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**A HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.**  
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.  
Sacred heart! in accents burning,  
Pour we forth our love of thee;  
Here our hopes, and here our yearnings,  
Meet and mingle tenderly.  
Heart of mercy! ever eager  
All our woes and wounds to heal:  
Heart most potent, Heart most pure,  
To our souls thy depths reveal!  
Sacred Heart of our Redeemer!  
Pierced with love on Calvary,  
Heart of Jesus! ever loving,  
Make us burn with love of thee!  
Praise to thee, Sacred Heart!  
Heart of beauty! thou art bringing  
All thy thirsting children here,  
Where the living waters spring,  
Tell of hope and comfort near.  
O, thou source of every blessing!  
Sweetest, strongest, holiest, best,  
Be our treasure here on earth,  
And in heaven be thou our rest!  
Sacred Heart of our Redeemer!  
Pierced with love on Calvary,  
Heart of Jesus! ever loving,  
Make us burn with love of thee!  
Praise to thee, Sacred Heart!

**THE RAPPAREES OF THE WOOD.**  
A TRADITION IN IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.  
By Dr. J. T. Campion.

CHAPTER V.—SAILING DOWN THE NORE.  
It was a lovely autumn morning on the Nore. The elm trees were beginning to fall down in showers, and the beautiful ash to contribute an occasional golden offering. The sunbeams danced upon the waters, and myriads of jet-black flies swarmed under their influence, like evil spirits in the distant scenes of a holiday pantomime.  
The meadow sweet incensed the rivers' borders, whilst clouds of graceful willow-wreaths gambolled away on the running currents, giving shelter to the timid water-bird, and toying with the curling eddies which the fresh morning breezes provoked on the wavy surface. The linnet was just beginning to venture down from the gorse-covered mountains, and the solitary corn-crake, bereft long ago of the glory of the meadow-lands, to lurk within the bowery sedges, reeds, and flaggers of the winding river, waiting for the tempting moon and the favouring gale to waft him from the gloom and darkness of the approaching winter to some pleasant land of sunbeams and glowing zephyrs.  
Although the hour was early—not yet six of the clock of the Chinese tower on the top of the marble pillared tholose at the market-cross—that stirring hour when the impetuous city bell clamours furiously at the sunrise, as a favourite hound before a blooded charger, summoning life back into the slumbering township, causing iron portals to be every where swung open, and the civil guardians of the night to forsake their posts and seek their noon-day slumbers.  
Even at that very early hour, a boat was already launched upon the bosom of the quiet river. It was the Sabbath morning, too, and the occupants of the little craft were on their willing way to early morning worship.  
The family of the O'Kellys freighted the early barge, consisting of Old Dermot, carpenter and builder to the ancient burgesses—a burly, tall, fresh grey-headed old man, straight as a rush, healthy as an apple-tree, hearty as a lambkin, and fearless as a lion.  
His wife, a sturdy buxom dame of the good old times, with a well-to-do appearance, and a genuine

Irish countenance beaming with kindness and benevolence.  
Their son, young Dermot, sat to the oars, whilst in the stern was comfortably stowed away a young female, whom at first sight one would take for an humble handmaid of the family from her dowdy bonnet, gaudy shawl, short kirtle, green petticoat, and buckles shoes. Her pretty little cap, to be sure, was quilted about her face like a fresh summer May-wreath, and her wrists with the same snowy care and effect. Nobody could see her face so well as Dermot, for he sat midship, and bowed into her eyes every time he lifted his oars.  
The old woman filled the seat of the stern, and told her great large beads, with its long oval silver decades and massive silver cross, whilst the paterfamilias sat erect with folded arms and fixed meditative stare, showing that his thoughts were far away and of a serious complexion.

But neither parent seemed in the least to heed the furtive whisperings, suppressed laughter, and happy companionship of the two young people. Surely, the stern old burgess and the shrewd wife of his bosom should be possessed of some worldly wisdom. How could they look on coldly and see that fine, promising, handsome young fellow—their only son and child—expend his warmest attentions on a lump of a mere humble servant—a poor country wench, without wit or education. They must have noted the scene passing before their eyes, for the boy gently guided the little boat under the overhanging boughs of the tall elms, ashes, and sycamores that adorned the banks of the broad brown river, until it glided within reach of the groups of gardens that extended to the water's edge on either side, and as the rich, red, and white currant bushes hung out their fruit in tempting clusters, young Dermot caught them in his mouth as he sailed beneath them, and urged his companion to do the same, which she attempted again and again, with pearly teeth and parting lips, and when she missed, staining her fingers with the crimson juices—jingers very fair—at too fair, one should think, to have much indulged in common servile labour. Then she picked the pink strawberry from the bank, with the golden-eyed forget-me not that grew beside it. The large rosy apple then answered the summons of the raised oar, and fell into her lap—the rich heavy pear sharing the same fate, whilst the boat sailed on down the broad bosom of the Nore, with the two young faces peering into each other, radiant with joy, and love, and pleasure.

But what kind of a face had the servant girl? What kind! Beautiful bright blue eyes, cheeks like the ivory chalice of the poet, ready to gleam with the rosy wine of her blushes at the least excitement, lips barely coloured, like the innermost tint of the sea-shell, and teeth white and lustrous as the morning sun upon a virgin snow-flake.  
Ah, she was not a dowdy servant girl at all, gentle reader, not at all. She was the German woman's daughter, the pretty Angela Dullard, dubbed up in the exterior attire of O'Kelly's maid-of-all-work. And for this very sufficient reason, that she stole a march upon her father and mother, to accompany the O'Kelly's to the little old chapel near the Lacken, where the old faith still flourished, despite of ban and bloodshed, as the sun commands the day and the pale moon rules the night, by the order of a power that nothing can gainsay.

Angela clung to her early teaching, which she found it impossible to unlearn, and in which alone her young heart was anchored. And knowing well that neither parent would permit her to follow the bent of her pious inclinations, particularly at such a crisis, when they were almost entirely dependent upon the bounty of the evangelical Bishop Whammond, she adopted the present ruse in order to be able, without interruption or strife, to tell her beads, attend the holy sacrifice, and shrive her conscious soul as she was wont to do since she came to the years of reason. The O'Kelly's, of course, seconded her pious aspirations, and young Dermot stood abashed at the earnestness of the devotion of his lovely companion, which contrasted so forcibly with his own want of zeal and lukewarmness.

Now the boat glided away out of the shadows of the trees and crowded gardens, and took the circuit in the centre of the broadening river. It approached the spanning arches of the old bridge of St. John, the great thoroughway between the divided city.  
Here the young people were obliged to be very silent and demure, for many an eye marked the sailing craft, and commented upon it and its living freight, as its oarsman prepared to shoot the middle arch, where the current was strongest and swiftest, in order to appear in good triumphant trim at the other side, which the spectators always seemed to expect, as they rushed from one side of the bridge to the other.

Young Dermot, as might be expected, acquitted himself in a most seamanlike manner, and brought his boat through the arch and beyond it with a swiftness, a security, and a dash which quite took the taste of the spectators.  
Angela clapped her little hands with pleasure and excitement as her young lover poised his two oars, and held them at ease and aslant, as the sea-bird, after a wild flight, rests on its extended wings and floats on through the upper firmament. The old man sat still with bent head and folded arms, and the good wife counted her beads more sedulously than ever.

They had yet a long space of water to explore; but the current was with them, and there was enough of time to spare.

The battlements of the castle of the Ormonds frowned down on their secret journey, but the olden hills and woody heights and towering trees of better days and purer faith sheltered and watched over them, as they approached the sloping lands of Lacken, at whose wave-washed feet the little humble chapel stood whose altar held that precious treasure which lifts earth up to heaven when the priest offers the shining Chalice to the Lord.

No bell summoned the faithful to the House of God, for the false "Defender of the Faith" was busy with the devil, and though he had not entirely thrown off all allegiance to the church, yet he attempted to check her ordinances, and altogether uproot all discipline and order.

After a short time the boat touched the shore at one of those sandy reaches so frequent on the Nore,

and which young Dermot had scooped out, and converted into a cosy wharf for landing and fastening his boat through the morning prayers. The stem of the fragile bark paddled itself into the sand with a loving force, as a lamb would playfully butt at its mother, and the gentle thud against the bank was the signal for a general rising. The old people methodically made their way to terra firma, whilst the young lovers made their landing an occasion for very many fanciful alarms and difficulties which were overcome without any great exertion, at last. Then all four walked up to the holy edifice, solemnly and quietly, as the occasion required.  
The house of God was very low feet high, and looked ill-cared and dilapidated enough. The walls were covered with ivy, and the sides of the doorway with golden moss.

The graves of the poor surrounded it, and there were no places of distinction in its interior—no place but the altar, and that was very plain, indeed, and unpretending and unornamented—but so was the stable at Bethlehem, and yet the Creator of heaven and earth was in the Chapel on the Lacken in the same glory and power as he possessed in the humble retreat of the east.

The wise men were there, and so were the angels. The building did not accommodate the congregation, and many knelt outside the blessed precincts catching the words of the venerable ecclesiastic who offered the holy sacrifice, as well as they could, and learning from their neighbors within, both by quiet word and sign, how the solemn worship proceeded, and how they were to pray. The O'Kelly's were always early and were always, in consequence, very favorably situated.

It was near this little chapel, in the after days of the reign of Elizabeth, that two priests were discovered and executed, and their remains stolen from the gibbet by some of the faithful, and buried almost at the chapel threshold.

Henry attempted to extirpate the Irish race from Ireland, and Elizabeth the Irish faith—but the power that existed within the humble hill-side edifice, on the banks of the Nore, forbade all their machinations. Both died horrid deaths, whilst the Irish people still exist in their native land, and the faith is stronger, and purer, and more flourishing than ever.

**CHAPTER VI.—THE RAPPAREES.**

About a mile and a half from the Marble City, as we noticed in our opening chapter, was a great and dense wood—almost worthy the name of a forest. It was known by several names, as time shifted and generations supervened—"Glory's Wood," "Dollard's Wood," "Troy's Wood." With the first appellation we have now to do. "Gloire, in Irish, means babbling, sounding, noisy, as applied to rivers and streams. Here it meant echoing and reverberating, and was corrupted with the English tongue into the word glory—hence "Glory's Wood." It overhung the Nore, was richly umbrageous, and furnished with a velvet and flowery sward, and nooks, and alleys, and recesses, vistas, valleys, and retreats—solitudes, secesses, and nymphic bowers enough to engender romance, captivate a poet or enrapture a brigand. Accordingly, tradition steps in, and informs us that a band of desperadoes, whom the king's satellites had driven from their houses, homes, and possessions in his experimental essays to extirpate the Irish, had taken up their abodes therein. Those men were a great trouble to the new settlers—as great, indeed, as the Rapparees were in after years, when William won the battle of the Boyne, and Sarsfield sacrificed Ireland's welfare to Ireland's honor.

The men of "Glory's Wood" were a trouble and a terror to bluff King Harry's nominees, as well as to those of his successors. Indeed, they had the hardihood to call those loyal men atrocious robbers and plunderers, and on all occasions, when chance or design offered, to treat them as such. Their captain was an Irish gentleman of many broad acres and old ancestral line, whom Harry's myrmidons in Ireland attained of high treason, and plundered of his estate, and would have finished with hanging him up out of the way if he had not evaded their sinister designs by turning to the profession of an outlaw, and taking the vow of vengeance against everything and everyone avouring of the name and nature of Saxon in the land; and he sharpened his spear accordingly, on the rude stone in the forest, in furtherance of his dire and dark resolve. Twenty stern and resolute men swore allegiance to the self-constituted avenger—shared the same cave in winter, the same couch of leaves and moss in the summer, and the same dangers and daring at all times and at all seasons.

The burgesses of the old town knew them as "the captain and his men," and as, whenever they were secret visitors, and ventured into the streets to purchase ammunition and provisions, they always paid down hard cash, and looked for no abatement; and, moreover, as they very frequently took the part of the poor against the oppressor, and often fell with swift fury on the Saxon settler when he sheltered himself under his ready-made laws in his deeds of cruelty and presumption, the burgesses, in good truth, rather liked and favored and welcomed "the men of the wood."

The yeomen and English satellites and civic forces never dared to pursue those during fresh boots and moss-troopers after any of their repeated onslaughts upon their creatures, much less did they ever dare to venture within their secret haunts, or even skirt the borders of the sounding wood where they knew their enemy was comfortably ensconced and most securely quartered. That wood was an eye-sore and an agony to the lovers of law and order, and other men's goods, chattels and freeholds, in those days of the old English satyr and of the model English virgin in Ireland.

Affairs were at this pass amongst the king's loyal men and civil and military settlers in Ireland, when, one fine morning in summer, "The Rapparees of Glory's Wood" bestirred themselves earlier than usual, and might be seen in the breaking sun-dawn furnishing their arms, loosening their skenes in their scabbards, carefully loading their

arquebuses, furnishing their provision pouches, and making other and many preparations evidently for some important foray.  
Their captain, O'Dwyer—probably an ancestor of that glorious king of Wicklow who bearded old George's armies, and his hybrid yeomanry, in the after years of '98 and afterwards—leaned contemplatively against a forest oak and watched the proceedings of his merry men, in their several occupations, with a bitter smile and a heavy heart; for he felt that all his earthly hopes for the future of settling in his native land depended barely upon their endurance, the cowardice of their enemies, and the chance of the native septs making good their footing against the fury and fanaticism of Henry, his successors, and all Saxon marauders. O'Dwyer was the *beau ideal* of a woodman and a soldier; above the ordinary stature, his frame was herculean, his shoulders broad as Atlas, his figure muscular, symmetrical, and commanding. He had the fiery eye and genial expression of his race, the long, powerful arm, the lithe, sinewy limb, the loose, careless gait, the round, well-set head, the sudden and stent *pose* of decision. His fine Milesian features were bronzed by the sun and storm, and his long jet-black hair and close-fitting jerkin and hose, short foreign boots, long rapier, and broad black belt furnished with pistols and sparte, presented such a grand specimen of Irish humanity, grace, and chivalry as Michael Angelo might love to paint, and Mother Erin delight in contemplating.  
The delicious light of morning was streaming down through the trees, blighting the camp fires of the early repast of the woodmen. The blue lilies opened their delicate petals at the tip of the genial rays, and the moss glistened, and the birds sang, and the long vistas of the several paths leading to as many familiar haunts in every direction of the shaded sanctuary glowed again in the bright effulgence of the sudden bath of light.  
The wood-dove sang her love-song, jarred by the harsh notes of the beautiful jay—and the owl was still hooting from the hollow tree, drowning the delicious purring of the lonely robin, whilst the rude *boise* of the industrious rook made up a mournful orchestra which, like the pibroch on the Caledonian hills, or the *rans de vauche* of the Swiss valleys, though not according to human rules, lines and cadences, suited the scenes of its hauntings—chimed in with the order of nature, and was applauded on all sides by the rippling streams, the rapturous echoes, and the freshening winds.  
The shadows of the burly oaks and elms barred all the forest ways, for where the sunlight was brightest the shadows were deepest, streaking the soft floor of the wooded recesses like the sides of a wild zebra, or distant dark clouds in a beautiful noon-day firmament.  
All the Rapparees imitated their captain as close as they could in their garb, their arms, and their bearing, and on the whole presented an appearance so resolute, so heroic, and so daring that it was very little wonder that they had become so formidable to the King's Own, and enjoyed a perfect freedom and security within the precincts of their native forest.  
But although the civic military power feared them, and the burgesses aided them in all their requirements, as long as they promptly laid down cash for the accommoations, still there was another party in the "Marble City" who proclaimed himself a most determined enemy to the woodmen the moment he assumed power and position within its ancient walls. And this man was no other than the royal-appointed, enthroned, and missioned—the Lord Bishop Whammond, the new denizen of the palace adjoining the ancient cathedral of St. Canice.  
Bishop Whammond hated, and denounced, and brought English dominion down upon the heads and ears of the lawless Rapparees as often as he was able. Indeed, he could hardly have been blamed for his hostilities, for those men interloped with him and his plans and designs in a thousand different ways.  
They upheld the people on critical occasions, they laughed at the laws of the realm, and broke them like biscuits, they were Papiets and protectors of Popery, and though they had not the grace to invite any Papal ministers to be their directors or advisers, still they were shrewdly suspected of being their escort on very many occasions when the burgesses or the people sought their assistance for such a purpose. In fact, and in fine, the bran-new bishop found those reckless men to thwart him in a thousand ways, as well as to neutralise the despotic power which he could otherwise exercise with the executive at his back, and its myrmidons by his side.  
No wonder, then, that the Reverend Doctor Whammond denounced the audacious rebels, put spies upon their movements, shut them out from the city as much as he was able, and often intercepted their supplies before they could make good their way outside the English barriers.  
The energetic churchman had been a soldier in his youth, and as he only very lately took to the church and to his mitre, the former calling had more charms for him by far than the mere preaching of homilies, and the spiritual ruling of a hybrid congregation, who required very often more of the braid to govern and guide them than the crook or the crozier.  
Matters stood in this uncomfortable guise between the parties, at the moment that his reverend lordship was homing forth from his pulpit, in a minute angle of Saint Canice's church, in warning and condemnation of all wandering brigands, offering high rewards for their capture, and vowing vengeance on all who harboured, encouraged, assisted, or held any commerce with them, or any of them.  
At the same moment, too, Captain O'Dwyer and his men, in a solid, soldierly, and compact body, marched out of "Glory's Wood," armed to the teeth, and took to the highway, as if it was not the king's highway, but independently and entirely their own and for their own, use and benefit.

**CHAPTER VII.—THE MASS TREE.**

In the angle of a solitary by-road, seldom used except in extreme emergencies, and nearly covered with grass and wild weeds and those sweet and retiring flowers that fly the common gaze: the violet, the primrose, the wild geranium, the deeply-crimson strawberry, and the beautiful briar-rose, stood a broad and stately linden tree. It was covered with

one mass of efflorescence, and the song-birds of the very early morning were priding in its branches, and singing their sweetest melodies in the depths of its deepest foliage. There was a rude rustic seat at its foot, and over which the moss and mottled ivy had made their way, and about which, on every side, grew patches of rich trefoil, and honey-suckles, and cowslips beyond counting.

The ground was in a valley, and from some high rocky ridges in the background, a sturdy little stream came pushing its bustling way until it dropped down some few feet into a shallow brook beneath, forming a brilliant miniature, musical cascade, a dulcimer of sweet sounds that only seemed to vary their richness and mellowness when you listened long, and began to understand, as it were, the magic of their minute minstrelsy.  
All the wild flowers stood there in raptures, and the birds seemed to enhance the thrilling of their grace-notes by the sipping of all the bright sparkling. There was an echo, too, in the tranquil place, which, at any land invasion, sprang forth like a spirit from the solitude, as if provoked to resent the profanity of the intrusion. Groups of graceful fir-trees appeared in the greater distance, wet and shining in the dew of the morning, and looking like the solemn, silent palm trees of the east, when the Lord came preaching in some selected solitude away from the bustle of a restless world. Nor is this simile out of time and place, gentle reader, for on that eventful day—down a crowd of peasants had assembled and taken possession of the lovely scene. They piled up bows and faggots under the towering linden tree, covering them with leafy wreaths, and crowning them with snowy scantlings, and at last with a broad flowing garb of spotless home-made linen. They were building a primitive altar for the honor and worship of God, as the shepherds were wont to do of old. A daring act that day in Ireland, when the priest and the teacher were under the death-lan of the new laws of the land, and it was treason to follow the old faith any longer. Nevertheless, in the face of death and danger, the priest and his people were there assembled, confiding in a higher King for safety and protection.—A tall erect figure approached the simple altar, a man in the prime of life, but with streaks of grey through his thick brown hair, and heavy beard upon his lip and chin, speaking of a sojourn away in other lands, or the life of a fugitive or a martyr in his own. The fire of love and zeal was in his large open eyes, and although his garb was soiled and wayworn there was a majesty, a solemnity in his mien and bearing, that carried awe to the heart, and deeply impressed the anxious souls who watched his every action with national pride, reverence, and devotion. They blessed him, too, in their heart of hearts for the danger he was during for their sakes; and above all for the inestimable favor he was about to confer upon them in bringing them into glorious union with himself in offering acceptable sacrifice to the God of Heaven. A boy attended the footstaps of the priest, carrying the sacred vessels, and ready to make the necessary responses at the sacred ceremony. And so the candles were soon lighted, beaming silvery brightness in the opening day-break.

A large rude Cross was nailed to the linden tree, and whilst the priest was vesting, a robin lingered on the bough above, dropping liquid snatches of sweet and melancholy melody over the holy preparation.

**"Introito ad altare Dei"**

The people fell on their knees in wrapt attention and devotion—men, women, and little children—dinting the green soft sward, and lifting their eyes, alternately, from the Altar of Sacrifice to the symbol of Redemption above it.  
The music of the tiny cascade arose upon the silence, and the brook and the stream lisped away in whispering prayer, whilst the priest poured over the Passion of the Saviour, walked after His footprints, recalled His living lessons, and invoked and adored His awful presence, 'mid the incense of the breathing air, the delicious tint harmonious tinkle of the slight silver bell, the under-uttered syllables of the head-women, the bar-broken breaths of the hardy manning, and the alarmed and attentive looks of boyhood, childhood, and infancy. It was, as if, in the primitive times, when His people stood in the presence of their God and of His holy prophets. The bright chalice blazed in the beams of the rising sun, and the beauteous and rosy smilings of the opening dawn glowed all over the scene like the light in Jacob's dream that streamed down from the opened heavens.  
The voice of the priest was solemn and tremulous for he prayed to God for a persecuted people; and offered the tremendous sacrifice for a land beautiful as Eden, blessed by the footprints of the saints, hallowed by the ruined shrines of patriarchs and martyrs, and sacred to the graves and to the memories of a faithful race, whom holy Patrick purified, and whom Providence, I trust, will some day deliver from the incubus of evil that lies like a coiled snake, upon her troubled breast.  
"Te missa est." Yes, Mass was over, and the boy took from the large bag a number of small, clean napkins. These he distributed amongst the kneeling people, who held them in their hands and leant their heads or buried their faces in them. The sweet, musical, silver bell again rang its clear-tinkling peal, and the priest stood, facing his pious congregation, with the chalice in his hand and the wealth of prayer upon his lips. A sound of awe came from the prostrate people, and then he walked amongst them, administering the Holy Sacrament, and begging of the Lord to be their guardian and protector forever.  
Then there was a long pause, during which the murmur of prayer alone was heard, and the gentle sound of the sacred vessels which were being again removed from the rustic altar.

Now the sun shone forth in gorgeous splendour, deluging the simple place of sacrifice with a flood of light, and making the huge linden tree blaze like a column of fire.  
The people prayed on, and the priest, unrobed knelt at the foot of the cross. At this moment a brutal yell broke in upon the placid and holy scene and a man came bounding along the old, unused and unfrequented road, dressed in rough burghio attire, and carrying an arquebus in his hand.  
"Here they are!" he roared. "By Crispin! So ho! so ho! I was born to be a Popish pointer!"

Joyce.