

pose your country to such awful evils without a hope."

"Oh, yes, I have one hope."

"You have?"

"Yes. There are epochs in the history of every country—every oppressed country—in which, if the spirit of resistance be not manifested, it will die out. Ninety-eight was one of them here. Forty-eight will be another."

"Aye," shouted the old man laughing—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won!"

"Precisely," concluded the young enthusiast.

As has been remarked in the text, these two were men of note and honor; and both since risen to eminence almost unprecedented in the United States. One of them, alas! is lost to his country and humanity. The other lives—an ornament to his profession and to Ireland. The conversation is given almost word for word as it took place with the author—though he should call it conversations, because he met the gentlemen separately.

As in every case of extensive agitation where there is no strict controlling power, elements will find a place in them, not only against the principles of those who are supposed to lead, but entirely condemned and repudiated by them. Selfishness can easily adopt the guise of philanthropy, and dishonesty enrich itself by using the masque of patriotism; and they affix an undeserved character upon many an honest enterprise. Men who spoke of "preparation" and "energy" and "injustice" never suggested the means occasionally resorted to, and would accept death sooner than approve of them.

"He's come, sir!" the servant said to Father Power.

"Is he?"

"He's in the barn, waitin' sir."

"Gentlemen," Father Power said, "I beg—"

"Oh, by-the-bye," both answered together, "we have remained too long; but we will call again on Father Power to get the explanation of the mystery."

Father Power meekly went to the barn, and there found "Crichawn."

Evidently "Crichawn" had been sent

for, because his eye had an expectant look, when the clergyman presented himself.

"Well, Tom, I want once more a cast of your office," said the priest.

"Anything you want, Father Ned," replied "Crichawn."

"Make your way to Clonmel in the morning, early, and take this watch to Dr. Whelan, and hand it with this letter, and he will give you an answer."

"What answer?—a letter?"

"Well, he'll give you twenty pounds."

"Selling your watch, Father Ned!"

"Exactly. He will sell it for me."

"The prisintashin watch!"

"Why, yes, Tom—why not? The old parish priest is hard up, Tom—and he has been a father to me. What is a watch compared to relieving him."

"Murder!" cried "Crichawn"; "an' is there no other way at all, Father Ned?"

"Now, Tom, do as I tell you."

"Stop, Father Ned," said "Crichawn."

"If I make out twenty pounds, will you keep the prisintashin watch?"

"Tom, Tom, do as I tell you, or I must go myself. Things are come to a point with Father John, and you must take my way. No one on earth is to know your errand; and I can trust Dr. Whelan."

"Then I'll go this minute," answered Tom, "an' I'll be home at cockerow tomorrow mornin'. An' now I think of it, I have business myself, I do declare—business for Mr. Meldon, in Clonmel."

"Crichawn" went to get leave from his master, and if we must betray the good-natured dwarf, he broke faith with Father Ned, and told Meldon the whole story. Meldon turned over in his mind the tender affection of the two priests for each other and for the poor. One gave all to the wretched, and the other would give all to the giver. The tender heart is the instrument of a tender Providence. Mr. Meldon thought of scenes and peoples far away—peoples of benighted souls and free generosity; but he felt that the sentiment which makes benevolence the very poetry of "charity" is the honor and glory of our our own dear island. He dropped a proud tear and made up his mind.

"Stay, Tom; I know Dr. Whelan in-