He was followed by a posse of civil yeomen, in the He was followed by a posse or unit from the all man-kings livery, and armed to the teeth with all manner of offensive weapons, not omitting several coils an article which the parental Government of the day thought both cogent and beneficial in adapting their new convictions to the tastes of the mere Irish.

mere Irish.

The people sprang to their feet, and the priest, suddenly thrusting this hand into his breast, produced a small box, which he hurriedly transferred to the boy's saferkeeping, who knell as he received it and stowed it away in an instant; then feeling the bog in his hand, shot over a high boundry ditch and disappeared.

and disappeared.

A shout of disappointment from the king's men followed this agile feat, and the brutal first-comer rushed to the spot, and, planting his weapon upon the ditch, coolly and truculently awaited the re-appearance of the young fugitive on the other side to

fire upon him without mercy.

The civic forces surrounded the frowning priest, whose stalwarth frame, unblenching eye, and dignified demeanor made them hesitate for a moment in their meditated attack, and the more so, too, as the people also gathered around, although unarmed, and formed an inner circle about their venerated pastor. The leader of the yeos, however, soon put an end to the suspense by demanding the surrender of the Popish priest in the king's name, and waraing all abettors and defenders of their intended victim that they incurred heavy penalties if they resisted seizure or favored his escape. An ominous silence followed, and the people closed their circle hermetically, as it were, around their silent pastor A military order was given,

There was a clatter of arms, but the voice of the priest at once rang loudly above every preparation.

My people! I command you, in the name of God, make no resistance. These men, led here by that vile spy, act by the orders of their superiors. I will surrender myself to them, never doubting but that God will protect both you and me, whenever it is His holy will."

The people would not break their circle.

In the name of the God who is with ye, I say, let me pass! I will have no blood shed at this altar! Give way, in the name of the Lord-give way !" and the priest strode into the midst of his relentless enemies.

In the meantime the brute who watched the boy waited and wondered that he did not appear.

He had the humane intention of murdering him as soon as possible, and of plundering him of whatever he carried away. Most of the booty he intended for his own use, and as small a portion as possible for his master, Bishop Whammond-indeed, only as much as would prove his zeal to that great prelate, and lay the foundation of further exorbitant demands for himself.

Our readers will readily guess who the worthy soul was who entertained such high and laudable intentions. However, he was doomed to disap-pointment, for the lad knew his foul foes too well to show a full front to them, so he quietly dropped into the dyke of the great ditch and ran along its trench, crouched almost all-fours, until he reached a gap into another field, which he rounded adroitly, and so escaped all other surveillance. A shallow sand quarry was his next refugium, and a fir grove afforded him a last place of concealment.

From this point he ventured to make a general reconnaisance. It was a commanding height, and looked down on the plain of the linden tree and the altar. The scene that presented itself to his view caused him to place his hand over his heart where lay enshrined the sacred box entrusted to him by the priest, and to fall upon knees and face, and cry out audibly in vocal prayer-

" Let God arise! and let His enemies be scattered! and let them that hate Him flee from before His face!"

What did the boy see to provoke the attitude and the prayer?

He saw, as he looked wonderingly on, the priest in the act of leaving the protection of his flock, and deliberately walking into the ranks of his enemies -and at the same instant, a tall commanding figure suddenly appear from behind the great tree, followed

closely by a band of well-armed men. The civic force drew back as if by the effect of an electric shock, leaving their captain mid-way

between the two military parties. The Rannarces of Glou soldiers of the king; and sorry figures the said soldiers presented before the true owners of the soil. The fugitive poor boy drank in the whole scene with thanksg'v ng and ams z ment.

Captain Dwyer advanced a few steps impetuously, sparthe in hand, and his men presented arms. The priest flung himself before the levelled guns in a prayerful and imploring attitude—but the captain only pointed with his weapon, whilst, with his free hand he waived his hat and plume. The holy father turned round and seemed to look with utter surprise at the king's troops, fleeing in a rabble rout, their arms abandoned, and themselves in the utterest state of terror and confusion.

The only villain of them all who still retained an arquebus being he who had lain so long in wait to slay the poor boy who was now a witness to his ignominious discomfiture.

The captain prepared to send a bullet after the cowardly rascal, but the priest again interfered, placing one hand on the deadly weapon, and with the other pointing to the large cross crowning the simple altar.

This sudden and unexpected state of affairs at once decided the poor lad to retrace his steps, and join again the good father and his flock, who received him with great satisfaction : and all with one accord knelt down at the altar, and gave God thanks for their happy deliverance from the murderous fangs of the new enemies of Ireland. The Rapparce captain folded his arms and looked

on for a moment seriously and hesitatingly, but, at last, yielding to the impulse of his early training, and all his better nature swelling up within his heart, he flung himself down amongst the crowd, and his men as readily followed his example.

It was a strange sight that early autumn morning under the huge linden mass-tree, the altar, the cross, the two groups of men, and the grey priest giving thanks to God.

It was a group for Salvator Rosa. The grim woodsmen, with their unkempt hair and beards and pistoled belts and jaunty head-gear-the peaceful peasants in their rude attire, and their earnest devotion—the abandoned arms in the background—the cascade-the grassy road, and the flowering lime trec.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

The Hon. Mrs. Norton, who is now sixty-seven years old, is about to be married to the Hon. George Sterling Maxwell. She is a grand daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and was brought up by her mother at Hampton Court. A volume of her. juvenile poems was published when she was only twelve years old. She was alike remarkable for beauty and talent, and has written poetry and fiction that have won for her considerable fame. Her first marriage, with the Hon. Mr. Norton, a London police magistrate, not having been felicitous, she now ventures upon a second experiment, with a gentleman of mature years and steady as a church.

A \$500,000 Fire -HASTINGS, N. Y., Dec. 27 -The Hudson River Sugar Refinery, an extensive establishment owned by Rotterhorn, Hopkesafferman & Doscher, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon. Loss about \$500,000. The insurance is less than \$300,000. About one hundred and fifty men are thrown out of employment.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO EARTH. From dusky clouds the western sun is flinging His shadow beams across the brow of day, And evening hours their weary flight are winging To Lethean realms, unknown and far away; Unknown and far away—still seeming near us

For angels hold the links of tears and sighs That hind us to the past, and strive to cheer us With hopes of bliss above these evening skies. The dove's night-coo floats out upon the ether, And to the loving sound their beaklets meet, And poor and rich, and friend and foe together, "Lie down to pleasant dreams" and slumbers

The fragrant breeze a mournful dirge is sighing-Earth weeps above the flowers upon her breast; The sobbing waves in ocean's arms are lying, And nature strives to lull them all to rest.

Then come, O, soul of mine, while all are sleeping When warblers sweet fold each flight-weary wing; When angel guards their voice watch are keeping Around the prison of their Captive-King-Come, let us think on death, while night is wreath-

ing
Bright dewy blooms round Mary's earthly shrine For as these flowers shall fade that now are breath-

So round our tomb the ivy soon shall twine.

Ah, yes! my soul, at no far distant dawning A sad and forced farewell we fain must say; To all of earth, then with what tearful moaning, Dear soul, wilt thou desert thy frame of clay, A sad farewell to all of Nature's beauties— To all the friends we love so dear, alas! To all our gladsome tasks and pleasant duties,

Which soon into another hand must pass! A sad farewell to all the golden gleamings That tinge the paths where we were wont to roam

A sad farewell to all the twilight gleamings From angel eyes that gem the azure dome. Farewell to life, to gladness, and to sorrow— To want and woe, to self, to strife and pride, To all the thoughts which we were wont to borrow

From purling rill and blooming mountain side. Farewell to all! Sad tears our eyes are shedding, Which, as they fall upon earth's bosom, sound Like footsteps of sad mourners, softly treading The dewy turf that wreaths some grave around. My soul, we weep, yet why this sombre feeling? Is it because we leave our all on earth? But list! as round these evening shades are steal-

Bright angels whisper of our heavenly birth. And can a child of heaven be sad when leaving This vale of tears where she a while must roam To gather merit-leaves and blossoms, for weaving The crown which she will wear in her true home No, no, my soul; and these thoughts to us given By Jesus' love and grace, will show at last The way to tread the path that leads to heaven,

Without a tear or sigh for pleasures past. Oh, Jesus! grant that there may be no weeping When we thy creatures, speechless and alone, Yielding to Thee the fruits of our life-reading, Shall kneel before Thine awful judgment throne

Oh then accept the pleadings of the living— Say not unto our soul, "Thou cursed, depart!" But listen to our sighs-our sins forgiven-And take us to Thy meek and loving heart.

Oh! take us where Thy face its light revealing Fills souls with joy which they can never say; Where through an endless day bright angels kneel-

Waft to Thy glorious throne their praising lay Where their bright wings shall hover o'er us, shield

Our happy souls from earth's forgotten pain-Where farewells breathed on time's sad breeze are yielding

To an eternal "Welcome home again!"

## THE "LIBERAL" CATHOLIC.

A POOR BASS-WOOD SPECIES OF A CATHOLIC HE IS. Dr. John Henry Newman, in his writings, draws the following gentle but graphic picture of that kind of Catholic who calls himself "liberal," claiming a greater degree of liberality than the Church of Christ, and whose weakness must appear to the thinking mind as the result of ignorance or selfishness, generally the former. Dr. Newman says :-

We are like others in this, that we are men; that we are members of the same state with them, subjects, contented subjects, of the same Sovereign: that we have a dependence on them, and have them dependent on us; that, like them we feel pain when ill-used, and are grateful when well treated, We need not be ashamed of a fellowship like this, and those who recognize it in us are generous in doing so. But we have much cause to be ashamed. and much cause to be anxious what God thinks of us, if we gain their support by giving them a false impression in our persons of what Catholics are bound to be, what bound to believe and to do; and is not this the case often, and the world takes up your interests, because you share its sins?

Nature is one with nature, grace with grace; the world then witnesses against you by being good friends with you, you could not have got on with the world so well, without surrendering something which was precious and sacred. The world likes you, and all but your professed creed, distinguishes you from your creed in its judgment of you, and would fain separate you from it in fact. Men say, "These persons are better than their Church; we have not a word to say to their Church; but Catholics are not what they were; they are very much like other men now. Their creed certainly is bigoted and cruel, but what would you have of them? You cannot expect them to confess this; let them change quietly, no one changes in public, be satisfied that they are changed. They are as fond of the world as we are; they take up political objects as warmly; they like their own way just as well; they do not like strictness a whit better; they hate spiritual thraldom, and they are half ashamed of the Pope and his Councils. They hardly believe any miracles now, and are annoyed when their own brethren officiously proclaim them; they never speak of purgatory; they are sore about images; they avoid the subject of Indulgences; and they will not commit themselves to the doctrine of exclusive salvation. The Catholic doctrines are now mere badges of party. Catholics think of themselves and judge for themselves, just as we do; they are kept in their Church by a point of honor, and a reluctance at seeming to abandon a fallen

Such is the judgment of the world, and you, my brethren, are shocked to hear it :- but may it not be that the world knows more about you than you know about yourself? "If ye had been of the world," says Christ, "the world would love it own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have not chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hatch you." So speaks Christ of His Apostles. How run His words when applied to you? "If ye be of the world, the world will love its own: therefore ye are of the world, and I have not chosen you out of the wor'd because the world loveth you." Do not complain of the world's imputing to you more than is true; those who live as the world give color to those who think them of the world, and seem to form but one party with them. In proportion as but, also, as he thought, of despising and ignoring you put off the yoke of Christ, so does the world by the language of his fathers. From this view rea sort of instinct recognize you, and think well of sulted the following barbarous practice:—It was you accordingly. Its highest compliment is to tell usual until recently for parents living in the counyou that you disbelieve. Oh, my brethren, there is try districts to have what were called scores or a an eternal enmity between the world and the small tablet tied to a string and suspended from

Apostle, "Whosoever will be a friend of the world, parents were in the habit of cutting a notch or mark, stinate and gallant resistance as any one could have becomes an enemy of God." and the world retorts, each time growing boy or girl spoke rish at home. made in my circumstances. and calls the Church apostate, Belzebub, and Antichrist. She is the image and the mother of the predestinate, and if you would be found among her children when you die, you must have part in her reproach while you lives. Does not the world scoff reproach white you lives to the work as on at all that is glerious, all that is majestic, in our holy religion? Does it not speak against the special creations of God's grace? Does it not disbelieve the possibility of purity and chastity? Does it not slander the profession of cellbacy? Does it not deny the virginity of Mary? Does it not cast out her very name, as evil? Does it not scorn her need scarcely be surprised that the conquerors should as a dead woman, whom you know to be the Mother have used every exertion to extinguish the language of all living, and the great Intercessor of the faith! of the conqueror area as Maynooth the study. ful? Does it not ridicule the Saints? Does it not of the native tongue is scarcely looked on with any make light of their relics? Does it not despise the Sacraments? Does it not blaspheme the awful Presence which dwells upon our altars, and mock bitterly and flercely at our believing that what it calls bread and wine is that very same Body and Blood of the Lamb which lay in Mary's womb and hung on the Cross? What are we that we should be better treated than our Lord and His Mother, and His servants, and His works? Nay, what are we, if we be better treated, but the friends of those who treat us well, and who ill-treat Him?

## THE ARYAN OIRGIN OF THE GAELIC RACE AND LANGUAGE. BY THE REV. U. J. BOURKE, M. R. I. A.

There is scarcely one of our readers to whom the

name of the erudite President of St. Jarlath's College is not familiar as a household word. His varied attainments, profound knowledge, and passionate devotion to the language of the Gael have won for him honor and esteem at home, appreciative recognition and respect in other lands. From his earliest youth, Canon Bourke has devoted himself

with a missionary zeal, in the brief hours he could snatch from his many and engrossing avocations, to the study and investigation of the history and language of a race which was mature in all the noblest arts of civilization long ages before the desecrating footsteps of the Danish invader first polluted our shores. The early works of Canon Bourke, his "College Grammer" and "Easy Irish Lessons," have found a permanent place among the indispensible guides to the student of the Celtic tongue; and many Irishmen whom social prejudice, or the ill-conceived spirit of gentility of narrowminded parents, prevented from acquiring, in their earlier years, a knowledge of the language of their forefathers, have been enabled, by the aid of these admirable hand-books, to repair a deficiency which is, alas! we regret to write, becoming each day

more common. The discredit into which the study of the Irish language has gradually fallen amongst 1rishmen forms the subject of the opening chapters of this most recent and greatest work of Canon Bourke The philological value of the Celtic tongue has been honourably recognized on the Continent: the universities of Germany and Sweden have special chairs instituted for its study; Frenchmen and Italians are familiarised with its eminent usefulness as a key to the proper pronunciation of Latin, and the elucidation of a number of intricate problems connected with the transmigration of races, and the relative antiquity of the great families of spoken languages. Scotland is using every endeavor to perpetuate the language of the Gael in her mountains by the teachings of her divines in the Celtic vernacular, and amongst her students by the institution of a professional chair in one of her universities; Wales has clasped to her heart, with unutterable affection, the speech of her bards and chiefs even in England unmistakable signs have been manifest of late years that the scholars of Oxford and Cambridge are not insensible to the inestimable treasure which the knowledge of the Celtic tongue affords. In Ireland the ancient tongue is dyingdying fast. As Father Mullen,of Clonfert, so beautifully expressed it :-

"It is fading, it is fading! like the leaves upon the trees:

It is dying, it is dying! like the western ocean It is swiftly disappearing as footsteps on the

shore, Where the Barrow and the Erne, and Lough Swilly's waters roar. Where the parting sunbeam kisses the Corrib in

the West. And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to its breast, The language of old Erin, of her history and

name, Of her monarchs, and her heroes, of her glory and her fame, The sacred shrine where rested, through her sun-

shine and her gloom, The spirit of her martyrs as their bodies in the tomb! The time-wrought shell where murmured through

centuries of wrong The secret voice of freedom, in annal and in song, Is surely, swiftly sinking into silent death at

last, To live but in the memories and relics of the

past."

This strange decadence of a beautiful and ancier t language, Canon Bourke attributes to manifold causes. The first and most important, after the burning of the Irish manuscripts by the Danes, was, in the opinion of the late Professor O'Curry, the occurrences of the Anglo- Norman invasion :-"The protracted conflicts between the natives and their invaders were fatal not only to the vigorous resumption of the study of our language, but

also to the very existence of a great part of our ancient literature. The old practice of reproducing our ancient books and adding to them a record of such events as had occurred from the period of their first compilation, as well as the composition of new and independent works, was almost altogether suspended.

According to the same authority, the discovery of printing, at a subsequent period, made works in other languages much more easy of access than those transcribed by hand in the Irish tongue. In addition to these causes, quoted from O'Curry, Canon Bourke believes that the proscriptive enactments of Edward III. and Henry VIII., and the Penal Laws against Catholics were mainly instrumental in discouraging the use and study of Irish. In the reign of Edward III., a statute passed at Kilkenny, forbade every person of English descent, or even of Angle Norman extraction, from using the Irish language, under pain of forfeiture of his lands. In the reign of the "monarch of the many wives," the spirit of the statute of Edward was revived. But it was by the Penal Laws against Catholics that the most deadly blow was levelled at the Celtic tongue. Every Catholic was at that time an Irish speaker, and the fury of the soldiery and yeomen was indiscriminately directed against persons speaking the Irish language, and those professing the Catholic religion. "Though slowly, yet surely," says Canon Bourke, "the prohibition against the Irish language the contempt, the deterrent action of the yeomen, the knowledge that no one step could be taken upwards in the social scale without a knowledge of the tongue of those in power, made the Irish peasant feel the necessity not only of learning English, but, also, as he thought, of despising and ignoring

so that the heartless anti-Irish pedagogue should

Schools. The system of primary education, which provails in Ireland, is of foreign institution, and we need scarcely be surprised that the conquerors should degree of interest. There is, it is true, an Irish class just as these is a Hebrew or a French class; but the language is not taught to the students as if it formed an essential portion of their education second only in Timpertance to that of the proportion of possessors now to be, on exact theology. The Irish universities are equally bar-computation, one to sixty-three and a fraction. ren in results, so far as producing Trish scholars extends. There is a chair of Gaelic in each univeralty, but the lectures attract but few students, and knowledge of Irish is not deemed necessary for the passing of any examination. There is not we believe, a single appointment in Ireland to the obtainment of which a thorough acquaintance with Irish would prove the slightest assistance. French, German, Italian, Spanish—any and all of these foreign tongues figure on the list either of test or voluntary subjects for public examination; but we have never seen a knowledge of Irish quoted on an examination paper, at even a minimum value. The territorial area in which Irish continues to be snoken is growing each year narrower and more restricted. In many counties where persons of forty or fifty years of age still use Irish as their language, their children have been taught to despise the tongue spoken by their parents. The scope of Canon Bourke's erudite book is confined to the province of Connaught-

"Where the parting sunbeam kisses the Corrib in the West,

And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast."

"The Irish language," says the author, "is fading fast in Sligo, Leitrim and Roscommon; fading in Mayo and Galway, but not with that rapidity with which it is being swept away from the face of the three counties bordering on Leinster and Ulster. In each of the two counties beaten by the waves of the Atlantic, the language of their fathers is still spoken by nine out of every ten of the inhabitants dwelling in the rural districts." To arrest the fatal progress of decay, to rescue from complete neglect and possible eventual oblivion, the noble mother-tongue of ancient Eire should be the aim and endeavor of every true Irish patriot. Canon Bourke gives, as his opinion, that the hierarchy of Ireland alone, including bishops and priests, can make Irish Gaelic a success in Ireland. He adds that a slight encouragement to the teachers of the National Schools, who are most auxious to help the cause, would do much good; and he suggests that burses should be founded in different colleges "to give free places to those students who, to the qualifications of respectable scholarship, still add a scientific knowledge of the Innguage of the Gael. To build up the edifice of the nation's language much is required. The people must be taught to cultivate it. The scholar must bestow his loving care on it. All must be in earnest. The causes which have led to its decay must be removed and adequate means adopted for its restoration. If Government fail, as it will, to effect any permanent benefit for the living speech, it devolves on the great mass of

the Irish people to come to the rescue." We feel we have done but very inadequate instice to a small portion of Canon Bourke's admirable book. We have been obliged, most rejuctantly, to refrain from an elaborate review of the very many interesting chapters it contains. A weekly provincial paper is so limited as regards space and range of subject matter, that we have thought it better to confine ourselves to a brief sketch of that portion of the work treating of the decadence of the Irish language, and of the most efficient means to be adopted for its revival and preservation. We heartreaders. It is written in a style at once clear and forcible, logical and cloquent. Is there a question to be proved, a doubt to be solved, the author invariably arrays his arguments in the convincing form of a syllogism. Is the imagination to be impressed? are the feelings to be appealed to Canon Bourke rises at once to the lofty height of descriptive eloquence, and his glowing words reproduce to the mind of the reader the ancient glories of Carnac and Luxor. The classical scholar will see, with pleasure, long-existing doubts as to the proper pronunciation of the Roman tongue satisfactorily settled; and the true Irish patriot will rejoice that a literary monument of such unquestioned value has been raised to commemorate the glories of the Celtic race and their Aryan tongue. The publication of Canon Bourke's latest and most successful effort ought to stimulate Irishmen to a proper appreciation of the value of the language of their fathers.—Connaught Telegraph.

## HEROES AND HEROINES.

BY J. F. L , D.D.

How important it is to look well before you lead! If I had done so, I should not now be under the painful and humiliating obligation of making a public recantation. Recant! No dictionary cortains a word which grates so hashly upon an author's ears. Starve him, stone him, hiss him, hoot him, he will bear it like a martyr; but would you make him furious, you have merely to whisper that terrible word. Rather than retract one iota of his assertions, he will grasp at a straw, and hold out talking nonsense for years. Your humble servant. reader mine, confesses that he is no less obstinate than the rest of his clan, but one week's struggle with evident truth and notorious facts, has thoroughly convinced him that he must surrender unconditionally, and trust to your clemency. . I had the hardihood to assert in the very noonday of civilization, that the Lives of the Saints were interesting.

That proposition I do now most sincerely and heartily retract; moreover, deferring to the infallibility of modern ideas, I do declare it to be false, antiquated, and unsufferably reflective on the manners of the present age; and finally, upon the ruins thereof, I do establish the contradictory proposition, -that the Lives of the Saints have long since become, and are likely long to remain, dry, unpala-table, unintelligible, uninteresting.

Oh, if the compassionate public had but seen how

it panged my heart to be brought to sing this mournful recantation-how often I threw my pen aside, and cried that I would die sooner-how anxiously I looked around from my corner to see if I could not, at any point, force my way through the bristling array of facts and arguments which compassed me—and how artfully, when I perceived that escape was impossible, I framed a score of compromising propositions, all of which I was compelled to reject-if the public, whose principal virtues are charity and compassion, had seen this, I am sure they would have admired the heroism both of the contest and of the surrender.

But now that I have retracted, see what a strange thing human nature is! My pride of authorship, which was the sole obstacle to my acknowledging the truth hitherto, is become just as urgent and jealous in defending it; for I must prove to my brethren, the authors, that if I have departed from church. The church declares by the mouth of an the necks of their children. On this tablet the traditions of our tribe, it was only after as ob- vout and heroic pilgrim, with a staff in his hand,

mide in my circumstances.
The first blow that staggered my stubbornness solthat the heartless anti-Irish, pedagogue snound inflict an equal number of stripes next day at school came from a more stubborn fact. If the Lives of on the innocent delinquent.—His Grace the Archive shop has several times assured the writer that he had in the days of his youth, suffered from speaking for all are agreed that said, enlightened public are the supreme indees of the heartiful from whose delinguistics. his mother tongile."

Perhaps the most effective of the many causes of the supreme judges of the beautiful, from whose decisions the most effective of the many causes of the supreme judges of the beautiful, from whose decisions we may not appeal. Now that said enlighting the first hanging its the fact public consider the Lives of the Estimate to be exclusion of Gaello from the consider the Lives of the Figure 2 and the consider the Lives of the figure 2 and the consider the Lives of the figure 2 and the consider the consider the Lives of the figure 2 and the consider the Lives of the figure 2 and the consider the Lives of the figure 2 and the consider the consider the Lives of the figure 2 and the consider the consider the consider the consider the consider the consider the consideration of the c extremely, dry, is an underlable fact, as may be proved—if proof be needed—(1). By the testimony of our booksellers, who veryagenerally complain that they cannot find purchasers for the insignificant number of volumes of that kind which are printed, once every decade of years, in this country. It may be proved (2) by observing how small a proportion of our Catholic families possess a single Life of a Saint. A friend of mine, who enjoys excellent opportunities for the research, and has employed much time and diligence upon it, reports-

> " Now leaving out the fraction, we must conclude either that this class of books are insipid, or elsewhich is incredible—that thirteen to one of our all devouring generation have not read all that is readable. I shall have cause to remember till my latest breath how sore I felt, while being tossed from one horn to the other of this dilemma. But observe (3) that not all who possess a book read it. I may buy a book because it is beautifully bound, and may serve as well to ornament my table as any other curiosity; or I may buy it because the bookseller is my friend; or I may buy it that people may think me religiously inclined; or, what is more to the purpose, I may not have bought it at all, but received it as a gift. The bare fact, then, of my possessing a book does not justify your concluding that I esteem it to be of any value. The true standard to judge by is not possession, but use. A volume which outlives its fellows for many a generation. which (after you dust it) appears as spotless and glossy as when it left the printer's hands, years ago -such a volume has escaped the fate of the popular books, which generally become jaded after six months' handling.

> And now, gentle render, tell the truth. Have you ever seen a Life of a Saint word out at the elbows? or jagged at the corners (unless the children have got hold of it)? or showing any other sign of dilapidation? How peacefully does Alban Butler of. happy memory, sleep in our libraries! Books on the right of him and books on the left of him are hurrying restlessly from house to house, while he. good, easy man, from the first day of January to the last of December, may slumber on in undisturbed majesty! Morcover (4) suppose some one, in company, were so very impertinent, as to draw the conversation upon the lives of the saints-a topic which should be most carefully excluded from modern conversation, unless there is absolutely nothing else to talk about, and suppose he were to ask those of our people who bear Christian names, in what ages or climes their patrons lived, what wonders they had wrought, for what virtues distinguished-how many, think you, could answer correctly? Try the experiment and you will be persuaded, as I have been, that the saints, and consequently the Lives of the Saints are, in the present position of society extremely dry and uninteresting.

The foregoing facts staggered me, but the following argument from reason, while it explained the facts, vanquished me completely. Here it is in proof. Mankind fashion their heroes and heroines as the Greeks and Romans did their gods and goddesses, to suit their several tastes and inclinations. You will find the idea developed by all the poets, pasim. From this I infer that no one can be a popular hero or heroine whose tastes are directly op-posed to those of the multitude—who invariably hates what they love, and loves what they hate; and, moreover, whose highest ambition is to be despised by the multitude. Now this is, in a nutshell, the character of the saints. It would not be a great exaggeration to say that every thought, word and action of ours, if not the precise contrary of that which a saint would think proper, would still be judged by him, for one reason or other, sadly defective. How unpleasant it would be to have a St. Bernard in our midst, who would reproach us as bitterly by his silence, as by the highest flights of ily commend the "Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race his elequence. How often a St. Stanislaus would and Language" to the attention and perusal of our have shuddered and fainted before he had been an hour in our company It would soon dent to both parties that there can be no true com-panionship between the world and the saints of God. I have used the world designedly for, though we all protest we are not of the world, we shall find ourselves bound to it by more ties than we imagine. Do we not love its amusements? seek its favor? fear to be despised by it?

We have before our eyes two sets of heroes those of the world, whom we know to be fools in the sight of God, and those of God, whom we hear the world call fools. Now which of these have our sympathies? Whose deeds form the subject of our thoughts and our conversation? I am not preaching a sermon. I am simply stating why we find the Lives of the Saints so uninteresting. The saints were heroes, undoubtedly, but their beroism was not of that kind which is now in vogue. If the world should ever so far change, as to take the gospel into its every day life—its admits the gosnel already on Sundays and other stated occasions-in other words if the world should ever cease to be that old "enemy of the Cross of Christ," why, then, naturally, enough, the people, instead of drawing their heroes and heroines from the imagination of novel writers would turn to seek them in the annals of the Church. But until that far distant day the Lives of the Saints must remain insipid and uninteresting.

I have retracted my rash proposition and have amply refuted it. I shall now advance another, which I hope will approve itself to the minds of the readers. It is true that to a vitiated taste the Lives of the Saints are not interesting, but at least they ought to be and they are not, simply because the public taste is vitiated.

Those who complain that the Lives of the Saints are dry, that the sermons are dry, that the Churchservices are dry, that in fact everything is dry which pertains to God and His Holy Religion.

Now, if the readers would throw away those remances, which have been chiefly instrumental in corrupting their taste, and apply themselves earnes!ly to reading the glorious exploits of the marty is and confessors, they would soon imbibe that spirit of Christian virtue which is there seen brought to its highest degree of perfection, and before long they would derive a truer relish and a purer joy from these unremembered tales, than they had derived formerly from the most " cunningly devised fubles!" - Catholic Standard.

## ERECTION OF A ROUND TOWER CAM-PANILE AT KILLAGHTEE, CO. DONEGAL, IRELAND.

That " history repeats itself" is a trite phrase, but not the less true for all that. The history of the middle ages abounds with records of pilgrimages to the Holy Land, to Rome, to the shrines of celebrated saints, or to the scenes of extraordinary miracles in different parts of Europe. Amid the crass materialism of the nineteenth century, so much celebrated for discoveries in physical science,. we also witness pilgrimages to Lourdes, to Paray-le-Monial, the Tyrol, &c., to do homage to the visible manifestation of God's presence amongst men. Yes, history repeats itself. Under what different circumstances, however! In those bygone ages which witnessed the vitality of the Christian faith, the de-