

"You'll have your trouble for your pains," said Mike.

"If you deliver the town at noon or before that time into his hands, your lives and property will be guaranteed by His Highness."

"If not?" asked Mike.

"A touch of Drogheda!" said the trooper. "Take the proposals to the governor of the town."

"A touch of Drogheda!" said Mike. "Do you know where you are standing?"

"I do," said the trooper, "and His Highness is encamped on the Hill of Kilmallock," and when he finished speaking he strode down the incline and across John Hennessy's bridge. Mike looked up and then saw thousands of soldiers encamped on the hill and over by Garrynoe to Knocksona. For the first time in his life he felt a little flustered, but he soon recovered himself. He called his wife and directed her to hold the fort till his return. Then he went to see the Mayor, for the governor was absent with his Lord Castlehaven's army. His Honor was in bed, and it was only after ten minutes of persistent knocking at the hall door that he put his head through the window.

"Cromwell is on the Hill, and has sent a summons to the town," said Mike.

The Mayor turned as white as his nightshirt. For a few moments he seemed lost in thought. "You must have the town bell rung to summon the Council," he said at last. Mike rang the bell himself, and in a few minutes all the women in the town were in the streets with tea-kettles in their hands, enquiring "what house was on fire?" In these times fuel was very scarce in Kilmallock, and when a fire occurred it was always utilized for cooking food by the common people. Mike announced at once that Cromwell had summoned the town from the Hill, and that a meeting of the Town Council was to be held to consider the situation.

In an hour the Council was seated in the Council chamber of the Castle. His Honor, Michael Meade, sat at the upper end of a long deal table, and a gold chain around his neck and a silver mace before him. The aldermen and the town councillors were seated around the table. The Mayor called the meeting to order at once and informed them of the occasion of this assembly. Cromwell was on the Hill and had just summoned the town. If the town were surrendered to him by noon the lives and property of the inhabitants would be respected; if not, they should take the consequences. It was for them to consider in the absence of the governor, what was to be done.

"How many soldiers have we in the town?" asked Alderman Verdon.

"Michael Duggan and twelve others," answered the Town Clerk.

"The rest of the garrison is with my Lord Castlehaven in Cork."

"Would these men be sufficient to hold the town?" enquired the Alderman.

"They might," said the Mayor, "for a week or two, but what's the good? You'll have to surrender sooner or later, and the sooner the better, if we don't all wish to depart this life suddenly."

"I must protest against the use of such craven language," said Mike Duggan, who was guarding the door of the Council Chamber, and who was bursting with indignation. "It is rank treason. As an old inhabitant I say we should fight to the last gasp. Molly and I can defend John's Gate for a year against the whole army of Cromwell!"

"That would be too much to expect of yourself and Mrs. Duggan," remarked Alderman Grimes. "I fear there is nothing for it but to surrender. A defence of any kind would only enrage the besiegers, and we have only a poor prospect of holding out with a garrison composed of the thirteen men and Michael's wife."

"Oliver has no artillery, I'm certain," said another. "His movements are too hurried. We have a fair chance of holding out. Shall we then disgrace the Baalbec of Ireland by surrendering without a blow? Let us all die beneath its ruins but let us not talk of surrender."

"That's all very well, Alderman Higgins," remonstrated the Mayor, "but some of us don't want to die just yet. I am surprised you do not see the foolishness of advocating defence in the face of a large army. If it could be done I would not be slow to support you now, but it can't."

And so the talk went on for hours. At length a short time before noon the Mayor and his party triumphed, and a surrender was decided on. It was determined that the Corporation plate and the Mayor's chain should be buried, so as that no improper temptation should be placed before the light-fingered gentry of the Cromwellian army.

It was just on the stroke of noon when the Mayor and three Aldermen, accompanied by Mike Duggan—much to his disgust—passed through John's Gate to wait on Cromwell with the keys of the town. As they passed through, they heard a cannon shot and saw the tower of the abbey falling. They at once made haste to the Cromwellian camp to prevent a bombardment of the town from taking place. When they got to Johnny Hennessy's bridge they saw a dozen cannoneers pointed at the town and the cannoneers with lighted matches in their hands.

"For God's sake, stop!" shouted the Mayor. "We are surrendering." Though the Mayor's voice was not heard on the Hill the cannoneers were not fired, for it was observed by the besiegers that some of the townsfolk were coming out. On their arrival at

the camp the deputation were at once escorted to the General's tent which was pitched in the old churchyard. Oliver was seated on a drum and his general officers on kettle drums of various sizes, according to the rank of the occupiers.

"You're late!" said Cromwell.

"Not so, your highness," said the Mayor, drawing forth his watch. "It is but just noon by my watch."

"Watch me no watches," said Oliver passionately. "Ye come to surrender the town?"

"Yes, your highness."

"In the face of my protest," said Mike Duggan.

"Who's this fellow?" snarled Cromwell.

"One of the oldest natives of these parts and the Captain of John's Gate," said Mike stoutly.

"What force have ye in the town?"

"Twelve good men, my wife and I," said Mike.

Oliver burst out laughing and all his officers joined with him.

"Well," said he. "I forgive your impertinence and if you join my forces, I'll make you a captain." Then turning to the Mayor he asked: "What caused all this delay?"

"There was a dispute in the Council—" said the Mayor.

"Aha!" cried Cromwell, "some of you are malignants!"

"There was a dispute in the Council," repeated the Mayor slowly.

"Some of the aldermen wished to invite you to their houses for dinner; some wished to have a public dinner; some wished—"

"Are you Mayor?" interrupted Oliver.

"Yes."

"Is your mutton good?"

"Limerick is the best in Ireland?"

"Is your whiskey good?"

"Best Jameson."

"Then I'll dine with you, and so will these gentlemen. You will, out of the town revenue, supply the camp with five hundred beeves and ten thousand quarter loaves. "You will accept and maintain in Kilmallock a troop of horse. We ask no more. Be thankful. At 3 of the clock we shall enter the town. You may go."

At 3 o'clock Cromwell, his officers, and a troop of Chidley Cote's horse entered the town. The Mayor and corporation in their robes met them at John's Gate and escorted them to the Mansion House where a feast was provided on a grand scale. The troops then dismounted and in a short time were "indulging" in all the inns in town. The dinner was ready to be served when the Cromwellians entered the Mansion House, dining room. After a prayer of three hours' duration from Chidley Cote, they did justice to the meal. The whiskey and hot water then arrived and after a while the company became quite jolly. Cromwell himself was in the best humor and actually grew affectionate toward Master Meade.

"You are the best fellow I've seen since I've come to this benighted land," he said. "Kiss me."

The Mayor did as required.

"D—n me, now that I think of it, I saw you before," continued His Highness.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Why the d— did you not mention it before?"

"I did not remember it till you made the remark?"

"You saw me—"

"Near the Victoria Hotel in London some years ago."

Cromwell looked at him for a few seconds but said not another word. He drank more deeply, and at last became so drunk that he fell under the table while delivering a discourse on the doctrine of good works. His officers soon followed suit, and in a few hours all were sleeping the sleep of the just.

When they woke on the following morning, they all (including Master Meade) were astonished to find themselves bound hand and foot, with hay ropes, and Mike Duggan standing sentry over them with a blunderbuss.

The mayor demanded angrily the cause of this strange proceeding.

"I don't want the town surrendered," said Mike.

"But," burst out Cromwell, "my troops of horse will—"

"They are secure from all harm," said Mike.

"Do you mean to say, fellow, that you have tied up my troop of horse?"

"Every mother's son of them," said Mike.

Cromwell burst into a tremendous laugh. "Come, my good fellow," he said, "this is excellent fooling, but really I have no time for any more of it. Release us at once. We have business to do."

"Yes, on conditions."

"Well?"

"You will leave this town at once. We are too poor to entertain a troop of horse and can only entertain a dozen troopers. Your army will leave the Hill before noon."

"Very well," said Cromwell.

"Honor bright?" said Mike.

"Honor bright," said Cromwell.

Mike cut the hay ropes and in a few minutes more the officers were kicking up a most infernal row looking for brandy and soda. They drank so much that the Southern Mineral Water Co. had to take on extra hands for a week.

Before Cromwell departed he called the Mayor aside, and told him that any request he had to make would at once be granted, even if he asked for half the country. His Honor said he would be content with all the land lying between the town and Blackrock.

"That's already promised to Chidley Cote," said Oliver sorrowfully.

"All Knockaney will do as well," said Master Meade.

"You'll get it!" said Oliver. "The patent will be made out in a month."

As the troop of horse passed under John's Gate, Oliver once again told Mike Duggan that if he joined his army he'd make him an officer. Mike would not consent to this. Cromwell then offered to make him Lord President of Munster if he came over, but Mike was proof against all temptation, and so his highness departed.

In a short time the twelve troopers left by Cromwell in the town became affected by the atmosphere of the place and became more patriotic than the people themselves. They used to insist on walking through the streets at night singing "God Save Ireland," "O'Donnell Abu," "The Boys of Wexford," and such airs. At last it was found necessary to place them in the local hospital for inebriates. A few of them never returned to habits of sobriety and the great majority died in the Union.

The Mayor got his patent for the lands of Knockaney, and in the course of time became a member of the Irish peerage under the title of Lord Fitz-William, which title his descendants still hold. Mike Duggan lived and died a poor man, but it was his proud boast, and is still the boast of his family, that Oliver Cromwell never met a check in Ireland till he met it at the hands of Mike Duggan when he besieged Kilmallock.

A PLEA FOR CHRISTIAN FRATERNITY.

[Very Rev. James C. Byrne, President St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., in the Independent.]

Nature and grace demand that Christians of all denominations forsake their prejudices and antipathies and come together in closer bonds of sympathy and love. Nature speaks to us in the workings of time, which softens the harshest sayings and mitigates the most grievous wrongs. It appeals to us in children, who feel far less the bitterness of their sires; in grandchildren, who do not feel it at all. There is, by the way, a certain literal meaning in the divine saying, "Except a man be born anew he cannot see the kingdom of God." Again, nature appeals to us in the ever-widening horizon of our thoughts. The more we know of the present, the deeper our forecast into the future, the less we are concerned with the past and its wretched legacy of ill will. Above all, nature appeals to us in our reason by showing the utter groundlessness of harboring resentment.

Let us suppose that all the wrongs, which in years gone by were inflicted in the name or with the name of religion, were perpetrated without political intrigue, without popular misconception, without the blindness of passion or the motive of selfishness—which they were not—but that they were done from pure, albeit misguided, zeal of one denomination to uproot and exterminate another; still, there is no just reason for antipathy between the descendants of the rival factions. If with time the veil that was on men's hearts has been removed, surely the effects of that malefic covering likewise should be dissipated. The Apostles who, at one stage of their career, asked the Master to send down fire from heaven on unbelievers, having finally learned of whose spirit they were, became all things to all men. But with much more reason should we soften our resentment when we consider that our forefathers were often the dupes or the victims of political intrigue; that they, too, had their passions to subserve; that they had their pride gratified. There are many, very many things on the pages of history which Catholics regret; there are many things which, in their own day and circumstances, had a fighting chance for defence, but which now, amid other surroundings, would be indubitably indefensible. The denomination which regrets nothing of the past either must consider that its members were more superhuman than the Apostles, who had much to regret, or it took such a small part in the great theatre of the world that it was never tested by the ordeals of power and prosperity. These have ever been too much for men, as they were too great a trial for angels. Let us all grant that grave wrongs have been done, but let us leave their just retribution to the law divine. The vendetta in one form or another at one time almost universal, is now practised by a few half-barbarous tribes; the vendetta, in religion, likewise, must give way to the peaceful reign of the law of the Gospel. But it is not the real or imaginary wrongs of our own ancestors alone that religious rancor would have us requite on our brethren to-day, but the real or imaginary wrongs also of everybody else's ancestors. English, Irish, German, French, Spanish, every history according to its interpretation, furnishes fuel for the fires of Catholic or non-Catholic antipathy. Yet, it is not folly for Americans, who are generally less impulsive than other peoples, who could fight bravely for a principle, and when that principle was vindicated clasp hands across the bloody chasm—is it not folly for Americans, I say, to take up the fratricidal strife of other nations, and make them a source of disunion and a cause of contentment?

We may certainly feel righteous indignation at wanton insult: we are justified in feeling keenly a profanation of that which we hold most sacred, even when the insult and the profanation happened long ago. But if the retributive must be given to passion, so as to accentuate a principle, let passion seek the right victim. As a sympathizer with down-trodden Ireland I may hate Cromwell; but how can I hate the author of the "Christian Year?" As

a sympathizer with the exiled Huguenots I may hate Louis XIV; but how can I fail to admire the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul? The men of a few centuries ago were in some respects semi-barbarians, tinged with the Christian faith; which do we wish to honor, their barbarism or their Christianity? Or let us say that they were men, victims of ignorance often, always subject to passion, who, nevertheless, were the channels of religion to us; which do we desire to emulate, their human frailty or their divine faith? Or they were martyrs; with a prayer on their lips for their persecutors they gave up their lives for their sacred convictions; shall we do them honor by hating the descendants of those for whom they prayed? If Christians would extend to Christians one-half the love they lavish on idolaters, they would be much more Christ-like. If a Chinaman asks for bread, we give him bread; if a Christian asks for bread, why do we give him a stone? But not only the wrongs of religion of all times and places move us, but we feel called upon to vindicate the fancied wrongs of science, of art and of liberty, as if these were not the overpurchased and spoiled children of Christians in general.

Let us grant that some Catholics persecuted Galileo, that some Protestants persecuted Kepler, that the knowledge of the solar system was delayed a few months until the bearings of the question were cleared up, what is this to the long delays for recognition which one school of science or of art has caused another? What is this to the relentless war waged between philosophers, scientists and artists? What new discovery, even down to our own times, has received immediate and universal recognition? Again, the deepest science is recessional, the highest art is chaste, and true liberty is law. By clinging overmuch to these ideals, at times Christians may have indiscreetly raised their hand against a lower representation of them; out it will always be a question whether they are to be censured therefor or not.

That unanimity which nature so forcibly suggests, grace through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit demands. God's Holy Spirit dwells in hearts which pour forth their burnings on the Protestant hymn, or thrill with emotion before the mysteries of the Catholic altar. Such hearts will ever tend to beat in unison, whatever clashing churches may say or do. When divisions come they are the ones who really suffer, and they will be the first to welcome the healing of the wounds by reunion. The history of Christianity is the history of great divisions caused by turbulent men, sometimes in the right, more frequently in the wrong, and of reunions worked out almost without the external aid of men through the cementing influence of the Holy Spirit. May the same Holy Spirit who makes us yearn to be united and at peace, point out the way and give us the courage to enter upon it!

COLLAPSE OF THE "OLD CATHOLICS."

The explicit definition of an article of faith has generally been the signal for the formation of a new sect or schism. During the Vatican Council reports were spread that the promulgation of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility would rend the Church in twain. There was, indeed, a slight revolt, which recalled the line of the poet relative to the mountain in labor. A most ridiculous mouse was born, which, after nibbling for a few years at government cheese, has disappeared.

The Protestant cantons of Switzerland encouraged the "Old Catholics," as they were called. Churches were taken from the orthodox believers. A schismatic Bishop was consecrated. Dr. Dollinger and Pere Hyacinthe were hailed as true reformers. Dollinger is dead and the Pere and his American widow have vanished from the scene. The Geneva Protestants have restored the churches to the good Catholics and the schism is practically defunct.

It is the old story. "Any one on whom this rock falls shall be ground to powder." Never did the Catholic Church display her divine origin and power more clearly than in the promulgation of Papal infallibility. It was the gauntlet thrown down before an unbelieving age. Even some Catholics held their breath for a time, so masterful, so daring was the stroke. What a contrast did the ancient Church present to the vacillating and supplicating attitude of Protestantism! Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot with one blow of his sword. The world was filled with apologies for Christianity, with refutations of rationalism, deism and skepticism, with compromises with all sorts of dangerous religious speculations. The Church of Christ rose amid the din and spoke one word. Not only is Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, but the Blessed Apostle who made the confession is confirmed in faith forever.

What self-styled Church dare make such an announcement? The splendid audacity is proof presumptive that the Roman Church is the infallible possessor of Christian truth. If the essence of the Church is to teach truth and the Church is infallible, it must possess infallibility.

Deep and sincere regret was felt at the time for the defection of Dr. Dollinger. He had done Catholic historical science real service, which yet remains. It was his misfortune to become or to be named the head of a sect; and Church history does not record an instance of the conversion of an heresiarch. Cardinal Newman used to



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