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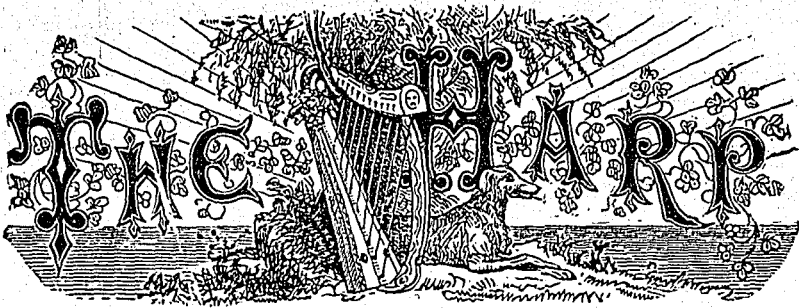
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CHRISTMAS EVE.

" 'Tis midnight—On the globe dead silence
sits,

And all is silence in the house of sleep:
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits
In the dark wood, roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,

To watch my taper, thy pale beacon burn;
And as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return "

Back in imagination, through the long,
dim vista of years, I wander, and again
I stand beneath some grand and glorious
cathedral; again the chant of the organ
is heard upon the air, and softly, sweetly,
heavenly, resounds the "Gloria in Ex-
celsis Deo," filling these grand old aisles
with richest harmony, echoing through
the vaulted arches, and sending aloft a
glorious hymn of praise to Christ, the
new-born King.

"Speak low! the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whispered prayer;
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods like a voiceless influence on the air,
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell,
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell."

Yes, 't's Christmas Eve! What mem-
ories awaken, what thoughts pass
through the busy brain. Memories
whose skies are tinged with clouds of
both joy and sorrow, and whose horizon
is brightened by the star of hope. The
year has passed, and the bright dreams
we cherished have vanished, the castles
we built have crumbled to earth, the
flowers that bloomed around us in beauty
have faded and withered ere the cold icy
winds of winter blasted their gorgeous
beauty. And the friends we loved, the
friends of our bosom, who but one short
year ago greeted us with a "Merry

Christmas," where are they now? A
voice from the past answers, slumbering
in the silent city of the dead.

Oh yes, what human heart has not
some lost image enshrined within it,
some blighted hope slumbering in its
depths, some withered garland or faded
flower decking the bier of buried love.
Thus, the years come and go, and we jour-
ney onward, through days of clouds and
sunshine, laughter and tears, and our
vain ambitious hearts always seeking
the golden value of happiness. A well
known writer beautifully describes this
feverish agitation of the human soul,
this longing for a something which it
can never find. O, did we but know
when we are happy! Could the restless,
feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for
a moment still, and yield itself without
one farther aspiring throb to its enjoy-
ment—then were I happy—yes, thrice
happy! But no this fluttering strug-
gling and imprisoned spirit beats the
bars of its golden cage—disdains the
silken fetter; it will not close the eye
and fold its wing. As if time were not
swift enough, its swifter thoughts out-
strip his rapid flight, and onward, on-
ward, do they wing their way to distant
mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the
future; and yet I know, that ere long,
weary and way-worn, and disappointed,
they shall return to nestle in the bosom
of the past. We cling to the past with
fondness. In its desert spots, there are
fountains springing, whose waters often
refreshed us through the toilsome jour-
ney of life, and its crushed and faded
garlands send forth a fragrance that will
be borne on the winds of the future, the
many years to come. And this Christ-

mas night when all the world rejoices, when Angelic hosts are chanting the praises of the Redeemer, when Cherubim, and Seraphim, re-echo the glad hymns of praise, our own souls seem purified and elevated as it were, above the things of earth, and we go in spirit to the humble cradle of Bethlehem, and kneel down in adoration before that glorious King, and there we forgive and forget the transgressions of the past, and we offer that priceless jewel, more costly than pearl or diamond, or any treasure earth doth possess—'tis the fear of penitence.

Fallen human nature can there find hope and consolation, and redeem the past. The bleeding and broken heart there finds balm to heal the wounds of human woe. The man of crime, the calumniator, the wicked and jealous-hearted, those who through secret and cunning wiles would injure the pure and innocent, there find a fount to purify them from the iniquities of the past, and to fortify them against the battles of the future. And when storms arise, when the billows of passion seem to encircle us, and the ocean of life is like a dark and angry sea, there is still one star of magnificent beauty peering through the dark clouds, that will guide us to the haven of rest.

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone, the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Our old friend Father Christmas draws nigh to our doors once again. His steps have not faltered for all that has happened to stop us by the way, and while we, almost unconscious of the flight of time, have spared no thought from the work of the passing day, the seasons have run their measured course, and brought us, unmindful of their pace, to the dawn of the Great Anniversary. Before THE HARP again reaches its friends another Christmas Day will have lapsed into recorded time—another Festival, the greatest which the Christian celebrates, will be

numbered with the past. May the lessons of the season sink deep into the Irish heart; may the blessings of peace, of charity, and of love—the happiness which virtue and innocence confer—glow brightly round the Christmas hearth in the homes of the Irish race!

As time draws near the birth of Christ, sounds of joyful preparation ring on the ear. There is a special happiness in the faces of the children trooping through the streets, the churches crowd with penitents and worshippers, the shops are radiant with colour and light. The hardest heart softens, the sternest face relaxes in presence of Christmas, its observances, its associations, and its memories. The custom which unites with Christmas the blessing of plenty, the pleasures of a well-spread board, the exhilaration of "all good cheer" runs no danger of perishing amongst us. "Usage and wont" will have their due, and the long established connection between home comforts and Christmas tide has little to fear from innovation. So may it be. We have no wish to see the genii of plenty and merriment banished from the Christmas board. But we do think, nevertheless, that in this their material aspect, the observances of the season are in some danger of being perverted by excess. No one amongst us, we trust, desires to see the Birthday of Our Saviour reduced, as we fear it is elsewhere, to the level of a Pagan anniversary. We have not yet come to that, and we do not fear that we ever shall. But it is impossible to deny that the approach of Christmas is accepted by many amongst ourselves as a sort of justification for irregularities which at other times they would shrink from as improper and disgraceful. What is the connection between the nativity of Our Lord and the orgies of Bacchus? or how does the message of peace and good will invite the responses of inebriation? the "blot on Christmas" is darker and wider than is shown by a cursory glance. We touch a social sore, the evils of which are well known to those who visit the homes of the poor, when we say that the Christmas revel is purchased in many cases at a price of wretchedness and misery, of nakedness and hunger, of fireless hearths and

empty boards. Who shall paint the suffering entailed on wives and children sitting in desolate, poverty-pinned homes by the carouse with which the husband and the father are "celebrating" Christmas in the drink-shop? Is it not a fact that many a hard-working and industrious wife looks forward with a sinking heart to the approach of Christmas and trembles at the mention of the anniversary which should be to her a day of joy and happiness? Is it not a fact that the employer of labour feels a new burthen of troubles as he contemplates the embarrassments in which the unusual diffusion of strong drink at Christmas is certain to involve him? We need not pursue the painful subject. We have said enough to dis sever from our idea of Christmas festivities the excesses into which they some times degenerate.

A merry Christmas then, filled with the pure delights and genial happiness that spring from a mind at rest, we wish to the readers of THE HARP. To them, in particular, our greetings are due, and to them we trust in no small degree for those efforts of benevolence and charity which at this season cast a temporary gleam of comfort across the thresholds of the needy and the distressed. The poor that are always with us have a special claim on our remembrance at this season, and the charity that doubly blesses becomes as much a social obligation as a Christian virtue. There is no lack of room alas! for the efforts of the generous and the humane. Wan cheeks and sickly forms, shivering limbs and empty stomachs, still fill garret and tenement. In lightening their sorrow and alleviating their distress the true Christian will find his best occupation; and the joys of Christmas will catch their brightest lustre from the light which the hand of Charity enkindles in the abodes of the suffering poor.

Let usefulness and beneficence, not ostentation and vanity, direct the train of your pursuits.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, marks a great and noble spirit.

In order to acquire a capacity for happiness, it must be our first study to rectify inward disorders.

ABOUT FOOLS!

(Continued from our last.)

At this stage of our treatise "About Fools," it may not be inopportune to discuss the whereabouts of the "Fool's Paradise." It is a learned question and requires erudition. As there are prejudices on all sides it will demand calm investigation.

If we may believe the assertion of a recent writer—and a writer withal who arises his assertion to the dignity of verse—this truly delectable country is situated somewhere in "Morocco, adjoining Tangiers." Deponent saith,—

Returning one night rather late from Algiers,
A strange circumstance truly a traveller detected.

By the tribes of Morocco, adjoining Tangiers,
The greater the Idiot the more he's respected.
Having found an asylum for all the Insane,
(And a safe one to boot—that is one consolation.)

Now Newdegate, Whalley and George Francis
Train,

You may take the first place in the Moor's
estimation.

Though many countries have contended for the honor of this location, and though our venerated traveller places it thus definitively in so restricted a place as Tangiers, we ourselves remembering our Scripture, are obliged to dissent from all these claims. If "all men are fools," then all the world must be their stage, and there is no further need to restrict the boundaries. This view is further confirmed in our mind by the right reverend and venerable authority of two of the greatest men of modern times—Voltaire and Josh Billings, to wit. The learned Josiah asserts (and we think with every appearance of reason), that "Nature seldom makes a fool; she simply furnishes the raw material, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself." That Nature is very considerate is certain; and that she has been notably considerate in thus allowing every man to make a fool of himself as he pleases, is further certain; that most men have availed themselves of the privilege granted them by Nature, and the so liberal supply of the raw material, will not, we think, be denied. What necessity, therefore, of restricting the locality to Tangiers? And here arises the cognate subject—What is greatness?

And here comes in our second grave

authority—Voltaire. This great philosopher, (and who should know better than a philosopher?) makes greatness a compound of madness, reason and stubbornness, but especially stubbornness. "Would you gain a *great name*?" he asks. "Be completely mad, but of a madness besitting the age." Have in your folly a foundation of *reason* to guide your ravings, and be exceedingly *stubborn*. It may chance that you get hanged, but if you do not you may have an altar." (Dict. Phil. vol. x.) This theory, whilst it brings greatness down to the level of folly, raises folly to the dignity of greatness, and leaves us in doubt whether most to admire the folly of greatness or the greatness of folly. This duality of greatness will prepare us for Talleyrand's duality of consciences. When a certain member of the Chamber of Peers was discussing with Talleyrand the question of its merits, he gave as a reason for its continuance that "at least you *there find consciences*." "Consciencess!" exclaimed Talleyrand, "oh! yes, plenty! plenty of consciences! Sernouville, for example, has at least *two*." This was hard on Sernouville and the Chamber of Peers, but the Chamber of Peers, through its advocate, had been hard upon Talleyrand, and these two wits, be they philosopher or fool, were well met; almost as well met, indeed, as Diogenes and the citizens of Sinope. This surly philosopher having been politely informed that the worthy citizens had condemned him to be banished from Sinope, replied as politely. "And I—I condemn them to *remain* in Sinope." If the inhabitants of Sinope were such fools as to banish philosophy from their island, philosophy in these mutual condemnations had evidently the best of the bargain. To *remain* in an island of Fools must have been a terrible punishment. And here, whilst discussing so recently the "whereabouts" of "the Fool's Paradise," it cannot but strike one as remarkable, that this island of Sinope has never had its claims considered. A Fool's Paradise is just the place whence we should expect to find philosophy banished. On the other hand it may be urged that there are philosophers and philosophers; and that if the various surly sayings which history has handed down to us of Diogenes, be the only claim he has

to the rank of philosopher, the inhabitants of Sinope were certainly no fools to banish him. The question is an intricate one, and for the lovers of truth, which is always found at the bottom of the bag, an interesting one. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that as in the country of the blind a one-eyed man is a king, so Diogenes, with his surly sayings, may have been *idiotes men en philosophois, philosophos de en idiotais*—an idiot indeed amongst philosophers, but a philosopher amongst idiots, so many are the degrees and kinds of philosophy.

With all due sense of our responsibility and the gravity of the occasion, we have deliberated long and prayerfully within ourselves, whether in this treatise we should put down England's Elizabeth as more philosopher than fool, or more fool than philosopher. The decision is as delicate as it is difficult, since to judge fairly (of folly) one should at least be a judge. We will leave the task to our readers. Ours be it to give a mere statement of facts.

1st. She hated preachers—two or three she said were enough for a whole kingdom. But then Tib stole "a salt, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate from my Lord Keeper at Kew, after he had already given her a fine fan with a handle garnished with diamonds, a bouquet, or as it was more sensibly styled in those days, a *nosegay*, with a very rich jewel and pendants of *unfird* diamonds, a fine pair of virginals, and a fine gown and juppin (petticoat)." After that, gentle readers, it is for you to settle whether this gentle queen was more philosopher than fool; or more fool than philosopher. This hatred of preachers is hardly to be wondered at. She who could make and unmake Bishops, was little likely to care for the small fry. Besides she could never bear to hear of her faults, which were so numerous that it was next to impossible for a preacher, however had a shot, if he fired at all, not to hit some of them.

But there was another class of preachers, of which she stood equally in awe—her jesters—so that she periodically banished them from her presence, to keep their tongues in better order. When Tarleton, either from the natural presumption of his buffoon character, or bribed by Burleigh, had aimed his sarcastic shafts at two of the favourites

of the hour, she forbade him or any other of her jesters to come near her table any more.

Pace, another of her jesters, having transgressed in a similar manner on another occasion, was in a like manner forbidden her presence. Being again after due penance, and promise of amendment, admitted, the Queen, when she saw him enter, exclaimed, "Come on a Pace! Now, we shall hear of our faults!" But Pace, who was not to be caught napping so soon again, and still could not resist the opportunity of giving a sly hit, sulkily replied, "What is the use of speaking of what all the town is talking?"

But England's Elizabeth could on occasion be her own fool, and that sometimes in not too gracious a manner. Speaking of four gentlemen of Nottinghamshire, she joined them together in the following gracious and ungracious couplet:

Gervase the gentle, Stanhope the stout,
Markham the lion, and Sutton the lout.

When my Lord Bacon, suffering from gout, was unable to stand in her presence, she bade him be seated, with the semi-complimentary assurance,—“My Lord, we make use of you not for your bad legs, but for your good head.”

H. B.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Rosy dawn, the orient flushing,
Dews o'er purple flowers that flow,
Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing
Like the blood ye shed below;
Yet in light celestial glowing—
Gems that pave Jehovah's hall,
Eden-streams in music flowing,
Rills o'er opal rocks that fall;
Lambs of God careering o'er us,
Robed in more than regal sheen,
Sing aloud in peeling chorus,
“Hail, Holy Queen!”

While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-wing'd cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.
'Tis the lip that now on Mary
Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles,
Bids the tides of ocean vary,
Lights on high the starry isles.
Ye who from this sun's dominions
Gaze upon that heavenly scene,
Sing to harps, with quivering pinions,
“Hail, Holy Queen!”

All the spheres behold with wonder
Sleeping on thy bosom lie,
Him whose word in cloud and thunder
Hurl'd them flaming through the sky.
Mary! sacred Star of Ocean,
Rise thou o'er the stormy brine,
Quell the passions' wild commotion,
Cheer and save us, Mother mine!
Round us while the tempest rages,
Be thy guiding lustre seen,
And our song through endless ages,
“Hail, Holy Queen!”

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem where was born the Redeemer of the world, is one of the holiest spots of earth, and to it the thoughts of the Christian turn with constant delight. The events in the life of our Lord which give Jerusalem its supreme interest are mostly of a saddening character, bringing to recollection the sufferings of Jesus for the salvation of His people; and, wherever we turn in the city of the Great King, we are reminded of the Man of Sorrows, and the contradiction of sinners which He endured. But Bethlehem has other associations; and the pilgrim to the sacred shrines can here pour out his soul in joyful gratitude and love, for here is where God's infinite mercy was made evident to Jew and Gentile, and the Saviour of the world was seen by those He came to redeem.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest cities in the world, having a history of more than three thousand six hundred years. The name signifies the House of Bread; now its Arabic form, Beit Lahm, denotes the House of Flesh. Either name is suitable for the place in which the true bread of life whose flesh is the food of immortality, was to be born. It is called Bethlehem-Judah, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem in the region of Zebulun; it is also called Bethlehem-Ephratah, or the fruitful.

For a thousand years its history is obscure, until the place starts into prominence and immortal glory as the scene of the wondrous events attending the birth of Christ. With this narrative every Christian is familiar; and each year under the guidance of the church, we renew, at Christmas and Epiphany, the joy which its telling brings.

There are about three thousand residents in the city, who are all, or nearly

so, Christian. The streets are few, and like all Eastern cities, narrow and dirty—very narrow and very dirty, indeed. Many of the people are out of doors. As we pass along, we see some small, rude shops or dens, in which various articles are exposed for sale. We look in other rooms, and find men at work sitting on the ground, turning beads for rosaries. The work is done rapidly, and great quantities of these are made. Also, crosses and medals are carved from the mother of pearl shell.

As every one who goes to the Holy Land make some purchases of these articles, there is quite a brisk trade at Easter time, when the pilgrims most resort to the shrines. These beads, medals and crosses are taken to Jerusalem and blessed, in the most Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, and are thus held in just estimation among the holy things of earth. A cross made in Bethlehem, where Christ was born, and blessed in the most Holy Sepulchre where he was buried, and from which he rose triumphant over death, is surely a precious thing for any Christian to have. The scraps of pearls which are left in the manufacture of crosses and medals, and have been thrown out as refuse, sparkle and glisten in the bright sunshine, reminding one of the city above, whose gates are pearl. But the place where Christ was born is so holy that not even pearls are too precious to pave its streets.

The grotto or cave in which Christ was born is covered by a large church. Of this spot, as being the very place where the infant God was born, there never has been a doubt. The identification of it goes back to the very next century after the Ascension of Christ. The church was built by St. Helena, the mother of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great, and it is the oldest place erected for Christian worship in the world. It was solidly and well built and even now bids fair to last when many of the slight structures of modern times shall have fallen in to ruin. It is fifteen hundred years old; in length one hundred and twenty feet, the breadth being one hundred and ten. There are four rows of large marble columns, taken, probably, from the porches of the temple in Jerusalem. Each row contains twelve columns; each one being of a single stone, twenty feet

high, and thirty inches in diameter; they are smooth, and have handsome capitals of the Corinthian order. The roof of the church was originally of the cedars of Lebanon, but was repaired about four hundred years ago with oak. The columns were once richly ornamented, and the walls were inlaid with mosaics; these are nearly all gone, and whitewash is in their stead. The sanctuary was very beautiful, and yet retains much of the adornment of better days; but we can only see the top of the altar screen as we stand in the body of the church, for a large wall now runs entirely across the upper end of the nave, dividing it from the sanctuary. In consequence of this, the whole church looks desolate, empty, and cold. There are some cheap and mean glass lamps, a few ostrich eggs, and other trifling objects in the way of decoration, but the whole of this once beautiful and magnificent interior is desolate and neglected. Being common property of the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, it receives care from none; or, rather, the jealousies of the Christians prevent any attempt at restoration. The stone pavement is broken and irregular. The main door of entrance from the village has been partly walled up, so that one can only enter by stooping low. This was done a long time since, to hinder the Turks from riding in on horses, mules and camels; and the barrier against this sort of desecration is effectual enough.

The sanctuary of the church is directly over the spot where our Lord was born; and was once, as it should be, rich and gorgeous as loving devotion could make it—a brave sight in the day of its perfection. Raised six feet above the level of the floor of the body of the church, it is nearly square, and is large enough to accommodate the congregation who gather there. This sanctuary is in the possession of the Greeks and Armenians; for they being richer than the Latins, have bought from the Turks the largest share in all the holy places in Bethlehem and Jerusalem.

The church with its sanctuary described above, is over the crypt, or grotto, which is the glory of Bethelhem, the place where Christ was born. It is reached by a flight of steps on each side of the great sanctuary; about thirteen in number; much worn by thousands of

feet which have pressed them. Language fails to convey the sentiments and emotions of the pilgrim as he descends these old steps. In a moment he is to be there—there, where his Redeemer was born—there, where his heart has yearned to be thousands of times, through many years, in the far distant land which is home. Carefully he descends, and when nearly at the bottom, he sees, at the right hand, a silver star fastened in the marble floor; over it a number of small lamps burning; three steps more—he kneels and flings himself prostrate—he is there! Blessed is the pilgrim to whom God has given this joy, the holiest and sweetest ever known on earth!

Doubtless we have all known, at some time or other, a gladness of heart whose power and intensity have caused it to be remembered in after years, as marking the brightest day in our lives. With many it is that of the first communion; with others, something else has caused it. But the pilgrim to the holy places has a peculiar joy in addition to that shared with his brethren at home. And he will be forgiven if he say, as he feels, that there is no joy like that he has when he kneels where Christ was born.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS IN ART AND HISTORY.

From the night when the shepherds heard the glad tidings of the birth of the Incarnate Son of God, and hastened to the crib at Bethlehem, animated with the deepest feeling of adoring love, the wonder of that glorious eve have inspired the poet to raise his loftiest lay, and the painter to exert his utmost skill.

The promise made of old to Eve, that "The seed of the woman should crush the serpent's head," was never entirely forgotten, and the history of the ancient nations show us that many of them retained, although in a perverted and obscured manner, traces of the primeval tradition.

The Assyrians revered "the mooned Ashtaroth, Queen and Mother both." On the Egyptian monuments, one of the most familiar figures that meets the eye is the immortal Isis nursing Horus; while the ancient Scythians revered Freya or Friga, as the mother of a god-

like Hero, and one who has given the sixth day of the week its name. How could this idea crop out again and again in the most distant countries, unless it was a tradition that had descended from the first ages of the world?

When the time approached that the Desire of all nations should come, an ancient tradition has it that the Emperor Augustus consulted the Sybil Tiburtina, on the Capitoline Hill, and saw in vision an altar, over which a voice proclaimed, "This is the Altar of the Son of the living God." This scene is represented in bas-relief in the Church of Ara Cœli in Rome.

What Christian heart so cold that at this time feels no throb of love towards the gentle Mother, the sweet Virgin, daughter of Jesse, the Rose blossoming in so bleak a spot? To her in days of direful persecution S. Justina cried for help, as narrated by S. Epiphanius. Poor, persecuted, despised, the first Christians neglected not to picture her in the dark recesses of the Catacombs. To vindicate her honour, the Council of Ephesus thundered anathemas against all who would rob her of the title of Mother of God, and her effigy shone on coins and on pictures, and was embroidered on costly robes.

In the ages of chivalry she began to be called "Our Lady," and while the Cistercians wore white in honour of her purity, and the Servites black in honour of her sorrows, the Franciscans prided themselves on defending her Immaculate Conception, and the Dominicans regarded the Rosary as her best gift to their sainted founder. Her likeness painted by S. Luke was carried at the head of the armies of the Eastern Empire, and is now the chief treasure of S. Mark's, Venice.

When art had become the handmaid of religion, its votaries esteemed it their highest honour worthily to represent the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin and her Divine Son. Filled with reverential awe, and conscious of the difficulty of this task, the painters never commenced their work without imploring Divine aid, and many would not use the brush save when kneeling humbly before the sacred representation as it grew under their skill.

Various names have been employed to designate this great festival. In the

Celtic tongue, Christmas Eve is called the Night of Mary, for Christendom always associates the Mother with her Divine Son. In Germany it is known as *Weihnachten*, or the Holy Night, for holy indeed was the night that heard the angels singing, "Peace on earth to men of good will." In Basque it is called *Eguberi*, or the New Day, for it witnessed the coming of Him who was to make all things new. In Portugal, it is called *Pascoa do Natal*, and on it is commemorated the appearance of the Son of Justice, through His birth by a woman.

Rembrandt, Raphael and Correggio have employed their skill and labour in the representation of the Nativity, although each of these great painters has treated it in a manner consonant with his own peculiar genius.

Rembrandt pictures Gabriel, with the armies of the angelic host, rending the heavens in majesty, while the affrighted cattle flee in different directions, and the shepherds fall prostrate in adoration. In Raphael's paintings the angels scatter flowers which bloom only in heaven. Sometimes the Divine Infant lies on a white napkin, sometimes on the bare turf, sometimes on a sheaf of wheat, to denote that it is the Bread of Life, and often is He represented with His finger on His lip to signify "*Verbum caro factum est*—" that the Eternal Word, begotten before the ages, had become flesh. Sometimes He is sleeping peacefully in the crib and is covered, save where St. Joseph—who is always represented as an old man leaning on a staff—holds up one corner to allow the Shepherds or Magi to see the Divine Child. Most generally the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph are represented kneeling before Him Who is their God.

Christmas is ever recognised as the season of good will, peace, charity and reconciliation. In the northern countries it has always been associated with the mistletoe, and churches and houses have been decorated with holly and evergreens, while the boar's head has been carried in procession, and roast beef and plum pudding consumed. The waifs have sung Christmas anthems, and *Kris Kingle* has brought presents to the young folks. In the Isle of Man the peasants bring tapers, and sing joy-

ful carols; the Flemish shepherds bring sheep, eggs, and milk, and present them to the Church; in Italy the pious people construct cribs; and in Germany the peasants used to go round knocking at the doors with mallets, in remembrance of the impatience of the spirits detained in prison before Christ's birth, who were impatient for deliverance. The day was sometimes called *Anklopfer's Day*, (*Knockers' Day*), from this custom.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

There never was a more dreary day, in the dreariest winter, than that which set in the midst of a huge snow-drift; over the little town of Kilshane, on a Christmas-eve forty years ago. As our readers may be looking out for the place in which we lay the scene of this "o'er true tale," it may be as well to tell them, without further preface, that Kilshane is not the name by which the post office authorities know the locality of which we write, and from whose familiar archives of tradition we draw our story. But, nevertheless, Kilshane is name enough to our memory for the humble capital of an Irish mountain district, situated in the bosom of a pleasant valley, sheltered on the four quarters by great hills, which rise above like giant guardians who sentinel its repose. Once in the year it had its fair, when the streets were crowded with the big-boned, large-horned and fine-skinned cattle, known among the dealers as cows of the "real ould native breed" which have become superseded almost completely since by the more shapely, less servicable, and unhealthy stock come of Devon pastures and Hereford sweeps. Once in the year there gathered within its precincts, to the eminent danger of everybody, and the great profit of their owners, mountain rafteries, and unbroken elbs, interspersed with worn-out garrans, whose great recommendation, at the instance of their strange looking grooms—if grooms they can be called who never groomed the brutes—seemed to be the desperate agility with which they used their hind legs, and flung them out at anything

and everybody, of which a probability existed that they might reach. There never was an Irish fair without its pigs, and so once in the year, wherever the porcine crew crowded from, there were more pigs in the town of Kilshane than, we believe, could be assembled in the streets of any other town in Ireland. None of the fair goers seemed to be without an individual of the swinish multitude as an accompaniment, and some enjoyed the luxury of a dozen. This "once in the year," was always a great day in the little mountain mart, for all the days in the year it fell upon Christmas-eve. Everybody came down from the declivity of the hills around, for many a mile, to purchase or sell, and prepare for the festival of the morrow, in honor of the babe of Bethlehem. The poorest peasant, gaunt and worn with ill-requited toil, and lengthened days of hunger, had pinched himself for weeks before to buy that one candle we enjoyed in all the year, and whose light should burn that night of nights in the midst of his children; he came thither to buy, with the poor taper, the provisions of an humble feast, to cheer his meagre board, and do fitting reverence to the day of the Heaven-descended.

The more comfortable farmer journeyed there also, and chaffed, and joked, and bought and sold through the entire day, to go home in the dusk, not the most sober man in the world, as he sat upon his well laden truck car, bringing to the good woman at home store of meat and meal, spirits and spices; not forgetting the new-fangled but fascinating package of tea. Besides those regular drifts of humanity, there were irregular ones too, blown to Kilshane by all erratic winds of impulse, profit or promise, upon the yearly occasion. Beggars, particularly shrill in voice, and remarkably pious in sentiment; nondescript individuals, forming maimed portion of humanity, very lame, very blind and very ragged; some who enjoyed a loss of legs, some who enjoyed a loss of arms and threw in a remarkable manner on their deficiency; those crowded in what little room was unoccupied by cows and horses, pigs and dealers—and prayed or imprecated, and slandered or sneered, with the greatest ease, as it pleased them.

So went the day of the fair always,

and so it fared in Kilshane after its accustomed manner on the day our story opens. But with the fall of the night the snow lay in dirty heaps in the straggling street, where the cattle had trampled it into mud. The thoroughfares were empty of all the crowds that occupied them during the day, except the occasional passers-by, who journeyed homeward with their marketing. The little shops were filled with customers for their wares, and the taverns were crowded with those who had sold or bought in the fair of the day-dealers, farmers, and the usual ceteras attendant upon those occasions on such folk. Here there was noise and bustle, loud generosity or guarrulous quarrelsomeness, as around the rude bar the freeze-coated crowd clustered in the mist, which arose from the steaming punch before them, or the fog of tobacco smoke which filled the atmosphere with its dense clouds, in which those individuals breathed somehow without being asphyxiated.

In one of those—the Kilshane Arms—as the name was inscribed on a creaky sign which swung from above the door, a larger crowd was assembled than in any of the rest. Behind the counter a buxom, good-humored looking woman, attended to the many calls made upon her by the uncouth waiters who came to the bar from time to time, and gave their orders, as they were bidden by the guests in various parts of the house. Filling measures, keeping counts, and receiving money, was giving the lively hostess enough to do, when a group of five or six persons entered from the street, among whom was a girl of twenty-four or twenty-five years old, modest in aspect, large eyed, and well-featured, but whose face was marked with a paleness as of much care. Her dress was neat, but worn, and she seemed to shun observation from the persons among whom she found herself, on entering the house; by clinging closer to an old man, whose coarse resemblance to her fair young face, indicated the relationship of a parent. She whispered in his ear, when he immediately went over to the woman in the bar.

"Mrs. Keogh," said he, "is there any where I could bring Mary until I make a settlement with Tom Corkran here?"

The hostess stopped for a moment in the full flow of her occupation, and looked at the interrogator.

"Why, then, Mistorher Donovan" said she, "you and yours must have any place in the house yez want."

"Jemmy!" she called to a thick-set man, "mind the customers here, till I go wid Mistorher Donovan down to the kitchen; it's the quietest spot in the 'Arms' to-night."

"Ah, then, Mary Donovan," said she to the girl we have before noticed; "bud you're welkim. I wondher you wouldn't spake. In throth, achora, I'm glad an' I'm sorry to see you, for sake ov the poor mother that's gone. Cum down to the kitchen; I know you'd rather be there than among all the crowd wid their noise and their talk, it's myself that's sick of them."

With those words she brought the party, leading Mary by the hand herself, down a passage which led backward to the kitchen.

"Now, Mistorher Donovan," said she, as they entered that apartment; "yez will have no one to molest yez here, and can settle whatever yez have to settle in pace an' quietness."

"Beg your pardin, sir," she continued to a man who sat at the fire, with a hat drawn over his eyes, of a shape now known as a "Jerry," but then totally unusual in that remote district; "beg your pardin, sir," bud this young woman is cowl'd, and th' evenin's sharp, an' if its plazin' to you to further over a little more, there'll be room, an' to spare, for all parties."

"I'm obleeged to ye; that'll do, now," she continued, as the stranger hastily drew himself more toward the side of the hearth, where a huge fire of turf blazed, sending out a welcome glow.

"Now, Mistorher Donovan, what'll you an' your friends take? I'm goin' to get a cup of tay for myself an' poor Mary, the crathur, an' you'll take sumthin' in the manetime."

"Oh, the hard stuff for us, Missis Keogh," said one of the men.

"In throth, Phil Corkran," she replied, "you're bould enough to answer for yourself; I'll go bail; but it's Mistorher Donovan I'm askin' an' not you. The best in my house he'll have at his command, for he's a dacent man and was a

comfortable man too."

"That's as much, Missis Keogh," replied the man addressed as Phil Corkran, "as to say I'm a comfortable man, but not a dacent man. Well, it's all right, av coorse, but Mistorher Donovan is to thraet me now, whether you'll do it or not."

"Give us some spirits, Missis Keogh," said Donovan, glancing deprecatingly at the kindly hostess; "id's Christmas-eve, ma'am an' we're all good enough according to our waken'g, if we only remember the blessin' that fell upon the earth many hunder years ago, to tache us humility." Phil is a bit sharp; but there's worse nor him."

"Id's good to hear you, Mistorher Donovan, sayin' that," she answered; "it's Christian-like to the man who dhrove your little stock to this day's fair, for your Novimber rint, but I'm not bound to think the better av him fur all that. Natty!" said she to the little boy, "go up to your father an' bring down a bottle av spirits an' some tay. Hurry, like a good child."

Natty soon returned with the required articles, and while the good woman of the Kilshane Arms busies herself in getting ready the tea for her guest; and while the men are making their settlement, we will take a retrospect of the events which gathered those individuals in the kitchen of the humble hostel of the valley village.

Seven years before the Christmas-eye to which we refer there was no more comfortable farmer than Ulick Donovan in all the district within ten miles of Kilshane. He held a couple of hundred acres of land the best in the neighbourhood, and it laid within a short half-mile of the little town. His kith and kin had dwelt for many a hundred years before him in the pleasant farm-house, whose white-washed walls gleamed a short way up the slope of one of the hills which surrounded the valley, and which was built at the extremity of his holding next the mountain. By that alternation of events peculiar to the history of Ireland alone amid European nations, he, the rightful heir of the soil, had found himself the tenant of it at the hands of the owner at law. However, those territorial lords had rendered the change of fortune of the Donovan family

less bitter than it might have been. Through three or four generations they had permitted them to hold some hundreds of acres at a very moderate rent, and at last, when the relaxation of the laws against certain forms of religious profession had permitted such a step, they gave to the representative of that family a long lease of his land, at a low valuation. By reason of this encouragement Ulick Donovan, the grandson of the lessee, was a thriving man when he began the world. His neighbours looked up to him both for his good native blood and his independence, and the world went well with him up to that period. He had married a very amiable girl, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, with whom he got only the wealth of a cheerful temper, a good heart, and a thrifty hand. One child, a daughter, had blessed their union, and through her came the first sorrow on Ulick Donovan's home. Beside him, there resided on a farm bordering his own a well-to-do man, named Connoll Carroll. He was a widower, and had an only son. Charley Carroll, was a reckless, hearty boy, whose exuberance of life involved him in perpetual scrapes. His father died suddenly before he had reached the years of manhood, and Ulick Donovan with a kindly feeling, aided the young man with his advice and assistance. The more he knew him the greater interest he felt in his welfare. Thus, Charley Carroll was a frequent guest at Donovan's house; and as Mary Donovan grew towards womanhood, the old story came to be repeated—Charley Carroll and Mary Donovan were lovers. Everybody in the parish knew it, and everybody in the parish talked of it. Wisacres shook their heads at the notion of wild Charley Carroll and gentle Mary Donovan ever being husband and wife; and Charley was as wild with great, manly excitement of existence, as ever Irishman had been before. The joyous recklessness of the young man at last brought him into trouble. It was a time of great political excitement. Informers had their golden opportunity, and they did not neglect its use, they founded secret societies, and deluded young men into their meshes. They told them some specious tale about a union of Irishmen extending

over the country in solemn league for her redemption. Every ardent spirit rushed into the wild hope there held out to tempt it. The first man initiated was Charley Carroll. There was danger in it, there was risk in it; and danger and risk was his delight. He neglected his farm, and he spent his money in aiding an organization which was only the terrible shamble, where the informer was yet to make his profit. When his money was gone, and the blood hound had taken from his victim, all he had the villain who had deceived him with false lights of patriotism, made his way to the authorities, and at its nightly council the illegal society was surrounded by a police force. Every member was taken except Charley Carroll. A blow from his arm levelled the man who approached to seize him, and with a bound he was away through the darkness of the night.

Charley was never seen again; but Mary Donovan knew somehow that he was gone to America. The girl drooped and sickened; fever developed itself in her illness. Her mother paid her every care and attention that fondness could give, or zeal could bestow; and saw it all repaid in the restoration to health of her darling. But the overstrained maternal love had left Mary Donovan's mother susceptible to the disease whose ordeal she had endured herself. With her up rise from the bed of illness her mother was prostrated. The disease came to kill—and did kill her—leaving Ulick Donovan a widower, and his child motherless. With this visitation came a succession of misfortune. Donovan's cattle died; he had bad crops; and worse than all, his lease terminated and a portion of his land, the best, was taken from him, and given to Corkran, the "rent warner," and the rent of the remainder doubled. The once comfortable farmer saw his substance gradually decrease, notwithstanding all his exertions and industry, so from day to day, things went from bad to worse, until at length an unfavorable season left Ulick Donovan unable to pay his current gale of rent. The landlord was an absentee; matters were managed by his agent, who was very much guided in his dealings with the tenantry by Tom Corkran the "rent warner." Tom was not a good adviser to the agent, but a grasping man, who took every oppor-

tunity of increasing his own store at the cost of the tenant's ruin; but so skillfully did he manage, that he took the blame from his own, to lay it on his superior's shoulders. He lent money to the insolvent tenant, if he saw means in his hands to repay his own claim, and then Tom took a favorable opportunity to make the agent press for rent due, and got the stock of the tenant for about half its value. In this profitable system he was ably assisted by his nephew, Philip Corkran, an insolent, bullying fellow, who levied a kind of black mail, in his own fashion. Phil enjoyed the life of a "fighting cock," to use his own expression. He was feted by the trembling serfs on the estate upon all occasions, and they were remarkably frequent, when he chose to honor them with his company. Philip enjoyed the prospect, too, of the probable reversion of the goods of his cunning and thrifty uncle, as that personage lived in a state of single blessedness. This worthy had begun to look with a favorable eye on Mary Donovan. The farm still held by her father, and in probable reversion to her, might have something to do with his admiration for the fair girl. She was satisfied to endure the unwelcome attention which she received from Corkran, while plainly enough intimating in her reception of them that she should prefer their discontinuance; but Philip knew very well that his influence exercised a despotic ascendancy over the Donovans, and hoped to improve his position in the maiden's favor with time and opportunity. On the occasion on which we introduce the party at the "Kilshane Arms," old Tom Corkran had pursued his usual game of purchasing the farm-stock of Ulick Donovan at a valuation, which exceeded by some few pounds the rent due by the ruined old man, and the party had entered the inn to arrange the matter finally.

While we have been entering into the history of these personages, Mary Donovan has been taking the tea prepared for her by the hostess. The stranger has been sitting in the shadow of the chimney, looking with an enquiring gaze on the passage of events before him. Phil Corkran has been indulging in his potations rather freely with the men who accompanied him; and Ulick Donovan

is looking through his spectacles into the account furnished him by old Tom Corkran, and comparing it with the amount of money before him on the table.

"In throth, Misther Donovan," said Mrs. Keogh, "this is a poor Christmas-eve enough for you, to be sure, you that knew what comfort and manes was on sich occasions; an' its sorry I am to see ye on the bizness ye've cum about here to-day. Whin the last of a man's stock goes, he may go himself soon afther. Musha thin, Tom Corkran, ye might lave him a cow to give him a sup o' milk."

"Ye see Misses Keogh" said Tom, "I wud if I cud; but the agent is mortal hard on me, an' I took the cattle only to save Misther Donovan here, and to save the cost of a saizure, an' I must sell thim again, for I want the money badly myself."

"B'leeve me Tom," she replied, things o' this sort don't end well. There isn't luck in them, except it's bad luck. Misther Donovan, wan way or the other, has been hunted into this strait, an' I tell you, who ivir is at the bottom av it won't thrive."

"I tell you what it is, Misses Keogh," interposed Phil Corkran, who had sat listening to the conversation, and emptying the glasses he had repeatedly filled, "this can be settled comfortably. Here's Mary here," said he, "an' she has it all in her own power to make her father as aisy as iver, if she only takes my advice."

Delivering himself of this peroration, Phil drew his chair over beside Mary Donovan, and sitting down, continued:

"An' d'ye know what that advice is, Mary? Jist only to get married, an take meself to put the ring on yer finger."

Mary looked around her towards her father, as the drunken fellow addressed this speech to her; but she knew the difficulties which surrounded him commanded her civility to Phil, and she answered:

"I don't mean to lave my father, Misther Corkran, an' I don't think he'd let me if I was willing itself—which I am not."

"Aisy, now, Mary, its only coaxin' you want," said Corkran, attempting to put his arm around her waist. "Mind you I'm a better man than Charley

Carroll, who they say softened your heart wast; cum now Mary!"

"Charley Carroll," said she, pushing her chair away, "is dead an' gone, God rest him, an' the dead oughtn't be meddled with for the sorra of the livin'!"

"Devil a hair I care!" said he, "where he is, bud you're here, an' so am I, an' I make you a fair offer, an' belad id's a good wan. Cum over here now."

He grasped her hand as he spoke, and tried to make her sit beside him. Mary struggled to free her fingers from his grasp in vain.

"Let me out Phil Corkran!" she said indignantly, "let me out; I want none of your freedoms."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the ruffian, "in troth it's on me knee you'll sit, an' you'll be kinder presently."

He pulled her forcibly over to him, when the stranger in the corner arose, took off his hat, divested himself of his overcoat and neck-tie, and turning to the struggling girl, caught her around the waist with one arm, and dealt Corkran a blow of such force with the other, that he fell sprawling backward across the chair on which he had intended to seat himself.

"Mary Donovan," said the stranger, "it's many a year since I saw your face, but I didn't forget you, nor have you forgotten me. I came just in time to serve you, but little I thought that sorrow had such a gripe upon you and yours as from all I heard here I know it has."

"Oh Charley," said Mary clinging hysterically to his neck, "why didn't you let us know where you were, an' we'd know where to find a friend."

"All in good time! Mary, I'll tell you my story; but sit down until I settle an old score with this blackguard," he said pointing to Phil Corkran, who had risen to his feet and was glaring at his rival with an expression of ferocious cowardice.

"Cum away, Phil," said one of the men who had accompanied him; cum away man."

"I won't," roared Phil, "I'll knock the life out of that returned informer."

Phil shook his stick menacingly at Charley Carroll, for he was the stranger.

"Call me that name again," said Carroll, "and not all the law in the world will save you from my hands."

"Cum Phil," said the man who had

before interposed, linking his arm within that of the ruffian."

"Go now," said Carroll, "or I'll make ye."

"I won't," roared Phil as he went out shaking his stick, and in a violent exertion *not* to get back. "I won't," he shouted until the door had closed behind him.

"And now Tom Corkran," said Carroll "what is the amount of your claim against Ulick Donovan?"

"A half-year's rent," promptly answered Tom.

"Give me the agent's receipt for it," said Carroll, "and here it is," unfolding, as he spoke a roll of notes. "Bring home your cattle I'll satisfy this man's claim."

Old Donovan looked up in the stranger's face with an air of bewilderment while Carroll laughed.

"Don't be ashamed to take a little return from wild Charley Carroll for all the kindness you gave him," he said.

"I went from Ireland a poor and hunted man, I stand upon her shores again, able to buy out the owner of Kilshane if he'll only sell it; and, to tell you truly, I am expecting a letter from my solicitor that every inch of the old sod is mine, for I have been already in treaty with the possessor. But hush there is twelve o'clock, it is Christmas morning—shake hands old friend! I wish you a merry Christmas and many happy returns of the season."

* * * * *

There is hardly any need for us to continue this episode of life among our peasantry, Charley Carroll had made a fortune in the war of liberation of the Spanish States of America; and he had come home to claim the heart and hand of the girl he loved, and to whom he had been true amid all vicissitudes. When the Christmas-eve came around again, he was master of all the broad acres of the estate of Kilshane. He had his home in the ancestral mansion which adorned it; and beside his hearth, its presiding genius, hovered his fair young wife. She had grown in beauty as she had grown in happiness. Endowed with native grace, she adorned the sphere to which she had been raised. Tried with poverty, she had not forgotten the poor and never did the Christmas come on

Kilshane, in which all its tenants rejoiced so heartily before, as on the first occasion when wild Charley Carroll and gentle Mary Donovan presided in "the rouse," as it was called *par excellence*. In a hundred homes their happiness was prayed for that night. From a thousand hearts arose the most fervent orisons which ever besought heaven's blessing on human heads, for they were orisons that broke from hearts filled with gratitude, respect and affection. All the intermediate details we leave to your imagination, dear reader; but if Charley Carroll and Mary his wife did not live happy, that you and I may.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE;

OR, THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

High up the Mourne's heath-clad side,
A doating old man scramble ;
To gaze upon the surging tide,
With faltering step he rambled.
Three score years and ten had bent
And shrunk his aged figure ;
Still to his mountain seat he went,
With all his olden vigor.

He saw the wide expanse of sea,
Stretched out before his vision ;
The waves, white-crested in the bay,
Laughed, like in wild derision ;
And lashed the coast with fury dent,
With deep envenomed motion—
With all the force rebounding lent—
So ragged the little ocean.

Delighted when the old man grew—
The wind was blowing higher,
And that black speck, he had in view,
Was drifting, drifting nigher,
It looked so bird-like, dark and small,
'Tween boulder waves low sinking ;
He scarce could make it out at all,
And musingly sat thinking.

The day wore on—the waves rose high,
And rolling, looked appalling ;
The clouds ominous in the sky,
Sent forth the snow then falling ;
The old man sat in snowy shroud,
Cold as the month December,
And spoke his troubled thoughts aloud,
This wise, as I remember :

"'Tis cowl'd, but sure I think he'll come,
He said so in his lether ;
An' Mary'll keep the house at home,
Sure none could do it bether ;
She's good an' kind, an' modest, too,
An' pays me great attention ;
An' then her eye seems steeped in dew,
While Willie's name I mention.

"She cries wid me, and comforts me,
An' prays wid me so mildly,
That I must hope, and soothered be,
Though raving, raving wildly ;
But sure my heart is wid him still,
My wee son, wild and silly ;
And let him rove where'er he will,
He's still my brave boy Willie.

"Ochone! I'm sad since that dark day,
When Drogheda's brave men mustered ;
'Twas in the square, one market day,
When some one somewhere blustered ;
Sure he was there, the people say,
And looked proud as a leader ;
But well I know he went away,
Aboard o' some light trader.

"I trembled for our little spot,
That was his and his mother's ;
An' often sat 'ithin the plot,
'Tween her grave and his brother's ;
But every gale-day brought his note,
An' then the rent I paid it ;
The balance—Mary always wrote—
Safe in the chest I laid it.

"Our little house is lonely, an'—
An' Christmas Day's to-morrow,
But sure he'll come if he can
A ship find, or one borrow.
The wind blows hard from nor' nor'east—
I'm blest there comes a schooner,
With masts all gone, and not a taste,
O' canvas—Och! they'll ruin her!"

A ship disabled, landwards came,
With wild impetuous motion,
A shapeless mass, with weakened frame,
Wrecked by the maddened ocean,
Her human freight, with faces blanched,
Were signalling assistance ;
All helpless 'mid the breakers launched,
They offered no resistance.

Against high rocks, hid'neath the waves,
The schooner frail was shattered ;
To wrestle o'er their watery graves,
Her hardy crew were scattered !
But one was there, to see with dread,
The noble vessel stranded—
To see her crew come drifting dead,
Save one who living landed !

One soul from that great wreck was saved ;
He whom the old man mourned ;
For whom he sighed and sobbed and raved,
At last, at last returned.
Choked by the waves, he faintly gasped,
And death's last draught was drinking,
When fatherly arms around him clasped,
And he was saved from sinking !

From Carlingford on, on to Howth ;
From Dundalk down to Derry,
None spent on land, or sea afloat,
A Christmas half so merry.
As our old man, with radiant face,
Upon his saved son beaming,
And Mary, happiest of her race,
Looked like an infant dreaming.

VICTOR.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Rejoice! rejoice! our Lord has come
 Wearing an Infant's form;
 Stooping from His eternal home,
 God is Incarnate born.
 Joyfully hail His happy Birth,
 The great "Desire" of all the earth.

Long, long on Earth's fair face had reigned,
 Sin, cruelty, and strife;
 God's Name and worship were profaned,
 Idolatry was rife;
 No great race could His glory tell,
 Enslaved was faithless Israel.



But in God's own appointed time
 Our Blessed Lord hath come,
 To draw us from the paths of crime,
 To chase away our gloom,
 In Bethlelem at dead of night
 Is born to us the Light of Light.

The mighty God of heaven adored,
 Our human nature wears!
 The Father's co-eternal Word,
 A helpless Babe appears!
 God, only, thus could stoop, yet be
 No loser in his majesty.

No palace is His resting place,
 Only a stable mean,
 His Mother though of kingly race
 Is yet no stately queen;
 Her purity is all her dower,
 Whom God calls "Mother" at this hour.

Come ye and see where He is laid
 Worship with angels there,
 With Joseph, and the Mother Maid
 Adore your Saviour dear;
 Angels enraptured hail His Birth,
 Yet not for THEM He comes to earth.

Ah! come, we have no cause for fear,
 His hand hath chased the mist,
 And we may now in safety near
 Our God revealed in Christ;
 See, God, our God, on us hath smiled!
 Draw near, draw near, the Holy Child.

Kneel down, with lowly reverence gaze
 Into His wondrous face,
 That angels look on with amaze,
 Which lights this holy place;
 For in the love which fills His eyes,
 The depth of hidden Godhead lies.

Rejoice! but yet amid your joy
 Let other thoughts arise;
 Remember what that Infant Boy
 Shall suffer ere He dies;
 Forget not on this joyous morn,
 The end for which our Lord is born.

Blest as none other ever was
 Is that young Mother there,
 But well does Mary know the cause
 Which brings her Jesus here,
 And lies her fair young brow across
 The shadow of the future Cross!

His wondrous mercy to proclaim
 Your highest powers employ,
 He took upon Himself the shame,
 He gives us all the joy;
 What could we do without His grace?
 Rejoice! for earth has seen His face.

E. M. R.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer," says the old proverb, and in the olden times, Christmas was indeed a merry festival throughout Christendom. In all Catholic countries it is, and always has been a great day of rejoicing. It appears from what St. John Chrysostom tells us, that this festival and the Epiphany was anciently celebrated on the same day. The illustrious Father observes that it "was but a little while in his days that Christmas

had been celebrated at Antioch on the twenty-fifth of December as a distinct feast," and that the custom of commemorating the birth of Christ on that date came from the West. The Armenians made but one feast of Christmas and Epiphany as far down as the twelfth century. It is maintained commonly that Pope Telesphorus was first to ordain that the feast of the Nativity should be kept on December 25th. John, Archbishop of Nice in an epistle upon this subject relates that at the instance of St. Cyril, Pope Julius I, caused very strict inquiries to be made as to the exact day of our Saviour's Nativity, which being found to have occurred on the 25th day of December, they began thenceforth to solemnize it on that day.

Even in the earliest periods of Christianity, tradition tells us Christmas was a day of rejoicing and one on which enemies were reconciled and open hospitality and good will were shown to all men.

It is the custom for priests to say three masses on this feast, and the ancient Christian writers inform us that on Christmas day the Popes said three masses, the first at Santa Maria Maggiore, the second in the Church of St. Anastasia, and the third in the Vatican basilica. In the Roman missal to the present day the three masses are named after these stations. St. Gregory the Great, speaks of celebrating three masses on this feast and the custom has been universally adopted all over the world by the clergy of both ranks in the hierarchy. The saying of these three masses is doubtless in honor of the triple birth of our Saviour; the first by which He proceeds from the Father before all ages, the second His birth in Bethlehem; and the third, by which He is spiritually born in our souls by faith and charity. They are also celebrated in honor of the three persons of the most sacred Trinity, the Second of whom was born for the salvation of mankind.

In Rome before that unhappy event, the invasion of the Italians in 1870, Christmas was a joyous time. For more than a fortnight previous pifferari or mountaineers and peasants from the Campagna and Sabine hills, dressed in sheep's skins and wearing sandals on their feet,

came into the Eternal City and played upon pipes before the numerous street shrines in imitation of the Shepherds, who, according to tradition, thus performed upon their rude musical instruments at Bethlehem to delight the now born Saviour. It was a very picturesque and interesting, as well as touching sight to see these poor country people kneeling and singing in front of the many pretty wayside chapels, which adorn the streets of Rome, and which in these days were brilliantly illuminated in honor of Christ's birth. Unfortunately the Italian government, friends of "progress" and "modern civilization" has prohibited the poor pifferari from even entering Rome in their ancient dress at Christmas and their singing, is now a thing of the past—one of the many beautiful customs of Rome which Italian tyranny has abolished. On Christmas eve a thousand bells ushered in the celebrations of the next day. At about nine o'clock the same evening the Pope went in his gala carriage, drawn by eight horses to the basilica of Santa-Maria Maggiore, the beautiful marble columns of which were swathed in scarlet drapery of the richest satin and a hundred lamps and candles blazed upon the various altars. But who can describe the glories of mid-night mass in Rome? Even the glowing pen of Hawthorne has failed in the task, and Byron himself has pronounced them indescribable. The vivid lights and the profound shadows which render the vast and magnificent church a scene of almost supernatural grandeur, the presence of the Supreme Pontiff and his sacred court, the rich dresses, the heavenly music are so awe-striking, so wonderful that they can only be understood by those who have had the fortune to behold their transcendent beauties, and once seen they can never be forgotten, being, as the authoress of "Corinne" has said, "glimpses of heaven itself." After mid-night mass, in the old times, the Pope carried in procession round the church the precious relics of the holy crib which has been venerated at Santa Maria for ages. Then the cannon fired from the Castle St. Angelo and all the bells in the city rang out a joyous peal. Thus was Christmas eve commemorated at Rome. Now all is changed as our

readers know but too well. The Pope is imprisoned, and the religious ceremonies are almost as much deprived of their splendor as they were in the days of the Church of the Catacombs. The next day was the great festival. From a very early hour the streets were crowded with people in their best attire, hurrying to hear three masses, as is the ancient custom with all good Romans. Over the bridge of St. Angelo passed an almost endless string of carriages conveying the members of the nobility and diplomatic body, as well as the crowd of rich foreigners who choose Rome for their residence in winter, to the basilica of St. Peter, where the Pope celebrated mass with the same magnificence and pomp as at Easter, in the presence of his court, ambassadors and high officers of State and army. The scene which occurred at the Elevation of the Host, when every knee of the vast multitude was bent in prayer and the Holy Father alone stood up, holding the Blessed Sacrament aloft to be adored by the people and when his clear flute-like voice was heard throughout the whole great church blessing the world, was one which, like mid-night mass in Santa Maria Maggiore cannot even be imagined. It was sublime. Gorgeous beyond description, also, was the superb procession which, at the conclusion of the high mass, was formed to conduct his Holiness back to the sacristy. Cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, monsignori, guards, nobles, ambassadors, all in their robes of office, went solemnly two and two in front of the Vicar of Christ who, seated on his gestatoria, was borne high above the multitude upon the shoulders of certain officers wearing appropriate costumes, and followed by others carrying the various emblems of his lofty spiritual and temporal rank—the highest on earth. These were the scenes and sights suggestive of Christmas in heaven, which drew pilgrims from the four quarters of the globe, and which made Rome the true centre of Christianity. Well may the Eternal City deplore their loss.

During the fortnight after Christmas it is the time-honored custom of the clergy of Rome to carry around the Blessed Sacrament, processionally, to the sick of their respective parishes,

and for many days innumerable processions are even now to be met crossing the various directions, often followed by a crowd of pious women holding lighted torches and singing hymns, the road being strown with box or bay leaves. At night the windows of the houses were illumined, as if by lighting, at the sound of the bell which announces the approach of the Viaticum.

All over Italy, Christmas is a great day. Grand dinners are given by the heads of families, to which are invited even those members who on ordinary occasions are not asked to the house. But on the day of days, feuds are forgotten and those who never meet throughout the year, make a point to assemble round the eldest representative of their family, on Christmas day. Presents are given to servants and children, as with us, and turkeys are consumed in every Italian city by the thousands.

During the octave, a presepio is exhibited in most houses and shops. These are sometimes very beautiful, as the little wooden figures used in their formation, are often exceedingly well carved and are artistically dressed. Some of these recently sold by the Italian government, at the sale of the effects at the various Roman Convents, have found their way over to this country, and fetch high prices at the art auctions on account of their intrinsic beauty. The Italian churches have of course a presepio of the Holy Crib at Christmas. Sometimes an entire chapel is set aside for the purpose. At the Ara Cœli, Rome, for instance, the whole of one of the side chapels, is devoted to the representation of the Nativity. In the foreground kneels the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and between them lies on the straw the Holy Baby. On one side was grouped the Shepherds, and the Wise Kings in attitudes of adoration. Immediately behind appear an ass and an ox. Above is seen God the Father surrounded by cherubs and angels, playing upon musical instruments, as we see Him represented in the paintings of the early masters. The background is an admirably arranged landscape, on which all the skill of the scene painter is lavished. Shepherds figure in it guarding their flocks far away, reposing

under palm trees, or standing on green slopes, which glow in the sunshine. The perspective is really admirable. In the foreground is a real fountain which plays amidst flowers, and at which sheep and droves are drinking. Shepherds are also represented as tending their flocks by its margins; in the distance appear peasant women bearing large baskets of real oranges and fruits, and coming to lay them as offerings at the feet of the Holy Family. All the figures near at hand are life-size, and the others decrease in height as they are supposed to be further off. Thus perfection of perspective is maintained in a striking manner. Very pretty is the sight of the crowd which surrounds this beautiful representation of the most august of courts. Fathers uplift their little ones to see it, and these are with difficulty kept from openly manifesting their joy in somewhat noisy fashion. Mothers point out the scene in low whispers to their tiny lads and lassies; peasants look upon it in mute admiration and devotion and only Protestant tourists—English and American, and even those of late years have diminished number, find matter to smile or jest about in what is so graceful and appropriate and so well calculated to keep alive in the minds of the people the history of the Nativity of Christ.

While this is taking place on one side of the church a very different but equally beautiful exhibition is in progress in another. Around an antique column of the basilica, is erected a stage from which little boys and girls between five and seven years of age recite with every kind of pretty Italian gesticulation short sermons, dialogues and speeches in explanation of the presepio opposite. Sometimes the little speaker breaks down in such a comical manner that a titter of suppressed laughter runs through the audience, but usually Roman children recite so well that it is truly pleasant to hear and see them, and they rarely make mistakes or mar the effect they produce by inappropriate gestures.

He who would act like a wise man, and build his house on the rock, and not on the sand, should contemplate human life, not only in the sunshine; but in the shade.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON FOR
CHRISTMAS.

"The Incarnation of Christ."

"Now in the 15th year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa, and Herod, tetrarch of Galilee, and Philip his brother, tetrarch of Ituræa and the country of Trachonitis, under the high priests, Annas and Caiaphas the Word of the Lord came to John, the son of Zachary, in the desert, and he came into all the country about the Jordan preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins as it was written in the words of the book of Isaias the prophet, a voice of one crying in the wilderness: prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight His paths; every valley shall be filled and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked ways shall be made straight and the rough ways plain, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

These are indeed the preparations, dearly beloved brethren, that St. John was inspired by the Holy Ghost to proclaim for the coming of the Son of God. It is now eighteen hundred years and more since the first Christmas Day coldly dawned upon the upturned face of the newly-born Saviour, and from that day to this the whole world makes more or less preparation for the coming of Christmas. But what kind of preparation does it make? Men prepare for festivities, they spread the festive board, they prepare to banquet and make merry, to spend the time joyously in social and family recreation; and I have not a word to say against all this, for Christmas is naturally a time of joy. But now, as of old, there is another preparation to be made that is the most important of all. The key-note of this preparation was struck by St. John the Baptist, when before the first Christmas the Spirit came upon him in the desert. He preached to the people to prepare for the coming of the Lord by passing through the baptism of penance. It is a preparation, dearly beloved, of little joy in the present day, for it is written, "Discipline and penance bring present sorrow," but it is a preparation abundant in future joy, when He that comes finds that we are prepared for His coming.

Mark the significance of that message—that baptism of penance that John the Baptist preached, how men were to prepare for the coming of the Lord.

"Let every valley," he said, "be filled up, every mountain and high place cut down, and every crooked way be made straight and smooth." What are these valleys that have to be filled up in preparation for the coming of the Lord? What are these mountains that have to be cut down and levelled to the dust? What are those crooked ways that have to be made straight and smooth before the coming of Christ? The deep valleys of empty hearts must be filled with the grace and holiness of God; the deep void of empty minds must be filled with the faith and the knowledge of God. The mountains of pride and passion in human souls must be removed by penitential labor. The crooked ways of dishonesty and sin must be made straight and smooth before the Lord. If these preparations are wanting, all others are unavailing, and all the joy that this festival brings becomes only the shape and shadow of joy, and the substance of the Lord. Therefore is it, dearly beloved, that during the Novena of Christmas I have occupied myself exclusively with the great question of Christmas repentance, and the sacrament in which it is embodied. As a further argument for this preparation for the coming of the Lord, I ask you to consider to-day what is the mystery we celebrate, what is this act of God that we commemorate? I answer, it is the mystery of the Incarnation of the Eternal Son of God—that bowed down from His exalted throne in the heavens, that descended on earth, became incarnate of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, and was made man. It is the mystery of all mysteries, the greatest, grandest conception that ever filled the mind of God, the most wonderful work that ever emanated from God's right hand. This mystery needs an explanation, and we must, my brethren, consider it in its true nature, not by the deluding representations of those who pretend to teach without authority, who pretend to explain the adorable name of Jesus Christ without comprehending what that Name means, who teach that the veneration of His mother and His saints detracts from His honor, without knowing who He is. This mystery means that man's direst necessity was obviat-

ed, his greatest difficulty cleared away, by the Son of the Almighty God becoming man. Man's ruin was averted, God's goodness and justice vindicated, in the mystery of the incarnation.

Man's necessity was great; sin lay heavy upon him. When it had fallen upon his nature, it brought with it defilement and corruption. The foulness of sin was upon him. It entered into his very blood, assimilated itself with his spiritual life, till he became permeated through and through with the curse of God. By the wrath of the Almighty which had fallen upon him were destroyed all the supernatural gifts of God, and the best natural gifts were weakened and corrupted. Modesty and dignity were lost when the grace of humility departed from the defiled and corrupted heart. Human knowledge was darkened in the mind when the high knowledge of God had passed away, and obedience to God—freedom unfettered and unshackled—had degenerated to abject slavery to every sensual appetite and passion. Every power of man's soul had been touched and defiled by the contact of sin. But, worst of all, God had closed the gates of Heaven upon man, had sealed them with His awful seal, and had hung upon them this terrible decree—"No man shall enter here till the blood of an infinitely meritorious victim be shed for man's sins." The evil was there, and who was there that could ransom it? The angels in heaven might look down with sad, pitying eyes upon fallen man—they could pity, but not redeem him. The patriarchs might pray in tears and sorrow, but their tears availed not for man's redemption. The blood of myriad victims might be spilt, but the blood of created victims could not appease the wrath of God, could not wash away the handwriting of that terrible decree. There was only One in existence that could accomplish it, that could save man by shedding His own blood, by sufferings and by death. But dare we think that One will do it. Oh, no, the thought seems blasphemy, for that One is the Co-eternal Son that dwells forever in the Father's bosom, true God of true God, the omnipotent and all-creating Word. If He will not take upon Himself the deepest humilia-

tion, if He will not descend from the highest heaven, and unite Himself to this fallen and degraded human nature; if he will not unite Himself for no other purpose than the enduring of humiliation, sorrow, suffering and death, then on man for all eternity must be the mountain weight of that sin, and must fall the fearful wrath of God.

Therefore was it that from the inner heart of fallen man, for four thousand years, went up the prayer and the cry: "Oh, Lord, show us Thy mercy, and send Thy salvation upon us!" It was heard from the grief oppressed heart and penitent lips of the first man sorrowing for his sins; it was taken up by patriarch and prophet, in each succeeding generation, for hope was not extinguished in the hearts of men. There was a vision of mercy enshrined in the promise of God, that gleamed in the far distance, and lighted up what would otherwise have been unutterable despair. To-day the cry is heard again. It goes up, not from the lips of patriarch or prophet, themselves stained with the taint of original sin, not from the lips of the man after God's own heart, for he had said: "In sin was I conceived, and in iniquity hath my mother brought me forth." It comes up from lips that have never been stained with sin, from a heart that a thought of evil has never defiled; it goes up from the immaculate lips and stainless heart of the Virgin Mary, and her powerful petition brings down the Almighty God to become man in her pure bosom for our eternal salvation,

Thus was the first necessary condition accomplished. But there were conditions to be fulfilled that made it appear almost impossible even for the Almighty God to take upon Himself the functions of a Redeemer. He that redeems man must be true man. He must accomplish a work of tears, of sorrow and of bloodshed. He must taste agony of soul and body, and drain the cup of the Almighty's wrath to the bitter dregs. Above all, what seems to make the task impossible to God, He that redeems man must stand before an angry God in the likeness of a sinner—the sinner's representation—loaded with the iniquities of countless generations. How shall God do those things? How shall God

become true man? How is He to take upon Him our nature? The divine is distinct from the human nature; they cannot be fused into one. How, then, is God to become true man? In His eternal wisdom He answers, "I will take man's nature in all its integrity, in all its reality, in all its capacity for sorrow; I will assume it to Myself, and, though it cannot become one nature with the divine, it will exist in the same person. I will assume a human person. I will take human nature to Myself, and God and man will become one in the person of Jesus Christ." This was the eternal triumph of the divine wisdom that could solve the difficulty that appeared insurmountable to the limited intelligence of man. He that was born of the Virgin Mother was the Son of God, the true Light of Light, true God of God; but He was as truly man as He was God. He was as truly the child of the Virgin as He was the Son of the Eternal Father. He comes to fulfil the work of toil, of sorrow, of humiliation, and of death, and His Eternal Father consents to this. Here another attribute of God is preeminently displayed. As His infinite wisdom was able to unite two natures in one person, and that one divine, so now His infinite love shines forth in His willingness to make any sacrifice for man's redemption, in His willingness to descend to the uttermost depths of this polluted world to find thereon a soil wet with His tears and red with His blood the precious jewels of men's souls. The last difficulty is the greatest of all. How can He stand before His Eternal Father loaded with our sins? How can He become by imputation, as we unfortunately are in reality, corrupted and defiled? "It is written of Me that, coming down from Heaven, and taking a human soul, I should take it for the mere purpose of suffering; that My sufferings should be ever before Me; that I should never possess joy upon this earth. Above all, it is written of Me 'the Lord hath put upon Him the iniquities of us all.'" It was necessary that He should clothe Himself with the sins of the whole human race. Just as of old his mother made the gentle son of the patriarch clothe himself in the likeness of his older brother, the rough and reprobate

Esau, and his father deceived by the similitude, cried out "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau," so also did the second Man (*secundus homo*) that was over Heaven heavenly, coming down to earth, clothe Himself in the garment of the first man, the sinner, presenting Himself as an object of His Father's wrath and indignation, because upon Him the sins of all men were laid.

This is the most wonderful of all. The all-pure and holy Son of the Eternal God has sorrowed and suffered, has bled and died, for your sins and mine, in the vast reality, in the tremendous substantial integrity of His incarnation. He took not only our nature, but He consented to have our sins imputed to Him. Now, behold the mystery!

Consider next, that that which was the necessity of man was performed in a manner befitting the Almighty God. Oh yes! beloved brethren, in every work of God—consequently, more especially in His greatest work—we most find the manner in which that work was done was befitting the Almighty God who did it. It is no mere human attributes that we are to look for in the greatest of His works—the Incarnation of His divine Son. It is no mere exposition of finite power, or finite wisdom that we are to look for; but we find in the Incarnation a work befitting the mind and the heart of God, because we find in the Incarnation the highest attributes of the Almighty God coming forth. What are these attributes, dearly-beloved brethren? Behold how it shines forth in that adorable mystery! There is a little child just born, trembling and shivering in the midnight cold and midwinter, scantily and barely clothed, lying in a manger, on the hard straw, sending forth the weak, wailing cry of a newly-born babe. Who would have imagined that there should be seen a working of so much wisdom? No matter what He is to others, says St. Paul, He is to us Christ, the power and the wisdom of God. Think with what eyes, illuminated by her mighty lights of Faith, did the Virgin Mother look upon her child. She saw there her Lord, her God, her Creator, yet her own child. Her mind is filled with knowledge, while her heart is filled with

maternal love; and whilst with her maternal lips she kisses the face of her babe, with her heart and her soul she is prostrate adoring her God. The infinite power of God is made manifest there; for, says St. Augustine, nothing can be imagined greater than that God should become man; for here two extremes meet, the one perfectly, infinitely disunited and separated from the other. In the creation, dearly-beloved brethren, when Almighty God made all things from nothing, He kept Himself in the category of being aloof from His creation. He terminated the existence of everything in something finite, something appreciable; but now He raises the finite into the condition of the infinite. He raises the mortal to His own essential, vital immortality. He raises the basest and the lowest of all things, because stained with sin, to the infinite power and sanctity of God. This, if we reflect upon it, as far transcends every other work of God, as God Himself is lifted to an infinite existence from His creation. And here, also, do we see the infinite justice of God. Nothing is more beautiful in the reflection of our holy father, St. Augustine, than how the justice of God comes out of the Incarnation. Justice demands payment for the debt contracted to the last farthing, or else justice is not satisfied. If anything be wanting, if anything be condoned through generosity, justice is not satisfied; but justice in God is infinite, therefore, terrible as man's debt is, it must be wiped out in all its integrity, and paid to the last farthing. More than this, justice demands equality between those who are opposed to each other.

Even our ideas of human justice demand this equality; therefore, the justice of God demands it still more. Now, in the mystery of the Incarnation that divine justice shines forth most luminously in this, that great and terrible as man's debt was, an infinite debt which man alone never could pay, no more than the poor servant in the Gospel who owed ten thousand talents, could pay; yet the justice of God rests till payment, for every drop of blood of our divine Lord was of infinite value and sufficient to pay an infinite debt. He did not claim, or ask anything, of the generosity, or the mercy of His Father.

He stood between God's anger and man. He bared his innocent bosom; He lifted His sinless eyes to Heaven, and He said to the Almighty God, "Oh Thou who didst withdraw the floodgates from Heaven and drown the universal world in Thy wrath, let Thy wrath fall upon Me. Thou who didst send down flames of fire to destroy a nation for sin, let the fire of Thy indignation descend on Me." And He did, in strictness and full justice, untempered by mercy, let the full power and ocean of His indignation to fall on Him who alone could withdraw it, for He was infinite in every attribute of His God. More than this, the justice of God demanded equality. The devil was to be conquered; the devil was to be driven out; the devil was to be stripped of his power, and chained down forever, and man was to be free from him; but the justice of God demanded this that it should be the work of a man—that he who was to conquer the devil was to be a man. He would not commission His highest Archangel to do this. In heaven, when the devil rebelled against God, God sent St. Michael the Archangel to do battle with him, and to drive him forth from the principality of light; but on earth the conquest was to be decided, the victory was to be gained by a man—a man shedding human blood, a man shedding human tears, a man breaking his human heart, a man filled, in his human soul, with sorrow as bitter as that of death. Therefore, God became man, took the integrity of our manhood, took everything in us except our individual personality, took capacity for sorrow, and work, and misery, and shame, and humiliation; and paid the debt. They were truly the sufferings of a man; but they were also the sufferings of God, because that man was God in the divine person of Jesus Christ. Thus the justice of God was satisfied, and the devil, who reared his crest in triumph over the fallen man in the Garden of Eden, was obliged to bow down and admit his defeat under the shadow of the dying man on the hill of Calvary.

Finally, the mercy of God is shown here. Oh, beloved, it was not necessary that we should be redeemed at all. God might have truly and justly said, "Let My vengeance take its course; I gave

them their chance; I gave them their grace; I gave them their triumph; they were weighed in the balance, and they have failed; they sinned against the light; they sinned against My grace. Why should I give them what I denied the angels on the day of their anguish?" God might have said this and leant to the pleading of strict justice. Then we were all lost for all eternity, and it were ten thousand times better for us that we had never been created. The counsels of God's infinite mercy prevailed over His justice; the triumph of His love and of His mercy rose like a tearful angel before His eye. His mercy pleaded for a fallen race; His mercy put before Him the terrible calamity of universal ruin; His mercy pleaded to His own Divine attributes of love and compassion; the angel of mercy unfolded from out the very centre of God's own nature the glorious nature of Mary, the Virgin Mother; and mercy prevailed. The greatest mercy that God ever showed man, or ever could show him, was the mercy He gave us in the gift of His own Divine Son in the Incarnation.

It is for all this that we are preparing. Say what preparation should we make? Need I tell you, if He is the God of Light, the true light of true light, *lumen de lumine*—coming down from heaven, filling the darkness of this world with light, so must we fill our souls with the light of His divine knowledge, and stir up the divine faith that is in us. If He be the God of infinite purity and grace, and coming down from Heaven, bringing down all the graces of God with Him in the fullness of divinity that dwell in Him corporally—then, if we would be prepared to receive Him, let us cast from out our hearts the demon of sin by true repentance, true conversion, and fill up the void in our hearts with the graces and the light of Jesus Christ. Now the world makes its own preparation—the unbelieving world. In every land that ever heard the message of God's Gospel, fathers of families will lead their children around them, and the fire will burn brightly on Christmas night; and every heart will be glad; yet perhaps, if you ask a man what does he believe about Jesus Christ, he will not be able to tell you. Outside the Catholic

Church, I say it with sorrow, the mystery of the Incarnation seems not to be understood. Even without a specific belief—without any fixed faith, still the world rejoices.

Within the Church, again, there are numbers of Catholics who will celebrate the festival of Christmas, and who are perhaps preparing to celebrate it, with whom the note of preparation is already sounding. They must have their holidays. I don't begrudge them any recreation or rest that the festival may bring them; but how are these days to be spent? How is the joy of Christmas to enter into their hearts? Is it by drinking until they have offended the Almighty God by their excesses, so as to make themselves hateful in the sight of God and bring down His curse and His anger upon them? Is this the way you are preparing to celebrate your Christmas? Too many, alas! are thus preparing, and their Christmas thoughts are associated with this excess that will only bring upon them the anger of the Almighty God. Let me warn you, no man has a right to rejoice at this holy festival unless he has opened his heart to God, and given a home and shelter to the newly-born Saviour in his heart. It will not do to light the cheerful fire, to spread the festive board, to be glad and make merry in the evening, if in the morning we shut our hearts to our Saviour, and told Him to begone as the people of Bethlehem did. The Virgin came with her child. She asked, in the name of God; and for God's sake, and for the sake of the people themselves, that some one would open his door to receive his Saviour for one night. No, they shut the doors in her face and bade her begone. Such is the conduct of those Catholics who, making no preparation for Christmas except the preparations of sensuality and sin, close the doors of their hearts against the Lord; tell Him to begone, and then make merry without their God. Don't do it. There is no Christmas without Jesus Christ. It was He who brought Christmas to us. There is no Christmas without the idea of the newly-born Babe, in the Virgin's arms. Take away Christ, our Lord, and you have no more any Christmas, or Christmas festivities. And surely they take Him away, and cast Him out of

their hearts, who refuse to make the preparations I have suggested. But if we make the preparation—if we fill up the void in our empty hearts with His light and with His grace—if we cast down these mountains of pride, revengefulness, and uncharitableness to the dust—if we make straight the crooked paths in which our lives have been wriggling, in dishonesty, in untruthfulness, in insincerity, in hidden sin—laying our souls open to Him, and receiving the baptism of Heaven, which is received in the font of the confessional—then He who calmly comes, not merely for the purposes of salvation to all, but for the purpose of individual conversion to everyone amongst us in our hearts, will be as a blessed balm, growing in us to the fulness of our manhood and old age—to live with us, to sanctify our hearts, to gather us to the glory of eternity in His presence.

MARTYRDOM OF ST. MARCELLUS.

Marcellus was a Christian and a centurion, or captain in Trajan's legion. When the birthday of the Emperor Maximian Hercules was being celebrated in the year 298, with extraordinary feasting and sacrifices, our Christian centurion, at the head of his soldiers, cast away his military belt, declaring aloud, that he was a soldier of Jesus Christ the eternal King. He was beheaded for this crime on the 30th October.

Now the Prefect's brow was sad,
The Prefect's voice was slow,
"Go! Lictor, bind the catiff,
We'll tame him soon, I trow."
Thus outspoke Fortunatus,
The Prefect of the guard,
Surnamed he Anastasius,
Nor spoke he other word.

They bind the brave Centurion
With many an ox hide thong,
They guard him with their javelins,
They hurry him along.
The meanest soldier taunts him,
The weakest stripling sneers,
The pagan women scorn him,
And greet with mocking cheers.

Naught cares the brave Marcellus,
What recks he of their thongs?
What cares he for their javelins?
What cares he for these wrongs?
The meanest soldier's tauntings,
The weakest stripling's sneers,
The pagan woman's scornings,
This Christian soldier bears.

His brow serene and lofty,
His step is firm and free,
His heart beats light and joyous,
No craven fear knows he;
For Jesus speaks within him,
And Jesus bids him bear
His cross as erst He bore it
On holy Mount Calvary.

The crowds are in the forum,
The Prefect on his seat,
The lictor leads his prisoner
Where mocking voices greet,—
"The Christians to the lions!"
"The Christians to the beasts!"
They raise on high the savage cry,
Whilst pagan vengeance feasts.

There's silence in the forum,
There's vengeance on its seat,
The lictors stand on either hand,
Their garnished axes meet.
The prisoner bound with many a thong,
Stands all undauntedly,
"I serve the Lord Christ Jesus!"
He whispers prayerfully.

"Centurion!" cries the Prefect,
In accents stern and slow,—
"Hast thou defied the Emperor?
Hast dared insult him so?
Thy belt upon the camp ground,
Thy arms and vine branch, too,
With accents wild as any child,
They tell me that you threw;

And erst the while the Emperor
Hercules you swore,
You'd ne'er obey in any way,
You'd never serve him more."

Then spake the brave Centurion
Marcellus, out spake he:
"Though bound with thongs, Sir Prefect,
My soul is ever free."

"I cannot serve Hercules,
I cannot stain my soul,—
Your sacrifices bloody,
Your pagan rites are foul.

"I serve the Lord Christ Jesus,
Who suffered on the tree;
Through thongs and wrongs I serve Him
Who reigns eternally.
O Jesus grant me courage!
O Jesus grant me strength
To serve but Thee; to love Thy tree,
And come to Thee at length."

The Prefect's brow is dark,
The Prefect's voice is slow,—
"Blaspheme not our good Emperor,
His vengeance quick, thou'lt know.
Go take him, lictor, to the rock—
Or stay thee! do not so.
The glist'ning axe shall lap his blood
At every falling blow.
We'll teach this foolish Christian
To know and understand
That Maximin Hercules
Is Cæsar in this land,"

Around Marcellus' brow
A bright aureole burns,
His face beams bright, his eyes are light,
As heavenward he turns:
"O Great! O Glorious Lord!
O Jesus, King of Heaven,
O can it be, that unto me,
A Martyr's crown is given?"

There's silence in the forum,
The victor's axe is red,
A headless trunk before him,—
Marcellus' soul has fled.
One Martyr more for heaven,
One 'xample more for earth,
One Saint on high—to hear our cry.
Stay!—none can say his worth?

H. B.

N. B.—The Roman soldier was allowed to be punished by his centurion only with a vine branch, which he always carried with him. Hence the vine branch was a badge of the centurion's office.

THE O'DONNELLS

OF

GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

By D. P. CONYNGHAM, LL.D.,

Author of "Sherman's March through the South,"
"The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns,"
"Sarfield; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MR. SLY TURNS THINGS TO HIS ADVANTAGE—ATTACK UPON THE MILLS—MR. ELLIS AND LORD CLEARALL'S RECEIPT FOR DISPERSING A MOB.

Life is one system of cold, stern realities. Though it has lost all interest and hope for us, still we must move on with the current; we must eat, drink, buy and sell, when shadowed by its darkest frowns, as well as when basking in its brightest sunshine. We still pursue the gilded shadows that dazzle our imaginations, as if their enjoyment could bring peace to the weary spirit. There is something in our natures that solemnly and significantly make us feel that there is another life, where the meeting of friends shall be a happy union. This supports many a weary heart when oppressed with the heavy lethargy of care and sorrow. Though stern necessities, or mechanical observances, may urge us on with the rapid current, still there is hope in the religious sentiments and as-

pirations that yearn after a happy future.

If we could but understand the wise dispensations of Providence, death, and all its gloomy attributes, often come for our good. The death of those we love stirs up our moral perceptions to a true sense of our religious obligations.

As the furnace purifies gold, so sorrow chastens and purifies us, giving a softened, gentle tone to our lives.

The cares and sorrows of life pressed heavily upon the O'Donnells. That strength of mind and resolution that gained an honorable position in life for Mr. O'Donnell now forsook him. Unable to sustain his ruined affairs, he hopelessly sank with them, and from an active man of business, became an imbecile paralytic. Mrs. O'Donnell, too, sank under the double affliction; naturally of a delicate frame and constitution, all her hope and joy seemed centered in her darling child; and now, unable to bear her loss, and the world's vicissitudes, she gave way to a sad melancholy, and pined away.

It now devolved upon Frank and Kate to tend and console their parents, and to try and make the best of their shattered fortunes. They could expect but little assistance from their neighbors or friends, for in general they were not much better off than themselves.

Few knew how soon the pestilence would call at their own doors; so even those who were comparatively rich trembled for the future. The country had become one vast lazaretto. Living skeletons stalked about, with barely the semblance of life. These poor, emaciated-looking beings, covered with wretched, patched rags, that breathed forth a living miasma, everywhere met one's gaze. Women and children, and men too, often died of want and fever in their cabins, and there lay unseen, uncared-for, until the putrid corpses sent forth such a stench, that some charitable people collected to level in the cabin, or burn it over them.

Let us turn from these sickening details and see how our friend, the Rev. Bob Sly, was progressing in his evangelical career. Armed with the authority of Lord Clearall and Mr. Ellis the reverend gentleman spared neither trouble nor expense in enlightening the

benighted tenantry. His school, or soup-house, as it was called, was pretty well attended by the children of dependents, who were forced to put on the semblance of apostacy in order to keep from starvation. I must confess that these were few, for the majority, with a heroism that would ennoble martyrdom, spurned their bribes and threats alike, and perished sooner than barter their faith. Father O'Donnell's receipt, of throwing themselves upon their knees, and marking themselves with the sign of the cross, frightened away many of the preachers, for they were unable to bear, from almost every one they met, this marked expression of public detestation. The Rev. Mr. Sly bore it meekly, and only raised his eyes to heaven to supplicate mercy upon the erring ones. Miss Ellis, who generally accompanied "her dear pious Bob," took this as an act of homage to his extraordinary zeal and devotion.

He encouraged her in this belief.

"Look," he would say, "look at that poor creature how she flings herself in the puddle to thank me for some little favors I have done her, and for leading her from the darkness of Popery. These poor people are grateful indeed."

"Yes, dear Bob. What a source of consolation it must be to you to see the heavenly seed you have shaken upon the highway bring forth such fruit."

"It is, indeed, dear Lizzy; but then, I am but an humble instrument in the hands of God, who uses all things, great and small, according to His will, and often uses the meanest to work out great designs."

He who bears in mind the immense revenue arising out of church property in Ireland, and pocketed by idle, wealthy ecclesiastics, will certainly wonder why such men as the Rev. Mr. Sly should be countenanced even by Protestants themselves.* It is true, there are some liberal Protestants who look upon such men with as much detestation as the most rigid Catholics. When again we consider that of this large revenue that goes to the maintenance of the Protestant Church in Ireland, the greater part is paid by Catholics, one

should expect that they would leave us in peace, and pocket their livings in quiet gratitude. Many of them do so, it is true, and many of them are models of true charity and Christian forbearance. There are others who do not wish to deprive us of all value for our money; so they join the Exeter Hall saints in their vile slanders upon Catholicity and its priests. It is useless for any band of men, particularly illiterate men, as the Exeter Hall missionaries generally are, to try to upset the popular religion, as Catholicity undoubtedly is, in the eyes and hearts of the people of Ireland. In vain they go about with the Bible in one hand and bribes in the other, to upset a faith which withstood the fiery ordeals of persecution and the sword. They are but breeding dissension and disunion, and might be much better employed at home in instructing the ignorant, besotted masses that swarm in England's large towns. In a country like Ireland, where the spiritual wants of the people are attended to by a zealous, numerous priesthood, where there are ministers without congregations, one would naturally think there would be no need of a supply of preachers who only engender religious animosities. They oftentimes reviled the rites and sacraments of the religion of the people, called opprobrious names to things held sacred. Is it to be wondered at, then, if some of them met with abuse and ill-treatment from persons so jealous of the proper respect due to their religious forms and ceremonies? We calmly ask our English readers how would they receive a crusade of Irish priests, who would go to their homesteads reviling their religion, and trying to corrupt their families with tracts and pamphlets reflecting upon their religious feelings, and holding up to ridicule the very things that they (the English) held most sacred? We need not require an answer, for there is spirit and manliness enough in England to prevent any violation of the rites of their Church, and of that Christian charity and forbearance that one sect should observe towards another.

Lizzie Ellis had now become so attached to Mr. Sly that she did not feel herself happy unless when in his company. She had seen little of the world;

* This was written before the disendowment of the Church Establishment in Ireland.—
Author.

her affections were fresh and warm. It is not surprising, therefore, that one so artful as Mr. Sly—one who affected such sanctity—one who, in her estimation, was perfection exemplified—should, with his opportunities, win the love of her young heart. He did his utmost to cultivate this growing feeling. He did not alarm her at first by too hasty advances. By his piety, his zeal and his goodness, he first gained her esteem; then, by his cunning, insinuating ways he won her affections.

She loved him with all the gushing warmth of a first love. He—though he knew nothing of love in its holiest and purest sense—looked upon her, with her immense fortune, as a most desirable match.

It is strange that Mr. Ellis should be blind to this growing affection of his child. But, then, he was so hardened by the cares of the world and his own sensual enjoyments—for he was, in every way, a sensualist—that he never loved with that deep, yearning love of a parent. He had provided for all her wants; she had plenty of money, and servants to attend her; she should, or ought, therefore, be happy. He did not consider that the heart requires something besides external enjoyments to make it happy—he did not consider that the young affections, like the ivy, must cling to something for support, and that when its tendrils are not clasped in the embrace of domestic love, they are apt to stray elsewhere.

Mr. Ellis was, as I have said, a sensualist; he was also a man of no religion. He went to Church because it was most respectable, and because Lord Clearall went there. He countenanced Protestantism, partly for the same reasons. He entertained Mr. Sly in his house because he was recommended to him, and because such devotion to the cause looked well in the eyes of his Protestant neighbors. He thought if it were necessary for the maintenance of Church and State to have a religion, that that should be Protestant, as being the most fashionable and aristocratic.

Again, he looked upon Mr. Sly in the light of a guide to Lizzie. He knew that her education, both religious and secular, was grossly neglected. To whose guidance could he more safely entrust her?

We must take our readers to the Mills, as they were called. Mr. Sly's school was in full operation; soup and stira-bout were liberally bestowed upon the young neophytes, so that their souls and bodies were kept in proper order. Hymns and prayers were chanted in the same breath in which Popish rites were mocked. Miss Ellis became a most zealous teacher, and delighted in instructing her young catechumens.

The works on Knockcorrig were stopped, the public money was squandered, and the people were dying in thousands. In many places they had risen in open revolt, and had broken into stores and shops, and plundered them, to appease the cravings of hunger. Additional bodies of police were quartered in the country—the expense of their support to be borne by the people.

There was a large committee meeting at the Mill on this occasion, for it was felt that something should be done for the people; that relief should be given more extensively, or that more police should be quartered in the locality.

The people were collected outside in anxious groups. Their lives, the lives of their families, were staked upon the issue of this meeting.

There they were, displaying all the ragged misery of extreme poverty. Men, women, and children, shivering with cold and hunger, squatted upon stones and logs of timber, living, emaciated skeletons, frightful to behold.

With eager, anxious look, the hungry crowd awaited the result of the debate within.

There were some humane men there, who were for relieving the poor at all costs and risks.

Lord Clearall and his party prevailed; they carried a resolution that the quarter-acre clause should be strictly adhered to; that no more than half a pound of Indian meal, daily, should be given to each pauper, and this only to a limited number in each family. It might be necessary to explain the quarter-acre clause. It provided that any one holding a quarter or more land with his house should not get relief. Now, this was a powerful lever of extermination in the hands of the landlord. Many, through dire necessity, sooner than starve, were forced to resign their little

farms. Oftentimes the landlord refused taking the land without getting possession of the house with it; he then shortly hurled the poor wretch adrift upon the world. As soon as the decision of the committee was made known to the anxious crowd, which awaited it with the same breathless anxiety that a culprit in the dock might that verdict that was to consign him to death or liberty—and no wonder, for to them, indeed, it was a matter of life or death—no sooner had they heard it, than they raised a loud wail of bitter disappointment. Excited and phrenzied men, driven to desperation by hunger, rushed up to the door; poor, emaciated women and helpless children joined the choruses of human voices.

"They will break in the house, my lord," said a member, pale with fear, to Lord Clearall.

"Never fear, never fear!" replied his lordship, "we have a strong body of police, and I have ordered the inspector to send for the military."

Meanwhile the fury of the crowd outside became intense. Cries arose of, "Break it in"—"D—n them, are we to starve like dogs? his lordships' dogs are well fed, and we Christians are left to die of hunger in our own country."

"Let us tear down the house and kill the bloody crew; better to be shot or hung than to die in this way."

"My good people," said Mr. Ellis, from a window, "keep yourselves quiet, and we will do all we can for you; if not, as a magistrate, I will order the police to fire upon you."

"Bah! Ellis, you dog, dare you do it! We will tear you limb from limb, you sneaking robber. Where is the poor O'Donnell's property, you dirty lickplate—you house-leveller? You order them to fire upon us. Oh, thry it, though."

Mr. Ellis drew in his head, for he knew that he would hear things that he would not wish to reach Lord Clearall's ears.

"Brethren!" drawled the Rev. Mr. Sly, "brethren, you are going the road to perdition; you—"

"My curse upon your impudence, you ould swaddling ranther; 'tis you look sleek and well in comparisment when you come cadging to Ellis's."

"Arragh, do ye hear the sly chat of him. Faith it was no nickname to call him Sly."

"How is Miss Ellis? Does ye bo singing the psalms together yet? Faith it would be better for that ould fool, Ellis, to be looking afther ye than tumbling houses."

"Musha, let the dacent man alone. Who'd blame him? Shure he's only taking pattrern by Mr. Ellis himself," said an ould withered crone that squatted upon a log of timber.

"Thruve for you, Peg aroon!" said another.

"Oh, the ould sinner, the ould reprobate that ought to be thinkin' of his sowl!"

"Sowl, inagh! Musha it is a gizzard he has. Shure it would be well for him if he had no sowl, for that's the sowl that will get the crispin'."

Mr. Ellis and Mr. Sly, under the impression that they would hear a good many things not to their advantage, withdrew.

"Arragh, bad luck to ye, hould yer tongue!" said a fierce, gaunt-looking fellow elbowing his way through the crowd. "Shut yer mouths, and let us make smiderheens of the door. There is meal and flour enuff widin for the soupers."

"That's true, Jem; let us smash it."

"I will order the police to fire at you, if you do," shouted Mr. Ellis.

"To the devil wid you! Where yer goin' every day? Put out your mug, until you see what you'll get?"

About ten of the strongest bore over a large log and forced it against the door.

The door shook and creaked upon its hinges.

They struck it again and again. The door was giving way. Mr. Ellis read the Riot Act from the inside of a window, as well as he could, with the shower of stones and dirt that was flying at him.

"Fire on them!" said he to the police, as soon as he read it.

"Stop!" said their officer. "Mr. Ellis, it would be throwing away the lives of my handful of men. All I can do until the military come, is to protect you."

"You're a coward, sir?" said Mr. Ellis, vehemently. "If you fire at them, the dogs will run for their lives."

"Coward, sir!" said the officer, indignantly. "Coward! you shall answer for that, Mr. Ellis."

"I repeat it, sir. If the men were under my command, I'd have every dog of them either dead or scampering away in a minute."

"Heaven knows," said the officer, "you have a surer method for killing them."

"The door is giving way," said Lord Clearall, as he heard the crash of its timbers. "Could you get the men in by the back way?" said he to the officer.

The officer went round to the back door and got in his men, whom he placed to protect the room where they were assembled. The door had given way, and the crowd burst in with loud yells. In a moment, sacks, bins, and everything that contained flour, meal, or corn, were broken open. Some of the rioters forced their way into the school-room, and tore the tracts and broke the boilers.

It was amusing to see women with their petticoats converted into sacks, and men with their old coats performing the same office, while they marched off, almost naked, with their booty. The flour and meal were either removed or scattered about when the military arrived. Mr. Ellis and his party read the Riot Act, and wanted the commanding officer to fire on them. He, with a sneer of contempt, replied that it was "not the duty of soldiers to shoot poor, starving wretches like these," and he pointed to some hungry-looking women and children who were ravenously devouring the raw meal.

"But, sir, it is their duty to fire upon robbers and house-breakers," replied Lord Clearall.

"If they had enough to eat, my lord, I think they would not be house-breakers or robbers," said this humane Englishman. "God help the country," he muttered, as he turned away, "where the rich thirst for the blood of the poor."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE EVICTIONS OF THE O'DONNELLS—
THE DEATH OF MRS. O'DONNELL—ALICE
MAHER, FRANK'S GUARDIAN-ANGEL.

Winter had now come round again; Christmas had passed, marked by no festive greetings or celebrations.

It was a day in February; the snow

was heavy upon the ground, and a thick sleet drifted fiercely with the wind, as Mr. Ellis and a large military and police force came to evict the O'Donnells. Man is a selfish animal, and when he becomes hardened with power he seldom makes allowance for the feelings and wants of his fellow-men. Mr. Ellis was now all-powerful. He was a magistrate and sub-sheriff. So onerous were his duties as sheriff in ejecting the unfortunate peasantry, that he had invented and constructed a machine for pulling down their houses. The grapple-chain was fixed to some of the rafters, and then a few turns brought down the roof over the unfortunate inmates, if they were foolish enough to remain inside, which was often the case, for they clung to their homes to the last.

"Come, come," said Mr. Ellis, "clear the house quick. I have more to eject, and I want to be back to dine with Lord Clearall."

His men rushed into the house and flung out the furniture.

A large crowd of people had collected, and looked on menacingly.

"The old lady isn't able to get up, your honor. I think she's dying. What will we do?" said one of the bailiffs.

"All a sham, Horan—all a sham—pull her out. She'll come to in the air."

The fellow went in and approached the bed—"Get up, ma'am, or we must pull you out," and he shook her.

Mrs. O'Donnell essayed to rise.

"I'll help you, ma'am," said the fellow, taking her in his arms.

"Ruffian! touch her not!" shouted a voice, hoarse with emotion, behind him; and with a fierce blow, that sent the blood welling from his mouth and nose, Frank levelled him on the floor. "Dog!" said he, kicking the fellow from him, and then, turning to his mother, said, "Mother, dear, I'll carry you."

"Do, Frank, do. God bless you, my darling boy, and keep quiet. Our Divine Lord suffered more, Frank, and see how He bore it. As for me, it matters little."

Frank took her tenderly, and wrapped the covering around her; he bore her in his arms, and as her head rested upon his bosom, his heart swelled with emotion, and the tears rushed from his eyes. He laid her down softly in a sheltered corner.

"Frank," said she, "my heart is breaking. Bring me your father."

"Yes mother, yes;" and as he looked upon her features he saw that the hand of death was already overshadowing them. Frank went, and shortly returned, leading the old man. His body was bent, and his gray hair was now almost white from the effects of sorrow. Uncle Corny followed, with his regimentals thrown upon his only arm. The crowd fell back in reverence.

"Mother," said Frank, "here is."

"John," said she, "I'm dying!"

The old man looked up with surprise.

"It's cold here, Frank; come home to your mother," said he.

"John, John, don't you know me? Say you do, before I die?"

He pressed his hands to his head, and seemed to collect himself; he looked around with surprise; he looked at the soldiers and at Mr. Ellis; he then knelt down, exclaiming—

"My love, my love, is it come to this? O God, help us—God, help us!" and he bent down and passionately kissed her. There was not a dry eye there except Mr. Ellis's, and those used to such scenes.

"If I but had the priest now, I'd be content. O God, hear my prayer!"

Just then Father O'Donnell rode into the yard. Frank ran to him and told him all. He hurried over to Mrs. O'Donnell.

Father O'Donnell heard her confession, and administered the holy sacraments. He then knelt and prayed beside her.

Oh what a scene in a civilized country! To see that poor old priest, his hair floating in the breeze, and covered with sleet and snow, and that gentle woman dying beside a wall, her wailing friends around her!

Father O'Donnell stopped reading; he took her hand, and looked into her face.

"My God," he exclaimed, "she's dead!"

Mr. O'Donnell took her hand, exclaiming, "How cold you are. Won't you come in; love; do, and we'll warm you. Sure it's very cold here." And when she stirred not, he sank down beside her and rested his head upon Kate's bosom, who was all this time supporting her mother, herself more dead than alive.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS ANECDOTES.

"All may know me as a hoary-headed old man with garments of frost and snow, and in whose hands are roast-beef and plum-pudding and pockets stuffed with all kinds of sweetmeats. All have a welcome for me, but more especially the young, who go to bed on Christmas Eve fully expecting me to fill the stockings, hung by them at their bed-sides, with cakes and good things. In my wanderings, I have seen many strange events, and passed through wonderful adventures." Thus spoke Father Christmas, who had mysteriously entered the house, where a number of persons were gathered, one Christmas Eve around a roaring fire, upon which the yule-log had been thrown, and which was now blazing right merrily. The members of the household gazed with awe upon the venerable old man, who had just spoken, and they thought he was, as he proved to be, a spirit from beyond the grave! However, a seat was willingly offered the stranger, who when seated spoke again as follows:—

"As ye are all waiting for the glorious festival of Christmas Day to dawn, I will, with your kind permission, relate a few true and beautiful anecdotes, which, in my travels through this world I have picked up, and which shall prove to you the power of God, and that all things are subservient to His will. The first anecdote I shall call, The Monk's Repentance—"Now, my children, I intend to show ye all how God decided the wavering mind of a young man, who was educated to be a priest, but who seduced by the attractions of the world, abandoned his sacred calling with the intention of living a worldly life.

"I was seated, as I am now in the bosom of a Catholic family, eight years ago, and then heard the history of this young man. His father was a manufacturer, and seeing that his son, who had been to college, had apparently given up the idea of becoming a priest, put him to board with a Catholic Family, so that he could learn the art of weaving, it being connected with his own trade.

"It so happened that the foundation-stone of a Methodist Chapel was being laid in the village where the young man lodged, and the father of the Catholic

family where he resided, gave strict orders that none of them should go near the place where the foundation-stone lay, or appear to notice the event in any way whatever.

"All his family obeyed him, with the exception of the young man, who went and saw the laying of the stone. William Quicktem, with whom he lived, was on the watch to see if his injunction was obeyed, and when he saw the young man, he was so angry, that he there and then gave him a severe chastisement. The boy declared his intention of telling his father.

"I'll tell your father, young gentleman," cried Mr. Quicktem; "I'll show him what an obedient son he has got! I'll take good care you don't sleep in my house another night." And he would have made him walk home to his father at once (a distance of nine miles) had it not been for the pleadings of his wife who begged that he might be allowed to stay at least that night. That night was passed in reflection and prayer, and such a beneficial effect had the beating upon the lad, that he gave up his worldly pursuits, and got his father's consent to return to college, where he was ordained; after which he joined the order of the monks of *La Trappe*. Soon after that he came to the house, where Mr. Quicktem still resided, and humbly falling on his knees, he begged his pardon, and declared that but for him he might never have become a priest!

"The monk still lives, and never will he forget the lesson he learned at the hands of Mr. Quicktem."

After the applause which greeted the conclusion of the old man's story had subsided, he continued:

"The following year saw me toiling through the snow a number of miles from hence. Feeling tired and exhausted I knocked at the door of a house which lay along my way. The door was opened by a bright young creature, who was weeping bitterly. I entered and saw grouped around the miserable fire the mother and her three children, all of whom were crying as though their hearts would break. The woman bade me welcome, and treated me with all the kindness which lay within her power.

"I gently inquired the cause of her

tears, and sad was the story she told me. She had been out to make some purchases and in returning home she had lost her purse containing all the money she possessed in the whole wide world! No Christmas feasts for them—all was gloom, and the poor creature wept afresh as she thought of the utter destitution to which her children were now reduced. She was thus in the midst of her distress, when the door was thrown suddenly open, and a little boy entered crying: 'Mother! mother! I have found your purse. See,' and he held up the purse she had lost.

"Instantly the face of the poor woman brightened, and her tears dried, and taking her boy in her arms she kissed him over and over again in the excess of her joy. I need not tell you that they all spent a pleasant Christmas.

"Another year passed, and I again went on my journey through the land. This time I was praying in a small Catholic chapel. The late Bishop of S—was also there. Ere long there entered a ragged looking boy, whose pinched and emaciated countenance told of days passed in hunger and cold. The bishop went up to him saying: 'Here is a penny for you, my child, go and buy something with it for yourself.' The little fellow appeared to hesitate. 'Why do you not go, my dear boy,' said the bishop, and he patted the child's head as he spoke.

"If you please, sir I would rather take it to my mother, who is ill in bed at home,' at length the poor fellow said touchingly through his tears.'

"The bishop then asked him all about his parents, and in the end he made the boy take him to his mother, and he saw how true was the statement of the child, whose mother had scarcely a morsel of food to eat!

"Ere long the bishop took upon himself the care of the mother and son, and relieved their poor condition, and thus one more bright gem was added to the bishop's glorious crown in heaven!

"Now my children," concluded Father Christmas, "I have told ye all a little of the sights I have seen during my journey through the land; and now I must e'en wish ye all farewell, and may ye all enjoy A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"—*The Lamp*.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR PROCTOR.

Set it swinging—set it ringing—
Loosen every pent-up chime;
Set it heaving—set it pealing—
For the merry Christmas time,
From a thousand grey old turrets,
From a thousand white-robed choirs,
Let it peal—the grand old anthem
Which the Christmas time inspires;
Send it, loud with hope and love.
Ringing, up to God above.

Set it chiming—quick and gladsome,
With a low melodious swell;
Set it ringing, sharp and lightsome,
With a cherry ding-dong bell.
Set it tolling, deep and solemn
As the murmur of the waves;
Set it wailing—sad and plaintive
As the wind round dead men's graves:
Send it, winged with fear and love,
Pealing up to God above.

Thus I heard an angel singing—
In a vision of the night;
While his pinions, radiant shining,
Scattered rays of silver light
Down upon each Christmas altar,
Down upon each glowing face,
That grew brighter still and brighter
In the holy Christmas grace,
In the presence of the angels,
As they flitted gently by,
As their wings, with mystic music,
Filled the starry Christmas sky.

Set it ringing—sang this angel—
None may tell how sweet his voice:
Set it ringing—let the dear ones
In their inmost souls rejoice
Let them cling in closest tension,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart:
If the Christmas grasp be faithful,
Never storm these souls shall part.

Set it chiming—round the altar,
Where, mid clouds of incense sweet,
Vested priests in lowly reverence,
Kneel before the Infant's feet,
Let it peal, whilst witching music
Steeps each soul in reverent fear;
While each heart, in throbbing gladness,
Hails the feast of all the year:
Send it, bright with faith and love,
Ringing, up to God above.

Set it ringing—through her valleys
Let it peal with solemn swell;
Let the Emerald of the ocean
Gladden to the Christmas bell.
Let it cheer each drooping spirit,
Let it nerve the true and brave;
Let a sunbeam on the waters,
Let it gild each patriot's grave.
Send it, yearning, hot with love,
Wailing, up to God above—

Set it ringing—softly—gently—
O'er the fair, green, verdant sod,
Where our little ones lie sleeping
In the peace and rest of God:
In the fragrance of their childhood,
In the grace of life's young love,
In the whiteness of the garments,
Carried, all unstain'd, above:
Set it ringing o'er the sod,
Softly gently up to God.

Set it ringing—through the alleys
Where the poor of God lie down;
Where each lone one, sad and outcast,
Gathers jewels for the crown:
Set it ringing—set it chiming—
May it gild his onward way!
Shedding light, and grace, and beauty,
On the poor man's Christmas Day.
Set it ring'g, loud and strong,
'Tis his only Christmas song.

Set it ringing—through the meadows
Fair as Eden's primal spring;
Set it chiming for the maidens,
Spotless as the wild dove's wing;
Set it pealing for the valiant,
True of heart and strong of hand;
May it wake one chord within them—
God, and FAITH, and NATIVE LAND!
Set it pealing, loud and high,
Teaching brave men how to die.

Set it ringing—set it ringing—
'Tis the merry Christmas chime!
Set it heaving—set it pealing—
For the happy Christmas time!
Set it chiming—set it tolling—
Let it scatter peace and love!
Angels' wings shall waft it upwards
To the throne of God above!
Set it swinging—set it ringing—
Till it gird the earth around;
Set it chiming—till the ocean
Echo with the joyous sound!
Set it tolling—deep and solemn—
Till Jehovah's gracious voice,
Pealing back, in Christmas greeting,
Biddeth all the world—REJOICE.

Set it ringing, sang the angel—
Set it ringing too, we pray:
Ringing, with God's blessing on it,
For the merry Christmas Day.
Send it, throbbing, hot with love,
Ringing, up to God above.

There is certainly no greater felicity, than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed; to trace our own progress in existence, by such tokens as excite neither shame nor sorrow. It ought therefore to be the care of those who wish to pass their last hours with comfort, to lay up such a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expenses of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.



FALLS OF NIAGARA.

This amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world, and yet the whole of its waters is discharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond to the greatness of the scene.

A river extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rises, like a wall, across the whole bed of its stream. The river, a little above, is near three-quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks, where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over.

Their direction is not straight across, but hollowing inwards like a horse-shoe; so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, presents a kind of theatre, the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two parts; but they unite again long before they reach the bottom.

The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues; and the fury of the waters, at the termination of the fall is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist, that rises to the very clouds; and which forms a most beautiful rainbow, when the sun shines.

I MOURN NO MORE.

I mourn no more my fading days,
The night is coming fast;
I catch a gleam of that bright day
Which shall forever last.
My heart may waste itself in sighs,
In sorrow melt away;
But bright beyond the blushing skies
Appears the "narrow way."
Cold sorrow may spread forth her hand
And touch this fading brow,
'Twill bring me nearer to that land
Where living fountains flow.
What though my sinking eyes grow dim,
And all their lustre gone;
What though my tongue forget to sing,
And hushed my harp's wild song—
Those eyes again shall brightly beam
With lustre bright and fair—
My song shall ring through Heaven's dome—
There'll be no sorrow there.
I'll mourn no more my fading days,
Or waste my heart in sighs,
For angels watch my wandering ways
To lead me to the skies—
To yon bright land where those I love
Have journeyed on before,
Where naught shall mar the peace above,
And mourning be no more.

No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from the attacks of rashness, malice or envy.

Society, when formed, requires distinctions of property, diversity of conditions, subordination of ranks, and a multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good.

There is nothing, except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.

REFORMERS AND THEIR WORKS.

Both Comte and Proudhon are said to have regretted, on purely philanthropic grounds, that they were not invited to assist in the work of creation. So many fatal mistakes would have been avoided. There would have been no suffering, except perhaps an occasional toothache, because suffering is evidently inconsistent with the just requirements of a noble race. Of course there would have been no sin, because an enlightened philosophy would have easily detected that sin is only a chimera. There would have been no Church; always requiring to be "reformed," and always pretending to limit the freedom of human action, because no intelligent law giver would have suffered anything so obnoxious to exist. Authority there might have been, but it would have been lodged entirely in the hands of cultured hierarchs and scientific pontiffs, who would have been sure to make an excellent use of it. In these and many other ways the unerring sagacity of human wisdom, if it had only been consulted, would have known how to supplement the too visible imperfections of Divine workmanship.

When people undertook, as they did in the sixteenth century, to teach the Church, it was certain that before long they would propose to God. Men who could do the one would have no difficulty in doing the other. If He could fail so completely in His chief work that human skill was obliged to repair and reform it, *a fortiori* He could fail in anything else. It is probably for this reason that "modern thought" proposes to govern the world without Him. Its competitive system does not tolerate proved incapacity. The Roman soldiers said to Him, in a fine vein of irony. "If thou be the King of the Jews, save Thyself!"—which they thought He was quite unable to do. Since the days of the chaste Luther and the continent Henry VIII. an equally intelligent rabble cries to Him in another dialect. "But for us Thy Church would have failed?" Hundreds of newspapers and thousands of preachers repeat it every day. We are jostled on every side by radical reformers of the school of Comte and Proudhon. They grow up like

marsh-flowers, and swarm like the frogs of Egypt. The soil of "reformed" communities favor their development. Our earth is subject to moral catastrophes compared with which the most tremendous convulsions of the geological epochs were insignificant. The "Blessed Reformation" was one of them. It gave to every man, as Goethe said, "the right to judge all things without giving him the power." In other words, it gave him the right to cut his own throat. Two principles were established at the so-called Reformation, and both were Satanical; the first, that no authority, however, closely allied to the Throne of God, is above human criticism; the second, that the individual conscience is a surer guide than the collective wisdom of the Church. When the enemy had planted these fruitful germs in the souls of men, he had only to sit down and watch their growth.

The immediate and permanent result of the new principles, wherever they were accepted, was just what their author intended it to be. They not only banished humility and obedience from the Christian code, but made both impossible. To rob the soul of the two wings by which it mounts to heaven, and to do this in the name of a reformed religion, was a triumph in which the Powers of Darkness might well exult. In all their cruel warfare with our race they have won no such victory as this. Make it the first duty of the creature to judge all that has been, or is, by his own reason, and there is an end of humility; tell him that the Church, being divided and corrupt, has lost the power to teach, and there is an end of obedience. Having thus plucked up the root of all virtue; and made religion itself the triumph of self-will and the parent of revolt, what was left of Christianity in the "reformed" communities was easily tolerated by the spirits who fashioned them. They might believe any doctrine they liked, since they only believe *because* they like them; and practice any virtues to which they are inclined, since they are never sanctified by obedience. Opinion is not faith, and there is no merit in submission to human teachers. Spiritual writers tell us that the demons even stimulate heretics to

unaccustomed virtues, because they only increase their self-sufficiency, and bewitch them with a deeper delusion. These terrible adversaries know how to vary their assaults: they tempt Catholics to sin in order to rob them of their faith, and entice heretics to virtue in order to prevent their acquiring it.

If the Church was established by God to "teach all nations," apparently because they could not teach themselves, it is not likely to fare well with the nations which refuse to be taught. They may at a given moment possess wealth and power, like Pagan Rome; they may have ships and colonies, like Pagan Greece; but they are as effectually separated from God, as long as they follow their own will, as those famous nations were in the palmy days of their renown. They may even have temples and a public worship: but a temple in which God is not present has no more sanctity than a market-place, and a worship which He has not prescribed is only a civil function. Human invention has a wide sphere, but truths of the supernatural order lie outside it. To invent a human religion is easy, but no man can invent a Divine one. Only God can reveal to us the things of God. Even Plato considered that a truism. No mental telescope can pierce the clouds which veil his Throne. The mightiest intellects of antiquity tried to do it, and gave up the effort in despair. All creation groaned in expectation of the long deferred revelation which David and the Sibyls concurred in announcing. It came at last, but in such form that it needed a witness and interpreter: To the Church was committed that office. In founding her the Most High gave her the assurance that she should never fail, and that He would abide with her "till the consummation of the world." From that hour the human race had a teacher who could neither deceive nor be deceived. "This," said Isaiah, "is the inheritance of the servants of the Lord." In the paradise of the Church they were to find a reflection and similitude of Heaven. The coming Saviour and the coming Church were announced in the same words by the great Prophet of Redemption. Of the One the Spirit cried by his voice, "Say to the cities

of Juda: Behold thy God;" and of the other, wedded to him as a bride to her husband, the same Spirit said, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that resisteth thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." From the hour the treasury of Heaven was opened, the Vicar of Christ received the key, and even the magnificent bounty of God could do no more for the sons of men.

For a moment the powers of darkness seem to have given up the combat. "There was silence in heaven," observes St. John, "as it were for half an hour." But if the baffled demons could do nothing to the risen Christ, they could still make war against His Vicar, and against the Church of which he was the Chief Pastor. They obtained leave to do so, "and from the smoke of the pit there came out locusts upon the earth." (Apoc. ix., 3.) Paganism was about to fail them, but heresy could take its place, and kill souls quite as effectually. The long expected revelation was made, and was now beyond their power; but if they could corrupt it, by persuading men to reject its interpreter, the lost battle might still be won. Only diabolical subtlety could have planned such a scheme. It looked like a grim jest to propose to human imbecility to "reform" the most perfect work of God, and to build up with human materials churches less defective than His! We almost forget the senseless impiety. But the result which the project has worked out in certain nations, and especially in England, is no laughing matter. The infamy of the agents of the so-called Reformation, whether covetous princes or apostate priests, apparent even to such men as Hallam, Guizot, Macaulay, Buckle, and Emerson—of whom the latter says pithily of the English Establishment, "good Churches are not made by bad men"—was a presage of that result. "In every country," said Dean Swift, "the Reformation was carried on in the most impious and scandalous manner that can possibly be conceived." But it is quite consistent with the Protestant theory that when God found it necessary to supersede His own Church He should employ miscreants to make a better one. What sanctity could not save iniquity might restore. The errors of an An-

selm a Bernard, and a Francis of Sales, were triumphantly repaired by a Knox, a Barlow, and a Parker! It would seem that demons have not much respect for human intelligence, since they reckon with confidence that they can persuade multitudes to reject the Saints as deceivers, and accept scoundrels as apostles. Their expectation, founded upon an accurate knowledge of human nature, has been fulfilled.

CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

(Continued.)

Q. How has that control been exercised?

A. In taxing Ireland towards the payment of the British debtcharge, contracted prior to the Union.

Q. When the imperial parliament thus makes the poorer country contribute towards paying the debts of the richer one, does it keep the promises held out to Ireland in 1800?

A. No; when lord Castlereagh tried to beguile Ireland to consent to the Union, he said: "In respect to past expenses, Ireland is to have no concern whatever with the debt of Great Britain." Those words were spoken on the 5th February, 1800. The same promise is incorporated in the Act of Union, article 6. But it is broken, so long as the separate taxation of Great Britain is less in annual amount than the separate pre-Union British debtcharge.

Q. What was the amount of the British national debt in 1800?

A. It amounted to £450,504,984.

Q. What was the amount, at the same period, of the Irish national debt?

A. It amounted to £28,545,134.

Q. What was then the British annual debtcharge?

A. £17,718,851.

Q. What was, at the same time, the Irish annual debtcharge?

A. £1,244,463.

Q. On what authority do you state these amounts?

A. On that of the parliamentary paper, No. 35, year 1819.

Q. What do we learn from the above acts?

A. That it was a very dangerous thing to unite with a country whose

debt was sixteen and a-half times as large as our own debt,

Q. Why dangerous?

A. Because the strong probability was, that as soon as she got the power, she would put her hand into our pockets and take our money towards paying her own debts, and providing for her own wants under the pretext that we were now incorporated with each other.

Q. Was this danger foreseen?

A. Of course it was. Not to multiply quotations, let one suffice. Mr. Foster, speaker of our House of Commons, said, on the 11th April, 1799: "He" (the English minister) "wants a Union, in order to tax you and take your money, where he fears your own representatives would deem it improper." And the result has fully justified Mr. Foster's prophetic sagacity.

Q. Is there any fiscal promise to Ireland contained in the Act of Union, which is disregarded by the imperial parliament?

A. Yes; the 7th article of the Union contains a promise, in its 5th clause, that all the Irish surplus revenue shall be appropriated to Irish uses exclusively.

Q. Is that promise kept?

A. No; our surplus revenue is always drawn off to England.

Q. In what words did the great and honest Englishman, Dr. Samuel Johnson, warn an Irish friend of his against a legislative union with England?

A. "Do not unite with us," said Dr. Johnson; "we should unite with you only to rob you."

Q. What part did the Irish soldiery bear in the wars of the allied sovereigns against Bonaparte?

A. They fought with national bravery for their old oppressor, England, in all her campaigns, and materially contributed to the victory of Waterloo in 1815.

Q. In what year did George the Third die?

A. In 1820.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Reigns of George the Fourth and William the Fourth.

Q. What notable event occurred in 1821?

A. George the Fourth came to Ireland, where he spent three weeks in idle pageantry.

Q. What was the political object of his visit?

A. To delude the Catholics with empty civilities, in place of substantial concessions.

Q. Were the Catholics thus deluded?

A. No; Daniel O'Connell, a Catholic barrister of high eminence, assumed the leadership of his fellow religionists. He founded the Catholic Association, which originally consisted of only seven members but soon embraced within its circle all the friends of civil and religious liberty in the empire.

Q. Was the Catholic Association successful?

A. Yes? it combined and organized the people so extensively and so powerfully, that their efforts became irresistible; and O'Connell's experiment of working out a great political change by appeals to public opinion alone, had a signal triumph.

Q. When was Emancipation conceded?

A. In April, 1829.

Q. Who were the leaders of the measure in the English parliament?

A. Sir Robert Peel in the Commons, and the duke of Wellington in the Lords.

Q. What declarations did those statesmen make?

A. That their old opinions (which were adverse to the measure) were unchanged; but that they deemed it expedient to grant it, rather than risk a civil war.

Q. What offices and places did Emancipation throw open to the Catholics?

A. All offices in the state excepting only the throne, the vicerealty of Ireland, and the office of lord chancellor of Ireland has more recently been opened to the Catholics, and is now (1870) filled by a Catholic of eminent ability, Right Hon. John O'Hagan.

Q. In what year did George the Fourth die?

A. In 1830, aged 68.

Q. What event took place in Ireland in the reign of William the Fourth?

A. In 1832 there was a resistance, almost universal, to the tithe system. Cattle, corn, or goods distrained for tithe, could find no purchasers; and the clergy of the established church were in-

involved in litigation with their parishioners over the kingdom.

Q. Were other weapons than those of the law made use of to enforce the payment of tithe?

A. Yes; the clergy obtained the assistance of the military to distrain the property of the people, and to overawe them into obedience. Scenes, ludicrous as well as deplorable, occurred. A regiment of hussars were employed in driving a flock of twelve geese in the county of Kilkenny. At Newtownbarry, Castlepollard, Carrickshock, Inniscarra, and some other places, there were sanguinary affrays between the soldiers and the people.

Q. What occurred at Gurtroe, near Rathcoormac, in the county of Cork?

A. Archdeacon Ryder brought a party of the military to recover the tithe of a farm held by a family named Ryan. The Ryans, who were Catholics, resisted the payment of tithe to a Protestant pastor, from whom they, of course, derived no spiritual benefit. The order to fire on the people was given to the military; and thirteen persons were wounded, and eight killed, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Ryder. He was then paid his tithe by Mrs. Ryan, whose son was shot before her eyes.

Q. What change did the parliament make in the tithe system?

A. It struck off one-fourth of the tithes, and made the landlords, instead of the occupying tenants, liable to the established clergy for the remaining three-fourths.

Q. Was this a relief to the tenantry?

A. To the extent of one-fourth of the tithes it was, doubtless, a relief. With respect to the other three-fourths, as the landlords are liable to pay them to the clergy, they, generally, take care to exact them under the name of rent from their tenantry.

Q. Was a reform of the House of Commons carried in this reign?

A. Yes.

Q. How far did that reform affect Ireland?

A. Ireland got five additional members; she had previously sent one hundred representatives to the imperial parliament.

Q. Did the Irish, in 1832, make any efforts to obtain a Repeal of the Union?

A. Yes; and about forty members were returned at the general election in that year, pledged to support the Repeal. Only the elective franchise was unjustly withheld from the people, nearly all the constituencies would have returned repealers.

Q. What measure did the first reformed parliament enact against Ireland in 1832?

A. A coercion act was passed laying restrictions on the right of the Irish people to meet and petition the legislature. The object of this act was to crush the movement for Repeal; which national measure was denounced in a foolish and farcious speech, delivered by the king on opening the session.

Q. How did Mr. O'Connell, in his place in parliament, designate the king's speech?

A. He called it "a brutal and bloody speech."

Q. Was Repeal brought before the British House of Commons?

A. Yes; by O'Connell, in 1834. He was opposed by Spring Rice, who attempted to show that Ireland had been improved by the destruction of her parliament; and as Mr. Rice's paradox was congenial to the prejudices of his audience, O'Connell's motion was defeated, for the time, by an immense majority.

Q. Did that defeat discourage the Irish people?

A. Not in the least; they knew their cause was just and righteous, and they determined to wait, and work, and watch their opportunity.

Q. What was O'Connell's parliamentary policy?

A. To act as if he placed faith in the conjoint promise made by the king, lords, and commons. In rejecting his motion for Repeal, they had solemnly promised to remove all the grievances of Ireland; and accordingly O'Connell, for the next six years, occupied himself in the experiment of extorting a fulfilment of that solemn pledge from the British legislature.

Q. In what year did William the Fourth die?

A. In 1837.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Reign of Queen Victoria.

Q. What was the policy of the nation,

al party in Ireland, for the first three years of this reign?

A. They continued to pursue the experiment of trying what amount of justice was to be obtained from the imperial parliament.

Q. What was the result of their experiment?

A. Increased evidence of the hostility of that parliament to Ireland, and of the paramount necessity of obtaining a free, popular legislature,

Q. What important event occurred in 1840?

A. The Loyal National Repeal Association was founded by O'Connell in that year, for the purpose of obtaining a Repeal of the Union.

Q. Did the agitation for Repeal extend itself quickly over the kingdom?

A. Yes; as soon as O'Connell's perseverance had finally convinced the people that he was thoroughly resolved to fight out the peaceful battle to the last, and not to use the Repeal cry as a mere instrument to obtain other measures.

Q. What efforts did the government make to preserve the Union?

A. Efforts quite in character with those which Pitt's government had made use of to carry it in 1800. They deemed, that as it had been originally achieved by bribery and terror, it could best be preserved by the same means. Accordingly, lord Fortescue, the whig lord lieutenant in 1841, announced that anti-repealers only should be admitted to any place or office in the gift of the government. And in 1843, troops were poured into the country, and state prosecutions instituted against nine of the leaders, in the hope that the display of military power, conjoined with the harassing persecution of the legal proceedings, might terrify the people from seeking their national rights.

Q. What military struggle occurred in the English colonies in 1841-2?

A. England was engaged in the attempt to extend and consolidate her Indian empire; and Irish soldiers as is usual in such cases, fought and bled in the contest. The 44th regiment consisting entirely of Irish, was totally destroyed.

Q. Of what use were England's Indian conquests to Ireland?

A. Of no use whatever. Ireland had no interest whatsoever in the event of the struggle.

Q. Did the English ministry enlist Queen Victoria's influence against the repealers of Ireland?

A. They did; and a speech denouncing repeal was composed for the queen, which her majesty read from the throne at the close of the session in 1843. The ministry hoped that the well-known loyalty of the Irish people would induce them to abandon a measure distasteful to their beloved monarch.

Q. What effect had this ministerial manoeuvre on the national policy of the Irish?

A. It deeply grieved the people to see the amiable young lady on the throne made the tool and mouthpiece of a faction opposed to their liberties; but the queen's mistake on the subject of Repeal could, of course, have no effect on the national resolve of millions suffering the bitter evils of the Union. Their sentiment was precisely the same as that which was expressed by the Dungannon Volunteers in 1779; "We know our duty to our sovereign, and are loyal; but we also know our duty to ourselves, and are determined to be free."

Q. What violent measure did the government take to suppress the agitation for Repeal?

A. The lord lieutenant (earl De Grey) issued a proclamation to prevent a public meeting to petition parliament for Repeal, which was advertised to be held at Clontarf, on the 8th of October, 1843, and at which a large number from great distances, and even from England, had prepared to attend. The viceregal proclamation was issued at so late an hour on the 7th that it was perfectly impossible to convey the knowledge of its contents to tens of thousands who were actually at the moment on their journey to the meeting.

Q. What additional measures did the government take?

A. A large military force was stationed in the neighbourhood, so disposed as to command from several points the place intended for the meeting.

Q. Did the people obey the proclamation?

A. Yes; owing to the prompt energy

of the Repeal Committee, who felt it their bounden duty to prevent a hostile collision; and who accordingly sent messengers in all directions to enjoin the people to return to their homes.

Q. When were the leaders of the Repeal movement prosecuted?

A. The prosecution was commenced in November term, 1843.

Q. Name the traversers?

A. Daniel O'Connell, John O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Charles Gavan Duffy (editor of the *Nation*), John Gray (editor of the *Freeman's Journal*), Richard Barret (editor of the *Pilot*), Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, P.P., of Lusk, Rev. Mr. Tierney, P.P. of Clontibret, and Thomas Matthew Ray, the secretary of the Repeal Association. The Rev. Mr. Tyrrell died before the close of the prosecution, and the verdict against the Rev. Mr. Tierney was overruled by the bench.

Q. How did the government secure a conviction?

A. By excluding from the jury-box every man who did not entertain political hostility to the defendants. The management of the jury-list was pronounced by the Tory chancellor of England (baron Lyndhurst) to have been "fraudulent."

Q. Were the seven traversers imprisoned on the verdict of the jury?

A. Yes; on the 30th of May 1844.

Q. Did their fate deter the Irish people from further exertions for Repeal?

A. Of course it did not! On the contrary, the people, indignant at the outrage committed on their leaders under the forms of law, immediately began to work with augmented energy; there was an immense increase of the Repeal rent, and a large number of new adhesions of the Repeal Association.

Q. What length of imprisonment was adjudged to the traversers?

A. One year to Daniel O'Connell, and nine months to the others.

Q. Did they suffer the full term of their sentence?

A. No; they appealed by writ of error to the House of Lords; and that tribunal reversed the judgment of the court below. The prisoners were forthwith discharged, having been imprisoned for over three months.

Q. How many members of the House

of Lords formed the tribunal that decided the appeal in this case?

A. The five law lords—Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, Campbell, Denman. The first two were for confirming the sentence; the last three for reversing it.

Q. What were Lord Denman's words in giving judgment?

A. "If such practices as have taken place in the present instance in Ireland shall continue, the Trial by Jury will become a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

Q. On what day were the prisoners liberated?

A. On the 6th of September, 1844.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Reign of Queen Victoria, continued.

Q. What great calamity fell on Ireland in 1845?

A. In the autumn of that year it became manifest that a large portion of the potato crop would fail; but it was hoped that the disease that visited that crop—the staple food of the people—would be transient.

Q. Was the hope realised?

A. Unhappily it was not. In 1846, the disease enormously increased, and destroyed almost the whole potato-crop throughout the kingdom.

Q. In what condition did this fearful calamity find the Irish people?

A. They had been stripped so bare by the operation of the Union, that the calamity found them destitute of a reserve fund to fall back upon.

Q. How, and to what extent, had the Union robbed and impoverished Ireland?

A. The absenteeism of the Parliament had necessarily increased the drain of Irish rental to a vast extent; it had probably quadrupled it. But if we average the absentee rental at £3,000,000 per annum for the forty-six years that had elapsed between the Union and 1846, the amount drained from Ireland under this head must have then amounted to £138,000,000 sterling.

Q. Were there other drains resulting from the Union?

A. Yes; in violation of the fifth clause of the 7th Article of the Union, the surplus taxes of Ireland had been con-

stantly drawn out of the country by England. If we average the amount of Irish taxes thus annually taken away at the low figure of £1,000,000 sterling, the result will show, under this head, a further loss to Ireland of £46,000,000, between 1800 and the date of the famine.

Q. Did the Union operate in any other ways to impoverish the people?

A. Yes; it exposed our manufactures to the overwhelming competition of the wealthy English manufacturing capitalists, before they had acquired sufficient strength and stability to keep a firm hold of the market.

Q. Can you give any details on this subject?

A. Yes: in 1840, Mr. Ray, the able Secretary of the Repeal Association, drew up a report "On the Disastrous Effects of the Union on the Woollen, Silk, and Cotton Manufactures of Ireland." In this report, compiled from evidence of unquestionable authenticity, Mr. Ray shows decay in every one of the above-named articles.

Q. What does he say about the Woollen Trade?

A. It has already been noticed that the Woollen Trade, once the source of comfortable livelihood to a numerous class, had been strenuously discouraged by King William the Third's government. Thus crushed by hostile power, our Woollen Trade was reduced to the narrowest limits, until Ireland was for a while disentranced by Grattan and the Volunteers in 1782.

To be continued.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

The acquisition of knowledge, is one of the most honourable occupations of youth.

Whatever useful or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood.

Sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue.

Disappointments and distress, are often blessings in disguise.

Change and alteration form the very essence of the world.

F A C E T I Æ

A Western editor congratulates himself that half the lies told about him are true.

GETTING FAT.—"What are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow stealing lard.—"I am getting fat," was the reply.

WIDOWERS.—A widower, who had never quarrelled with his wife, said the last day of his marriage was as happy as the first. Another widower said the last day of his marriage was the happiest.

A JOKE IN EXTREMIS.—A tailor, who was condemned to be hanged for murder; said, as they were fastening the rope about his neck, "Well, I've often heard that life is a jest, but this is carrying the joke a little too far."

MEAT AND BONE.—"Oh, Mr. Butcher, what a quantity of bone there was in that last piece of meat we had from you!" said a lady, very indignantly.—"Was there, mum? But, howsomever, the very fust fat bullock I kill without any bone, I'll let you have one joint for nothing."

A LITTLE WARM.—"I thought you were born on the 1st of April," said a husband to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday.—"Most people would think so, from the choice I made of a husband," she replied."

A MAN recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A cynical friend, commenting on the fact, says, "He should have married her and refused her a new bonnet, and then he would have discovered her conversational powers."

THE ONLY TROUBLE.—A public man in the country was once accused of drunkenness, and one of his friends was very indignant. Some one suggested that public men were always lied about. "Oh, I don't care for lies," he said, "but the trouble with the story is, they proved it!"

PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—A lady who had made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices.—"How can you be so barbarous as to put little innocent lambs to death?" Why, madame," said the

butcher, "you surely wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

SMARTEST OF THE SMART.—An Irish process-server proverbially smart even among that smart race, who had a writ to serve, ascertained that the defendant was dead. Tossing the summons over the wall of the cemetery, he made return upon the writ that he had left the summons at the last and usual place of abode.

RETALIATION.—A witness in a divorce suit kept referring to the wife as having a very retaliating disposition.—"She always retaliated for every little thing," said the witness.—"Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel.—"Yes, a great many times."—"Well, what did she do on such occasions?"—"She always retaliated, sir." The wife's retaliating disposition didn't hurt her any with the jurors.

A KNOWING FOX.—In one of Lover's Irish stories, the narrator, describing the feats of a very knowing fox, tells how Master Reynard entered a cottage, sat down by the fire, and took up a Roscommon journal.—"Oh be nisy wid yer!" cried a listener; "a fox read the paper! I'm not going to believe that!"—"To be sure," replied the other; "if a fox doesn't read the newspapers, how is he to know where the hounds meet?"

HE COULDN'T DRINK WINE.—That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a certain famous statesman, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggles of life. He brought letters of introduction to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.—"Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise.—"Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavoured to press it upon him.—"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the hands of a beautiful lady. "No" said the noble young man—and his voice

trembled a little and his cheeks flushed "I never drink wine, but"—here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer, "if you've got a little good old Irish whiskey, I don't mind trying a glass

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

FOR A SPRAIN OR WEAKNESS.—Take the well-beaten white of one egg and a teaspoonful of salt, and rub over the sprain once or twice a day.

BAKED APPLES.—Scoop out the core of each apple without cutting quite through, and fill the hollow with fresh butter and sugar; bake slowly, and serve with the syrup. This is a nice nursery dish.

SALINE DRAUGHT.—Dissolve twenty grains of carbonate of potass in a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and add three tablespoonfuls of cold water and a little loaf sugar. This draught is very serviceable in sore throats.

COUGH MIXTURE.—For a cough, mix eight tablespoonfuls of treacle, eight ditto of vinegar, two ditto of antimonial wine, and four drops of laudanum. Two teaspoonfuls to be taken at night, and one in the morning.

NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.—Three large apples, one ounce of sugar, half a pint of batter for pudding. Peel the apples and take out all the core; fill them up with sugar, and place them in a pie-dish. Cover them with a light batter, and bake half an hour.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—Cut some cold beef as thin as possible, toss it in a little butter, and serve it upon some cabbage, which, being first boiled, you have nicely minced, seasoned, and fried as you would potatoes. Serve as hot as possible. Any kind of cold meat may be dressed in the same manner.

POTATO PUDDING.—Boil half a pound of mealy potatoes, and press them through a sieve; then add half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter beaten to a cream, the peel of a lemon, grated and the juice, with five eggs well beaten. Mix all thoroughly together, put the pudding into a dish, and bake in a quick oven half an hour.

VEAL BROTH.—Put into a stewpan a knuckle-bone of veal, four shank-bones of mutton, and part of an old fowl, to which add a little whole pepper, two

blades of mace, and an onion; pour on three quarts of water, cover closely, boil and skim it, simmer it slowly three hours, strain it, remove the fat when cold, and add salt as wanted.

YORKSHIRE CAKES.—Melt in a pint and a half of warmed milk five ounces of butter; add to this four tablespoonfuls of strong brewers' yeast and four well-beaten eggs; mix the whole into three pounds of dry flour, knead it well, and let it work; make it into medium-sized cakes, and when they are nicely risen, bake them upon buttered tins in a moderate oven.

REMOVAL OF INK SPOTS.—When of long standing it is difficult to get them out, since the iron has become thoroughly peroxidized, and must be reduced. The following recipe will be found worthy of trial:—Water, half a litre; hydrochloric acid, 100 grammes; tin salt, 100 grammes. Moisten the spot with this solution thoroughly until the color disappears, and rinse with water.

GIBLET SOUP.—Scald and clean three or four sets of goose or duck giblets; stew them with a pound of gravy-beef, and the bone of a knuckle of veal, and oxtail, or some shanks of mutton, three onions, sweet herbs, a teaspoonful of whole white pepper, and a tablespoonful of salt. Put five pints of water, and simmer till the gizzards are tender; skim it, and thicken; boil a few minutes, and serve with the giblets. Sherry or maderia, two glasses, and cayenne pepper may be added.

SALLY LUNN CAKES.—One pint of boiling milk, half a tumbler of yeast, sufficient flour to form a stiff batter, two eggs, two ounces of powdered sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter. Put a pint of boiling milk into a pan, and when it has become lukewarm, pour half a tumbler of yeast upon it, stir it well, and add as much flour as will form a stiff batter. Cover the pan with a cloth, and place it before the fire for two hours; beat up the eggs with the powdered sugar. After the dough has stood to rise the time specified, mix the butter with the sugar and eggs, add it to the dough, knead it, and let it remain in the pan for half an hour; then divide it into cakes, put them on a baking tin, and bake them twenty minutes in a well-heated oven.

My Heart I'll keep for You.

Words by S. W. McDONALD.

Music by H. MILLARD.

Musical notation for the first system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

1. Tho' oth - er friends may cluster round, And claim the smile or
2. The sun - mer keeps the gentle rose With lov - ing care and

Musical notation for the second system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

tear; Tho' pleas - ures o'er my way a - bound. And
pride; Tho' li - ly sleeps in calm re - pose, The

Musical notation for the third system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

poco rallo.

life be blest and dear; What - ev - er joys a - wait for
sil - ver waves ne - side; And days may come, and days may

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

colla voce.

ad lib.

me, What - ev - er ill's pur - sue, In
go, And hearts be false or true; In

colla voce.

pain and care, on land and sea, My heart I'll keep for
sum - mer sweet, in win - ter snow, My heart I'll keep for

you! My own, My heart I'll keep for you!
you! My own, My heart I'll keep for you!

colla voce. *colla voce.*

Photo. Neosono.
Paris, 1875.

Berlinak-Debarats Co.

MY HEART I'LL KEEP FOR YOU!