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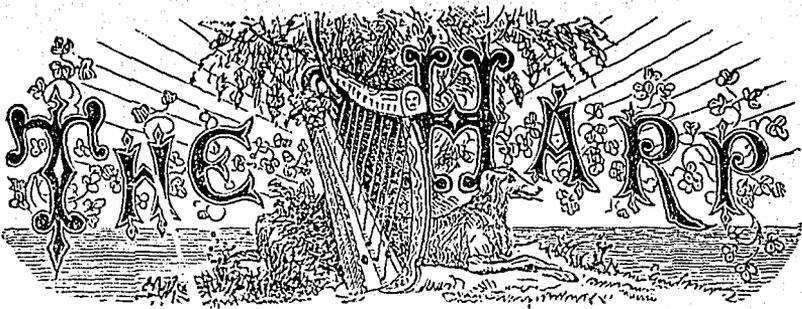
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{ Terms in Advance:
{ ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

One year is gone; another comes instead;
Thus our spent life on silent pinions flies.
Thou, our God, dost regulate their course,
One ruler of time's awful destinies.

Our nation, loaded with Thy gifts, give
praise;
To Thee with one accord, our country
prays,
That Thou for us would'st still unchanged
preserve
The solemn faith and worship of old days.

Our citizens look up to Thee for food,
And plead with Thee that from their native
shore
All sickness Thou would'st drive away, and
give
Large blessings of sure peace for evermore.

They ask Thee graciously to pardon sin,
Restoring what their guilt had rent away;
And after grievous war, with Thy right hand
To give the healthful palm of victory.

Hating the sins and stains of this vile life,
Our hearts, O God, we consecrate to Thee.
Give happy years; and Thy paternal light
Upon us resting may we ever see.

While days run on, and rolling years return,
And in fixed course the ages Thee obey,
To Thee, the Tribune God, earth's sovereign
Lord,
Let the wide world in song the homage pay.

NEW YEAR'S DAY,

IN OLDEN AND MODERN TIMES.

A CUSTOM, now nearly obsolete, of making presents upon this day was practised by the Druids, who distributed branches of the sacred mistletoe, cut with peculiar ceremonies, as New Year's gifts among the people. Nonius Marcellus refers the origin of this prac-

tice among the Romans to Titus Tatius, King of the Sabines, who, having considered as a good omen a present of some branches cut in a wood consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength, which he received on the first day of the new year, authorized the custom afterwards, and gave these gifts the name of Strenice, 747 B. C. The bestowing of presents was made by some of the Emperors an important source of personal revenue, until Claudius prohibited demanding presents except on New Year's Day.

The Saxons continued celebrating this day with more than ordinary feasting and joviality and presenting gifts to each other, even during the middle ages; and Henry III. is said to have extorted New Year's gifts from his subjects. When it was fashionable to give gloves as presents, Sir Thomas More, then Lord Chancellor, decided a case in favor of a lady, who sent him a New Year's present of a pair of gloves, with forty golden angels in them. He returned the gold with this note: "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your New Year's gift, I am content to take your gloves; but as for the *living*, I utterly refuse it."

In the beginning of the sixteenth century pins were brought into use, and proved very acceptable to ladies; hence the money given for the purchase of them was called "pin-money," and was usually given by a husband to his wife on the first of January. The custom of presenting New Year's gifts to the Sovereign of England may be traced back to the time of Henry VI. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the custom

was carried to an extravagant length; the gifts presented were of great value, and an exact descriptive inventory of them was made every year in a roll, which was signed by the Queen herself and the proper officers. We find in an old book an accurate transcript of five of these rolls. The Earl of Leicester's New Year's gifts exceeded those of any other nobleman in costliness and elaborate workmanship.—In the reign of James I, many gifts were continued, but the ornamental articles presented were few, and of but small value. In Paris the custom of giving presents is still observed; and New Year's Day there commences at an early hour by the interchange of visits, presents, and bon-bons. In visiting and in gossiping the morning is passed; a dinner is given by some members of the family to all the rest; and the evening concludes, like Christmas Day, with cards, dancing, or any amusement that may be preferred.

The etiquette of New Year's calls is observed throughout the various cities of the United States and Canada. It is not customary for New Year's receptions to begin before eleven in the morning. Ladies generally receive their friends in full reception costume, trained dresses, and with their hair dressed as for an evening or dinner party. The Christmas evergreens are left on the walls; and to them are added fresh flowers, more or less rare and costly, according to the style of entertainment. Refreshments are spread in the back parlor or dining room, and the lady of the house accompanies her guests to the refreshment tables. When a gentleman calls he remains but a few minutes. Hat in hand he enters the parlor, shakes hands with the lady of the house, bows to the persons who may be present, lingers a few minutes, and then passes to the refreshment room. Returning, he bows to, or shakes hands with his hostess, and retires to make way for others. The refreshment table is a very nice point. Some ladies furnish what would be considered a sumptuous ball supper; but of late years it has been considered unnecessary to serve any but the lightest viands. In some houses, in New York, the rooms are darkened, and gas supplies the place of daylight, but this extravagance is not indulged in here.

A CAROL OF THE KINGS.

It is chronicled in an old Armenian myth, that the wise men of the East were none other than the three sons of Noe, and that they were raised from the dead to represent, and to do homage for all mankind, in the cave at Bethlehem! Other legends are also told: one, that these patriarch-princes of the Flood did not ever die, but were rapt away into Enoch's Paradise, and were thence recalled to begin the solemn gesture of world-wide worship to the King-born Child! Another saying holds, that when their days were full, these arkite fathers fell asleep, and were laid at rest in a cavern of Ararat, until Messiah was born, and that then an angel aroused them from the slumber of ages to bow down and to hail, as the heralds of many nations, the awful child. Be this as it may,—whether the mystic magi were Sem, Cham, and Japhet, in their first or second existence, under their own names, or those of other men; or, whether they were three long-descended and royal sages from the loins of the land of Balaam,—one thing has been delivered to me for very record. The supernatural shape of clustering orbs, which was embodied suddenly from surrounding light, and framed to be the beacon of that westward-way, was and is the Southern Cross! It was not a solitary signal-fire, but a miraculous constellation: a pentacle of stars, whereof two shone for the transome and three for the stock, and which went above and before the travelers, day and night, radiantly, until it came and stood over where the young child lay!—And then? What then? Must those faithful orbs dissolve and die? Shall the gleaming trophy fall? Nay—not so. When it had fulfilled the piety of its first-born office, it arose, and, amid the vassalage of every stellar and material law, it moved, onward and on, obedient to the impulse of God the Trinity, journeying evermore towards the south, until th'it starry image arrived in the predestined sphere of future and perpetual abode, to bend, as to this day it bends, above the peaceful sea, in everlasting memorial of the child Jesus, the Southern Cross!

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Three ancient men in Bethlehem's cave
With awful wonder stand;
A voice had call'd them from their grave
In some far eastern land.

They lived, they trod the former earth,
When the old waters swell'd;
The ark, that womb of second birth,
Their house and lineage held.

Pale Japhet bows the knee with gold,
Bright Sem sweet incense brings,
And Cham, the myrrh his fingers hold:
Lo! the three Orient Kings!

Types of the total earth, they hail'd
The signal's starry frame;
Shuddering with second life, they quail'd
At the child Jesus' name.

Then slow the patriarchs turn'd and trod,
And this their parting sigh,—
"Our eyes have seen the living God,
And now once more to die."

NECTAN.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

VII.

LET it be borne in mind that in thus proving the perfect equality of slave and freeman in the primitive Church, as contradistinguished from the abominable state of abjection in which the slave was held in Pagan society, we are at the same time proving the action of the Church *against* slavery, and are thereby nailing by the ear to the pillory post of educated scorn *the lie* that the Church has never opposed slavery.

If perfect equality, such as we have seen, was vindicated by the Church for the Roman slave whilst *living*, it was not withheld him when *dead*.

If we descend into one of those numerous *columbaria* wherein the Pagan Roman Patrician deposited the ashes of his household dead, we shall find each niche, each urn labelled with the name, condition and employment, when in the flesh, of him, whose *cremated* ashes rest therein. This urn contains the ashes of my lady's tire-woman (perhaps done to death with my lady's bodkin, because my lady's curls are rostrive, or because

my lady is jealous of the Poet Ovid's attentions;) this niche contains all the mortal remains (after cremation) of my master's slave doctor, or slave door-keeper, or slave baker (as the case may be) duly labelled. A whole Roman household is represented here, by ticket only and a handful of ashes truly, but still represented. And as a Roman household sometimes amounted, as we know, to 4,000 slaves our *columbarium* is in truth a right populous city—of ashes. One only inhabitant of the upper villa is absent; one only funeral urn is wanting. The *Pagan* master will not sit side by side even in his ashes, even in an urn with his ancient slaves. A sumptuous mausoleum must be erected *elsewhere* to contain and keep from the winds the few pinches of dust—all of mortal that remains of this proud Pagan patrician.

Not so in the Christian catacombs; *not so*. Of the thousands of slaves known to have been interred therein scarcely a single urn bears the record of servitude. All ranks and conditions are here, and all repose indiscriminately. Here a noble Christian matron, there a tire-woman; here a virgin, there a widow; here a priest, there a farm laborer; everywhere pious expressions, sacred symbols, acts of faith, *nowhere* the record of *servitude*. This fact which cannot be controverted is valuable as shewing how fully in the Christian mind, long before it had any foundation in fact, the idea of perfect equality and fraternity had been realised. Either slavery as far as Christian society was concerned had ceased to exist, or any inequality as attached to it had ceased to be thought of. Either was an open protest and a strong withal *against slavery*.

When Lactantius boasted with no empty braggardising indeed, that "amongst us (Christians) there is no distinction of persons, of rich or poor, slaves or free," he was only asserting in so many words the broad sentiment of universal fraternity which bound together in death as in life every member of the primitive Church, and was only predicating with the human voice, what the silent tongues of thousands of slave urns repeated beneath his feet.

After thirty years of research amongst the catacombs Maraugoni, a celebrated

archeologist of the eighteenth century, was forced to confess that he had only met with one inscription recording the deceased to have been a *freedman*. "During the thirty years I have studied their cemeteries," he writes, "I have only found one inscription in which we read the profession of freedman."

Edmond Le Blant had "only met with two which mention *slave or freedman* as applied to a Christian summoned before his God."

De Rossi, who in thirty years has made more discoveries in the Roman Catacombs than his predecessors had in two centuries writes: "In the new Christian society freemen and slaves were brothers and served the same God together. Amongst the faithful of the Roman Church the spirit of fraternity triumphed over that spirit of pride which infested the social institutions of Republic and Empire. We find an eloquent proof of this in the thousands of epitaphs found in the catacombs, which preserve a religious silence concerning the condition (when in the flesh) of the departed. Were they slaves? freedmen? They do not say, I have never met an *undoubted* mention of *slave*; very rarely and exceptionally of *freedman*; whilst we cannot read ten Pagan epitaphs of the same period without finding the designation *slave, freedman*."

It must not be supposed that this absence of all mention in the Church of the state of servitude was after *any law* of the Church. It was stronger than law because it sprung as a logical deduction from first (Christian) principles, and so thoroughly was it carried out, that it required no law to enforce it.

But there was another way whereby the Church opposed, and opposing destroyed slavery. Hitherto we have seen her raising the slave to the equality of freeman—*levelling up*; we have now to note the opposite process *levelling down* the Roman patrician and matron to the servitude of Christ—*servi et ancillæ Dei*. And as in the case of levelling up it was through a logical deduction from a first principle (viz.: Christian equality and fraternity) that she effected her object, so in this case of levelling down it is through a logical deduction from a

first Christian principle—humility, that she works her end.

It is almost impossible at this period of the world's history to understand fully the tremendous counter-movement of Christian humility against Pagan pride which pervaded the primitive Church. To the senseless excesses of Pagan pride which amounted to unreason, the Church opposed *the folly* of humility, just as to the senseless excesses of Pagan voluptuousness she opposed what St. Paul calls *the folly* of the Cross; or mortification. This shows itself even in their christian names. The first Christians received often at baptism a name by which they were to be known in the Church, whilst in the Pagan world they retained their legal name. Some of these assumed names are touching in their beauty—Wisdom, Faith, Love, Hope, Light, Peace, &c.,—whilst others springing from this desire of self-abasement, are in a certain sense repulsive: Injurious, Calumnious, Insupportable, Senseless, Mean, Beast, Fetid. Others again were taken in order to preserve the memory of a former abject state, such as Projectus, Projecta, (cast away, or child found on the street—Waif or stray as our modern vocabulary has it) and Servus, Fugitivus. (Slave, Fugitive.)

So thoroughly indeed did the Christian idea change the Pagan meaning of this word *slave*, that with Christians it held exactly the opposite meaning to that which it expressed to the Pagan mind. What Pagan moralist would have offered voluntary slavery as the highest ambition of man?

"He that will be first amongst you, shall be your slave," said Christ.

What Pagan priest would have thought of comparing even the lowest of his gods to a slave? "Jesus Christ has taken the form of a slave," says St. Paul. "Jesus Christ made himself the slave of slaves" says St. Augustine. What Pagan philosopher would have written to his disciple "I become your slave?" "We are made your slaves in the name of Jesus Christ," wrote St. Paul to the Corinthians: "Our Lord has made me the slave of the people of Hippo," wrote St. Augustine. What pontifex maximus of the Pagan hierarchy would have

assumed "slave of slaves" as his official title? But the Christian popes since the time of Gregory VII. have ever delighted to subscribe themselves "servus servorum Dei" (slaves of the slaves of God.) This truly was raising slavery to the dignity of a Christian virtue; this truly was taking the sting out of servitude.

But nowhere is this Christian apotheosis of slavery more noticeable than in the interrogatories of the Christian martyrs.

"What is your condition?" asked the governor of Sicily Quintianus of St. Agatha. "By condition I am free; by birth noble; all my parantage shows that," answered Agatha. "If you are of so noble and illustrious a family, why do you lead the despicable life of a slave?" "I am a servant of Christ and consequently of servile condition." "If you were truly of noble birth you would not debase yourself by taking the name of slave." "The highest nobility is to be a slave of Christ," answers Agatha, and in so answering she only speaks the language so well understood in the Church, but which the Pagan world did not yet understand. "Of what condition are you?" asked the pro-consul of Asia of the martyr, Maximus. "By birth noble, but a slave of Christ." "Young woman!" asked the Judge of the beautiful and talented Febronia, "are you a slave or free?" "A slave" "Whose slave?" "Christ's."

Thus did the Church in her martyrs destroy slavery by raising it to the rank of the highest Christian virtue. Who then shall dare to say that the Church has never opposed slavery? H. B.

INTERMARRIAGE.—It appears to be a law of nature, that frequent inter-marriages between a family, class, or nation, have a tendency to produce mental and bodily degeneracy; and the more limited the circle to which they are confined, the greater is the degeneracy. This account for the fact, that the children of cousins, or other near relations, are so often weak in intellect—sometimes even idiotic. It is well known that idiocy is by no means rare in royal and noble families among which the practice of marrying cousins prevails.

A SONG OF FADING.

Fading, fading, fading! Oh, look not in upbraiding

On the mists that dim mine eyes, dear,
for my vanished youthful bloom.

Nay, I would not recall it;—but oh, how fast 'tis fading!

How wan the summer of my days with wintry blight and gloom!

Fading, fading, fading! Sure, relentless fingers

Write life's story on my face in lines of pain and care:

Ah, you tell me, dear, that in mine eyes the soul of youth still lingers,—

But see the snowy threads amid the darkness of my hair.

Fading, fading, fading! Ah, the mellow splendor

That cometh oft in after-days is fair enough, in sooth!

But is aught of earthly beauty that ripen years can render

Dear, innocent, and tender, like the bloom of our first youth?

CATHERINE E. CONWAY.

BUFFALO, Dec. 18th. 1878

IRELAND AND ROME.

BULL OF ADRIAN THE FOURTH.

BY RIGHT REV. P. F. MORAN, D. D., BISHOP OF OSSORY, IRELAND.

(Concluded from page 55.)

IN the Remonstrance addressed by the Irish princes and people to John XXII., about the year 1315, repeated mention is made of the Bull of Adrian. But then it is only cited there as a conclusive argument *ad hominem* against the English traducers of our nation. "Test the bitter and venomous calumnies of the English, and their unjust and unfounded attacks upon us and all who support our rights, may in any degree influence the mind of your Holiness." The Bull of Adrian IV. was published by the English, and set forth by them as the charter-deed of their rule in Ireland; yet they violated in a most flagrant manner all the conditions of that Papal grant. The Irish princes and people in self-defence had now made over the sovereignty of the island to Edward de Bruce, brother of the Scottish King; they style him their adopted monarch, and they pray the Pope to give

a formal sanction to their proceedings. Thus, throughout the whole Remonstrance, the Bull of Adrian is used as a telling argument against the injustice of the invaders, and as a precedent which John XXII. might justly follow in sanctioning the transfer of the Irish crown to Edward Bruce. But in all this the historian will find no grounds for asserting the genuineness of the supposed Bulls of Adrian or Alexander. We will just now see that at this very time the Irish people universally regarded these Bulls as spurious inventions of their English enemies. Baronius, the eminent ecclesiastical historian, inserts in his invaluable *Annals* the Bull of Adrian IV., "from a Vatican Manuscript." This is the sixth argument advanced by Mr O'Callaghan.

It is not my intention to question in any way the services rendered by Cardinal Baronius to the cause of our Church history; but at the same time no one will deny that considerable progress has been made in historical research during the past three hundred and fifty years, and many documents are now set aside which were then accepted as unquestioned on the supposed reliable authority of preceding chroniclers.

In the present instance we are not left in doubt as to the source as whence Baronius derived his information regarding Adrian's supposed Bull. During my stay in Rome I took occasion to inquire whether the MSS. of the eminent annalists, which are happily preserved, indicated the special "Vatican Manuscript" referred to in this printed text, and I was informed by the learned archivist of the Vatican, Monsignor Theiner, who is at present engaged in giving a new edition, and continuing the great work of Baronius that the *Codex Vaticanus* referred to is a MS. copy of the History of Mathew Paris, which is preserved in the Vatican Library. Thus it is the testimony of Mathew Paris alone that here confronts us in the pages of Baronius, and no new argument can be taken from the words of the eminent annalist. Relying on the same high authority, I am happy to state that nowhere in the private archives or among the private papers of the Vatican, or in the *Regesta*, which Jaffé's researches have made so famous, or in the various

indices of the Pontifical Letters, can a single trace be found of the supposed Bulls of Adrian IV. and Alexander III.

The last argument advanced by Mr O'Callaghan will not detain us long. The insertion or omission of such ancient records in the Bullarium is a matter that depends wholly on the critical skill of the editor. Curious enough, in one edition of the Bullarium, as may be seen in the references of Dr. Lanigan, Adrian's Bull is inserted, while no mention is made of that of Alexander. In another edition, however, the Bull of Alexander is given in full, while the Bull of Adrian is omitted. We may well leave our opponents to settle this matter with the conflicting editors of the Bullarium. They, probably like Baronius, merely copied the Bull of Adrian from Mathew Paris, and erred in doing so. Labbe, in his magnificent edition of the Council, also publishes Adrian's Bull; but then he expressly tells us that it is copied from the work of Mathew Paris.

We have thus, as far as the limits of this article will allow, examined in detail the various arguments which support the genuineness of the supposed Bull; and now it only remains for us to conclude that there are no sufficient grounds for accepting that document as the genuine work of Pope Adrian.

Indeed, the Irish nation at all times, as if instinctively, shrunk from accepting it as genuine, and unhesitatingly pronounced it an Anglo-Norman forgery. We have already seen how even Giraldus Cambrensis refers to the doubts which had arisen regarding the Bull of Pope Alexander; but we have at hand still more conclusive evidence that Adrian's Bull was universally rejected by our people. There is, happily, preserved in the Barberini archives, Rome, a MS. of the fourteenth century, containing a series of official papers connected with the Pontificate of John XXIII., and among them is a letter from the Lord Justiciary and the Royal Seal, and presented to His Holiness by William of Nottingham, Canon and Precentor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, about the year 1325. In this important, but hitherto unnoticed document, the Irish are accused of very many crimes, among which is insidiously introduced the rejection of

supposed Bulls: "Moreover, they assert that the King of England under false pretences and by false Bulls obtained the dominion of Ireland, and this opinion is commonly held by them." "Asscrantes etiam Dominum Regem Anglia ex falsa suggestione et ex falsis Bullis terram Hibernicam in dominium impetrasse ac communiter hoc tenentes." This national tradition was preserved unbroken throughout the turmoil of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and on the revival of our historical literature in the beginning of the seventeenth century and was registered in the pages of Lynch, Stephen White and other writers.

It will be well, also, while forming our judgment regarding the supposed Bull of Adrian, to hold in mind the disturbed state of society, especially in Italy, at the time to which it refers. At the present day it would be no easy matter indeed for such a forgery to survive more than a few weeks. But at the close of the twelfth century it was far otherwise. Owing to the constant revolutions and disturbances that then prevailed, the Pontiff was oftentimes obliged to fly from city to city; and frequently his papers were seized and burned, and he himself detained as a hostage or a prisoner by his enemies. Hence it is that several forged Bulls, examples of which are given in *Cambrensis Eversus*, date from these times. More than one of the grants made to the Norman families are now believed to rest on such forgeries; and that the Anglo-Norman adventurers in Ireland were not strangers to such deeds of darkness, appears from the fact that a matrix for forging the Papal Seal of such Bulls now preserved in the R. I. Academy, was found a few years ago in the ruins of one of the earliest Anglo-Norman monasteries founded by De Courcy.

The circumstances of the publication of the Bull by Henry were surely not calculated to disarm suspicion. Our opponents do not even pretend that it was made known in Ireland till the year 1175 and hence, though publicly granted with solemn investiture, as John of Salisbury's testimony would imply, and though its record was deposited in the public archives of the kingdom, this Bull, so vital to the interests of the Irish Church,

should have remained dormant for twenty years, unnoticed in Rome, unnoticed by Henry's courtiers, still more, unnoticed by the Irish Bishops, and I will add, unnoticed by the Continental Sovereigns so jealous of the power and preponderance of the English Monarch. For such suppositions there is indeed no parallel in the whole history of investitures.

It is seldom, too, that the hand of the impostor may not be detected in some at least of the minor details of the spurious document. In the present instance more than one ancient MS. preserves the concluding formula of the Bull: "Datum Romae," dated from Rome. Now, this simple formula would suffice of itself to prove the whole Bull to be a forgery. Before the news of the election of Pope Adrian to the Chair of St. Peter could reach England, that Pontiff was obliged to seek for safety in flight from his capital. Rome was in revolt, and Arnold of Brescia sought to renew there a spectre of the old Pagan Republic. John of Salisbury, in his *Polycraticus*, faithfully attests that on his arrival in Italy, the Papal Court was held not in Rome but in Beneventum; it was in the city he presented to Pope Adrian, the congratulations of Henry II., and he mentions his sojourn there during the three months that he remained in Italy. This is further confirmed by the Italian chronicles. Baronius saw the inconsistency of the formula *Datum Romae*, with the date 1155, and hence, in his Annals, he entered Adrian's Bull under the year 1159; but, if this date be correct, surely then that Bull could not have been brought to Henry by John of Salisbury, and the passage of the *Metalogicus* referring to it must at once be admitted a forgery. Other historians have been equally puzzled to find a year for this supposed Bull. For instance, O'Halloran in his History of Ireland, while admitting that the Irish people always regarded the Bull as a forgery, refers its date to the year 1167, that is, eight years after the date of Pope Adrian IV.

There is only one other reflection with which I wish to detain the reader. The condition of our country and the relations between Ireland and the English King, which are set forth in the supposed Bull, are precisely those of the year 1172;

but it would have required more than a prophetic vision to have anticipated them in 1155. In 1155 Ireland was not in a state of turmoil or verging towards barbarism; on the contrary, it was rapidly progressing and renewing its claims to religious and moral pre-eminence. I will add, that Pope Adrian, who had studied under Irish masters, knew well this flourishing condition of our country. In 1172, however, a sad change had come over our island. Four years of continual warfare, and the ravages of the Anglo-Norman filibusterers, since their first landing in 1168, had well nigh reduced Ireland to a state of barbarism, and the authentic letters of Alexander III., in 1172 faithfully describe its most deplorable condition. Moreover, an expedition of Henry to Ireland, which would not be an invasion, and yet would merit the homage of the Irish princes; was simply an impossibility in 1155. But, owing to the special circumstances of the kingdom such in reality was the expedition of Henry in 1172. He set out for Ireland, not avowedly to invade and conquer it, but to curb the insolence and to punish the deeds of pillage of his own Norman freebooters. Hence during his stay in Ireland he fought no battle and made conquest: his first measures of severity were directed against some of the most lawless of the early Norman adventurers, and this more than anything else reconciled the native princes to his military display. In return he received from a majority of the Irish chieftains the empty title of *Ardrigh*, or "Head Sovereign," which did not suppose any conquest on his part, and did not involve any surrender of their own hereditary rights. Such a state of things could not have been imagined in 1155; and yet it is one which is implied in the spurious Bull of the much maligned Pontiff, Adrian the Fourth.

THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAIN.

Concluded from page 58.

IN one of their hours of relaxation, their host gave them an account of what had led to his solitary life in that remote and desolate island.

He had been an inmate of the monastery of *Inis-na-Gloire*; and, like the monk whose miserable fate was still so painfully remembered, he had fallen into sins of a deadly nature. Under the influence of remorse and despair he at last ran to the shore, intending to throw himself into the un pitying waves; but before he came to the edge, his will had yielded to the motion of grace, and despair had given way to contrition. A boat was leaving the little harbour, and he felt inspired to enter it, and commit his after proceedings to Providence. After some days a terrible storm came, and swept the little vessel out of its coasting course into the wide wild deep. In a sudden lurch of the boat his hold on the bulwarks gave way, and he was flung out into the merciless water. He felt that his last hour was come. All the wilfully vicious thoughts that ever had caused him to sin,—all the sinful acts that he had ever committed,—became present to his inward sight at that moment to drive him to despair; but he invoked Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and made an act of contrition and of charity. He then seemed as if falling into a delightful slumber; and when his consciousness returned, he found himself lying on the rocks that skirt the landing-place of that isle. After a good deal of exploring, he saw no sign of any kind of food, nor of fire to cook it; and he was about lying down to await death when an otter came up, holding with his sharp teeth a fish, which he dropped at his feet. But how could he kindle a fire? The otter ran before him to the edge of an upright rock, and scratching at its base exposed to view a couple of hard bright flintstones. Collecting some dry sticks and moss and withered leaves, he lighted a fire by means of his flints, and made a feast on the otter's present. He afterwards discovered the cavern, and, under the promptings of necessity, found means of catching fish and some wild-fowl. He had now lived a lonely life

on the island for seven years, and, as he hoped, had his desires and affections weaned from worldly things; his chief regret being his separation from the blessings of public worship and the Sacraments. His deliverance from solitude, and succession to the inheritance of a lost brother, had been revealed to him a long time past. He had now attained the sum of happiness he could fancy to exist on earth, and besought his deliverers to unite their prayers for his perseverance in good.

To the questions of St. Brendan on the existence of a large island yet undiscovered, and probably uninhabited, he answered that an aged monk of Inis-na-Clorie had assured him that such was the fact, the only doubt being about the existence of inhabitants. It was not the island called Hy-Breasil, for that and the men and women last living on it were thousands of fathoms below the surface of the old sea. "I will relate to you," said the recluse, "the account I received from my old friend that such was we sat on the rocks, and discoursed of the mysteries of the sun and moon, of day and of night, of the restless though regular wanderings of the tides, and of what causes half the year to be cold and dead, and the other half full of warmth and life."

The legend told by the recluse will be found in its place; but at present we must accompany our adventurous saint in search of missionary labours. Early in the spring the waters were mercifully opened, so that the bark was allowed to find its way southwards; and, after a voyage of three weeks, they were permitted the sight of the wooded shore of the long-sought continent. The landing, the joy of the holy men, the celebration of an early Mass on their newly-found territory, cannot be described in detail, nor their after weary and laborious journey through swamp, prairie, thick forest, and stony hills. They held on their toilsome errand westwards, but neither found a human being, nor the traces of one. At last when their bodily powers were prostrate, and the deepening shades under the tall thick-growing trees betokened the approach of night, they beheld, through the stems and the brush-wood; the slow and turbid waters of a wide river flowing south.

Collecting some dry brushwood, they made a fire, and prepared a frugal supper. When it was over they betook themselves to prayer, and that holy exercise occupied them two hours.

Before disposing themselves to rest for the night, they sat down beside their cheerful wood-fire, and began to take counsel as to what was the next befitting step to take. St. Brendan was about addressing his little devoted band, when the attention of all was attracted by a luminous mass of vapour approaching from the farther bank of the river. As it drew near, it seemed to unfold itself, and presently all were on their knees, and gazing with delight and reverence on an angel glorious in shape and countenance. All feeling of weariness and of disappointment was gone, and their souls were filled with rapture, as he addressed them.

"Faithful workers in your Master's vineyard, your present labours have come to an end; they are fruitless as to the conversion of your brothers, but their intention has rendered them acceptable in the sight of Jehovah. This wide-spreading land will be yet for many years unknown to the descendants of Adam. Those who have turned their faces eastward from Shinaar, and gone as far as the sea-edge, will find a wide water dividing them from this pathless wilderness of plain and forest. At one point the two great lands approach each other, and many green isles strew the surface of the intervening sea. Across these stretches of water shall pass adventurous men; they shall increase and multiply; and even empires be formed among them. Ten centuries of years will elapse, and many be lost to the kingdom of God in the old world, by wilful error, sensuality, and thirst of blood. A heaven-led man acquainted with your voyage, and following in your track, will arrive on these shores, and myriads of dwellers receive the Gospel of the Saviour. The memory of your wanderings shall remain even till then, fresh in the minds of the holy men of Erin; and as soon as the path is opened they will traverse the wild sea, to bring the good tidings of salvation to their newly-found brothers; strong bonds of good-will shall ever unite the hearts of the two races; and when

famine and pestilence visit the island sanctified by the labours of Sts. Patrick, Brigid, Columba, and Brendain, relief and sympathy shall come to them from these new people to whom they had first imparted the meat and drink of spiritual life. Take now the repose of sleep; then retrace your way to your remote isle; and work while it is light for your neighbour's salvation and your own."

The angel ceased to speak; but they enjoyed the extrancing light of his heavenly features for some short space, and then all faded but the ruddy light of their decaying fire. The night passed, and so did many succeeding ones; and they measured back their woodland course, and found their bark as they had left it, moored in a quiet creek; and guiding it eastwards, they landed on the blest "Island of the Birds," on the day preceding the Festival of Palms.

The always sweet melody of the birds grew wilder, sweeter, and more heavenly, as the blessed bark approached their shore; and most delightful and consoling were the communications of the saints and these temporary exiles from Paradise. High Mass was celebrated by St. Brendain and two of his priests, on the great day of the Pasch; and the assistants remained entranced during the portions in which the spirits sung their hymns,—echoes of those long since heard in heaven. The Holy Sacrifice began two hours before noon. To the assistants and celebrants it seemed much shorter than an ordinary Mass; but when it came to an end, the trees were flinging long shadows towards the east.

They did not quit the happy island till after celebrating Pentecost. They then began to feel that the amount of happiness they were enjoying, though of a spiritual nature, was more than it behoved to await a servant of God during his mortal pilgrimage. So they sorrowfully bade adieu to the blessed exiles, and trusted themselves once more to the wide deep. They reached the coast of Eirinn in safety; and of the later silent labours of the saint and his holy assistants, there remains but a scanty record. Their days were occupied in labour, in instructing the ignorant, in praying, in converting the few pagans that remained, and in founding religious houses: an exciting history cannot be

constructed out of materials such as these.

Another voyage varied the after life of our saint; but it was only a visit to the holy isle of Iona in the Hebrides, to St. Columba, the Apostle of the Pictish nation. He was called to his reward when on a visit to his sister, at her religious house of Clonfert, in Galway. As may be readily supposed, he loved to look on the wild scenery of the wave-worn western coast of his country: the mountain to which he has left his name still enjoys a wide view of the sea-cliffs and the broad Atlantic.

NOTE.—It will readily be believed that the sermons addressed to the more or less learned congregations of our days must differ in some degree from the instructions given to unlettered assemblies of those ages that possessed no printed books, or that were painfully passing from a pagan to a Christian life. Parables, allegories, striking histories, and miraculous events in saints' lives were frequently introduced in the homilies of St. Eloy, St. Hilary, St. Martin, and all the preachers of their eras; and from time to time these were collected, and written down by monks skillful at the pen, and read, on proper occasions, in the chieftain's hall and the monastic refectory. Hence the name "legend," from *legenda*—subjects fit to be read for edification. The most famous collection of this kind is the *Legenda Aurea* of St. Jacobus a Voragine, copies of which, printed by Caxton, are still extant. The voyage of St. Brendain, originally written for Queen Adelaide, wife of Henry Beavelere, is preserved in that work; and the curious may read it at full length in the *Dublin University Magazine* for May, 1852, in a learned and loving article contributed by Denis Florence MacCarthy.

There is no selfishness where there is a wife and family. There the house is lighted up by mutual charities; everything achieved for them is a victory; everything endured is a triumph. How many vices are suppressed, that there may be no *bad* example! How many exertions made to inculcate a *good* one!

The Romans were so anxious to encourage marriage, that they punished unmarried persons by rendering them incapable of receiving any legacy or inheritance by will, except from near relatives. And those who were married and had not any children could take no more than half the estate.

THE TENSES OF LIFE.

In our childhood's wistful dreaming,

In the morning of our days,
Brightly in the future gleaming
Seems the sun of pleasure's rays ;

Ardently we love to mingle
In the busy whirl of life,
Long to feel our pulses tingle
In the keen successful strife ;
Thinking, " Thus 'twill be."

In our manhood's anxious toiling,

In the noontide of our days,
All around us trouble coiling
Wrap us in an endless maze ;

All our thoughts are in the present,
How to save and how to gain,
Praying for a moment pleasant
With an hour of care and pain ;
Saying, " Thus it is."

In the thoughts of life declining,

In the evening of our days,
Far behind us seems the shining
Whereon in youth we longed to gaze ;

On the past we love to ponder,
Living o'er our lives again,
Through the maze in fancy wander,
Bright the joys seem, slight the pain ;
Sighing, " Thus it was."

M. W. C.

THE IRISH SAINTS.

The following is the list of the chief Irish Saints and the days on which their festivals fall. The chief glory of Ireland is in the staunchness and fidelity with which through weal and woe, she has clung to the Catholic faith and to the chair and See of St. Peter. And her saints are those who planted the faith in her midst, and who adorned it by their holy lives. Every Irishman should know something of them : Sts. Fanchea and Machua, January 1st ; St. Ita, January, 15th ; St. Fursej, January 16th ; St. Nennius, January 17th ; St. Deicolus, January 18th ; St. Fechin, January 20th ; Sts. Maccolain and Foranand, January 21st ; St. Maidoc, January 31st ; Sts. Bridget and Kinia, February 1st ; St. Tresian, February 7th ; St. Attracta, February 9th ; St. Modomnock, February 13th ; Sts. Loman, Forchern and Finlan, February 17th ; Sts. Kiaran, Ida, Breaca, Menomon and Germoke, March 5th ; St. Fridolin, March 6th ; Sts. Senan and Psalmód, March 8th ; St. Angus, March 11th ; Sts. Gerald and Nochoemoc, March 13th ; St. Finian, March 16th ; St. Patrick, March 17th ;

St. Fridian, March 18th ; St. Enna, March 21st ; St. Cummin, March 26th ; St. Bronacha, April 2nd ; Sts. Tiegernach and Becan, April 5th ; St. Celsus, April 6th ; St. Finan, April 7th ; St. Lasarian, April 18th ; St. Malrubius, April 21st ; St. Rufus, April 22nd ; St. Ibar, April 23rd ; St. Maull, April 25th ; St. Cronan, April 28th ; St. Fiachna, April 29th ; Sts. Wiro, Odrian and Gybrian, May 8th ; Sts. Cataldus and Comgrall, May 10th ; St. Carthagh, May 14th ; Sts. Dymphna, Genebrard and Silane, May 15th ; St. Brendain, May 16th ; St. Maw, May 17th ; St. Conall, May 22d ; St. Dumbade, May 25th ; St. Maguil, May 30th ; St. Kevin, June 3d ; St. Colman, June 7th ; St. Tocharna, June 11th ; St. Damnade, June 13th ; Sts. Nennius and Psalmódus, June 14th ; St. Molingus, June 17th ; St. Gobain, June 20th ; St. Guthagon, July 3d ; Sts. Finbar and Bolean, July 4th ; St. Kilian, July 8th ; St. Idus, July 14th ; St. Turminus, July 17th ; St. Dabius, July 22d ; St. Declan, July 24th ; St. Nissen, July 25th ; St. Congall, July 27 ; St. Llananus, August 4 ; Sts. Nathy and Fedlimid, August 9 ; St. Muredoch, August 22 ; St. MacCartin, August 16 ; St. Mochteus, August 19 ; St. Eugenius, August 13 ; St. Fiaker, August 30. St. Maconsius, September 3 ; St. Ultan, September 4 ; St. Alto, September 5 ; Sts. Bega and Maculidnus, September 6 ; Sts. Germana and Eunan, September 7 ; St. Disen, September 8 ; Sts. Kiaran and Osmanna, September 9 ; St. Finian, September 10 ; St. Albers, September 12 ; St. Cormac, September 14 ; St. Conan, September 24th ; St. Barr, September 25th ; St. Colman, September 26th ; St. Fidharleus, October 1st ; St. Canius, October 11th ; St. Gall, October 16th ; St. Fintan, October 21st ; Sts. Alban and Foillen, October 27th ; Sts. Fursej and Ultan, October 31st ; St. Vulgan, November 2d ; St. Malachy, November 3d ; St. Benignus, November 9th ; St. Livin, November 12th ; Sts. Constant and Chillen, November 13th ; St. Laurence, November 14th ; St. Columban, November 21st ; St. Cianan, November 24th ; St. Secundia, November 27th ; Sts. Finian, Columba, Cormac and Colman, December 12th ; St. Behmus, December 16th ; St. Samthna, December 19th ; Sts. Jarlath and Flann, December 26th ;

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,
THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,
Author of "The Rose of Mourne," "Rapparee
Ballads," &c., &c.,

The wild geese, the wild geese! 'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's dark bosom of blue."

CHAPTER I.

O! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.—*Davis.*

If this be true, indeed,
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.—*Byron.*

It was a lovely evening in the month of August, 1705. The sun was just setting behind the tall peaks of Croghan Mountain, and his last beams lingered upon its heathy slopes and on the placid waters of the River Finn, as if loth to depart from so fair and lovely a scene. The woods that fringed the shore and rose in stately grandeur half way up the mountain side were bathed in a flood of golden light and the last beams of the bright orb of day kissed the smiling waters as he sunk to his ruby couch of clouds in the West. As the twilight descended and the gathering shadows of night cast their sombre hues upon wood, mountain and water, a deep and impressive silence reigned around, undisturbed and unbroken, save by the chirrup of some tiny insect, or the glad-some hum of the river as it rushed merrily to the embrace of the sea.

The tall oaks that lined the river's bank and spread for many a mile on either side looked in the deepening twilight like huge giants asleep, with their rugged and brawny limbs outspread; for not a breeze disturbed a leaf or sighed among their foliage. It was a scene in which an anchorite might seek repose from the cares and sorrows of the world, and, wrapped in the magnificent solitude which he enjoyed, dream of that brighter Heaven beyond the grave. And yet, amid all this grandeur and loveliness which nature, with a prodigal hand, had given, were hearts whose every throb of existence was marked with misery and despair. There was not in all the world, perhaps, at the time of which we write, a more wretched and poverty-stricken people than the peasantry of Ireland, particularly those of

the province of Ulster. Every part of the island was enduring its share of rapine and plunder and groaned under the merciless sway of the victors of the Boyne and Aughrim; but their inhuman acts in the South and East seemed merciful to those perpetrated in the land of O'Neil and O'Donnell. There the pent-up vengeance of centuries, which had been hoarded in the hearts of the "Stranger" against "the mere Irish" was let loose upon the few and defenseless "Papists" and "rebels," as they were ignominiously termed, who remained after five hundred years of blood and carnage.

But fifteen years had elapsed since the fatal and decisive battle of Aughrim; but during that short period thousands of the youth and manhood of Ireland had fled to France and other continental nations and joined the military service there. It was the policy of the British Government to root out and exterminate the Irish population, and plant in their stead English and Scotch Puritans. For this purpose the atrocious "Penal Laws" were instituted. They failed, however, in their object, for, though the hand of man was heavy on poor Ireland, the hand of God was guiding her through the darkness, and she was fated to emerge, after years of persecution, into the light, radiant with the sun-light of faith, and pure as when taught from the inspired heart of the blessed Patrick.

During this fierce and cruel time a pall of darkness cast its gloomy shadows over the fair face of our island. The holy priest of God, with a price on his head, was hunted from covert to covert, to the loud "haloo" of the savage huntsman and the deep bay of the pack of blood-hounds, and he who was first in at the death boasted of his exploit and was envied and admired by his associates. The "priest hunter" and the "informor" were taught their duty by the Government, and well they obeyed the behests of their foreign masters.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor or on the moor
Were bid the pious and the true.
While traitor grave and recreant slave
Had riches, rank and retinue.
Yet, exiled in those penal days
Our banner's over Europe blaze."

Situate near the base of Croghan Mountain and among the woods that environed it, stood the lonely cabin of Widow Mullen. Hid among the trees, midway between the mountain and the river a view of it could not be obtained from either, and the only indication of life apparent in that woody solitude which the passing traveller could observe on that Summer evening that we have mentioned, was the spiral wreaths of smoke which rose from the humble hearthstone, and, soaring above the trees in fantastic shapes, melted and were lost among the clouds.

As the evening advanced and the last rays of the sun were darting behind the hill, a young girl stepped from the cabin and cautiously approached the bank of the river. For a few minutes she gazed wistfully up the stream, and then with a look of sorrow on her pale face slowly retraced her way homewards, casting now and then a look backward on the path she had traversed as if expecting some one whom she eagerly longed to meet. Slowly she entered the cabin and noiselessly approached the only bed which it contained. Its occupant, a pale, emaciated woman, whose breathing came thick and heavy, and upon whose face Death had set his seal, opened her eyes and looked anxiously at the girl as she drew near. The rustling of her dress, which was scarcely perceptible to herself, caught the acute ear of the sufferer and awoke her from the momentary slumber which had steeped her senses in oblivion.

"Has he come yet, Mabel?" she eagerly inquired, addressing the girl in Irish, and regarding her with a look in which the concentrated feelings of suffering, anguish, sorrow and despair were painfully apparent.

"No, mother," the girl replied, in the same language, "he has not come yet, but it is still early; the sun has not yet gone down, and you know he told us not to expect him until *after* sunset. He may not have found Father John in the cave at Urney, and perhaps was obliged to go to Castlefin or Raphoe to find him, and you know, mother, that in a case of life and death, our Brian is not the one to tarry or be deterred by any obstacles that he may encounter. He will soon be here, and Father John, too." And as

the poor girl spoke she hid her face in her hands to conceal the tears that came streaming down her cheeks.

"God grant it may be so, Mabel, but I feel a weakness *here, here*"—and she pressed her hand upon her heart—"that tells me that I have not long to live. But O, it is not death I fear; could I receive the consolations of our holy Church I would die happy. But to think that I must die here, without a priest—without the rites which a Christian should receive—to die," she added with vehemence, "like a Sassinach, this is what I dread, this is what makes my death-bed miserable."

As the mother spoke, the daughter, unable to conceal her feelings longer, gave vent to passionate sob; and, clasping the sufferer in her arms, wept upon her bosom. At length, freeing herself from that loving embrace and brushing the tears from her eyes, she stood erect, and in a voice of deep religious feeling and pathos which none but an Irish Catholic *can* feel, she said:

"Mother, do not despair. God is good, and who knows but at this moment Brian and the priest are hurrying to your aid. Remember when my poor father was shot down by Crosby's troopers at Mid-night Mass, in Glenmonan Valley, and when they left him for dead with two bullets in his side, he lived until the neighbors brought him home, and Father Dominick gave him absolution. Remember the words of the good father. He said: 'Blessed were the dead who died in the Lord, and that those who kept their conscience pure and held the faith would never be afraid to die.' We have clung to the old faith and suffered poverty and hunger and sorrow, and whatever death we meet we should endure it with meekness, for it is God's will. Father Dominick himself was hanged one week after, without priest or bishop to attend him, and he said that he died happy. And, O, mother! You have been so good and charitable that I have often known you to give out of your own scanty resources to those whom you thought more wretched than yourself. You who never committed a crime in your life, why should you be afraid to die? And, after all," she added, a bright

—hope springing suddenly in her heart, “you may not die so soon. Many linger for years before God calls them away; but Father John will soon be here, and until then try and compose yourself to sleep, while I kneel and offer up a prayer to God and His Blessed Mother for you.”

These words seemed to have a soothing effect upon the poor sufferer, and, raising her eyes to Heaven, with clasped hands muttered a fervent prayer. Suddenly she turned toward her daughter, and as a painful expression passed over her features, she hurriedly said:

“But what if young Crosby’s troopers are out to-day? May they not kill both Brian and priest? And then, Mabel, what would become of you?”

“Let us hope for the best, mother, and put our trust in Him who never yet deserted the suffering and deserving. And now, take a few spoonfuls of this sweet milk, it will refresh and strengthen you, and I will wake you up as soon as the priest comes.” She gently raised her mother’s head, and moistened her lips with the cool and refreshing beverage, and, adjusting the bed clothes around her, knelt on the floor to pray. After the lapse of some minutes she looked toward the bed, and knew by her mother’s breathing that she had fallen asleep. Then, rising from her position, she slowly opened the door and stepped out into the moonlight which now streamed upon the river. “Thank God,” she muttered to herself, as she gained the outside of the cabin. “Thank God, she is asleep at last, and I hope she will awake refreshed and better. But, O! I wish Brian would come!”

As she said this she uttered a deep sigh, and pressed her hands upon her bosom, as if to still the loud throbbings of her heart. At the same moment a slight rustling was heard among the bushes a few paces from where she stood. She started, but the next moment rushed eagerly forward as the form of her brother emerged from the thicket and stood before her in the clear moonlight.

“Brian! Brian!” she almost shrieked, “tell me, do you come alone? Did you not find the priest?”

A look of unutterable grief darkened the young man’s face as he slowly, and

with emphatic utterance, as if every word was wrung from his heart, replied:

“Mabel, I come alone; I could not find him.”

“Then God have mercy on our poor mother, for Brian, I am afraid she cannot live until morning.”

For a few moments these two young creatures, brother and sister, stood gazing on each other’s faces in mute despair. Two marble statues seemed not more lifeless and motionless. They looked as if stricken by the hand of death, so rigid and cold they appeared. Young as they were—he, the oldest, not more than twenty years—they had felt the bitterest sorrow that could fall to their lot, for, to be debarred the last sacraments of the Church is to an Irish Catholic the greatest of all misfortunes. At last Brian, averting his eyes from his sister, and gazing on the ground, gasped in a husky voice.

“Mabel, is there no hope? Will she not live until morning?”

“I fear not. I hoped until now and tried to cheer her until I would see or hear from you. But now I know not what to do or say.”

“Listen to me, Mabel,” said Brian, again looking into his sister’s eyes, “there is still hope. I expect Father John to be in his hiding place in Urney Woods at midnight, or, at the latest, by sunrise in the morning. I shall go there to-night; it is but a few miles from here, and wait until midnight for him. If he does not then return I will leave the message with old Michael, who lives with him in his den, and cross the mountains to Raphoe. I have been there to-day already, and miles beyond it, but I feel that God will give me strength and grace to find him, if he has not been murdered by the troopers, for they were out to-day.”

“May God grant that he has not, for then indeed was our last hope extinguished.”

“He went on a sick call beyond the mountains, so old Michael said, and as the old man himself is sick and deaf he either did not hear or else forgot the direction of the priest. But he promised to return soon, and as Hugh and Turrough are searching for him, it will go hard with us all if we do not find him.”

"Well, then, Brian, as you must be weary and hungry, wait here until I bring you something to eat, for I dare not let you enter the house, for fear of disturbing her. The least noise disturbs her, and if she wakes up now and finds you without the priest it might prove fatal to her. I am sure it would. So wait for a minute, and then, in the name of God, go on your errand."

"No, Mabel; I will not eat or drink until I see Father John. I feel fresh enough for the journey and don't mind it if I can attain my object. But I want to look upon my mother's face; it may be for the last time in life, so don't deny me the request. I will not ask to enter the house, but gaze through the window and look upon her as she lies sleeping. As I said, it may be for the last time."

Poor fellow! he knew not how prophetic his words were.

Noislessly and together they approached the window, the only one that gave light to the cabin. The moon shone full upon it with calm and mellow light, and revealed within the look of sorrow upon the careworn face of the sufferer. Brian Mullen gazed long and earnestly upon the sad and pale features. His eyes were dimmed with tears, and the quick heaving of his heart told of the terrible agony he endured. At length, tearing himself away, he turned toward his sister and found her on her knees. Rising, she threw herself into his arms and sobbed upon his breast. A brief interval elapsed, a few whispered words were spoken—and one went off on a mission of love and mercy, which, perhaps, would bring death to him—and one to watch and pray by the lonely bed of a dying mother.

CHAPTER II.

Our country first, their glory and their pride,
Land of their hopes, land where their fathers
died;

When in the right they'll keep thy honor
bright,

When in the wrong they'll die to set it right.

J. T. FIELDS.

While the priest was singing the Midnight
Mass,

The troopers were gathering near,
And soon their blood stained the mountain
pass,

And the priest met a bloody bier. W. C.

JOHN MULLEN, the father of John and Mabel, whose death has been accidentally mentioned in the preceding chapter, once owned and occupied a well-stocked farm near the beautiful and romantic falls of Asserive. Here for ages his fathers lived and died, and it was his boast that he could trace his descent back through the mists of a thousand years. Like all old Irish families they were patriotic, and clung to the old faith with a devotion that nothing could destroy. They had followed the banner of their chiefs, the O'Donnells, in many a raid and foray through the Pale, and in Tirowen's rebellion had done good service on many a well-fought field. The confiscations which followed the downfall of that chieftain are well known and are called in history "The Plantation of Ulster." The Mullens shared in the general ruin and devastation of the period. All but a portion of their lands were wrested from them and given to foreign adventurers. Still they clung to whatever was left them, and to the hope that at some future day they would win back 'their own again.' The year 1688 found John Mullen in possession of a farm of about one hundred and twenty acres, and the father of three bright and blooming children. Owen, the eldest, was the pride and joy of his father, and whom all the people loved for his spirited nature and manly beauty. Brian was the second and last son, and though but young at the time, gave promise of a bold manhood and a bright future. Mave, or Mabel, as she was named after her mother, was two years younger than Brian, and but a prattling infant when the eventful year 1688 dawned upon Ireland. Rumors of a warlike character began to spread around the peaceful homestead of the Mullens. Stories of strife and blood were rife, and every breeze was laden with tales of vengeance and of blood. Soon it became known that James and William, the two rival claimants of the Crown of England, were to contest their strength in arms, and Ireland was the chosen battle ground. The story of that contest is well known and needs no repetition here. John Mullen, leaving his wife and children under the protection of Father Dominick O'Farrell, a relative of his wife, bade them farewell and en-

listed under the banner of Sarsfield. He served in all the battles of the war from Derry to Limerick, and on the surrender of the latter place sadly retraced his steps homeward, sturdily refusing to quit his native land though Sarsfield had offered him a commission in the French army. His family had remained unmolested during the strife, as, fortunately, the tide of battle had not drifted near their home, and, under the tuition of Father Dominick, his children were progressing rapidly in their studies in Irish, English and French, for the good Father, who had been educated in France, was a professor of the latter.

For five years they remained in peaceable possession of their lands, and though many of the old families, and especially those who had espoused to the cause of James in the contest, were dispossessed, and many murdered in cold blood because they were "rebels," by the Scotch and English mercenaries who came "a-hungering for spoil," so respected were the Mullens by all parties that they remained in undisturbed possession of their property, and were never molested by those who arrogantly styled themselves their conquerors. About this time Owen, the eldest boy, with the sanction of his father and mother, went to France to finish his studies at St. Omers. He received many letters of introduction from Father Dominick to his old college friends of Irish birth who would aid him in his endeavors to obtain an education which would qualify him for any profession he might choose. They parted with mutual feelings of regret on both sides, but with their hope in the father and mother's hearts that the boy would some day return a priest, or perhaps a bishop. But Owen was never destined for the Church, as we shall see.

The departure of Owen was the first great grief which the family had experienced for years, but, though unknown to them, it was trifling when compared to those which were about to follow. Their landlord (for in common with all their other Catholic neighbors their property was confiscated to the Crown and given to some Protestant), Captain Evans, was a good and humane man, and one who was beloved by all classes. Though an Englishman and a

Protestant, he entertained no feelings of hostility to his Catholic tenants, but endeavored, as much as in his power lay, to assuage and restrain the animosities which existed and were fomented between them. But suddenly dying, and having no heir to inherit his property, for he was a bachelor, it was sold to Major Crosby, one of the most tyrannical and bigoted of all the Scotch undertakers in Ulster. No sooner was he in possession than his tyranny began to crop out. He visited the estate, inquired the number of acres occupied by them, &c., &c., and two weeks after every Catholic was served with a "Notice to Quit." His design was to drive every one from the estate who professed the old faith, and put in their stead an equal number of his Scotch countrymen, who were followers of John Knox. And well he carried out his design. Before one month elapsed the house of every Irish Catholic was burned over his head, and the unfortunate tenant was forced to quit the home and lands where his fathers resided for centuries, and eke out a miserable subsistence toiling for his oppressors, or like a beggar on the bleak hill side. Among those who were destined to such a fate was John Mullen. The persecutions of this Crosby were so notorious, and his fame as a priest-hunter such that he became the terror and scourge of the Catholic priests and people. Father Dominick, with Mullen and his family, escaping the clutches of Crosby and his minions, fled at night whither they knew not, but, as fate directed toward the waters of the Finn. Erecting a small cabin at the base of Croghan Mountain, and on lands over which Crosby had no jurisdiction, they made themselves a home. The place was sparsely and thinly settled at the time for almost all the inhabitants had fled to the West to escape the dreadful persecution waged against them. The lord of the soil, who happened to be one of those rollicking blades who cared neither for religion nor politics, provided they did not interfere with his habits or taste, was glad to meet with one who would mind his fat bees and flocks that browsed on the banks of the Finn. So John Mullen became a shepherd and sort of servant to Mr. Ogelby, an

English undertaker. The cabin was situate in a wild and romantic spot, deep in the woods, which often supplied their table with game brought down by the unerring rifle of Brian (Mr. Ogelby allowed him to keep a rifle; he was a conscientious and good man), and convenient enough to the river to make it pay tribute from its funny treasures. Father Dominick celebrated Mass every morning at sunrise, Brian and Mabel by turns mounting guard to give warning of the approach of any foe. Thus two years passed on in quiet, if not in actual contentment. Brian and Mabel were both verging on maturity, and under the hospices of Father Dominick became proficiently versed in the knowledge and languages which he taught.

One night in December—it was Christmas Eve the good Father, as was his wont, celebrated Mass in the deep and secluded valley of Glenmorran. For miles around the people stealthily crept, amid the snow and shadows of the night, to the appointed place to worship God according to the custom of their fathers, and kneeling by the rude rock which served as an altar, receive from the priest's hands the Holy Eucharist—the Bread of Life. While they were in the act of adoration, while the priest was chanting the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, and while every heart was filled with charity and good will to men, the tramp of Crosby's troopers was heard, the flash of their rifles lit up the darkness of the scene, and a dozen worshippers fell—killed or wounded—on the snow. Among the latter was John Mullen, who died soon after, but not before receiving the last rites of his Church. Father Dominick escaped, but was afterwards captured and cruelly murdered by the same troopers. Mr. Ogelby was angered when he heard of the death of Mullen, for, though caring nothing for a mere Papist, he did not like any of his Papist tenants to be shot without his leave, and on meeting with Major Crosby plainly told him so. Hot words ensued, and the consequence was a duel, in which old Crosby received a bullet in his thigh which lamed him for the remainder of his life. Brian obtained his dead father's position from his generous master, and remained in the cabin with his mother and sister, but Mrs. Mullen

never thoroughly recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's violent death, which occurred two years before our story opens. Father John O'Farrell succeeded his brother, Father Dominick, leaving St. Omers and its classic surroundings for the bleak cave and rocky bed on an Irish hill-side.

CHAPTER III.

They were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces.

SHAKESPEARE.

The red wine flowed around the board,
And all with eager breath
Agreed to chase at headlong pace,
A priest of God to death.

OLD BALLAD.

WHILE these sad scenes were passing at the widow's lone cabin in the woods, others, but of a different character, were being enacted in Major Crosby's Hall. It was a large and commodious building, erected in the reign of James I., of pleasant memory, on the banks of the Mourne, and given by that monarch to the worthy grandfather of Major Crosby, a well-beloved countryman of the Scotch King. The grant at first was small, for James was as niggardly and avaricious as he was bigoted and pedantic. But so loyal and devoted was his servant Crosby to the interest of the Crown, and so vigilant was he in hunting down malcontents and Papists, that the Royal Commissioners rewarded him with the lands of those whom he robbed and plundered. He lived to the age of sixty, and left to his son his name, his violent passions, his hatred of Catholicity, and his lands. How this worthy scion of the house of Crosby followed in the footsteps of his father has been seen. He married, early in life, a Scotch heiress, and a son and daughter were the fruits of this union. He endeavored to instil into their young minds a hatred of everything Irish, and to imbue them with the same feeling as his own. He was partly successful, but not altogether so. Young Richard, or as he was called "the young Major," was an apt pupil, and often accompanied his father on priest-hunting expeditions to the great delight of his parent, and gave promise that in time he would become as proficient and accomplished in that loyal

and honorable art as himself. His daughter Alice, on the contrary, was of a different disposition. She was a sweet and lovely creature, as lovely and amiable in mind and manner as she was winsome and agreeable in face. None more regretted than she the persecutions enacted on the people and the dreadful sufferings which they were forced to endure. Her heart was "open as day to melting charity," free from any taint of malice or bigotry, and she never heard her father or brother discuss a priesthunt on the morrow but the unhidden tears would well from her heart and dim her beautiful eyes. She was beloved and respected by the Catholic people for her goodness as much as her father and brother were feared and hated for their crimes. It was even hinted that on more than one occasion she was instrumental in procuring the means of escape for some poor prisoner in her father's custody. About the same age as Mabel Mullen, whom she closely resembled, not only in form and features, but also in intellectual capacity, beauty and tenderness, she often, in happier days, visited her humble cabin and associated with her and Brian and Father Dominick, and, unknown to her family, passed many a pleasant hour with the friends whom she prized and loved, notwithstanding the difference in their creeds and social position. But since the night of the massacre in Glenmoan Valley her sense of delicacy forbade her visiting her friends. Her father, since his duel with Mr. Ogelby, was not permitted by his physician to leave the house, and being debarred the outdoor exercises which he had been accustomed to from his youth, was as cross and contrary as a man of violent and unrestrained passions could be. His wife being dead some years, his whole devotion and love, at least as much as a man like him possessed, was wholly given to and concentrated on his daughter and son. The former, since her mother's demise, was his sole nurse and attendant, as his bigotry and hatred of the Irish would not allow him to be waited upon by any of his Catholic domestics, and the latter occupied his position as magistrate and dispenser of justice, according to act of Parliament until such time as his wound

would be healed and he could resume his proper functions and position in the county.

The night on which Brian Mullen went forth to seek the services of the priest for his dying mother, Crosby Hall witnessed a scene of uproarious mirth and conviviality. Around the table some twenty neighboring gentlemen and landlords were assembled, and conspicuous at their head sat their host, the old Major. The gentlemen (?) had been out since early dawn engaged in the laudable pursuit of hunting Father John, whose whereabouts some informer had communicated to the young Major. On an occasion like this it was customary to provide a feast for the huntsmen on their return from the chase, whose appetites would be sharpened by the rough exercise and fatigue which they had borne. It was also customary when a stranger guest was in the house to get up a priest or Rapparee hunt for the pleasure and edification of the stranger, but if possible a priesthunt, for the Rapparees generally went armed and had a very unpleasant and vulgar way of sending a Papist slug or bullet through a huntsman's heart, which was not relished by these refined and intelligent foreigners. The priests carried no arms, and generally submitted to their fate without a murmur. Besides the price upon their heads, five pounds in current coin, there was more sport and less danger in killing a priest than a Rapparee. Upon the present occasion, however, young Crosby and his troopers were unsuccessful. He felt dissatisfied with the day's sport, as did also all the gentlemen whom he had invited to partake of it; but, being hungry and wearied, it being sun-down when they returned, they stifled their disappointment until after dinner, when, the cloth being removed and Alice having retired, the wine and whiskey began to circulate. Then they gave vent to their feelings in a manner and language so barbarous and unchristian, so destitute of charity, feeling and morality, that one is shocked at the deep depravity and savage hatred engendered in those penal days.

"Come! fill up, gentlemen, and don't look so glum over your cups," said the old Major, filling his own glass to the brim; "one would think from looking

at your long sober faces that the French or Spaniards had landed, and that the loyal followers of William and Anne would be dispossessed from the fat holdings which they won by the sword, and given over to the tender mercies of the Irish Papists and Rapparees. Fill up and drink with me the health of our gracious sovereign, Queen Anne, and the perpetuation of the Protestant Church and English rule in Ireland. No loyal subject can object to that toast."

As the old Major spoke he rose to his feet, followed by the company, and drank his glass to the bottom, as did all the rest.

"Now, Dick," said he, addressing his son, "pass round the bottle, and tell us what has happened to you to-day to put you in such bad humor."

"The fact is, father," replied Dick, "that we have been riding since morning after that infernal priest, and after scouring over hills and braes and fields, have not succeeded in capturing him. Three times he was in sight accompanied by two Rapparees, one of whom carried a brass blunderbuss and fired at me as I was leading the chase. The cowardly scoundrel missed me twice, and it seemed that I was the only object of his vengeance, as he aimed at none but me. We started the quarry at Convoys, chased it to Carnagillagh and Castlefin, and lost sight of it at last at Clanry Ford. It is the first time I have ever been foiled in running down a priest."

"And I hope it will be the last, Dick," replied his father. "But I am glad he escaped, for I want to be in at his death. He is a brother of the scoundrel we shot down on Christmas Eve, in Glenmonan; a d—d Jesuit who comes over from France to teach disloyalty and sedition, and spread his idolatry and picture-worship under our very noses. We would not be deserving the name of loyal subjects did we allow such practices to be tolerated for a moment amongst us. We'll find him to-morrow. I say *we*, for I intend to be there, and mounted on the best horse in my stables, King William. The country has gone to ruin since that Papist-loving Ogelby disabled me. But in spite of him and the d—d doctor who attends me, I'll have one good

ride after the Papish rebel to-morrow. I never felt better in my life than now, and I will not remain moping at home to see things bungled in such a manner by you, Dick." The last words were uttered with a passionate vehemence that displayed the savagery of the old man's heart. As he spoke he struck the table violently with his clenched hand and frowningly looked upon his son.

"Did you not say but a moment ago," replied the latter, "that you are glad the priest has escaped?"

"I did, and am glad of it because I want to hunt him down myself. Had he been a strange priest he would have escaped from your clutches just the same. What makes me mad is to think that he was three times in sight, and you could not capture or shoot him, while the fellow with the blunderbuss, who, no doubt, is old Mullen's son, fired twice at you."

"I call upon all these gentlemen present," said Dick, "to bear witness to my conduct to-day. I was foremost in the pursuit, but none of us could get within pistol-shot of them. They passed the bogs and quagmires on foot while we had to ride round, often three miles, to try to intercept them. And when we did get round they had disappeared, as if the earth swallowed them. It was not young Mullen that fired the shot at me; the man who carried the blunderbuss was fully six feet high, and older and stronger than Mullen."

"No, no, Major; you don't do Dick justice," said a gentleman at the table. "It was not his fault if he did not catch him. We all did our best, and far outstripped the troopers, whose horses floundered in the mud and were blown from the long chase. Sharkoy was unseated twice, and Calvert was pitched headlong out of the saddle into a ditch, where he remained, unable to extricate himself, and would probably have died had the troopers not arrived in time to save him. It was all owing to the swampy ground; the scoundrels know every inch of the country, and, taking advantage of their knowledge, escaped."

"Well, Ramsay, it may be as you say," said the Major, recovering his

good humor, as the bottle circulated, "but I'll wager King William against a five-pound note that he will not so easily escape to-morrow, if I come in sight of him. You say the chase ended at Clandy?"

"Yes, we lost sight of him at the ford," said one who was noted as a celebrated sportsman and betting character, and whose name was Knox; "we lost him among the woods, and on which side of the river he found shelter we could not find out. However, as I intend to join in the hunt to-morrow, and want a good race badly, I'll take your bet."

"All right," said the Major. "I know which side of the river he took. He crossed the ford as you were coming through the woods, and is now safe and secure in one of his hiding places in Urney demesne. These fellows are as cunning as foxes, and know every nook and corner, twist and turning for miles around. But we'll unearth them to-morrow. They think you will be so tired after to-day's hunt that you will not venture abroad for a while. But let us start at daylight in the morning, and, trust me, we shall intercept them on the Strabane road. Some Papist is dying, and has sent for the priest to mutter his *Aves* over his bed. But we'll disappoint them. Won't you join us, Lindsay?"

"I believe I will," replied the individual addressed "though I intended to ride to Derry to-morrow on important business; but as I feel chagrined at to-day's failure I'll remain, and as you, Major, will be with us, I cannot forego the pleasure and excitement of such company."

"Well said," replied the Major, now thoroughly restored to good humor and beginning to feel the effect of the potatoes he had drank. "But, Captain Craunston, don't you think it would be a good idea to send a couple of your troopers to Clandy Ford to prevent the two Rapparees from escaping during the night? They are both young and inured to hardships, and after a few hours' rest will rise as fresh and vigorous as they were before the chase. One of them will probably be sent to acquaint their friends of the priest's near approach and warn them to be on the look out for him."

"Your idea is a good one," replied the Captain, "but the men are so fatigued after hard riding to-day that I am afraid it will prove a very disagreeable piece of business to those detailed for the duty."

"D—n them," cried the Major, petulantly. "What right have they to feel tired when sent on duty. Order them out immediately, and, hark ye, Captain, send half-a-dozen men, *six* to guard the ford, and if they dare grumble order out the whole company, and tell them from me that I feel ashamed of them; that they must be a lot of d—d cowards and dastards, the whole fifty of them, that couldn't capture one Popish priest and two miserable Rapparees."

"Your command shall be obeyed, sir," said Craunston to his superior, bowing, and leaving the room to put his words into execution.

"Come, gentlemen, and join me in a toast," cried Lindsay, who was of a jovial disposition and much given, when in his cups, to expatiating on the beauty and fertility of his native land, Scotland. "Come, drink this toast with me, and, afterwards I'll give you a song."

The company filled their glasses, and the Scotchman, rising from the table, gave the following loyal and patriotic toast, which was drank with all honors:

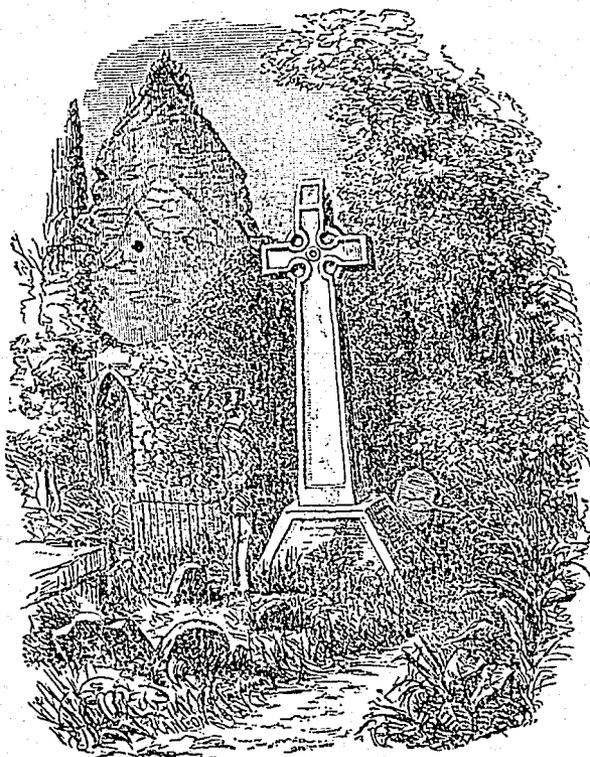
Here's to good Anne, our well-beloved
Queen;
Up with the red flag and down with the
green.
May the rose and the thistle in harmony
dwell,
When the Pope and the shamrock are
trampled in hell!

We confess our inability to depict the baccanalian scene that followed. It would not be becoming at this enlightened day to transfer to our pages the sayings and doings of those whom the English Government more than a century and a half ago placed over us and constituted as our lords and masters. The *regime* has passed away, and along with it, in a great measure, the passions which gave rise to it. A more lenient but more insidious and therefore more dangerous policy prevails, and we may as well draw a veil, as far as the harmony of our story will permit, over the blasphemous sayings and ribald jesting

of the Protestant gentry of those days. Indelicate songs and maudlin speeches were indulged in by the company till a late hour; bottles were emptied and toasts drank, until more than one half the guests were under the table in a drunken stupor. The Major, being the first to get drunk, was carried to bed by a servant, and Dick, taking the chair, all restraint being gone after his father's

departure, plied them so freely with the liquor that the most hardy among them was at last forced to succumb, he himself being among the number. But the last thoughts uppermost in their minds ere they fell on the floor was the glorious sport they would have on the morrow, hunting a poor priest to death.

(To be Continued.)



TOMB OF DR. LANIGAN.

[In the number of THE HARP for July, 1878, we gave a description of the Death of the celebrated Dr. LANIGAN, together with an engraving of the Tablet erected to his memory in Finglas Chapel. Our engraving this month is an accurate picture of his tomb in the parish graveyard of Finglas.]

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a caress, how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken, how many a kind heart has been wrecked—how many a loved one has been lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a crib or cradle

stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of all treasures of the heart? A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow or gladness of which people never hear. Go home to the family, man of business! Go home you heart-erring wanderer! Go home to cheer that all-wronged waif or life's breakers. Go home to those

you love, man of toil! and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by. Leave your books with complex figures, your dirty workshop, your busy store. Rest with those you love; for God only knows what the next Saturday night may bring you. Forget the world of care and battle of life which have furrowed the week. Draw close around the family hearth. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping stone in the river to the eternal as Saturday night.

HELEN.

BY GARTAN ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTY years ago in the city of Dublin, near the outskirts of the Ancient Liberties, there ran a short, narrow street, known by the name of Jewry lane. It seems probable that it took its name from the fact that the entire street was inhabited by Jews, each male of whom possessed some sort of shop in the lane. Clothes shops, pawnbrokers, bankers, jewellers, grocers, &c., were all mixed promiscuously together. But the affluent Jewish banker saw nothing strange in the fact of being next door to a dirty clothes shop. Baronets and Earls were not ashamed to come into that filthy spot for to borrow money, and why should the banker feel awkward about it.

Building No. 10, on this street, was a great May pole of a house with a huge office underneath. On the window of the office was painted thus: "Isaac Dozorontz, Banker and money lender." Inside, the always brilliantly lighted office, was partitioned into two apartments by a green baize curtain. The outside office had a bare floor, a dozen chairs, a huge table and a few books on a shelf. The inside one was furnished in the most sumptuous style. Everything that was possible was placed therein for the comfort and convenience of visitors. Isaac Dozorontz was re-

ported to be the wealthiest money lender in the city. He was patronized by the vast majority of the nobility of Ireland and even London, who might occasionally be in want of funds. And never was he known to do aught but extract his dues in some way to the last penny.

Yet he was a strange, unaccountably reserved man. Twelve years before my tale opens he had come into the street with a daughter five years old with him, and, announcing himself as a Jew from Germany, had secured that office and three rooms behind it, and had taken up his residence therein. But never was he known to go to a synagogue. When he had lived there two years, his daughter was suddenly sent away, none could even surmise where.

Gradually after a few years he ingratiated himself among the many needy nobles and knights. By a willingness to serve them on any and all occasions, he gained their favor, and having wormed himself into many a secret in a quiet way, he soon became invaluable to a large number of blue blooded heads of families. What was odd about him was that he knew neither the Hebrew nor German languages, though he spoke always in broken English. Anyone calling on him found a short, thick-set man about forty years of age, with an immense black beard and moustache, but with features possessed of no Hebrew type. The child, whom he owned as daughter, was the same, possessing naught but "black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes."

It was Christmas Eve of the year 1830. In one of the three rooms behind the office into which we have shown the reader, sat Dozorontz, the banker, reclining on an easy-chair, while opposite him sat a beautiful young lady of some seventeen years, arrayed in dress so rich and jewelry so brilliant, as might have made a queen envious. The banker was gazing at her with eyes full of fond admiration. He was the first to break the silence, and he spoke in no broken English now.

"Helen," he said, "you cannot know how happy I am to see you once again here. Ten long years have passed at length and here you are, beautiful, educated and a Catholic."

"Yes, papa," answered the young lady, "thanks to the good nuns, I am all you say."

It was his daughter Ellen. A week before she had come home from her convent school in France, and the little girl of seven had changed into the blooming lady of seventeen.

"And rich?" added the banker with a proud smile.

"I suppose so," was Helen's quiet answer.

"Aye, girl?" he cried, bringing his hand down on the arm of his chair with emphasis, "princesses are but beggars compared to you. For this I have toiled and striven and—ah! yes, for another reason, too. Helen, before another Christmas Eve you shall be dancing in the ball, as mistress of one of the oldest baronial castles in the country."

"Have you bought a castle?"

"Aye, I have bought one," he answered with a sneer, "bought it with years of waiting and watching and with bright gold."

Silence reigned in the room for a few moments, then Helen spoke.

"I shall have to go to church to-night, papa, for this is Christmas Eve and—"

"Yes, Christmas Eve?" "cried her father, gazing far into space, Christmas Eve cold and sharp, so like *that* Christmas Eve," and he shuddered perceptibly.

"When, where," asked Helen with a rather alarmed face. Then added: "Oh! papa, tell me who and what you are."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed bitterly, "I am what they made me."

"Who?"

"Gird! girl!" half-shrieked the banker, "I will tell you all. It is a tale of sorrow. Much have I suffered, long have I waited, yet I am all repaid by the contents of yonder gilt casket. Sit closer, child, for my words must be spoken low. I am still Dozorontz the banker, until the day—ah! that day of days—when I shall show the proud noble what the once despised man can do. Listen, daughter Helen. Twenty years ago I was a Irish farmer's only son, plowing the soil of my father's acres, on the slopes of the hills of Mourne. Ah! you start, girl, but it is true. I was born a Catholic, an Irishman, and I bore the princely name of

Niall. I married a fair young girl, when I was twenty-five, and she bore me one child; you, Helen, it was. You came at the Christmas time, but you brought sorrow with you. A month before your birth, my father died. Our landlord, the old lord, had left this world a year before, and we were daily expecting the arrival of the young lord from England. He came and immediately issued a notice to ten farmers to quit their holdings, myself among the number, assigning as a reason, his design of forming a race-course on his lands. In vain we petitioned—the land he must have, and I alone refused to leave my house until I was ejected. On Christmas Eve the demoniacal bailiffs and troopers came; and there you were a week old and your mother was still weak and sickly. On my bended knees I prayed them to desist till my wife was better—bah! Oh, God! they would not listen."

Excited as these dreadful recollections thronged upon him, the banker clutched his forehead while his eyes rolled wildly in their sockets. A moment and he assumed: "We bore her out into the freezing December blast, and wrapped her up as well as we could, but it availed not. With the excitement, the removing and the cold, she grew weaker and weaker, till death relieved her."

Helen, Helen! when I saw her there, the love of my life, lying calm and cold, when I saw the crush of all my hopes, once again I knelt, but not to beg for mercy. Then and there I swore an oath that I would toil and strive for the day when I would turn *him* from his castle-hall—a beggar on the street; and meto out to him the justice of "an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth." Well have I persevered. Gifted with a sharp intellect, I came to Dublin, secured work amidst the business of the city, and when I had picked up what was needed, I let my beard grow, changed my name and became outwardly a Jewish money-lender. And I have thriven well in the trade. I have watched and I have waited till I could encompass my enemy, and now, *now* I have him in my grasp. Not him—not the young lord; for he is dead, but *his* son, *his* wife and *his* daughter. Within that gilt casket their lies a paper representing a mort-

gauge of seventy-five thousand pounds on his broad domains, which if not paid ere a week from to-morrow, will entitle me to his lands. Away with his family! Helen, I have told you all. "He sank back in the chair and closed his eyes.

"Oh! father, what you have suffered is fearful to think of; but be merciful—do not punish."

"Girl!" shrieked the banker hoarsely, "say naught to baulk my vengeance. Not another word! One week from to-morrow and all that are of the race of that accursed lord, will leave their ancestral hall to go whither they will."

Helen spoke not; but heaved a deep sigh. Then rising, she kissed her parent's hand as it rested on his knee, and sweeping across the room disappeared through the entrance. The banker raised his head and gazed affectionately after the vanished form.

"May Heaven bless her?" he ejaculated, "she goes now to the church to pray for her sinful father. Good it is that her waiting-girl goes with her!"

The tender expression that was on his face died away, and a steel-like mask came over it, as he turned to the gill-casket before referred to, that lay on a table near, and threw back the cover. He drew a folded paper from its depths, and opening it, perused it with gloating, gleaming eyes. He seated himself again, still keeping the paper in his hand.

CHAPTER II.

How long he sat there he knew not, but slowly the aspect of the room and its surroundings faded away, and he found himself in a vast hall, against the walls of which tons of gold was piled. He was in the centre, still seated in his chair and convulsively clutching the paper still. Of a sudden the door of the hall flew open and a handsome young man, attired in a flowing white robe and bearing an immense book in his arms, entered, and strode to a position directly in front of the banker. Throwing open the book he glanced at it, and then, after a moment's scrutiny of Dozorontz, spoke, and in low, measured accents.

"You are Isaac Dozorontz, banker, money-lender, usurer of the city of Dublin, art not? Formerly thou wast

Gerald O'Neil, one of the faithful of God's church?"

The banker, though nearly overcome with fear, yet murmured

"Yes?"

"And how many good deeds hast thou done in thy life?" asked the young man sternly.

Like an overwhelming sea the remembrance of his past life rushed on the banker's mind, and he looked helplessly about vainly essaying to satisfy his questioner.

Like an arrow the thought struck his conscience. *Not one* good deed in his life. Slowly the young man closed his book and raising his eyes to the roof, exclaimed:

"Glory, honor and praise be to the Most High! It is indeed true? The blood of the Lamb hath been shed in vain for one mortal more. Yet, oh, sinner! there is hope for thee; by one good deed of surpassing merit, thou mayst gain eternal bliss. My work is done." And the door closed behind the white-robed youth in another moment. Still the banker held the paper in his hand—the mortgage on the estate of the Earl of Moghlin-Ardras, with which he intended to work his vengeance. The scene changed. He found himself amongst a dozen people striving to enter a narrow door-way, hung with silver lamps, over which was written these words: "The House of Grace." He saw his daughter Helen enter and disappear from his sight; but when he strove to enter, behold? the paper in his hand became larger and covered entirely the door-way in a moment, and a deep mist arose and covered all, so that he could not even tell where the entrance had been. Suddenly the earth shook beneath him, thunders rolled and lightnings flashed, and in the arms of a fierce whirlwind, he was borne along for a great distance, and then suddenly deposited once again in the hall where he had met the white-robed youth. He shuddered as he thought of that short but thrilling interview. Again the door flew open, and a gigantic man, dark-haired, with skin the color of sulphur, and attired in a deep-black cloak, strode into the room. He also bore a book. He faced the banker, and chuckled,

winked, leered and grinned as he opened his book and glanced at the contents.

"Ha, ha! worthy Isaac," he began in a grating voice, "we meet at last. Worthy Jew that thou art thou hast done more for me than I can ever repay. We are old acquaintances, friend, though thou dost not seem to realize the fact. Come now, thou could'st not answer one question; but perhaps you can answer this. How many bad, cruel deeds hast thou done in thy life?" And the demon—for demon he was—leered into his face, the hellish light from his eyes illuminating the banker's face. Dozorontz groaned. Bad deeds! Cruel deeds! Oh! how many? Worse were they by oh? so much, than the deed of his landlord years before. "Christ, have mercy!" moaned the banker.

"Why do you call upon *Him*?" mocked the demon. "You are a Jew. Besides does He not say that he who denies Him before men, He will also deny before His Father in Heaven, ha, ha!" Hollow groans alone came from the banker. "Come, now, my friend," continued the demon, "since you are so modest and have not perhaps a good memory I will read some of your deeds aloud. Who, worthy Dozorontz, was it who drove the poor widow with two helpless children into the street, for the matter of ten pounds she borrowed. Who was it who charged double usury to the young lord Moutwill, and by publicly disgracing him for the debt, drove him to kill himself. Who flung the sick mechanic into prison for a miserable debt. Who—" But the banker heard no more, for with a loud shriek he sunk senseless to the earth. At the same instant his eyes opened and he saw that he was seated in his own chair, in his own room and that he held that paper in his hand still. Another moment and the door opened, his daughter Helen entered, her high kerchief to her eyes, and without a word hastily threw herself at her father's feet, murmuring as she did so:

"Papa, papa, forgive me; oh! say that you will not be angry."

The banker stared at her, utterly dumb with surprise at this unexpected movement.

"Child! girl! Helen!" he cried at

length, "up from that posture! kneel not to me, for I am a sinful man. I forgive you, before hand, if you have done aught wrong."

"Deceived you?" murmured Helen.

"In what?" asked her father.

"When I was in Paris," replied the young lady, still retaining her position, "I became acquainted with a young Irishman, the only son of an Earl. He showed me great attention and affection on all occasions, and, dear papa, when he asked me to be his wife, I could not refuse, for I loved him dearly, but I did not tell you of it. When I left Paris, we met again. And now to-night as I wended my way to church, he came across my way and he is as true as ever. So I determined to tell you all to-night. Oh! papa, forgive me."

"Rise, my own good Helen," exclaimed the banker; "and if he is a worthy young man—an Earl's son did you say?—I shall make your happiness complete, and such a wedding you shall have as— But stay, I should like to see him."

"I—I,"—began Helen blushing, "I persuaded him to come home with me to learn your decision—and I'll have him here immediately."

"Helen quit the room, her eyes lighted up with joy and love, and in a few moments ushered in a fair-haired, handsome young man. After saying a few words of introduction, she quitted the room.

The banker arose from his seat and advancing a pace or two, scanned the young man closely. One steady look, and he started as if an adder had stung.

"Young man," he cried, "your name, quick?"

"Ernest Fitz Stephen, now by my father's death, heir to the title of Earl of Moghlin-Andras," was the young man's answer. "But I would have you know that the family estate is no longer mine. I have nothing to bring your daughter, but my deep love for her."

But the banker heard not this explanation. The instant that he heard the name of his Helen's lover, he turned away and strode to the window. "Has it come to this, has it come to this," ejaculated he to himself, clenching his hands. "Am I to be balked of my vengeance. Helen, Helen, what have you done?" For a

few minutes he stood irresolute; but like to a cooling breeze in the sun-dried desert, so came unto his soul the words of the white-robed youth whom he had seen, in body or in spirit he knew not—"By one good deed of surpassing merit, thou mayst gain eternal bliss." Grace had won the victory. The banker turned from the window to address the young man; but as he did so Helen entered. "And now, papa," she asked smilingly, "what do you think of him?"

"Think of him?" cried her father. "Ah! Helen, he can never know what he has done for me. Freely, gladly do I consent to your marriage, bless you! my children; and for a dowry I give you, Ernest Fitz Stephen, with Helen the mortgage on the estate of Moghlin-Ardras. You are now Earl in title and estates."

Regretfully we draw the curtain on the scene of that outburst of happiness and explanation which then and there occurred. And when another Christmas had come, the young Earl looking around him in his ancestral hall, and seeing what good had been done, what happiness made by his devoted wife, he turned from where he stood, as the sound of the Christmas Bells came floating to his ear, and kissed and doubly-blessed his "Helen."

Boston, Nov. 20, 1877.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

Author of the "Illustrated Life of St. Patrick," "Illustrated History of Ireland," "History of the Kingdom of Kerry," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

THE boys had come down very early in wild spirits. It was the first time they had been allowed to go out shooting with Ned, without their father or elder brother—the first act of independence, and they prized it accordingly. The proud mother had waved her hand to them as they passed the door, with a pardonable exultation and the exclamation, "My noble boys!"

Freddy came down first. What a contrast between the going out and the coming in: he had bounded down the stairs with just two leaps—he went up

it now ghastly pale, tottering at every step, and sobbing wildly. He was looking for his mother. Lady Elmsdale was in her morning-room; all the elegancies and pleasures of fashionable life surrounded her. I will not describe them, for I leave descriptions to those who are obliged to fill up their volumes with unnecessary pages; here we need every page, every line, to tell of events. She sat at the window, with her back half-turned to the door; a splendid greyhound—her only pet besides her boys—lay at her feet. She knew Freddy's step, and thought there might be some bad news, as he came in so slowly, so contrary to his usual custom; still, it never occurred to her that anything was seriously wrong.

"Well, Freddy?"

She did not turn her head; she expected every moment he would come close and throw his arm round her neck.

But he did not come. A groan of anguish that he could not suppress broke from his lips, and he sank, almost insensible, on the nearest chair.

Lady Elmsdale turned round quickly enough now. "Oh, Freddy what has happened?" Still he made no answer; in truth, he was incapable of speech—how could he tell her—how could he ever break it to her.

Boys have not much taste in delicate cases, but they have, unless cruelly spoiled by education, kind, warm hearts, and their hearts lead them, in moments of great trial, to do just the wisest thing. But the lad was so absolutely stunned with pain now, he could not reflect. It was best, too, that there should be a pause—that Lady Elmsdale should get some idea that there had been a terrible calamity, before she was told she was a widow.

For a moment it seemed to her that one of those accidents which she had always been foreboding had occurred; that a gun had gone off at the wrong time, in the wrong way; that perhaps—but it seemed too terrible!—that perhaps one brother had killed the other. If so, her poor Freddy had been the survivor, and had fled to her for comfort, and Rusheen was, perhaps, bringing home the other. She rang the bell hurriedly to make preparations for receiving him, and to get some stimu-

lant for Freddy. She tried, mother like, to comfort him, while her own heart bled.

"My boy, look up—take this!" she forced some wine between his lips. "Surely it was an accident, however, terrible."

He only moaned out, "Oh, mother, mother!"

"Freddy, one word—you must answer me one word. Is he dead?"

He moaned the more. How *was* he to tell her.

Another ring summoned the frightened footman. He had heard all. Barns had sent on a messenger to tell the servants; and it was he, too, who had sent Freddy home. He could not bear to let the boy stay and look on the dead face: he thought he could break it best to Lady Elmsdale. No one had seen Harry, but Freddy had heard the fatal shot fired, and had been on the scene of the murder almost as soon as Barns. He had followed his master with a telegram, marked immediate, which had arrived not ten minutes after he had left the castle. He, too, had heard the shots—in fact, he had heard two shots in quick succession—and with a presentiment of evil, he ran rapidly along the road. Even at a distance he recognized the body of his master.

The body lay along the road, quite close to a thick hedge. It was still warm—indeed, Barns fancied he detected a slight movement of the eyes. At first there seemed no cause for death; it might have been a swoon. A moment more, and as he tried to raise his master in his arms, he noticed a thin line of blood trickling down through the hair from under the left temple. Barns felt the hands; they were quite warm; but it needed no medical skill to see that this was death. He determined at once to remain where he was until some one came by. The road was a public one, and it was never long before a cart, or carriage, or some country folks passed along it. He could not bear the idea of leaving the body—to stay by it was all he could do now, and his very fidelity prompted him to remain.

The telegram had fallen from his hand to the ground unnoticed. What matter about it now—there is no hurry in eternity. It was a message from a

lawyer in London, to say that a friend of Lord Elmsdale's had died very suddenly, that he had left him his executor; and begging he would set out at once for Norfolk to be present at the reading of the will. It was supposed, also, that Lord Elmsdale was to inherit a great part of the property, and the lawyer knew very well how acceptable such intelligence would be to his Lordship. What difference would it make to him now? The question was not how rich he might be in this world, but how rich he should be in the next—and so the telegram lay on the ground untouched. No one even cared to lift it up. It lay there, just as earthly wealth will lie at the Last Day—neglected, simply neglected, and the very neglect not even noticed.

Barns was praying—praying with the whole fervor of his heart.

Larry Murphy, the post-boy, came up the road, whistling. How could he whistle? The sound went through Barns like a knife! The boy certainly would not have whistled if he had known what he was coming to. He stopped abruptly—"O Lord!" He did not say it irreverently, but in the very depth of fear and amazement.

He did not ask a question; he knew the face too well. He was too terrified to ask how it happened, or even to think. He stood perfectly still and silent. Then he put his hand into his pocket to feel for a crucifix. The nuns had given him one the day before. He was a good lad, and supported his old, widowed mother by running with the mail bags to a cross country village. He went ten miles and came back ten miles the same day, winter and summer, cold and wet, heat and snow, all the same, and received the munificent remuneration of one shilling a day.* He had put one half-penny in his pocket then, and his crucifix. The nuns and his old mother were his only friends. His only pleasure was to come up to the Convent to see one of the ladies, who used to lend him a book sometimes.

Larry Murphy took the crucifix and placed it in the dead man's hand. It was done so gently, so reverently, so tenderly, that poor old Barns nearly broke down; but he dashed back his

* A fact; and yet people will dare to say the Irish are lazy, and will not work.

tears; he knew he could not afford to give way to grief now.

The boy could not wait; it would have probably cost him his place, and the cost of his miserable pay, if he had been seen loitering a moment with the mail-bags. He swung them over his shoulders again, and prepared to start. At the same moment, to Barns' infinite relief, he saw two policemen coming up the road: they were not on duty, but had come for a good walk on this cold, frosty day. As they came nearer the body, they both ran—men of quick, sharp sight, even at some little distance they saw who it was. They knew Barns well—every one did. For a moment, perhaps, they suspected him: suspicion was natural to them, in some sense it was their duty. Larry had gone on—they knew him, too, by sight, and did not ask any questions about him. They looked very grave—as well they might.

"How has this happened—has it been an accident?" asked the elder man. His name was Egan, he had been in the force for a long time, and was much thought of by his superiors.

"God only knows," replied Barns. He spoke very gently.

"Has he been here long—when did you come?"

Barns told all he knew.

"We must get him removed as quickly as possible. I see he is dead. Yes, quite dead," he continued, gently touching the wrist.

All this, it must be remembered, passed very quickly. Perhaps not ten minutes had elapsed since the shot was fired.

Freddy' Elmsdale came running up.

"Whats the matter?" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

One of the men had worn a large round cape. He had taken it off quick as thought when he saw Freddy in the distance, and thrown it over the face.

"There has been a bad accident, sir," replied the younger man, O'Brien. Barns was too miserable to say a word. He tried to turn his head away. The movement caught Freddy's attention. He had not noticed the servant at first.

"Barns—my father—where's my father! Oh, Barns! it's not poor papa?"

He made a movement to get at the face, but Egan held him back.

"Better not, sir——"

He knew now who it was, and he knew, too, that he should never see his father's living face again.

"If I might advise, you had better go home, sir, and break it to her Ladyship. It must be moved, and some one must tell her. Oh, sir! you will never be sorry if you will have courage to let her hear it quietly before she sees it."

Freddy turned quietly homewards. He never spoke a word—but the men knew he would not fail.

"You had better go into the village for help, O'Brien, and I suppose you may send out a doctor: it's no use, but the family may wish it. And see there is a message sent to the coroner; of course there must be an inquest."

Egan had been looking with a keen and practised eye all round the place where the body lay, though he never moved. He felt very much for Barns, but duty was duty, and he knew it must be done. It was most important that he should be able to give all the evidence possible at the inquest.

"I will not go out of call," he said, when O'Brien had left, but Barns did not seem to observe that he had made any remark.

He leaped lightly over the hedge, and saw footprints on the frosty grass, but they were too indefinite to afford any clue to the exact size. Still he determined to leave one of the men to watch the place, and prevent it from being trampled on, when they came with O'Brien. The property was Lord Elmsdale's at both sides of the road. This side, the side near which the body lay, had been planted by Lord Elmsdale when he first came into the property. He had very excellent ideas about improving his estate, but he little thought the wood about which he was so anxious would prove a place of concealment and protection for his murderer.

Egan did not make any discoveries, and did not like to go further. He was about to spring back over the hedge again, when something caught his eye. It was very small, so small that any one else would have passed it unnoticed, but the sight gets very keen when con-

stant watchfulness is required, and when it is obliged to notice the merest trifle—things, in fact, if we might say so, which appear less than trifles.

This might be a clue to the murderer, or it might be wholly unimportant. In such matters, an intelligent man takes the safe side, and makes all necessary inquiries, as if the matter were of importance. What he found was simply a little piece of knitted wool, with a thread or two, of fringe fastened to it. The piece was not more than an inch long, and, with the fringe, perhaps two inches deep. It was of a curious color. The fringe was white, or had been—it was very dirty now—the little piece of knitted stuff had some green, and some olive threads. Egan looked at it very carefully; he saw, on closer inspection, that there was a line of fine gold silk run through the bottom, where the fringe joined the thicker part.

He began to think over all the men he knew—and he knew every one, for miles around,—he could not remember having seen any kind of woollen scarf or comforter like this on any of them. He was sure this was part of some wrap of of the kind. Then he remembered that he had heard some of the men say that Miss Callan, who kept a kind of general shop in the village, had got some knitted comforters lately—very warm, they said, and cheap, too—and they wished they could wear them. Egan determined, then and there, to call on Miss Callan as soon as he could, and to buy one of the scarfs, if she had any left; at all events, if possible, to find out to whom she had been selling them.

He leaped back over the hedge, but first marked with a stone the precise place where he had found the bit of woollen stuff, and bent down the little branch in the hedge from which he had taken it. He purposed to come back again and measure the height from the ground—it might be very important.

Several policemen had now come up with O'Brien. In a few moments there was quite a crowd. Where *do* crowds come from? Let an accident occur in the most remote country place, and you are sure to have a crowd in ten minutes. There were many observations made—many conjectures, all very wide of the truth, as is usual in such cases. Some

conversations such as that recorded at the commencement of this chapter took place. People will talk;—but the policemen were professionally silent. Men, with an eye to future advancement, looked about them carefully, and examined every inch of ground round the body. They might have spared themselves the trouble; they made no discoveries, for the very excellent reason that there were no discoveries to be made.

Egan had put away the real clue to the mystery, but he kept that matter to himself, with more than his usual prudence. One of the men was about to spring over the hedge—he called him back: “Not now, Jones, but stay here after we lift his—” He was going to say his Lordship, but the title seemed so utterly incongruous under the circumstances, that he paused, and said no more.

They had lifted up the body and placed it on a litter, Egan looked carefully under it and around. There was nothing to be seen, only a piece of torn paper with some writing on it: clue number two—only it led Egan, for a time, on the wrong scent.

The mournful procession was coming near the castle as Lady Elmsdale rang the second time. The footman saw it from the oriel window on the landing, where Ned Rusheen had seen Edward the night before. The night before! why, it now seemed years away! how could it be only twelve hours? The man did not feel sure if his mistress knew what had happened. He exclaimed:

“Oh, my lady! keep from the window. They are coming in now, and Mr. Henry is with them.”

“Henry—Harry!” she cried. “Then he is not dead.”

She had gone nearer the window, and saw a crowd, several policemen trying to keep back the sympathetic people, and she saw also a bier, a rude litter on which something was borne which was carefully concealed. She knew she was a widow!

Never a word did she say—never a tear did she shed. She felt a painful, choking sensation in her throat, but she scarcely noticed it. She stood quite motionless for perhaps a minute, and

then, as the procession came near the house, she went down the stairs quietly to meet it. A low wail arose from the crowd when they saw her. She did not appear to notice it, but pointed to the dining-room and said—"In here."

As they passed in, the medical attendant of the family, who had just arrived, took her gently by the arm and half led, half compelled her to cross the great hall to the library. At the same time Mary Elmsdale and some of the guests came hurriedly into the hall.

"Oh, mamma, what has happened? Has there been an accident? Who is hurt?"

Poor girl! she had not an idea of the truth.

Dr. Kelly motioned her to come into the library, and pointing to one of the policemen, said to Colonel Everard, one of the guests—

"You can ask him."

"There has been an accident, Miss Elmsdale"—he paused, and looked very grave. The daughter must be told, and he hoped in telling it to the daughter to rouse the mother from her stony insensibility.

"Who?" She could say no more.

"One of the family, my dear young lady," and seeing she turned very pale, he added, "your poor mother will need all your help."

He made a sign which she understood. She went over to her mother and flung her arms around her. Lady Elmsdale pushed her away gently, but firmly.

"O mother! let me love you. Poor, poor papa!" These dear, familiar words unlocked the floodgates of her heart. She might say that word again but never to him! An agonized burst of weeping followed, and the mother, touched by what she saw, gave way to what she felt.

The good doctor was satisfied, and now he must go still further. He addressed Miss Elmsdale—he could not say what must be said to the widow:

"I suppose your visitors will leave this at once: you know, of course there must be an inquest. Colonel Everard will probably tell the others." A faint flush rose up on Mary's pale, tear-stained face, as he mentioned the name.

"So it is as I thought," the doctor said to himself; but to her continued:

"I think you had better persuade Lady Elmsdale to go to her own room. Nothing more can be done. Poor Lord Elmsdale was found quite dead—shot dead by the roadside." He said the words slowly and deliberately. It was an act of real, wise kindness. They must know the truth soon, and it was best they should know it now, and from him.

Mary Elmsdale's pale face grew just a shade paler, and she fainted away without a word. All the mother's heart was roused. It seemed to be more than a common faint. Dr. Kelly feared so, and he thought it as well Lady Elmsdale should think so. Anything that might be the means of getting her away could scarcely be regretted.

He rang the bell.

"Pardon me, Lady Elmsdale," he said, courteously, "but there is not a moment to lose. I fear this is more than a common faint. We had better have Miss Elmsdale carried to her room at once." He knew the mother would follow, as she did. For the time she was too much absorbed in efforts to recover Mary for much notice of other things.

She was carried up carefully on a mattress, almost as much like a corpse as the dead body which lay so stiff and cold under the very same roof.

It was long before she recovered consciousness, and then she was so weak, so utterly prostrate, that Lady Elmsdale could not leave her.

Dr. Kelly went to the dining room as soon as possible. He met a famous Dublin surgeon there, who had chanced to be in the neighborhood, and had been summoned by one of the police. They proceeded at once, having cleared the room, to make a post mortem examination. It did not occupy very much time. The cause of death was sufficiently apparent.

"There can be no doubt," observed the Dublin surgeon, "that he was killed by the first shot."

The question now was—*Who fired the first shot?*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE coroner was absent holding an inquest on a man who had been killed while intoxicated in a drunken fray. It

was believed, however, he would return home that evening, and that the inquest could be held the following day at noon.

All the guests had departed without leave-taking—indeed, there could not be any ceremony on such an occasion. Miss Elmsdale was quite unable to leave her room, and Lady Elmsdale remained with her. Edward did not make his appearance until late at night. He had gone deer stalking and threw his rifle from him in the hall, utterly regardless of possible danger to him-self or any one else. The servant came forward :

“Will you have dinner, my Lord?”

He stared at the man blankly, like one in a dream, but there was a shrinking horror in his look that seemed to belie his positive assurance afterwards that he had never heard a word of his father's death.

He turned towards the dining-room. The man almost flung himself on him.

“For God's sake not there, my Lord!”

He had no idea that Edward did not know all that had happened since morning.

Barns came up. “My Lord, can I speak to your Lordship in the library?”

The young peer uttered a horrible curse. “D—it, what do you all mean?”

The footman thought he was drunk; unhappily he had too many reasons for supposing it quite possible. Barns did not think so. He did not like the look or tone of his new master, but he was determined to do his duty all the same.

He led the way, Edward followed. When the door was closed Edward turned angrily, and exclaimed: “What the— is all this?”

“I thought, sir—I mean, my Lord—you had heard—” He paused; apparently the servant had more feeling than the master.

“Heard what?” exclaimed Edward, coolly, and yet withal there was a terribly suppressed agitation behind.

Barns began to feel very uncomfortable. Was this real, or was it acting? Clearly, however, there was no need for reticence—probably the servant had never even heard the word, but he understood the meaning quite as well. He had paused before replying, and Edward angrily reiterated, “Heard

what?” Barns looked at him quietly but firmly, and with an almost too manifest anxiety to read his thoughts.

“I thought, my Lord, you must have known that Lord Elmsdale was shot dead by the roadside. The body is now lying in the dining-room awaiting the inquest, and I wished to ask your Lordship's further commands.”

Edward winced visibly at the words “shot dead by the roadside.”

“The doctors won't say much, my Lord,” continued Barns, still looking at his young master “but they do say it was a shot from a rifle, and that they can tell the direction from which it was fired.”

“Stuff and nonsense! those doctors think they know everything. I dare say they are all wrong. I will get some clever fellow from London—some”—he paused. “Has any one been taken up on suspicion? Perhaps it was only an accident—accidents are so common.”

“I don't think it was an accident, sir,” replied Barns, gravely; “nor tho the police don't, either, which is more to the purpose; they say it was murder, and the aim taken from a long distance, too.”

Edward fell back into a chair and turned very white; he was probably faint from the sudden and dreadful news; perhaps, too, from his long fast; he had not taken anything since morning, unless, indeed, the contents of a good-sized flask he always carried with him.

Barns had some very painful suspicions; he had heard the last words uttered as Edward had left that very same room in the morning; he had heard the loud, angry tone of the conversation. He did not quite think that Edward was the murderer; but there are accidents.

He only said, “I will bring you some dinner here, sir,” and left the room quietly. Edward only took a few mouthfuls, but he poured wine into a tumbler and drank it off.

Barns left the room, but he was summoned back in a few minutes.

“Send one of the stable-men to the police office, and say I wish to see Egan; and let it be known there will be a reward—a large reward, say £100—offered

for the detection of the mur—I mean, of the man who did it.”

Barns said afterwards, when he could be got to speak of that fearful time: he could not tell—he never could tell or understand how it was—but he felt almost as if he were compelled to say what he said, and do what he did.

He came over very close to Lord Elmsdale, and almost whispered in his ear: “Are you sure, sir, you do not know who did it?”

For a moment, Edward crouched down in almost abject terror—the thought was so horrible! Did Barns suspect him of being the murderer? If he did, others might do so. He was white with fear; drops of cold perspiration were coming out on his forehead—but in another instant he had recovered himself, and levelled Barns to the ground with one blow of his fist.

The old servant was more stunned than injured; he rose up quietly, and prepared to leave the room. Edward called him back; he saw the folly of what he had done. He took out his pocket-book in a moment, and handed Barns a ten-pound note.

“Here, Barns,” he exclaimed; “you gave me an awful start. How could I know anything about the matter, when I never heard of my father’s death until an hour ago—”

But the servant refused the money with the dignity which a prince might have exhibited.”

“Thank you, my Lord, I quite forgive you; but I cannot take your money.”

“Honest fellow!” exclaimed Edward; but when the door was closed he cursed him.

There was a dinner party in the evening at Mr. Justice Lushington’s. The bar was in full force, and there were a good many of the neighboring J. P’s. They were all neighbors, and many of them had been friends of the late Lord Elmsdale; and so they were particularly pleased, according to the way of the world, to discuss the events of the day over their host’s wine.

Colonel Everard was there. He was an English officer, on half-pay, and possessed of some private property. He had fancied the neighborhood when quartered in Dublin, and he had fancied

Mary Elmsdale. The two attractions induced him to purchase a small property. He was liked very well by the upper classes, but he was cordially and unfeignedly hated by the lower orders, and he reciprocated the feeling. He was a magistrate, and he liked the administration of justice, and he was rarely absent from the bench. Everard was still a young man, and looked even younger than he was. There was an air of hauteur in his manner which his friends admired, and took for dignity; which his inferiors detested, and took for pride. It is probable that both were a little mistaken.

Politics were avoided as much as possible at the judge’s large dinner parties, for men who held the most opposite politics were invited at this time: but the sensational event of the day could not be excluded, and it led to politics. It is difficult to suggest any conceivable subject in Ireland which does not lead to them. Mr. Forensic sat next to Colonel Everard. He was great in criminal cases, and supposed to be remarkably skilled in the difficult art of getting a verdict for his client. He was a Q. C., and as no one could doubt that some victim to the law would be sent to jail, guilty or not guilty, in a few days, he hoped, being a friend of the family attorney’s, that he would get a brief in the case. Mr. O’Sullivan sat opposite. He was the people’s man—almost worshipped by them, and the incubus of all long-headed judges, whose profound remarks he had a happy knack of turning aside with polite effrontery if in the least injurious to his client. (Members of Leinster circuits will recognize these gentlemen.) He was talking volubly to his neighbor, who had been junior counsel in a case to which he had been opposed, and, now that the matter was decided, was admitting that his client was an unmitigated scoundrel, and richly deserved his ten years’ penal servitude. Moreover, he was very generously showing the young lawyer several “points” which he might have made and did not. He seemed, also, very much occupied with his dinner, and manifestly had a thorough appreciation of the excellent provisions which lay before him. For all that, he had heard every syllable

which Colonel Everard had said to his neighbor, and every syllable which his neighbor had said to him. It was reported that O'Sullivan could repeat every conversation held at dinner parties of forty people. There were some who attempted to get up a botching match on the subject, with high stakes on either side, but O'Sullivan said he never betted, and the scheme fell through.

"Heard the news, Colonel?" he said across the table to Everard. He had a clear, and not unmusical voice—at all events, he possessed the faculty of making himself heard in the noisiest crowd without apparently making the least effort. There was a hush at table every one suspected he was going to draw out the Colonel, and hoped for a scone. Everard was not a man of very keen observation, but he had just sensitiveness enough to suspect that he might become an object of general attention, and he did not like it.

"What news, Mr. O'Sullivan?" he

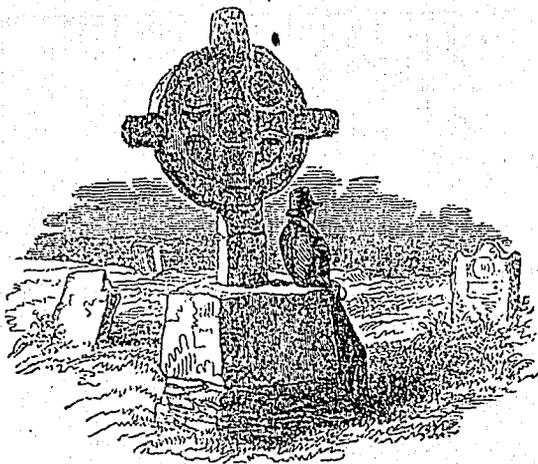
replied, in a tone of voice that was intended to be dignified, but was simply stiff.

"Have you not heard?" the barrister replied, with the most charming appearance of a slight, but quite gentlemanly, condescension, and a benevolent desire to enlighten an ignorant individual; "Why, every one has been talking of it, I really thought I heard you speak of it a few moments ago to Forensic. I fancied you said you had your suspicions; but of course I was mistaken."

"Oh, you are speaking of that awful murder," replied Everard, who found it was useless to fence with an Irish Q. C. O'Sullivan bowed, and looked an inquiry. The Colonel saw it was hopeless, and tried to be resigned; but he was irritated, and he showed it.

"Fearful country, this!" he exclaimed, half to O'Sullivan and half to Forensic. A man's life is not safe for five minutes."

To be Continued.



ANCIENT CROSS OF FINGLAS.

It is generally known, that Finglas was the reputed residence of St. Patrick, who conferred upon it many endowments and privileges. He blessed a well, which is said to have singular virtues in healing diseases and there are, to this day, to be seen, on the bushes about, various bits of cloth, said to be the cast-off bandages of those who were healed, which they hung up as *votive tabulae*, to

commemorate their cure. He also prophesied, that his favorite residence should be, hereafter, an eminent city, and, according to Joceline, "should be lifted up into the throne of the kingdom," and so become the future capital of Ireland.

To commemorate these, and sundry other important benefits, a cross was erected, at a very early period, in this

village, to his memory, and hold in such estimation, that two baronies of the county, Upper and Nether Cross, were denominated after this famous monument, in one of which it stood. It was set in a romantic glen, called the Watery Lane, and resorted to by all the country.

When Cromwell's army were proceeding to the siege of Drogheda, they passed through Finglas, and observing the cross, they cast it down and broke it. The people of the parish, anxious to preserve it from further violation, secreted it by burying it in consecrated ground; so it disappeared, and the memory of it alone remained among the traditions of Finglas. In the year 1816 the Rev. Robert Walsh, then curate of the parish, was much interested about this cross, and made enquiries into the truth of the tradition. There was in the parish an old talkative man, named Jack White, who, amongst other stories, frequently mentioned this, and to him Mr. Walsh applied. White informed him, that he had heard from his father, who was a very old man, that his grandfather had pointed out to him the spot where the cross was actually buried, and offered to show him the place, which was within the precincts of the present churchyard. Workmen were immediately procured, and, after some labour, the cross was actually found, buried in the spot which the traditions of the village had pointed out, and disinterred, after it had remained concealed in the earth, if the tradition be equally true, for one hundred and sixty-eight years.

The cross is of granite, being, with the plinth or pedestal, about ten feet high. It is formed of arms, issuing from a circle, like that at Clonmacnois, but it is not so highly ornamented with sculpture. On close inspect on it appears as if the stone was decomposed on the surface, leaving indistinct indications of figures, among which fancy has traced serpents and dragons, as if in allusion to those venomous reptiles which St. Patrick had banished from the country. The cross at Clonmacnois is supposed by Ledwich to have been erected in 1280; judging from the different state of preservation and rudeness of structure, it is probable that the Finglas cross is much more ancient.

When it was found, the shaft was broken in two, occasioned, apparently, by violence, and also, perhaps, because it was thin and weak, and not proportionate to the great weight of the head of the cross. The parts were re-united by iron cramps, and the whole was re-erected near the place where it had been found. It was a time of scarcity, and the parishioners entered into subscriptions for the poor labourers of the parish, and this was one of the works on which they were employed.

AN OLD IRISH LEGEND.

THE STORY OF SAINT MOCHUA WHO FLOURISHED A. D. 600.

ON the First of January occurs the anniversary of the death of Saint Mochua, or Moncain, otherwise Clannus, an ancient Irish Abbot, who died at Dayrinis on that day, in the ninety-ninth year of his age, about the sixth century. History records very little in regard to him beyond the facts we have given, except that "having served his prince in the army, he renounced the world and devoted himself to God in a monastic state, with so much fervor as to become a model of perfection to others." He is credited with having founded thirty churches and one hundred and twenty cells, and passed thirty years at one of the e churches, which is called from him, Teach Mochua. Tradition, however, has handed down a very beautiful legend about him as follows:

Some time after his renunciation of the world—so the story goes—a certain Chieftain of one of the heathen Celtic clans, whose principality consisted of some islands on the Western coast of Ireland, had been wounded in a skirmish with his contumacious subjects, and lay grievously sick to death. In vain did the wise women of the isle try their healing skill upon him; in vain did the priests raise eies to their many gods for the Chieftain's life; in vain did they sacrifice and consult the augury of birds. The Chieftain grew ever weaker, he was fading visibly, and help there seemed none. His faithful attendants wiung

their hands in despair, and breathed vows of vengeance on the perpetrators of this foul deed.

When lo! the door of the sick chamber was opened softly, and a stranger, of gentle mien stood within the portal. He listened for a while, unmolested, to the courtiers' imprecation. Then he made his presence aware by speech.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" were the words that fell, in mild, reproving tones, from his lips.

The attendants started with amazement; the sick Chieftain found strength to raise himself upon his elbow, and regard the stranger. Who was this that had dared enter unbidden the chamber of death? no enemy, surely; none could behold that gentle visage and name it aught but friend.

"Who art thou?" faltered one of the Chieftain's people; "and in the name of what Lord dost thou promise vengeance for this crime?"

"In the name of the Lord of Heaven, whom ye know not, but whose power shall presently be revealed to you."

As he spoke he stepped to the dying man's bedside, took his hand, and, kneeling down prayed long and earnestly that it would please the Maker of heaven and earth to spare this life, for the good of an ignorant people, and for the glory of His name.

While he so prayed a wild shout of triumph interrupted the awed silence that reigned in the room. The prelate rose from his knees, and desired the meaning. A page stepped out to ascertain the cause, and, returning, spoke—

"It is the people greeting their newly-elected prince. They know the Chieftain must die, and have chosen his successor."

"Go forth," commanded the stranger; "bid them check their precocious cheers. The Chieftain yet lives, and will live for many a year to come."

As he spoke thus confidently, all in that room believed upon his words, and, when he once more knelt in entreaty for the life ebbing away before their eyes, there was not one so stern, wild, or hardened, who was not awed. Nay, some even repeated the words of his prayer with their lips, and believed them in their hearts.

When he had ended he rose, and,

placing his hand on the sick man's head, he bade him leave his couch, for he was healed. And, to the amazement of all, the Chieftain who but a short hour before lay in the throes of death, rose up well and strong. When they all fell on their knees before the stranger, and kissed his hands and garments. They would have sacrificed to him, but he forbade them.

"Not to me the glory," he said, "but to the Lord above."

Then he led the Chieftain unto the balcony, and showed him to the people, and, when they saw the miracle, they too were converted, and praised the God of the stranger who had shown such marvels to them that day.

Now, when all had recovered from their surprise, the Chieftain begged to know the stranger's name and errand.

"My name," he answered "is Mochua. I am a man of peace, a priest of the Most High God. My visit to these islands regards yourself and your people, whom I seek to turn to the true faith. Your grievous sickness was revealed to me in dreams for it was the Lord's will that I should be the humble instrument of your conversion and cure."

"Most holy Mochua," spoke the Chieftain, "only the remainder of my life, which is your gift, can testify in very deed the gratitude I owe your God and you. But suffer me also to show you some visible sign of my fervent regard. Speak; what is there in my power to bestow, wherewithal I could serve your God and you?"

"Permit me to preach unmolested in your lands, and accord me ground whereon to build a church, to the worship of the Most High. I ask no more."

"Your desires are granted," said the Chieftain. "Know that among my possessions I count one jewel isle, than which none other is fairer, and that is Achill. Nowhere grow the flowers more gaily; nowhere do fishes so freely abound; nowhere do the wild birds sing sweeter carols in the balmy air. Nay, they even tell me that in its bowels is hidden the finest silver, but thereof I have no certain proof. Of this, my choicest possession, I give you a just half, to be yours for all time forth, with all that lives thereon, therein, and around, and I will ratify it to you

by charter, and by my knightly honor, so help me your God."

Not many days after, Mochua, accompanied by a goodly following of new believers, set out to find his lovely property.

Now, it happened that a flock of sea-gulls had flown across to the neighboring islands, and there learned the news of his coming. When they heard it, they sped swiftly home to Achill, that they might tell the good news unto their fellows. As they chattered it, the fish caught the same, and they passed it on among all the inhabitants of the sea. And the land birds heard it, and they twittered it to the flowers and beasts; and they all, beasts, and birds, and flowers, and fishes, held a solemn conclave how they could best show honor to the man of God, and celebrate his advent. There was great chattering, and buzzing, and twittering; but at last they were of one accord, that they should all contribute in their wise to render his new home bright and gay.

So the birds transported their nests, and built them anew on his side of the island; the flowers migrated, and planted themselves only on his swards; the sea-birds perched themselves as sentinels only on his rocks; the fish swarmed in such bright masses into his waters that their color and number shone through the translucent waves.

When Mochua set foot on earth, the birds sang sweet songs of welcome, they fluttered on his shoulders, they perched on his hands, they peopled his caves, they filled his garden. The flowers sent out choicest perfume, and opened their gay eyes their widest. The fish flapped their finny tails in greeting; the beasts, too, testified their joy because a follower of the gentle God who loved the beasts as well as man, had come among them at last.

When Mochua saw all these things, he deemed the Chieftain had indeed spoken truth in naming this isle a paradise of life and song. But when he passed into the portion which was the Chieftain's and found the land songless and void great was his marvelment.

Now, when the people saw the testimony shown even by the animals to the glory of God's Word, they were converted, and, entreating Mochua to

remain among them, they built for him a house of prayer wherein he could sing the praises of his God.

But when the Chieftain heard that his half of Achill was barren and desert, he grew angry, and, unmindful of what Mochua had done for him, he accused him of witchcraft, and swore to be avenged. So he set sail for the isle, intending to deprive the Saint of the portion he had bestowed. The man of gentle mien met him at landing with kindly words of greeting on his lips. Seeing that sweet visage, his anger melted; he remembered the mercy of God shown him by his means. Filled with penitence, he begged Mochua to accept the whole island as his forever.

Mochua accepted the gift for the Lord; and, when the birds, beasts, and flowers learnt the same, they once more peopled the whole isle. The fish once more encircled the land, and all was fruitful and life-like as before. And since that time, the island is sacred to Mochua, and he is its patron saint to this day.

LIVE AS YOU EARN.

It is painful to witness the efforts of very many poor people to emulate their rich neighbors in style of dress and outward show. Nor is it confined to the weaker sex alone, but many a young man dishonors himself and impoverishes his family for the sake of making an "appearance" among his fellows. In many a washerwoman's house can be found a piano and costly furniture for the front room, where the daughter can receive company in "a respectable way," as it is said, while her lack of education and culture would render her an object of contempt if she had not already by her folly excited our pity. The man or woman must have fallen to a low degree of moral degradation who can eat and drink and wear good clothes at the expense of the shop-keeper. Said a shop-keeper to a bystander, as a belle passed along the street last week arrayed in the latest fashions, but whose dress could not conceal her vulgarity, "I own the dress on her back, her shoes, her clothing, in fact, I have supported her and her family for the last three months,

and I don't ever expect to get a cent of what they owe me. They never pay their debts and owe everybody who is foolish enough to trust them." People of this kind have the audacity to imagine that they are respectable, and entitled to some consideration in the community. Their number is legion, and every neighborhood overrun with them. Some imagine that it is right and proper to wear good clothes at the expense of others, but to us it is no more nor less than mean, contemptible and downright swindling.

Many vulgar people judge a person by his dress and regard it as an undisputed fact that a poorly dressed man or woman must be disreputable; but this might be expected of them. But every man and woman, whose opinion is worth having, always respects those who dress in accordance with their means, who are not ashamed to declare that they are only comfortably situated, and that they must work in order to live. Such people are infinitely superior to the vulgar, coarse and conscienceless crew, who, regardless of everything, honor, character and standing, look only to show, and while trying to prove themselves respectable, show conclusively that they have not the faintest conception of what the word means.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Up to the window are three little heads,
Lulu's and Mamie's and two-year old Fred's;
What are they doing there all in a row,
Bobbing up, bobbing down every way so?

Watching for papa to come home to tea,
Dear is their papa to all of the three;
Which pair of little eyes, sparkling and bright
Think you will be first to see him to-night?

Hark! who is that now whose footsteps they
hear,
Far out are heads stretched to see him
draw near,
Somebody's papa, perhaps, but not theirs—
Up to the three eager faces he stares.

Back from the window bobs each little head;
"Papa, make haste now," says dear baby
Fred;
Now they all see him just coming in sight;
Hark, how they clap their hands, and scream
with delight.

Happy at last, not a moment to wait,
They race to the door at a great rate.
Joyfully papa the little troop meets,
Each rosy mouth with glad kisses he greets

Up in his strong arms he takes little Fred,
Mamie and Lulu go dancing ahead;
Into the house now all four of them come,
Mamma stands smiling her bright welcome
home.

Pulling and tugging they make him sit down,
One brings his slippers another his gown;
Round him they hover and chatter with glee,
While Aunt Maria is getting ready the tea.

Little they know how their sweet loving ways,
Comfort him after the wearisome days;
Arms full and laps full of dear little pets,
All of his worries and cares he forgets.

MAGGIE'S WAY OF HELPING!

"Oh, mother, let me help you, please,"
said Maggie, as she came into the kitchen
where Mrs. Curtis was making pies.
"Let me make a pie for father's dinner,
won't you?" and the eager eyes fairly
sparkled with longing.

"No, Maggie, I have no time to be
bothered this morning," was the answer
that threw cold water upon the child's
expectations.

"Can not I sift the flour, or beat the
eggs, or do a single thing to help you,
mother?"

Mrs. Curtis shook her head. "I am
hurrying to get done, Maggie," she said,
"for I want to finish your pink dress to-
day, and have you go over to your Aunt
Carrie's, for your cousin Bennie has
burned his hand badly. You are really
in my way, daughter. Do not fidget by
the table any longer."

"I wish," said Maggie, with large
eyes, looking as though tears were not
far away, "that real mothers were like
mothers in books. All the girls that be-
longed to the Cooking Club had splendid
times for their mothers entered into
things so. But no matter how much
I want to help you, you will never let
me."

"Are you in earnest in these offers of
help, Maggie?"

"Yes'm; of course I am."

"Well, then, go into the sitting room,
and look carefully over the carpet
breadth by breadth. Pick up every
needle or pin and bit of fluff or cotton
that you see. Then take the feather
duster and the cloth, and dust every-

thing thoroughly. Afterwards, throw away all the faded flowers and put fresh ones into the saucers and vases. If you are willing to do that, you will give me a real help, and save me a good half hour's work."

Maggie silently debated the question with herself. The truth was that she had no very anxious desire to do the homely and commonplace duty with which she was familiar.—She wanted to get her hands in 'o the flour, and to indulge in what seemed to be so delightful and new—the rolling, kneading, cutting, and snipping of the crisp paste. Still she was a good little girl, and she was trying to live by the pater noster by One who pleased not himself. After a moment or two of thought, she made a great effort, and said pleasantly:—

"Well, mother, I will help you in that way, then."

"And to reward you, dear" said her mother, "on next Saturday I will let you help me this way."

Whatever Maggie Curtis did was faithfully done. She was one of those girls whose copy book show a steady improvement from the first page to the last, and whose exercises are models of neat ruling and penmanship. Before she had finished the sitting room, it was like a picture in its cleanliness and good order.—She took a damp cloth and a dry one in turn, and polished all the glasses over the pictures and the large oval mirror. She dusted every book and all the pretty trifles on the *etagere*, and then, having completed her task, she darkened the room so that not a fly would be attracted to stay there.

"What else can I do?" she wondered. She peeped into the kitchen. Her mother's baking was nearly done. Three golden brown pies and a fragrant cake, and four great loaves set on their sides to cool, were standing on the table. Mrs. Curtis was wearily completing the worst part of her work, the washing and wiping of her dishes, pastry board, bowls and spoons.

"I'll set them away for her," said Maggie. So the busy strong little hand was willingly lifted, and the tireless little feet willingly stepped back and forth, from closet to table, from the kitchen to the dining room, until Mrs. Curtis sat down with a sigh of relief.

"What a comfort it is that you are a girl, Maggie," she said. "Now, poor Aunt Carrio is always in trouble with that Bennie. When I heard that he had burnt his hand, I said:—'There! it is only what I expected of him.'"

"And, mother," said Maggie, "it is nice to be a girl. I think so myself."

BOYS AND HOME.

MAKE home a pleasant place for your boys. Do not be so afraid of your best parlor that they may not use it. Let them have plenty of warmth and lights and entertaining books to read, and musical instruments, and any parlor games that they like. Girls will stay at home, if home be the dullest place under the moon, but boys will not. If their young companion are banished, if they are checked when they laugh, or sing, or make a noise, if they have not the innocent freedom they need under their parents' roof, they will have freedom of some sort elsewhere. And there are always enough ready to beckon them to the place where the bloom is brushed from youths' round cheek.

A young man will squeeze a little "fun" out of his life, and if you want him to be a credit to you and to himself, make it possible for him to enjoy himself in his home. Let home be a place to live and breathe in, and not merely a roof under which he can eat and sleep.

HOW JESUS LOVED TO BE WITH CHILDREN.

THE little children loved Jesus very much, for they knew that Jesus loved them. One day a great many little children were brought to Jesus that he might lay his hands on them and bless them. Some people who were there, were so foolish as to think that Jesus did not want the children to come to him. So they scolded those who brought the children, and they began to send the children away from Jesus. When Jesus saw that they were sending the children away from him, he was very angry. then he said these words—"Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Then he laid his hands on the children and blessed them.—*Mark*. One day Jesus took a little child by the hand,

and showed it to the people, and he said that they could not go to heaven unless they became simple and meek, and humble, like the little child. You will be glad to hear that a little while before Jesus died, when everybody was crying out against Jesus, the children were heard crying out his praise in the Temple of Jerusalem.—*Luke*. It is the delight of Jesus to be with children.

DON'T, BOYS.

Don't be impatient, no matter if things do sometimes go wrong. Do not give the ball a kick and send it into a mud puddle, because it won't go straight when you throw it. Do not send the marbles against the fence, and thus break your best glass alley, because your clumsy finger could not hit the centre. Do not break your kite string all to pieces, because it will not come down from the tree with the first jerk; it will take you three times as long to get it down afterward. Do not give your little brother an angry push and a sharp word if he cannot see into the mysteries of marble playing or hoop-rolling at the first lesson. You were once just as stupid as he, although you have soon forgotten it.

What in the world would become of you if your mother had no more patience than you? If, every time you came to her when she was busy, she thrust you off with a cross word? Dear, kind, loving mother, who never ceases to think for you, to care for you, who keeps you so nicely clothed, and makes such nice things for you to eat. What if she were to be so impatient that you would be half the time afraid to speak to her, to tell her of your troubles at school or at play? Ah, how you grieve your mother by your impatience and your crossness.

ANECDOTE OF A CHILD.

A good priest had bidden three little children from a very poor family to come to his house for food and clothing. The weather was very cold, and they were quite benumbed. The good priest bade them approach the fire, and gave them bread and meat.

The two elder children ate their por-

tion with a good appetite; the third looked at his share with pleasure, but did not touch it.

"Why, my child do you not eat?" asked the priest.

"No, father, I want to keep my bread and meat for my mother who is ill."

"Eat what you want; I will send food to your mother."

"No I cannot eat it, I want to carry it to my mother."

"Your mother shall want for nothing, but eat, I beg you. You must be hungry."

"Yes, I am hungry, but mamma is sick."

"Well you shall carry both bread and meat to her yourself, but I wish you would eat what I give you for yourself."

"In that case, father, I will eat some bread, but I want to keep my meat for mamma."

THE CLOCK'S SERMON.

What says the clock when it strikes one?

"Watch!" says the clock, "oh, watch little one!"

What says the clock when it strikes two?

"Love God, little darling, for God loves you!"

And tell me, tell me softly, what it whispers at three?

Is it "Suffer little children to come unto Me?"

Then come, gentle lambs, come and wander no more,

'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,

When it echoes as sweetly, "God bless thee!" at five.

And remember at six, with the fading of day, That your life is a vapor that passeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?

"Strive, strive to enter at the Beautiful Gate!"

And louder, still louder, it calls us at nine, And its song is, "My son, give me that heart of thine."

Then sweet be your voice responsive at ten,

"Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna, amen!"

Then loud let the chorus ring on till eleven,

"Praise, praise to the Father, the Father in Heaven!"

While the deep stroke of midnight the watchword shall bring,

"Lo! these are my jewels, these, these!" saith the King.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

Edited by DANIEL J. HOLLAND, Montreal, to whom all communications for this department must be addressed.

Original contributions are respectfully solicited.

ANSWERS.

--9--

Feather bed.

--10--

W
B A T
B A S I S
W A S H T U B
T I T L E
S U E
B

--11--

L Y N
Y O U
N U N

--12--

R
R E D
T A L E D
R A V E L E R
R E L E V A T E D
D E L A Y E D
D E T E R
R E D
D

--13--

Tail-piece.

--14--

B—L E A—K
D—E A T—H
F—A T E—D

--15--

B A L
A D A
R O T
O N E
K I N
O S T

--16--

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of six letters is a great city.

My 1, 2, is an interjection.

" 2, 3, is a preposition.

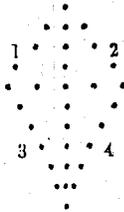
" 4, 5, 6, is a Russian river.

Fergus Ont.

J. S.

-17-

KITE PUZZLE.



1—Odd; 2—an artery 3—politely 4—trouble of mind.

Centrals, down—Heinously
Centrals, across—a sort of nut.

S. W. Fraser.

Montreal.

-18-

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

The first is in Minnie but not in Nell.
The second is in Cavity but not in Dell.
The third is in Spring but not in Bell.
The fourth is in Jennie but not in Bell.
The fifth is in Savage but not in Fell.
Whole the name of a gun will tell.

My Dot.

Dunkirk, N. Y.

-19-

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

My whole composed of six letters is a musical instrument

My 1, 5, 4, is a conveyance.

" 4, 5 2, is a body of water.

" 5, 6, 3, is an offering

Villic Royal.

Aultsville, Ont.

-20-

PRIZE DIAMOND.

A large stone; a sign; to give; part of the body.

M. E Grant.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In addition to the above prizes kindly offered by our contributors we will give a year's subscription to the HARP, to the one sending us the first complete list of answers. For the best list if all are not solved we will give a six months' subscription to the same Magazine.

CHAT

NUTMEG— *The Mystic Knight* is to hand, and we wish it all success. Many thanks for your notice of our PUZZLE CORNER. Please send us a batch of puzzles soon and oblige.

We wish all our puzzle friends a happy and prosperous New Year with many happy returns.

ED. OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

F A C E T I Æ .

An Illinois minister announced on his Sunday night bulletin: "The funeral of Judas Iscariot." To which an obliging fellow added, "Friends of the deceased are cordially invited."

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of the cake!" "You told me, ma, that I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

The wives of India no longer burn themselves to death when a husband dies. Christianity teaches them that it is better to settle up the estate, and go for another man.

A lady felt such charity for a poor family that she took off her false hair and sold it for their benefit. Then she went home and knocked the chairs about until her husband purchased her a switch costing twice as much.

The Alta California says it's "as useless to try to keep the American adventurers out of the Black Hills as to try to keep a woman out of a dry goods store, or a Chicago reporter out of a lunch room." Uncle Sam, call off your blue coats at once.

A SMART ANSWER—A minister in one of his parochial visits met a cowherd and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve o'clock, sir," was the reply. "I thought it had been more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

"Well, doctor," inquired an anxious Troy husband, "and what do you think is the matter with my wife?" "Oh, nothing serious; possibly a little humor of the blood." "No, that can't be, doctor, that can't be; she's been out of humor for ten days past."

An absent-minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said: "Well, you want my daughter; what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?" "Give her," replied the other, looking up vacantly; "Oh, I'll give her a puff." "Take her," replied the father.

A woman found a house that pleased her, but the back yard didn't give satisfaction; The fence didn't contain a single knot hole, and she said she wasn't going to break her neck by climbing on top of an old barrel to see what was going on in the next yard.

An exchange says: "We are in receipt of two poems, one on the 'Throbbing Brain,' and another on 'A Bleeding Heart.' We will wait until we receive one on the 'Stomach ache,' and publish all three together."

The earliest French professional fool on record seems to have been named Jean, at the Court of Charles the Simple, of whom Dr. Doran tells us some anecdotes. This good fellow's influence was so great that Charles once remarked to him, he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he was not content at the idea of being king. "Yes, content enough," was the reply; "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a 'fool.'"

A gentleman in London once offered a reward of fifty pounds sterling to any person who would find him a word in the English language to rhyme with porringer, (a tin cup). On the day the advertisement was issued it so happened that the Duke of York's daughter was married to the Prince of Orange. Next morning the following lines appeared in the "Times" from the pen of an ingenious cockney, who claimed the reward, and got it:

"The Duke of York a daughter had
Who gave the Prince of Orange her,
You see, my friend, I've found a word
Will rhyme with yours of Porringer."

"Look there," exclaimed one of the ladies with the utmost eagerness—"that woman"—pointing to a lady on the opposite side of the street—"has got a polonaise buttoned up the back! I should think," addressing her companion "she'd have a nice job getting into it when she wanted to dress in a hurry." "I should think so, too!" returned the other; "but it hangs pretty—don't you think so?"

"BABY MINE."

BALLAD.

Words by CHAS. MACKAY.

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Music by ARCH. JOHNSTON

Moderato.

PIANO. *mf*

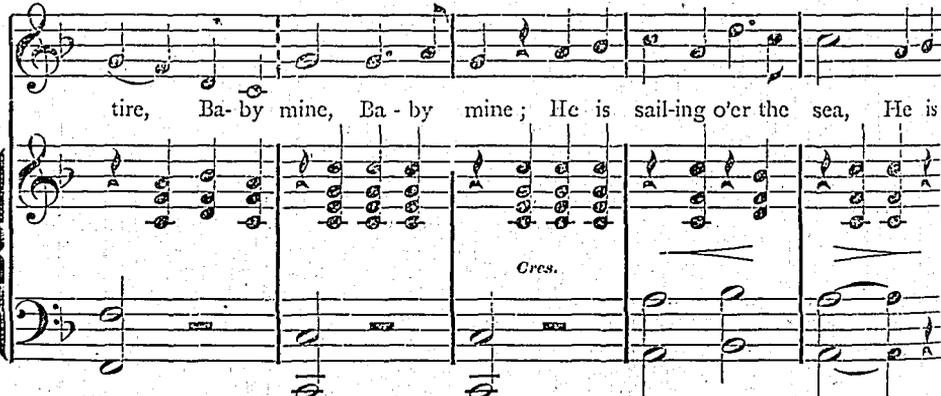


1. I've a let-ter from thy sire, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine; I could read and never



tire, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine; He is sail-ing o'er the sea, He is

Cres.



com-ing back to me, He is coming back to me! Ba-by mine, Ba-by

mine, He is coming back to me! Ba-by mine.....

Oh, I long to see his face,
 Baby mine, Baby mine,
 In his old accustom'd place,
 Baby mine, Baby mine.
 Like the rose of May in bloom,
 Like a star amid the gloom,
 Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine, Baby mine,
 Like the sunshine in the room,
 Baby mine.

I'm so glad I cannot sleep,
 Baby mine, Baby mine,
 I'm so happy I could weep,
 Baby mine, Baby mine.
 He is sailing o'er the sea,
 He is coming home to me,
 He is coming back to thee!
 Baby mine, Baby mine,
 He is coming back to thee,
 Baby mine.

Notable Anniversaries in January.

Date.	Day of Week.	
1	Wed	CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Theobald Wolfe Tone sailed from New York for Paris to seek French aid for Ireland, 1796. The iniquitous act of "Union" came into operation, 1801.
2	Thur	ST. MUNCHIN, Patron of Limerick. Edmund Burke born, 1730. Archbishop Hughes died, 1864.
3	Fri	Formation of Cork City Repeal Club, 1844.
4	Sat	The <i>Northern Star</i> , the organ of the United Irishmen, first published, 1792.
5	Sun	Lord Plunket, the famous lawyer and opponent of the Legislative Union, died, 1854.
6	Mon	EPIPHANY. Same price set by act of parliament on the head of a priest, and on that of a wolf, 1553. Great storm ("The Big Wind") in Ireland, 1839.
7	Tues	Commission granted to Captain Roger Harvey to cut off and spoil the rebels of Carberry, 1601.
8	Wed	ST. AILVE, Bishop of Emly. General Jackson, son of Irish parents, routed the British with great slaughter at New Orleans, 1815.
9	Thur	William, Archbishop of Dublin, and W. Connolly, Esq., sworn Lords Justices, 1718. Trinity College, Dublin, opened, 1593.
10	Fri	Father O'Leary died, 1802.
11	Sat	Numerous deaths from starvation in Ireland, reported in the papers, an every day occurrence in 1848.
12	Sun	Major Sirr, of infamous memory, the assassin of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, died, 1841.
13	Mon	Opening of the Irish Confederation composed of secessionists from the Repeal Association, 1847. O'Connell's first public speech against the Union at meeting of Catholics in Dublin, 1800
14	Tues	Bishop Berkley died, 1753.
15	Wed	ST. ITA. Trial of O'Connell and other Repealers in Dublin commenced in the year 1844. The Last Session of the Irish Parliament opened, 1800.
16	Thur	ST. FURSA. County and City of Dublin proclaimed, 1866.
17	Fri	Bishop Magnin died, 1849.
18	Sat	ST. DIECOLUS. True bills under the "Algerine Act" found against O'Connell for alleged illegal meetings in Dublin, 1831.
19	Sun	Repeal banquet to O'Connell and other leading Repealers, at Newcastle, county Limerick, 1843.
20	Mon	ST. FIECHIN, founder of the Abbey of Fore, &c., died, 656.
21	Tues	Proclamation requiring all Catholic clergymen to quit the kingdom in forty days, 1623.
22	Wed	ST. COLMAN of Lismore. Annals of the Four Masters commenced, 1632
23	Thur	ST. MAIMBODUS.
24	Fri	Miles Byrne, a '98 hero, afterwards chef-de-battalion in the French service, died at Paris, 1862.
25	Sat	Daniel Maclise, the painter, born in Cork, 1811.
26	Sun	Tenant League meeting and banquet at Mallow, 1858.
27	Mon	Meeting in the Rotundo, Dublin, to oppose the projected abolition of the vicerealty, 1851.
28	Tues	ST. CANNARA. Lord Clare (the Fitzgibbon of '98) died, 1802.
29	Wed	The <i>Northern Star</i> , organ of the United Irishmen, suppressed by military violence, 1797.
30	Thur	The body of Oliver Cromwell hanged at Tyburn, and buried under the gallows, 1660. William Carleton died, 1869.
31	Fri	ST. AEDAN, first Bishop of Ferns, died, 632. Pitt introduced the "Union" resolutions into the English parliament, 1797.