his narrative, O'Connor of Connaught turned to McEneiry, and said with a jesting air:

"And now that you have heard the case, my good fellow, what is your opinion of it?"

"My opinion is, plaze your lordship," replied McEneiry, "that I declare to my heart I'd give the poor crathur a chance for his life."

"Well said, McEneiry," cried John of the Wine. "He is right, brother, and you ought to give the poor fellow a chance."

"And what chance do you ask for him," said O'Connor of Connaught a little softened.

John of the Wine was well aware of Claus's abilities in verse making, and had no objection to let the company witness a specimen of them.

"The conditions I propose," said he, "are these. You see that sea-gull swimming abroad upon the sea. Let him, before that sea-gull rises from the wave, compose, extempore, six stanzas, which must not contain a lie from beginning to end, and every stanza ending with the word 'West.'"

"That's a chance in airnest," exclaimed McEneiry.

"If he does that," said O'Connor of Connaught, "upon my honor as a gentleman, I'll give him his life and never say a word more of what is passed."

Accordingly, Claus came forward to the window of the turret in which he was confined, and without rolling his eyes this way or that, or starting or brushing up his hair, or indulging in any other of the customary tricks of improvisation, recited in a clear and loud tone the following:

VERSES,—*made by Claus o' Failbhe in order to save himself from hanging.*

I.

Full many a rose in Limerick spreads its bloom.
With root embedded deep in earth's soft breast;
So many miles from hence to lordly Rome,
And many a white sail seeks the watery West

II.

Full many a maid in ancient Cashel dwells;
In Carrigfoile feasts many a weary guest;
Full many a tree in Lander's shady dells,
Shook by each breeze that leaves the stormy West.

III.

Far east a field of barley meets my gaze
Farther the sun in Morning splendour drest,
When Lander's daughter's views his sinking rays,
Two gentle eyes behold the purple West.

IV.

Rock of the Candle! * it is well for thee—
Fresh blows the wind around thy lofty breast,
From thy bold height thy chieftain's eye may see,
Each freighted bark that seeks the billowy West.

V.

Rock of the Basin, † it is well for thee!
Bright shines the sun, against thy lordly crest;
While shivering Fear and Darkness wait on me,
Thy gallant brow looks proudly tow'rd the West.

VI.

Bird of the Ocean, it is well for thee!
High swells the wave beneath thy snowy breast,
Fast bound in chains, I view yon foaming sea,
While thou at freedom, seek'st the pathless West.

All present agreed that the poet had fulfilled the conditions agreed upon, after which O'Connor of Connaught gave orders that he should be brought down and set at liberty, and the chains were hardly struck from his limbs when the sea-gull rose from the wave, and flew away amidst the acclamaitons of the multitude.

* Carrigoguniel Castle, which overlooks the Shannon, near Limerick.

† Carrigfoile, so named from the deep pool which the sea forms close to the base.

(To be continued.)

WORK OF THE JESUITS IN FRANCE.

THE London *Times* has summarized some very important statistics concerning Catholic education in France, and its progress from 1865 to 1877. The figures are eloquent in favor of the devotion of Catholic France to Catholic education, and it will be found useful to preserve them.

At the present moment a short summary of the official returns concerning the establishment for middle-class edu-