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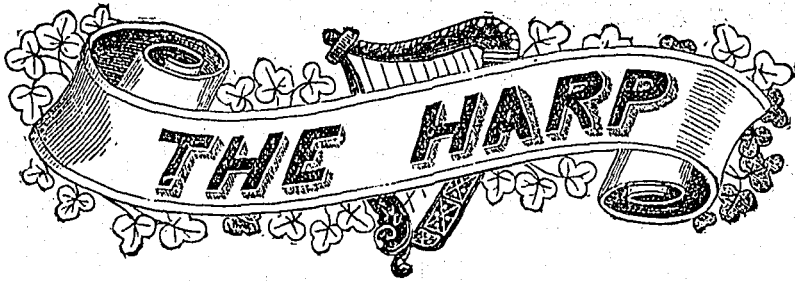
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No. 11.

MEN OF ERIN.

BY J. RYAN.

Men of Erin! men of Erin!
Sons and brothers, O, arise!
Start ye from your slavish station,
Fling your banners to the skies,
Flash your weapons to the sunlight,
Fiercely rush to meet the foe,
Never yield ye nature's birthright,
Though your blood in streams should flow!

Look around—behold the nations
That were bound in slavery;
Mark you well how they in triumph
Gain'd the pathway of the free!
Have you not hands as strong and brave,
And hearts as loud and true?
Then, Oh! why not in might arise
And win back your freedom too?

O! trust in God and in the cause
Of glorious Liberty.
And in your own right hands and blades,
If your wish is to be free—
Arise like men who are resolv'd
To die or to have their right,
And with high heaven's aid you'll be
Victorious in the fight!

You cannot fall, you must not fall!
Though your tyrant foe be strong,
For clid in the true arms of right divine
You'll smite the fiends of wrong.
Like the shepherd youth on Judah's plain
Smote the giant Philistine,
So shall you smite the Saxon foe
When arrayed in battle line.

Then up from your couch of slav'ry
With rifle and sword in hand,
And strike with all your power and might
For your own dear motherland!
Charge, as you charged at Pontenoy
Or at Clontarf's bloody fray;
And sweep from Erin's smirch'd breast,
The accurs'd Sassenagh!

"KILSHEELAN"

OR,

THE OLD PLACE AND THE NEW PEOPLE.

A ROMANCE OF TIPPERARY.

"The gilded halo hovering round decay."
—ВЪЮН.—*The Giaour.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT THE LITTLE BRASS KEY UNLOCKED.

"Cressy, I AM your sister!"

Bewilderment spoke in the fair face: dazed, she could only look into Rose Marton's for solution of the mystery. It was no jest; levity sat not there, but a ravenous love eager to devour the sweet little sister that the cold, cold world had at last presented to her.

"Rose, you are in earnest? You could not be so cruel as to mock me. I am stunned, and know not what to say or think."

"I too, am still stunned. My brain swims, I half fancy it must be a dream."

"What?—what, Rose? In pity tell me?"

Rose seemed to be thinking abstractedly.

"Perhaps, after all, it is some cruel deceit. How—how will anybody believe it when *he*, my father—O heaven! when *he* will not acknowledge it?"

"Rose, Rose, what *are* you thinking of? Tell me, darling, oh! tell me quickly!" And the fair white arms were wound tenderly around Rose Marton's snowy neck; the glowing, golden hair mixed with the raven black; the peachy cheeks resting on one another; the bright blue eyes drinking love in the deep violet depths of other eyes: making such a picture as must have bewitched Da Vinci: incomparable sisterhood!

"You must know, sweet Cressy. Come and I will tell you all."

And taking her to the open escritoire she told her wondering listener of old Richard Marton's dream, and of the little brass key he gave her that the secret might not die with him which was to make her as proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress: and how, when the dream came to pass and the secret choked old Richard Marton, she was moved to try what the little brass key unlocked; and how in the secret drawer she came upon a roll of manuscript which, though it was only a roll of manuscript, made her as proud as Sir Albin Artslade's heiress, as the old man predicted.

The writing was close and cramped, as the writing of a sick old man must be, and studded with many a blot and break as if it had been composed piecemeal. Now Rose remembered how he would sit at the bureau often in the days when his maladies were most threatening, and would write away painfully on some task which never seemed to have an ending: looking

tired and sad when he left off. This was his work.

The girls devoured the manuscript with passionate interjections through every line. The reader must have an opportunity of perusing it more carefully. This was the tale it told.

"Twenty years ago—it seems only yesterday—I was a scene-shifter in Drury Lane Theatre in London. I was already far advanced in life, and, having amassed a considerable sum of money, and having no one on whom to spend it, I passed for an odd miserly old bachelor, caring for, and cared for by no one, and leading, on the whole, a cheerless, solitary life. I always thought there was affection bubbling up somewhere in my heart and eager to get out; but I suppose I was not as social as other men were, or other men were unkind towards me. At any rate I lived among my companions like an uneasy shadow: I know they would gladly have got rid of me only that I did my duty, always my strict duty.

"There came to our theatre in the *corps de ballet* a young Spanish girl—as lovely as an angel, and as good. She had the blackest hair and the softest skin I ever saw, and her eyes seemed to be shining out of a whole world of unutterable love. She was a melancholy child, too, I have often wept in my heart to hear her sad story. She was the daughter of a Spanish nobleman—Dona Inez de Centellas, she was called—"

How Rose Marton's heart bounded at the name!

"But a tribe of gypsies stole her away while she was almost a baby, and when, years after, she escaped from them, she found her family had been banished, no one knew where, for their part in some intrigue at the Spanish court, and she, poor child, abandoned by all but Heaven, was forced to gain a wretched livelihood on the stage.

"From the moment I first saw her, she became more to me than myself and all the world beside. It was not that I dreamed—at least seriously thought of what men call love for Inez. I worshipped her silently—more devoutly, Heaven forgive me! than I should. At times I believe I was mad, and thought dimly that perhaps she might love me, too, for she was kind to me when no one else on earth was kind to me; but then I would be sensible again, and she would seem to be as far away from me as a silver star in the heaven, shining down upon a queer old man.

"But it was unutterable joy to be permitted

even to be a father to Inez, and such she almost permitted me to be. Poor angel, she sadly needed some one to protect her from all the glittering devilry it was her daily fate to encounter. She often seemed to me like a pillar of snow under a burning sun, whose lewd rays were for ever panting to devour her purity. But she was even better than she was beautiful, and God preserved her.

"Among all the gay gallants who used to prowl about the stage-door, seeking their victims, there was many a bright golden trap laid for my darling. She avoided them all, and when scores of handsome youths were burning to give her their escort, she would turn to me with those deep heavenly eyes of hers and say I must go home with her, and so I came to be her constant companion, for she knew she could trust me, and knew no one else she could trust. Though still I dreamed of a dearer love, dreamed of it as a feverish, distant dream, I was happy beyond human happiness in her trustful affection. It was as if a beautiful fairy was playing with me and caressing me, though I could not touch her.

"There was one who was always at the stage-door when she came out—a young attorney, John Jordan by name. He appeared to be more in earnest than the rest in his affection, and for ever spoke of marriage when he spoke of love. I never liked him—perhaps I was jealous—but there was a greedy, uneasy look in his face, which I always took for selfishness. No doubt he loved Inez, but it was for his own sake, not for hers. I know she did not love him, at least not as she *could* have loved; but my jealous eye was not long in discovering that she rather encouraged his attentions. Why should she not? She was a waif on an ocean, ready at any moment to be swallowed up in the depths: how must she not have sighed for the safety and sanctity of a home, even if it were not the home she yearned for!

One night as we were going home together, Inez told me with tears in her eyes that we should go home together no more; she was going to be married the next morning to John Jordan, at the Spanish Chapel in Portman Street, and I was to give her away! I knew I had no cause to complain—I, an eccentric old man whom nobody could love—still the news went to my heart like ice. I could not give her away, do what I would—I felt as if it would be giving her away to some evil spirit. I blessed her, however, and told her if ever she should want a friend, there was one would die a thous-

and deaths for her sake. And so we parted: poor Inez crying bitterly: my heart broken.

"She came no more to our theatre. In twelve months they all forgot the Spanish ballet-girl—all but me—I thought of her always, by day and by night—till thought of her wore me to the likeness of a withered skeleton whom no one saw without shuddering. I heard nothing of Jordan or his wife—how could I, who knew no one? So twelve months passed away, when one dreary night, as I was thinking of Inez, a pale stricken creature, with an infant on her bosom, staggered into my room. It was Inez!

"Richard," she said, "I have come to die," and fainted away in my arms. My poor darling! what a woful wreck she was! I could read every moment of that twelve months' anguish in the wan cheeks, in the hollow eyes. For some days she was in a raging fever, crying piteously for her child, and I thought she never could have recovered. I watched her all that terrible time, and at last she recovered consciousness. Then she told me all her woes. The story sickens me to repeat it.

"Poor darling! in marrying John Jordan she took an adder to her bosom, to rob her of her beauty, and then leave her a poor poisoned thing. For all her entreaties, he would insist on having their marriage kept a secret: he said it would injure him professionally, and she believed him, and only kept praying for the day he could avow it. But when it became impossible any longer to keep it a secret, she went to him again and besought him for the sake of their child to leave her no longer under the cruel suspicion of the world. It was only then, driven to his last resource, he told his heart-broken wife that their marriage was no marriage at all! In her innocence, she had never dreamed that, in pretending to marry her according to the rites of her own Roman Catholic church, the wretch only went through a form which the cruel law of England pronounced a farce to be repudiated at will!

"The terrible truth almost drove her mad. She appealed to him for her own sake, for her child's sake, for God's sake, not to drive her out on the world a polluted outcast, and fix a nameless mark of scorn on her child. She appealed to a demon who had no pity; who, heaping outrage upon outrage, suggested a compromise ten thousand times more shameful than her shame. She rushed from his presence with a broken heart, never to see him again. She was not long in learning the secret of his

fiendish treachery. The young widow of a rich old money-lender had caught his eye: rather the rumour of her untold wealth: and so well had he played his devilish game, that the money-lender's widow had consented to be his wife. They were married: poor Inez was chained to a fever-bed when their marriage bells were ringing. When she got well, there was a little dark-eyed miniature of herself by her side, and a mother's love drew her back again out of the grave. Shunned and pointed at, for a while she dragged out her wretched life, more dead than alive, for her child's sake, till, at last, want and misery having done their worst on her poor frame, she came that dreary November evening to old Richard's room to die.

"I thought that perhaps she might still live, and that I might be a father to poor Inez, and her child: but her heart was broken. On her dying bed she gave into my charge the certificate of her marriage with John Jordan, and the baby. 'Richard, you will see her righted,' were her last words as her dying eyes met mine. This was all she said, and then she died. Rose Marton, you are Inez' child!"

"Oh! Rose, dear Rose, what a sad story!" sobbed Cressy Artslade.

"My poor mother!" was all the weeping girl could say. "Yet how sweet are even such melting memories since they tell me at last I had a mother, and oh! such a mother! Poor wronged angel! how light are my wrongs in contrast!"

And the girls fell sobbing again on one another's necks.

"But, darling Rose, you said I was your sister—"

"Hush, hush, a moment, darling. You have not read it all!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"INEZ' CHILD."

Here there was a long blotted gap in the manuscript, as if tears had fallen and as if a hand had shaken, in telling how poor Inez died. Then the narrative proceeded:

"I did not forget my trust. It gave me a new life to have something to care for, something that always reminded me of Inez. I sought everywhere for the husband of my poor darling. Now that she was dead, and could no longer accuse him, I thought he might at least save her child from a worse fate than death. But I lost him in the great wool of London. He had given up his old cham-

bers, and nobody could tell me more than that he was said to have turned moneylender himself somewhere in the City. For years I wandered about the streets of London, looking for John Jordan and never finding him. I thought he must have changed his name, or died.

"I almost gave up the hope of ever being able to right poor Inez' child. But now a new feeling began to grow upon me. A sweet girl, the very image of Inez, had sprung up like a flower in my lonely home. I began to take an unutterable pleasure in seeing her grow day by day and month by month, always putting forth some fresh beauty which charmed me. Her life became my life: my joy was in her childish glee: my breath of life was in her smiles and prattle. Why should this tiny innocent ever blush beneath the world's scoffs? Why poison her mind with her mother's cruel sorrows? with her father's great crime? So I reasoned with myself, and I went away with Rose where no scandal could follow us; and I taught Rose to call me father, and told her only of her mother that she had been as good as an angel, and that the angels had taken her to themselves.

"So years rolled away, bright years for me, and Inez' child had grown into a beautiful girl, when one night about two years ago, as I chanced to pass near the Parliament House, on the night of some great debate, I saw one descend from a carriage whom I thought I knew. I pushed through the crowd and came close to him as he entered the House. It was John Jordan! He was wholly changed, old and careworn, with a greedier look than ever in his face: but the same cold, hard man that wronged Inez. I asked the crowd what was his name. Somebody said he was Sir Albin Artslade, a great Irish baronet."

Now is it thy turn, poor little Cressy, to moan in anguish, till thy sister coax away the tears!

"My darling Rose (it is for your eye I write these words) I come now to tell you how in my miserable selfishness, I have wronged you even as he wronged your mother, that, perhaps, in your great mercy, you may yet pardon us both, black as has been our sin. If I were true to my solemn pledge to Inez, and true to you, I should have accosted him that moment. I could not do it: my voice refused to speak the word that would rob me of my treasure. I felt I was doubly guilty when, on inquiring more, I discovered that Sir Albin Artslade (as he called himself) had only one child and that his second wife was dead long ago—I thought:

'Now surely I have only to tell him he has a beautiful daughter, who knows not how he has wronged her, and he will be delighted to acknowledge his crime and repair it. Inez' shade will be satisfied: he is rich and great now, and Rose will be happy'—but still I could not speak. To die for your sake was nothing—if you could have killed me as an enemy to your happiness, I would have been glad—but to live after the light of my life was gone from me, to become again a solitary outcast in a world that had no place for me, this was the thought which hardened my selfish heart, and made me hug my treasure like a miser and hide it away from the blessed sun.

"Rose, I do not seek to defend myself: it is only from your mercy I can crave forgiveness, if ever I can be forgiven: but let this at least soften your judgment—had I not loved you so well, I had not wronged you. But I never lost sight of my promise to Inez: I never meant to keep you always to my miserable self: one day, I was resolved, the secret should be told, and, even if it were to be my death, you should be righted. I was grown old and feeble and could not trouble you long, and, as I determined to watch Sir Albin Artslade's movements closely, I could at any time inform him that you were his child. This was the feeble justification I made to my conscience, not without many a bitter pang, and a coincidence which occurred shortly afterwards confirmed me in the resolution not to disclose the secret for the present. I saw advertised in one of the newspapers the office of caretaker of the old Castle at Kilsheelan, and applicants were directed to Mr. McLaren, Sir Albin Artslade's steward. I have learned since that in consequence of some foolish superstition that those old ruins were haunted, nobody could be induced to live there, and that is no doubt the reason why my application for the post was so readily accepted.

"I came to Kilsheelan in order that I might be nearer to Sir Albin Artslade, perhaps also with a secret hope that by some chance he might encounter you and see in you the likeness of her he doomed to death, and that so my selfish scheme should come to be exposed and punished; for I hated my selfishness though I hugged it. You know the rest, Rose—what has happened since we came to live in the old castle. But you can never know the tortures I have endured in my own heart. My injustice to you was always in my sight. It reproached me the more bitterly that instead of repining at your lonely lot and

hating me, you never complained—nay, when I complained, you cheered me and loved me the more. It made my heart bleed to see you wasting your loveliness in this cheerless ruin, in tending a sick old man, while, if it were not for me, you should be courted and caressed and be as happy as love and wealth could make Sir Albin Arlshade's daughter. The conflict in my own breast, too, brought upon me a host of infirmities which soured my temper and made me, I know, an inhuman source of torture to you, my child. But this only placed another difficulty in the way of justice. I could only complain feebly against fate which would ask me to surrender, even on the brink of the grave, the elixir which supported my life. My promise to Inez always reproached me; her dying words sounded always in my ear: but I still kept putting off the fulfilment of my promise: I hated myself, but I could not endure life without you.

"Then frightful dreams haunted me—that I should die, and with me the secret—that you should be a friendless orphan—and that my Inez should start up before the Eternal Judgment-seat to accuse me for a traitor. It was only then I thought of writing down the story of your birth, that, if my dark forebodings ever come true, it might be a legacy of fortune and happiness to you, and might do for you what I should have done.

"This is all I have to write. I may live still to conquer myself and do justice. But if not—if my dreams should be more than dreams after all—if the secret I have willfully neglected to tell should choke me when I come to tell it—may this tardy revelation save you from the consequences of my crime! I do not ask you to forgive me—that would be too much; but, Rose, when you are rich and happy, and the memory of your wrongs is fading, may I not hope that whenever you think of the lonely old man, who tried to make himself happy by your unhappiness, it will be to pity him?"

"My poor, poor father!" sobbed Rose—she knew no other father yet. "What have I to forgive to one who loved me so tenderly? Oh! if you had but told me this, how happy we might both have been! how many a pang you would have been saved, how we would have pitied and wept and prayed for my poor mother together! Alas! what father have I now?"

Cressy, whose delight at the revelation was awe-struck in presence of her sister's deep emotion, whispered timidly:

"Rose, you have my father and yours."

Sweet suggestion, which again dissolved the young hearts in an exquisite tenderness, a perfect union of thought and love.

"Rosie, come and tell papa at once!" cried volatile Cressy, already forgetting everything but that she had found a sister. "'Twill be such a surprise!"

Rose smiled thoughtfully.

"Then you will have me for a sister?"

"Oh! Rose?"

"And you will believe old Richard Marton's story?"

"Sister!" cried Cressy, in amaze. Doubt was a word whose meaning she dreamed not of. "All the world would not persuade me you are anything but my sweet darling sister," and the trustful arms encircled her neck once more.

"Alas! if all the world were like you, Cressy, how sweet a place it would be to dwell in!"

"Rosie, you do puzzle me so! There you go asking me do I believe this and do I believe that, as if I could disbelieve anything from you, darling."

"You do not know how cold the world is—how little it trusts to inspired faith."

"What have we to do with the nasty world?"

"It will perhaps question old Richard Marton's tale," said Rose, gravely. "But, happily, there is proof here—the precious legacy of my poor injured mother." And she laid her hand on a little yellow scroll, which she had found also in the secret drawer. It was a certificate of the marriage of Inez de Centellas and John Jordan, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, signed by Juan Hanares, Padre of the Spanish Chapel, Portman-street, London. Rose kissed the faded rescript fervently: it was the title-deed of two lives to honor.

"Surely, surely, that will be enough to satisfy all your doubtful bogies. Come this moment and we'll tell papa."

"He knows it already," Rose said calmly.

"Knows you are his daughter!"

"With his dying breath, poor Richard Marton told him I was 'Inez' child. I little dreamed then of the meaning of his words. It is all clear now?"

"And what did he say?"

"Poor old man, he must have been raving! That was all he said."

"Oh! Rose, what harsh un pitying words!"

"Hush, hush, dear, he is your father—and mine: let us pray for him."

"I can't, Rose. Why didn't he take you to his heart and thank God for sending him bless-

ings where he earned curses." Vehemently spoke Cressy Artslade now.

Rose kissed her wrath away.

"He may have had his reasons," she urged softly. "Perhaps I would be in his way. Alas! is it my fate to make every one that ought to love me unhappy! Cressy, I will not go to Ashenfield."

"Not go to Ashenfield! Rose, are you trying to frighten me?"

"No, indeed, Cressy: it will be a bitter trial to part with you.

"Oh, Rose, do not speak like that. Kiss me and tell me you will come to Ashenfield."

"I cannot, sweet sister; I cannot go where I would be always a trouble to my own father."

"But he has himself bid you come—"

"He has?"

"Nay, he spoke with an emotion I have never seen him betray before. I know he wishes you to come."

Rose was thinking. Perhaps he was relenting. She had noticed, now she remembered, the look of interest with which he regarded her the first time he met her. It was a look of dismay, but there was something like affection that struggled dimly within its barred dungeon of selfishness. Why should he ask her to go to Ashenfield, if not to aid the struggling prisoner to get free?"

It was a critical alternative she had to face. If she turned from her father's house, such as it was, whither? Into the world, friendless, beautiful, innocent! The fate of Inez de Centellas made her shudder. Her first duty was to her father: revenge was sin, only the revenge of sweet love, which should subdue the dungeon-gloom of selfishness, let in the holy light of sorrow, and lead in time to come repentant father and triumphant, un-triumphing child to weep together by a mother's grave. It was a pure dream: so unlikely!

"If I thought he really wished me to come—"

"There, darling, I will swear it. Only try."

"I will try," said Rose.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WARNING VOICE.

Rose Marton (so we will call her yet) would not leave the old Castle till after Richard Marton's funeral. She should herself perform the last offices for the only father she had known on earth, before she entered all unselfishly on the task of winning by love her mother's vindic-

ation and her own: transforming by love's alchemy a monster into a father, instead of spurning and cursing him, as by teaching of the world's pride, she ought.

Miss Cressy, leaving her new-found sister, to report to their father the result of her mission, was perplexed sorely in her not too logical mind: whether she ought to be more happy than miserable, or more miserable than happy. There are days in early spring when in some fair landscape there is on one side radiant sunshine, on the other sleety rain and clouds: coupled confusedly, perhaps, by a windy storm, which leaves the victory neither with sun nor shower, but mixes them both inclemently. Such a scene was Cressy Artslade's heart, where joy for a recovered sister divided empire with woe for an endangered love.

Rose, the beautiful, the good, was her sister—no shadow of doubt about that!—a deeply wronged sister, who was now to be righted, and to be a sweet fountain of confidence and love wherein Cressy should bask freely, as in a new element of life. Gladness and longing! No discordant note of selfishness woke that thought in her harmonic bliss. But Gerald was in danger—nay, in death's grasp! Justice in those days was a butcher from whose shambles there was no redemption! Why should she think of Gerald?—who was nothing to her—who had not seen her since she was a child (as if she were so much more than a child now!)—who, of course, had forgotten the tiny Cressy he used to play with long ago—who, above all, was persecuted and doomed to death by her father? A double woe—no right to think of him at all; and then, when with the logic of a woman's heart, she *did* think of him and fret her heart with thinking of him, the thought that with her father lay the *power* of saving him, but only the relentless *will* of ruining! It was a hard tangle of events, which hurried to inextricable complication; which her father could unravel, he alone, and would not. Poor, dutiful Cressy, it is a hard papa, whose single word would conjure away thy haunting griefs, yet is not spoken, and never will; whose right hand could render up to thee an unshadowed sister, and thy beloved, but is raised only to wrong the one and slay the other!

Her heart wrung with such aimless thoughts, she traversed listlessly one of the bye-paths through the Park by which she could approach Ashenfield without being observed, when she heard a hurried step close beside her, and, turning, felt her dress plucked by a woman

whose gestures, rather than her looks, terrified her (for the heavy cloak which was wrapt around her was drawn closely over her head, and gave but the very least survey of the features.) Cressy started back.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Cressy—for the love o' God, don't scrame, or he'd murder me!" the woman whispered hoarsely, seeing that Miss Artslade, now alarmed in earnest, was going to scream.

"What do you want, my good woman?" the young girl mustered courage to say.

"I axe yer pardon, Miss," the stunger continued in the same hurried, anguished tone. "But, 'tis as a friid I humbly make bowld to warn you, Miss—indeed it is.

"Warn me?"

"Hush, hush, Miss,—the threes thinselves has ears, an' I daren't trust 'em with the secret—Miss Cressy, your father is in danger!"

"My father!—in danger! Oh, Heavens, speak woman, what do you mean?"

"For the love o' the Vargin, Miss, be aisy. 'Tis upon my life I'm brathin' a word o' it—'tis only for your sake—you have never scalded the hearts within us—an' not to have the sign o' murder on thim that niver knew how to hurt a fly till they got their bitter lesson—that's why I risk me own wretched life an' the lives o' thim that's near an' dear to me to put you on yer guard. Be said be me, for God's sake, Miss, an' warn him he is in danger."

"But how?—when?—where did you hear this?—who are you that tell me my father is in danger?" Cressy demanded, hurling one question upon another in her bewildered eagerness.

"Who towt me, I daren't tell," the woman said, and the form under the great cloak trembled pitifully. "But it is as threue as God's judgment. 'Tis sworn he must die."

Cressy shuddered.

"As to who I am," the woman went on, "look into me face an' you'll see whether I'm in the humor for jokin'."

As she spoke the heavy hood was drawn back over her head for a moment. The face it revealed was a young one, not without beauty too, for all its haggard seams and channels, but so impressed with patient agony that the assembled miseries of an age long seemed to batten there. It was Tade Ryan's wife!

"Oh! now I believe you speak the truth," Cressy Artslade cried eagerly. "But will you not tell me more? My father is rich—he will give you *anything*, if you will tell me all, and save his life."

A dark frown came on the woman's suffering face.

"Miss Artslade," she cried, almost fiercely. "Av 'twas only gold stood in the way, your father would be in his coffin to-morrow, and many a bitter curse would follow him before God!"

"Oh! Kitty, do not say that," the young woman cried, with a shudder. "You will not be so cruel—for my sake!—for God's sake!"

"For God's sake an' for your own, Miss, I have risked the lives o' thim that's dear to me to save him, 'av he will only be said by me."

"But, good Kitty, you have told me nothing of his danger. Whom has he to fear? What is he to do to save himself?"

"He is goin' to Clonmel to-morrow?"

"He goes every Thursday."

"Let him not go to-morrow," the woman whispered earnestly, 'av he don't want to be brought home a corpse."

"But who are his enemies? Can he take no precautions?"

"Lady, I daren't speak another word o' that," said the woman, trembling again, 'an you must promise me this—promise me be yer honour as a lady!—you will niver, niver, on any account,—brathe a word of her name that towt you this."

"I promise, faithfully, dear Kitty," Miss Artslade cried, fervently. "But will you not accept something—something from me?"

She stopped, for Tade Ryan's wife had vanished; disappeared in the trees as swiftly as she had come.

Stunned by the alarming announcement of her father's deadly danger, Miss Artslade must have swooned but for the thought that there was no time to be lost to warn him, and put him on his guard.

Sir Albin was pacing his study impatiently, as if awaiting her return, when she burst in on him with her white frighted face. He stopped abruptly.

"Well, well," he asked, a dark frown coming over his face. "What is the matter? Does the girl refuse to come to Ashenfield?"

"No, no, papa, but—"

"But what? She does not know?—she has not told you?"

The baronet spoke quickly and excitedly: then suddenly, as if repenting his broken questions, asked more calmly:

"Cressy, why do you look so? What has happened, child?"

Then as connectedly as her confused thoughts would allow, she told him of her strange ren-

contre with the woman in the Park, faithfully avoiding all clue to her identity.

The baronet laughed his ugly laugh.

"Somebody has been hoaxing you, child," he said, lightly "else it is some stupid trick to frighten me."

Yet in his heart there came a strange voice whispering, "If it should be true?" Among all the worms he had trodden on and crushed might not some one turn and spew poison? There were aching hearts, he knew well in Kilsheelan—he loved to think they ached, to see them hiss and quiver in the scorching element they would not yield to—but were there not also strong arms and wild despair to nerve them? The scowl on his face grew darker. It was not that he feared, but hated the more. His heart blenched not: but his teeth were set closer.

Cressy noticed the change.

"Papa, do not depise this warning," she cried, earnestly. "I feel—I know it is a friendly one."

"So are many old woman's fancies."

"Papa, you will not go to Clonmel to-morrow? Say you will not?"

"Nonsense, child—I have business there—important business, which no one else could do for me—and am I to neglect it for dread of this trumpety bugbear?"

"Will you at least take some precaution?" Cressy urged.

Yes there could be no harm in taking precautions. His own trusty pistols and his own stout heart, he thought, were match enough for any danger; but to make assurance doubly certain, he would have his henchman, Mr. Jer. Murphy, to accompany him, and he should be well armed, too. Then rebellious remnants of the proud old people! expect an avalanche! No more toleration even for your misery, which is dangerous. This very night Mr. McLaren will have orders to expel you, root and branch, from Kilsheelan. The reign of the new people must not alone be triumphant—it must be safe.

"There, I will take every precaution," the baronet said. "Now are you satisfied?"

"If you would only not go to Clonmel at all to-morrow—"

"I must and will;" this was final.

"Going to Clonmel to-morrow, are you, Sir Albin?" cried the Dowager Marchioness of Bablinton, sailing into the room, a bouquet of freshly-culled flowers in her hand. "I hope I have not interrupted you, I was so anxious to see you on this very subject. Ah! Cressy dear

our sweet young friend of the Castle is bearing up bravely, I hope?"

"Under the circumstances, yes," said Cressy, briefly.

"As you have been consoling one afflicted mortal, perhaps you would be good Samaritan enough to console another," said the Marchioness, with a sweet smile. "Poor Adolphus has been in a sad state for a few hours past—I'm afraid he has been writing poetry, or some such melancholly nonsense. Do try to cure him, Cressy."

As the Marchioness' words began to assume something of motherly command, Miss Artslade was not sorry to have the opportunity to leave the room: not, indeed, to cure the unhappy Marquis of his poetic lunacy, but to betake herself to her own little room, and there lose herself in wonder at the infinite mazes of events that were growing all around her life.

"I am so glad you are going to Clonmel to-morrow, my dear," said the affectionate Marchioness. "I have ever so many commissions to give you. There's that white satin, you know, and those things from town, and—"

"Better send the groom for them," said the baronet, brusquely.

"You men are so cruel," pouted the Marchioness, with a playful toss of the head. "There was an old friend of mine, the Prince Kloptkoff, who positively came to be married, and when he came to the church found he had forgotten to buy the wedding-ring. It was so ridiculous!"

The baronet winced. It was a purchase he had himself forgotten as yet to make.

"You have not yet fixed the day?" he asked curtly.

"The day we are to be—to be—"

"Married."

"Alas! I'm afraid if I were to consult my own heart, the day could never be too near," sighed the Marchioness, languishingly.

"Say Monday week, then,—"

"If you wish it, dear—"

"And without any fuss, in yonder little church?"

"Charming! The very thing I was going to suggest," cried the Marchioness with girlish glee. "My fashionable friends will never forgive me for not asking them—there's that dear Duchess of Blunderland—she really takes such an interest in one!—and the Honourable Mrs. Ravendale and her set, who'll surely go wild if it isn't in St. James' Square. But then they do

sneer so, and will not believe that there is any real love in the world!"

And the Marchioness heaved a charitable sigh for poor humanity, which was not able to comprehend that, in stooping so much below the proud traditions of Bablington, she was but obeying the impulse of all spiritual love!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TROUBLE BREWING.

It was late that night—no sound stirring in the village—when a man stole out of the wood, and creeping cautiously down to the village of Kilsheelan, knocked a peculiar knock at the door of Mat Hannigan's forge.

The door was opened softly, and the newcomer having gained admittance, closed again as softly. Within the forge there was no light, and its dark corners were shrouded in gloom: but there was an immense rent in the roof (a recent storm had disrobed it) through which the moonlight poured in, and fell around the forms of two men. One of them was the blacksmith; Tade Ryan the other.

The men shook hands in silence.

"God help you!" said the blacksmith hoarsely.

"God help all of us!" Ryan exclaimed, with a wild supplication in his bloodshot eyes. "Av we could only die like min!"

The blacksmith turned away to hide the frozen tear that stood in his eye and could not fall.

"Baythershin!" was all he said. The prospect of a revolution, which had unloosed his tongue, was vanished; his darling pikeheads were put away again to rest and moulder: and his tongue was sealed once more like the grave. The iron cap was flung from his head no more, not even when he slept, but grew around his forehead like a part of himself, and the iron features grew more rigid than ever: as if the smallest emotion would look like flinching in the face of misfortune. For such silent martyrs there be, who die and make no sign.

"O God! av we had only fair play wanst!—But shure Heaven itself is fightin' agin us, an' laves us like sheep to be scathered an' slaughtered!"

"Baythershin!" said the blacksmith again, with a gesture of impatience. "How did they take *himself* whin you escaped 'em?"

"Mavrone! I dont know. Tisn't but he had plinty av warnin'—God bless her that gev it!—but he would persist in havin' a last look at the

young craythur at the Castle—he doated down upon her, I'm sartin shure!—an' that's why the throopers cem upon him. Poor Masthar Gerald! he was the best an' the bravest o' the ould stock!"

"They'll hang him," said Mat Hannigan, sententiously.

"My sowl! then, he won't be the only wan will bite the dust!" said Ryan, fiercely.

"*Honia mon dhoul!* spake aisy, man," said the blacksmith. "They're the bitter times, an' no mistake. Did you see Kitty an' the childer?"

"God help 'em, I did!" said the other, in a voice smothered with emotion. "She's howldin' up wondherful, poor *girsha*. She's as tindhier-hearted to that black tyrant over there, as if her starvin' childer won't be flung out by the roadside to-morrow or afther to die, an' her husband hunted to the gallows because he didn't cringe to an upstart. She's afraid I'll murder him, indeed!"

"Maybe not 'idout rayson?" half-asked Mat Hannigan in his own inconstruable way.

Ryan seized him fiercely by the wrist, as he hissed into his ear:

"Why, look you here, man—av there wor a sarpint as black as hell a-suckin' out yer heart's blood, an' yer hands were free to strangle him, would you die an' lave him live? By G—I would not!"

"Lave him to God," said the blacksmith, solemnly.

"So Kitty says—lave him to God!" cried the other bitterly. "But 'aint in human nature to stand it longer. May God forgive me! 'tis come to that at last!"

The blacksmith said nothing. Perhaps the still small voice deep down in his rugged heart was satisfied by the clamour of sorrows, as were the cries of the infant god by the cymbals of the Corybantes long ago.

"Where's the owld blundherbus?" whispered Ryan, in a hollow voice.

Mat Hannigan strode across the forge without a word, and removed a huge stone behind the bellows, which laid open a little cavity in the wall, whence the blacksmith produced a heavy weapon, and handed it in silence to his companion.

"Is it all right?" again demanded Ryan.

"Charged to the muzzle!"

Ryan concealed the weapon in his bosom: and the moonlight falling on his face disclosed a ghastly spectacle; a man primed for his first deed of blood.

He seized the blacksmith's hand, and a tear fell upon it.

"Mat," he said, in a broken whisper, "if anything happens me—it can't be much for the worse, God knows—but if it *do* happen, you won't forget poor Kitty an' the childher?"

The tear in the blacksmith's eye glittered threateningly, as though it would fall perforce.

"'Tis a bad business, my boy," he said, "'an' they sez 'twill be my turn nixt to be routed out o' the old forge; but as long as I live.—There, Tade, I can't say another word—'twould choke me."

And the tear fell triumphantly at last.

"God bless you!—God bless ye all!" The new-fangled murderer was gone.

The blacksmith stood in the forge's gloom for a few minutes, thinking—for under the iron cap there was a thought-apparatus, how clogged soever.

"The boy manes murder!" he muttered, reflectively. "Well? 'Tis only death here or there. What matter?"

And the blacksmith betook himself to his cheerless crib behind the bellows with the iron wrinkles hammered once more into decorous rigidity: ashamed of his unusual emotion. But the apparatus under the iron cap never ceased working in its own dull chambers all that night.

It was a weary night for the hunted outlaw in the mountain wood, when the birds were at rest and the leaves—all but the owl hooting from the ivy of the old Castle, all but the owl and his own breathing heart—weary when the morning broke in holy purity—weary and more weary as the sun mounted by slow seconds to the meridian, and beamed over the ripe corn-fields, and gladdened the happy birds—as if there was no grief under the sun. He had seen Sir Albin Arslade go to Clonmel in the morning, accompanied by Murphy, the baliff: both armed to the teeth—but as arms were in those days among the equipments of those who were privileged to carry them, he saw no ground of suspicion on that score. That his design could have been anticipated, the more especially as his wife was the only one actually acquainted with it.

There was on the old road between Clonmel and Kilsheelan, some two miles outside the former place, a deep and lonely gorge known as the Pass of Cah. Here the road took a bend immediately under the brow of the mountain, and passed for about two hundred yards between a steep acclivity on one side, and on the

other the mountain wood reaching down to the very border of the road, and back in the dense covert of pines and underwood to the recesses of the mountains. It was a place made for murder—gloomy, isolated, and to the murderer offering ample shelter and easy escape. Here Tade Ryan awaited his victim: behind a thicket on the roadside, about a hundred yards up the Pass, whence he commanded a clear view of the road from its entrance, and in a few bounds could conceal himself in the depths of the wood.

Wearily the lagged hours toiled along. Every sound of life startled the watcher. Every one that passed the road seemed to be conscious of his presence and shuddered. Every horse's hoof-beat made his heart jump into his throat. The sun began to decline, and still no sign of the victim.

Tade Ryan began to almost wish he would not come at all. Terrible is the agony of the deliberate murderer. Like minute guns amid a roaring sea, the conscience voice shriek betimes, and then are swallowed in the clash of star-striking billows and hurricanes of passion, making the poor heart quiver and heave with the Æolia bursting within its bounds. And the minute-guns come again like spasms of agony; for all the stormy rage that seeks to drown them; and will not be drowned.

But when it is despair that reasons, where will be found the cannons? Tade Ryan thought of his wife and starving children, of his hunted self, of his wrecked home, of his lost cause, and of the pitiless stranger who would flourish in their ruin: and he was a demon again. The haggard look in his face denied parley to prudence—life for life was his terrible game. He looked once more to the priming of the blunderbus, and patted it with savage glee. Then resumed his anxious watch down the road. A lunatic in a powder magazine with lighted match!

In the meantime, Sir Albin Arslade had set out from Clonmel, little suspecting the dreadful fate that was preparing for him. In the excitement of a heavy day's business in town, he had almost forgotten his daughter's silly fears, and was riding along leisurely with thoughts that were nearly all pleasurable. He was after receiving a large consignment of gold, transmitted to him by the agent who still carried on his money-lending business in London; and the gold was stowed away in a bulky leathern sack attached to his saddle; close by the pair of loaded pistols stuck in the holsters. He had made the few arrangements necessary;

for his wedding, too, and was thinking this mild harvest evening as he saw the sun go down in peaceful splendour, that now at last, the end must be at hand for which his harsh ambition had struggled for many and many a year—that Peace in Power he thought to conquer from the world's niggard homage. From poverty he had grown to riches: from contempt to awe: from obscurity to splendour. What further now had he to do, having *conquered* Happiness, than to woo her, and at length induce her to smile as well as submit? And he would do that. He was going to marry rank and what passed for beauty: he would have an heir in whom his name would live—his pretty Cressy would have the young flower of the British peerage to choose from, with riches and beauty for her dower: perhaps, also, to still the little voice that whispered of the lovely Spanish girl and her wrong, he would make amends to her sweet daughter and his (for Rose Marton's face haunted him and would not leave him); and *then*, when the last of the hated race swung from the gallows in sight of the humbled towers of his fathers, and the last of his hated retainers went down before the tide of novelty, *then* surely there must come Peace in Power! How should Sir Albin Artslade fear? His mission was accomplishing bravely—nearly accomplished. Nearly! It was *quite* accomplished!

Only once did a recollection of the warning he had received cross Sir Albin Artslade's mind. It was when he turned on the saddle to ask some question about the distance to Kilsheelan of the worthy bailiff, who rode a few yards behind, his pair of loaded pistols also in the holsters. He was a little surprised to see the man's face distorted hideously, all pale and quivering with the confessed terrors of a coward. He sidged still more on his saddle under the baronet's keen scrutiny.

"Phew!" said the baronet, with a gesture of disgust. "The fellow shivers like a baby with dread of these wonderful assassins. A pretty ally he'd make on emergency!"

And the reflection arousing him to the fact that evening was fast closing and a lonely stretch of road between him and Ashenfield, he spurred his horse into a livelier pace as he approached the Pass of Caha. Mr. Jer Murphy rode after him with a hideous light in his little sharp eyes, which was not wholly a coward's quailing, which might be anything as bad or worse.

And Tade Ryan, hearing the horse's hoofs clatter along the dusty road, nearer and nearer

to the Pass of Caha, clutched his blunderbus, with a choking sensation at his throat, and ground his teeth fiercely as he muttered:

"Here he is at last!"

(To be Continued.)

JUDGING BY FACES.

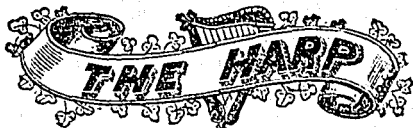
A man's character is stamped upon his face by the time he is thirty. I had rather put my trust in any man's countenance than in his words. The lips may lie, the face can not. To be sure "a man may smile and be a villain;" but what a smile it is—a false widening of the mouth and creasing of the cheeks, an unpleasant grimace that makes the observer shudder. "Rascal" is legibly written all over it.

Among the powers that are given us for our good is that of reading the characters of those we meet by the expression of the features. And yet most people neglect it, or doubt the existence of the talisman which would save them from dangerous friendships or miserable marriages, such fearing to trust a test so intangible and mysterious, act in defiance of their impulses and suffer in consequence.

There are few who could not point out an actual idiot, if they meet him, and many know a confirmed drunkard at sight. It is easy to know a bad man also. The miser wears his meanness in his eyes, in his pinched features, in his complexion. The brutal man shows his brutality in his low forehead, prominent chin and bull neck. The crafty man, all suavity and elegance, cannot put his watchful eyes and snaky smile out of sight as he does his purpose. The thief looks nothing else under heaven, and those who lead unholy lives have so positive an impress of guilt upon their features that it is a marvel that the most ignorant and innocent are ever imposed upon by them.

Perhaps it is the fear that conscientious people have of being influenced by beauty, or want of it which leads so many to neglect the cultivation of a power which may be brought to such perfection; but a face may be beautiful and bad, and positively plain and yet good. I scarcely think any one would mistake in this way, and I aver that when a man past the earliest youth looks good, pure, and true, it is safe to believe that it is so.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick's Day is a religious festival, and Catholic Irishmen should observe it by assisting with their families at the Holy Sacrifice, to thank Almighty God for the great favor He bestowed on Ireland in sending St. Patrick to her shores; for the success with which He has crowned the labors of His Apostle; for the Divine gift of Faith which has made Ireland a land of Saints and Martyrs; for the adomble Providence which has attended exiled Irishmen in every clime.

St. Patrick's Day is also a national festival, and as such should be celebrated by all Irishmen irrespective of creed. The out-door display, or procession, is national, not religious, and is open to the Protestant Irishman as well as to the Catholic Irishman,—to every one who loves old Ireland, and honestly believes that she is a nation, capable of governing herself without the intermeddling of her sweet sister England. We wish to see the national part of the festival celebrated in a national manner, and hope that on the approaching 17th, every Irishman, worthy of the name, will be found in line of procession with the dear little shamrock nestling near his heart.

Many will be the aspirations on St. Patrick's Day for the welfare of Ireland, many the prayers for the successful accomplishment of Home Rule. In the safe keeping of the leaders of this movement—patriots every man of them—the Irish people have placed the priceless treasure of their nationality. Believing with our countrymen at home, that Home Rule is attainable by moral means, we say to the Home Rule League, with all our heart, God speed your good work, and crown it in His own good time with the wreath of victory.

On St. Patrick's Day thoughts of England, the gentle, generous sister country, will cause

a frown to settle on many a manly brow. Some good Catholic and piously inclined people say that Irishmen hate England unjustly. We hate her, but not unjustly, Dr. Brownson be our witness! "What is England?" he asks in his Review for January, and answers:

"She is the oldest, the best organized, and the most impious usurper against the authority of Almighty God to be found on the earth. The British Lion bows neither to man nor to God. Her queen, by usurpation, assumes to be the Head of the Church of God in her dominions. Her Parliament creates and regulates this Church. It defines its faith, forbids its opposite, and prescribes with minute details the manner in which Almighty God shall or shall not be worshipped in its dominions, and legalizes the prayers to be addressed to him. Thus she assumes sovereignty over heaven, over her dominions on earth, and over hell. This is the moral monster whose garments are dyed with the blood of all nations. The Irish race, the unflinching children of faith, as if inspired by a divine instinct, have always hated her."

But hatred for England will be forgotten in an extacy of love for Ireland. St. Patrick will help us to banish the gloomy past, and he will cause Ireland to rise up before us, clothed in the rights a no distant future will restore to her.

Then let us all be true to our own green isle,
Bear our parts as men should do, for our own green isle,
And our's the bliss shall be,
In the coming years to see,
Peace and joy and liberty, in our own green isle.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

It has been customary for men of Irish birth—not only in their native land, but in every region of the earth where Irishmen are found—to celebrate their national anniversary with festive rejoicing.

Almost every nation has some one particular day in the year which it celebrates with peculiar festivity; and that day associated with some great man's name. America has its Fourth of July, and the illustrious name of George Washington associated therewith. Scotland gets merry, drinks deeply, and chants old national ballads, on the anniversary of the birth-day of "Robbie Burns." England contrives to get up a show of enthusiasm about William Shakespeare. But it is the peculiarity of Ireland (the most Christian nation in the world) that, though no other country can show a nobler list of warriors; patriots, poets, minstrels, orators—it is not the birth-day of any of these she celebrates.

Not it is the anniversary of the birth-day of Saint Patrick, who poured the divine light of Christianity upon dear old Ireland.

It is well that this is so, for the anniversary of the great saint is a day of peace and holiness. It is a day devoted to friendly feeling and brotherly love—to harmony, kindly thoughts, and noble patriotic aspirations. It is a day whose blessed associations unite Irishmen of every creed and class by the tie of love for the dear old land. For what man loves the land of his birth as the Irishman does?

Here, in this great city, the day is celebrated with the greatest pomp and splendor. But not here only is the day remembered. The Irish pioneer of civilization in the back woods of the Dominion celebrates it, in his humble fashion, with tender memories of the island home of his race. On that day the exile in far Australia has half sad, half joyous visions of the pleasant vales, the sparkling streams of his native land, and a blessing to the old land is murmured from his lips. Even the poor Irish soldier, amid the jungles of India, thinks tenderly of dear old Ireland on that anniversary, and his heart warms, his pulse beats quicker, as he hears the regimental band strike up the great old anthem of "Patrick's Day."

God forefend that this should ever be otherwise than what it is!—Amen.

The seventeenth of March is eminently a day of peace and reconciliation. Love, burning love, for the Irish people, and for their eternal welfare, was the one absorbing feeling of him to whose sainted name it is dedicated.

Yes, St. Patrick's Day is a day we hope Irishmen will continue to commemorate in kindness and good-fellowship all the world over, however far they may be exiled from the home of their race—till the day comes when it shall be celebrated in its highest splendor in the capital of a noble, free, and independent nation.

IRISH FEDERALISM.

We have received from Mr. Ed. Murphy, President of the Montreal Irish Home Rule League, a pamphlet entitled "Irish Federalism; its meaning, its objects and its hopes," by Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P. This admirable treatise has now reached its fourth edition, which shows the interest taken in the Irish national movement both in the United Kingdom and in this country. It may be remarked that of course there is no man more capable of writing or speaking on this subject than the father of the

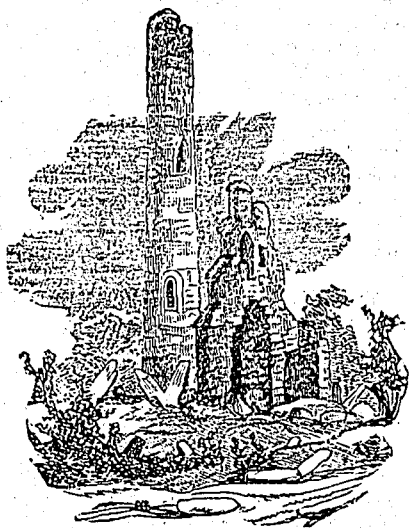
movement; therefore any work coming from under his hand very naturally is read with interest. After all the works that have been written and published on the subject, and all the explanations that have been made through the press and otherwise, it is astonishing to meet people who ask, "What is Home Rule? What do you mean when you agitate for Home Rule?" Such people as these never take the trouble to read what it is, and pretend that they are ignorant of its meaning. The plain fact is that they well understand what it is, but they don't want to read any explanations of the matter, as they are entirely opposed to the movement, and do not sympathize with its promoters in any way. It is just like some persons who go to hear lectures on "Papal Infallibility." They say the lecture was very good, but "they did not believe the lecturer (whoever he may be) explained it clearly," simply because they would not believe it to be "explained," no matter how clear the lecturer could put it. We don't see anyone who can advance an argument that will show Mr. Butt speaks obscurely or does not explain in the fullest manner possible the title of his work. In stating the question, he says: "I do so under a deep conviction that the time is come when it is essential to the interests of both countries that there should be a re-adjustment or modification of the Union arrangements. I believe that a very large proportion of the Irish people are willing to accept such a Federal Union between the countries as would give an Irish Parliament control over all the domestic affairs of Ireland, while an Imperial Parliament still preserved the unity and integrity of the United Kingdom as a great power among the nations of the world. The present state of feeling in Ireland offers to England an opportunity of consulting the Irish people without making concessions which would involve revolutionary changes or endanger the stability of the empire. It may be that these hopes are to be disappointed. That opportunity may be neglected. If it be so, I will not, therefore, despair of the cause of Ireland or Ireland's nationality—a cause as indestructible as the mountains of her land, or as the ocean which surrounds it. But I am persuaded that never again will there be such an opening for the peaceful solution of questions which will one day or other find their settlement, no matter by what means." He then ably reviews the Irish Parliament before the Union; the Constitution and Powers of the Imperial Parliament; and

the Constitution and Powers of the Irish Parliament. In taking a "general view of a Federal Constitution," he says: "That which is of importance is that Ireland would send, as we do now, 105 representatives to vote in an Imperial Parliament on all questions of Imperial concern, and in return we would submit, as we do now, to be taxed by that Imperial Parliament, but only for certain definite purposes and in a certain definite manner. At home in Ireland we would have our own Parliament controlling all the affairs of our internal administration. We would have the Sovereign, as now, represented by a Viceroy. We would have an Irish Ministry responsible to and controlled by an Irish Parliament. We would have an Irish House of Peers, consisting of our resident Irish nobility, with such additions of men, distinguished in any field of intellectual achievement, as the Sovereign might think fit to associate with our hereditary nobility in the Upper House—and we would have an Irish House of Commons elected under a popular suffrage by the counties and towns of Ireland, with the addition of the representatives of the few learned bodies who could fairly claim the right of sending members to an Irish Parliament." He also says it need not follow—it would not follow—that those returned to the Imperial Parliament should also have seats in the Irish House; and he does not believe the assertion that the best of the Irish nobility would be drawn off to an Imperial Parliament, as the great attraction for Irishmen would be the Parliament in which Irish rights and interests were finally disposed of. Speaking of the disgrace and danger to England in the present state of things, he says:—"I need scarcely say, no Irishman ought to be satisfied with the present condition of affairs—*Ought a y Englishman?* I am quite sure that the interests of England are more concerned than those of Ireland in a peaceful and equitable adjustment of the relations between the countries. To Ireland, the day of deliverance, sooner or later, must come. The system of government which is now crushing down Ireland, cannot last. It may, be after years of suffering and struggle—it may be with the sacrifice of many a patriot life—it may be with more endurance in dungeons, more victims on the scaffold—it may be when all the present generation are sleeping in their graves, but the emancipation of Ireland is certain one day or other to come. For England the question is a very different one. If Irish rights be won by a revolution, the days of

British power are numbered. I know the scorn and contempt with which men will receive or pretend to receive this language. But he is not a wise minister for England who defies the hostility of the Irish race. He is no wise statesman who dreams that an empire is safe which holds in its bosom one-third of its people as its foes. This is a subject upon which, for obvious reasons, I do not care to dwell. But the man, no matter in what seat of authority he sits, is a short-sighted fool who makes light of the danger with which Irish disaffection menaces English power. There is one thing I know, which is this: If a war, which is possible, does arise, and if England does go into that war with the guilt of Ireland's oppression hanging like a mill-stone round her neck, and the curse of Irish disaffection weakening her arms, the boldest may well look with trembling to the effect on her greatness of that struggle. It is, at least, within the limits of possibility that we may come out of that war, with Ireland a member of the great Western Republic, or an independent state, with its nationality, guaranteed by the joint protection, it may be, of America and Russia, or of all the European Powers. This language must not be misunderstood. I know that the best and wisest of Irish Nationalists believe with me that Ireland ought, by all possible means, to maintain her connexion with England. I believe that Ireland would be happier and better under a Federal Union with England than she would be either as a member of the American Confederation, or as an independent nation under the protection of any European power. I am quite sure that if England will aid our efforts by giving us the right of self-government in our own affairs, those who think thus, have power and influence enough to control the passions of that section of our people whom long misgovernment has driven to believe in a separation from England as the only remedy for Irish wrong. The concession of a domestic Parliament would make the cry for separation powerless, even if it were ever raised. In a few years the wish would be forgotten. Under an Irish government we would in seven years become more identified with England than we have in seven centuries of oppression. As the terrible barriers of separation which are raised by the exercise of tyranny and the sense of wrong disappeared, all the influences of union, which are to be found in our near neighborhood—our common language—our common institutions—our thousand ties of kindred, of interest and of trade,

would have their fair and full operation in making us, not in name, but in reality, in interest and affection, one united state." He adds that this opinion, with regard to English connexion, may be changed in the way that it could not be mastered, if the unanimous demand of the people for self-government is not acceded to within a short time. Referring to the question of Religion, Mr. Butt says: "So far from believing the differences of religion which exist in Ireland to be any hindrance to our discharging the highest functions of a nation, I am persuaded that even in our very dissensions there has been a training which will give Ireland a power which no nation of one creed could possess. Ireland—Presbyterian, Episcopal and Catholic—will attract to her sympathies which a nation composed exclusively of one denomination never could command. The very strength of each class will prohibit and drive away the thoughts of the domination of any other. The lesson which has been taught in the overthrow of the Protestant establishment, will not be lost on any section of the Irish nation. The presence of another section of Christians, will be equally a check upon the negligence and the intolerance of each church; and in the necessity imposed on us of mutually respecting the opinions of each other, Ireland will learn the great lesson of that toleration, without observing which, no nation can ever be really great. Even in our religious differences—in the fact that we have within our borders three great Christian communities, each strong in its intellect, in the social position of its members, and in its numbers—I see a preparation for the part which it is the destiny of Ireland to take in the history of the world, and an earnest that no narrow or illiberal prejudices will disqualify her from filling it." We are not able, from want of space, to follow Mr. Butt further, but England may rest assured that it is her interest to come to terms with Ireland. When the time of her trial with other nations actually comes, Ireland will be the danger at all times—it will be the weakness of England. While the Irish question is unsettled, England is insecure. If the Irish nation is communicated with and asked to accept a settlement of the question in the form of a Federal Union, such as is suggested by Mr. Butt in his able treatise on the subject at the heading of this notice, the English Minister is, indeed, unwise who omits the opportunity of effecting it. He has now a favorable opening to come to terms with Ireland.

IRISH ROUND TOWERS.



The county of Meath contains two round towers—that of Kells and that of Donaghmore; of the latter we introduce a sketch. It is about a mile from Navan, on the road to Slane; the circumference near the base is sixty-six feet; and its height to the slant of the roof, which is wanting, is about 100 feet. Over the entrance, as usual, about twelve feet from the ground, there is a rude sculptured figure in relief—bearing a very close resemblance to the crucifixion—at least the attitude is that of one crucified, but a token of a cross was not visible. This religious establishment, which was anciently called *Domnach mor muighe Echnach*, owes its origin to St. Patrick, as will appear from the following passage translated from the life of the Irish apostle, attributed to St. Evin: "While the man of God was baptising the people called Luaignii, at a place where the church of Domnach-mor in the plain of Echnach stands at this day, he called to him his disciple Cassanus, and committed to him the care of the church recently erected there, preadmonishing him, and with prophetic mouth predicting that he might expect that to be the place of his resurrection; and that the church committed to his care would always remain diminutive in size and structure, but great and celebrated in honor and veneration. The event has proved this prophecy to be a true one, for St. Cassanus's relics are there to be seen in the highest veneration among the people, remarkable for

great mimics, so that scarcely any of the visitors go away without recovering health, or receiving other gifts of grace sought for." But to return to our description of the sculptured figure in relief—the legs are bent awkwardly, as if to denote pain. On either side is a sculptured head; both heads have a sort of covering, resembling a monk's cowl, or the *glibbe* of the ancient Irish. Much importance has been attached to these unusual appearances; and they have been made formidable weapons in the controversy concerning the origin of the round towers.

THE FAMOUS SIEGE OF ARRAS AND EOGHAN RUA O'NEILL.

Two events combine to recall the memory of the great siege to which we are about to refer: one is the Spanish war, the other is the catastrophe of Metz. For, in the annals of French history, the siege of Arras holds a position as important as that of Metz; as auspicious however, to France as the latter was disastrous; and, on the other hand, the commanding General, to whom the defence was entrusted, was in the service of Spain, and made a capitulation more honorable than the victories of many, and a retreat which most resembled a triumph.

This gallant general owned the peculiar Spanish name of Eoghan Rua O'Neill.

Whilst yet a little Irish boy, fresh from the undulating territory of his ancestors in Tyrone—where heathery mountain, wild, woody slope, deep glen, and rolling river taught him all that earth can teach of beauty—he entered one of the classic colleges in the ancient and celebrated city of Salamanca. The Spanish sky was blue as the sapphire above; the Spanish sun bright as a burnished shield; no cloud marked the far horizon, till night in its majestic darkness came down upon the vineyards, olive fields, and orange slopes of Spain. Gazing forth from the antique porch of his college, young Eoghan could have seen in fair splendor the symbol of his illustrious career.

On the roll of his college long stood the name of "Eugenius Rufus," and with it his title as Sergeant of the Royal Halberdiers. Long abode his memory in the ancient city of Salamanca, descending from generation to generation of dark-eyed Spaniards, as one of the most noble of warrior men, the most faithful of soldiers, and the most gallant of generals.

When again his name becomes prominently

before us, the gathering night of Spain and France had closed, as close the clouds of the wild winter storm, with the red flash of fierce lightning and the rattling roll of terrible thunder. The Archbishop of Toledo, Prince Cardinal as he was, displayed his military talents in the Netherlands, whereof he was soon to be appointed Governor-General. Nothing in the course of his varied military experience has impressed him more vividly than the remarkable and intelligent gallantry of the Irish officers. He had heard of valor of the Butlers, driven forth by the tyranny of James I. from their native Ireland, and he knew what the famous "Hero of the North," the victorious Gustavus Adolphus had said of the achievements of Walter Butler and his Irish Musketeers at Frankfort siege:

"Had the Imperial Generals," exclaimed the Royal Swede, "instead of acting like cowards, done but one-fifth of what this gallant Irishman has achieved, I should never have been master of Frankfort, save after a desperate siege."

Him did the Cardinal-Prince take when he afterwards marched to the siege of Nordlingen; and here the Irish officer had an opportunity of proving his prowess. English troops had gone to the aid of the Swedes, and Field-Marshal Horne came up to relieve the garrison. Walter Butler and his Irish troops bore the brunt of the battle. For twenty-three hours they stood firm against continuous firing, and had the glory of seeing their enemy retreating after a terrible contest.

The Governor-General of the Netherlands, elated by success, manifested a degree of activity which made his neighbours uneasy. Richelieu, the great French Cardinal was, if not an enterprising General like him of Toledo, at least a profound and astute statesman. He projected the expulsion of the Spaniards from Aire, Cambrai, and Arras; and his Royal master, Louis XIII., sanctioned the scheme. The Prince of Orange placed himself at the disposal of the French Cardinal, who commissioned him to fall upon the Spanish army in the Netherlands, whilst the French should assault one of the cities named. The city of Arras was selected. Then the three French commanders, Marshal Maillerie, Marshal Chanlues, and Marshal Chatillon, drew together their armies, and with 25,000 infantry and 9,000 horse, encamped before the doomed city. Four thousand peasants were seized and compelled to labor in the trenches. Siege artillery was there in plenty, and provisions in profusion.

Thus the siege of Arras was destined to be-

come a landmark in history; the very turning-point of the great rivalry between the greatest powers of Europe—France and the Empire.

Upon whom fell then the choice of Spain? What general did she select in this critical emergency to be her champion against three Marshals of France?

EUGENES RUA O'NEILL.

None other. A sealed packet from Don Philippe de Silva enclosed him his commission, appointed him to the chief command, and credited him with the sum of fifty thousand pounds.

Here, then, were three Marshals of France with thirty-four thousand men set against one Irish general, with a garrison of ninety hundred men all told! For fifteen hundred foot and four hundred horse, including O'Neill's infantry regiment, were all that Arras could muster. Nor were its fortifications in such a state as to enable the city to dispense with a strong force of defenders. On the contrary the walls were ruinous and towers untrustworthy, when assailed by the best artillery.

O'Neill, however, seemed a host in himself. No sooner was his appointment made public than all the inhabitants of the city seemed inspired with wondrous confidence. They organised themselves. The inhabitants formed into three corps, which co-operated cordially with the soldiery, and saved them from great fatigue and exhaustion in the watches by day and by night. By day they beheld the circle of foes girdling their city round, and all astrid and active at the work of the circumvallations. By night the red light of the watchfires surrounded them, as with a cincture of flame.

Beyond the thick clustering foes there was, indeed, something to hope for: the army of the Prince Cardinal was there thirty thousand strong. But its numbers did not equal the besiegers; adding to its forces those of Arras, the combined French armies outnumbered them; and as if that were not enough, the Prince of Orange lay out with intent to attack, harass, and murder.

Was Bazaine at Metz in a position more difficult than O'Neill at Arras? Was his danger at all comparable. Was the disparity of forces anything like the disparity we here behold? No, no parallel is possible.

Nevertheless, O'Neill strove gallantly. The Cardinal-Prince gave him no further help than what he could safely give, which consisted in cutting off some convoys of provisions. For four long weeks the besieging army were al-

lowed to labour at the completion of their siege-work. Once the Cardinal's troops were skillfully drawn into an ambuscade and defeated; thenceforth there was no other interruption to the siege-works than that was given by the valourous sorties of the garrison. The hurling hail of the flashing artillery fell with dread effect upon the walls, towers, and buildings of the city, breaking their smooth surfaces, excavating huge holes, sapping and undermining till the tall erections came tumbling down, burying in its wrack of dust and detritus the hapless defenders. But hope failed not, for their brave commander stood firm, and his Irish regiment was forward in the fray, so forward that when Marshal Chatillon was describing the repulse of one of the sallies to the French Cardinal, he took care to congratulate him that amongst the prisoners captured were "seven Irish soldiers, all choice men."

'Twas six weeks after the siege had begun that O'Neill bade them prepare for another, and a general sortie. The French were completing a battery, and the question was whether they might not spoil their handiwork and save the city from the dangerous missile prepared for it there. The last night but one of that fair July came, with a low haze spreading over the surrounding country, and a dark blue sky above, where a myriad of stars revolved in golden beauty. The bells of the fretted church tower toll the third hour of the morning, when the huge gates were thrown open on their newly-oiled hinges, and a crowd of stalwart citizens strode out, armed with bills, bows, and partizans, and after a short space plunged with sudden shout into the unfinished battery. Then rang out the clash and clamour of a thousand cries and blows, over which could be heard the steady, patient, and persevering fire of fifty of O'Neill's Irish Musketeers, who kept the veteran Swiss defenders in check, hindered them from rallying, and helped to drive them in wild confusion into the very camp of the startled Marshal Meillerie itself. Then, after having left two hundred of their foes on the field, the men of the sortie fell back before the Marshal's troops, and put the ramparts of Arras between. But in order to explain their intent more fully to the curious eyes of their besiegers, they hung out from the flag-staff above those ramparts a great cartoon showing a swarm of rats attacking a number of cats—a significant hint, they explained to their prisoners, that the rats would devour the cats, before O'Neill should surrender Arras.

Yet, in spite of this brave spirit, the position of Arras was desperate. Seven forts and eight redoubts protected the investing forces, which for the long space of fifteen miles extended their terrible array, nothing could pass through them, neither provisions nor reinforcements; and when the Prince Cardinal made another effort to interrupt their manoeuvres, he was again repulsed, after a sanguinary engagement, by Marshal Chatillon. On the 3rd of August, 1640, the city was summoned to surrender, under pain of having all its inhabitants and families subjected to the worst fate that the remorseless rigor of arms could inflict.

O'Neill refused, still trusting that the Prince-Cardinal would be able to make a diversion at least. Sorties continued, and during one of these an incident occurred which, if it were given in one of Charles Lever's stirring romances, would seem improbable. An Irish soldier caused himself to be let down from the ramparts in a basket during the night time, accompanied by a citizen; once landed they stole quietly away to where the French were laying out the mines, thence they returned and were soon after dark in Arras, *with two French engineers prisoners!*

The three Marshals, however, left them little time for amusement. On the sixth, Chatillon sprung a mine, which in its explosion near St. Nicholas gate, threw down a fragment of the great rampart, leaving a gaping breach through which forty men could pass abreast. The Marshal prepared to give a general assault; O'Neill threw up protective works for his gallant musketeers, but warned the council of war that they should provide for the safety of the citizens. They were sitting in deliberation when news came from the Prince Cardinal that he was advancing, but it now became evident that his advance was of no avail, for the French General, Du Halier, met and defeated his troops. Thrice defeated, there was no hope from that source.

Hence a capitulation was necessary—the capitulation of 1900 soldiers to 34,000! The marvel is that they held out a week, and were not made prisoners at the end of it! For two long and terrible months, against a foe nearly twenty times as numerous, under a deadly storm of artillery, in despite of lessening provisions, Eoghan O'Neill had kept his flag flying over a leagured city and ruinous ramparts! This was a marvel of military skill and courage, the greatness and singularity of which was fully recognized in the terms of the capitulation. There was no such spectacle seen when that flag

was lowered at last, as wrung the hearts of heroic men when the banner of Metz went down, and Bazaine led out his troops.

"Dom. Eugene O'Neill," so run the articles signed by the three Marshals, and ratified by King Louis, "and all the captains, officers, and soldiers, of both cavalry and infantry, shall withdraw from the city of Arras to-morrow, with all their arms and baggage, drums beating, banners flying, muskets loaded (*balles en bouches*) and matches lighted. They shall be escorted in all safety to the city of Douai. It is allowed that they shall take with them four pieces of cannon—i.e., two sixteen-pounders, two six-pounders, and a mortar besides. For their escort they shall have 200 French horse, and an officer personally responsible for the safety of the said Dom. Eugene O'Neill."

Never was siege more bravely sustained than that of Arras; never did garrison more nobly defend the banner of its cause; never was capitulation more honourable than this, nor admiration more richly merited than when Marshal Meillerie declared on the part of the three Marshals of France that O'Neill had done all that man could do!

With this exploit the career on the continent of Eoghan Rua O'Neill came to its close. Stirring news had come from Ireland, and his thoughts turned towards the land of his birth; the Fatherland of the many gallant men whose achievements had made exile illustrious, but exile it was to them nevertheless. The reckless and ruthless conduct of Sir Feilim O'Neill, whose cause was an English King's rather than his country's, did not attract but repelled his sympathies; so that he declined at first to share in what appeared little worse than a royalist insurrection. But the horizon cleared, and out of chaos rolled the full-orbed cause of country, and then, under its guiding rays, there sped with the swelling breeze from Dunkerque's ancient port, a gallant frigate, which bore Eoghan Rua and his sword to Ireland. So Feilim, contemplating flight from before the troops of Scotch Monro and his ten thousand, the message went from the far north shore of Donegal, that Eoghan had landed at Doe Castle. Feilim, with the other chiefs, and fifteen hundred men hastened past fair Strabane, and Derry's Walls, to escort him and his gathered stores to Charlemont's embattled fort.

Loud blared the triumphal clarion; loud thundered the cannon-roar; and loud over all the land rang the thrilling news that Eoghan Rua had come from far Spain and farther-Flan-

dors to the rescue of his native land. Monro, at the mere mention of his illustrious name, fell back with all his troops, into Antrim; thinking more of his safety than of harrying the whole province, as he had promised. There he joined with Leslie, Earl of Leven, who hastened with thought of averting this terrible new-comer to write, saying, he "was sorry a person of his experience and reputation abroad should come to Ireland to second so bad a cause, and that he earnestly besought him to return, whence he came." Whereupon Eoghan—"Surely," he said, "I have more reason to come to relieve the deplorable state of my country, than you had to march at the head of an army to England against your king, when all Scotland was in your hands." Leslie, Earl of Leven, thought that the encounter of arms would be even worse than the encounter of wits, resigned his commission, and returned to Scotland, warning Monro that "if O'Neill got an army together he should certainly be worsted,"—a prophecy made good by the victorious sword of Eoghan Rua.

WE'LL KEEP THE GREEN FLAG FLYING STILL.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

Though forced to bend through long, long years
Of slavery, bondage, wrong and woe;
Our Country steeped in blood and tears,
Struck down by freedom's ruthless foe,
Though crushed and banned by saxon laws,
A prey to every despot's will;
We've still been true to Erin's cause,
And kept the green flag flying still.

Our grand old hills that soar to heaven
Are trod by England's hireling slaves;
And fetters, burning and unripen,
Still clank o'er myriad famine graves,
Yet, 'mong old Erin's valleys, fair,
By every mountain, stream and rill,
Are fearless hearts to do and dare,
And keep the green flag flying still.

Our glorious sires, the patriot dead,
When dark oppressions swept the land
Raised high the sunburst o'er the red
And met the foeman, hand to hand,
On Aughrim's slopes—by Shannon's side—
On Benburk's field and Wexford's Hill—
For freedom's cause they bravely died,
And kept the green flag flying still.

Shall we, the sons of sires so brave,
Contented wear the despot's chain;
And see our children fawning slaves,
Our land a prey to sword and flame?
No! while one patriot heart remains,
That proudly throbs 'gainst wrong and ill,
Despite the Saxon's gyves and chains,
We'll keep the green flag flying still.

One keeps without remorse what one gains
without crime.

FRANKNESS AND RESERVE.

It is curious with what avidity we form impressions of others: how frequently we treat others coldly by reason of hastily-formed and arbitrary opinions originally conceived of them; how our imperfect knowledge of partial acquaintances causes us often to misunderstand and fail to appreciate them.

Primary opinions formed of others are seldom abandoned, never entirely obliterated. Some people always produce a favorable impression; others invariably leave something to be desired in them. The manners of some are easy and affable; they bow courteously, smile pleasantly, speak cheerily; a warmth and glow pervades them, which extends to others, and they throw a life and vigor into their words and acts that never fails to attract. They enter warmly into our projects, speak on topics of interest to us, adapt themselves immediately to every subject of discussion, and render themselves uniformly agreeable.

This geniality of manner and bearing renders domestic life enjoyable, and adds zest to every social enjoyment; it makes the household, as well as the ball-room, resound with hearty laughter and enjoyments; makes happy many a home, and fragrant with pleasant memories many an otherwise dreary hour. It cools the heated brow of thoughts, dries up the turbid stream of melancholy, washes away the hundreds of daily aggravations, and furnishes relief to the wearied soul.

This spontaneity is found everywhere—among the rich and poor, old and young, thoughtful and otherwise. It creates the urbanity of the statesman, the plausibility of the popular leader, the suavity of the diplomat, the inspiration of the orator, and the courtesy of the true gentleman. It is the most positive adornment of domestic life, and the surest guarantee of a pleasant home. In women it is most remarkable, rendering their manners charming, their devotion spontaneous, and their conversation rapid, brilliant and vivacious. It has the most influence in rendering them ever welcome and beloved. Could all but estimate so valuable an acquisition, none would disregard it, and our daily enjoyments would be greatly augmented and increased thereby.

A BANNER is a nation! When a company marches, its flag at its head, it will let itself be hewn in pieces, if it has any courage, rather than leave this ensign which led them and promised them victory in the mire of the battle.

IRELAND, BOYS, HURRA!

"He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffered too much to forget,
And hope shall be crowned, and attachment rewarded
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last.

And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay,
A splint which beams through each suffering part,
And new smiles at all pain on St. Patrick's Day."

Wherever an Irishman is to be found to-day,
his heart beats with joy. No matter in how
humble circumstances he may be, he celebrates

what may be said to the contrary, it is right
that we should parade on Ireland's national an-
niversary. It is right that we should have one
day in the year on which there can be a grand
turn-out of all Irishmen, no matter what their
creed or politics may be. We intimated to our
artist, Mr. Walker, that we would require him
to supply us with an illustration for St. Patrick's
Day, and that gentleman being an Irishman
himself, at once set himself to work with a right
good will, and he said to himself that many a
social company would meet together here in
Canada on Patrick's night, to sound the praises
of the dear old land, and he knew that the



"WE'LL TOAST OLD IRELAND! DEAR OLD IRELAND! IRELAND, BOYS, HURRA!"

the anniversary of the glorious St. Patrick in a
becoming manner. At home, in Ireland, it is
celebrated by the national societies, who all
meet together to "drown the shamrock" and
toast "dear old Ireland," and sound her praises
in song and story. It is celebrated in a similar
manner in France, Spain, Austria, &c., wherever
an Irishman is to be found—and there are very
few parts of the globe where there is not an
Irishman, or the descendant of one. But it is
in the United States and here in Canada that
we have great national processions, which we
bring to a fitting close at night. No matter

Irishmen in the backwoods would not forget to
honor the day, and a song which is very popu-
lar here, and which is the production of T. D.
Sullivan, of the *Dublin Nation*, at once came to
his mind; he therefore gave us an illustration
in which Irish exiles are represented in a camp
in the lonely back woods of this Dominion, with
their glasses filled, and from their hearts saying:
"We'll toast old Ireland! dear old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, Hurra!" The popularity of this
song in America is chiefly owing to the follow-
ing incident:

During the height of the recent disastrous

civil war, when the opposing armies were camped within rifle-shot of each other, just previous to the battle of Fredericksburgh, a brave young Irish soldier, Captain D. J. Downing, of the 97th New York Volunteers, whose thoughts (even on the eve of that bloodiest battle of the war) were with the old land that he loved with a devotion never surpassed by that of any of her children, gave vent to his pent-up feelings by singing this, his favorite song at the door of his tent. At the conclusion of the first verse, the refrain was taken up by his comrades in the immediate vicinity, from them it spread along the lines of the Union Army, rolling along from regiment to regiment, and from brigade to brigade, until the echoes of the hills at both sides of the river sent back the shout of "Ireland, boys, hurra!" But this was not all, many an Irish heart throbbed beneath the coats of gray that guarded the grim ramparts of Marye's Heights, and the sound of the familiar old air, coming across the river, sent them leaping into the exiles' throats, until, with moistened eyes and burning brain, they took up the chorus and sent it reverberating back again to their brothers in blue. So passed the early part of that night. The weary exiles retired to rest, many of them in this their last sleep on earth, murmuring in their fitful slumber the refrain which still rang in their ears—"Ireland, boys, hurra!"

This song, which is one with a noble Irish refrain, full of pathos, abandon and home love, and which gives full expression to the heart-felt feelings of every Irish exile on this continent who fills his "Patrick's Pot" to the detestable land, and to the friends he left behind him, is very appropriate for Irish Canadians; we therefore publish it for the benefit of our readers who will be toasting the old sod, as we all hope to do on this blessed Patrick's night:

SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

Air—We'll never get drunk again.

Deep in Canadian woods, we've met,
From one bright island down;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own,
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We'll toast Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
We'll toast Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, rants and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty fold.

But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say—
Here's dear Old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
Here's dear Old Ireland! &c.

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain,
That patriots suffered, and martyrs died,
And all 'tis said in vain;
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way—
To free Old Ireland!
Loved Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
To free Old Ireland! &c.

We've seen the wedding and the wako,
The patron and the fair;
The stuff they take, the fun they make,
And the heads they break down there,
With a loud "hurroo" and a "pittala,"
And a thundering "clear the way!"
Here's gay Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
Here's gay Old Ireland! &c.

And well we know in the cool gray eve,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more,
With "Mary Machree;" and "My Pat!" 'tis he!
And "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
Ah, fond Old Ireland! &c.

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields, and roads, and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles!
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.
Oh, dear Old Ireland!
Blast Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
Oh, dear Old Ireland! &c.

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never may see again
The dear old Isle where our hearts are set,
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup let's say—
Here's loved Old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurra!
Here's loved Old Ireland! &c.

EARTH WITHOUT HEAVEN.

BY LADY GEORGIANNA FULLERTON.

"Go to the raging sea, and say, "Be still!"
Bid the wild lawless winds obey your will;
Preach to the storm and reason with despair,
But tell not misery's son that life is fair."

KIRK WHITT.

No, do not tell misery's son that life is fair
to others, while it is so deeply sad to him, unless
you can speak to him, at the same time, of
that other life where all will be compensated,

where the wicked will cease from troubling, where the weary will rest, where the mourner, who has gone on his earthly way weeping, will see his sorrow turned into joy, and the parted ones will meet again in the light of God's presence. There are lives on which, without these thoughts, without this faith, it would be heart-breaking to dwell. With them it is possible to do so, and to derive benefit from it.

I know a tale of humble life which illustrates my meaning. Had I not been able to speak of "that better land" to one poor woman whose fate I watched for years, and had she not, though ignorant and slow of apprehension, fully appreciated such consolation, it would have been as easy to say to the raging sea "Be still!" as to have calmed her grief; as wise to have preached to the storm as to have told that child of sorrow that life could ever be fair to her. She inhabited one of the poorest cottages in a village where I once lived. Her husband was a common laborer. She was herself a hard-working, hard-featured person, tall and bony, with a sallow complexion, and a heavy projecting brow. Her appearance was anything but prepossessing at first sight, but to my mind there was an expression in her face which redeemed its plainness. The smile was pleasing though sad. I used to meet her carrying heavy pails of water, and doing all kinds of fatiguing work, but it was some time before we made acquaintance. At the village school I had often noticed her daughter—a thin, dark-eyed, intelligent looking girl of fourteen; another, two or three years older, lived also at home. The former seemed only delicate; the latter pale and sickly. Both had a melancholy expression of countenance, and when the younger left off going to school they seemed to keep aloof from every one.

One day I called on the mother. She was, as usual, hard at work, scrubbing the floor, but she stopped in order to talk to me, and this was the first of many conversations I had with her. It was not, however, from herself I learnt that her marriage was an unhappy one; that she had suffered much from her husband's unkindness; others told me so. He used to go away and remain absent for days, spending his money in drink, and when he was penniless came home. How she managed to live and to support her daughters was a wonder. To be sure she was never idle for a moment, and there was hardly any sort of work she did not accept. She told me that her girls were not strong enough to go to service. They were clever

with their needle, but it was not often that they got any sewing to do. What they were fond of was fancy work, and they were trying to obtain employment from a shopkeeper in the neighboring town.

I inquired if they were at home.

"No," she answered; "they had gone out for a walk;" and then, with some hesitation, she opened the door of a tiny back room behind the kitchen, and said, "They calls this their own room," and then added, "You see, they likes to be by themselves."

I looked in, and was struck with the effort that had been made, with the smallest possible means, to give to this little room an appearance of refinement. The walls were ingeniously papered with a variety of odds and ends, and ornamented with prints cut out of newspapers and framed with colored paper. There was no fireplace, but before the small-paned window hung a curtain made with faded pink and white gauze. On the table several books were arranged in nice order, and in the centre of it stood a jar filled with flowers. Some fancy work and bits of embroidered muslin were lying on a green faded three-legged sofa. Poor as were the attempts at beautifying this tiny sitting-room, they had succeeded in giving it an appearance quite out of character with the wretched abode to which it belonged. The mother said to me, in a tone that was half complacent and half apologetic:

"You see they be like that. It pleases them to make things look genteel. I should not mind it if they was happy. But they do want to go away and keep a shop somewhere together. They be not happy here, poor lambs; they was always tenderlike, so to say. My eldest daughter she married a soldier, and has been gone from me these many years. She is now in India. But these girls mope, you see; they are ashamed at home."

She did not say of what they were ashamed. Was it of their drunken father or their poor, illiterate, hard-working mother? I know not; but there was a sort of desponding tenderness in that mother's love which went to my heart. I tried to make friends with the girls, and I found them shy and reserved. I heard that they were attentive to their religious duties, and very fond of reading. They had perused over and over again all the books in the little village lending library. Had they read them to good purpose, or had the glimpses some of them afforded of more varied and refined modes of existence than their own tended to foster the

morbid depression they seemed to feel, I cannot say. I have some times wondered if it is not hard to place in the hands of those who have no prospect of enjoying them, descriptions of all the beauties of nature and art to awaken longings that cannot be satisfied, and excite tastes that will never be gratified. I think it is very hard, unless we remind them at the same time that eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared of beauty and of bliss in Heaven for those who love Him.

Yes, the thought of Heaven! With it the laborer in the dark mine, or the dweller in the foulest alley, may read, without envy or despondency, of the most enchanting scenes on earth. Without it, how can he help feeling what a speaker expressed a short time ago at a meeting of Communists somewhere abroad, "Gentlemen" he said addressing the free-thinkers around him, "you have done away with hell, and we thank you for it; but you have also taken away from us heaven, and we mean to scramble for the good things of earth, as there is nothing to look forward to beyond it."

The poor girls I was speaking of were not, however, debarred from some of the pleasures which reading helps us to enjoy. The charms of very lovely scenery were within their reach. From their cottage door they looked on woods and fields, and distant glimpses of the blue sea. Wild flowers decked the pathways they trod—in the spring, a shower of white and pink blossoms, in summer, no end of roses, in the autumn, the gold and purple of gorse and heather, in the winter, an abundance of coral berries and always luxuriant evergreens decked the cottage gardens, and adorned the nooks and corners of their native village. They may have had many happy hours which no one knew of but themselves, and now they lie side by side in the churchyard!

I had planned to improve my acquaintance with my poor friend's children; to direct their reading into a channel which would counteract morbid tendencies; to lead them to appreciate more than they appeared to do their mother's unwearied devotion to them; but before I returned to the place which I was then leaving for some time, God had removed them from this world. Within a few days of each other both died of a fever. They had received the last Sacraments, and peacefully breathed their last. I can never forget my first visit to the cottage after my return. The look of that mother's face—it was strange that what had

been so sad before could be yet sadder. She did not speak at first but led me to the door of their room, and threw it open. Nothing in it had been altered. The books were in the same place, the unfinished fancy work lying on the sofa, dead flowers in the jar.

"I think I see them," she said, "when I looks at their bits of things. They was not happy here, poor lambs. I hope they be in heaven now; but I misses them day and night. There seems, you see, nothing to live for now."

The room remained in the same state until some time afterwards, when the house, being deemed unsafe, had to be pulled down, and the tenants moved to another cottage. During my brief sojourn in the neighborhood I often saw the broken-hearted mother.

After another absence of some months, I visited her again, and at once noticed a change in her countenance. Not that she looked happy, or even less wistful and crushed and careworn than usual, but still there was that in her manner which gave the idea that she had once more something to live for, and this proved to be the case. After I had been with her a few minutes she pulled a letter out of her pocket—a letter from India. It was from her eldest daughter, the soldier's wife. She said there was news in it. After being married eight years without having children, this daughter was now about to be confined, and both her husband and herself, she said, were overjoyed at the thought of it. "To think of her having a child, and for me to be a grandmother!" The poor woman repeated these words with something almost like a smile. It seemed like a gleam of light piercing for the first time through the darkness of her grief. Her whole heart fastened with intense feeling on the hope of seeing one day this expected child. And in due time another letter came, which announced the birth of a little girl, "the most lovely babe," the father wrote, "that ever eyes had beheld." From that day I had only to speak of the Indian baby, as we called it, and a real smile lightened the gloom of the sad face, as a gleam of sunshine brightens a rugged landscape. Each letter—and for two years they came at no very distant intervals—told wonders of the little child born far away on the banks of the Ganges; of its first taking notice, its laughing and crowing, its first teeth, its first steps, its first words. Never did a baby appear to be more worshipped by its parents. One day I was greeted with the tidings that there was

something for me to see—that I should never guess what it was. There was an eager, touching reliance on my sympathy which affected me, and I must confess that I took a real interest in the little child I had so often talked of with my poor friend. I can see her before me now untying the tiny parcel of silver-paper which contained her treasure. There are few hearts that have not known what the possession of such a treasure is. This one was a look of soft, curling, auburn hair. The sight of it conjured up the vision of a delicate, pretty little creature. It was so glossy, so smooth, so bright. We felt as we looked at it that the eyes and the little mouth must match it; that the little hands and feet must be in keeping with it. O, how the riven heart, with its unhealed wounds, clung to that vision, and what depths of tenderness were revealed in few words uttered that day! And when, shortly afterwards, the news arrived that the regiment was ordered home; that on its arrival in England leave might no doubt be had for some weeks, so that the soldier and his wife and their little child would be able to visit her native place, and grandmother would then see what a beauty baby was; it seemed as if the poor cottage looked bright for once, and the careworn face also. They hoped to arrive in October. It was about midsummer then. By October the weather would be getting cold. The Indian baby would feel it very much. She would want a lot of things to keep her warm. So flannel and pieces of stuff were purchased, and wool wherewith to knit socks for its little feet and legs. Never was presents more thankfully received, and after her hard day's work the poor woman made her grandchild's clothes, and counted the days, and was glad to see them shortening.

Again, after another absence, I visited the cottage. The transient sunshine had vanished: no smile greeted me this time. I almost felt before she spoke the cold chill of disappointment which had fallen on that poor heart. I looked an inquiry, and she told me the last news. Just as the regiment was about to sail for England it had been ordered to New Zealand, where war had broken out. There had only been time enough to write a few lines before its departure. I said, "Let us hope," but I did not feel any. Hope deferred it was. Hope against hope—hope of hearing and not hearing, save that the newspapers spoke of the sufferings of the troops in New Zealand, and of much bloody fighting with the natives. Time

went on; more than a year elapsed, and no tidings came to put an end to this terrible uncertainty. Inquiries were made at the War office. There was no return of the soldier's death; that was all that could be learnt. At last—that at last which though it seems as if it would never come, does end by coming—a letter arrived. It was in his hand-writing. He was alive, then. Yes, he lived to tell a sorrowful tale. He had been ordered into the interior of the country, and marched against the enemy, leaving behind him his wife and child.

When he returned, several months afterwards, both were dead. He feared, from what he heard, that they had suffered much in many ways. He was shown the place where they were buried. There was an end of hope and of fear.

The long suspense was over. The double blow had fallen. The last possibility of earthly joy departed from a life on which sorrow had set its final seal. She bore it calmly. She did not weep much, I think, or complain of her fate. Her heart seemed to fix itself on the return of the widowed soldier, which his letter announced. Before he arrived her husband died. He had a long illness, during which she nursed him assiduously, and spoke of him with gentleness.

"Poor man," she said, "He was so quiet at the last; so different from what he used to be."

"Did he show you," I asked, "any kindness during his sickness?"

"Yes, he did," was the reply. "He spoke quite kind one day. I had cooked some potatoes for him, and he said as how he could not eat; but "Wife," says he, "you should eat them yourself."

I said nothing, but thought this poor long suffering soul had done what many a woman has done before her, and will continue to do to the end of time—

"She had poured her heart's rich treasure forth,
And been unrepaid for their priceless worth."

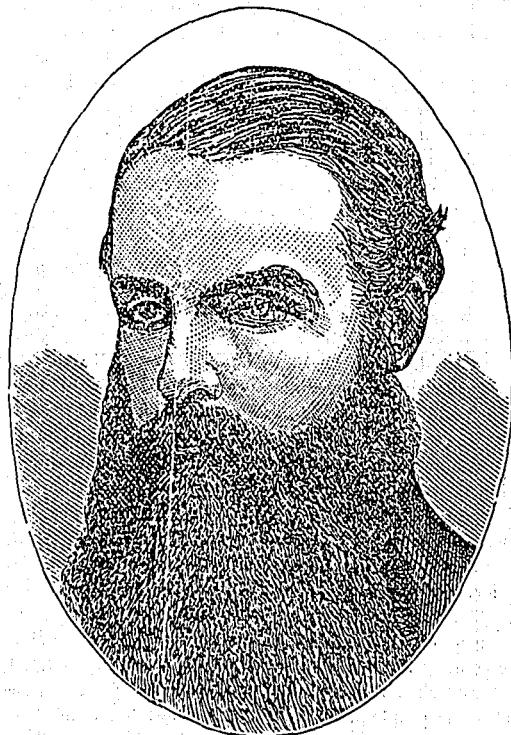
After a while her son-in-law did come home, and was very good to her. He obtained his discharge, and she went to live with him in a cottage not far from her old abode. Even those who may have known the original of this sketch would perhaps hardly recognise it; and yet I believe it is a true picture, and one which I often revert to as an example of what this life would be without the Hope of Heaven.

Do nothing for which you cannot give a reason to yourself.

MR. R. P. BLENNERHASSETT, M.P.

Around the youthful and gifted member for Kerry, Roland Ponsonby Blennerhassett, centres a public interest which will always give him a foremost place in such a scene as this. The public sentiment has universally recognised the fact that his election was the decisive battle that made Home Rule in our day an irresistible question for the politician and the statesman. It is little exaggeration to call the Kerry election of 1872 "the Clare Election of Home Rule." It was indeed a struggle worthy

a chief jointly by two great families—one seat being the appanage of the Catholic earldom of Kenmare, the other the property of the Protestant commoner, "Herbert of Macross." The territorialists on both sides, and their following among the small gentry, Whig and Tory, Catholic and Protestant, thus shared the county between them, on an implied contract that the forces of both were to unite to crush any attempt to invade or disturb this "arrangement," whether emanating from the Catholic or Protestant side. It was unquestionable that under this odious and most insulting yoke



MR. R. P. BLENNERHASSETT, M.P.

to be placed in Irish history amongst the most important of political events. Home Rule elections had been previously carried elsewhere, as in Meath and Limerick; but it was possible for sceptics to say these seats were won more by the force of the personal popularity of the candidate in each case than by the force of Home Rule principles. Kerry was ordained to present, by universal assent, an instance in which the issue, "Home Rule or no Home Rule?" was clearly knit. For a generation the representation of that great county was held as

Kerry manhood had long chafed and groaned but it was considered utterly hopeless to dream of shaking it off; for the landlordism of the whole county, Whig and Tory, was ready to come down savagely in a united phalanx to stamp out such an uprising of their serfs.

In December, 1871, the Earl of Kenmare died, and Viscount Castlerosse, just then the Kenmare-family-member for the county, was elevated to the House of Lords. Here arose a difficulty. The new peer had no son old enough to succeed to the family-seat in the

House of Commons. He had no brother, no nephew, no one nearer than a first cousin residing away in Westmeath—Mr. James Arthur Dease, of Turbotstown, who had been rejected by his own constituency quite recently when he offered himself as a Catholic Whig Imperialist. It was decided by the Kerry territorialists that the spirit of the Hebert-Kenmare compact entitled Lord Kenmare to give away his family-seat to any relative or nominee; and so Mr. Dease was announced as the new member on the Kenmare family side, for Kerry county. Popular indignation was, of course, intense; but it was as little regarded by "the high contracting parties" in Kenmare House and Mucross as would be the murmurs of a human cargo in a slave dhow. Suddenly, however, there appeared upon the scene an opposition candidate with the banner of Home Rule unfurled. He was hailed with a cry of rapture from the Shannon to the Roughy. How deep and passionate was the love of the national cause in the hearts of the priests and people of Kerry was soon seen by the welcome given to the youthful champion of Home Rule. And who was he? Scarcely more than a boy in years, though truly a man in brain and heart, and in brilliant intellect; a "ward of Chancery" indeed, barely a few months past his majority; a young Kerryman, born and cradled on the wild shores of Cahirciveen, now a student in Oxford University, where, by his gentle and amiable character as much as by his attainments as a scholar, he had won the warm friendship of his fellows, and the marked esteem of his superiors. Such was Roland Ponsonby-Blennerhassett, the young Protestant Home Ruler, who, with a quiet modesty and dignity, yet a resolute fearlessness, came forward to tear to pieces the "family compact" that yoked his country in mean thralldom, and to proclaim to the world that in Kerry the might of the people—the people alone, unfriended, nay, deserted, or betrayed by those who should have helped and fed them, but who only confederated to assail them—would win a victory for national freedom worthy to live in Irish history.

For a long time the confederated territorialists only laughed at this "mad" attempt. But it began to be clear that not only the people but the Catholic clergy were dead against the "family compact" and in favour of Home Rule. Then was cast into the scale against the people an influence which it was cruel so to use. The Catholic Bishop of Kerry, Most Rev. Dr. Moriarty, rushed into the political arena with an elab-

orating address in favour of the Kenmare-family-nominee, and against the Home Ruler; and his lordship soon made it plain that he meant to fight along with his confederated territorialist allies a *l'outrance*. The people were not for a moment disheartened; no doubt being sustained by the knowledge that at least four-fifths of the clergy were at direct issue with Dr. Moriarty as to his Whig-Imperialism.

The Kerry struggle now began to attract the attention of the Three Kingdoms. Here was a great Catholic county called to choose between, on the one hand, Mr. Dease, a devout Catholic, backed by the Catholic bishop and some priests, and by all, or nearly all the landlords of the county, both Catholic and Protestant; and by Dublin Castle with all the power and influence of the Government through magistrates and placemen and officials, great and small—with all its power to terrorise by bayonets and jails, and fines and arrests and prosecutions; and all its power to corrupt by places and gifts and situations. And, on the other hand, Mr. Blennerhassett, a young Protestant, unknown to fame, backed by no territorial magnates, but relying solely on the people's devotion to the national cause.

"Now," said all men, friends and foes, "here is a real trial of the hold which Home Rule has on the Irish mind;" and, accordingly, the Kerry contest grew to be the event of the day.

In this critical juncture of affairs the Home Government Association decided to throw its strength into the struggle; and a deputation, consisting of Rev. J. A. Galbraith, F.T.C.D., Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and Mr. John Overington Blunden, B.L., were sent down from Dublin to aid Mr. Blennerhassett's candidature. Before the day of the election arrived Kerry county was in a state only to be paralleled by that of Clare on the eve of O'Connell's election. The shout of "Blennerhassett and Home Rule!" became the watchword on the highway, the salutation at fair and market, the greeting of friend to friend; in the silent watches of the night, in the wildest and most remote glens and valleys of that wild region, it might be heard like the distant signal of the chamois hunter on the Alps. It was then, too, that the personal character of Mr. Blennerhassett turned out to be, young as he was, a familiar story. Everyone loved him for his pure, gentle, kindly nature. "God bless you, Mr. Hassett," said a peasant woman who rushed out of her wayside cottage, holding up her little child to see him, "God bless you, sir! I have no vote to give you,

sir; but I give you every night my prayers to God and His Blessed Mother to bring you success!"

Such a spirit could not be defeated. In the teeth of a confederacy such as has been described—in despite of Inulord threats and curses and vengeance—in the face of Dr. Moriarty's utmost exertions—on the morning of the poll the voters of Kerry, in many instances headed by their parochial clergy, marched to the booths with defiant enthusiasm, and before two o'clock in the afternoon the telegraph wires flashed the news that there was victory for Home Rule all along the line." In truth North Kerry alone proved itself able to settle the whole battle.

Such were the events that lend such interest to the quiet and thoughtful young man sitting so silently in his chair next Mr. Ronayne throughout the second day of the Conference.

Roland Ponsonby Blennerhassett is the only child of the late Richard Blennerhassett, Esq., of Cahireiveen, county Kerry, who died while the former was an infant. The Kerry election was his first entrance into public life, he having, in fact, only on that occasion quitted his University. He is a polished speaker, a man of great culture and of deep thought. In the *London Times*, soon after his election, a correspondent says of his family:—

"Members of this family were twenty-six times elected to represent Kerry or its boroughs, between 1613 and 1795. Two of them sat in the parliament of 1661, two in 1727, three in 1743, and two in 1760. Others of them represented the county in the imperial parliament, and sixteen of them were high sheriffs between 1622 and 1857. Colonel J. Blennerhassett, being elected "in his infancy," survived to be termed the Father of the House of Commons—having sat there for sixty years, to 1769, including the reigns of four sovereigns. Thomas Blennerhassett, was M.P. for Kerry, from 1775 to 1781."

Mr. Blennerhassett is cousin to Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart., member of Parliament for Galway city.

WHO LOVES THE DRUNKARD.

Rev. Father Damen, the great Jesuit Missionary preacher, in the course of a sermon recently delivered by him, thus depicts the drunkard.

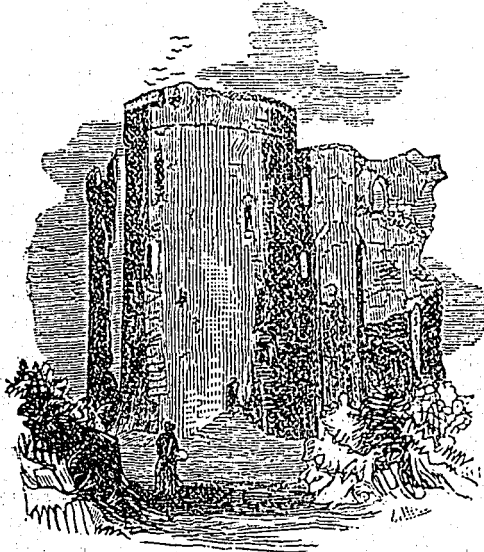
You, drunkard, who, for the sake of the gratification of an unnatural appetite for intoxicating drinks, for that little exhilaration which lasts only for a moment, will sacrifice your

character, your reputation, your fortune, your wife, your children, your own life, and constitution, and your name, besides your God, and your heaven, and your eternity! Oh! what will you gain by your intoxication, by your drunkenness? What do you gain? A hell upon earth, and a hell hereafter. A hell upon earth, for is not the house of a drunkard—is not it a hell? Is there in the house of a drunkard aught but wretchedness—that misery, that disgrace, that quarrelling and fighting, and poverty, and shame,—every one of the catalogue of evils and miseries of this life are all, all assembled in the house of the drunkard.

The drunkard is in reality in hell here upon earth. A life of misery, a life of wretchedness, a life of disgrace, a life of remorse, a life of poverty, a life of sickness, a life of quarrels, a life of disunion in a living soul, and that life is a drunkard's. A man that has no one to love is a wretched and miserable man; a man that feels that he is disowned by all and every one of his friends, even by his own blood relations—is disowned by all and every one—is a wretched and miserable man. For, my friends, man has been created to love and to be loved, and without love or being loved there is no real happiness. Now, who loves the drunkard? Is it his neighbors? Why, they look upon him as the pest of the neighborhood; as the curse of society. Who loves the drunkard? Is it his wife? Ah! she curses the day when she first got acquainted with that brutal man. Who loves the drunkard? Is it his offspring—his own flesh and blood? Why, his children are ashamed of him; his children disown him, his children dread the hour when the drunken father will come home to the family. Who loves the drunkard? Is it the parish priest of God? Why, the priest of God, the parish priest would be a happy man if only every drunkard would move out of the parish and go to Jerico. Who loves the drunkard? is it the liquor seller?—Is it the whiskey dealer? No, he does not love him. "But" you say, "see how he shakes hands with him; how he says 'Welcome, welcome, my friend, how are you this fine morning?'" He shakes hands with him; he has a smile for him; he has a kind word for him. Does not the liquor seller love the drunkard? No, he loves his money, but he does not love the man. And the moment the whiskey seller sees that his pocket book is flat, it is enough, and he turns him out of his house, and he sends for a policeman and he says unto him, "Take care of that unfortunate man." That

is the love he has for him. He hands him over to a policeman, and he desires that he should be sent to prison. Oh! yes, as long as he has money: "Good morning, gentlemen." "How are you this morning, sir?" and so on. He has a thousand smiles upon his lips, just as long as he has money, but the moment it is gone he has only a curse for him, and he kicks him out of his house. Who then loves the drunkard? Is it God? God abuses the drunkard; says He, "He shall never enter the kingdom of God." Who loves the drunkard? *The Devil*, that is the only one that loves the

kingdom. It occupies the site of the humble palace of MacMorogh; and also, it is said, that of a fortress erected by Strongbow, but destroyed by the Irish. The author of "A Tour in Ireland in 1748," relates the following legend of the castle. "It once belonged to Catherine de Clare, who for many years committed horrible murders there, under the countenance of friendship, hospitality and good nature. She would invite several of the rich inhabitants in order to entertain them, and when they were in their mirth and jollity, push them through a trap-door and cut their throats." "It is certain,"



WICKLOW CASTLE.

drunkard. And the Devil only loves him so that he can broil him well, and toast him and torture him for all eternity. Now, that man is an unhappy man, there is not a soul that loves him, and therefore he is wretched and miserable in this world; he is in hell here upon earth, and he has waiting for him a worse hell in Eternity.

WICKLOW CASTLE.

The "city" of Ferns, in the county of Wexford, consists of a few poor houses, containing little more than five hundred inhabitants; it is built on the side of a hill, at the summit of which stands the ruins of an ancient castle, which formerly ranked among the most famous in Ireland; and may still be classed among the more interesting military edifices of the

adds the tourist, "we saw a convenience of that kind that opened into a large cavern, which might give rise to such a tale."

The story is somewhat borne out by the fact, that Catherine Clare was the wife of Sir Thomas Masterson, constable of the castle under Elizabeth, and it is well known that such treacherous outrages were frequently practised on the native Irish by the English settlers during the reign of "Good Queen Bess." These dangerous holes are common to nearly all the old castles. A story is related of a robber-chief, of Kilbarron Castle, whose atrocities were discovered in a very singular manner. His last victim was the wife of a neighboring chieftain; he had flung her body down the hole into the sea, that roared and lashed far below; but as she was nursing at the time, she could not sink, and floated even

to the walls of her own husband's tower. Here she was sufficiently alive to make known the outrage that had been perpetrated; her lord raised the country, and effectually destroyed the ruffian who had infested it. Until very lately, the hole might have been "looked into" by any visitor to the wild vicinity; but as some sheep had fallen down it, the peasantry contrived to cover it over. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, that William de Burgh gave Ferns to the sons of Maurice Fitzgerald in exchange for Wicklow Castle, "which abbeit it were in the middle of their enemies, yet, like lustic and courageous gentlemen, they builded there a strong castell, which they kept and inhabited maugre all their enemies." Other historians, however, assert the gift to have been that of the lion, who dictates the lamb's share of the feast. It was a royal garrison for a very long period; its constables being appointed by letters patent, and ruling the adjacent country, which was inhabited by sept's of "the turbulent Irish. One of the towers is still perfect, and with other portions of the building, has much architectural beauty. It contains a chapel of highly ornamental workmanship.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

A report from the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, just issued, contains an interesting table of the population of the earth. The aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,391,032,000, Asia being the most populous section and containing 798,000,000, while Europe has 300,500,000, Africa 203,000,000, America 84,500,000, and Australia and Polynesia 4,500,000. In Europe the leading portions are credited with the following numbers: Russia 71,000,000; the German Empire 41,000,000; France 36,000,000; Austro-Hungary 36,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland 32,000,000; Italy nearly 27,000,000; Spain 16,500,000; and Turkey nearly 16,000,000.

The other countries do not exceed 5,000,000. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425,000,000; Hindoostan, 240,000,000; Japan, 33,000,000; the East India Islands, 30,500,000; Burmah, Siam, and Father India, nearly 26,000,000; Turkey, 13,500,000, and Russia, nearly 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian Islands at 273,500, New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter.

In Africa the chief divisions are West

Soudan and the Central Africa region, 89,000,000; the Central Soudan region, 39,000,000; South Africa, 20,250,000; the Galla Country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000; Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000, and Morocco, 6,000,000.

In America two-thirds of the population are north of the Isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000, Mexico over 9,000,000, and the British Provinces 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at nearly 62,000,000, and of South America 25,500,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000. The West India Islands have over 4,000,000, and the Central American States not quite 3,000,000.

According to these tables, London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, while Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants in (1870), is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order are the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan (China), 2,900,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Peking, 1,300,000; Tschantschau-fu, 1,000,000; Hiangtchau-fu, 1,000,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Singnan-fu, 1,100,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hankau, 800,000; Tchingtou-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio (Yeddo), 674,447, and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones: St Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,538; Liverpool, 493,405, and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

On the whole globe, at least ninety millions people speak the English language; about seventy-five millions German, fifty-five millions speak Spanish and only forty-five millions speak the French language.

To a Christian, to defend and love his country is not only to defend and love territories, goods, and temporal interests, it is still more—it is to love and defend a whole past, a whole inheritance of religious glories and greatness, works consecrated to the defence of the faith, struggles sustained for Christ and for the Church.

SUNDAY labor is not to the interest of any one. It is not to the interest of the laborer: for it kills his body, materialize his soul, and, all things considered, does not enrich him one farthing. It is not to the interest of the master; for, if he enriches himself for a moment, sooner or later the justice of God will sweep away that fortune acquired by the violation of his laws.

Selections.

A STORY OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton. I have run in a moment to inquire if a bit of news I have heard be true. It is too incredible for me to believe, for with all your practical ideas of life, I cannot think you would carry your peculiar notions to such a length as this."

"Pray, what have I been doing now, Mrs. Ellis?" said Mrs. Morton, as she quietly arose and offered her visitor a chair. "Your words and looks are ominous. Have I committed such a breach of propriety that Madam Grundy has found it necessary to hurl her thunders of excommunication against me? Come, silence my suspense quickly;" and with a pleasant smile the lady awaited her visitor's revelation.

"Why, I am told that you have actually apprenticed Belle to a publisher, in order that she may become a compositor. Every one was talking about it last evening at Mrs. Wilson's party, and all thought it a great pity that so beautiful and accomplished a girl as Isabel Morton should be withdrawn from that society she is so well fitted to adorn, and immured within the walls of a dingy, old publishing house, simply because her mother chooses to sacrifice her child to that Moloch of her's—work. As for me, I cannot think you are so blind to your only daughter's interests."

"Yes, it is true," said Mrs. Morton, glancing up from her work, for her fingers were ever busy with something.

"But I see nothing in this to create such a profound sensation. Belle is not lost to society; she will have many hours for recreation, and will thus be enabled to meet any responsible demands society may make upon her."

"No doubt she will. Is it possible, Mrs. Morton, you do not know that you are effectually banishing your daughter from society. For of course much as I deplore such a state of affairs, "our set" could never recognize an humble type-setter as one of themselves. This is all wrong I admit, but public opinion regulates these matters, and one must drift with the current, you know. Belle has just graduated with the highest honors, and with her lovely manners and fresh young face, might command the most eligible match in the city. It is absolutely cruel to sacrifice the sweet girl in this way!"

"Well, Mrs. Ellis, I take up the gauntlet society has thrown down, and I shall fearlessly

perform what I conceive to be my duty, though I am never again recognized by one of those whom I am accustomed to associate. Out upon these aristocratic notions about work, imported from lands where despotism grinds with its iron heel the laborer and his offspring. What business have Americans harboring such ideas? It is my aim to make Belle an independent, self-reliant woman. As to marriage, I am not at all concerned about that. The man who would scorn her hand because that hand is able to earn its fair possessor's support, I would scorn to receive into my family. It is my desire that she may grow up a noble, useful woman fitted to reign a very queen in the hearts of husband and children, should heaven bestow these priceless gifts upon her. At the same time I want her character to be so symmetrical that should she never meet one who appreciates her, she may cheerfully fill up this great void in her life by devoting herself to some noble pursuit. I think parents commit a grave error in not practically educating their daughters as well as their sons. In it, and not in legislation, may be found the solution to the vexed question that is now agitating our sex all over the land, and breaking out in discontented murmurings everywhere."

"O, it is all very well for people to work whose necessities requires it," said Mrs. Ellis, "but Belle is your only child, and will inherit your large fortune. What need has she to work?"

"Because she will be happier if she is usefully employed. Besides, the wheel of fortune is a revolving one, and though to-day we may be rolling in luxury, to-morrow may find us crushed beneath the Juggernaut of misfortune. Listen while I briefly relate the story of my early womanhood. I would I might write it as with a pen of fire upon the brain of every mother in the land! Oh I cannot tell you what an intense interest I feel in the young girls growing up around me. My heart yearns to urge them to make a speciality of whatever the inclinations prompt them most to do, and then concentrate every effort upon that one pursuit until they excel in it. But to my story: I was the daughter of wealthy parents, the youngest child by several years, and of course a great pet. Of an extremely delicate organization, my kind and indulgent mother shielded me from every hardship, and I grew into womanhood a novice in the art of housekeeping. From a child I was passionately fond of reading, and at school excelled in all my studies. Pleased with the

progress I made and proud of my attainments. My parents and teacher urged me forward, stimulating my ambition with words of encouragement, until, at the immature age of eighteen, I graduated the most brilliant girl in Madam B——'s school, and carrying off amid the plaudits of friends and acquaintances, the honors of my class. But alas! I was superficial in many things, for while it had been easy for me to commit my lessons, I found it equally easy to forget them. Keenly did I feel this defect, and in order to perfect myself, I wished, after leaving school to teach, but so bitterly did my parents oppose this, that I yielded to their wishes, and returned home. I plunged into a round of gayety and amusement, and from this whirl of excitement I emerged the bride of one whom my friends did not look upon with favor. The young man was an employee in a wholesale house in the city of N. He was poor but possessed of a well cultivated mind. Unfortunately, however, he had no chosen trade or avocation. Idleness had made me a dreamy, visionary being, and there was a sort of a charm about beginning life in poverty. It would be so delightful to toil with and for him I loved so fondly. This is all very beautiful in theory, and in practice also, where there are four strong hands to perform the labor; but close application to the desk, and breathing the unwholesome city air, had seriously impaired my husband's health.

We had married at a time when neither was strong enough to battle with the stern realities of life. Dependence upon the salary of a clerk or book-keeper in a large city is very precarious for a family. It was a year of unprecedented hard times, necessitating great economy in business. Hundreds lost their situations, and my husband among the rest. Ah! then began that vain search for employment. For every vacancy there were a score of applicants, and you invariably received the answer—"Persons of experience wanted." Oh! I can never forget that weary tramp, tramp, up and down the streets, jostled by a crowd as cold and heartless as the very stones under one's feet. I envied even the servant girls; but alas! the mysteries of the *coin* were as Greek to me, and I dare not apply for so menial a situation as theirs. My poor husband was in wretched health, and almost frenzied at thought of the misery and degradation he had brought upon me. For his sake I hid my aching heart behind a smiling face. One night after he had retired in hanging up his coat, a vial dropped from the pocket. Picking it up, I found it labelled

'Laudanum' and then I knew that he was beset with the terrible temptation to take his own life. Flinging the vile drug into the street, I sank on my knees, and 'O my God! lead him not into temptation, but deliver him from evil,' was the prayer that went up from my agonized heart. How desolate I felt. In the midst of a great city, friendless, well nigh penniless, and, worst of all, haunted with the dreadful fear that my husband would commit suicide. From the time we would separate in the morning until we met again at night I lived in a state of absolute torture. At length despairing of finding anything in the city to do, we turned our faces country-ward, feeling that our slender stock of money would last longer than in town. After many weeks of painful anxiety, my husband found a situation in a small village, with just salary enough to keep the wolf from the door. How I longed to do something to better our condition; but alas! what could I do? I might have had a fine music class in the village, but while I played and sang very well, I was not proficient enough in music to teach it successfully. Oh, how I wished I had given the time I had spent on French and Latin. Many an hour of hard study had I given to these branches, and of what practical advantage had they been to me? I never met any French people with whom I could converse, and had never been able to secure a class in either language, while all the while my knowledge was becoming rusty by non-use. It is painful to recur to this period of my life: I was unhappy. I expected every day would be the last my husband would be able to attend to business. Finally driven to desperation by our misfortune, I resolved to do something or die in the attempt.

"Attached to the house we occupied, was a large lot for gardening purposes, and I made up my mind that out of that bit of earth I would dig our fortunes, or at least, a living. With my own hands I made horticulture and floriculture a study, and brushed up my knowledge of chemistry. It was hard work and small profits the first year; but having once put my hand to the plow, I never turned back. Our table was bountifully supplied with fresh vegetables and fruits, and was better, my step had grown elastic, my eye bright, and my cheek rounded with health. My husband, too, found many a spare moment from business to assist me, and in doing so found himself growing strong and well again. Oh, how happy we were! Surely there is a dignity in labor un-

known to ease! How proud I felt when I received the returns from my first shipment of vegetables to the nearest market! I counted it over and over, it seemed to possess a value that I had never attached to money in the old days when father had lavished it so freely upon me. Then I would have thought nothing of spending such a paltry sum upon the trimmings of a single dress; now every penny was hoarded with miserly care, for we had resolved upon having a home of our own. Well, to be brief, each year I attempted something more—first a poultry yard, then the culture of bees, and so on—until before we were hardly aware of it our home was paid for, and we were in easy circumstances.

"I had carefully concealed every trace of our adversity from my parents. I think I would have died rather than gone home—a beggar. Now that the dawn of prosperity had set in, I wrote asking them to come and see the little silken-haired girl that, like a sunbeam, danced through our home. They came. Father, accustomed to his broad acres, was astonished at the products of my small plot of ground. He declared I was the best farmer he knew of, and should have greater scope for my powers. He bought a fine large tract of land adjoining our grounds, that happened to be for sale just then, and made me a deed for it. This is the origin of the country-seat you visited last summer and admired so much. Belle is a fine horticulturist and an accomplished housekeeper. Should she ever be thrown upon her own resources in the country, she could make a living, and I wish her to be equally as independent in town. We came to town to superintend her education. She thinks her forte is journalism, and desires, in addition to this, to become a practical printer. And now can you wonder, Mrs. Ellis, after my experience, that I am trying to have her avoid the errors that well nigh made my young life a failure.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Morton, and I honor you for it. I have been greatly benefitted by the narration of your early troubles, and I think you will see the result of it in the future training of my own daughters."

THE BRIDEGROOM'S WAGER.

"But I'll bet you five hundred pounds—I will!" said Paul Rylander.

He looked round with a lazy, self-sufficient sparkle in his eyes, as he spoke the words—a handsome, regular featured man, of about

thirty, with silk-soft whiskers, delicately arched brows, and a rich red and white and brown blending of color in his complexion—one of the Adonises of real life, who seems fated to bear their own way in love, war, and business affairs, while the three or four who were standing in the whist-room of the club-house, and heard the words, laughed in chorus.

"What is it upon which this important wager depends?" asked Major Markland, who had just entered. "Just this," Hugh Maurice answered. "Paul is to marry an heiress, as we all know, if not exactly a beauty; and Miss Dotterell solemnly declares that her husband in future shall never use tobacco in any of its forms. While Rylander isn't himself, unless you view him surrounded by a halo of smoke!"

"For all that," said Mr. Rylander, quietly looking down at handsome Albert-shaped nails that finished off his aristocratic hands, "I shall smoke, as you will see."

"Then we shall be edified with a divorce in fashionable life," said Mr. Maurice.

"Nothing of the sort. Jeannette herself shall extend the weed to my lips."

"I don't believe it."

"I dare say," Rylander answered with a shrug of his shoulders. "But seeing is believing!"

"Miss Dotterell is celebrated for liking her own way."

"So am I."

"And a bride is always a privileged person."

Mr. Rylander smiled in that calm, provoking sort of way that always implies, "You will see."

"Very well," Maurice laughingly responded; "remember the wager—five hundred."

"Five hundred that you will see me smoking, unobjected to, in Jeannette's very presence, within a month of my marriage day!"

Mr. Maurice took out his tablet and already registered the wager.

"Now, there can be no mistake about it!" he said, calmly replacing the memorandum.

Paul Rylander was duly married to Miss Dotterell, the great heiress.

There was a grand wedding—a bridal arch of white japonicas and strongly-scented tuberoses, a superb reception, and a long description in the papers, wherein the fair Jeannette was described as "bewilderingly beautiful," although she was marked by the small-pox, had a cast in one of her eyes, and no complexion to speak of—in fact, everything went off exactly as it should.

Money is the wheels on which this world rolls, and Jeannette Dotterell had plenty of money, or she never could have purchased such a handsome commodity as Paul Rylander by way of husband.

"Of course not, darling, if you object to it!"

Mr. Rylander threw his cigar into the grate, smoothing with a smile the indignant wrinkles on the brow of his bride.

"I won't have it!" said Jeannette; "so there!"

"I've smoked all my life, dear," said Mr. Rylander, in accents of gentle, self-commissionation, "but I'd give up life itself to save that little heart a pang."

Mrs. Rylander was somewhat mollified.

"It's such a horrid habit!" said she.

"You shall have no further occasion to complain of it, dearest," said the amiable bridegroom.

Mrs. Rylander's gracious smiles came back once more. She had anticipated a regular campaign battle with her Paul, knowing as she did, how tenderly wedded he was to the noxious Virginian weed—but here he was astonishing her by yielding up the point without so much as a remonstrance.

"You're a duck, Paul!" said she radiantly.

"I should have supposed myself to be a good deal more like another domestic bird!" Paul answered, with the gravity which so often puzzled his bride as to whether he was in earnest or not.

"And you won't smoke any more? *really*, truly?"

"Not a whiff, if it displeases my darling wife!"

Mrs. Rylander went away rejoicing, and Paul stretched himself on the sofa to read a French novel.

The next day Paul looked delightfully pallid and declined to partake of the broiled bones, and stewed kidneys which the cook had provided for breakfast.

"You're not well, Paul," cried the bride, apprehensively. But Mr. Rylander waved his hand with a deprecating air.

"Do not trouble yourself about me, Jeannette," said he mildly, "I am well enough; only I feel no appetite."

"Try a muffin, dear!" coaxed Mrs. Rylander, "or one of these oysters."

"I could not eat, love!" said Mr. Rylander.

At dinner his appetite was equally delicate; at tea he ate only a square inch of dry toast. Mrs. Rylander began to be seriously alarmed.

"Dear, dear!" she thought, "I hope there isn't consumption, or anything of that sort, in dear Paul's family. He certainly looks very delicate at times."

Day after day went by, and apparently Mr. Rylander ate less and less. He took to slippers and an easy chair; continued, in the process of time, to introduce a very effective looking pillow at his back, and developed a sudden taste for composing melancholy poetry, the chief burden of which was, "When I am gone—when I am gone!" Mrs. Rylander—who found these interesting effusions totally by accident of course—scattered round the house, grew hysterical.

"Dear Paul," she sobbed, "you must certainly consult a physician."

"I will die first," Mr. Rylander asserted.

"Why, dearest?"

"I could not conscientiously comply with his prescriptions."

"But why not?"

That was a question that Mr. Rylander declined to answer.

Jones, a stout middle-aged friend, came to call. He assumed a countenance of painful solicitude, and came clear from the parlour on tip-toe.

"Ah—h," said Jones, "I thought how it would be."

"Mr. Jones, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Rylander.

"It's leaving off smoking," said Mr. Jones, in a mysterious whisper. "Dilkins left off just so—to please Mrs. Dilkins. Dilkins died!"

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Rylander, clasping her hands together. "If I thought—but of course it can't be possible. It must have been something else that was the matter."

"That's what's the matter," said Jones; "depend upon it, Mrs. Rylander."

And Jones departed.

Robinson came in next. Robinson shook his head, and felt his chin solemnly.

"Do you think it's a decline?" said Mrs. Rylander, when Robinson had bidden his friend adieu.

"He'll never be better," said Robinson.

"Oh, Mr. Robinson!" shrieked Jeannette.

"You didn't let me finish my sentence, ma'am," said Robinson—"Until he takes to his cigars again."

Captain Parks came the same evening. Jeannette appealed wistfully to him:

"Oh, it often happens!" said the captain."

"They go into a sudden sort of a—galloping consumption, you see?"

"But what is the cause?"

"Oh, leaving off smoking!"

In a multitude of counsellors there is sometimes conviction, as well as wisdom. Mrs. Rylander rushed into her husband's room, with the cigar box that she caught down from the rosewood *secretaire*.

"Dear Paul, here are your cigars—please, please smoke 'em once again!"

"Not for worlds, Jeannette!"

"But Paul, for my sake!"

And Mr. Rylander gracefully and graciously succumbed!

The next evening, just three weeks from the wedding day, Major Markland, Mr. Maurice, and the faithful Jones came round per special invitation, for a "smoke" in the library. And Mrs. Rylander herself lighted the cigars for them.

"I am so glad you've come," she declared raptuously. "It will do dear Paul so much good."

"Dear Paul" recovered marvellously from his decline—but he never told Jeannette about the five hundred pounds he had won.

Husbands never do tell their wives everything.

THE POOR SOLDIER OF FLENSBURG.

Some years ago, at a time of peace, a detachment of soldiers were quartered at Flensburg, in Schleswig. Some of them had married, of whom a majority had large families, and were very poor. Poverty is hard to bear when a man sees his little ones in rags, shivering from the cold, and crying for bread.

One of the soldiers on a keen autumn night, sent with a dispatch, as an orderly, several miles across the country. As he returned, he passed, about midnight, a bleaching mill, and perceived a quantity of linen placed upon a hedge to bleach, but which the owner had forgotten to take in at nightfall.

He rode very slowly. The air was very still; no sound was heard save the woodland stream shimmering in the moonlight, and the measured tread of his horse's feet.

He was tempted. He said to himself: "Could it really be any harm to take out of this great quantity of linen a single piece to sell for my poor children? The owner would scarcely feel the loss of it, and it would be a great help to me in my poverty; the injustice could not be very great."

He stopped his horse and dismounted. But when he came to the hedge, a voice within him seemed to say: "It is a sin; till now thou hast never stolen: trust in God and do right, and thou shalt not starve."

He left the hedge and quickly mounted his horse. But he soon looked round again: the temptation came upon him with greater power; the sorrow of his home and his hungry children rose before his mind. He again dismounted and again stood before the hedge. All was silent save the crisp leaves dropping in the shadows, and the music of the stream silvered by the moon. He was about to put out his hand to take the linen, when his conscience again awoke. The conflict was a hard one, but the persuasive voice within again triumphed, and without touching the linen, he again mounted his horse. He rode on, but presently drew rein and looked back.

The tempter now approached him on another side. "I am in misery," said the soldier, "and here is the opportunity to alleviate it. Is it not my duty to do so? I would not steal for the mere purpose of gain. God knows I am not at heart a thief. Who can say that Providence has not placed this means of help in my way?"

He looked back again and saw the linen still unwatched, lying in the moonlight. He again dismounted and climbed the hedge. He put forth his hand, but the good angels had followed him, and the inward monitor again asserted its power. It seemed to say, "What art thou doing? It is a sin."

Then he beheld his poor children again, whom in the previous winter he had been unable to protect from the famine and frost. As a father, he reflected that he should care for his children.

He was now in a most painful state of excitement; the struggle was at its height.

He took off his hat, and knelt down with his forehead bared to heaven, and gazed upward for a moment on the calm moon and golden cluster of stars. The sublimities of the celestial scenery like a vision revealed to him the greatness and the goodness of God. The good angels were with him, and his triumph was at hand.

"O Lord," he prayed, "look down upon me, help me in my extremity and control me. For the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son, have mercy upon me, a miserable, tempted sinner, and save me. Be Thou my strength in this my hour of weakness, and be Thou my guardian in life, my helper and my portion forever."

His prayer was heard. No soul ever perished praying. The tempter fled, and the good angels were glad. With a joyous and free spirit he mounted his horse, inwardly praising God, who had helped him out of this temptation, which would have brought a curse and destruction upon him.

As he came to the courtyard of the miller, he stopped and knocked at the door.

The miller opened the window and called out,

"Who is there?"

"An orderly from Flensburg. I want a couple of words with you."

"What is it?" asked the miller, opening the door.

"My dear miller," said the soldier, "as I was riding by, I perceived that you had forgotten to take in your linen which was left on the hedge to bleach. This is no business of mine, but I will conceal nothing from you. I am a very poor soldier and have a wife and five small children, who are nearly naked and starving. My miserable condition induced me to stop when I saw the linen, and I was tempted to approach it too nearly. Three times I dismounted my horse under the influence of temptation. I was assaulted on all sides, and it seemed as if I must submit. Then I looked up to heaven and prayed to the Almighty. He heard me, and gave me power to resist. Friend miller, this is a high road, along which others may come after me, and be similarly tempted, and perhaps fall. This would be a bad thing; therefore I came to ask you to take in your linen. And now I wish you good night."

"My good soldier," said the miller, "come in and take a little refreshment. The air is cold to-night."

The offer was a most acceptable one to the soldier, for he was hungry and thirsty. A bountiful supper was placed before him. As he enjoyed the good fare, he said to himself, "O God, Thou hast hitherto helped me. Thou helpst me now again, and Thou wilt help me to the end."

As he was about to depart, the miller brought out a piece of linen and said, "My good soldier this is the largest and best piece of all those which were left out to bleach. Take it as a remembrance, take it in honor, because you sought help from the Lord, in prayer, and steadfastly resisted sin. If ever you are in great distress again, do not fail to come and see me."

The heart of the bearded veteran was deeply touched, and the tears rolled down his sun-

burnt cheeks. He could not speak, but he took the piece of linen, receiving it as a gift from the Lord.

"Thou, O Lord, has saved me to-night," he said as he stood beneath the moon and the stars. "So wilt Thou keep me always."

He rode away a happy man. It was the battle of his life, and the victory was decisive. The good angels followed him to the end.

AMBITION.

A love for activity, a desire to excel and to gain a position in the world are commendable. They who bless the race, elevate man, inspire him with true courage, soften the indurations of our being and increase mental and moral power, are the true heroes and heroines. They are the benefactors of the world who leave it better for having lived in it. But he who encourages cruelty and delights in blood, either on the field of battle or on the way-side, is the native and true ruffian. He who kills, as prompted by a love of glory (?), is not less a murderer than he who steals stealthily on his victim to gratify an uncontrollable hate, while the enormity of the crime must be graduated by the number of lives sacrificed—the injury sustained. He who robs a nation of its wealth destroys its material growth, abridges its peace, happiness, prosperity, mind, muscle and morals by war, is not less a robber than he who takes the private purse and then kills. The more guilty one is he whose depredations are on the most extensive scale.

Music, gay tinselery and dazzling accoutrements, can never change the real nature of crime. To murder is to maliciously take life. The more lives taken the greater the turpitude, the deeper the criminality. To rob is to take wealth—material, mental or moral—ruthlessly, while the more extensive the scale the more robbery is committed.

Let us love our country, such as it is, with its past as with its present; let us love it with its whole history; let us love its great men, its monuments of all ages, its beliefs, its traditions, its glory, all that it has bequeathed to us, all that our ancestors transmitted to us from the cradle of our history to our own days; let us not despise our fathers for what was wanting to them, but let us love them for what we have received from them, and let us try to keep it carefully, and add to it what is still wanting.

"REMEMBER THEE!"

Not too slow, and with strong feeling.

AIR—CASTLE TIROWEN.

1. Re - mem - ber thee! yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall nev - er for -
 2. Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glo - rious and free, First flow'r of the
 3. Not thy chains, as they tor - ture thy blood as it runs, But make thee more

tr

- get thee, all lorn as thou art: More dear in thy sor - row, thy
 earth, and first gem of the I might hail thee with proud - er, with
 pain - ful - ly dear to thy sons, Whose hearts, like the young of the

tr

gloom, and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sun - ni - est hours,
 hap - pi - er brow, But oh! could I love thee more deep - ly than now,
 des - ert - bird's nest, Drink love in each life - drop that flows from thy breast!