bloodless revolution!"
"Yes, yes," said his pastor, "if it rested there. But you see the appeal to the nation's cupidity, and its success, have hardened the hearts of the people. have hardened the hearts of the people. So long as there was a Cromwellian landlord to be fought and conquered, there remained before the eyes of the people some image of their country. Now, the fight is over; and they are sinking down into the abject and awful condition of the French peasant, who doesn't care for king or country; and walk welks. Who is going to require the

"pusses me learer and any state of back a little. But I cannot. If I were to put back the hand on the dial, would it

"Halt who goes there?"—A friend, and give the countersign!—This was awkward. But be past few weeks, that he could only say faintly:

"But surely, sir, it was a grand thing to win back from the descendants of Cromwellians and Elizabethans the soil of Ireland? Surely our fatzers would excluit if they could see such a day!

There never was such a radical yet bloodless revolution!"

"Halt who goes there?"—A friend, and give the countersign!—This was awkward. But I braved it out; and I said gently:

"Sarsfield is the word; and Sarsfield is the word; and I said gently:

"Don't take all I say for granted," "Don't take all I say for granted," and the old man, with a touching absence of that dogmatism which was an esencial element of his character when dealing with the clogical matters. "I am old in years; older in experiences, and the same of the s

only asks: Who is going to reduce the rates?"

"It would have been better then for our people to remain as they were?" asked Henry, "with rack-rents, tumbling houses, the workhouse, and the emigrant vessel?"

"There again is the illogical, capricious, fickle brain of the young man of our generation," said his pastor. "I didn't say that. Wnen will you young men learn the value of words and their meaning? Look at that clock!"

Henry looked up to where a plainly-mounted clock was moving its hands slowly forward under a glass shade.

"Every hour," continued his pastor, "pushes me nearer my grave. It is not sleagant. I would rather a house the summer than the rather than the rather them in the ordinary walks of life, but I show them in the ordinary walks of life, but I showed on them with a kind of shy respect. It was the idea that glorified and transfigured these poor workmen into patriots. When I had crossed the stream, and mounted the glen on the three side, I stood still for a moment, strangely touched by what I had seen. Looking back, I could discern nothing beneath the dense darkness of the pine in which is the cavalry call of British soldiers—

Come. come, to your stables, My boys, when you're able.

back the hand on the dial, would it lengthen my life?"
"No!" said Henry.
"In the same way," said the old man, "I know right well that it is useless to stop, or to try to stop the progress, or evolution, of a nation. It is part of the eternal onwardness of things. There is no putting back the hand on the dial. But, there are times when I yearn for the grand old people that are gone; for the grand old ideas they held as a r-ligion. Perhaps it is old age, and I am be-

be when I was subdeely challenged:

"That is the good here?"—A condition of the contesting of "A condition of the contesting of "A condition of the contesting of "This was arbitrary in the contesting of "This was arbitrary in the contesting of the contesting of "This was arbitrary in the contesting of the contesting of "This was arbitrary in the contesting of the contes

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discovered."
"Yarra, make your mind aisy, yer
reverence," said Tim. "You're too
narvous intirely. Them that took the
ould minister's shirt can put it back
carin." again. I hope they will, and quickly," said "I hope they will, and quickly," said Henry Liston. "You wouldn't be so easy in your mind, if you saw the way he was watching you during the play!" "He may go to the divil," quoth Tim. And Henry Liston left him in peace.

He hastened out to find his sister alone, standing near the side-car, awaiting him.

ing him.
"Where's Annie?" he said. "Gone home," was the reply.
"Gone h me? I understood she was

oming back with us?" coming back with us?"

"She changed her mind. I heard
Mr. Wycherly say that it would be a
pleasure if she allowed him drive her to
her uncle's gate. And she consented.
The Wycherlys are gone a quarter of
an hour."

So they were. They drove along the So they were. They drove along common lit road, passing groups of passengers here and there, who gave way as the car passed; and then closed in, making uncomplimentary remarks on car and passengers. The two young boys, Jack and Dion, were on one wing of the car, Annie and Ned Wycherly on the other. The drive was short, barely Micky Mulvany raised his head,
Whin a bottle of whiskey flew at him,
It missed him, and striking agin the bed,
It missed him and Ned Wycherly of the other. The drive was short, bare two miles. But when she alighted, si passed into her uncle's house without ord of thanks or farewell; and that word of thanks or farewell; and that night a weary head pressed ner pillow, and bitter tears bedewed it. So power-ful is the utterance of a word in the ears of the innocent. It was only one word from the play they had just wit-nessed; but it revealed the beast that

in man. But he was unconcerned. For just as they left the priest's gate, a pyramid of flame shot up into the sky from the sum-mit of the hill, on which their father's house was built.
"Duggan's rick is on fire!" said Jack.
"No! 'tis Kerin's house and out-

offices," said his brother.

"It may be our own!" said as he pushed the horse forw, the road, and breasted the hi

**DECEMBER 10, 1910** 

A month or so later, Her who had quite forgotten all play, other more serious thin, ing him, strolled in on busin local shoe maker, named Cupp filled the office of sexton and to the Protestant church.

After the interchange of a later transaction of a little

and the transaction of a littl Cupps, looking up from his

"That was a grand play y
the school a few weeks ago, s
"It was!" said Henry, car
"It must have cost a powe
money to bring down all
clothes and wigs and swords
said Cuous, hammering aw said Cupps, hammering aw boot in his lap. "So it did," said Henry was little left for charity.

you!"
Cupps hammered away fu
few seconds. Then sudden
he looked up, and said:
"A quare thing happen
morning, your reverence: then continued:

"Whin I opened the vest
that morning, the fust thit
the diamond panes of glass
a jackdaw lying dead on the

a jackdaw lying dead on the A light was breaking imind, but he said nothing.

"Now, in all honesty, ye asked the cobbler, "do that a jackdaw could, or himself against a leaded break through it, killing had been the core with which leaves."

Henry.
The cobbler beat round morning, yer reverence. ken's surplice, which was pin on Sunday morning, w ing, as dirty as if a tram it. Wasn't that quare no And he looked up at th

meaning smile.

"It was; very stranguoth Henry.

And the cobbler seeme in the wooden rivets and

in the wooden rivets and furiously as if he were in no! he was only drama: Then he suddenly stoppe up again, he said: "And the quarest thin yer reverence. I don't Archdayken drinks at he hernseque or it may Archdayken drinks at he champagne, or it may But this I can take my!—that, at least, whin idvine service, he's not spilling bottled porter o "I should say not, Henry Liston, with a greel. He didn't know wofficial, with the knowle possessed of the midnig vestry, was going to chowever, explained.

"But, mum's the wence. "I don't want to gool sent to gool for sit was fortunate for occurred in the beginn

urred in the beginn and not of a Saturday i whole thing spick and morning. 'I'm afraid, Archdayken, 'that you washed too often.' He chin and smiling. meant. 'The claner are, sir,' sez I, 'the mo the ghosts away. An ghost has been seen all so I heard, Cupps, there'll be no more ab

TO BE CONT A BIT OF HISTO

ING TO ORA IN THE MONTRI Historical criticis it is only the investi of evidence."—Bisho

The character of the sport of contend it will ever emerge anything like its rea at present be predict historical champion religious party, and the worship of one guished historians. age in the contest sm. Against all co always remain a mamaterial. Only the ourageous critics courageous critics their voices again personage. And e on the purely per liam is assaited. Has the support of always conclusive His personal chara and can only be defensive commarking. defensive comparsi worse than James Louis XIV, is held

by people on whom has made little imp But the science wholly suppressed that the champion and religion ough decent regard for decent regard for own person, it c comparisons. The the throne by vir base conspiracy of had sworn allegis sought and accept is a historical fact That he procede is a historical fact. That he procede sible to exhibit the political virthose principles; ans and praised fact writ large time. But the religion and theovered in cus. "Ten Command: is not faced by