but even when in the clutches of a remorseless creditor, he wrote to a friend: "It is poverty that a man should value under it? It is but the pain of piercing the ears of the maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound."

To you who are beginning life, what though you are a poor man's son, and have felt the grips of want until, Daniel Webster said of his condition in youth, your very bones ached? What though you may be steeped in poverty to the very lips, yet in your environment one whit more depressing than that of the heroic souls we have named? But all these men rose superior to their discouragements and converted over the obstacles in their way into stepping-stones to success. Why may not such a triumph be yours? Summon up your manhood, then; shake off your despondency, doubts and fears and say: "God helping me, I will succeed." Say, with Balzac, in his garret, when told that in literature, which he had chosen for his calling, a man must be either king or hodman, "Very well, I will be king!"—and by steady, unrelenting toil, backed by hopefulness and self-trust, victory may be yours.

Happy is he, and he alone safely happy, who gives affection to his fellows, as the sun gives light to the creation. It receives not directly back from single objects what it gives out; but from the whole, all that it radiates is returned. It is so with the good man and his race. Persons may not return the reverence and love he lavishes, but humanity will.—W. R. Alger.

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RORY SLAVIN'S OATH.

The Irish Father and How He Avenged His Son's Death.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Rory Slavin's was a neat little cottage all but lost in the embrace of the Barmore Mountains. A way down below you saw from the door the beautiful Lough Eash, silvered and sparkling, its one little island set as gem; and further still, island dotted Donegal Bay, widening its arms and stretching away into the unknown. It was a splendid summer day, was the 12th of July, 1820. Rory Slavin and his son, Neil, who had been in the field since morning, weeding their potatoes, were just now finishing their frugal dinner within the cottage. Nell rose up.

"Mother," said he, "I'll stroll into Donegal to see the Orangemen comin' back from their 'walk.'" "Be wise, Nell avic, an' don't mind goin' next or near Donegal the day, I never knew anything good to come of them party gatherings. Be wise, an' go out with yer poor father to the weedin' agin."

"Please God, mother, I'll finish the field to morra. I've wrought hard an' didn't take a day to myself since Alsther," he said, looking pleadingly at his father, who was in the act of applying a lighted coal to his pipe. "Oh, Nell, let the boy go in peace. It's the laist we can do is let him take the heelin' of the day to enjoy himself. Nell 'll be wise an' nather make nor meddle with them or their party work. Go, Nell, avic, but don't stay late. I'll go out and take a turn at the weedin' till evenin'."

"Well, Nell, alanna, it's too headstrong ye are entirely, an' yer father is little better. If ye must go ye must, but I warn ye on yer peril not to put yer han' or fut in a party busness this day. Let the Orangemen have their day and why shouldn't they? Sure ye have yer own, when the time comes. An' mind, don't let the sun set on ye in Donegal. Go, an' God guard ye!"

Nell arranged a hasty toilet, and promising to observe his mother's injunctions strictly, stepped out and went whistling down the lane. Half way down he was met by a pleasant lass, whose sweet little face and eyes, wherein reposed the shadows of night, beamed coyly out from under a white sunbonnet. Nell's face brightened as he approached her, and with a light heart he crossed the country. The girl was a happy young fellow, path of such a fine, strapping young fellow as that, and his teens as his breast a bunch of geranium blossoms which she held in her hand, his heart swelling with pride and pleasure.

"It's pretty as a picture ye look, Nell," said she, laughing, as she smoothed out a wrinkle in his coat caused by the plugging; an' I hope ye'll take good care of yerself, an' not let any of them bouncin' town girls get ye into a snare, an' after all my trouble with ye, too. Ha, ha!" "Indeed, troth, Maurya, I have no fear of the bouncin' town girls, as ye call them, snarin' me, for there's nothin' of me to snare but has been snared long ago an' a roughish mouth" here Maurya slapped him on the cheek—"that lives in Tawnawally. Never mind, Maurya asthore, I'll carry me heart—that is, in case I have the like, that yer own sweet self hasn't stole it from me ages ago. I'll carry it back whole an' son, to lave it at the feet of a far purtier girl than any of yer town bouncers. Be at the foot of the lane, acushla, when I'm coming back, till we have a stroll an' a chat."

"Oh, it's yerself is the ready boy in the bouncer!" An' what time do ye intend bein' back? But sure I needn't ax ye, for when ye got mixed up wid the spree in the town, Maurya as her black eyes 'll be little bettered as an' ye won't lave till ye can't help it." "Won't I lave in me?" that all the thrust ye time will ye be back?" "I'll be at the bottom of the lane afore sun settin'. Look out for me, Maurya, when the sun's on Slabh Lhiag."

They separated, and Nell went his way with a light heart. The sun was on Slabh Lhiag. His beams were thrown upon the fairy form of Maurya, who, still barefooted, and her head enveloped in the same snow white sunbonnet, hastened along the green lane. It was a glorious evening. The sun shone its very brightest; Lough Eash flashed its very divinest; the mountains looked their very greenest, set off with brown and green, dark shade and bright sunshine, the birds sang and twittered, and the air was heavy with perfume stolen from early meadows. Maurya drank in the beauties of the scene, and her innocent heart bounded with gladness.

LABATT'S PORTER.

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fixed features of that upturned countenance speak for themselves. Out of his side had trickled a stream of blood which wound sinuously over the frame upon which the body was stretched, and was still dripping from it. And the features—ah, yes! the handsome features are those of Neil Slavin. The sun—yes! the sun is still on Slabh Lhiag! Neil has kept his promise! Did you doubt him, Maurya? If so, approach and upbraid yourself! Neil has faithfully kept his promise!

In Slavin's cottage Neil's mother was busying herself about the fire preparing a meal against her son's return. "I'll have something warm for the poor boy," she remarked to her husband, who sat apart enjoying his pipe. "He took only an excuse of a dinner, he was so taken on with goin' into the town, so it's hungry he'll be, I'll warrant ye, when he comes back. It's a wonder but he's comin', Rory; it's near his time now. It's contrary he is when he takes a notion in his head. But shure, the light o' my heart, how spare him, it's what I often think; if I'd ever he'd meet with any misfortune I'd never lift my head after—me poor old heart would break."

"Nelly, asthore, ye shouldn't be vexin' yerself wid sich—What's that?" and Rory jumped from his seat in terror, as one long, long and loud shriek burst upon his ears, apparently coming from the direction of the bottom of the lane. That shriek was the bursting of Maurya's innocent heart! "Great God of glory!" panted Nell Slavin, and both she and her husband rushed forth.

Five minutes later Neil Slavin's cold body was borne over the threshold which it had a few short hours before quitted full of life and hope, joy and sunshine. Then his mother's senseless body was borne in and laid upon a bed in the inner room. Rory Slavin walked with a firm step after his son's corpse, and with arms folded stood gazing fixedly and stolidly on the lifeless features.

He spoke not a word; neither did he utter moan or sigh. Yet was there that in his strange gaze that made the sympathizing neighbors who thronged the house full for his fourfold!

There was an inquest. There was a verdict of a willful murder returned against a young Orangeman named Willy Baxter. It would appear that Neil Slavin formed one of a crowd of Catholics who had assembled to see the Orange procession enter Donegal, returning from that day's "walk." They came along gaily, an extended line of stalwart fellows, with colors mounted, flags flying, and bands playing. Upon reaching the group in which Neil was standing the tune which they had been playing was suddenly changed. The front ranks glanced defiantly at the Catholics as the first bar of "Croppies Lie Down" was thundered boldly out. They never played the second bar—at least not that night, nor for a long time after. The hot Celtic blood maddened in Neil's cheeks, and rushing from the crowd he did a rash and wrong act—he put his foot through their big drum. The report of a pistol was instantly heard, and the next moment Neil Slavin rolled over dead. He had paid for his monstrously imprudent act with his life. A wild act, and a wilder retaliation. But on such days and at such moments Ulster Catholics or Orangemen do not pause to weigh consequences.

The day of Neil's funeral arrived. He was carried to his grave on the shoulders of four companions—strong, strapping young fellows. They were Morris Gallagher and Phadrig Kearns, Charlie Ruadh and Jim McGinty. They had loved Neil in life and felt a sorrowful pride in bearing him forth on his last sad journey. Around the coffin were lined the keepers, who raised their wild and powerful cry when the coffin was lifted on the bearers' shoulders at the wake-house, and ceased not till the last sod was firmly pressed above all that was perishable of Neil Slavin.

Immediately after the coffin walked Rory Slavin with the same dread gaze, the same dread expression he wore on the evening he stood by the fresh corpse of his murdered son, still depicted upon his countenance. They endeavored to rouse him, but gave up the task in despair, and forebodingly shook their heads. Nelly Slavin, whom they left guarded in the cottage, is loud in the expression of her intense grief, for which her friends are thankful. The grave is closed up in silence and the funeral party have turned mournfully away. A very short time after, Rory Slavin, having contrived to elude his friends, returns to the graveyard, and seeking out the newly-closed grave, goes upon his knees on it before heaven, and calling upon his murdered boy to hear him, he crosses the fingers of one hand over those of the other, he swears in Gaelic upon these five crosses never, never to rest until he has bitterly revenged the innocent blood of his son.

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of the fir and turf that blew upon the hearth is cleaning up an old gun which Neil was wont to use for poaching purposes. As the light from the fire and the reflection from the steel play fitfully over his countenance they reveal thereon a fearfully grim smile. He had finished the cleaning to his satisfaction and now loads and primes the gun with an awful delight. Leveling it in the direction of the door, placing his finger on the trigger, and taking careful aim, a flash of horrid joy dances in his eyes as he hesses from between her set teeth, "Ah, God! that I had the murderer of me son stan'in' there now."

Instantly the door was burst open with such suddenness that it almost caused the finger on the trigger to perform its work. A tall young man, eyes, bounded, panting, into the room. Rory dropped the gun and gazed at him in surprise. "For the Saviour's sake, hide me, hide me! The polls are on the top o' me!"

Rory's eyes bounded in their sockets, a thrill ran through his frame, he moved not for an instant. Then with a start he seemed to recall himself. Removing a square flag in one corner of an adjoining room he showed the entrance to a cellar which was used for the purpose of private distilling. "There," said he pointing down, "hide yerself. Ye're safe till they pass."

In another moment the hunted man was through and the flag replaced. The door was thrown open once again almost immediately and a band of police thronged in. "Oh, Slavin, is this you? We're after young Baxter for the murder. Some of the men thought he run in here; we didn't know yer house."

The same thrill that we have before recorded, again ran through Rory's frame, but shook it this time with greater force. His features became a deadly white, but he only bowed his head in reply to the sergeant who had spoken and said: "May my son's murderer meet his punishment."

The men only glanced around the rooms of Rory's dwelling and hurried off on their way again. The stranger had emerged from his place of concealment, and approached with tears in his eyes to thank Rory, who, placing his hand on the young man's head and looking him full in the eyes for a moment, said in a voice that trembled: "You have murdered my son. I swore on the five crosses to revenge him. I intended don't it one way; it was a wicked way. God this night put a better way in me heart an' in me power. I now pay ye back with your life. Ye can go; Nail is revenged."

The Orangeman staggered against the wall and put his hands to his head in a dazed way. Presently he recovered. "I go," said he. "I leave the miserable country this night forever, forever! I am sure of my life, though ten minutes ago I despaired of that. I am sure of my life, such as it is; but one hour's pace on this side o' the grave I never expect to enjoy. I go, but before I lave I give me curse an' I call down the curse of God an' the wrath of God on all party work an' on all the party processions—inventions of the devil for wrackin' the souls an' bodies of the young men o' this miserable country an' for scatterin' our homes, an' holdin' us up to disgrace over the face of the airth. The heaviest curses of a blighted heart light on all such work. For you, may the God that's lookin' down on your action here this night reward ye as ye deserve. I have brought sorra on yer brow an' gloom in yer heart, an' you have paid me back by heapin' on me head coils that burn me very brain. Ye're revenged. Farwell. And he was gone into the night. Gone forever.—The Independent.

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