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THE MAY FLOWER

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THE SONG OF MAY.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN,
DEAN OF LIMERICK.

I am wreathing fields with sunshine, and balmy hills with blue,
And teaching birds their summer songs, and waking the cuckoo,
And calling up the flowers from the beds in which they lay,
And making streams to laugh in light along their pleasant way.

My mother, Spring, found weary days—the days of frost and snow;
The sky above was clouded o'er, and all was dark below!
She strove to smile, as well as she could, but on her smile the gloom
Of parting Winter's shadow fell, and chased her early bloom!

But, oh! she had a mission grand within a brief career;
And well black Winter knew she had, for when he saw her near
The waters he had kept enchained were, day by day, set free,
And birds that he had silenced long commenced their ancient glee!

The time was coming, coming fast, when we should all prepare
To gather on our altars all the homage of the year;
The sky should ope' its azure eyes, and fields put on their green,
And rivers flow and garden glow in all their Summer sheen!

So mother Spring, with talisman, swept all the clouds away;
And buds of life ope'd perfumed mouths, as tho' they wished to pray!
And odors like the incense rose, and music fill'd the skies,
And Faith, and Hope, and Love rose up 'mid nature's joyous cries.

The happy hour had come at last; the op'ning of the rose,
The bloss'ming of the jessamine, that in the valley blows,
The mantling of the lily white within its cloister sweet,
And all the lovely daisies came a running round our feet!

The sun shines down so fatherly, as though he would address
The fields and trees and hills and dells, and praise their loveliness,
And golden stars in cloudless light sing round the Lady Moon,
And heav'n and earth and sea cry out: "Young May is coming soon!"

The month of "refuge" comes at last, the month of God's "Fair Love:"
The Month when "weakness" gathers "strength," and our fair "Star" above
Shines down in all its glorious light, Jehovahs seal of peace!—
"Ark of the glorious covenant," dear "Mary full of grace!"

I come! I come! I'm Mary's month—the holy Month of May!
And I come down to greet you with an image of the Day—
The Day of God and Mary's Day, that never hath an eve!
The day of love and *"power to all these who believe."*

I'm wreathing fields with sunshine then, and balmy hills with blue,
And teaching birds their summer songs, and waking the cuckoo,
And calling up the flowers from the beds wherein they lay,
And making streams to laugh, because I'M MARY'S MONTH OF MAY.

Compassionate affections, even when they draw tears from our eyes for human misery, convey satisfaction to the heart.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE," "IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

After the ladies' return from their visit, Mary and Lady Elizabeth devoted all their time to comforting the fugitives who came to them from every quarter. Every day some of their faithful messengers ventured into Dublin to make some purchase, while their own skilful hands were busily employed making clothes for the sufferers, especially the women and children. The winter was an unusually severe one for Ireland; and not many weeks had passed when the peasants came to announce that Father Fitzsymons had fainted away the previous Sunday at the conclusion of his Mass, had been borne to his hut, and lay there, hardly able to speak or breathe. Lady Elizabeth's orders were sufficient for them. A stretcher was prepared with plenty of coverings, and a party of strong men organised, who would bear the worn-out laborer to the welcome prepared for him.

It was accomplished, and when Father Fitzsymons was safely laid in the bed so carefully arranged for him, his many devoted friends were wonderfully cheered.

As soon as he could speak after the exhaustion of his transit, he turned with a smile to Lady Elizabeth.

"I was not worthy, then, to die somewhat after the fashion of blessed Francis Xavier."

"Forgive me, Father," she answered meekly, "if I have robbed you; 'twas more than our poor hearts could bear."

He tried to reply in some playful words; but coughing cut him short, and presently a gush of blood from his mouth deluged the bed-covering.

For many days after this he could not utter a word. He spoke only by his looks, which were as bright as ever, while on his features there dwelt an habitual peace and repose beautiful to behold. By degrees he became able to speak a little, though his strength ebbed day by day.

Mass was said daily in his room; for many of his brethren in religion, in one disguise or another, contrived to visit him. Nor was that all; as the news of his whereabouts, and of the fatal nature of his sickness became known among Catholics, many other priests came to see him. Franciscans, Carmelites, Dominicans, and many of the secular flocked to his sick bed. His vigorous intellect, and the peculiar joyousness and hopefulness of his character, had made him universally beloved and looked up to. Tears were rolling down the cheeks, not only of women but of men, at the thought of losing him. Priests, who had themselves to be leaders in the hard struggle—to sustain the burdens of others—to encourage the down-hearted and strengthen the sinking soul—had been wont to come to him in their own hours of doubt and despondency. He was one of those—and there are some like him, only always too few, in every age—beside whose death-bed men are wont to stand and say, "What shall we do without him?"

The once clear, silver-toned voice could only utter faint whispers now; but as one after another of his brethren or friends knelt down to his pillow to tell him for the last time the secrets of their souls, his murmured response seemed to satisfy them. One after another rose up and left the room, as though they had received a strength to bear them onwards for a brief though sharp struggle—as though they realised that he, like the true father of their souls as he had always been, was but going home, to wait for them on the eternal shore.

Lady Elizabeth one day seated herself by his side to read a paper to him, which she held in her hand. When she had finished he said, "Child, I hardly approve of that; it will leave you too little for yourself. I do not say keep what will sustain your rank; for that I know well you despise; but these are troublous times. You may have to fly into exile; and in Flanders, France, or Italy, the sum you reserve for yourself would not be sufficient."

Lady Elizabeth's face was radiant as she bent towards him.

"Father, I have kept enough for *my* ourney home. Little more exile for me. The promised land is in sight."

His eyes questioned her, so she went on: "I have been suspecting my health was undermined for some time past, but I was too busy to think about it, especially at Kilkenny, or I should have told you. I think the shock of that scene in Dublin, and our hasty flight, brought the matter to a crisis; and when I spoke to the physician who hath come hither to see you, he confirmed all my own ideas, and as I bade him tell me truly what he thought, he saith I have but a few months to live. Oh, my Father, how good hath my God been unto me! He hath granted my last earthly wish—to tend you in your hour of need, and knowing how weak I should be in this weary life without your guiding hand, He would not let me linger long behind. So now, Father, you will not object to this arrangement of my poor worldly goods. I have not a kinsman on earth who wants help. I leave in Mary's hands what will enable her to give those alms I have been happy enough to dispense for God. If our arms should fail, or if Henry should fall, there is safe harbor for her and the child with Rosa at Louvain, and so I may gratify my strong desire, and found the noviciate at Kilkenny. You know how you have wished there should be a noviciate in this country, and how essential it is to the increase of the society and the good of our souls."

"God bless you, child!" the Father's low whisper answered. "Since all be so I withdraw my objection. If the road then be short, hasten on fervently and prepare the way of the Lord. Make ready thy soul for the coming of thy heavenly spouse."

Lady Elizabeth, thinking she had fatigued him, rose, and went to fetch a cordial from the adjoining room. As she opened the door, the sound of half-subdued laughter burst on her ear. Mary and Father Nugent were standing talking to a person whose figure she could not see.

Mary turned round at her entrance.

"If it would not harm the dear Father," she said, "it would make him laugh to see Father Gelosse;" * and Lady Elizabeth's eyes fell on a tall, rather gaunt figure, covered from head to foot with flour, and carrying on his shoulder a miller's sack.

"This is his last idea, Lady Elizabeth," said Father Nugent. "Behold! our professor from Kilkenny; I actually did not know him, when walking below in the field there to say mine office. He came and pestered me to buy flour, till I, seeing he would take no refusal, did methink myself he was a spy, and grew alarmed, fearing for harass to our good Father in his last hours, till at length my worthy miller addressed me in Latin, and disclosed himself."

"Wait till I give our Father this drink," said Elizabeth; "for he is so weak; and then I will tell him of his new visitor."

So saying, she hastened back to Father Fitzsymons, fed *him carefully*, and then mentioned that Father Gelosse was in the *next room*.

"Bring him in," said the invalid, a *light dancing in his eyes*. "I knew he would come; nothing can daunt him. What trick doth he practise now?" and as the miller advanced into the room, accompanied by Lady Elizabeth, Father Nugent, and Mary, they once more heard Father Fitzsymons' joyous, child-like laugh.

When the quondam miller had retired to make his toilet, and had reappeared, "clothed and in his right mind," as Father Nugent averred, he was asked, as all new-comers were, for news.

"Alas!" said Father Gelosse; "I can tell you no cheering news. The foreign expedition is a failure. Ormond's machination have succeeded but too well at Versailles, and the power of Inchiquin seems daily increasing; and there are

* Father Stephen Gelosse, born in 1617, was teaching poetry at Kilkenny in 1649. No danger could deter him from doing his duty—no weather, no difficulties could hold him back. His extraordinary escapes from the clutches of his pursuers border on the miraculous. He adopted every kind of disguise; he assumed every shape and character; he personated a dealer in fagots, a servant, a thatcher, a porter, a beggar, a gardener, a miller, a carpenter, a tailor, with his sleeve stuck with needles, a milkman, a pedlar, a seller of rabbit skins, etc.—"Oliver's Collections."

strong rumors of a truce," added Father Gelosse, speaking in a lower and subdued voice.

"A truce with Inchiquin!" cried Father Nugent. "Surely not by the Nuncio's leave. He was so firmly against it before Christmas last."

"'Tis no doing of the Nuncio," returned Father Gelosse; "but the party for it among the supreme council is gaining ground, and methinks it will be accomplished."

Father Fitzsymons half raised himself on his pillow.

"What saith the O'Neill?" he whispered.

"He is as firmly opposed as ever; but methinks he and the Nuncio will have to yield."

"It will be death to our cause if it comes to pass," faintly whispered the sick man. "Pray against it, my children—pray that God will have mercy on us, and not suffer such misguided folly to succeed."

"Colonel Preston's power and influence increases," remarked Father Gelosse; "and I verily believe me his hatred and jealousy of the O'Neill is such, he will stoop to any means to gain a triumph over him. He strove hard to poison the mind of the Nuncio against Owen Roe, but in vain. Both men are too upright and simple to misunderstand each other, so that failing, he tries some other way. What think you he saith of his late aide-de-camp, who attacked your house in Dublin, my Lady Elizabeth, and drove our good Father into exile?"

"I cannot divine," answered Lady Elizabeth.

"He saith Roger MacDonald is yet to be trusted—that his attempt that night was only a ruse to deceive the enemy. He never meant to harm any one. By such a show of zeal he serves two purposes—he protects his friends and blinds his foes."

All the party laughed; but as Lady Elizabeth's eyes turned towards the bed to catch, as she expected, the invalid's radiant smile, she saw a change in his face. The tender heart had been jarred by the painful news; a gray ashen hue was stealing over his features. He had been anointed a few days before; he had received the Blessed Sacrament that morning; therefore, prayer was all that was needed. The little group knelt around him, and the solemn prayers of holy Church went up. The last absolution and indulgence were given, and the blessed crucifix was pressed to his lips. There was no suffering, and he was perfectly conscious. He cast a look of affectionate farewell on the loving friends around him, but he seemed unable to speak.

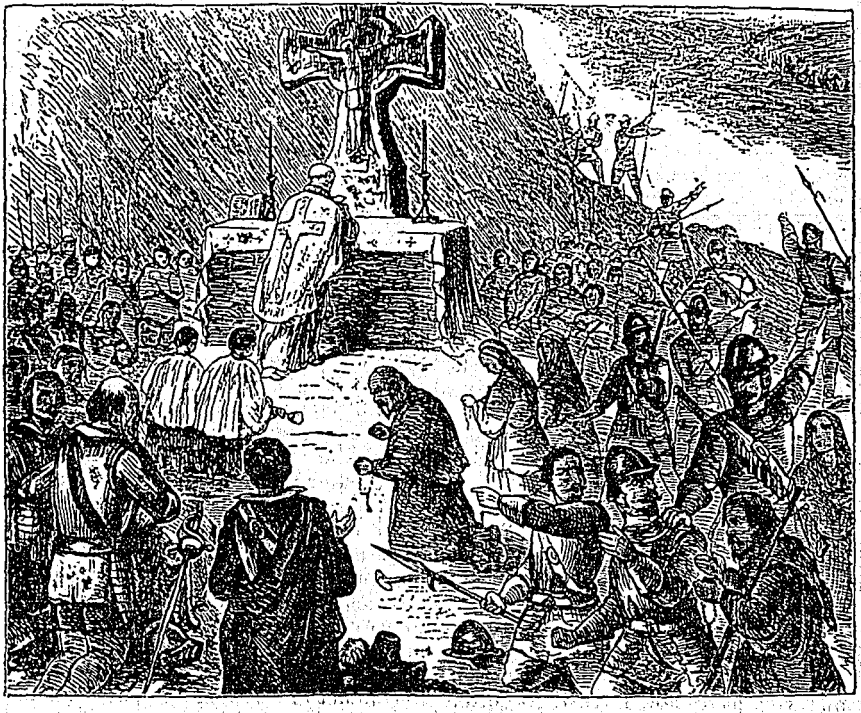
Thus half an hour passed away; his eyes closed, and he seemed peacefully sinking into the sleep of death. At last he opened his eyes and fixed them on the crucifix. Such a look of love and trust came over his face as the watchers felt they could never forget. His lips unclosed, and in his clear, sweet voice he exclaimed, "Jesus, my Jesus! be to me a Jesus!"

The light fleeted from his face;—that true and loving heart had ceased to beat.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

Two years had wrought little change in the outward aspect of the Convent of our Lady of the Angels. Usually when friends, after the lapse of a year or two, visit a convent, they are called upon to admire some improvement, or some enlargement of its borders; but here the mud walls and thatched roof are the same; still grazed the few cows in the pasture meadows; still the religious paced up and down their holy cloister; still the round of holy duties went on as before. There was little trace of change in the features of the Abbess when, on one day in the summer of 1649, she was called to the parlor to see Bride O'Sullivan and another lady, bearing in her arms a smiling infant, while a little boy ran by her side. Very soon after the entrance of Mother Abbess, Sister Clare of Jesus was summoned to the parlor. Let us look well at her as she enters, ere she is clasped in the fervent embrace of her sister, Mary. The face is as lovely as ever, but the light seems to have deepened in those large, dark, spiritual eyes; there is an indefinable expression on her features, as of one who is daily travelling far away from this toilsome earth into a region of light and knowledge beyond our mortal ken. At the sight of Mary, now for the first time

since her clothing, three years before, a flush overspread her sweet face, and tears of joy melted in her eyes. After the first embrace, the sisters sat side by side and hand in hand, gazing into each other's face in silent joy, but neither the young Master Owen, who immediately betook himself to a minute inspection of his aunt's rosary, or the baby, Rosa, had any intention of being neglected, and the proud young mother called Eveleen's attention to her treasures. Owen was really a noble and beautiful boy, full of life and intelligence, yet obeying his young, gentle mother's slightest word.



A MOUNTAIN MASS.

The baby was fair, and round, and soft, as babies should be, and stared with all the might of her blue-black eyes at the new apparition.

"So you arrived last night, my darling Mary?"

"Yes, too late to come hither, dearest. The children were so tired, and Bride had enough to do to help me get them to bed."

"And already," broke in Bride, "Kathleen Maguire and Mary hath been comparing papers and notes, each of course admiring the other, and each thinking secretly her own far superior."

"You see she hath the same tongue as ever, Eva," remarked Mary, "Gerald hath not tamed her."

"Gerald!" began Mary, indignantly, intending to demonstrate that Gerald's sole duty in life was and hereafter would be to obey his Bride's slightest wish, but her remarks were cut short by Mother Abbess, who, signing to her to leave the sisters alone, coaxed little Owen to come with her and Bride in the convent garden.

Mary and Eveleen were alone, save for the babe who had now fallen asleep on its mother's lap.

"And you are happy, my Mary?"

"In truth am I, Eva, if the best husband that ever blessed a wife, and my two pets, whom you behold, can make me. From the moment of my marriage, Henry hath never given me one moment's sorrow. The O'Neill hath been, as he always was, a second father to me, but life has been and is marked with the cross, 'tis a life of continued appre-

hension, fear, and danger. Sometimes I have no tidings from Henry for weeks; oftentimes we have to break up our homes and travel with scarce an hour's preparation. Within a few weeks of my baby's birth, I knew not where I should abide till after she was born."

"And then, my poor May, the loss of Lady Elizabeth was a heavy cross to you."

"Ah, Eva! 'twas almost like losing our mother over again. Impossible to tell you the love and care that dear soul lavished on me. Sorely did I miss her tenderness when the baby was born—that tenderness so poured out on me at the birth of Owen."

"Hers was a blessed death-bed was it not?"

"Most blessed, Eva; she died as she had lived, a saint. After Father Fitzsymons's holy death, she was filled with joyful anticipations of her approaching end. We went back to Kilkenny as soon as his interment was over, and after we were once more settled there, she told me how it was with her, to spare me all fretting and anxiety. She took all the remedies prescribed for her meekly; she tried to live for my sake and for the work of God; but, no, she had, like her Master, finished the work He gave her to do."

"She survived Father Fitzsymons just eight months, and her last hours were peace indeed."

"We heard of her death," remarked Eva, wiping away her tears. Father Robert Nugent wrote to Father Stafford about it. We had the letter in the house."

"Had you?' Oh, I would so have loved to see it!" cried Mary, "I can remember one sentence of it," said Eva, "and you have not, I trust, forgotten your Latin; he said, after speaking of her pious end, *Hæc vere erat Mater Societatis nostræ in hoc regno.* No slight praise for a woman, in truth."

"She deserved it." said Mary, and all else that could be said of her self-devotion and faith. "And now, Eva, tell me of yourself. Were you frightened during the siege?"

"'Twas a time of great anxiety. We moved into the town, some of us to the kind O'Sullivans', others to the Maguires', and altogether the confusion, the interruption to our rule was such that should the town be again besieged, I believe it is Mother Abbess' intention for us to go to Wexford. There our community is flourishing, and there seems small danger of an attack. This place is so near England, and so close to Dublin, 'tis always in danger."

"And," said Mary, sadly, "I suppose by now Bride hath told Mother Abbess the last news: The Lord Protector hath landed at Dublin with an immense force."

Eveleen clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven.

"Therefore Henry bade me tarry here but one day, for he hath heard 'tis the intention of Cromwell to reduce this town to the Parliament. The chief will concentrate his army in a more distant part of Ulster. The numbers he has with him now are too few for a battle. Thanks be to God, Eveleen, I have been able to come hither to-day. If you go to Wexford God only knows when we may meet again."

"What thinks the chief of our prospects?" asked Eveleen.

"Alas! he saith little, but he is greatly changed. He is more aged and worn in these three years than in the thirteen preceding ones, saith Henry. It hath been a cruel time for him."

"But how truly noble his acts, Mary! How my heart hath leapt within me when I heard his deeds recounted. He is a greater hero in my eyes than he hath ever been. Had he led his army from one victory to another, or even sustained defeat from a well-armed foe, he would have done only what many heathen men have done before him; but to obey like a child a man, who, though most worthy of respect, erred in judgment; to withstand with patience the ill-conduct of Preston; to put aside his throne and train his army, when those who should have been as one disputed around him: this is true heroism."

"You say sooth," rejoined Mary; "but 'tis a hard trial for him, and I misdoubt me whether it will not wear out both heart and brain."

"And what news from Louvain?"

"Yes, the dear mother there is well*;

* Norah O'Dogherty, widow of Caffar O'Neill, married Owen Roe O'Neill, and was residing at Louvain at this date.—See Rev. C. Meehan's "Flight of the Earls."

but she doth pine and languish for a sight of husband and children, greatly doth she desire to see my little Owen; and if only there would be a chance of peace, I would make the sacrifice of leaving Henry and journeying thither, but until now it hath been impossible."

"Truly so," rejoined Sister Clare, "but poor Rosa, how I feel for her! how weary her life must be!"

Little Owen now broke into the room, laden with flowers, eager to show them to his mother and the baby.

"And Gerald, Mary?" enquired Eva, as she took Owen on her knee to keep him quiet. "You know I have seen him from time to time when he hath crept here, by some device or other, to visit Bride. Poor fellow, 'tis hard for him to wait so long, and in truth I believe she doth weary of it now, and before long they are to be wed."

"To be sure," answered Mary, "Gerald came back last time from Drogheda full of life; Bride and her parents have promised him her hand this very year. He comes hither to-night to escort me back; he was not returned from an expedition on which the Chief hath sent him when I set forth, and Henry would not let me tarry, but to-day he cometh, and there is good news for him;—for what think you that strange child, Bride told me last night, when the children were abed and we alone in the moonlight?" She will wed this very September, she saith; it was foretold her by a wise woman that her fate should be decided on the first morn of Autumn, and so she saith that if she marry in any other month Gerald is sure to die, and she will have to marry again."

The sisters laughed heartily over the novel idea, and then Sister Clare began to ask after her father; and thus in loving converse the hours slipped away, and when evening drew on the sisters were obliged to part.

Both felt they would probably not meet again for years; and it was mercifully hidden from them that never again on earth should they look into each other's eyes.

At nightfall Gerald arrived, and early next morning Mary and her children, under his escort, left Drogheda, and journeyed towards the place where a small portion of the O'Neill's army was encamped.

Gerald was, as Mary had expected, in high spirits; it having been fixed that he was to return in a few weeks to Drogheda and wed his long-loved Bride. As he descanted on all his plans, an indefinable cold chill crept round Mary's heart;—she smiled, she listened, she gave loving sympathy to his hopes and joys, but ever in her ears kept sounding the refrain that she knew so well in Spanish:

All passes away
God only shall stay.

In a farmhouse near the encampment Mary and her children took up their abode.

The chief was waiting for news of Cromwell's movements, and at last, as scout after scout came in with tidings, he determined to push northwards the following day; but, as it happened to be Sunday, Mass was to be said before the march took place.

It was a glorious August day; even at the early hour at which Mass was said the sun was scorching, and the sky was of a clear, bright hue. An Altar was erected on a mountain-side, and the whole of the green verdure was covered by a kneeling crowd.

The handful of men with the O'Neill could not be called an army: but, few or many, the troops of Owen Roe were always well disciplined, and were drawn up in military order for the Mass.

Near the Altar knelt the chief, not far from him was Sir Luke, and near them again was Mary, with the children and Biddy. The holy rite commenced, and the awful moment had arrived when once more, 'twixt heaven and earth, the Son of Man is lifted up.

The attention of one of the soldiers, who had been stationed as sentry in accordance to custom rather than from any fear of danger, had been attracted for some minutes by a group in the distance whose appearance was strange to him. He pointed them out to Gerald Fitzgerald.

Gerald gazed intently for a minute, and then exclaimed, in an under tone, "Then, may God have mercy on our souls! We can but sell our lives dearly; they are Cromwell's Ironsides."

He turned instantly towards the spot

where knelt the O'Neill, absorbed in prayer. At that instant, full and clear, rang out the Consecration-bell; and, obeying that involuntary impulse, the result of a life-long custom, he fell on his knees and buried his head.

Clear and distinct sounded on his ears the tramp of the approaching horsemen. One instant more and they would have skirted the large clump of trees which was now hiding from their view the Altar and congregation.

What a prize! in one instant to drop on the O'Neill, his son, and the picked men of his army. What would be Mary's fate and that of her babes? All this flashed through Gerald's mind with that astonishing rapidity with which we are told scenes are brought before the mind of drowning men. Gerald was a brave soldier, but this horror was more than man could face. Cromwell's army was known to number thousands; he was known to be on his way to Drogheda. These men were doubtless only the advanced guard.

Gerald's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. With the instinct of a child he cried inwardly, "God of angels! God of heaven! save us in this hour!"

He raised his eyes to the blue sky above with an agonised glance, when, marvel of Mary's power and mercy! the blue vault could no longer be seen; a dark cloud overspread the sky; he looked around; a thick and blinding mist enveloped the whole scene, soft drizzling rain fell on his burning brow. All surrounding objects were hidden from his eyes; only dimly could he see the outline of the Altar and the motionless figure of the priest. The Mass went on; the tramp of horsemen now, as he well knew, past the goodly clump of trees sounded as the dull thud horses' feet is wont to do in a fog. They never stopped; gradually they were getting more and more distant. Gerald listened with rapt attention till the last sound had died away, and suddenly he was recalled to himself by the sound of the clear-toned bell again, and the priest's voice sounded through the mist: "*Domine non sum dignus!*"

Mary had wondered, when she saw the thick mist, how they would all find their way to the Altar's foot to receive communion; but as the cry burst forth, "Lord, I am not worthy," echoed in each fervent heart, suddenly, as if a curtain were lifted, the mist rolled off; there was above them again the blue sky, and the bright sunshine lit up surrounding objects. Gerald had never been remarkable for a great outward show of devotion, and his men were astonished to see him strike his breast, and fall prostrate on the ground.*

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

"Welcome, dear child," said Mother Abbess as she entered the parlor, and was greeted by Bride O'Sullivan.

"Dear Mother," answered Bride, in her usual gay tone, and with her accustomed smile, "I have come to carry you away again with me."

"Is there, then, fresh news?"

"It seems certain, Mother, that this miserable regicide whom they term the Lord Protector will besiege the city. It will not fall," added Bride, confidently. "Sir Arthur is determined not to yield. You know that the last capitulation was not caused by necessity, but things are changed now; we are perfectly safe within the walls, but not without; and once more, dear Mother, you must come and bless our poor house by your presence;" and she bent to kiss the Abbess's hand.

"My child," said the Abbess, while her voice trembled and tears started into her eyes, "God ever reward you for your loving care of us. I believe His best benedictions will descend on you and yours, Bride; for our Lord is very generous, and if His blessings are marked with the cross you will not refuse them, will you? But I almost made up my mind last time, and I think all my Sisters were of the same council, that if again it pleased Providence to permit the city to be attacked, we would fly to Wexford."

Even Mother Abbess, although she knew Bride better than most people, was dismayed at the storms of grief that shook the young girl's frame. It was some time before she could speak. At last she gasped out, "What shall become

* The above incident is one of the numerous traditions which linger in Ireland concerning the memorable stay of Cromwell in that country.

of me, Mother, without you. To lose you, and Mother Vicaress, and Eveleen all at once."

"Why," said the Abbess, trying to cheer her, "to hear you we should think it was Gerald."

"I care for you more than for him," cried Bride, impetuously, though the glow on her cheek and the light in her eyes belied her words.

"And you are so soon to wed, Bride. After your marriage you will be no longer the child of the house as you have hitherto been. Other cares and other joys will occupy your thoughts."

But Bride could not be consoled, and seldom had her fair face worn so pale and tear-stained an appearance as when she slowly left the Convent and turned her steps towards home. Ever and anon she looked back sorrowfully at the Convent walls and her tears flowed afresh.

It had been a blessed home to her—a refuge in her hours of care and grief; for bright as was her aspect, Bride had her dark hours. She was one of those blithe natures who can soon throw off sorrow, and who love to hide their deepest feelings; but the Convent had been the spot where she was wont to pour out those same feelings—where she prayed eager impassioned prayers for Gerald, who, though oft tormented by her, was yet constantly beloved. It was a breaking up of her cherished perverseness for the first time in her life; and who knoweth not the anguish of that wrench of the heart?

Not long after her departure, the Abbess assembled the nuns. As they took their places one by one, each glanced anxiously at their Mother's face; for they knew well she had news of no ordinary import to tell.

"My dear sisters," she began, "fresh troubles are at hand; the city is again threatened with a siege, and it is supposed to be likely one of great length and severity. Our dear Bride hath flown to us on the first alarm to offer refuge to us and help us in every way. Her devotion to us is very great. Let us, my sisters, see that we repay her love as best we are able. Now for our future, you know the embarrassment to which we were exposed during the last siege; 'twas short, thanks be unto God, and attended with none of those horrors and griefs which usually follow such an event. Yet we had to leave our cloister to separate in two parties, and found it almost impossible to follow our holy rule in any respect. Most of you know, sisters, that my thought hath been, if such a misfortune again threatened us, that we should fly to Wexford, and bid farewell for ever to our foundation here. But I desire to know your counsel on the subject. Go my sisters, reflect before God—ask for light that we may know what we have to do or suffer for His Holy name, and let us meet again in the evening.

With grave faces, down some of which tears were flowing, the nuns withdrew; and long and fervent were the supplications which went up to Heaven from that faithful little flock.

In the meantime Bride had reached her home, which stood near the gate of St. Lawrence. She soon effaced the trace of her tears, and appeared about the house as blithe apparently as ever. The sound of low sobbing burst in her ear, proceeding from the room where her mother generally sat.

Hastening thither, she found her mother in tears, drawn forth by the sight and sound of Kathleen Maguire's passionate grief.

"What ails you, Kate?" cried Bride in astonishment.

"She is so frightened my darling about the siege. I tried to comfort her telling her how we feared the last time, and yet how little we suffered, but she will not take comfort."

"No, no," sobbed Kathleen, "this man, they say is like an avenging fury; he is invincible, all falls before him and we must all perish."

"Invincible! Tush!" cried Bride, "how can you talk such folly, Kathleen. The end of this will be a repulse to Cromwell and victory to the King's party."

"Alas! alas!" sighed Kathleen, "I cannot deem your words sooth, Bride, I feel as if some dreadful calamity were at hand."

"Here comes Hugh," said Bride, looking out of the window.

"He is come to seek for me," answered Kathleen, brightening up a little.

In an instant Hugh Maguire entered the room and greeted Bride and her

mother with great respect.

"How now, Hugh, have you come for a truant wife?"

"Indeed, have I," answered he. "I guessed how she would take the news."

Kathleen clung to his arm.

"Is there any hope—are we all lost?"

"Tush child, nothing is lost! Lord Cromwell is not here; 'tis rumored he doth approach—but 'tis not certain. Again, if his troops come he may not be with them in person; and, lastly, what think you, Lord Ormond saith in a despatch sent ere while to the Governor?"

"I cannot divine," sighed Kathleen, not yet re-assured.

"Oh! tell us Hugh," cried Bride eagerly, "Ormond though, is coming to us, and I should love to know what he said."

"He saith he is well content that Cromwell should come hither, that the siege will detain him so long. See we are at the very end of August; winter will come on apace. He could not reduce this place under many more months. His own men will suffer sorely, and his attention will be called off to other parts of Ireland. Fear not, good and kind friends, we are all safe. Would to God all Ireland were the same."

Kathleen dried her tears, and her gentle face reassumed its usual look of peaceful tranquility.

Bride exclaimed, "Then, Hugh, I may tell Mother Abbess 'tis folly to think of quitting the place and taking refuge at Wexford."

"Folly, indeed," answered the young man lightly: "but now, Kathleen, if you are ready, we must bid our good friends farewell."

After they were gone Bride told her mother all that was passing at the Convent, and together they lamented over Mother Abbess's ideas and resolved to try and change her mind. Bride would go thither on the morrow and recount all she had heard. This settled she went about her household duties, singing as usual. Why did her voice falter ever and anon? Why was there a heavy weight at her heart? Why did the words, "In the hour of death deliver us O Lord," ring in her ears? Why did a rush of unwonted tears fill her eyes? She could not tell; perhaps it was the grief for losing her friends. No, something whispered it had a still deeper cause Bride knew not; but she could not rest, and putting on her ample cloak, she stole to the Franciscan Church to find Father Taaffe.

A long grave conference followed between them. Bride resolved to follow his advice and prepare her soul now while life coursed through her veins for that awful hour which so often comes upon us unawares.

In the evening the nuns again gathered round their Abbess and she bade them speak their mind freely.

Almost all were anxious to go to Wexford.

"My only fear is," said Mother Vicaress; "but doubtless Mother, you also have thought of it, whether we ought to leave the poor city in which we have had so much kindness shown unto us, at the hour of its peril. Cannot our unworthy prayers do somewhat to avert the misfortunes which seem to hang over it."

"I have thought of that, dear sister, and I have taken advice from our good Fathers here on the point; but they reply the siege is likely to be long and protracted. The well-known determination of Cromwell leaves no doubt that eventually he will conquer the town, though the resistance will be long and sharp; but every mouth to be fed within the city will be an additional tax on the defenders. The Fathers think no women ought to stay, except those bound by family duties or necessity."

"Then there is nothing more to be said," remarked Mother Vicaress; "'twould be flying in the face of Providence to remain under such circumstances."

"We must follow our Master's counsel then, dear sisters," continued the Abbess. "'When they persecute ye in one city flee unto another.' And we shall go forth with joy, shall we not, rejoicing to suffer for the Lord."

Every voice answered, with an eager accent.

"Then we make our preparations for departure," remarked the Mother Vicaress. "Is there great haste in the matter, Mother?"

"No," said the Abbess, "the information is not certain, and the enemy can-

not yet be approaching the city. We shall have due notice from Bride and our Fathers, so let us make our holy rule faithfully till the last moment."

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

The Abbess' decision to leave Drogheda had not been made without much thought and prayer. Many of the Sisters belonged to families in the town, who were naturally much grieved at the breaking up of the convent, and came one after another to entreat the Superior to alter her decision.

a thunder-bolt on the community when they were told that Cromwell was really before the town.

Soon after this alarming news had reached them, Father Taaffe wended his way to the convent. Cautious as the good man was, he believed himself to be so far in safety.

The inhabitants of the few cabins outside St. Laurence's Gate were hastily preparing to leave their miserable abodes, and take refuge in the town. Cows and pigs were being driven towards the city gate.

There was a great deal of noise and

ESCAPE OF THE NUNS.

The Abbess remained firm in her determination; but as she was most unwilling to break up a foundation which God had very signally blessed, she resolved to wait till the last moment ere she took the serious step of leaving the town.

Every day news was brought to the convent, and always of an encouraging nature. In truth, the celerity of Cromwell's movements took the garrison of Drogheda by surprise, and it burst like

confusion going on, and the steps of Father Taaffe were arrested again and again by weeping women and sorrowful-looking men beseeching his blessing and prayers; so that he did not perceive his steps were dogged, and that when he entered the little domain of the Poor Clares, a figure glided silently behind him, and when he had passed into the parlor, the window of which was overshadowed by a thick creeping plant, the same figure concealed itself in such a

manner as to hear all that was said within the chamber.

"At last, Father," said the Mother Abbess, "the time has come. God grant it may not be too late. We ought to have gone some days ago—ought we not?"

"It would have been better," responded the priest. "Nevertheless, I believe there is time."

"The Lord-Lieutenant is veritably here in person?" demanded the Vicaress.

"He is," answered Father Taaffe. "When the morning dawned we beheld his troops before us; but he hath got much to do ere he can attack the town. His batteries have yet to be constructed. It will take him, we think, twelve or fourteen days to accomplish that work, and until then he dare not molest us seriously. But you must at once enter the town, and as the sooner you can quit it the better, I have arranged—and it please you, Mother Abbess, that you should set sail this very night."

"We are ready, good and kind Father," answered the Abbess.

"The moon is at her full," rejoined the priest. "At nightfall, then, you will embark in two boats, which will take you down the Boyne to the place where the little craft is lying. She, having you aboard, will set her sails with all speed for Wexford. Now, I have come hither to say Mass, and to consume the Blessed Sacrament, after which Bride O'Sullivan and some of her people will arrive to aid you quit this house, and enter the town."

"Father," said the Abbess, "is there time for shrift before you begin your Mass?"

"There is," returned the Father; "for it is yet early morn, and if by noontide you are beneath the roof of the O'Sullivans, it will suffice."

So saying, he went towards the chapel, followed by the nuns, and the unseen auditor glided from his hiding-place, and directed his steps, not into the town, but by a long *detour* which would bring him to the outposts of Cromwell's army.

Very tranquilly the Mass was said, and one by one the nuns drew near to receive for the last time the Bread of Life from the Altar, where they had been nourished with that Divine Food for so many years. Tears coursed down the cheeks of some, others were calm and unmoved; but there was a burst of low, restrained grief when after Mass, Father Taaffe began to strip the Altar, and they knew Jesus in His Sacrament had one dwelling place less.

With many tears the last meal was eaten, and soon after the sad procession began to move. By twos and threes the Sisters went, the Abbess going last of all, and the little convent of S. Mary of the Angels was left empty and desolate.

The day passed sadly in taking farewells. The house of Bride O'Sullivan was crowded with persons who came to take leave of daughther, sister, or niece, and old and tried friends also had a parting word to say.

Sister Clare of Jesus, was more free than many of her Sisters, as none of her family were in Drogheda. She wandered into the garden which adjoined the O'Sullivans's house, and there was met by Kathleen Maguire, whose sweet face was bathed in tears.

"Dearest Katie," said Sister Clare, "you must not mourn our departure so bitterly. You have your good husband, Hugh, and your fair children by your side, and in this world we must learn to part with our friends."

"Ah, Eveleen," sighed Kathleen, "'tis but the beginning of the end. I feel a sad foreboding that we shall never meet again. Do you know—ah, no, I never had courage to tell thee—on my wedding-day, as I was coming home from the chapel, leaning on my dear Hugh's arm, an old woman—I suppose she was a 'wise woman' muttered as I passed,

Och, fair maid,
Soon to fade!

and a cold chill crept about my heart. For myself, Eveleen, I could be ready to die, but it seems to me she meant that my Hugh would be taken from me, and then, assuredly, I shall fade, and that quickly," and Kathleen's tears flowed fast.

"My own dear Kate," said Sister Clare, "lift up your heart, and do not be dismayed. Why heed or ponder on the sayings of some poor, half-witted creature; indeed 'tis a sad mistake to call such a one wise. 'Tis the will of our God to hide the future from us. Oh,

Kate, let us not seek to know what His mercy has covered from our eyes. Are not the arms of His Providence around us, dear one!—is He not always our good Father?"

"Yes, I know it," answered Kathleen, *growing calmer*, "but do not be displeased with me, Eva, I feel that I *cannot* give up Hugh, I *cannot* live without him. Eva, is it very sinful of me?"

"I will tell you a thought that has comforted me often," said Sister Clare, "in the pang of separation, and though I pray and trust, my dear, you may not have to part with your Hugh, I know you cannot but suffer from the agony of expectation."

"Oh, that is just so, Eva, how thou hast divined my heart!"

"Ah, Kate," said Sister Clare, with a smile, "human hearts are made very much alike; and when we study our own hearts, we learn to feel for the woes of others."

"And this thought, dear Eva, that comforted you?"

"It was, Kathleen, that great as our love for one another may be, and pure love of wife for husband, of mother for child, is, I know, exceedingly great, still 'tis as nothing compared with the love of God for the soul He hath made. God loves your Hugh far more than you *can* love him, Katie;—will He therefore harm him? Even you do not watch every hair of his head, but our God doth."

"Ah, Eveleen, that is a heavenly thought; would that I could cherish it as thou dost, but thou art detached from the things of earth."

Sister Clare smiled sweetly. "It is hard to be perfectly detached, Kathleen, and I doubt whether by God's grace I should ever have attained that little detachment which I trust I have, save for this thought which Mother Abbess taught me at the beginning of my noviciate—that all which is lovely and beautiful in creatures or on earth is but a ray of God's love and beauty; then when that thought hath sunk into the heart the soul soars above and longeth to find the source of love and beauty. Hark! Kathleen, I hear voices calling us, we must go."

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH CANADIAN WOMEN AND THE IRISH ORPHANS OF 1847.

By Rev. B. O'Reilly.

* * * * It is November in Quebec, in that same memorable year 1847, and November had set in with unusual severity. The country parishes all round had each received its colony of Irish Orphans or young girls, who were adopted by the excellent farmers. Still the temporary asylums in Quebec attached to St. Patrick's church remained overcrowded; no provision had been made for their sustenance during the long winter which was setting in so fiercely; and local charity, it was feared, had been exhausted by the extraordinary drain of the preceding six months.

At a meeting of ladies it was resolved that the most zealous would go by sub-committees of twos and threes into all the neighboring parishes, and knock at every door to exhort every family to adopt one of the many hundreds of homeless waifs left behind by the retiring tide of disease and wretchedness. Women's tongues are eloquent when fired by such a cause; they were welcomed everywhere, and a day was fixed when the orphans should be brought to St. Patrick's church, and all who wished to add one more stranger to their family circle were to go there and make their choice.

So on the day appointed, the ferries from Point Levi and the Island of Orleans were early crowded with farmers' wives and daughters, while along the roads from St. Foye and Beauport, Charlebourg and Loretto, the vehicles of the country people streamed into the city as to some great public festival.

It was near noon, and in the house of a French Canadian ship carpenter, out near the banks of the St. Charles River, at the extremity of the St. Roch suburb, the cheerful, active mother of six children was just concluding her morning's labors, sending off her eldest girl with the father's dinner to the ship-yard, leaving her infant nursling with a kind neighbor, and then hurrying away—a distance of fully two miles, to St. Pat-

rick's church. She had been delayed in spite of her utmost exertions, and her only feeling as she ran along the road, was one of fear lest she should be too late at the church and miss the prize which she had promised her husband to bring home to himself and their dear ones.

The silent empty streets through which she passed on nearing the church made her heart sink within her; and as she entered St. Patrick's there was no one there but a few good old souls telling their beads before the altar, and some of the soldiers of the garrison performing "the Way of the Cross." The tears filled her eyes as she knelt a moment in adoration; and then she hastened to explore the two large sacristies behind the church. They were empty! As she passed through the lower one, what she deemed a stifled sob struck her ear; but the distant corner whence it seemed to issue was very dark, and her eyes were still half blinded by the brilliant sun outside and the glare of the snow. So, in her excitement, she heeded not the sound, but crossed the court-yard to the rectory and knocked timidly at the door. The servant, on opening, saw this good woman in tears, and scarcely able to articulate one word. At length she gasped out, "The orphans?"—"The orphans, ma'am?" replied the other; "there are none here!"—"Where are they?"—"All gone—all taken away by the ladies."—"Have you none that you might let me have?"—"No, indeed," was the answer; and with this the poor woman turned away with a heavy heart. As she re-entered the lower sacristy on her way to the church, her ear was again struck with the sound of sobbing, and coming, this time, more audibly from the distant dark corner. She was there in a moment; and bending, or rather kneeling down, she distinguished a female child, with its head between its hands, sobbing and moaning piteously.

It was a little girl, some five years old, who on the voyage out had lost father and mother, brothers, sisters—all! The little thing, naturally a very beautiful child, had had in succession fever, dysentery and small-pox; and beneath this complication she had almost sunk. She had partially lost the use of her lower limbs, and had been frightfully disfigured. In the church whither she had been brought early in the morning with the other orphans, the charitable women had invariably passed her by, choosing as was natural, the most comely children for their adopted ones—and the sensitive slighted little thing sobbed so piteously that she was taken to the sacristy in order not to disturb the proceedings in the church. There she had sat in the corner, sobbing herself to sleep, and had been forgotten when the crowd left the church. So, as the opening of the sacristy door, a moment ago, had roused the forlorn one from her somnolency, she had looked up at the stranger coming in with a revival of hope, and a sob escaped her as the latter passed out by the opposite door. Once more hiding her face in her hands, she wept and sobbed with increased bitterness, as if the little wounded heart within would burst her chest.

And thus the good carpenter's wife found her, as she knelt in the gloom by her side. "What is the matter, dear child?" she said, with infinite tenderness in her tone. "Who has left you?—Speak to me my dear!" she went on, as she removed the hands from her face. The child looked up through her scalding tears at the sweet sound of that motherly voice, and all was plain to the speaker. The face so disfigured that the woman drew back involuntarily. But recovering herself instantly, and—as she expressed it, indignant at her own cowardice, she extended both arms lovingly to the weeper, "Kiss me darling," she said, as her own tears flowed fast, "kiss me, come to my heart; don't be afraid, I am your mother now." And she folded her in her embrace, covering her face and head with tears and kisses. The ship-carpenter's family possessed a blessed treasure that night.

No, this is not extraordinary charity: great hearts, like that of that noble woman, abound everywhere among our laboring people. O women, who read these lines, remember that your charity, your generosity will find in your every day ordinary life rich opportunities for their exercise. Never neglect any occasion God sends you of doing the good you can. Great charity, like every other great virtue, does not consist in

doing extraordinary circumstances; it depends on our doing with all our heart the good we have the chance of doing at every moment within our homes and outside of them.

"I have known a word hang starlike
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on Life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air:
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever night and day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away."

LOVE AND TRUTH.

A True Story.

I.

ALMOST MIDDAY!

The terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway in the fair city is like a hive. Everyone bustling, making preparations for departure. Porters, recklessly indifferent to consequences, roll luggage trucks over the gouty, and rheumatic, over agitated nurses and straying babies, with the strictest impartiality; now double up corpulent old gentlemen, hitting them about the third button of the vest; and again, carry away two-thirds of a lady's shawl, and entire head dress, in conscientious discharge of their duty. Passengers crush for tickets, as if the supply were not happily inexhaustible, and form instantaneous schemes of vengeance against every individual within a radius of six swaying heads. Low down among the carriages, glide grimly fitters, who sound the wheels and minutest bolts with appaling energy; guards, having nothing to do in particular, slam doors violently, and open them again, as if suddenly repentant; engineer assistants rub their iron steed, and draw back to admire the general effect; and what with labelling, registering, hammering, and polishing, with a harmonious accompaniment of cursing, growling, and screaming, the din and bustle are anything but delightful. Groups of joyous excursionists scattered about, laugh and chat at intervals; but there are some knots of folks interspersed through the crowd, with whom sadness is the prevailing emotion, and whose heaving bosoms, and moist eyes, speak of separation.

"Does the train start soon?" The speaker was a powerfully built young man, little above the medium height,—young, very young, not more than twenty, but with lines of care and sorrow already strangely developed on his pale large face.

"No! sir," answered the guard consulting his watch in a rapid glance, "it wants ten minutes good of the time."

"Ah! Thank you!"

"For the capital, sir?" ventured the guard, inquiringly.

"Yes! yes! certainly for Dublin, and beyond," and the young man turned away. Hardly had he proceeded a yard, when a smart slap on the shoulder brought him face to face with a glad, rosy-cheeked boy of about sixteen.

"Why, Fred, you were going away without letting me know," said the cheery arrival reproachfully, "what could be the meaning of that?" and he shook the other by the hand warmly. "Going away for years, and no one to say one kind farewell. I just heard it from——from Annie," he said in a low tone, "and ran away to catch you in time, and say, Oh so many things, before you started. Why did you not tell me?" and without seeming to expect an answer he continued. "Well I am very sor——that is glad, glad of course, that you are going to begin your real studies, and that you will be far away from the brutes here."

"Hush! George," returned the young man in a tremulous choking voice "they are quite right, not to accompany me here, for I don't deserve——"

"Don't deserve, you Fred," cried out the boy indignantly, "what better, kinder,——"

"Now, now," interrupted his friend, "I do not deserve, besides" pursued he, seeing the other with a reply bursting on his lips, "besides these sisters and brothers have families to look after; and though they should, as poor father and mother are dead, try to——"

"Yes! I know them. Because you are a burthen at present you must go away unnoticed and unknown. They would not let Annie come either, but a few years will arrange matters differently, Fred, I bet."

"Ah! a few years! How I wish they were past."

"They will pass in their own good time," exclaimed the boy, prophetically. "So now don't make yourself miserable. But Clara——" he leant over and whispered.

"No! she didn't?" the young man said as if doubting the evidence of his senses.

"But she did! She was with Annie at the time, and there were tears in her eyes, *as she gave it to me.* See here it is."

It was a small link of hair, that he handed his companion, who took, and kissed it eagerly, and with a species of reverence. "Oh! now I can go away gladly indeed. The pain of departure has lost all its bitterness."

They went arm in arm, lovingly towards the carriage into which the travellers were entering hastily.

"Take your seats, gentlemen, please," cried an official. "Ah! only one going; get in sir, if you please." Then he closed the door.

"Good bye, Fred!" said the boy standing on the platform, and holding the hand, extended through the window, "Good bye! and God bless you. I'll tell Clara all,—and more if you desire it," he added jokingly, and trying in vain to wink, but his eyes filled with tears in spite of him, and turned his head away to conceal them.

"Here, Good bye George. I suppose it would not be unmanly if we kissed one another?" He clasped the boy's hand in a vice-like grasp, and unmindful of observant eyes kissed him twice.

The train did not move for a minute, but not another word was spoken on either side. Both were mastered by their emotion. Presently, a shrill whisle, a hoarse scream from the engine, a dull, quick vibration as of something pawing the ground in impatience, a snort or two expressive of wild joy at release, and away *shot the iron monster* into the glorious sunlight, dragging its freight of youth and age, wealth and indigence, joy and sorrow, all strangely intermingled, Frederick Graham sitting sadly, with the link of fair hair, wet with the rain of kisses he poured upon it, in his thin hand—all speeding with lightning swiftness, northwards.

II.

Frederick Graham had been five years in Paris, five long, weary years devoted by high-hearted youth to deep and patient study. Among the thousands who attended the Lectures in the School of Medicine, he was ever to be seen, pale and thoughtful, dreading to meet the learned lecturer's eye, yet drinking in, the while, the very soul of what was uttered, and storing it away in his busy brain. Esteemed by his fellow-students, wild, roaring dashing, jolly, devil-may-care blades, as a sort of handsome, goodnatured dunce, he lived alone. His hopes, if he had any, were known only to himself; his cares, and they were multitudinous, were shared by no loving heart. Never hearing from home, during that interminable time, friendless, and almost hopeless, he supplied to various journals, affording him only scant means of livelihood. The final examinations for degrees were held at length, and Frederick, who, distrusting his own abilities, well-nigh fainted at the trial, barely succeeded in securing a place in the list of young doctors. The multiplied labors, he had undergone, coupled with the excitement of a contest from which his sensitive nature shrunk, prevailed over his weakened energy and constitution, and he was stricken down, and carried to the Hotel Dieu, in a fever. In an interval of consciousness he gave the attending doctor his address, who immediately telegraphed to his friends. Then he relapsed again, and his ravings were renewed.

"This is a bad case, sister," said the doctor, three days afterwards, to a meek attentive nun, who sat at the sick man's head, wiping his wet brow, "a bad case. Poverty and neglect have done their fell work here. He is fearfully attenuated, and has, I fear, no strength to bear him up against the attack. Poor fellow?"

"Oh! we may hope still, may we not doctor?" returned the tender-hearted religious.

"Well; of course, while there is life there is hope. The old adage you know. But the chances are against him. Say, sister," he added, "has he been conscious since I left?"

"Not while I have been with him at least," she answered "and the others assured me that he raved very badly, too, while they watched. Listen——"

The patient's lips moved, but no distinct sounds were heard; gradually the articulation grew more marked.

"He is English," said the doctor. "He speaks of Clara—Ha."——

The sick man's eyes flashed, grew radiant, and burned brightly, and a torrent of quick, passionate sentences followed in rapid succession.

"Poor fellow, *poor fellow!*" muttered the doctor, so the heart is sick too! Clara, I fear shall never enjoy your love more. Surely, God, should not strike down one so young, beautiful, and so good. The future might repay him for the past."

"God's will be done at all times," said the nun, in a pious tone. The doctor walked away, believing that he had compromised already his dignity and his profession by such open manifestation of his sympathy. The nun bent over the raving patient, and sang softly, so sweetly that the music did not reach the neighboring beds. The song she sang was the Magnificat. Just then a figure draped in black hurriedly entered the ward and looked anxiously around. A nurse, in snowy cap and creamy apron, who was with her, pointed to where the figure of the young man lay. The next moment she had flung herself across his breast and clasped him close.

"Fred, Fred, my darling, do you not know me; me, Annie, your sister, your dear, dear sister?"

He looked at her with a searching glance. "Go away," he cried sharply "who are you? go away."

"Your sister, darling, look at me, Fred, my dearest brother! Only one word, Fred, say you know me. Oh Fred! only one word." But he turned away and gazed restlessly around him. The nun took his hand and wiped his dripping forehead. Suddenly he looked at her. "You are like Annie," he said, "Did you know her? or Clara? see here"——and he took from his bosom a little locket from which he drew a link of fair hair. As if there were magic in the sight he became quite sensible. The doctor, who had returned whispered to the weeping Annie, and she left the room. "Better wait a while," he said, "I shall return in a moment." He was back instantly. "You can come now, he knows you are here."

The embrace of the sister and her neglected brother was touching, but it lasted only a moment. Almost simultaneously with his kissing her passionately, came confusion and whirling madness.

A fortnight rolled by. The fever had left him, but life had too frail a tenure, and it ebbed slowly away. "Can nothing save him?" asked his sister one day, as she sat near the dying man's head. The question was whispered. "Nothing," was the short sad answer. "He——in fact to be candid, mademoiselle, he cannot live till morning." The doctor strode off.

"Annie!" faintly murmured the sick man.

"Well, darling!"

"I am dying, I know it, so don't try to hide it from me, you will not be sorry when I am gone? promise me." She took him by the feeble hand and bending down kissed hem.

"Promise me!" he repeated.

"Yes, yes, of course I promise everything.

"I am tired," he said in a weak, painfully weak voice. "It would be sweet to die were Clara here. Why did she not write all the time?"

"Write?" demanded his sister in amazement.

"Why she and I wrote a hundred times."

He looked surprised. "I never got them," he said musing. "But at least you got mine?"

"Never."

"Good God! Good God! did not get them?" he repeated. "They must have been kept by——" The sick man paused and a slight shudder passed over him. "Annie, do not come to weep at all above my grave, but let flowers and the velvet grass spring there, and little children play merrily. And tell Clara——"

"Come now, Fred, you must not talk so; such thoughts will pain you."

"Oh! if Clara were here!" whispered he in a trembling tone.

"Clara is here!" cried a light musical voice, and that fair young girl ran forward (as he started up all weak as he was) and clasped him to her bosom. The long curls floated down loosely, and veiled his pale, large face. She threw them back. Her eyes were dim with tears. You must not die Fred, my love! my life!" This was all she could say. Her voice was choked with grief.

"He must die," muttered the doctor vehemently; "he must die by G——."

But he didn't. The summer sun, making the room glorious with its light, softening as it descended through the course cheap curtains, already witnessed a change in the patient. Through the long watches of the night, that change became more certain, and before the grey, uncertain light of morning was succeeded by the streams of mellow gold lit up the spire, visible through the window, and the red roofs beyond, it was evident that Death was scared from the couch where the young man lay, no longer with the fair link of hair moist with kisses in his hand, for Clara's self was there, but holding that dear ones's hand in his, and heaping it with all a lovers tenderness.

III.

Two months have passed since the night Death withdrew, at the presence of Clara Melville from the bed of Frederick Graham. Still it is the same old hospital except that he is no longer there, and about thirty medical students are congregated in one corner awaiting the learned professor, the eminent Doctor Legrand.

"Six at the Morgue this morning! Now that is thoughtful and generous of the damned canaille, by the Lord Harry," said one cadaverous looking dog, with a green face as if he had a museum of bottled snakes in his interior. "But, my dear Bonnechose, anatomy has lost a splendid subject in that Graham. When I think of the figure he would cut on a dissectiong table——"

"Nonsense!" cried Bonnechose, who was after frightening into convulsions a young patient opposite by sundry flourishes of an instrument and the most inhuman grins. "Nonsense will you ever give over talking about that fellow? I do love to slash at a nice fellow, naturally enough, but honest bright! one of our own profession, you know. Now, how would you like it, Duclos?" making a pass at his companion with a lance, and nearly cutting off that scientific individual's nose. "I say, Clara's a brick," chimed in a horrid swell in immeasurably large pantaloons and immeasurable small hat.

"Why, who is Clara?" burst out a chorus of voices.

"Clara's a brick; damme, sir, she is a brick," repeated the individual in monster pantaloons. No one ventured to dispute the proposition, as all were ignorant who the brick might be. "Clara," continued the horrid, in an awfully mysterious way, "bounced out of material residence on hearing that her pale-faced Irish lover was ill. Tried to stop her. No go. Over she came, sirs; yes, damme, sirs, if she did not come over, here, here into this identical hospital, and——why, sirs, she's a brick if ever a girl was one."

"Well, tell us the entire story," roared all together.

The small pants and large pantaloons sailed away swelling with indignation.

"Here, Jules! why, have you swallowed one of your own catharties that you fly like that? There's a good fellow, tell us now, wont you?"

"'Tis beastly to be interrupted," said Jules returning, "but if you listen and—that damned Bonnechose will stick that poor old man. I was saying—oh, yes!—that such a right jolly brick"—here his eyes dilated considerably, and he looked over the heads of his auditory; may I be pounded in my own mortar and sold as sugar to maiden aunts and confounded pampkins if——".

The students turned about in astonishment. "Gentlemen," said a tall, gentlemanly young man, advancing, "my father is dying this present moment."

"Then you want none of our profession, old Spatula," observed the facetious, cock-nosed wag of the community.

"And," continued the gentleman not

noticing the interruption, "I want quickly your learned and good professor, who has been attending him for the past three weeks."

The students affected to be very serious. There was a consultation.

"What is his complaint, sir?" asked the wag, solemnly.

"That is a mystery even to your good professor, Dr. Legrand. It has defied all the efforts of science to detect it."

There was another consultation. The wag at length came forward. "Dr. Legrand won't be here for an hour or more," he said, winking like a demon at his companions. "Let us see what can be done. Ah! lucky thought! Tell me, good sir, have you seen and counseled the distinguished Frederick Graham on the case?"

"Who? Graham? No. I have never even heard of him."

"No! Then fly at once." Here he winked a hundred times a second at his grinning brethren. "Fly! you will find him probably at the—the Maison Blanche, a quiet restaurant, to be sure, but then—the man is eccentric—privilege of genius you understand, you understand. Fly!"

"I shall give ten thousand francs to him if he succeed."

"Time, sir, is more precious than francs; fly and take no excuses from him."

The gentleman waited to hear no more, but ran off amid the suppressed laughter of the students, who were delighted at the joke, and could hardly restrain their lively satisfaction.

Frederick Graham, after his recovery, was long dubious whether he should remain in France and try his fortune in the gorgeous capital, with Clara (who was now his wife with the forced consent of her parents) and Annie, his sister, whom he easily induced to remain and share their fortunes. Certainly, the horizon was clouded, and gave little signs of promise. Their funds were, besides, well nigh exhausted. This very day he was seated in his room in a retired house, which was lodging house and restaurant together, thinking; Clara was reading aloud, and Annie was busy with embroidery. A thundering clatter was heard at the door, and without a moment's notice the gentleman we seen at the hospital sprang into the room.

"You are Frederick Graham?"

"Ye—yes" stammered that person in a labyrinth of amazement.

"Then come and save my father, for God's sake: excuse me ladies, but——

"Who told you?—"

"Come, come along, I'll explain all as we go. My father, he is dying." And he hurried him from the room, leaving the ladies, all but paralysed.

In five minutes they reached the dying man's house; another instant they stood by the bed. He examined the patient. The silence was terrible. The ticking of the pretty ormolu clock on the mantel piece sounded painfully loud. No one stirred. The young man now noticed what had escaped him in his desperate excitement before—Frederick's youth and poor appearance.

"Eccentric, no doubt," he muttered in explanation of the young doctor's worn dress. As he was thinking the door was opened, and there stood—the, distinguished Legrand.

"What's this about, may I be permitted to ask?" he said passionately on seeing Frederick, whose back was towards him, by the bedside.

Frederick, turned round and revealed himself.

"What! you here, stupid!" roared Legrand, forgetting his politeness in his wrath.

"Yes! I am here, by an accident which no doubt the young gentleman will explain, but sir, no stupid if you please. I have discovered what escaped your learned observations and skill."

"The devil you have?"

"I have, thank God!" reiterated Frederick, trembling in every limb with the emotions caused by his unexpected success.

The distinguished professor approached, and stood side by side with his former pupil.

"And what is the secret I beg."

Frederick whispered in his ear.

"Impossible" exclaimed the incredulous Legrand.

"Examine for yourself then." Legrand complied with a sneer on his countenance. He leaded up and his

face was scarlet with passion. But he was generous by nature, and he put out his hand.

"It is happily true, Dr. Graham, you have succeeded where all failed. Let me be the first to offer my congratulation, your fame is henceforth established, and this single discovery puts you among the first physicians in Paris. Sir," he pursued addressing the son, "from this moment I pronounce your father out of danger, and this is the gentleman that saved his life."

Twenty minutes later, Frederick left the house famous, and besides, with a cheque for ten thousand francs in his pocket. There was not a horse in Paris could convey him to his logings, quick enough, so he ran the intervening distance, hat in hand: overturning fat matrons who before rising not to lose time piled anathemas on his bare head, off hand and without the smallest premeditation, knocking small boys with tops against neighboring walls, and thereby aggravating their bumps considerably and making their eyes water; presenting elderly gentlemen with perfectly uncalled for pains and aches in the head and toes; and conducting himself on the whole, like the most good humored and unaccountably violent madman in stocks or at liberty at that moment. To tell how on reaching the house he dashed upstairs, flattening the cook's nose for life against the window of the first landing, and spilling two greasy waiters and two and twenty hot piping dishes, and bursting into his own room, how he caught up his wife, and then his sister, and then the cat, and kissed and hugged them all, and how he would have kissed and hugged himself if he could, and to hear him tell his good fortune a hundred times over,—would require a case of particularly good gold pens, a particularly large warehouse of paper, and a particularly large army of writers, and even then, something would be left unexpressed. His future career is easily told. The prediction of Legrand was fulfilled by the result, and the year had not come to a close, when Frederick Graham was acknowledged head of his profession in the city of Paris. Then a visitor was there, and a little later there was a marriage in the Church of St. Augustine. Soon after the ceremony, the wedded pair started for Ireland, and it is not difficult for us to see in the tall cheery-faced bridegroom, and the pale beautiful bride half hidden and dim with *orange blossoms our old friend George* Melville and Annie Graham, as they sat lovingly side by side, in the carriage speeding swiftly north-wards.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow.
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is Better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lust or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labor close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
His simple opiate deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire pass away;
The world's great dream will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The bleedings that never were bought nor sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

"There is nothing on earth so stable, as to assure us of undisturbed rest; nor so powerful, as to afford us constant protection.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MOYLAN.

Among the soldiers of the American revolutionary war, who without attaining to quite the highest rank, was universally conceded to have won the very highest consideration, was Stephen Moylan, a native of Cork, but by adoption a Philadelphian. The date of his emigration must have been about 1760, at which period he was probably of man's age. His family in Cork were highly respected, and one of his brothers was the well-known and well-beloved bishop of that see. Three other brothers, Jasper, James and John, accompanied him in his emigration, and long adorned that remarkable Irish society which at the period of the revolution and long afterwards was to be met in the city of William Penn.

Of the earlier years of General Moylan's life in the Colonies we know next to nothing.

The first mention we have of Moylan is at a meeting at Burns' Tavern, Philadelphia, where, on the 17th of September 1771, he proposed the formation of the society of "the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." "His name," says Mr. Hood, in his sketch of this society, printed in 1844, "Stands first on the list of original members, and his signature is the first attached to the rules." He was also the first President, and nearly thirty years later, the last. The Medal of the society also betrays his Celto-Catholic mind. "On the right, Hibernia; on the left, America; in the centre, Liberty joining the hands of Hibernia and America, represented by the usual figures of a female supported by a harp for Hibernia; an Indian with his quiver on his back and his bow slung for America; underneath, *unite*. On the reverse, St. Patrick trampling on a snake, a cross in his hand, dressed in pontificalibus, the motto *Hiar*." This society, which began with fifteen members and two honorary members, had the high honor of "adopting" General Washington, on the 17th of December, 1781, as a son of St. Patrick. On this occasion the following gratifying correspondence and proceedings took place.

On December 17, a numerous meeting of the society was held, and dined at Evans' Tavern. Generals Hand and Knox were proposed as members, and afterwards duly elected. On the same evening, "His Excellency, General Washington, was unanimously adopted a member of the society. It was ordered that the President, Vice-President and Secretary wait on his Excellency with a suitable address on the occassion, and present him with a medal in the name of the society. Also, that they invite his Excellency and his suite to an entertainment to be prepared and given him at the City Tavern, on Tuesday, the 1st of January, 1782, to which the Secretary is requested to invite the President of the State and of Congress, the Minister of France, M. Marbois, M. Otto, the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, Mr. Francis Rendon, M. Holker, Count de la Touche and Count Dillon, with all the general officers that may be in the city."

In pursuance to this order, the President and Secretary waited on General Washington with the following address:

"*May it please your Excellency:*

"The society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in this city, ambitious to testify, with all possible respect, the high sense they entertain of your Excellency's public and private virtues, have taken the liberty to adopt your Excellency a member.

"Although they have not the clothing of any civil establishment, nor the splendor of temporal power to dignify their election, yet they flatter themselves that as it is the genuine offspring of hearts filled with the warmest attachments, that this mark of their esteem and regard will not be wholly unacceptable to your Excellency.

"Impressed with these pleasing hopes, they have directed me to present to your Excellency a gold medal, the ensign of this fraternal society, which, that you may be pleased to accept and live long to wear, is the warmest wish of your Excellency's most humble and respectful servant,

"By order and in behalf of the Society,

GEORGE CAMPBELL, President.

"To his Excellency, General Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army."

To which his Excellency was pleased to give the following answer, namely:

"SIR—I accept with singular pleasure the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick in this city—*a society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which we are embarked.*

"Give me leave to assure you, sir, that I shall never cast my eyes upon the badge with which I am honored but with graceful remembrance of the polite and affectionate manner in which it was presented. I am, with respect and esteem, sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"To George Campbell, Esq., President of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in the City of Philadelphia."

"After which the President (by a card), having requested the honor of his Excellency's company, together with the gentlemen of his suite, at dinner, at the City Tavern, on Tuesday, the 1st January, he was pleased to accept of the invitation, and according to the order of last meeting, the Secretary sent cards to all the persons therein specified, requesting the pleasure of their company at same place and time, namely, four o'clock.

"At an extra meeting at George Evans' on Tuesday, the 1st of January, 1782, the following gentlemen were present: His Excellency, General Washington, General Lincoln, General Steuben, General Howe, General Moultrie, General Knox, General Hand, General McIntosh, His Excellency, M Luzurne, M. Rendon, His Excellency, M. Hanson, His Excellency, Wm. Moore, Mr. Mullenbergh, Colonel French Tilghman, Colonel Smith, Major Washington, Count Dillon, Count de la Touche, M. Otto, M. Holler—21. Guests; George Campbell, Esq., President; Mr. Thomas Fitzsimmons, V. P.; Wm. West, Matthew Mease, John Mease, John Mitchel, S. M. Nesbit, John Nixon, Samuel Caldwell, Andrew Caldwell, Mr. James Mease, Sharp Delany, Esq., Mr. D. H. Conyngham, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Blair McCleachan, Mr Alexander Nesbitt, Mr. John Donaldson, Mr. John Barclay, Mr. James Crawford, Mr. John Patton, Mr. James Caldwell, Mr. John Dunlap, Mr. Hugh Shell, Mr George Hughes, Mr. M. M. O'Brien, Jasper Moylan, Esq., Colonel Ephraim Blaine, Colonel Charles Stewart, Colonel Walter Stewart, Colonel Francis Johnson, Dr. John Cochran, Mr. Wm. Constable, Henry Hill, Esq., Robert Morris, Esq., Samuel Meredith, Esq.—35 members.

This brilliant entertainment, it will be seen, was graced by the presence of the bravest and most distinguished Generals of the allied army of America and France—Generals Washington, Lincoln, Howe, Moultrie, Knox, Hand, McIntosh and Baron Steuben; Colonels Washington, Smith, Tilghman, Count Dillon, a French officer of Irish descent, afterward much distinguished in the wars of the French revolution, and Count de la Touche. The French and Spanish ministers, with their Secretaries, &c., were also present. Several of the First Troop (members of the society) Colonels Charles and Walter Stewart, Colonels Blaine and Johnson, with Robert Morris, Samuel Meredith and Henry Hill, honorary members.

Often, as we learn from the same authority, when the names of members such as Barry, Moylan and Hand were called, the answer was "absent at sea," "absent with the army."

Moylan, whose home is celebrated in the letters of the men and "women of the revolution," for its hospitable elegance, volunteered with twenty-three other "Friendly Sons," at the beginning of the war. He joined the army at headquarters at Cambridge, and in Aug. '75, was appointed by Washington Muster-Master General. From his correspondence with General Reid, he appears to have been zealous for breaking utterly with England. In January, '76, he writes to Reid—"when will we declare for independence?"—an act which only took place in July following. In March, with Mr. Palfrey, he was appointed Aid-de-camp to Washington, "much of whose confidence," says Mr. Hood, "he enjoyed." He is frequently mentioned in Washington's correspondence, and always favorably. From Aid-de-camp he seems to have been appointed Commissary General, and subsequently to have commanded the Dragoons, with the rank of Colonel and brevet of Brigadier. At Bergen Neck,

in the Jersey campaigns, at Germantown and at the Brandywine, finally at Yorktown, he rendered signal services. "Moylan's Dragoons," says a contemporary, "were in almost every severe action during the war."

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Chester County, Pa., where he was for a time Prothonotary of the County Court. But towards the close of his life he seems to have longed for his old haunts, and returned to the city. On the 17th of March, 1796, the society which he had founded twenty-five years before and which had lately fallen away elected him President, and Senator Thomas Fitzsimmons, Vice-President. The next and subsequent year he filled the same office, but after the disastrous issue of '98, it seems to have been abandoned.

General Moylan, who died early in the present century, is buried in St. Mary's, Philadelphia, where there is a monument erected to his memory. He was a true soldier, a good Irishman, and a strict conscientious Catholic.

STRAY LEAVES FROM HISTORY.

There are certain principles in the philosophy of history with which every body is more or less familiar; and one of the most popular is, that women have been the prime movers in every great calamity which ever afflicted the earth. How far this is sustainable is a matter about which there must always be vast difference of opinion. Some repudiate it as a gross calumny on those gentle beings who are the ministering angels of all our earthly comforts, as well as the promoters of our higher and more spiritual interests; whilst others bring to their service many stubborn facts which they hold perfectly impassible in an argument,—such, for instance, as that of eating the apple in the Garden of Eden, the siege of Troy, and a few other well-known events equally tending to establish the force of their position.

In Ireland, the faithlessness of the Princess of Breffny in running away from her lawful lord with McMurrough, King of Leinster, is generally regarded as the commencement of a long series of national misfortunes. To this fair lady has been attributed the presence of the invader on the shores of her country. She has, notwithstanding, been celebrated in story and song; and such a web of romance has been woven round her, and so many tributes paid to her beauty, that her countrymen, with characteristic gallantry, have condoned her error, and treat her memory with a certain amount of pitying forbearance.

The picture which history draws of this McMurrough is by no means flattering. He is described as being a cruel tyrant; and his father, from whom he appears to have inherited many qualities, is described in a still less enviable light; for we find that in one year he deprived of life or sight seventeen dependent princes,—a notable example of the sway which a true Irish king enjoyed in days of old. The outrages which McMurrough perpetrated brought at length their retribution. He was hurled ignominiously from his throne; and in order to recover his lost possessions he made his way to England, and from England to Normandy, to beg the assistance of Henry II. in reinstating him. He did not then succeed in getting any more than a recommendation from Henry to all his liegemen; so he returned to Wales, where he found some adventurers, who listened to the story of his wrongs, and were ready to espouse his cause. Amongst these was Fitzstephen, who promised his services and those of his followers. McMurrough, after some time returned to his home, and quietly arranged his plans for the coming struggle.

The following year Fitzstephen, true to his word, landed near Wexford with several hundred brave soldiers. Then commenced an era of slaughter and plunder; and those deeds of brutal violence which so frequently darken the page of Irish history were remorselessly practiced on the conquered natives. In one instance we find it recorded that seventy captives were flung from a steep rock by Montmorisco, although a large sum was offered for their ransom. All historians, writing of this time, concur in execrating the memory of McMurrough as a tyrant and traitor.

Whilst these scenes of bloodshed were being enacted, and the invaders, under their adventurous leader, were forcing their way slowly but steadily—winning victory after victory, a synod was held at Armagh to consider the unhappy state of the country, and inquire into the causes of this fearful invasion. The decision these venerable prelates came to was quite in keeping with their sacred calling and simple faith. There were no doubt some men, even in those days, who looked at the matter in a more matter-of-fact light, but they regarded it as a visitation called down on the country by the slave-trade which was then, it appears, very actively carried on.

The result of this solemn decision was the enfranchisement of every slave in the country. Still on went the invaders with undiminished success. Wexford and Waterford were captured; and no check was given to their victorious career until they unfurled their banners before the walls of Dublin.

Roderick, monarch of Ireland, witnessed the approach of this intrepid band of conquerors with dismay. The native princes deserted him; and those divisions amongst his followers, to which the evil fate of Ireland has been so frequently attributed, paralysed all action, and rendered the city an easy prey to the enemy. In reading Irish history these instances of internal division and conquest from abroad are constantly occurring, until we are almost tempted to believe the reproach so flippantly urged against the Irish for their dissensions at all times; but the history of any other country weakened by foreign oppression reveals precisely the same state of things. The Irish have had their private feuds, and they have suffered for them, but it is by no means a characteristic peculiarly their own; it is rather a moral feature, which attaches to every country weakened and debased by conquest.

A vigorous siege was opened, and Roderick defended the city as well as he could. At this critical juncture the name of St. Laurence O'Toole appears, who is the model saint on the Irish calendar, for holiness and patriotism. Ireland has given birth to many good and great men, whose lives have been devoted to the service of God's holy Church; but no name brings with it more affectionate reverence than that of St. Laurence O'Toole; for in addition to being a zealous and holy patriot—a hero, as well as a saint. Between the family of O'Toole which was very powerful, and the traitor McMurrough, there was an old hostility. Lorcan, or Laurence, was at an early age given him as a hostage, but after a short time was released. It appears that he was then placed under the tuition of the Abbot of Glendaloch, St. Kevin, about whom there are innumerable romantic legends. On the death of St. Kevin, St. Laurence succeeded to the abbacy, and was subsequently promoted to the see of Dublin.

St. Laurence O'Toole's life was the very perfection of sanctity. He adhered to the most rigid observances of the Church; and by example, as well as by a firm and judicious administration, he succeeded in crushing abuses and effecting reforms at a time when reform was much needed.

After several days' hard fighting, a breach was effected, and the city captured. St. Laurence during this time was unceasing in his ministrations to the wounded and dying. Even the enemy respected him; and so profound was the influence of his sacred character, that he succeeded in preserving uninjured the books, the vessels, and vestments of the churches. The native troops were broken and dispirited, and their leaders divided. The conquering army of the invader was enjoying a perfect orgie in the captured city, plundering indiscriminately, and murdering whoever offered any opposition to them. St. Laurence witnessed with bitter feelings the ruin which was going on; and in order to check it he went amongst the native princes, and besought of them to forget their private feuds, and join in a vigorous effort in expelling the invaders. His mission proved a success, and an active blockade of the city was immediately begun, the result of which was that the enemy, reduced by famine and death, offered terms of capitulation. At the suggestion of St. Laurence, these overtures were rejected. He wished to free his country from the adventurers who brought in their track

such disaster, and nothing less than their complete expulsion would satisfy him,

Despair has often achieved wonders, and so it did in this case. The beleaguered forces, hemmed in, hopeless and starving, were prompted to an enterprise unsurpassed in daring, and which proved most successful. In the dead of night, when the Irish troops were reposing after the fatigue of the day's battle, and, too confident of the enemy's weakness, had not taken the precautions to guard against any sudden emergency, the invading army made a sudden and stealthy foray against them thus unawares, succeeded in putting them to flight and gaining a complete victory over them. The foreigners were again masters of the city, and were left to improve their victory by appropriating every thing possessed by the conquered natives.

Vanquished at home, St. Laurence determined to advance the interests of his country by representing her condition to other countries. At the Council of Lateran, held in 1179, his warm advocacy procured for him the appointmen of legate to Ireland. The result of this was, that all the churches of Dublin, and those of his suffragans, were taken under the direct protection of the Holy See, and were in this way shielded from all aggression, ecclesiastical or otherwise. The instrument which conferred such important privileges on the Irish Church had an important national bearing also; for it struck directly at the authority of King Henry, who was so incensed at St. Laurence's interference that he forbade his return to Ireland. The saint, worn out by the toils of a laborious life, and depressed in spirit by exile from his native land, which he loved so dearly, retired to Eu in Normandy, where he breathed his pure spirit into the bosom of his Maker. He was canonised on the 3rd of the Ides of December 1225, by Honorius III.

The adventurers who had invaded the island on the invitation of McMurrough succeeded so well that Henry began to think it prudent to come and take advantage of the fruits of their conquest. He landed in Waterford in October 1171, and proceeded to Dublin, where he spent the Christmas, and received, not alone the homage of the soldiers who had won the country by the sword, but also of the native princes, who no doubt considered it a wise policy to cultivate the friendship of a king whose dominion they were not able to displace. In the beginning of the next year he summoned a synod of Irish Bishops, for the purpose of carrying out the conditions, on the strength of which he received a bull for the invasion of Ireland from Pope Adrian some years before. The authenticity of this bull has been frequently called into question, for the purpose of defending Adrian from what has been considered by some as an act of monstrous injustice. There is as much evidence of its being authentic as there is of any other record in history; and as to the injustice of it, we must, in considering this, recollect that, according to the constitutional law of the time, there was an implied contract that sovereignty was given to princes subject to the direction of the Pope, who was the head of the Christian world; and we must also bear in mind that there was an appalling picture of the demoralised state of the country laid before the Holy See. There can be no doubt, however repulsive the notion may be to the liberal spirit of the present time, that there was much to justify this interference.

At all events, as far as the practical results are concerned, the bull of Pope Adrian was of very little weight; for no such authority was necessary, and there would have been an invasion if it never had been granted. There are some very curious instances of the exercise of this power of dispensing nations, which was then vested in the Holy See. At one time the Pope made over England to Philip Augustus; the Merovingian dynasty was changed by the decision of Pope Zachary; a Pope gave to the Duke of Anjou, brother of King Louis, the kingdom of Sicily, deposed the King of Arragon, preached up a crusade against Venice for her rebellion, and deposed the Emperor Frederick. Such exercise of authority, acquiesced in by all the states of the Christian world, and regarded as proper and legitimate, shows that for the time there was nothing strange or exceptional in the bull of Adrian.

The murder of Thomas A'Becket brought Henry back to England in 1172; but before going he wrote a letter to Rome of the great reformation he had wrought in Church and State, representing the Irish Church as already exhibiting hopeful signs, and expressed confident anticipations that before long it would be a model of purity. This was pleasing intelligence, and Henry received, after a short time, a congratulatory reply. The King had scarcely left the shores of Ireland when the spirit of rebellion to his authority again arose; and we find Roderick O'Connor, who was still King of Ireland, joined by Desmond and Thomond, renewing the old struggle, which ended for the time by a treaty, in which Roderick promised submission to Henry, and, as a token of it, agreed to pay him a hide from every tenth head of cattle. Henry, on his part, covenanted to secure to Roderick the full sovereignty, as before, over the most part of Ireland. The only parts excepted were Dublin, Meath, Leinster, Waterford, and Dungarvan, with the country between it and Waterford. King Henry also promised to sustain O'Connor's authority over the petty princes.

Amidst all this turmoil and treachery and national dismemberment, the monastic institutions of Ireland still continued to exercise their influence, and carry out their mission of civilisation. There is no more glorious fact in history, or one which proclaims more loudly the divine spirit of Catholicity, than the position which the Catholic Church has ever occupied in stemming the tide of barbarism and diffusing the light of knowledge all over the earth. Regarding the Catholic Church as a mere human institution, it is a marvel of wisdom; but we must view it in a far higher light, showing, as it does, the impress of the Divine Hand.

In those days, when conquest and oppression had reduced Ireland to a state of complete social and political chaos, there were in the quiet retirement of such monasteries as escaped the hands of the despoilers, learned and holy men, whose pious exertions helped to lead the minds of the people beyond the passions and the interests of the world as they were born for a higher destiny.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

An anti-Catholic writer has stated his case clearly and briefly against Christianity and the Catholic Church in relation to Slavery. His words are: "There "is no better example of the illusions "under which *believers* can labor than "their obstinacy in crediting Christ- "ianity and the Church with the aboli- "tion of slavery, when in reality it is "certain that ancient slavery existed "equally under the Christian Empire "as under the Pagan—that it existed "also during the middle ages—that "negro slavery was established during "the reign of the Church, and that *up* "*to this present moment, that Papacy* "*which condemned everything so easily* "*and so imprudently, has never had the* "*courage to condemn it.* The Church "has reigned 18½ centuries, and slavery "torture, education by corporal punish- "ment and many other injustices have "continued all the time *with the appro-* "*bation* of the Church *and in* the Church; "liberal philosophy had reigned only "for a day at the close of the 18th "century, and she swept all those before "her almost at one blow."—*Havet.*

These are bold words against the Catholic Church; and all the more *valuable* because of their *boldness.* In a few short words they are evidently intended to state the *whole* case; they hide nothing; they extenuate nothing;

BUT ARE THEY TRUE?

Not to answer each count in detail, since collectively they cover a period of 1800 years, there is *one of them so palpably false* as to throw the gravest suspicion over all the rest. "The Papacy," we are told, "has never condemned Negro Slavery." Really, this is *too bad* even for a liberal philosopher battling against the Catholic Church. For what are *the facts*? The Bull of Pius II., in 1482—of Paul III., in 1557—of Urban VIII., in 1639—of Benedict XIV., in 1741, (one every century for four centuries) each and all condemn slavery and the slave trade with a vigour truly Apostolic. It is not *true* then that the "Papacy which condemns everything "so easily and so imprudently has never "had the courage to condemn Negro "Slavery."

But there is another feature about this accusation, if possible, more disgraceful than its *falsity*. One liberal philosopher might perhaps seek to shield himself from public scorn by the *excuse*, that all these Bulls are so ancient and so long fulminated as to have been forgotten by the modern world. Alas; for our liberal philosopher, even if modern intelligence could for a moment recognise any excuse in his plea, it is destroyed at once by one single historical *fact*. On the 3rd November, 1839, (not 40 years ago) Gregory XVI., in a Bull issued against this same Negro Slavery, quotes the denunciations of each of his predecessors against this unchristian traffic. By this one act all these *ancient* Bulls became *modern*, and our liberal philosopher stands convicted before the whole world, either of maliciously *varying from the truth*; or of assailing the acts of a Church of whose acts he is utterly and disgracefully ignorant.

With the single exception of the decisions of a general council the Bulls of the Popes are perhaps the strongest expression of the Church's mind that is possible. This being the case it is not a little suggestive, that during a period of four hundred years, the Church, through its Pontiffs, has persistently raised her voice in its highest tone to denounce the evil of Negro Slavery. How thoroughly these Bulls deal with the question, and how uncompromisingly they denounce it will be best seen from the Bulls themselves, and as Pope Gregory XVI., of pious memory, has most ably recapitulated them, we will let his Bull of November, 1839, speak for itself and its predecessors.

Gregory P. P. XVI., for the future remembrance of the thing, * * * * Yet, (we say it with profound regret,) men have been found even amongst Christians who, shamefully blinded by the desire of sordid gain, have not hesitated to reduce into slavery in distant countries, Indians, Negroes, and other unfortunate races; or to assist in this scandalous crime by instituting and organising a traffic in these unfortunate beings who had been loaded with chains by others. A great number of the Roman Pontiffs,—our predecessors of glorious memory,—have not forgotten to stigmatize throughout the extent of their jurisdiction, the conduct of these men as injurious to their salvation, and disgraceful to the Christian name; for they clearly saw, that it was one of the causes which tended most powerfully to make infidel nations continue in their hatred of the true religion.

This was the object of the Apostolical Letters of Paul III., of the 29th of May, 1537, addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo under the ring of the Fisherman, and other Letters much more copious of Urban VIII., of the 22nd of April, 1639, addressed to the Collector of the Rights of the Apostolic Chamber in Portugal—Letters in which the most severe censures are cast upon those who venture to reduce the inhabitants of the East or West Indies into slavery, or to buy, sell, give or exchange them, separate them from their wives or children, strip them of their property, take or send them into strange places, or deprive them of their liberty in any way, to retain them in slavery; or aid, counsel, succor, or favor those who do these things under any color or pretence whatever; or preach or teach that this is lawful, and in fine co-operate therewith in any way whatever. Benedict XIV. has since confirmed and renewed these Pontifical ordinances before mentioned by new apostolical letters to the Bishops of Brazil and some other countries, dated the 20th December, 1741, by means of which he calls forth the solicitude of the Bishops for the same purpose. A long time before another of our more ancient predecessors Pius II., whose pontificate saw the empire of the Portuguese extended in Guinea and in the country of the blacks, addressed letters dated the 7th of Oct., 1482, to the Bishop of Ruvo, who was ready to depart for those countries; in these letters he did not confine himself to giving to this prelate the means requisite for exercising the sacred ministry in those countries with the greatest fruit, but he took occasion very severely to blame the conduct of those who reduced the neophytes into slavery. In fine, in our days, Pius VII., animated by the same spirit of charity and religion, zealously interposed his good offices with men of authority for the entire abolition of the slave trade amongst Christians.

These ordinances and this solicitude of our predecessors have availed not a little, with the aid of God, in defending the Indians and other nations who have just been mentioned, against the barbarity of conquest and the cupidity of Christian merchants; but the Holy See is far from being able to boast of the complete success of its efforts and zeal, for, if the slave trade has been partially abolished, it is still carried on by a great many Christians. Wherefore, desiring to remove such a disgrace from all Christian countries, after having maturely considered the matter with many of our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, assembled in Council, following the example of our predecessors by virtue of the apostolic office, we warn and admonish in the Lord all Christians of whatever condition they may be, and enjoin upon them that for the future no one shall venture unjustly to oppress the Indians, Negroes or other men whosoever they may be; to strip them of their property or reduce them into servitude; or give aid or support to those who commit those excesses or carry on that infamous traffic by which the blacks, as if they were not men but mere impure animals reduced like them into servitude without any distinction contrary to the laws of justice and humanity, are bought, sold, and devoted to endure the hardest labors; and on account of which discussions excited and almost continued wars are fomented amongst nations by the allurements of gain offered to those who first carry away the Negroes.

Wherefore, by virtue of the apostolical authority we condemn all these things aforesaid, as absolutely unworthy of the Christian name, and by the same authority we absolutely prohibit and interdict all ecclesiastics and laymen from venturing to maintain that this traffic in blacks is permitted under any pretext or color whatsoevor; or to preach or teach in public or in private in any way whatever, anything contrary to these apostolic letters. * * * *

In face of these Bulls thus vigorously denouncing, with the fullest authority of the Apostolic See, the crying evil of Slavery, it is difficult to understand how any writer, even though a Liberal Philosopher, could face the contempt of the world after so palpable *a blunder* as that of accusing "that Papacy which condemns everything so easily and so imprudently," of never having had the courage to condemn Negro Slavery. That the Church, through "that Papacy which condemns everything so easily and so imprudently," did denounce it, is so plain, palpable and irrefutable a fact that it nails the lie by the ears to the pillory post of public scorn and contempt, *ad futuram rei memoriam.*

The fact is that the retention of Negro Slavery, even unto our times, instead of being the fault of the Church, is only another example of the fatal effects of that insane interference of the State in the workings of the Church, which is so much exercised in modern times, and so much approved of and applauded by our modern liberals. Had Ferdinand of Spain minded his own business and left to the Church the task of declaring to her spiritual subjects their duties towards one another, Negro Slavery would not have needed to wait until the close of the 19th century for its extinction. The beginning of the 16th century would have seen fulfilled what State intervention retarded until the close of the 19th. A short chapter in American history will prove this.

The Protestant historian Robertson, bears ample testimony to the zeal of the first missionaries to America in their endeavors to put down slavery in the Spanish colonies. "From the time that ecclesiastics," he writes, "were sent as instructors into America, they perceived that the rigor with which their countrymen treated the natives, rendered their ministry altogether fruitless. The missionaries, in conformity with the mild spirit of that religion which they were employed to publish, soon remonstrated against the maxims of the planters with respect to the Americans, and condemned the *repartimientos* or distributions by which they were given up as slaves to their conquerors, as no less contrary to natural justice and the precepts of Christianity, than to sound policy. The Dominicans, to whom the instruction of the Americans was originally committed, were the most vehement in attacking the *repartimientos.* In the year 1511, Matisino, one of their most eminent preachers, inveighed *against*

this practice in the great Church of St. Domingo with all the impetuosity of native eloquence. Don Diego Columbus, the principal officers of the colony and all the laymen who had been his hearers complained of the monk to his superiors; but they instead of condemning applauded his doctrine as equally "pious and seasonable."

It is true the Franciscans took the political view of the case, and though they dared not approve the principle, yet strove to palliate its injustice, and to excuse the conduct of the laity by considerations of spiritual policy. Though the dispute ran high the Dominicans were sustained in their principle, whilst in practice the "distributions" were continued in the colony. This only fired the zeal of the Dominicans to fresh ardour. It was exactly at this point that Ferdinand took that step which, by crippling the Church's action, retarded the abolition of slavery from the 16th to the 19th century, and thus enabled liberal philosophy to lay claim to an honor to which it is far from possessing the slightest right. In order to quieten the colony, which had become thoroughly aroused by the remonstrances and censures of the Dominicans who had refused the Sacraments to any holding slaves, Ferdinand, in an evil hour for himself, for the slave and for the Church, issued a decree of his Privy Council (1513,) declaring—that after due consideration of the Apostolic Bull and other titles by which the crown of Castile claimed a right to its possessions in the new world, the servitude of the Indian was warranted both by the laws of God and man; that unless they were subjected to the dominion of the Spaniards, and compelled to reside under their inspection it would be impossible to reclaim them from idolatry or to instruct them in the Christian faith; that no further scruple ought to be entertained as to the lawfulness of the *repartimientos*, as the King and Council were willing to take the charge of that upon their own consciences! and that therefore the Dominicans and monks of other religious orders, should abstain for the future from those invectives which, from an excess of charitable but ill-informed zeal, they had uttered against the practice.

This is a curious document, illustrating as it does at one and the same time, the flimsy nature of all State-theology; and the antiquity and similarity of State interference in spiritual things. We think we could find some curious parallels in the May Laws and Bismarckian theology of modern Prussia. The hands indeed are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob.

To show how thoroughly he was in earnest in this decree, Ferdinand conferred new grants of Indians upon several of his courtiers. It is true that at the same time "he published an edict pro-"viding for the mild treatment of the "Indians under the yoke to which he "had subjected them—he regulated the "nature of the work they were to per-"form—he prescribed the manner in "which they should be fed and clothed, "and gave directions with respect to "their instruction in the principles of "Christianity." This was all very good under the circumstances; but himself had rendered it necessary by his insane and unholy intermeddling with the action of the Church. Had he left the Dominicans to the free exercise of their duties as authoritative exponents of Catholic spirit, his regulations would not only have been rendered unnecessary, but Indian slavery would, in a few short years, have been swept from the earth. So thoroughly disheartened were the Dominicans by this mischevious meddling on the part of the State that numbers of them applied to their superiors for permission to remove to the continent to pursue the objects of their mission under less adverse circumstances.

And yet the Catholic Church is blamed for not having accomplished, what mischievous State interference rendered impossible. How exacting some people can be!

H. B.

Let him, who desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed; and remember, that every moment of delay, takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work."

CHIT CHAT.

Most people will see in the elevation of Cardinal Pecci to the Pontifical throne, a most remarkable fulfilment of the prophecy of St. Malachi who, seven hundred years ago, pointed out the Pope to succeed Pius IX. as "*lumen in cœlo.*" It so happens that the motto on the armorial bearings of the Pecci family for centuries back has been this same "*lumen in cœlo.*" It is not a little significant therefore that a member of the Pecci family should at this particular time have been selected by the Conclave to succeed Pope Pius IX. Some will say—that *the motto* made *the Pope*—that the Cardinals *knowing the prophecy and the motto,* were led to choose Cardinal Pecci Pope *in order to* fulfil the prophecy—*not* that the prophecy foretold the Pope. Very well; but how does it happen that there was just at the right time a "*lumen in cello*" to choose? Even if we grant the violent supposition of "collusion among the Cardinals," and that they chose Cardinal Pecci, solely and only to fulfil the prophecy of St. Malachi, we shall have other equally violent suppositions to *take for granted* before the remarkable coincidence can be disposed of. It was Pope Gregory XVI. who created Pecci Cardinal—are we then to suppose that he did so, in order that he might be available to be made Pope immediately after his successor's death? This would be a very violent supposition indeed. But even supposing it granted—supposing that Pope Gregory, knowing the "*lumen in cœlo,*" and St. Malachi's prophecy, *did* choose a Pecci to be Cardinal in order to be Pope, *in order to* fulfil St. Malachi's prophecy—how does it happen that there was an ecclesiastic of the Pecci family to make a Cardinal to be made Pope in order to fulfil the prophecy? We fear the explanation is more violent than the fact is startling.

But if our friends do not like to admit the possibility of St. Malachi's prophecy having been fulfilled, let them look to another curious coincidence connected with this elevation of one of the Pecci family to the Pontificate. This family is descended from an ancient patrician family of Anagni in the Papal States. Conspicuous amongst their heraldic bearings is the *fleur-de-lys.* Now Dante, in the 20th canto of his immortal Purgatorio, sings, as translated by Longfellow:

"I see the *fleur-de-lys* Anagni enter,
And Christ in His own vicar captive made."

This is, we think, something more than a mere startling coincidence. *Nous verrons.*

How times do change things. In the Catholic ages, personal government by the king himself was not only not objected to by the people, but was absolutely insisted upon by them. If a man was king, he was expected *to be one,* and had moreover to be his own prime minister his own commander-in-chief. When, however, his kingdom was too large for all these duties to be performed by one man, albeit he was a king, it naturally followed that some friend, in whose powers the king could rely, was called in to assist in the government. As long as this assistant was some dignitary of the church, all went well, for the people had confidence in him for his ecclesiastical character. If he was *not* a dignitary of the church he was looked upon with distrust, and was called a *favorite.* Sometimes, it is true, churchmen were looked upon as "favorites," but this was seldom; for even their greatest enemies acknowledge that "the power of governing communities systematically, was the great science of the ancient church." It was Wolsey, remember, "(who had loved his king more than he had loved his God);" who could alone hold his royal master's passions in anything like decent check; when he was gone, then the floodgates were opened, and after that—*the reformation.* But then these churchmen could only help to wield the civil power of the realm, for after all, it was only once in a long time that the world heard tell of a bishop buckling on his armour to fight the enemies of the kingdom, and then unbuckling his armour, after he had overcame them, to put on his stole to shrive them before they were sent to the gallows. The king's lay-favorite superintended the army, and woe betide him and his master if he dared lay unprivileged hands on the sacred ark of the civil government, as is abundantly

shown by the fate of Hubert de Burgh, Gaveston, Despenser, Michael de la Pole, and many others.

But the Reformation, (as poor, simple, illiterate men call it,) brought as great a revolution in civil government as it did in the religious order. Laymen, then, for the first time, began to perform all the offices of government, and then, indeed, did men see such a crowd of favorites jostling and pulling and elbowing each other in the race for offices as the world never before had even dreamt of in the courts of kings. Look at the *favorites* of Queen Elizabeth's time, an infinite swarm, and an unprincipled withal. Look at the quarrels, contentions and slanders that filled that unfortunate court. This man chief favorite to-day, to be supplanted to-morrow, through the plots of his less fortunate rivals. Plots and counter-plots. Impeachments and arraignments for treason and sendings to the block, till men became more accustomed to human blood spilled by the axe of the executioner, than to bullocks' blood shed through the axe of the butcher.

And yet men will say of this change, of this reformation, "that 'twas a glorious victory."

Were we in our sober senses to ask the question, whether the 1st of January is New Year's Day? it is quite possible that we should be accused of "having a screw loose," or "a slate off," or of "being light in our upper story," or some other of those thousand and one euphisms by which society designates the state of insanity. And yet New Year's Day is a fact concerning which *the learned* have grave doubts; but, then, what subject is there under the sun about which *the learned* have not the gravest doubts? It was a Philosopher who first declared that the highest wisdom was to know how very little one knows. Doubtless, this is the reason of the highly refined doubting powers of *the learned*. Be that, however, as it may, the Jewish, the Egyptian and the Greek calendars did not place the commencement of their year at our starting point; nay, even our Catholic ecclesiastical year commences on the First Sunday in Advent, some four weeks previous to our popular New Year's Day. In fact, as far as the 5,000 years of our world's existence is concerned, our January is a comparatively *modern institution*, having been devised by the clerical Numa Pompilius for his own good and sufficient reasons no doubt. And if neither the Jewish, nor Egyptian, nor Greek, nor Christian ecclesiastical New Year's *Day is on the* first of January, neither is the *legal*. It is a curious fact, worthy of remembrance, that it was not until the year 1752 that the *legal* New Year's Day was coeval with our popular one. Previous to that year, the *legal* year commenced most unaccountably on the 21st March, and *this day is actually* yet the commencement of the Financial Year. Connected with this, there is a curious fact. Our old history books tell us that King Charles I. of England had his head cut off on the 30th January, 1648 or '49. Now what does *that* mean? Can it be possible that History is uncertain *a whole year* as to the date of so important and melancholy an event? By no means. It merely means to say that *popularly* Charles I. was beheaded in 1649,—*legally* in 1648.

Mr. Spurgeon has been lecturing in England on *candles*. If a curious, it is also a light subject. I think I have somewhere read of a certain Saxon King, whose Mamma, in his childhood, used to whip him, when he was naughty, with a candle. This may, by an easy transition, have led to the modern Anglo-Saxon punishment for naughty boys *of being sent to bed without a candle*. We were speaking just now of Charles I., and naturally enough, Mr. Spurgeon's "Candle Lecture" brings to recollection (what a mysterious thing memory is!) the fact that on the night preceeding his execution, which the King passed at St. James', the royal bed-chamber was dimly illuminated, *not* by *lamp* or *candle*, much less by *gas*, but by a great *cake of wax* set in a silver basin. Of course there must have been a wick to the "great cake of wax," and thence it was after all nothing but a candle, though a quaint one and a curious withal. But curious as King Charles' candle undoubtedly was, and suggestive of the monarch's fast expiring days, it was not half so curious nor half so quaint as

those used by fisherfolk in the Gulf of Bothnia, where a wick of twisted reeds is forced through the body of a certain kind of duck, which being lighted, forms a rude but ready candle; nor as that other candle used on the coast of California, where a certain fish, of a highly oleaginous nature, is burnt as a light, and is hence called the candle-fish. As "there are more ways of bolting a door than with a boiled carrot," so there are more ways of "lighting a shanty than with a dip."

Bourbet, the French painter and *educated fiend*, who helped to destroy the Column in the Place Vendôme, is dead. He will trouble Paris no more unless, indeed, his ghost should, by some special privilege, be allowed to walk the earth and the streets of Paris withal. If it be a crime to destroy works of art in general, and Vendôme columns in particular, "the great painter's" refined taste and enlightened education did not avail him much in keeping him from crime. Am I sneering at education? No; but then I would sooner write my name H. B., his mark, than be an *educated fiend*. H. B.

THE MURDER OF A MURDERER.

Tuesday morning, April 2nd, 1878, was the date, and the Queen's highway between Milford and Derry, the scene of a bloody tragedy wherein the Earl of Leitrim and two attendants, his clerk and driver, lost their lives. Their car, it would appear, was stopped opposite a lowly cot, on the Earl's estate, from which a poor widow had lately been evicted, and there, by some parties as yet unknown, was the triple murder committed. With such dispatch was it executed, that a valet, who was riding about a mile behind, on coming up, found three lifeless bodies pierced with balls, but no sign of the assassins, although it was broad-day-light. Terrified at this ghastly sight, and fearing for his own safety, he rode rapidly back to Milford, where he gave alarm to the police, who immediately proceeded in large force to the fatal spot. They discovered nearby a fowling-piece and part of a rifle, and, in the battered heads of the dead, and, the positions in which their bodies lay, saw evidences of a close hand-to-hand struggle. The law then set to work in its usual *wise* and *just* way. Two unfortunate men, who had been "loitering" in that vicinity before the tragedy, were arrested on suspicion, and circumstantial evidence, which hardly ever fails in Ireland, be the accused innocent or guilty, will probably convict and send them to the gallows. Their arrest, if not their execution, should be a warning to those—and their name is *legion*—who are given to "loitering" in these hard times, for want of something else to do.

It was a most foul and brutal murder, but inasmuch as William Sydney Clements, third Earl of Leitrim, was a victim, it was the *murder of a murderer*. His hands were red with human blood. For over a quarter of a century he had been "consolidating" his farms—that means, driving out the tenantry, breaking up homes, dispersing families, levelling their huts, and turning the land into immense grass farms, exterminating *Christians* to give place to *cattle*. During that time he had availed himself of every power under the law, that was tyrannical and odious, and, another Nero gloating over the misery and wretchedness of his victims, had himself acted as bailiff, executing the most cruel processes of eviction. He had perpetrated more of these horrible outrages against the vital rights of the people than any other landlord in Ireland, and was preparing to perpetrate 89 more, of which he had given notice, when an end was put to his devilish career. It is a wonder it was not done long before. Only in Ireland would such a monster have been so long suffered to exist. A monster in profligacy as in cruelty, a wrecker of virtue and honor, a hoary headed reprobate, there is none to mourn, none to lament his death,—not one to say—although it was attained by *murder*—that it was not what he had fully deserved, if vengeance belongs to man.

But it is said in extenuation of the Earl of Leitrim, that he was subject to fits of insanity, and at times not responsible for his acts. The same may, with equal truth, be said of all other "exterminating" landlords in Ireland. They are

all insane—not in that they do not *know* what they do, but in that they do not *care* what they do. And why should they *care*? Who or what have they to fear? According to law—the law enacted by *robbers in their own interest*—they, as landlords, *can do no wrong*. No matter how merciless, how barbarous their acts towards their tenantry may be, they are all *legal*, and will be supported to the last extreme by the Royal Constabulary and Her Majesty's *troops*. This is the insanity that affected the late Earl of Leitrim, as it does all others of that class of brutes in human form, and may be defined as a *legalized immunity from the obligations of justice*. Its effects upon the hapless peasantry during two years, from October, 1875, to the same month, 1877, were 8,439 evictions—that number of families rendered homeless, and driven destitute into the highways—*hungry, thirsty* and almost naked—with no refuge but "hell or America," to which, the infamous wretch who has, we fear, been sent to the former place, used to commend them. In two years, 8,439 evictions! What a marvel that the Irish are disaffected!—that they clamor for Home Rule!—that Fenianism is not extinct!—that "agrarian outrages" are yet committed!

It is a mockery to preach *loyalty*, and madness to expect contentment while such is the condition of the country. And that there is no exaggeration here—that this is really the condition of Ireland at present, under what is called a "*more Christian*" and "*more liberal*" Government, as compared with that of the last three centuries—our witness is *not* a "Skirmisher" of New York, not a General or Colonel of the Irish Republican Army—but a Catholic prelate, one who loves his country both wisely and well, a man of moderate views, and strongly opposed to the secret organizations which English misrule is fostering amongst the desperate masses—His Grace of Cashel. Archbishop Croke, in reply to a letter from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, soliciting a contribution to the "Turkish Fund," for the purpose of affording assistance to certain non-combatants of every creed in Constantinople, Adrianople, Philoppolis, and the surrounding districts, writes his mind and *feelings* in these words:—"I sympathize, I believe, as much as most men with all who are in distress, or who suffer from bodily or other pain, especially if it be in a good cause and is not the *result of* any misconduct or perversity on their part; but in the present instance I cannot help thinking that the Turkish fugitives, on whose behalf this appeal is made, however worthy of being compassionated, are not at all as much entitled to Christian sympathy and support, *as the poor, down-trodden, turnip-fed, and utterly miserable Irish peasants, who are being driven in desperation from their homes on the slushy slopes and wilds of the Galtee mountains.*"

Is this not an evidence of *wholesale murder*? Are the titled ruffians, who have driven these turnip-fed peasants from their huts, to starve and perish with cold, less guilty in the eye of God and before the natural law, than the murderers of the Earl of Leitrim? And is the recurrence of "agrarian outrages" in Ireland, a problem to any except those who have eyes but *will not see*?

W. J. M.

THE MONTH OF MAY IN FRENCH HISTORY

The month of May has ever been an eventful month in the history of France. On the 30th of May, 1431, Joan of Arc was burned at Rouen. On the 14th of May, 1610, Henry IV., was murdered by Ravaillac. On the 14th of May, 1643, Louis XIV., ascended the throne. On the 3d of May, 1706, the French were defeated at Ramillies. In May, 1756, began the "seven years' war." On the 10th of May, 1774, died the estimable monarch, Louis XV. On the 5th of May, 1789, the States General commenced their sittings at Versailles. On the 24th of May, 1797, Babœuf paid the penalty of his head for being an unsuccessful conspirator; and in the same month of the same year, Pichegru failed in his little plans. On the 26th of May, 1805, Napoleon I., was crowned King of Italy. On the 27th of May, 1808, Charles IV., and his son abdicated the throne of Spain in favor of Napoleon. On the 3d of May, 1814, Louis XVIII., arrived in Paris—Napoleon I., arriving

at Elba, on the following day. On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon I., died at St. Helena. On the 16th of May, 1830, under the Polignac Administration, the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved, the dissolution leading to that crisis which cost Charles X., his crown. The 20th of May, 1834, is the date of the death of Lafayette. On the 8th of May, 1837, the amnesty for political offences was declared. On the 20th of May, 1838, Talleyrand died. On the 12th of May, 1839, Paris was enlivened by the insurrection of Barbes and Blanqui. On the 12th of May, 1840, the Chambers decreed the removal of the remains of Napoleon I., from St. Helena to France. On the 25th of May, 1846, Louis Napoleon escaped from Ham. On the 7th of May, 1848, the Provisional Government formed after the abdication of Louis Philippe resigned to an Executive Commission elected by the National Assembly—the attack on the Assembly being suppressed on the 15th, and the perpetual banishment of the Orleans family being decreed on the 26th of the same month. On the 15th of May, 1855, the Industrial Exhibition was opened at Paris, and universal peace would no doubt have reigned in the world, fostered by arts and commerce, but that unfortunately France declared war with Austria, and his Majesty Napoleon III., arrived at Genoa, on the 12th of May, 1859. On the 8th of May, 1863, the Chambers were dissolved and in the same month M. de Persigny issued some rather arbitrary advice to electors. On the 6th of May, 1866, the late Emperor expressed his "detestation" of the treaties of 1815, and on the 16th of May, 1871, the good people of Paris showed their detestation of the Column of the Place Vendome by knocking it down. Such are a few of the events which have made the month of May a peculiarly merry one for the French. It is, however, only fair on the other months of the year, to observe that they have none of them been backward in contributing to the fun of France.

When we observe any tendency to treat religion or morals with disrespect and levity, let us hold it to be a sure indication of a perverted understanding, or a depraved heart.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

"Oh hurrah! for the men who when danger is nigh.
Are found in the front, looking death in the eye;
Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all!
Then fiercer grew the Irish yell,
And madly on the foe they fell,
Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—
Not the city of *Luimneach linn ghlas.*

The *women* fought before the men,
Each man became a match for ten,
So back they pushed the villians then,
From the city of *Luimneach linn ghlas.*

DAVIS.

The battle of Limerick was fought on August 27th, 1690. On that famous day Sarsfield conquered Dutch William and his Saxon legions; and our lovely *countrywomen won for themselves* laurels that can never fade from their brows. It is an important piece of history; let us tell it briefly.

After his defeat at the Boyne, James lost no time in making his escape to France. He left the command of his army in Ireland to Tyrconnell, who gave orders that it should march on Limerick. The cities of Drogheda, Kilkenny and Waterford having capitulated, their garrisons joined the defenders of the staunch old city of the Shannon, determined to do for the honor of their country what their worthless king would not do for the preservation of his crown—defend it to the last extremity. Half the French troops had marched towards Cork on their route to France, and the rest followed De Lausan to Limerick. This worthy, however, being tired of the war, no sooner inspected the condition of the defenses than he pronounced the city untenable, and sneeringly declared that "his master could take the city with roasted apples." But the governor of the city, De Boisselau, Berwick and Sarsfield thought differently, and set vigorously to work at strengthening the fortifications. Thereupon De Lausan withdrew his forces from the city and encamped at the Clare side of the river, whence he subsequently retreated to Galway, and thence embarked for

France. On the 8th of August, 1690, King William, with an army of 38,000 effective men and forty pieces of artillery, approached the city from the south or left bank of the Shannon. Limerick then as now, consisted of three distinct divisions. One on the Clare side of the Shannon, on the right bank of the river, one on King's Island, in the middle of the stream, and one on the Limerick side. The part on King's Island was called Englishtown, while that on the Limerick side was known as Irishtown. A bridge from the Island led to each of the other sections.

The Irish army had been concentrated at Limerick for a month when William appeared before it. Eight thousand infantry manned the works, which had been constantly strengthened since De Lausan spoke of them so contemptuously, but they had only nine pieces of Artillery in position. Some regiments of dragoons occupied the island, and the cavalry were stationed above and below the city on the Clare side of the river to defend the fords, many of which were then passable. When William had disposed of his forces for the investment of the city, he sent a summons for its surrender, but was politely refused. He thereupon made preparations for a regular siege, encircling the city on the south and south-west, and soon opened a terrific cannonade along his entire front. This bombardment continued for two days without intermission; but finding he made little impression on the walls, William directed his fire against the interior of the town, and dispatched messengers to Clonmel to hasten up his battering train and pontoons, which had been conveyed by sea to Waterford, and were now on their way to his camp. The story of how Sarsfield disposed of this expected train forms one of the most dramatic chapters of Irish History. It has already appeared in THE HARP. Sarsfield's exploit took place on the 13th of August, and for the two succeeding weeks there was a continued succession of hard combats between the opposing forces. The garrison had made several desperate sallies inflicting considerable loss on the besiegers, while on the other hand the fire from the batteries of the latter had reduced a considerable portion of the city to ashes, and effected an immense breach in the wall, so that by the 27th, when all was ready for the final assault on William's part, some of the Irish batteries had been silenced, and the wall along its whole front rendered untenable to the musketeers. At this crisis William sent the governor a second summons to surrender. Boisselau consulted the Irish generals, and believing further resistance useless, advised them to accept the terms of capitulation. But officers, soldiers, and citizens were unanimous in their determination to the last; the women declaring they would rather be torn to pieces by the artillery than be subjected to outrages by the foreign soldiery. Boisselau, finding himself opposed on all sides, withdrew from the city and declined all further responsibility. William having received his answer, prepared to storm the city. For this purpose he selected five hundred British grenadiers to lead the assault. These were supported by a force of ten thousand picked men, under leaders of undoubted valor and experience. The artillery was to keep up a tremendous fire along the entire line; when it ceased, the firing of three guns in quick succession was to be the signal for assault. Sarsfield and Berwick had prepared to meet the impending attack.

The greater portion of their infantry were stationed on either side of the breach; their musketeers were posted on every available portion of the wall, and the guns of the Black Battery, which commanded the breach, were loaded with grape to rake the attacking columns as they entered. Other forces were held in reserve in various portions of the city, while the streets were filled with groups of civilians, both men and women, determined to risk their lives in bravely battling for home, honor and fatherland. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the signal was given for the assault. The British grenadiers, followed by the Dutch guards entered the breach with a rush, and in spite of a terrible shower of grape, which decimated their ranks, they got to the crest of the breach and swept past the first line of guards, but another shower of grape tore through them, and the Irish

troops bore down on them from all sides, cutting off their supports and nearly annihilating the entire assembling column. The Dutch guards, however, pressed bravely on, and though repulsed successively by the gallant defenders, they being steadily reinforced, gradually forced their way, step by step, through the breach and into the town where the fighting became terrific.

The English batteries, meanwhile, had continued to pour an incessant storm of shot and shell on the walls of the city, so that the soldiers were driven from the former, and the latter was on fire in several places. The smoke from the devoted city reaching in one dense cloud to the top of Keeper Mountain—six miles off. The battle had now lasted four hours, when William determined to make a final effort to accomplish what as yet appeared a doubtful task.

Filling the breach with his massive columns, he threw forward the Brandenburg regiment to storm the Black Battery. These last succeeded in their attempt, and having seized the guns, turned them against the Irish forces, who were now about to give way on all sides. A cry of despair arose from the inhabitants, whose last hopes appeared fading away in the gloom. Suddenly a terrific explosion shook the city to its foundation.

Sarsfield had sprung the mine which had ran beneath the battery, and the whole of the Brandenburgers were blown to pieces. For a moment the combatants on both sides seemed paralyzed, then with a wild cheer the Irish rushed on the panic-stricken foe. The women with dishevelled hair streaming behind them, flew to the front, calling on the men to follow them. One last desperate charge, and the enemy were hurled back through the breach in confusion and dismay, and chased into their camp by the victorious Irish.

In this final assault, William lost one hundred and fifty-eight officers, and two thousand men killed. The Irish loss was four hundred killed and wounded, and, of these, several were women, those glorious daughters of Erin, whose deeds on that eventful day will be remembered while the blue waters of the Shannon flow beneath the walls of the city, in defending which they so nobly died.

"'Twas thus was fought this glorious fight,
By Irishmen for Ireland's right;
May all such days have such a night
As the Battle of *Luimneach linn ghlas.*"

A VICTIM TO THE PENAL LAWS.

The position occupied by the O'Neills in the annals of their country is known to every reader of Irish history. To the unlettered peasant tradition has supplied the names of "Nial of the Nine Hostages," "Con of the Hundred Fights," "Hugh of the Red Hand," and the high-minded but ill-fated Earl of Tyrone, victim of the narrow-minded and intolerant James I., as some few of the heroes of the race to enshrine in their hearts, and teach their children to mingle those names with the foremost of Ireland's defenders in the days of her glory, and as the chief sufferers at the hands of her ruthless oppressors. It is the story of the last representative of a branch of this ancient race which furnishes the instance of the hardships of the penal laws alluded to above, and which took place so nearly in our own times as to excite peculiar interest. There is an old manuscript existing which relates, that at the time of the occupation of Waterford by the Danes, O'Neill, king of Ulster, sent his second son Constantine, with an army to assist his ally O'Brien king of Munster, against some portion of his subjects who had revolted. Constantine, while engaged in this mission, met and became enamoured of the daughter of the Danish king, the beautiful Albina. Well knowing the disgrace which would fall upon him if he united himself to the child of the arch-enemy of his father and of his country, he put to sea, intending to return to the north beyond the reach of her dangerous attractions. But, as the fates would have it, he was driven back three times by contrary winds into the port of Waterford, where the lady of his love lived in rude splendour with her royal father. Upon this he yielded to what appeared to be his destiny, and, despite of all obstacles, he married the Danish princess in the city of Waterford.

Soon, indeed, he experienced the sai consequences of his weakness. H

father, the King of Ulster, incensed at his conduct, disowned and disinherited him, and even forbade his return to his presence. Finding him in this position, the manuscript adds, that his friend O'Brien, king of Munster, settled on him immense possessions in his own kingdom. The lands which he assigned him were both fertile and beautiful. The noble river Suir flowed through their midst, dividing the counties of Waterford and Kilkenny, in each of which this truly royal gift was situated, and extended from Carrick-on-Suir to within four miles of Waterford.

For many centuries the descendants of Constantine and Albina lived in the enjoyment of their rich inheritance; but as the dark clouds closed over doomed Ireland they, like all the true-hearted of her sons, became the victims of fines and confiscations on account of their faith, and of exile for their adherence to the cause of the hapless Stuarts.

The narrative now brings us down to Lawrence O'Neill, named in the genealogy as the fifteenth in succession from Prince Constantine. He married a descendant of an old Norman-Irish family; and by her had one son John, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne.

While her children were yet very young, the wife of Lawrence O'Neill died; and he, after a short time, married one who had been her waiting-woman. We can easily imagine the feelings of those poor children under this dreadful change. They saw the place of their beloved and revered mother filled by one whom they remembered as her servant, and whose arrogance and presumption embittered their lives. Time passed on, and her numerous children grew up to share with them the house of their father. But the worst was yet to come. The eldest of this woman's sons became a Protestant, in order to deprive his half-brother John, and only son of his father's first marriage, of his rightful inheritance.

Surely a day of reckoning will come, when the hand of the Most High will distribute justice to outraged Ireland. Such was the iniquitous law of the land, that if one member of a family abjured his faith, he could claim the possessions of all the other members.

Let us at least compassionate John O'Neill under this fearful trial, this dark temptation. Alas! he listned not to the voice of conscience,—he thought only of his wounded pride; the whispered warning which told him that even his honor was at stake in resigning the time-honored faith of his fathers was unheeded. He was maddened by the dreadful injustice of his position; and in a fatal hour he read his recantation. The deed was done; he had deprived his half-brother of his anticipated triumph; he had secured to himself the remnant of the once princely inheritance of his forefathers; he was still, even by the perverted law of his country, the representative of the O'Neills. And was he happy? Oh, no! No sooner were the accursed words spoken which betrayed his faith, loaded with perjury his guilty soul, and cut him off from the communion of saints, than he was seized with remorse. He had renounced that hallowed belief which had sustained him through the trials of his youth; he had outraged the Divine Author of the faith which had nerved his sires to brave the animosity of a hostile and fanatical government, and to endure wrongs and insults for the sake of the value they set upon it. He thought of how the land he had lived in was steeped in blood and tears from sea to sea, rather than yield its last sole treasure—its faith. He thought, perhaps, how Donald O'Neill, in his sublime and touching letter to Pope John in 1329, described the miseries of his kingdom under the Saxon yoke, and told how he was the representative of a long line of kings, who, though they never owned a temporal master, yet bowed in meek subjection to the holy Apostolic See of Rome. He rose from his bitter meditations a changed and repentant man; he pondered on the best means of making reparation for the cruel scandal he had given, and resolved to sacrifice himself, his hopes in life, and all he held dear, in order, as far as might be, to repair the past and prove his sincerity. He never married; he said he never would leave behind him children who might be subjected to the same cruel ordeal to which he had so weakly yielded. He sold all he possessed, lest any one who came after him might suffer the like temptations. He had no hope for Ireland; he believed her condition would ever be one of cruel

oppression, without either justice or mercy; he thought the experience of so many centuries of misery only the promise of so many exactions for the future. His name has passed away; his memory still lives but in the remembrance of a few. Even the spot where the home of centuries once stood is in the possession of a stranger in the land. He died in 1775; one of the last victims of an abhorrent and unholy tyranny.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

Take the open air—
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whisky.

Freely exercise;
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water;
Now you will be well,
Or at least you ought to.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF PIUS THE NINTH.—By T. Adolphus Trollope. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

Our friends of the Catholic press in the United States have just administered a severe, but well merited, castigation to that irrepressible jackanapes, Cleveland Coxe, who acts "bishop" in Western New York for the "American branch of the Anglican Church"—be the same more or less in length and breadth. His offence was certain indecent reflections,—he always is indecent—on the life of the late Pope, whom he described as being *rather fast* in his youth, a gay cavalier, whose conduct gave scandal to his friends. It was this same Coxe who, in his "Impressions of England," declared that St. Paul's, London, was infinitely superior to St. Peter's, Rome, and that Dr. Newman was insane. His latest "effort"—kicking like an ass at a dead lion—is only a rehearsal, a part of the "story" told by T. Adolphus Trollope, in the little book before us. Having "proposed to give the history of Pius the Ninth, the Pope, and not that of Giovanni Mastai, the man," the writer forthwith proceeds to tell all he *pretends* to know about his youth—forgetting that the boy is father of the *man*, not of the *Pope*. He says it is "probable enough" that young Mastai was "ambitious of leading a barrack life, and became a notable adept at colouring a pipe, and emptying a bottle at a draught; that he adopted a style of costume, half civil, half military, with a dash of the barber's apprentice in it, but supremely elegant after the fashion of a provincial dandy, etc., etc." This is a graphic sketch from an imagination that has been allowed to run wild through a vast space in the brain that ought to be filled with something else. From the same source, he draws *pictures* and tells *stories* about the priest, the Bishop, and the Pope, that will serve the Coxes of two hemispheres for many a Sabbath's desecration in the pulpit. Strange to say he is not in favor of "liberty of speech" and "freedom of the press." "It is wholly impossible," he says, "and out of the question that such a person (the Pope,) should be allowed the unlimited exercise of his spiritual power! No civic power has ever done so; none will ever do so! If the Pope had the corner of the earth, he told the French Minister, was all he asked, he might exercise his supreme liberty by speaking, writing, and printing what he pleased. But does anybody imagine that other States would allow his words to have any such publicity as might be deemed dangerous within their own borders?" A splendid text that is for a *roaring stove* against the syllabus. On the whole, it is a bad book, dangerous alike to faith and morals, and cannot be read without sin by Catholics.

WHAT CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE.—A Lecture by Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, Bishop of Tricomia, and Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Saint Louis. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Montreal. Price 25 cts.

In the "opinions" of this lecture as published therewith, Rev. Dr. S. H. Souneschein "believes it to be the best oratorical as well as scientific effort that has been produced by a modern Catholic

priest to apologize for and to correct the many prevailing errors in regard to the Catholic Church." It was specially for the benefit of people like Dr. Souneschein, who have never read Catholic works, and never inquired into the doctrines, government, and discipline of the Church, but nevertheless *know all about it*, that the good and learned Bishop Ryan, delivered his lecture, and allowed it to appear in pamphlet form. And how he must have smiled on reading the worthy Doctor's "opinion" that it is "the best oratorical as well as scientific effort that has been produced by a modern Catholic priest!" We would rather subscribe to the appreciation of the *Catholic World* that, "Bishop Ryan has here presented some admirable points in an admirable manner to the consideration of fair-minded men who are interested in the doings and the faith of the Catholic Church. He has taken up a few of the chief current objections against the Church, set them strongly forward, and then disposed of them in a manner that wins admiration as much for its honesty and calmness as for its completeness and skill." It is a pamphlet for the people, but the price is not. The publishers could place it in the market at 10 cts per copy with fair profit.

THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM AS A SYSTEM OF FAITH. A Lecture by Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G., New York. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. Price 20c.

That Protestantism, as a system of religion, is a failure, a complete *fizzle*, there cannot be the least doubt amongst observant men. But Father Preston's essay, albeit excellent, is too dry for the general reader.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.—Three boys went out a-fishing one day. A thunder-storm coming up, they ran to a large hemlock tree, a few rods from the brook, for shelter. Just before they reached the tree, it was shivered by a stroke of lightning. The boys stopped aghast. At last one said to the nearest, "Sam, can you pray?"—"No."—"Bill, can you?"—"No."—"Nor I, either, but *something must be done!*"

FACETIÆ.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one finds she can do nothing with him.

HIS BED.—A physician in a country town, who had been annoyed by numerous question concerning the condition of a patient, was stopped, while on his busy rounds, by a man with the old question, "How's M. ?"—"Ill," replied the physician.—"Does he keep his bed?"—"Of course he does. You don't suppose he's fool enough to sell his bed because he's ill, do you?"

GATE AND STYLE.—Lord Erskine perceived the ankle of Mr. Balfour, who generally expressed himself in a very circumlocutory manner, tied up in a silk handkerchief: "Why, what's the matter?" said Erskine,—"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's grounds," replied Balfour, "when, coming to a gate, I had to climb over it, by which I came in contact with the first bar, and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of blood."—"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you must have broken your neck.

HIS FATE.—During the session of a temperance meeting in a neighbouring town, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling——

"Thank heaven for that!"

One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place——"

"Thank heaven for that!" yelled the deacon.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening——"

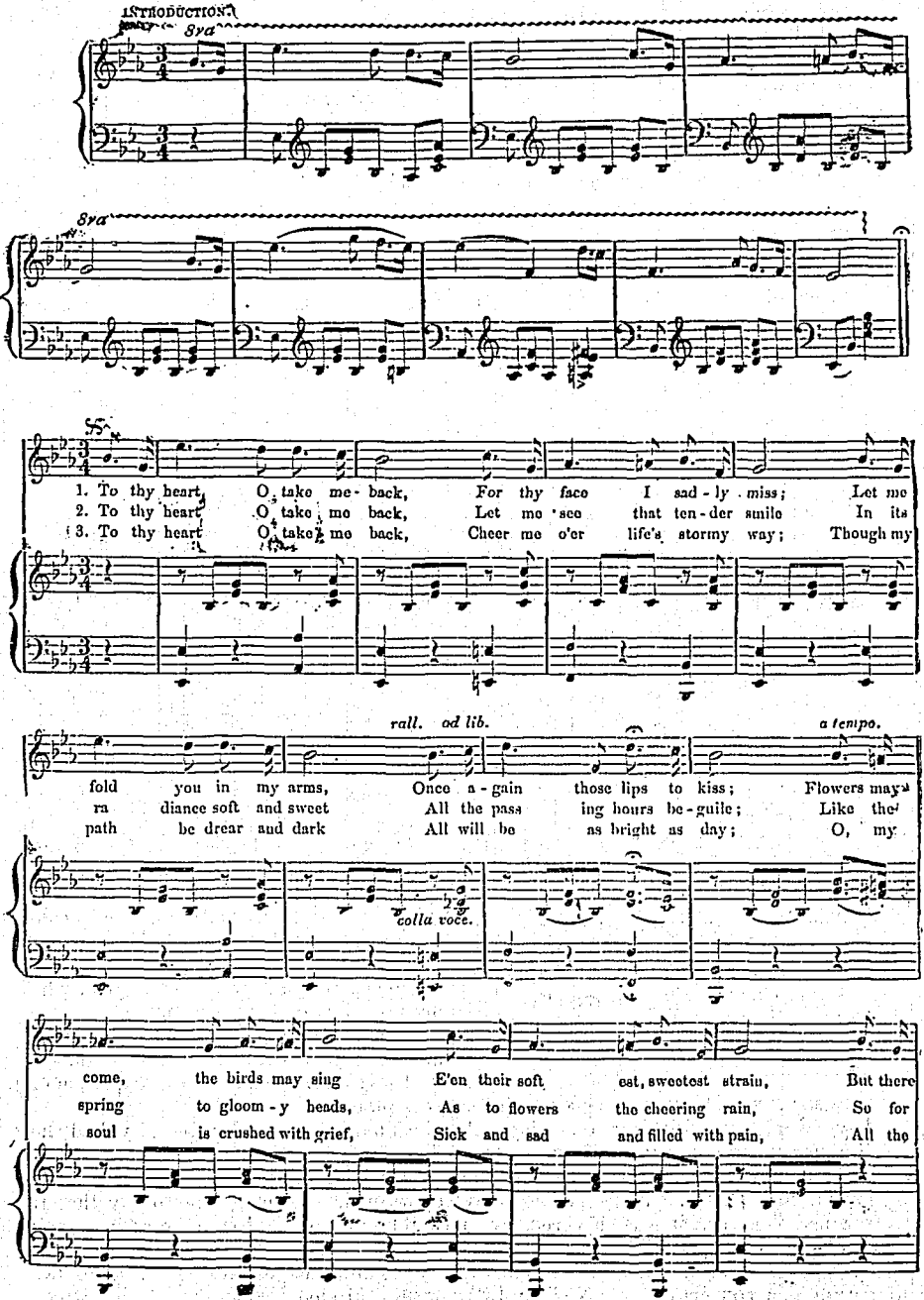
"Thank heaven for that!" said the absent-minded deacon.

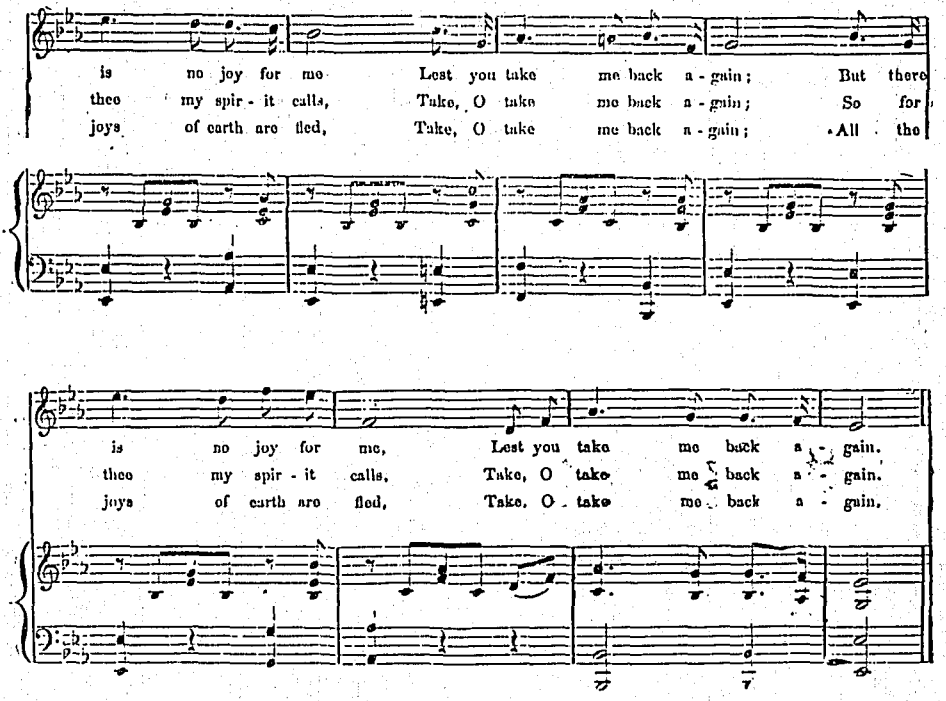
And then the chairman took him out of doors and had two men to sit on him.

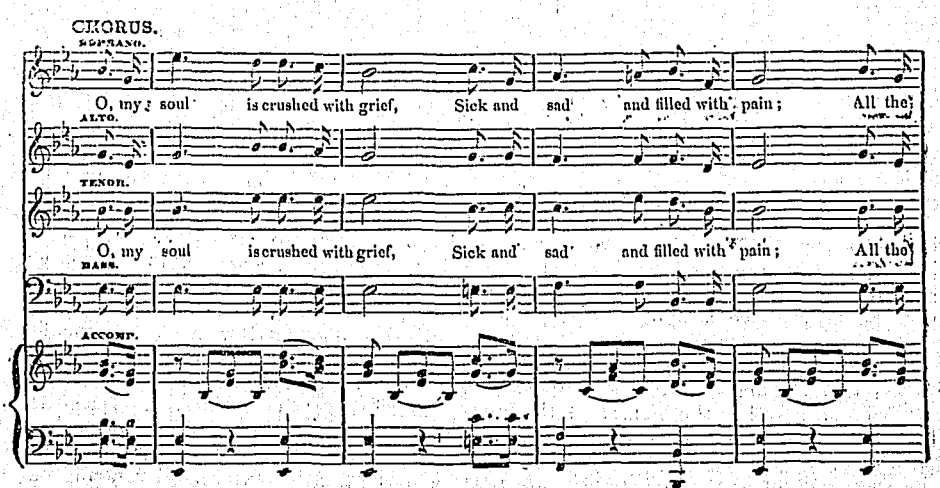
TO THY HEART O TAKE ME BACK.

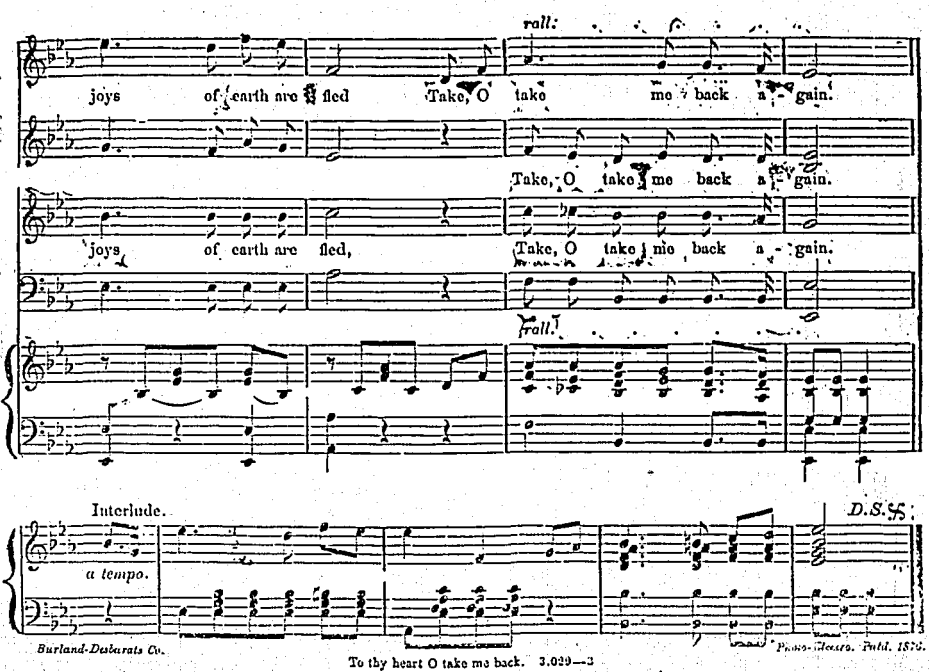
Song and Chorus.

Words and music by C. M. CROSBY.




is no joy for me Lest you take me back a - gain; But there
thee my spir - it calls, Take, O take me back a - gain; So for
joys of earth are fled, Take, O take me back a - gain; All the
is no joy for me, Lest you take me back a - gain.
thee my spir - it calls, Take, O take me back a - gain.
joys of earth are fled, Take, O take me back a - gain.


CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
O, my soul is crushed with grief, Sick and sad and filled with pain; All the
ALTO.
TENOR.
O, my soul is crushed with grief, Sick and sad and filled with pain; All the
BASS.
ACCOMP.



HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Never store any article of food or drink in old petroleum barrels. They are poisonous even after being cleaned.

FROSTED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—If apples, potatoes, or any fruits or vegetables are frozen, they should be thawed out gradually by being covered with woollen cloths. By so doing they will not be much injured by the frost.

HARE SOUP.—Cut up a hare, and put the joints into a stewpan, with a pound of lean ham, sliced; three onions, three blades of mace, a fagot of thyme, sweet marjoram and parsley, and three quarts of beef stock. Stand for about two hours. Then strain the liquor, and pound together the ham and the meat of the hare, and put it into a stewpan with the liquor, with the crumbs of two French rolls, and half a pint of port wine. Simmer twenty minutes, rub it through a sieve, set it upon the stove, but do not let it boil; season with salt and cayenne pepper, and serve.

TO SCALLOP OYSTERS.—Beard them, warm the liquor, season with a blade of mace and thin lemon peel; strain a little over the oysters. Rub stale bread into fine crumbs, which season with salt, white pepper, cayenne and nutmeg. Then put crumbs and oysters in layers in a scallop-shell or dish, with butter in the middle and upon the top; add a little of the liquor (if not too salt,) and set them in a Dutch oven before a quick fire, and when browned they will be done.

ACCIDENTS TO THE EAR.—In case of very small insects getting into the outer ear, the drum-head will prevent the progress of the intruder, which may be killed or dislodged with ease by means of a few drops of oil. The insect called the earwig is not more likely than any other insect to enter the ear. If a child put a seed, a little pebble, or any other small body of that nature, into the ear, it may often be extracted by syringing the passage strongly with lukewarm water for some time, but the operation should always be performed by a medical man.