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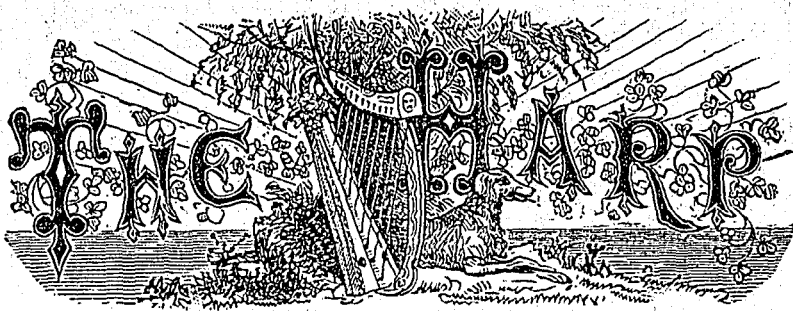
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A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1879.

No 10.

IN MEMORIAM.

GENERAL JAMES SHIELDS.

DIED JUNE 2, 1879; BURIED JUNE 4,
AT CARROLTON, MO.

BY GARTAN ROSE.

I.

"One of the few, immortal names
That were not born to die!"
So speaks the age, that scanned his deeds
With cold, impartial eye,
That saw him in the battle's van
'Neath Harp and Eagle bleed;
That viewed him in the Senate halls
True to his cause and creed.

II.

He stood alone amidst a world,
That lived for naught but gold,
Untrammelled by the glittering ties,
They fain would round him fold.
An honest man true to his God!
What greater can there be?
Aye! greater than the royal prince
In glittering panoply.

III.

Two nations shed the tear to-day
Above his hallowed grave;
Although from one—the dearest still—
He's parted by the wave
But through all time, in every clime
The men of Erin's fields,
Shall bless the name and guard the fame,
Of great and noble Shields.

IV.

Son of our Island-Mother—chief of Gadel's
race—
Look thou down upon us from thy holy place.

Hero 'mid the battle's din—warrior of a life—
Leader ever foremost in the thickest of the
fight.

V.

Statesman wise and honest—all thy aims were
good—
Thought and word and action—guided by the
Rood.

VI.

Too soon thou'rt gone, we needed thee—thy
soldier arm though old,
Might yet have struck a path to fame, for
Erin's "Green and Gold."

VII.

Be his epitaph writ: "He loved the land'
that gave him birth and name
And drew his sword successively to guard
Columbia's fame."

VIII.

O how that blade flashed out that morn at
Cerro Gordo's height!
O how the Southern cheek did pale beneath
its crimson light!

IX.

Dear Erin, many a cypress wreath, around thy
brow thou'st bound,
For hero hearts that bled for thee, now cold
beneath the mound.

X.

Another wreath we bring to-day, to deck thy
brows so fair,
Another string from out thy heart, stern Fate
proceeds to tear.

XI.

Put on the wreath and twine with it the
fairest immortelles
And drop the tear upon his grave, that from
thy sad heart wells.

Boston, July 4, 1879.

THE STABAT MATER.

BY HENRY KAVANAGH.

(This is one of the seven great Hymns of the Christian Church—composed by an Italian monk, of the Order of St. Francis, in the 13th Century—and revered alike by Catholics and Protestants.)

The Latin will be found in the *Ursuline Manual*, page 759, with a translation at page 615, and both, in the *Key of Heaven*, page 389, and *Catholic Piety*, 437; but these English versions are extremely poor and independent of the text, written by some person who had more piety than poetry in his composition.

There is a metrical version of this Hymn in a modern edition of the *Vade Mecum* which I hear is a great improvement on those referred to.

I have endeavoured to make a literal translation, though in two or three instances, forced by the necessities of rhyme and measure, I have amplified an idea, but still in accordance with the spirit of the Latin stanzas, and as near as possible to the letter. I did not expect to convey the simplicity, sublimity and pathos of the original—but was anxious to do all the justice in my power to a Lyric—which after the “Dies Iræ,” is the greatest and most pathetic Hymn that ever was written—and which, 600 years ago, must have been conceived in a monastic cell, and composed at the foot of the Crucifix.)

“O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!”

Oppressed with woe, the Mother stood
In tears beside the awful Road,
On which her Son, with blood imbrued,
Midst cruel tortures hung.
In utmost, speechless misery rise
Those moistened, meek and mournful eyes;
Her soul,—in anguish breathing sighs,
The sword of sorrow stung.

What dread affliction was the guest
Of her, above all women blessed;
What sadness filled the Mother's breast
Who bore the Holy One;
And moaning—hopeless of reprieve—
Disconsolate beyond relief,
Beheld in depth of solemn grief
The sufferings of her Son.

What man in sympathy sincere—
Christ's Virgin mother mourning near,
Who would not shed a bitter tear,
Such sacrifice to see.

What human heart though hard as steel,
To which her plight should not appeal;
Who would not Mary's dolours feel
For Jesus' agony.

She saw the Saviour rudely urged,
By rabble bound, by soldiers scourged—
That from the people sin be purged
By His abundant merit;
The One Begotten desolate,
The last pangs of His dying state,
Abandoned to the Jewish hate
As He gave up His spirit.

Sweet Mother, fount of love divine,
Cause those overwhelming woes of thine,
In force and compass to be mine
And make me grieve with thee:
That while I most devoutly mourn,
My heart with love for Christ may burn,
Consumed as ashes in an urn,
That God well pleased may be.

Obtain, Madonna,—this request,
That in my seared and callous breast
The wounds of Christ may be impressed,
That I their worth partake;
Those in His Feet, in Hands and Side,
His thorny Crown with me divide,
The anguish which the Crucified
Has suffered for my sake.

Oh! let my tears with thine be blent—
For the Incarnate Word lament,
And feel the racking pains which rent
His Body from His Soul.
To stand with thee till I expire,
Beside the Cross, is my desire;
As partner in thy sorrows dire
Sincerely to condole.

Most pure and perfect Virgin born,
Whom every grace and gift adorn,
Grant favour to me still forlorn,
That with thee I may weep.
Christ's sacred Passion make me share,
As His companion and coheir,
The death of the Anointed bear,
His wounds in memory keep.

I'd bear their marks, be like Him bruised,
His Cross deep in my heart infused,
Filled with the Precious Blood that oozed
From every wound away.
Then, as devout desires attend,
Inflamed with love, be thou my friend,
O Virgin fair, my cause defend
Upon the Judgment Day.

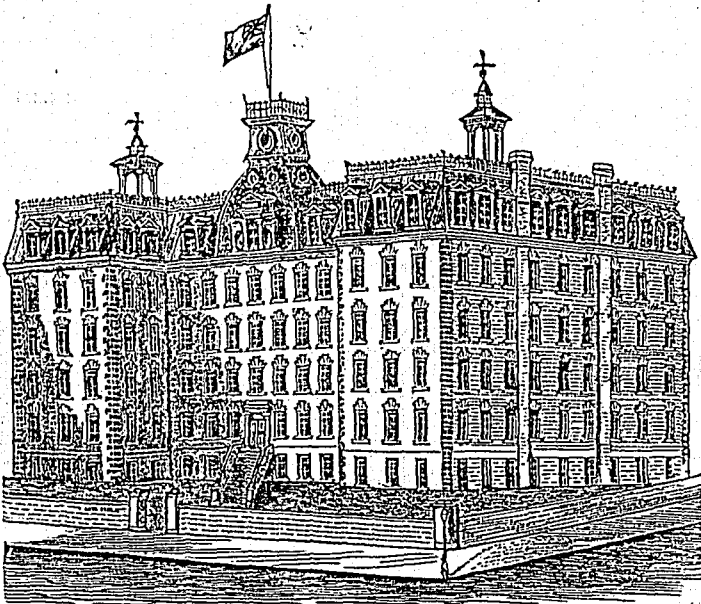
May I be strengthened by the loss
Of Blood that crimsoned Calvary's moss,
And seek protection by the Cross,
The Grace of God be given,
That Union which the weak inspires;
And grant that with celestial choirs
My soul enjoy—when life expires—
The happiness of Heaven.

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA REUNION.

How did it come to pass? With whom, and how many, and when and where did it originate?

Let a "crowner's" inquest sit upon it, and the verdict will be, *spontaneous combustion*. It took fire of itself, through the action of the elements of brotherly

love, and filial affection and gratitude, in the hearts of the Alumni of old St. Joseph's. A widely scattered family, from every point, by one common impulse, they turned their eyes towards "Alma Mater," longing to meet beneath her roof again.



Seat of my youth! thy distant spire
Recalls each scene of joy;
My bosom glows with former fire,—
In mind again a boy.

Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th June, were fixed for the Reunion. At an early hour Tuesday evening the College halls rang with hundreds of gladsome voices that had not been heard therein for years. Whata clatter! Such hand-shaking! Who ever heard such shouts of laughter? Dull care had vanished—sermons and briefs, prescriptions and ledgers were forgotten—and all were boys again. From the study halls to the class-rooms, from the class-rooms up to the dormitories, from the dormitories down to the playground and the ball courts, and back again, up and down, feasting their eyes upon familiar scenes, they rushed in boisterous groups. "Is it possible to

get them in order?" anxiously inquired a member of the Managing Committee, as the hour approached for the formal opening. Just then the "O. M. I." Cadets, in their brilliant uniforms, a fine, soldier-like lot of lads, under Capt. O'Sullivan, headed by fifes and drums, appeared on parade. This was a novel sight, and attracted the several groups together quicker than the bell could have done. Admiring eyes watched the different manœuvres of the young student-soldiers, who acquitted themselves like veterans, and liberal applause rewarded them. The parade over, it was an easy matter to marshal us to the large reception room, where His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa,

Mgr. J. Thomas Duhamel, "One of Ours," addressed a few appropriate words to the assemblage, expressing his great delight at meeting in such large numbers the representatives of every scholastic year, since the foundation of the College under his venerable predecessor. Warm was the greeting of class-mate to class-mate after long separation,—a greeting which, he was sure, made all as happy as he felt himself. Their happiness would be increased by the hearty welcome the present students were about to offer them, and by the ceremony on the morrow morning, which he would perform as the representative of His Holiness the Pope, conferring the title and insignia of Doctor of Divinity on one whom they had all, while yet young, learned to love and honor, and for whom they would ever entertain a filial affection—the Rev. President, Father Tabaret. This was endorsed by hearty cheers, and a movement was then made, His Lordship leading the way, to the public hall, where the students of '79 were awaiting their predecessors and guests. On entering we were greeted by the strains of the splendid Band and the joyous acclaims of our young friends and brothers. "Welcome! a hundred thousand welcomes!" This is what Mr. John Robert of the Class of Rhetoric, on the part of his companions, advanced to say in a beautiful address in French; and after him, Mr. J. P. F. Kelly, of the Graduating Class, in English, as follows:—

My Lord and Gentlemen:—

The presence of so distinguished an assembly, embracing as it does men prominent in every profession, was a sight sufficient to unnerve the stoutest heart, and to discourage the most devoted aspirant to literary fame, and were the occasion any other than the present, I would not undertake a task for which I feel I am unfitted; but when I call to mind the motives which have actuated you in this being present with us to-night, motives which have led you to neglect other important engagements that you might the more clearly prove your affection towards one we are proud to call our Father, I am forced to lay aside my fears, and in the name of the present students of the Ottawa College, I extend to you a cordial and heartfelt greeting in the home of your boyhood days. Many are the years that have rolled by since these roofs and walls resounded to your noise and clamor, many the years since your youthful minds toiled and struggled up the hill of knowledge. Few were the furrowed cheeks

or thoughtful brows then amongst you. The day of life looked bright and unobscured by threatening clouds. But, though this beautiful delusion had long since been dispelled, though you have long since experienced the stern realities of life, do you forget those happy days? Have they vanished from your mind, nor left one thought behind? Oh, no! It cannot be. Memory still loves to linger round the old familiar spots, and to recall the pains and pleasures of the past; every dear and fond remembrance, every thought of joy or sorrow comes slowly stealing back, imparting to the soul a feeling of irrepensible delight. And first, the scene of so many trials and struggles, of battles fought and gloriously won, the old study hall, with its rows of desks and chairs, comes spectre-form before the mind. You once more find yourselves seated at your wonted tasks, with the grim and ghostly forms of ancient heroes frowning upon you from the walls around. Caesar once more excites your consternation, no less by the valor of his achievements than by the inexpressible manner of narrating them; Horace again looks prodigious; the gentle Plato drives you mad, while from his unattainable seat on high, old Euclid grimly smiles. The scene changes and you are in the class room. High on his seat of state the dread professor sits, the object at once of your fear and admiration. Many and oft the time has his awful voice taught you to feel the miseries of a guilty conscience; many and innumerable are the times that his gentle soothing words have revived your drooping spirits and disclosed the future all radiant with hope. Again the scene changes; the haunts of science and of care are left behind; you are in the playground. Here flies the whizzing ball, the sharp crack of the bat is heard, excited voices fill the air; when lo! upon the unwilling ear the deep tones of the bell are heard calling you once more to your unceasing tasks.

Such are undoubtedly the thoughts which now come crowding to your brain, as after a long, long absence you are gathered once more to your college home. But ah! how changed the sight. The eyes of many fail to behold the old familiar homestead; others behold it, but how transformed. Its modest limits are extended, and in place of the unknown, unnoticed home of yore, you behold an edifice of majestic proportions, the pride and boast of the city that contains it. You walk along its halls and corridors, innumerable faces pass you by, but no sign of joyful recognition flits across them; in a word, you are alone and unremembered. But do I speak aright? Is there no one whose heart still beats with the warmth of affectionate remembrance, no one to grasp you cordially by the hand and to welcome you home again? Oh yes! and your presence here to-night is ample evidence of the truth I speak. The tender guardian of your youth, your consoler in sadness, your counsellor and director in all your affairs, who first encouraged you to cleave a way through the rocky road of life, to battle nobly and courageously with your foes, and to come out at length triumphant, he surely is not unmindful of you. Changed is he indeed externally, but within there beats the same old heart, and as he gazes to-night upon the reunited sheep of his

flock, his inmost soul is moved with joy. To-night he beholds the object of his life, that to which all the energies of his mind and heart have been applied, crowned with success. Before him are his brothers in the sacred ministry, and in the very order to which he is proud to belong; that devoted band of heroic priests who abandoning the world and its pleasures, have willingly and cheerfully consecrated themselves to a life of hardship and suffering, that by this means the poor children of the forest might be reclaimed from the darkness of idolatry, and that the greater glory of God and good of man may be obtained. Every profession, medicine, the press, the law, has here its representatives. A worthy and consoling sight indeed; for, however, more exalted the dignity of the man of God may be, still it is an evident and undisputed fact for every intelligent Catholic that the church stands more in need of strong and zealous hearts in the more common walks of life than in the sacred ministry, for never were the enemies of our religion more widely scattered among all classes, and these unattainable by priestly influence, than at the present; never before was the Church of God represented by more worthy men. Therefore, it is with sentiments of the liveliest joy that our beloved superior beholds the present illustrious gathering.

And we, the present students of this college, can we remain insensible to the dignity of this occasion? Can we look on unmoved and refuse to join in the common happiness? Surely, it would be an act of ingratitude towards you, who have so kindly deigned to honor us this evening by your presence; towards our beloved superior, whom we universally love and respect; and, in short, towards ourselves. Believe us, the present occasion will ever stand foremost among the many happy festivals of this college, and, when in after years, our thoughts will revert to the days we spent within these walls, they will fondly cling and entwine themselves around the remembrance of this happy day. For this is truly a great day in the history of this college, with which our hearts are inseparably connected, and it is our fervent and heartfelt wish, that ere long we will be enabled to stand in your midst and to pay our tribute of respect to this our *Alma Mater*, to its learned and devoted professors, and above all, to its worthy and pious superior.

After an interval of several minutes, during which the Band and Glee Club discoursed sweet music, Dr. L. Duhamel, M. P. P., replied to the address of welcome in a French speech, which was characterized by force of thought and elegance of diction. He spoke of the necessity of Catholic education, and of the success that had attended the Collego of Ottawa of which he was proud to be an alumnus. He paid a glowing tribute of respect, love and admiration to its venerable President, and was frequently applauded. Mr. Thomas P. Foran, Bar-

ristor of Montreal, replied in English, saying:—

My Lord and Gentlemen:—

My first duty will be to express our gratitude to the present students of St. Joseph's for the kind greeting which they have extended to us, and I must also thank the committee of management for their partial remembrance in selecting me to address you. When the notice of my appointment reached me, I was touched with a strong sense of gentle memories connected with my studentship and association in these halls; and I can assure you, gentlemen of St. Joseph's, that the pleasure which you have so eloquently expressed, does not surpass the joy which we feel upon this auspicious occasion. It is indeed a pleasure to view once more the scenes of our shadowless boyhood, to greet again our infant days and infant joys pictured in memory's melting glass, to meet the friendly faces of those who were the constant companions of our studies and recreations, to admire and praise the successes of those who fill our places, to witness the progress which has been made during our absence, to note the interest in the prosperity of our *Alma Mater*, which is abundantly proved by the presence here to-night of so many distinguished friends of the college.

But above all, it is pleasant to throw off, for a few hours, the weariness and anxieties of business in order to vie with you in doing honor to him who, during thirty years, has devoted his talents, his energies, his very life in the sacred cause of religious education. He alone remains of all those kind teachers who welcomed me twenty years ago to this seat of learning;—he alone remains among us of the few devoted ones who left the sunny hills of their native land,—severing the ties of friendship and family affection, and came to found this college and to plant the seeds of piety and learning in our midst. Happily for him and for them, they did not look forward to earthly gains. They did not covet those honors with which the world rewards its heroes; for their lines have not been cast in pleasant places. But the evidence which is adduced here to-day of the grateful remembrance and esteem of his young friends, the influential position which the college now occupies, the testimony of his own conscience, must compensate, in a great measure the bitterness of the day when foregoing the honors which his position and his abilities promised him at home, he turned his face from the land of his birth, and went into voluntary exile; these proofs of his success, and the well-deserved laurel branch which has come to him from the Eternal City, from the hands of Leo XIII himself, must blot out the memory of many dark hours of plans frustrated and baffled hopes through which he since has passed. If any one has a right to re-echo the words of the Latin satirist, it is surely he; but he requires no brazen monument to perpetuate his memory; it will live in the hearts of our youth.

I must confess that it has perplexed me to select the theme of my address, and the method and the manner have also caused me uneasiness.

So frequent are these occasions, and so many excellent discourses have been delivered upon every topic suitable for the purpose, that you will not wonder at my hesitation.

Bear with me, students of St. Joseph's, and be not disappointed with the simple reflections which this celebration brings to my mind.

A few short years ago, where you are I was, and where I am some of you will hereafter stand, and see rise up around you a host of recollections that you had long forgotten. But for many of those who were with you here you will look in vain.

Indeed, it is a sad and doleful thing thus to pause in the mid-current of life's tempestuous stream, and to look back for those who, with exultant shouts of light-hearted boyhood, plunged with you into the angry flood.

Where are they now, those who shared with me the joys and mimic sorrows of college life?

Some are at the bar, defending the innocent and vindicating the laws of their country; others are near the bedside of the sick and dying, comforting them and allaying their sufferings; some are in the busy markets of commerce, and you have here to-night, one at least whose voice is heard in the halls of our Legislature, whom I have met under circumstances somewhat different from the present,* but with whom I can say that our political duels have never for a moment interfered with our friendship. Some again have donned the armor of the soldiers of Christ, and are to be found in the quiet retirement of a country parish, throughout the vast expanse of this Dominion and in the neighbouring Republic, in the halls of learning, as well as in the hut of the poor and the wigwam of the savage, everywhere carrying into practical effect the legend which is engraved on the arms of this institution, *Pauperes Evangelicantur*.

And here, my Lord, may I be permitted to refer to the example of your own brilliant career. It seems to me but yesterday, I saw you here a student, that a few moments later I witnessed your ordination, then for a while you disappeared until this morning, (so swift has been your upward course), as I stood in the crowded aisles of the Cathedral, I saw my old college friend, the humble *cure* of St. Eugene, raised to the enviable dignity of a Prince of the church. Some at least of the seeds of learning and religion which were sown broadcast in the Ottawa Valley by the founders of this institution have fallen on soil which was not barren.

Some of my boyhood companions—and among them the nearest and dearest of all†—have alas, paid the debt of nature, but

"They died
"As the stars brightly die, whose death is day."

And some, after having battled for a while against adversity, have sunk beneath the dark waters of that Stygian wave which flows by the land of indolence and pleasure, and leads to vice and destruction.

Believe me when I say that the life before you is one of duty. Let no man start out from this

place, decorated with the high commission of his degree, exulting in the belief that life is a play-game. Morally, mentally, physically, socially, this life is a trial. The world that lies before you is a hard one. If you wish to be men, and to act up to your manhood, fight with it, and fight for it you must, and the sooner you learn the saving power of the two words *duty* and *obedience*, the better it will be for you. It is well for us all that from the very outset we have to grapple with difficulties and to battle with a thousand griefs that throng every step of our being.

If you fail in your ends, you will find that your faithfulness has been rewarded by some unexpected compensation, or by relief from some sad calamity that would have overwhelmed you had you gone on in the way of your own choosing. If you triumph and prosper; if wealth and reputation exalt you before men, remember that as your station is conspicuous and your means abundant, so will your duties increase and your obligations press upon you.

Take counsel by one who has come here covered with the dust of the world's wayside, and sometimes weary of his journey, that the surest road to pain and shame and dishonor, is the path of frivolity and pleasure.

Go forth from this Seminary of learning resolved to be equal to the duties you owe your fellow-men, and you will earn a reward that time will brighten, and secure the just commendation of your own conscience. There is a lustre in such fame that far outshines the glare of a thousand rockets. Genius—that which men call genius—the dazzling results of irregular and bewildered intellects, the sensuous thoughts of voluptuous minds, may intoxicate and degrade, it may enchant and enervate, but it cannot purify and exalt, it cannot give content to life nor confidence to death. Human nature is prone to enoble those who are inspired with the dangerous gift of genius; few men who are endowed with it are fit to use it. It would almost seem as if they were bleached with defects and stained with vices, lest mankind should bow down and worship them.

But I must not trespass too long upon your generous attention. Many things have occurred to me as I proceeded, which I would have said, but neither the time allotted for the purpose nor the occasion itself would permit me to say them.

Before we part, let me solicit your attention to one other topic of vast importance to you and all of us. I have hesitated whether I should address you upon that which would have better become an ecclesiastic.

When you go forth from these walls into the world, you will turn your back upon serious things, and become involved in the business or the pleasures of life. You will jostle with men, and in the excitement of the bustle and contest, you will perhaps forget that there is a power that directs all things, to whom you must answer for all you do.

If you meet with disappointments, you will not see in them the hand of Providential warning, but you will blame your own want of luck, or the successful rivalry of others.

If you prevail in your efforts, you will readily give the credit to your own energy and ability.

* Reference to his election contest with Dr. Duhamel in the County of Ottawa.

† Allusion to the death of his brother, John, two years ago.—R. I. P.

This is the practice and example of all men. They thus virtually exalt human efforts above all things, and utterly deny the overseeing power of Providence.

If you mean hereafter to sustain the true dignity of the honor conferred upon you by the diploma of this school, you must respect, revere and manfully and openly maintain the practice of your religion. That which was once religious toleration has almost degenerated into the recognition of irreligion. The public and the public men act as if our prosperity was due to themselves alone, and to the policies they have inaugurated. The god they invoke in their proclamations might as well be the god of Cicero or Socrates, of the Sultan or the Rajah, or that incarnation of blood and blasphemy, Robespierre's Goddess of Reason.

This idea of toleration and of religious liberty has gone so far as to repudiate Christianity; as if to secure human freedom it were necessary to acknowledge the dominion of Lucifer himself.

The fool, called sometimes the philosopher, points to the triumph of human intellect and research as evidence against revealed religion. That which is the progressive proof of the power and bounty of our Creator is used to demonstrate human supremacy!

If men were idiots, they would not dispute the will of Providence, but when they are endowed with intelligence, the first use they make of the gift is to refer to its works as evidence of their independence, and to ridicule the existence of the ties which bind us to our God, and which are called religion.

But let fools laugh and philosophers reason, as for us, let us consider the countless throngs of worlds that rush with measureless velocity through infinite space; let us look upon the earth revolving in its appointed orbit, with planets for its mates, with the sun to shine by day and the moon to silver the night; let us view the sky-piercing mountains,—Vesuvius belching forth her torrents of lava and destroying in one fell hour temples and fane and fortifications which men spent centuries in constructing; let us study the majestic ocean whose shores man has covered with ruin, but whose waters are beyond his control; let us watch the stars shedding down their pure light; the Great Bear on one side of the Equator, and the Southern Cross on the other, guiding the mariner in his course with more certainty than the compass. Yes, let us contemplate the tiniest leaf that floats upon the evening breeze, or the humblest worm that crawls, and then look down into the still, starry depths of our own soul, and we will say, "Creation confounds Reason."

As I said before, where I am some of you will hereafter stand, and the forms and faces of his companions will crowd upon his memory. Let it be your earnest endeavor so to fill up your lives that he who replaces me may be able to point out to the noble career of each one of you as proof of the eminent service done to this country by the founders of this institution, and especially by him in whose honor we have all met here to-night; and when at last it is all over with the triumphs and pleasures and heart-burnings of this life, and the eternal way opens before your

eyes like the track of the harvest moon upon some placid lake, you will be able to exclaim, in the language of England's great Cardinal,— "I feel like a schoolboy going home for his holidays."

Mr. Foran's eloquent discourse, worthy of a Catholic tribune, made a profound impression on those to whom it was addressed, and offers abundant matter for profitable meditation and reflection to our young men in general.

The programme for that evening was then brought to a close with a distribution of prizes to the junior classes, and proud were the young lads as they advanced to receive them from the hands of the Bishop. Leaving the hall, the company took a quiet stroll through the College gardens, which resembled fairy land. The trees and shrubs, the balconies and outer galleries of the immense block were brilliantly decorated with Chinese lanterns and other illuminations. This enchanting scene, enhanced by a bright starry sky and the gentlest breeze, retained us until the old faithful clock, striking the quarters, gave warning that it was about to toll its highest count. "Good night!—good rest!" was the parting word, as we retired for the night, glad and happy, and eager to meet again at early morn.

QUOD BONUM, FELIX, FAUSTUMQUE SIT!

God's blessing seemed to be with our celebration, and His handmaid, Nature, smiled her fairest upon it. The dawn of Wednesday morning was most auspicious—just the day for a *grand conge*. It received early greeting from enthusiastic hearts, and while yet half the city was in slumber the College festivities had been right heartily resumed. In a flow of gayety passed the hours, as if minutes, until nine o'clock, when the bell announced Mass time. This summons was responded to with alacrity by the students, wearing the badges of their respective classes, falling into line of procession. They were followed by the Alumni, clergy and laity intermingled, bearing a neat button-hole decoration of white ribbon, and proceeded to St. Joseph's Church, where all took seats in the spacious nave, to assist at the holy sacrifice. In the sanctuary were the Rev. Fathers and Theological students of the College, and a number of visiting

clergymen. The first ceremony was the blessing of a beautiful tableau representing St. Aloysius Gonzaga, copied by a Roman artist from a true likeness which is preserved in the room where the saint died. Mgr. Duhamel, during his visit to the Eternal City, had procured this valuable painting as a gift to the College chapel. Now, having blessed it according to the ritual, he presented it to the students, addressing them in Latin in an earnest exhortation to imitate the virtues of their glorious Patron. His Lordship then celebrated Mass, during which the choir rendered several pieces of sacred music. Immediately afterwards took place the solemn ceremony, to which all present—all, save one—had looked forward with feelings of pride and delight,—the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity on the revered, the loved, the worthy Father Tabaret. *Palmas qui meruit ferat!* The venerable priest advanced to the altar steps, slowly, for he was going to receive that which he had ever sought to avoid, public distinction. All eyes were upon him, and he seemed to be painfully conscious of it. Having knelt for a few moments in silent prayer, he arose and remained standing with bowed head during the address of His Lordship, spoken in the language of the Church, of which the following is a translation:—

Reverend Father:—

Having, in virtue of an indult of the Sovereign Pontiff, been empowered to confer upon you the title of Doctor of Divinity together with the privileges and insignia thereof, most joyfully do I now proceed to confer them. The honor of representing His Holiness Pope Leo XIII on this solemn occasion affords me great pleasure indeed, because it enables me to give due honor to the enlightened and devoted director of my youth, and thereby do honor to the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate of which you are a distinguished member, and to the University of the College of Ottawa over whose destinies you have so long presided.

Among the requirements of the doctorate knowledge holds the first place, not vain knowledge, but that knowledge which alone is worthy of the name, that true knowledge which has for its broad and firm basis both reason and revelation combined. This true knowledge we, the former and actual students of the College of Ottawa here present, have again and again admired in you Reverend Father, as also the many virtues which constitute a truly exemplary superior. Well may we proclaim that you have been unto us an example "in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith."

Your knowledge and your virtue have been beneficial to many. Perhaps the people of Ottawa, distracted by worldly business and cares, paid little attention to the youthful missionary when first he appeared in their midst some 30 years ago, for they knew not then how useful his presence would prove to them. But now, all see how fruitful his ministry has been, and we give glory and thanks to God therefor. Few there are of the many priests of this vast diocese whom you have not trained in piety and sound doctrine. The same good seed you have sown in the hearts and minds of hundreds of others, whom you have prepared to succeed in the several liberal professions and in every branch of commerce and industry. These as well as the clergy look up to you with filial love and reverence as their true friend and dear father.

With good reason have I said that it affords me great pleasure to honor, on the present occasion, the mother that has given us such a son—I mean the religious Congregation to which you gratefully attribute the merit of having fitly prepared you for the honor now about to be conferred upon you. In Canada, more than any other country, evangelized by the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, do they deserve a grateful tribute of affectionate homage. In the most remote hamlets of this Dominion of ours as well as in the populous cities, in the bleak shanties of the forest as well as in the College halls of our Capital, amid the privations and dangers of the most remote Indian missions of the North as well as in the less hazardous and trying missions to our civilized people, the Oblate's zeal is displayed with untiring energy, and with the success which true zeal deserves.

To the faithful of this diocese will the honor now conferred upon you, Rev. Father, as the learned and worthy President of this University College, be especially agreeable. They see, or they will hear with delight, that to-day you receive an honor long since well deserved, and that to-day you are surrounded by a numerous and distinguished assembly of the *Alumni* of the College of Ottawa, who are, and will continue to be your joy and your crown. Many of them are from this city, and diocese, to which they do great credit, and thereby give a splendid proof of the important and highly useful work carried on in this educational institution under your able presidency.

And now, Reverend Father, receive the distinguished honor you would never yourself have sought, though you have so well deserved it, an honor that will add to the already bright lustre of your dear Congregation in Canada, and give additional lustre to the University of the College of Ottawa, which we all fondly cherish. May you live long to enjoy the honor We now confer in the name of His Holiness is Our earnest wish and fervent prayer.

This concluded, the Rev. Father recited the Profession of Faith prescribed for such occasions, and the Bishop conferred the degree and invested him with the ring, gown and hood. The ceremony was then happily closed with the *Te Deum*, intoned by His Lordship, and

swelled in grand harmony by joyful voices in choir, sanctuary and nave.

From the church we returned to the College, and enjoyed a half-hour interlude between the religious exercises and

the Presentation of the Testimonial to the newly created Doctor. But here, permit a slight interruption of this narrative, in order to introduce a brief biographical sketch of our dear Father.



REV. FATHER TABARET, D. D.

The Rev. Joseph Henry Tabaret, now in his fifty-second year, is a member of the Missionary Order to whose devoted zeal is confided the laborious task of spreading and upholding the Gospel in the northern half of North America, and whose devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God is indeed congenial to the Land of Mary, as America may well be called. From the *Santa Maria* Chris-

tianity first hailed the New World, and now the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate push the Christian conquest of the great Columbus even into the frozen domain of the benighted Esquimaux. America was the first foreign mission of the Oblate Order founded in Catholic France, the cradle of so many missionary orders, by a truly apostolic man, the Right Rev. Charles J. E. de Maze

nod, Bishop of Marseilles. Devotion to Mary Immaculate, his predilection for the Oblate's most cherished virtue, charity, and an ardent desire to devote himself to missionary labor led the youthful Tabaret to seek admission into the Oblate Order. His religious and missionary training began in the Novitiate of Notre Dame de L'Osier, a miraculous Sanctuary and Pilgrimage of Our Lady in the Department of L'Isere, not far from his native place, and was completed in the Scholasticate or Theological Seminary of the Order, at Marseilles. After receiving ordination at the hands of the venerable Bishop of Marseilles, the zeal of the youthful missionary being found equal to the sacrifice of quitting home and country, and all that he held dear, to win souls to Christ, he was sent to the American mission. This mission of the Oblate Fathers, which now extends from the coast of Labrador to beyond the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the extreme north, was then chiefly centred in Canada. The diocese of Ottawa, whose first bishop was an Oblate, the late Right Rev. Dr. Guignes, had the good fortune to enjoy, almost exclusively, the valuable services of Father Tabaret. There he labored for several years evangelizing the scattered population of varied race and tongue, and color of that vast diocese. In 1853 he became permanently attached to the College of Ottawa, a foundation of his order, destined to open to the Catholic youth of the Ottawa district the avenues to the sanctuary and the various liberal professions. Since then, thanks to his able management as President, its sphere of usefulness has vastly extended, and now the Catholic youth of the United States, as well as those of the several provinces of the Dominion, prize the solid and varied advantages which the chartered College of Ottawa affords them, and so flock thither, and there love to remain under the paternal, enlightened sway of the beloved President, to whom that institution chiefly owes its progress and success. In 1874 he introduced a new Programme of Studies, of a higher and more comprehensive scope than the old one, and not inferior to those of the most advanced educational institutions of the Dominion,

such as to meet the requirements of the youth of every class, whether destined for commerce or the liberal professions. It wisely aims at practical utility, as well as thoroughness and approved method, in the several courses. At the same time he also inaugurated the *university* method of teaching—giving to each professor a special branch, which is far superior to the system previously followed, in which the professors had each the sole and entire charge of a class, and so taught various branches; a system yet in vogue in many of our colleges. The new method insures more perfect knowledge on the part of the lecturer, and the more rapid and solid progress of the disciple. This is unanimously admitted by those who have seen the two systems at work. In an audience of His Holiness, Leo XIII., in January last, the Bishop of Ottawa submitted the Programme of Studies adopted by the College of Ottawa to the Holy Father, who approved of and blessed it, and as a mark of his appreciation of the valuable services rendered to Catholic education by the President of the College, delegated His Lordship to confer upon him the exalted title and privileges with which the imposing ceremony just described was connected, and which gave such satisfaction to the Alumni and students.

PRESENTING THE TESTIMONIAL.

In the public hall, at eleven o'clock, took place the Presentation of the Alumni Testimonial to the Rev. Dr. Tabaret. His Lordship Bishop Duhamel presided, and Archbishop Tache of Manitoba, Vicar-General Jouvett of Ottawa, R. P. Antoine, Provincial of the Congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, R. P. Vanderberge, Vicar General of the same Congregation in Texas, and the Senate and staff of the College occupied the platform on either side. The venerable *Cure* of Buckingham, Q., Rev. M. Michel, first addressed Dr. Tabaret at some length in French, in the name of the clergy of the Diocese of Ottawa, who had been trained under his direction, warmly congratulating him upon the eminent recognition by the Holy See of his zealous and fruitful labors, and wishing him yet many years of usefulness in his exalted station. Mr. J. K. Foran of

the Class of '77 then advanced and said :

My Lord, Rev. Fathers, Gentlemen :—

In the absence of the person who was to address you in English, I have been asked to read the Ode which I have had the honor to compose for this grand occasion. I know full well the task is one fitted for a mind more matured, an intelligence more refined, an imagination more vivid, and a pen more eloquent than mine. But despite that inadequacy of my mind to the task, assisted and encouraged by your kind indulgence, I come with confidence to lay my humble tribute before the one around whom we are collected today.

Ode addressed to Mr. J. C. Forbes, the artist chosen to paint the portrait of Rev. Dr. Tabaret.

Painter thou art asked to throw
On thy canvas life and splendor ;
Let each color brightly glow—
With a radiance soft and tender.
Take thy pencil in thy hand,
Draw the artists' mantle o'er thee,
For thy task is great and grand.
Thou hast now a priest before thee !

Trace affections warm and mild,
In each feature fondly shining ;
Trace the innocence of child,
With the strength of man combining ;
Trace the nimbus of the saint,
Not in halo outward gleaming,
But, if thou canst fairly paint
Piety in grandeur beaming !

Thou canst trace with pencil true,
Scenes upon life's mighty ocean,
Canst thou give the proper hue,
To a vast and pure devotion ?
Thou canst trace the mountain high,
In its awful strength ascending ;
Canst thou show how powerfully
Faith in man with friendship's blending ?

Painter ! let the eye be bright,
Like a mirror soul-reflecting ;
Make the hand from wrong to right,
Youth and age, at once directing ;
Make these lips—If thou canst make,
With some kindly word in motion,
Praying for people's sake,
Mingled with a heart's devotion !

Thou hast seen the prism bright,
Decomposing rays of heaven ;
Thou hast seen the beam of light,
Like the divers hues of ev'n.
Thus the soul that's pure with love
Drinks the ray from glory streaming,
And as hues from God above,
Seven gifts are brightly gleaming.

Painter, stay thy hand a while,
Study well the one before thee ;
Mark the father in the smile,
As he's bending, artist, o'er thee !
Mark the brow so large and high !
Mark each feature mind revealing !
Mark the flashing of the eye—
When the heart is touched to feeling.

If thou nobly doest thy task,
If thou fillest well thy duty,
Painter nothing more we ask,
Grand shall be thy work of beauty.
We shall see the mind and heart
Every noble passion swelling ;
We shall read the hidden chart
Where the glowing thoughts are dwelling !

Painter, strength be in thy hand,
Let thine eye be true in tracing ;
Thou hast got a subject grand,
Thousand splendors interlacing,
Painter, do thy duty well,
Fame will crown thy great endeavor ;
Let the future ages tell,
How thy name will sound forever !

At this point, the splendid portrait was unveiled amidst rapturous applause; and a true likeness it is, in every particular, a living image, encased in a beautifully carved and gilded frame, with a tablet bearing the inscription :—

REV. P. J. TABARET, O. M. I., D. D.,
Veteres Collegii Ottawensis Alumni
Apud Almam Matrem adunati,
Die 18a Junii, A. D., 1879.

The presentation followed with Addresses by Mr. G. J. O'Doherty, Barrister, and Dr. A. Robillard of Ottawa.

ENGLISH ADDRESS.

*To the Very Reverend J. H. Tabaret, D.D., O.M.I.,
President of the College of Ottawa.*

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—We, the former students of the College of Ottawa, are delighted beyond expression to find ourselves assembled from far and near in presence of the cherished instructor and guide of our youth, who so patiently, fondly, and zealously labored to store our minds with knowledge and win our hearts to the love and practice of virtue. We hailed with joy the announcement of this reunion, which affords us an opportunity of presenting to you, Very Reverend Father, the most fitting testimonial of gratitude and affection our hearts could desire and artistic excellence portray, of manifesting our appreciation of the many great qualities of mind and heart that have never failed to win for you the esteem and devoted attachment, not only of the students whose happiness and signal advantage it is to have been under your wise, able, and paternal direction, but also of your professors, and of all those to whom your modest excellence becomes known. The high honor of Doctor of Divinity which has just now been formally conferred upon you by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., through the loving hands of the venerable prelate, who, like ourselves, calls you Dear Director and Father, is a striking proof that the fame of your modest, sterling merits has spread far beyond the limits of this city and diocese. What a happy coincidence that the common Father of the Faithful, through his worthy representative, to-day unites with us in doing you honor, by bestowing upon you a most distinguished mark of esteem for your eminent learning and ability, a fitting reward for your great services in the noble and holy cause of education ! Pray allow us to say, for this also redounds to your honor, how delighted we are to learn, that from the lips of the Holy Father came words of satisfaction, praise, and encouragement, when we heard from the most reliable authority, and saw evident proofs of the advanced, complete and excellent course of studies here successfully followed. This, we say, redounds to your honor ; for who ignores that to you especially this institution owes its past success, and will doubtless chiefly owe its further development ? Many of us have been greenly surprised to see the magnificent proportions this our college home has attained since we left, and to find that corresponding progress has been made in its course of studies and profes-

social staff. This augurs well for the realization at no distant day of our earnest desire to see this chartered College of the capital of a vast Dominion exercise all its chartered powers, to witness the inauguration of its faculties of law and medicine, which will complete and give prestige to its university course—a course now partially established, for the faculty of arts and science (the most important, the essential university faculty) is now, we are happy to see, in very successful operation. It is doubtless a source of joy to you, Very Reverend Father, to see the success many of us have attained in different careers. You see in our ranks many learned and worthy priests, several of whom, while imbibing here ecclesiastical knowledge, devotedly co-operated with you in our instruction. You see among us some whom public confidence has called to legislative honors. You see the bar and the press ably represented. You see those who have already won a reputation of skill in medicine, and others more youthful who hopefully aspire to the same repute. In fine, you see many trusted members of the civil service, and many successful business men. Our success we gratefully attribute to the wise direction, and practical, excellent training the students of this College receive at your hands, and from those whom your able lessons have formed to the important and difficult task of educating youth. And now, Very Reverend and dear Father, pray accept the testimonial we offer, to serve in the halls of this our *Alma Mater*, as a lasting expression of our gratitude, esteem, and filial affection. It is the faithful copy, by a master hand, of an original we highly prize, but still more faithful is the image thereof we fondly cherish in our hearts. May God preserve you many years president of this College, the director and friend of youth!

When the hero of the feast arose to reply he received a perfect ovation. He tried in vain to conceal his emotion; it was betrayed by the tremor in his voice and by two big tears that stole down his cheeks. The reply was characteristic of the man—full of gratitude, full of affection, and forgetful of self. The College, he said, was the creation of the Congregation of which he was an unworthy member; under God, its success was due to the direction of his superiors and the devotion of his brothers in religion, to the encouragement and support of the late Bishop and of his worthy Successor. To them belonged all credit and honor for the good that had been done. This was his theme, and, as he proceeded, a stranger, entering the hall, would have supposed it was the discourse of an Alumnus, who had been nurtured and reared and made what he was by the College, and not of the Founder and President, who had borne, for the most part alone, the labor and anxiety

of its institution and administration. But his children know him

“To be of worth, and worthy estimation;” and they rejoiced, as well they might, that the fame of his merits had reached the Centre of Catholicity, and that the Sovereign Pontiff united with them on that day in doing honor to whom honor was due.

THE COLLEGE TO MGR. DUHAMEL.

His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa was next presented by the students with a life-size portrait of himself, the work of the Rev. C. M. Paradis, O. M. I., Professor of Drawing in the College. It was accompanied by the following Address, read by Mr. W. A. Leonard, of the Class of Rhetoric:

My Lord may it please your Lordship,—Joy and happiness fill our hearts as we greet Your Lordship's presence in our midst this day. For a long time we have been anticipating this pleasure, long have we wished to show our gratitude to one who has never ceased taking a most lively interest in the welfare of our College. And this, of all occasions, is the most fitting, for never have we received such distinguished marks of favor from Your Lordship as during these days. It was our happiness to assist this morning at the great and solemn ceremony at which Your Lordship officiated, and as we remember the kindness and devotedness which you displayed in presenting the name of our beloved President to our Holy Father, to receive a high and well merited honor, our hearts went out to you at this act of filial affection, and our minds were deeply impressed by the noble example of gratitude which you have given us. Animated therefore, with such feelings, do we present ourselves before you, and beg of you to accept this portrait of Your Lordship, as a token of our unflinching respect and admiration. In presenting it, we feel that it will be doubly acceptable to Your Lordship, as it is a work executed within these walls, a work moreover which in its gradual progress was eagerly followed, and in its completion has been a source of great satisfaction to us all. May Your Lordship be pleased therefore to accept this testimonial of our grateful appreciation of the lively interest which you have ever taken in our advancement, and of the constant efforts which you are making for the prosperity of your dear *Alma Mater* and our beloved College home. In presenting it to you we will offer up, at the same time, a most fervent prayer that our Divine Lord may bestow on you all the graces necessary for the faithful discharge of the many and onerous duties of your episcopate; that the hand of peace and prosperity may be ever extended over your diocese, and that in the end, when you have finished a long and glorious career, our Divine Master may send his angels to conduct you to your heavenly home where, in the midst of the celestial hosts, you may enjoy the eternal reward which He has ordained

for all those who by their exemplary lives, have left a most edifying example for men to admire and imitate.

In a most felicitous speech His Lordship expressed his gratitude to the students for this testimonial of their respectful homage, and assured them that he would, in the future as in the past, take a lively interest in their welfare and the prosperity of the College his "Alma Mater."

An adjournment was then made until the dinner hour. Some spent the intervening time in a quiet chat and smoke; others in pilgrimage to certain nooks to memory dear; whilst a few, more hazardous than the rest, entered the "diamond" with a challenge to the redoubtable college "Nine," the victors of a hundred fields. The latter won the toss, and sent a *picked* team of *twenty* to the bat—*ten* to be put out. The "willow" changed hands in quick order; it was "three strikes and out," every time. The first two men came to the fore with an air of confidence and almost defiance, but the rest wore a sickly smile. It wasn't the fault of the batting, which was powerful enough, but of the ball; it did *curve* so, that no fellow could hit it. A common-sized foot-ball, delivered in a straight line, would have served them much better. To the field, however, they went manfully, if a little crest-fallen, two at every base, and about a half-dozen at short-stop. The first start-off didn't raise their spirits much, for it was a "home-run" with lots of time to spare,—half the field pursuing the swift flying "sphere" pell-mell. The pitcher determined this shouldn't occur again, and tried a little "science," which resulted in "three balls" being called. Then he got mad, and sent them in "hot"—much too hot for the grave and learned seignior behind the bat, who couldn't hold them. (He is nursing a bruised thumb ever since.) A change was made,—worse and worse. Base after base was reached, score upon score credited to the "Ins," and errors without number charged to the "Outs," until the bell rang, when the gasping and sweating "Twenty" called it a "drawn game." *Tout est perdu sauf l'honneur!*

THE BANQUET.

*"Fili tui sicut novellæ olivarum
in circuitu mensæ tuæ."*

The dinner was served up in the College refectory, where we had partaken of many a more frugal but not less hearty repast in the olden time. The hall had been profusely decorated for the occasion. Rich streamers of scarlet cloth bordered the walls, bearing handsome shields with appropriate devices. Upon the tables stood lofty pyramids of beautiful flowers, arising from amidst countless dishes of the choicest meats, flagons of cheerful wine, and all the gorgeous utensils of good companionship. At 3.30 we were ushered into this banqueting scene, a goodly assemblage bent upon enjoyment. Mgr. Duhamel presided, having Dr. Tabaret on his right, and the vice chairs were filled by Mr. J. J. Curran, P. C., of Montreal, Rev. A. Brunet, P. P. Portage du Fort, and Mr. J. J. Kehoe, Barrister, Ottawa. His Lordship said grace, to which all present heartily responded *Deo gratias*, and then fell to on the inviting viands. The dinner was one of that sort that old collegians could thoroughly enjoy; there was that feeling of *bonhomie* that always characterizes the reunion of classmates who have not met for years. Jollity prevailed. Dons and students were on the same footing; jokes were freely exchanged—*magister et discipulus*,—and the time passed away in a flow of innocent hilarity.

After the cloth was removed, the Secretaries read telegrams and letters from less fortunate members of the College family, unavoidably absent. As each familiar name was recorded, it was received with cheers.

His Lordship then arose, and proposed the first toast,—*"The Pope."* He enumerated the many virtues possessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., a worthy successor of Pius the Great. The whole Catholic world rejoiced at his election, as he appeared, "lumen in cælo," to dispel the darkness of error. To him a long and glorious reign!

This sentiment was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Bishop next gave in feeling terms "The Immortal Memory of Pius IX.," which was drunk in solemn silence.

In proposing "The Queen," he said that all men loved liberty, and Canadians should be thankful that they lived under the government of a Queen who accorded liberty of conscience and freedom of worship to all; they were proud to welcome her daughter to their shores, the royal consort of their popular Governor General.

The health of Her Majesty was loyally responded to.

"The President of the United States" was honored with hearty cheers. His Lordship referred to him as the head of a great nation, and said that during his late tour through "the land of liberty," he found that the Catholic Church there had made great progress, as she does everywhere when untrammelled. He was rejoiced to see this and trusted, under the blessing of God, it would continue always.

When the cheering which this evoked had subsided, he again arose and asked them to fill a bumper to the hero of the day, the honored of the Pope, to whom they were all indebted, whom they all loved—their Father, Dr. Tabaret.

This was the signal for an outburst of applause, a storm of cheers that lasted several minutes. It was an ovation worthy of the man and of the feast.

The Rev. Doctor thanked them for the honor they had paid him, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet so many of his old pupils. He rejoiced at their success in the various careers they had entered, and pointed out as an incentive to the present members of the classes, the high positions that had been attained by their predecessors. He would ever gratefully remember their great kindness to him and pray for their continual prosperity.

The Rev. A. Brunet then proposed "The Bishop of Ottawa" in an excellent speech, to which His Lordship responded in appropriate terms.

Mr. J. J. Curran gave "The College of Ottawa," referring in a humorous strain to his own career at College, and then in an eloquent manner to the trials and struggles of old St. Joseph's, to its glorious triumphs and present proud position which, he hoped, it would long retain in the land.

This toast was duly acknowledged by

Rev. Fathers Bennett and Nolin on the part of the professors, and, for the students, by Messrs. Wm. Barry and John O'Meara of the Graduating Class.

Rev. Doctor Tabaret next proposed "The Alumni," who knew what his heart felt better than he could express it; and the students arose *en masse* and sang with much spirit, "For they are jolly good fellows."

This was responded to by Rev. John Coffey, P. P., Almonte, who spoke in feelings terms of the happy days he had spent in the College. He paid a graceful compliment to the ability of Doctor Tabaret as a preceptor, and wished him many long years to wear his well deserved and newly conferred honors.

Dr. Godin of Ottawa followed in an eloquent speech in French.

Rev. D. J. O'Riordan, O. M. I., Lowell, Mass., in a few happy words gave "Absent Friends;" Mr. J. J. Kehoe, "The Ladies," who found gallant champions in Mr. M. J. Gorman of Pembroke, and Mr. L. A. Olivier of Ottawa.

Mr. Thomas P. Foran proposed "The Committee of Management," which was heartily received,—a compliment well deserved, especially by the Secretaries, Messrs. W. J. Lynch and J. L. Olivier, and the Treasurer, Rev. G. Bouillon, upon whom the great burden of the arrangements had fallen.

The toast of "The Press" brought a very enjoyable entertainment to a close.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Commencement Exercise followed, and were witnessed by a large audience besides the Alumni. Valuable prizes were awarded to the successful students, Mr. James Donaghey, of Portage du Fort, Q., carrying off the MacCabe gold medal for the best English Essay in the class of Rhetoric. Mr. Alexander McLellan, of Williamstown, Ont., received a Certificate of success in the Civil Engineering Course. The following gentlemen graduated "Bachelor of Arts." Mr. Charles F. Sullivan, Lawrence, Mass.; Mr. James P. F. Kelly, Somerville, Mass.; Mr. William Barry, Ottawa, Ont.; Mr. John J. O'Meara, Pembroke, Ont. At the close of the distribution, Mr. C. F. Sullivan delivered the valedictory oration with pleasing effect:—

VALEDICTORY ORATION

"Time rolls his ceaseless course." This brilliant assembly of fair ladies and brave men; yonder group of gladness, expectant, youthful faces; this stately array of learned fathers and professors, all proclaim that commencement day has come. Eager and nervous faces and that gleaming stack of prizes—

"Palme, pretium victoribus,"

tell me more plainly than words that the end of our scholastic year is at hand and that the sturdy and perseverant battlers in intellectual warfare await with eagerness the reward of their toil and the much needed furlough of vacation.

'But more, that motto "'79" worked out of evergreens and seeming all youth and freshness, bears with it the startling announcement that this evening the class of '79 graduates; takes its leave of its cherished Alma Mater to start divided into the broad fields of life.

Yes, the long looked for, the eagerly desired and anxiously expected moment is at hand. We have reached the summit of our labours; we have gained the long desired end; we have won the golden fleece; we are upon the point of graduation. Ah! well can I remember with what beating hearts and bright anticipations, in years gone by, we peered down into the vista of the future, and pictured to ourselves the almost surfeiting delights when at length the day would come for us to bid adieu to college life! Well do I recollect how many an aching head, cloudy brain and saddened heart have lost themselves to the afflictions of the moment and nerved themselves to work by the bright prospect of this evening!

The days that held us from it seemed borne along on dull leaden wings. To us time seemed hardly to move. But now how changed are our feelings! The day we so long anticipated as one unclouded gleam of sunshine; the sunrise that we deemed would never appear, alas! all too soon has come; and instead of those unalloyed pleasures which youthful fancy pictured in glowing colours, there comes o'er us, like a mist from the deep, a chilling, dampening, melancholy sadness that makes the tear unbidden flow, and fills the heart with a multitude of strange and conflicting emotions. Glad indeed, and happy we feel that we are about to enter the arena of life to join the ranks of the upright, and gladiator like, measure swords with men of the world to defend truth, and protect virtue, but with all, o'er our hearts comes stealing, like the pensive, melting notes of the Æolian harp at midnight, the thought that to do this we, we college chums, old class-mates from each other and from learned and respected professor must part. As the traveller on the mountain top of the ridge that ends his wanderings, casting a sad and pensive glance o'er scenes endeared to memory by the most pleasing ties and connections, sighs o'er the past, and almost hates the day that says they all have ended, so we standing on the verge of separation from our Alma Mater, recall each beloved scene, fight o'er again the battles of yore, and are melted to tears, when we but half realize that our college life is gone—

"Gone—like a bright meteor that o'er head,
Suddenly shines, and o'er we've said,
'Look, how beautiful,' 'tis fled,"

Saddening thoughts, like heaving billows from the sea of the past, come rushing o'er our memory, flooding it with that half melancholy, half pleasant tinge which no other circumstance than separation ever occasions. Yes, o'en while we utter the words commencement and graduation, the next thought that springs fresh from the heart, fills us with sad anticipations, for it tells us all too truly and painfully, that graduation is the Alexander who cuts the Gordian knot, the silver cord, that fastened us together as a class, and which encompassed in its expanse, those whom the closest of connections and the most hallowed of ties had made us regard as being surely necessary for our happiness, if not for our very existence. There is a pang, an anguish in the act of separation, whatsoever be the connection about to be dissolved, or of whatsoever character be the persons who formed the attachment.

The mother, when she parts with her son, called away by the stern duties of business, or perhaps by the more sanguinary duty of defending his country, feels a throb of anguish pierce her bosom, like the deer stricken with the barbed arrow. The stout, brave warrior, who has weathered the storms and battles of twenty campaigns; who has been on the verge of starvation, and has boldly faced death at the cannon's mouth, and almost courted destruction at the storming of the citadel, feels a pang of sorrow to think that he must separate from tried companions, and leave scenes and incidents to which he had become attached by long use and daily experience. When the order to break up the army reaches his ears, he seizes the hand of some companion and fellow of his struggles, while the tears that untold come to his eyes, together with the host of recollections of the past that flood o'er his heart, fill him with pleasing, saddening emotions that deprive him of utterance.

Classmates, fellow-students, too, are bound together intimately, and,

"When envious time with unrelenting hand,
Dissolves the union of some little band,
A band connected by those hallowed ties
That from the birth of fettered friendship rise,
Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,
One moment waits, to view the days gone by."

We who, comrades in the long war of college life, have battled with all the trials and labours of an academic course, can not part without a sigh that all is of the past. Side by side, now, we have marched for many a year. Armed with the rifle of thought and intelligence; provisioned with Latin and Greek lexicons, by way of knapsacks, and fired by youthful hope and ambition, we long ago made together our irresistible onset upon *o, y, io*; carried away triumphant the standards of Latin nouns; swept like a raging torrent o'er the elements of English literature, and put an end to all further trouble from Gallicanisms. Our first campaign passed quickly by. Like the morning dew glistening on the sward, 'twas spirited away by the sun of our college days which now began to appear high up from the horizon, and almost before we were

aware of it, we were journeying with exiled Æneas whose oft defeated attempts to obtain peace and quiet drew many a sigh from our sympathetic bosoms; and our hearts were fired with martial enthusiasm, when with Homer we recounted the deeds of arms done of old by great Achilles, and the host of valiant Greeks and patriotic Trojans.

And alas! too, pure, candid, cold, dame Mathematics, could not suffer us to go along in our course, without passing many a toilsome hour under her fostering care, struggling with the most fantastic diagrams and almost bewildered in a labyrinth of mystic signs. Together, however, we fought our way successfully, even brilliantly through her armed ranks. And though the fight was long and doubtful, yet it pains me to-night to reflect that we, old comrades, shall never again struggle over the "pons asinorum," like Cæsar to carry over our Commentary.

Like the grave-digger in Hamlet, we have encountered fossil remains. We have faced the dread composition of minerals, and braved the laws of the physical universe. Our campaign went on rapidly, and but two short years ago, comrades, we girded our loins and buckled on our armour to the last and greatest attack. Bravely together then we fought, proving by our every move that unity is strength. Brother philosophers, side by side we have "spelt out the starry fable of the milky way;" experimented with Newton and Tyndall on the nature and cause of physical phenomena; analyzed the many colored rainbow, and discovered the presence of magnetic and electric revolutions. While in mental philosophy eaglets from our eyrie, on fancy's wings and wisdom's pinions we have soared with immortal Plato to the rarefied air of the highest speculative philosophy, and with unveiled eyes peered into the presence and attributes of the Deity.

Even higher than Plato have we flown, and like the eagle that leaves birds of lesser strength far below, under the leadership of St. Thomas, we have dared to open paths altogether unknown to our great Plato.

For my own part, classmates, I think were the immortal Bard of Avon now enjoying the breath of terrestrial life, considering our class, he never would say—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Now all is of the past. We have declined our last noun together. Socrates or Plato, Bacon or Locke, will no longer see us investigating with persevering minds the intricacies of their philosophic systems. Now has come the time to say farewell. First of all must we speak the parting word to you, ladies and gentlemen of Ottawa, whose good-will towards the college and ourselves has been shown so frequently. To you we tender our thanks for the many marks of kindness and approbation we have met with at your hands. Towards you our hearts shall always cherish a kindly feeling. Now, however, we must forego your pleasing society, and tear ourselves away from all your kindness. To you, upright men and honored matrons, we say Farewell.

Fellow-students, from you also we must part.

You are now running the race we have ended. Our best wishes shall attend you, and ever will our hearts beat with tender feelings when we think of you, our tried and worthy comrades. All we ask, for ourselves, in return, is, that sometimes amid your studies and sports you may think of those who preceded you, and pay a passing tribute to the class that graduates to-night.

Reverend fathers, and professors, "viri eruditissimi ac præstantissimi valet." Words fail to express our struggling emotions, when we realize that we are about to leave you. But rest assured that we appreciate the great debt we owe you, nor could storied urn nor animated bust ever keep alive your memory with that freshness with which our hearts shall always preserve it, deeply engraven and tinged with the brightest hues of the happiest days of our life.

Classmates, to each other, must we now say farewell.

"Farewell, a word that must be and hath been,
A sound which makes us linger, yet, farewell."

Though we can no longer keep unsevered the golden cord of our unity, yet in this last hour, we may make resolutions which shall ever after in the combat of life, be our watchword and standard, and let us feel, that even though seas separated our bodies we were united in mind and intention.

Let us ever keep in mind, then, the principles of science and morality, that this, our Alma Mater, has brought forth and fostered in us.

Let us meet face to face without the least mark of tremor or want of confidence the many enemies that will beset our path. We have received the best of moral training. The seeds of virtue and morality have been carefully planted and tenderly nourished within us. Let us show that the soil is worthy of the seed. Let us show that our minds can appreciate, and our hearts feel the benefit we have received. We live in stirring times. Even now, the whistle of the locomotive that to-morrow will have borne many of us hundreds of miles from our Alma Mater, is wafted along the evening breeze, and speaks of our material progress. Literature and Philosophy walk arm in arm with this material progress, and we must meet with proper, novel, and keenly edged tools, the errors that threaten our peace and happiness. So called philosophy in its speculative walks has not feared in our age to call God and the soul, "metaphysical entities, bubbles of soap." In its practice, Nihilists and Socialists have thought it their duty to attempt the assassination of nearly every crowned head in Europe, and to drag down to the dust, all the most dear and cherished institutions of civilized man. Wide is the way before us! Brilliant is the road to success and fame! Let us join the ranks of the good; let us endeavor to keep up the honor of our Alma Mater, and, swelling the ranks of her alumni, whose presence here to-night graces our entertainment, let us strive like them for the right. Let us consider it no paradox, but a striking and pertinent truth, that in this world, our strength is to be the subjects of reason, and our liberty to be the captives of truth. Above all, let us never allow the shackles of error nor the

letters of vice, to gall and wear away the principles we have together acquired in our beloved Alma Mater. Let us live like men;

"Let us act,
Act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er head!"

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., then addressed the Graduates as follows:

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The auspicious occasion which has brought together the former and present students of this College gives rise to feelings and reminiscences it would be difficult appropriately to express. In rising to address this distinguished audience, where not only the relatives and friends of the graduates have assembled to witness with joyful hearts the crowning of their scholastic labors, but where the beauty and intelligence of the land have come to testify by their presence the deep interest they take in the cause and progress of education, I feel myself carried back in imagination a score years, when, it is true, this institution had not made the great strides it has since accomplished, but when the *élite* of your city greeted the commencement exercises of my own old classmates with marks of sympathy not less warm and generous than you have given evidence of tonight. In the reunion of the students of the past and the present, those who had not met for years have shaken each other by the hand and renewed the friendship of bygone days, and amongst young and old pledges have been made to maintain the honor and the dignity, the good name and fair fame of St. Joseph's College, our *alma mater*. If our meeting has had its joys it has also had its sorrows. Whilst we have pointed with pride to those of our fellow-students, who, for their learning and piety, have been called, like your Lordship, to exalted positions in the Church, to those who have fought their way to prominence in public life, in the liberal professions, in commerce and every branch of industry, we have had to shed a tear over the fate of those on whom the merciless hand of death has fallen, or whose bright prospects have been blighted through misfortune. Rejoicing, however, in the main has triumphed, gladness has vanquished sorrow, but amidst all our causes for gratulation the one thing that above all others has afforded us pleasure and grateful emotion is, that we meet not only to revive old friendships, but to witness the acknowledgment by the great centre of Catholic authority, of the superior merit, the irrefragable virtue, the scholarly attainments of one who, I may say, has sacrificed his life for the promotion of learning, whose name can never be disassociated from this institution, who has been a father to us all, and to whom not only this College, but the country, owes a debt of gratitude which, if it cannot be repaid, will at all events be cheerfully acknowledged. Need I mention the name of the reverend, the revered and beloved Father Tabaret?

In the programme of this day's proceedings, to each one a part has been assigned. I sincerely wish, and I say so in all sincerity, that to one more competent had the honor been assigned of address-

ing you this evening, more especially as I am expected to say something on the important topic of the education of our young men, and the qualities that are essential to it in the position in which we are placed. The subject of education has occupied the attention of the greatest men in all ages, in every civilized country. Before the Christian era, the philosophers of ancient Greece expounded their theories for the training of youth. Since the dawn of Christianity no subject has occupied a more prominent place in controversy, and today, as of yore, the battle is still raging, and doubtless will continue to rage with unabated vigor for all time to come. The limits prescribed for my remarks prevent me from entering into the discussion of general principles even were I desirous of so doing, principles which have already been laid down by master minds, and anything I might say would be but a feeble echo of what has already been said by those whose eloquence and ability I have no pretensions to emulate. Fortunately in this country it appears to be conceded on all sides that Christianity ought to be the basis of every system. The painful spectacle that presents itself to the most superficial observer, of Nihilism, Communism, Socialism, and every other ism in older countries, the outgrowth of godless schools, is of itself quite sufficient to make people desire to adhere to the inculcation of those principles that are the prop of every throne, the backbone of republics, and the mainstay of all governmental authority. With the mere mention, then, of this fundamental requisite, I shall pass to the practical part of my theme, and deal with the less lofty and philosophical aspect, fraught, nevertheless with the gravest consequences for the welfare of our community. What is the first thing to be considered in speaking of the requisites of a system of training for our youth? Evidently the present condition and future prospects of the country in which we live. The prominent feature in our social system is the fact that we are over and above all a working people. It will be manifest to every one that a system calculated to meet the requirements of the times in England or in France a hundred years ago, or even a system that might suit them to-day, is not one which could possibly meet our wants on this side of the Atlantic. It is a subject of regret that in very many of our institutions of learning the old beaten path, that was followed in the *petit séminaire* of France a century ago is still pursued, regardless of the changes in time, place and circumstances. Speak to those who are engaged in the training of youth under that system, and they will probably tell you with frankness, "We acknowledge the existence of serious drawbacks, but how can we revolutionize in so important a matter?" Yet this step has been taken, and in no instance more notably than in this institution, whose commencement exercises you are honoring by your presence to-night. We are a community of workers. We have here no landed nobility, no colossal fortunes to be transmitted by a law of primogeniture; we are in a new land, where all have to fight their way, and it is of the highest importance that every man, no matter for what sphere he may be destined, should, before aiming

at classical attainments, become master of those branches which the world over are indispensable to those engaged in agriculture, commerce or manufacture, and which are of the greatest possible advantages in giving a practical turn of mind to all classes, whether to the Bishop who has the charge of the administration of the diocese, to the humble curate of a small parish, and to every professional man, no matter what his avocation. The system that thrusts a Latin grammar into the hands of a child of ten years, who has no idea that Lindley Murray ever existed, is radically bad, and wretched and impracticable is the training of the young gentleman who can scan the hexameters of Virgil and go into ecstasies over the metaphors of Cicero, but who would stumble over the intricacies of the multiplication table, and if he were forced to face the world, as has often occurred, could not make himself useful as a junior clerk in a commercial establishment. The fundamental training having been acquired, what should be the character of a higher education? The character of our higher education should be general. Literature and science should go hand in hand. We are living in a practical age, and as I have already stated, in a community of workers. The grand old models of Greece and of Rome cannot be set aside, abstract sciences are essential to the system, but applied science can no longer be neglected. The time was in this country when the youth leaving college had only to ask himself, shall I be a clergyman, a lawyer, or a physician, and to tell the truth his education as a rule only fitted him for the first and most exalted of the three. But with the progress of our country, the extension of our territory, the development of our resources, the rapid advancement in arts and sciences, new avenues have been opened up, necessitating a wider range in our intellectual culture. In this country not only the profits but the honors as well are no longer the privilege of any particular class. In no land under the sun is labor more highly prized. The intellectual worker has lost none of his prestige, but the intelligent educated worker in agricultural pursuit, commercial enterprise or industrial achievement ranks second to none in the community. Here then is the opportunity, for those who would grasp it, of making an educational system what it ought to be throughout the land, and I am happy to say that if you consult the curriculum of this university you will find that a course of study has been adopted that meets the requirements of our people. The young gentlemen, who to-night have had conferred upon them the proud title of "Bachelor of Arts," for which they have so assiduously labored, can now enter the battle of life with a foundation of solid instruction which will enable them to make their mark wherever they go, or in whatever sphere they may wish to labor. They may well feel gratified at what they have already achieved. They are the hope of their families, of their friends, and of their country. With a thorough knowledge of that which is essential to all, they have embellished their minds with the study of the ancients, where they have acquired elegance, terseness and vigor of style, if they have occasion-

ally smiled at the heroes—the demigods, the goddesses, and even the gods themselves. They have fortified their intelligence by the study of the abstract sciences, and in the laboratory the secrets of nature have been opened to their wondering gaze. And, over and above all, they have learned the principles that make good citizens. Faithful to those principles as members of the commonwealth, they will be faithful to the law of the land. They will ever look back with pleasurable emotion to the college where they have been educated and think fondly and kindly of those whose best days have been spent in laboring for their advancement. They will be true to the old faith they have learned to love and admire in the works of a Chrysostom, a Bourdalou, a Massillon, or a Fenelon, and whose beauties and grandeur are to-day made manifest in the towering eloquence of a Father Burke or the stern or irresistible logic of a Manning or a Newman. Thoroughly versed in the literature of the two leading languages of modern times, their minds will not be narrowed down by national prejudices; already at the opening of their career they have made rapid progress onward and forward as good and true men of the world. In your name I wish them God's speed in all their undertakings, and in bidding them farewell, staunch and true to their principles, as I know they will prove themselves to be, I cannot give them a better motto than the soul-stirring words of the poet:

Be thou like the great Apostle,
Be thou like heroic Paul,
If a true thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly, speak it all.
Speak it boldly, nothing fearing
The gibbet, rack or rod;
Speak it boldly, all unaring,
And leave the rest to God.

Mr. Curran's able and eloquent effort elicited frequent applause. A "revolution" such as the advocates, and the College of Ottawa has espoused, must enlist the encouragement and support of every friend of education.

Mr. Joseph Tasse, M. P., followed, in a lengthy speech, reviewing the remarkable progress of the College during a quarter of a century, referring to the question of education by the clergy, and congratulating the old students on the success that had attended their Reunion.

It was within a few minutes of midnight when the Exercises terminated, so there was a hurried farewell all around. "Good bye!" God bless you! May we meet soon again!

TRANSEAT IN EXEMPLUM.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE
COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE TESTIMONIAL AND
BANQUET TO REV. DR. TABARET, O.M.I.,
JUNE 18TH, 1879.

A

Rev. P. Aguel, Aylmer, Q.; Maurice Ahearn,
Ottawa; Bailey B. Anderson, Chicopee, Mass.;
Rev. J. A. André, Thurso, Q.; Louis D. Andy,
Ottawa; T. G. Aumond, Ottawa.

B

John Baskerville, Ottawa; Wm. Baskerville,
Ottawa; L. J. Beland, Ottawa; Rev. P. Bertrand,
Plantagenet, Ont.; Rev. Oct. Berubé, Grenville,
Q.; Rev. O. Boucher, Lawrence, Mass.; Rev. O.
J. Boucher, Fournierville, Ont.; Rev. G. Bouil-
lon, Ottawa; Ed. Bourque, Ottawa; John L.
Brady, Pittsfield, Mass.; Gerald F. Brophy,
Ottawa; Wm. Brophy, Ottawa; Rev. A. Brinet,
Portage du Fort, Q.; Alf. A. Bureau, Ottawa;
Rev. M. Byrne, Eganville, Ont.; Ed. Bauset,
Ottawa.

C

Wm. B. Carleton, Ottawa; Rev. Thos. Caron,
Clarence, Ont.; F. A. Cartier, Sorel, Q.; Rev.
A. Chainé, Arnprior, Ont.; Rev. O. Charbonier,
Angers, Q.; J. O. Charlebois, Ottawa; E. Che-
vrier, Ottawa; A. Chenet, Ottawa; P. Chenet,
Ottawa; Rev. J. F. Coffey, Almonte, Ont.; Geo.
Collins, Ottawa; Rev. J. J. Collins, Mt. St.
Patrick, Ont.; Dr. J. Comeau, Maniwaki, Q.;
Rev. G. Corbett, St. Andrews, Ont.; Rev. P.
Corkery, Cantley, Q.; N. Omer Côté, Ottawa;
L. J. Coursolles, Ottawa; Chas. M. Crawforde,
Lawrence, Mass.; J. J. Curran, Montreal; Wm.
Curraz, Ottawa.

D

James Davis, Ottawa; Michael Davis, Mont-
real; Wm. Davis, Montreal; Wm. L. Darnody,
Aylmer, Q.; Rev. A. Derbuel, West Boylston,
Mass.; F. Desloges, Ottawa; Richard Devlin,
Ottawa; O. B. Devlin, Aylmer, Q.; Dr. P. C.
Dubé, St. Sauveur des Monts, Q.; RIGHT REV.
J. T. DUHAMÉL, Bishop of Ottawa; Rev. J. Du-
hamel, Ottawa; Dr. L. Duhamel, M. P. P.,
Wright, Q.; A. Duhamel, Ottawa.

F

Rev. Dr. Faure, Pembroke, Ont.; Rev. D. F.
Foley, Yankleek Hill, Ont.; P. Foley, *Irish*
World, New York; Jos. K. Foran, Quebec; Thos.
P. Foran, Montreal.

G

Rev. C. J. E. Gagné, St. Paul de la Croix, Q.;
Rev. C. Gny, Curran, Ont.; John Gillie, Ottawa;
Dr. C. E. Godin, Ottawa; M. J. Gorman, Pem-
broke, Ont.; Alf. T. Gow, Ottawa; K. D. Gra-
ham, Ottawa; Geo. W. Grant, Ottawa; Rev. J.
Guay, Ripon, Q.; Z. Gauthier, Sorel, Q.

H

J. J. Heney, Ottawa; Dr. E. M. Higgins,
Ottawa.

K

T. A. Kavanagh, Ottawa; Wm. Kavanagh,
Ottawa; P. Kearns, Ottawa; J. James Kehoe,
Ottawa; John F. Kelly, Newburyport, Mass.;
E. J. Kennedy, Ottawa; Rev. J. Keough, Hamil-
ton, Ont.

L

H. G. Lajoie, Ottawa; Victor Laporte, Ottawa;
P. A. Larivière, Ottawa; P. Leblanc, Jr., Otta-
wa; Jos. Leconte, St. Norbert, Ma.; J. de St.
D. Lemoine, Ottawa; Rev. A. Lombard, Papi-
neauville, Q.; Pat. Lunny, Ottawa; Peter Lun-
ny, Ottawa; Rev. M. Lynch, Peterboro, Ont.;
W. J. Lynch, Ottawa; H. Lapierre, Ottawa; John
Lynch, Ottawa.

M

Rev. P. McCarthy, Upper Wakefield, Q.; Rev.
J. McCloskey, West Stockbridge, Mass.; E. A.
McDermott, Ottawa; Dr. Angus McDonald, St.
Paul, Minnesota; Rev. A. McDonnell, Alexandria,
Ont.; Hugh McGlynn, Aylmer, Q.; Chas. M.
McGreedy, Quebec; J. J. McHugh, Louds, Ont.;
Rev. Jas. McKernan, Salem, N. J.; Rev. E.
Marcellin, Bouchette, Q.; Rev. H. S. Marion,
Ottawa; Rev. M. Michel, Buckingham, Q.; E.
J. Mooney, Chilton, Wisconsin; A. Mortimer,
Ottawa; J. J. Murphy, Toronto; Rev. J.
McCarthy, St. Laurent, Ma.,

N

W. H. Nagle, Ottawa.

O

Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Ottawa; D. O'Connor,
Ottawa; R. E. O'Connor, Ottawa; G. J. O'Doherty,
Ottawa; J. L. Olivier, Ottawa; L. A. Olivier,
Ottawa; E. J. O'Meara, Ottawa; John O'Meara,
Pembroke; J. P. O'Meara, Ottawa; M. O'Meara,
Jnr, Ottawa; Rev. D. O'Riordan, Lowell, Mass.

P

Chas. E. Perry, Ottawa; Rev. A. Philion,
Cambridge, Ont.; Rev. P. Philip, Orleans, Ont.;
Edwd. Pinard, Ottawa; J. A. Pinard, Ottawa;
G. Plunkett, Ottawa; S. R. Poulin, Ottawa; F.
Proderick, Ottawa.

Q

Pat. F. Quealy, Eganville, Ont.

R

B. Renaud, Ottawa; N. Renaud, Ottawa; Dr.
A. Robillard, Ottawa; A. Robillard, Orleans, Ont.;
H. Robillard, Ottawa; O. A. Rocque, Ottawa; C.
P. Roney, Aylmer, Q.; Jos. F. Rowan, Ottawa;
John Ryan, Perth, Ont.; Roger Ryan, Ottawa;
Rev. P. Rougier, Renfrew, Ont.

S

Rev. M. Shalloe, Sheenboro' Q.; Rev. W. H.
Sheehy, Osceola, Ont.; A. A. Smith, Ottawa; A.
C. Sparrow, Ottawa; Dr. A. Smith, Montreal.

T

A. A. Taillon, Sorel, Q.; Rev. F. Towner, St.
Eugene, Ont.; C. E. Turgeon, Ottawa; J. C.
Taché, Jnr, Ottawa; G. Taillon, Ottawa.

W

J. G. Warnock, Ottawa; Rev. M. J. Whelan,
Ottawa; Ed. M. White, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dr. J.
E. Woods, Aylmer, Q.

Y

J. C. Young, Ottawa.

INDIAN LYRICS.

III.

THE YOUNG CHIPPEWA CHIEF.

When round the solemn Council fire
The sage and Sachem "hold a talk,"
And tell the Braves, in wild attire
To lift the buried tomahawk;
Upon my first War-path I'll haste,
With martial music, whoop and yell,
To strike the Sioux, and lay waste
Their lodges where the Hostiles dwell.

I'll leave the haunts of fox and deer,
And follow on a human trail;
Assume the hatchet, bow and spear,
Led on by valiant Tiger-Tail:
And mount my half tamed mustang steed,
Along the prairie lands to ride,
Now like the winds, at utmost speed,
And then in leafy ambush hide.

Not soon through wolds I'll line the bee,
The otter track by flood and fell,
Or watch with trap and light fusée
Beside the beaver's citadel.

The chances of the chase I leave
For those of war, by me preferred—
while older, tamer Indians grieve
To hunt no more the bison herd.

If I should fall, some friend will take
My corse unscalped to its abode,
The hills that look o'er Huron's lake,
Dressed richly for the long, dark road—
Lay pipe, and paints for war and peace,
My bow and arrows at my hand,
This bounding colt shall there debase,
I'll ride him in the Spirit's land.

Montreal.

H. J. K.

CHI-T-CHAT.

—An intelligent London (*Eng.*) paper, (name omitted out of consideration for its feelings,) has announced to the world that "Mr. Sothern, accompanied by the Duke of Beaufort and Sir John Reid," has sailed for America. We shall next hear that the Queen's poodle dog, accompanied by the Queen, has gone on the continent. Poor dear delightful Mrs. Harris!

—Affairs in Russia are in a sad plight. An eye witness asserts that no less than 6,000 prisoners are crowded inside the Petropaulovsky Fortress. Where is Mr. Gladstone and his honest indignation against the Sicilian prisons? But then you know Sicily was a small kingdom, and weak withal, whilst Russia is a strong and somewhat obstreperous withal.

—It is said that a "Life of the Emancipator," (the Great Nicholas to wit,) is about to be published by a not very friendly pen, which will set forth "how much he has done for himself and his family, and how little for Russia." The work is to be embellished with the portraits of the court beauties, who from time to time have hold sway over His Majesty's affections, and as the list is long and His Majesty's affections have been fickle, the work will doubtless be interesting. With a cruel pleasantry and biting sarcasm, the Countess Kamarouski is to share the frontispiece with the Czar. Why not?

—The poor Prince Imperial! how sad a death! Men will lament his fate, whilst the casuist will raise the question: How far an outsider can conscientiously join an invading army? War is not a profession, but a necessity, and he who meddles with it except from the strictest duty or necessity, should at least first know that it is just. We shed a tear over his end, which was heroic, whilst we reserve our judgment as to the propriety of the course which entailed it.—*R. I. P.*

—A just God has declared that he will visit the sins of parents on their children, even to the fourth and fifth generation. Does anyone see the curse of Avignon in the untimely fate of this scion of a noble house? A Pope dragged at the triumphant chariot wheels of an Emperor—an Imperial nephew dying an exile at Sandhurst, and an Imperial nephew's son dying pierced through the heart by Zulu spears. Have these historical incidents, dissimilar and divided in time, any connection in fact? Who shall say?

—If the English nation is strong on mechanical inventions, it is no less apt at spiritual ones. Luther's "new gospel" has increased and multiplied a hundred fold. The latest development of Emotional Religion is the "Army of Salvation," which at present most oddly finds itself quartered at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, (*Eng.*) otherwise called "coaly Tyne." Why this gallant and Evangelical Army should first have found itself in the City of coal smoke and "caller herrings,"

doth not very plainly appear, nor has it been given us to determine. Its appearance there however is a fact, and facts like stone walls are stubborn things, against which it is not safe for anything with a less sensitive organization than a battering-ram, to run counter, and which however incongruous they may appear, it is as well to accept without further interrogation. This "Army of Salvation" is commanded by one Booth, who, with his body-guard of "Hallelujah Lassies," his Aide-de-Camp, the one-eyed Captain, his band of "Hallelujah Fiddlers," expects to take by storm that Christianity which was begotten of Luther and the Reformation. The usual effects of "emotional religion," follow as physical and logical consequences at the meetings of these fanatics. Women fall down in fits; men howl hymns until they can howl no longer; whilst the not too grammatical chorus—

"The devil and me—we can't agree,
I hate him and he hates me,"

is usually provocative of foamings-at-the-mouth, and hysterics. If the law of evolution is to be extended to religions as to things, this latest development of emotional religion can hardly be attributed to the survival of the fittest. The Flagellants of the 13th century and the Army of Salvation of the 19th, are worthy examples of Religion broke loose from Bedlam.

—Was the great Copernicus of astronomic fame an Irishman? He certainly was a Celt and *made bulls*. In the dedication of his six books—"Of the revolutions of the heavenly bodies"—he thus addresses the reader: "You have, most studious reader, in this work so recently born and edited, the *motion* of the stars as well *fixed* as wandering, &c. Buy therefore; read and enjoy." Clearly there must have been Irish blood in that man's veins, or the noble art of bull making must be of venerable antiquity.

—It is perhaps well that the nations of Europe have broken for a time with the Catholic Church. So intimate for centuries have these relations been that the Catholic Church was beginning to be credited with all their short com-

ings. The desecration of the Sabbath in Paris, was put down to the Catholic Church. Historically this is a blunder, since it was the French revolution, which fastened that stigma upon the fair city of Paris. But blunder or no blunder, (your free thinker is not strong on history) it was often asserted, and the fact of this desecration going hand in hand with what was ostensibly a Catholic Government lent colour to the accusation. We have now for some years had a non-Catholic Government in full force in France, and the evil still remains unabated, nay, even unrecognized. Who is to blame now?

Another stigma which it was equally unjustly sought to fasten upon the Catholic Church was the standing army, grievance. France and Germany and Italy have long been in the hands of the Free Masons, Austria is only nominally a Catholic Government, and what do we see? France is always in uniform. Germany is born with a needle gun in its hand. Italy swaggers and bullies about war like a child with a wooden sword and paper shako; in fact non-Catholic Europe—Europe released from the Catholic Church—talks war more persistently and pertinaciously now than ever did Europe under the most papish of papish rules. What do these facts prove? That they were the faults, were the short comings of the nations, not of the Church.

—When will England acknowledge the debt she owes to Ireland. England undoubtedly is a great nation, but what has made her so? Her own energy? Bah! of what avail is energy when it has nothing to work with? Englishmen were as energetic in the reign of William the Conqueror as they are in that of Victoria, and yet England was not then as great a nation as she is now. What then has made England what she is? Three things have undoubtedly served to build up England's greatness—coal, iron, and cheap labour. The first two England found in the bowels of her own land, the third she received from the bowels of her sister isle. So intimately dependent are these three factors, that take one away and the others are useless. Coal and cheap labour without iron; iron and cheap labour without

coal; coal and iron without cheap labour would be simply *nil*. And herein consists the debt of gratitude which England owes to Ireland; without Ireland's cheap labour England's coal and England's iron would still be in the bowels of mother earth, as useless and as inert as so much granite; all England's energy could not raise either one inch out of its bed, "full fathoms deep." The human mind is a strange deceiver, ever looking to the surface of things; We are accustomed to look upon generals and commanders as the winners of great victories; forgetting that the steady tramp of the private soldier, "shoulder to shoulder" his power of endurance, his pluck and energy, his unwillingness to see when he is beaten, are powerful factors in the great result-victory. We speak of Napoleon's and Wellington's victories, forgetting the thousand and one acts of valour and personal daring and endurance amongst the rank and file, which go to constitute those "victories." And so with England's "greatness." In the contemplation of the grand result, we forget the thousand and one acts of her merchant sailors, and of her operatives, which in reality go to constitute that greatness. How important these individual acts are as factors of national greatness—or in other words, how necessary a part of national greatness cheap labour is, may be seen from the fact, that in China, in Borneo, in California—at Monte Diablo, San Diego and Monterey, in Chili, at the Talcahuam bed, in Japan, in Vancouver's Island, in Tasmania, in New Zealand, and in New South Wales, coal exists in abundance, and yet we have no approach to national greatness. Why? for want of cheap labour. The coal is there, and *there* it is likely to remain until some political cause or some social disaster as in the case of Ireland, drives men in thousands starving to their door. Vancouver's and California are not doing well in trying to stop Coolie emigration. Chinese cheap labour is the only thing that can make their coal available.

H. B.

I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

THE USE OF BOOKS.

I.

No: be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth: It shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.—FLEREMER.

It is a lamentable fact that the Catholics of this Dominion suffer one great privation. With very little exception, all the powers of the press—from books, newspapers, reviews, down to tracts and fly-leaves—are in the hands of those who are, whether wittingly or unwittingly, hostile to the Catholic faith. It is a great sorrow that the Catholic homes of Canada should be, day by day, invaded by intellectual error in every form. It needs a great power of resistance, and such as an intelligent faith can alone oppose, to hold out against the heavy blows, or light unceasing patter, of anti-Catholic literature. Darkness enters our homes by a multitude of channels. There is not an article of the faith, nor a doctrine of theology, nor a moral instinct, nor a precept of the Christian life, which is not either assailed or perverted, or overclouded, by the multitudinous influences of the press. This is true not only of the rich and educated, but also of the poor, who have no choice but to read anti-Catholic writings, or to remain intellectually stagnant.

We read to become wiser and more intellectual beings; to know more and more of what our Creator has given us the power of knowing, of nature, of the mind, of the eternal principles of truth and virtue; to add continually to the stock of just and valuable ideas, and to the power of cogent reasoning upon them: to cultivate all our faculties, throughout the whole of our life, as if it were a school to fit us for nobler action and a higher advancement in some loftier sphere. We presume that we lay down the law of all intellectual, and, also, of all moral improvement when we say, to this end the powers of our nature must be tasked; more than amused, more than employed, that they must be tasked. The heart in its progress, must overcome temptation; the mind must overcome difficulties. To do what we did yesterday is only to confirm ourselves in the position then taken. To advance we must do more than we

did yesterday. The first process, the process of repetition, is doubtless important. It strengthens habit; it fixes the acquisition of knowledge and the perceptions of truth. But to recall the same ideas, or to repeat the same efforts forever would not be advance. We believe the immense reading of the day does not yield half the result it might, for want of a settled purpose of self-government; and we see no way in which this improvement is to be gained, but by some voluntary efforts at thinking; and it does not appear to us that even the reading of history, much less that of voyages, is likely to awake this effort. But to sink still further below the point of intellectual activity, to throw one's self into the current of an all-absorbing tale, to be borne in dreamy listlessness or with hurried speed upon its bosom, to make no other intellectual excursions than these, and to make these from day to day, or from week to week, never a whit wiser at the end than at the beginning, never making any progress of thought, never the more prepared either for this world or the next,—this is a folly and a sin, against which we think it time loudly to protest. It is one step from that absorption in card-playing and other games, which occupied so many hours in the social and domestic circles of the last century. The objection to excess in all these cases is the same. It is, that time and talents are wasted,—not merely taken up with recreation, when recreation is fit,—but wasted when they might be devoted to nobler ends.

We should judge the value of a book by the amount of thought it contains. A volume of thoughtless nonsense is worse than useless, but a work of consummate knowledge is worth its weight in gold. A celebrated writer has said, "Pleasure is a shadow: wealth is vanity: and power is a pageant: but knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment—perennial in fame, unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense—omits no exertion. It scales the mountain—looks into the volcano—dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—encircles the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distant

—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its touch." In the face of all this can we for a moment doubt of the necessity for a vital culture of thought? We think not.

WAKEFIELD.

M. W. C.

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 XVIII.—Continued.

"ARRAH! will you stand back there?" exclaimed the fiddler, resuming his natural look and tone, and good humoredly pushing back some of his most ardent admirers who were gradually narrowing the circle around him. "Stand back, will ye's? an' don't gather a crowd round me. Do ye take me for a play actor or a Galway pipor, or a recruitin' sergeant, that you luk at me wid ye'r mouths open; or maybe ye think I'm goin' to schatler ha'pence among ye, eh!"

The grin that accompanied the last two words caused the Englishmen to roar with laughter, which was heartily joined in by the crowd.

"Is it laughin' at me yees are? Troth, if I had the best an' biggest of ye beyond the mountains, among the Mac-Sweegans, I'd welt him out of his hide. Stand back or I'll shoot you! Arrah, don't you see the bow?"

"Give him room, boys," shouted one. Don't you see he's a Scotchman, an' his feet are *itchin'* to get dancin', an' we want to get the worth of our money out of him."

"Troth, if your money isn't any better than your joke, it won't pass wid me, my shaver, whoever you are," retorted the fiddler. "But dhraw back a bit, boys, give me plenty of say room, an' I'll give you somethin' fresh an' lively."

They drew back at his bidding, and he struck up a rollicking Irish air, first singly on his violin, then accompanied

by his voice; and as he gradually warmed to his work, his feet were brought into play; and thus, dancing, singing and playing, he continued for fully twenty minutes, to the delight of his large and appreciative audience.

"My colleen Rhu, she has eyes of blue,
And rare and ripe her lips are;
And search owld Ireland through and through,
There's nothing can eclipse her.
Her looks wud make a harmit quake,
An' in his owld heart rankle;
She's so complate, she's such a gait,
An' such a nate turned ankle.
So let them sing of flowers in Spring,
I'll cling an' never vary,
An' fondly pray, both night and day,
An' sigh for Irish Mary."

"How is that, boys?"

"Bedad, 'tis you can schatter the dust
wid them floggers of yours, anyhow; an'
a nate turned ankle you've got yourself,"
said one.

"'Tis little prayin' you do, I'm think-
in'. If your prayers are as flat as your
feet, they'll never rise higher than a corn-
crake in a bog," answered another.

"'Tis aisy accountin' for your good
singin'," said a third; "the gift is in the
family—the're all *lark-heel'd*."

"Bunter away, boys; listen to this:"

"While others roam away from home
For fame an' fortune strivin';
I'll never fret for what they get,
Nor envy them for thrivin'.
I'll take my aise, my girl I'll praise,
My colleen, bright and airy;
An' let them brag—the world may wag,
While I'm near Irish Mary,
And let them sing of flowers in Spring,
I'll cling an' never vary,
An' fondly pray, both night and day,
An' sigh for Irish Mary."

"Faith, you'd be a purty picture be-
side her, Mr. ———, I forget your name,"
said one of those who had spoken before,
"an' there wud be two purty heads on
a bowlster, especially if you wore that
heavy *cabawn* for a nightcap."

"Troth it wouldn't improve your
looks very much, anyway; but I'm think-
in' a *polthoge** from my *kitthoquet*† would
improve your tongue a bit. Howaniver,
as I'm not cross, only in my liquor, I'll
remind you of my name, as you seem to
have forgotten it."

"It's owld an' ancient as the hills
An' bogs of Monterloney;
You'll find it everywhere enrolled

From Croom to Carndonagh.
My mother was a Brady true,
My father a MacAuly,
An' I'm an Irish janias, too,
An' came from Ballygawley."

"That you're a janias as plain as the
wart on your nose, Mr. McAuly; only
your janias is not so deep-rooted or
bloomin'."

"Arrah, listen to him, boss!" exclaim-
ed the fiddler, who was forced to join in
the laugh; "why, he's as cute as owld
Molly McCrudden's blind ass, that ait his
blanket wan Winter's night, and was
found dead of the cowlid in the mornin'.
I played a lamentation over him, an' it
got wind, and ever since when I meet
any of the tribe, they're sure to bray at
me. Take care Mither, or your cute-
ness will kill you yet."

This sally completely turned the
laugh against his opponent, whose name
was Bob Lafferty, and considered the
wit of the town.

"Wisha, where's all your knowledge
now, Bob," asked one of his friends, gib-
bly, "when you let a strolling fiddler
put you down?"

"Knowledge!" laughingly rejoined
the fiddler; "I have more knowledge in
the tale of my owld coat than he could
swally in a year if his mouth was as
wide as the Gap of Earnes."

"Ay, indeed," immediatly retorted
Bob, "an' like the same owld coat, you
left it at home behind you."

Unfortunately for the credit of the
musician, his wardrobe only consisted of
what we have described at the beginning
of the chapter, and, being without a coat,
Bob's sally took effect, and raised him
greatly in the estimation of his friends,
"Aisy, now, Mither Lafferty; don't
lift me till I fall. What do you call this,
boys? Isn't it a waist-coat that covers
my waist comfortably, an' is attractive
in appearance?"

"You're right, Mither McAuly; it
not only covers a *waste*, but a barren
tract."

"Troth, if you allude to aitin' or drink-
in' you're not far wrong, for I'm as dry
as a fish an' as ravenous as a famished
aigle. But wait, boys, before you begin
to pelt the money at me, I'll give you
some of your owld favorites; an' as they
are too long to sing them all, an' besides,
as its getting near dinner time, I'll try

* Blow. † Left hand.

an' mix them up for you, into what we call a medley in the institution where I studied. Hem!"

Putting his violin in tune and assuming a position at once imposing and artistic, he commenced to sing the songs at that time and for many years after popular among the peasantry. True to his word, he did not confine himself to one or two, but choosing a verse here and there out of a hundred or more, some grave and mournful and others rollicking and gay, but always suiting the air to the words, he poured forth a flood of medley (as regards the music), the like of which was perhaps never heard before or since in Donegal.

"I am a bowld, undaunted youth, my name is John McCann.

I'm a native of sweet Donegal, contagious to Strabane.

For the stealing of an heiress I lie in Lifford jail,

And her father swears he'll me hang for his daughter, Mary Nale."

Mr. McCann interlarded the pauses between the songs with observations and criticisms upon the merits or demerits of the respective heroes and heroines of his ballads, and seemed to be endowed with a rich memory and a vast fund of information, which he scattered broadcast for the benefit and edification of his hearers.

"The whole country was in love wid him. He had to carry a sail to keep all the purty girls away from him, an' when he was hanged (I'm sorry to say it was for sheep stealin'), seven parishes went in mournin' for him. Listen—

"A sailor courted a farmer's daughter,
That lived convaint to the Isle of Man,
(She must have been a maremaid, or, say woman.)

A long time coortin' an' still discoorsin'
Of things consarnin' young John McCann."

"Her father tied her to the bed-post to keep her away from him; but it was no use. She made a jump for the windy wan night an' went through it. But she couldn't drag the bed wid her, it cotched in the sash, and wid her head hangin' down she was found dead in the mornin', the poor thing.

"So come all you pretty fair maids,
A warning take by me;
I hope you'll shun night-walking
All on the raging sea.

For if you do you'll surely rue
Until the day you die,
And beware of meeting Rinordine,
All on the mountains high."

"But I'm gettin', too mournful; I suppose its becase I'm gettin' hungry, an' that same is enough to make any one sad. So I'll change it an' give you a verse that I know the Sargant an' his friend here would like to listen to, an' so would you all, for that matter, for she's a good craytur', God bless her—"

"I am a British subject and likewise a loyal man,
And I'm a firm supporter of the throne of good Queen Ann;
Norebel rogue or Rapparee could ever yet be seen
To meet our English bayonets when we fight for throne and Queen.

"Upon the walls of Derry and the walls of Limerick town,
We forced them to surrender and we pulled their colors down,
An' if they try to conquer us we'll do the same again,
So here's a health to good Queen Ann, and long, long may she reign."

"There, now, boys; I've come to a conclusion for the day, an' it remains for yourselves to say whether the next tune will be a lamentation of "Jeremiah" over the fallen spirit of our ungrateful people or a "Teddy O'Ramus" on the gratitude and generosity of an honorable and hospital town. As I intend to take up my abode among you, I would like you to impress me with a sense of your friendship and goodness, an' as first impressions are hard to be extricated from the heart, your conduct on the present occasion will go far to either ingratiate yourselves in my estimation, or else prove conclusively the reverse. I have entertained you to the best of my abilities, but it is onbecomin' in me to say how well. Let your offerin's prove it. Open the heart-strings of your purses, an' for ivery penny that ye give may it add a thousand years of glory to your sows. Amin."

"I will now pass around the rabbit skin, and Sargant, dear, give me the lucky sixpence to begin wid. You can't refuse after singin' that loyal song for ye. Spit on it for luck. Arrah! more power to you," he exclaimed as the soldier throw it into his cap, "I knew you hadn't your heart in a penny, an' if you're not a Sargant, you ought to be.

Of course your comrade will be as good as yourself." This he said in the most insinuating and flattering tones, holding the cap before him. But the soldier, drawing two pennies from his pocket, looked as if loth to part with them, and hesitated to give them away.

"Never make two bites of a cherry, man alive; throw them in—sure its only tuppence anyway—an' for the honor of the coat you wear, do the thing handsome. I knew you would; thank you, and may you have all the luck I wish you. An' sweet bad luck to you and all that wear your livery. Amen, this day," he muttered in Irish, as he turned to the next, but loud enough to be heard by those that understood him. The next happened to be an old man with a wizened face and sharp nose, who held a penny in his hand and proffered it to the musician. But the son of Appolo drew back, and, eyeing him askance, inquired in a saucy and provoking tone:

"Arrah, what is your name, good man?"

"Jimmy Doolan, an I'm not ashamed of it."

"Troth then you ought to be ashamed of your offering."

"Jimmy, only a ha'penny to the poor stranger coming to your door. I've a full cousin of that name in Monterlony, an' he'd blush to offer a beggar less than fourpence, let alone a musician like myself. Thry your pockets again, Jimmy; see, they're all gapin' at ye."

The old man winced, and as all eyes were riveted on him he felt ashamed, and, drawing from his pocket a sixpence, looked at it lovingly, for he was a miser.

"Give it to me, Jimmy, I'll change it for you."

Jimmy put the coin into his hand, and held his own for the promised change, but Mr. McAuly, dropping it into his cap, passed on, observing as he went:

"Never mind, Jimmy, I'm not going to leave the town an' I'll give you the change to-morrow or the day after."

Thus he passed around the circle; sometimes coaxing and sometimes scolding, and when all who were able had contributed he resumed his former position in the centre of the crowd. Transferring the money to his pocket without counting it, he turned to them and asked:

"Boys, is there any one here that is acquainted with the widow Molowney?"

"Yes we all know her," responded several voices, "an' there's her son, that tall gorsoon you see over there, young Phil."

"Arrah, come here, Phil; I want to see your owld mother—she's a relation of mine by the father's side."

The individual addressed stopped forward, and turned out to be the same tall, gaunt man whom the fiddler had made acquaintance with in the early part of the day, and whom he had astonished by the fearful contortions and transformations of his face.

"Stop a minute, boys; I'll give you the 'Swaggering Jig' before you disperse, and then I'll go home with the gorsoon, for I'm awful hungry."

He played the tune with all his power and spirit, and at its conclusion wended his way with his new found friend in the direction of his home. As they passed by the barracks the fiddler observed a group of officers standing in front, and, approaching them, struck up in a lively manner "The Protestant Boys" and "British Grenadiers." The officers laughed at his grotesque appearance, but rewarded his skill with a liberal donation. His friend and *cicerone*, Phil, exchanged not a word with him until they had passed the outskirts of the town and stopped before a thatched cottage which stood at a short distance from the road.

Opening the door he grasped the hand of the fiddler as he entered and exclaimed, in Irish:

"Welcome, Shamus Beg! Welcome back to your friends and your home!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Beneath his rags there beat as warm a heart
As ever throbb'd within a human breast."

"THANK you kindly, Phil; sure I know I'm welcome, but where's the ould woman?"

"She must have gone to some of the neighbors; but sit down, man, you must be tired. Sit down while I see if there's anything in the house to give you."

Bringing a bottle of whiskey from a cupboard he poured out a glass, and handing it to Shamus, continued, "Drink that up and then tell me what in the name of marcy brought you this way in

sich disguise, though troth, I'll say it's a good one, anyway, an' I didn't know you in it till you mado the guld faces at me. But after that the divel a man in the crowd, barrin the sogers, but knew you."

"I thought you'd have known me at sight, Phil."

"Your own mother wouldn't know you if you stood before her now. But what's up? You didn't come in that disguise for nothing."

"Tell me first what has happened here since I left."

"Troth a good dale has happened, an' I think you know more about it than I do myself. By my sowl, Hugh an' the boys gev it to them nately. I'm tould poor Cormick was killed at the Gap after he slaughtered a dozen or more of them, an' that before he died he threw Major Crosby from the top of the hill down into the Gap below. That evenin' some of ould Crosby's troopers kem ridin' into the town, an' as we heard the big guns a while before that, we wor all out in the streets, thinkin' that the French had landed, and we wor ready to join them, when the troopers kem dashing through us. The damned villains did their best to ride us down, but we schattered an' hid. Soon after we saw some of the wounded brought in, an' it done my heart good to see so many red coats slaughtered. But we daren't show our noses on the street, for fear of boin' shot by thim, until yisterday, when peace was proclaimed. Two companies of sogers kem yisterday from Derry. That was one of the officers that gev you the shillin' at the barracks."

"Do you know, Phil, the names of any of the gentlemen or magistrates that got wounded in the fight?" I do not but I think there's two of them in the Diamond, where you saw the flags on the houses."

"Well, Phil, I must find that out tonight; so listen and I'll tell you the whole story, and then give me your advice."

Shamus then narrated the incidents that occurred on Barnesmore and at the Green Islands, bringing the story down to the moment of his arrival in the town, all of which our readers are familiar with. "And now, Phil," he continued, "if I can get a chance of delivering the

letters to Mr. Ogilby, I will cut back to the ship as quick as I can."

"Is there any wan else here that you know an' can trust belongin' to the enemy?"

"Yis, begorra, there's one I had a'most forgotten, an ould throoper, a fine ould soldier, an' a sarvant of Mr. Ogilby's. But I'm afeard he's in jail. He's the man that conveyed Mabel to us."

"We'll thry an' see him if he's not in jail. If you don't feel too tired we'll go to the Diamond this evening, an' while you're playin' an' gatherin' the hap-pence I'll walk around an' hev my eyes open."

"That's our best plan, Phil; troth, you wor always good at schamin'."

"Arrah, Shamus, I'm only a garsoon' to you. But here comes my mother."

The Widow Molony now entered, and was surprised to find a soldier in the house, for she took him to be such by the red vest he wore; but her surprise was still further increased when, glancing at his feet, she perceived they were naked and the stockings which formerly covered them torn and in rags. Shamus changed the natural expression of his face, for that he could do at pleasure, and assumed the visage of an old man, and gazed at the good woman with a pitiful and woe-begone look. She turned to her son for an explanation, and in a perplexed tone inquired:

"Wisha, Phil, what omedhan is this you have brought to us?"

Before he could reply she again looked at Shamus, but the face of the old man was gone, and in its stead a different and a younger one.

"The Lord guard us, and be about us this blissed an' holy day!" she exclaimed, devoutly, making the sign of the cross on her breast, and rushing towards Phil, "but who is this?"

"Why, look at him, mother; don't you know him?" When she looked for the third time Shamus was sitting on the chair cross-legged like a tailor, with a short clay pipe in his mouth, and his arms folded across his breast; one eye was closed, and, with the other, he was gazing intently at her and winking at intervals. Mrs. Molony was one of those good, simple old souls, who, to use a common Irish expression, "had never been

ten miles from home in her life," a firm believer in ghosts and fairies and all that portends to the supernatural, and Shamus, who knew her failings, took great delight in imposing upon her, but always in an innocent manner.

"O Blissid Virgin! Phil, don't howld me. Luk at the evil eye! Sure it's the divil, or Martin Luther, or an evil spirit that's in the house. Get me the holy water! I knew I'd be punished for not doing my stations right last Summer at Loch Derg. I forgot to say a Pater-an'-avey for the rest of the soul of my uncle Jack."

"Arrah, mother, don't be makin' a fool of yourself; don't you see that it's Shamus," said Phil, trying to restrain her from running from the house. But Mrs. Molony, blinded by her fears, failed to recognize him, and still clinging to her son, timidly asked:

"I don't know him. What Shamus do you mane, Phil?"

Not *Shamus-a-hocka*, anyway but a better man," cried Shamus, throwing his cap on the floor, and standing before her. "Arrah, you ould fool, don't you know me, your own Shamus Beg!"

"Och, bad seran to you, you scaimer; you've doubled the heart across in me; an' that's the way you trate your poor old aunt."

"Indeed you're ould enough to have better sense; but get us something to eat."

"Sit down, Shamus, avic, an' while I'm getting somethin' ready for you Phil will tell you all the news."

"He has tould me already; so go on, aunt, and cook us something, for I hav'n't ait a bit for the last four-and-twenty hours."

The meal was soon prepared, and Shamus and Phil, after doing ample justice to the skill and cookery of the widow, proceeded outside the house to indulge in the luxury of a smoke and talk over their plans for the future. They remained thus until the evening was setting in, and then, according to the programme they had laid down for themselves, they both proceeded to the town. Shamus performed his first musical solo at the barracks, and from thence wended his way to each of the houses where a flag was displayed. And though he

played his best and sweetest strains, he failed to waken sympathy in the hearts of the inmates. At least no response was made for his appeal for aid or remuneration, and after wasting his time in a vain effort to attract the attention of those within doors or to meet any kind of a recognition of his presence, or services, he was at last forced to abandon the effort and return to the widow's, baffled, it is true, but not downhearted.

About ten o'clock the next morning his violin could be heard playing "The Red-Haired Man's Wife," and other tunes of a like type, to the great joy of bare-footed urchins crowded around him. All the idlers of the town had heard of his coming, and though but twenty-four hours in it, he was known to every man, woman and child within its precincts. His peculiar costume added much to his popularity, and his masterly performance on his favorite instrument heightened it; for he was skilful beyond many, and executed the old Irish airs in a manner delightfully sweet and ravishing to both heart and ear. Though seemingly absorbed in pleasing his patrons and collecting their offerings, his eyes wandered incessantly from face to face, and he scrutinized each with a look of intense interest and anxiety. He flitted from place to place, and at intervals approached near to where the fiddler stood. A glance from the latter was answered by him with an ominous shake of the head and disappointed look.

The hours wore away, and both were about returning to Mrs. Moloney's, to rest untill evening, when the attention of Shamus was arrested by the approach of a soldier, and with him one who seemed to be a prisoner. As they drew near he felt his heart bound to his throat, for in the prisoner he recognized the object of his search—Hamilton. Following them, but without attracting the notice of those in the street, he watched until he saw him enter one of the houses on which a flag was displayed.

"That's where Mr. Ogilby is, Phil," he whispered to his companion. "Let us wait and see. He has been taken prisoner, after leaving us, and his master has been too sick to see after him. He must come back with the sojer to the barracks, for a discharge, an' we'll meet

him after he laves them. Keep your eye open while I strike up a tune.

It turned out as Shamus had surmised. In the course of half an hour Hamilton and the soldier returned to the barracks, and soon after the former was free and hurrying in the direction of the house which he had visited with the soldier.

"Go to him, Phil, an' tell him that I am one of the Rapparees and that I have a letter from Miss Lucy to her father. Don't be afraid of him."

Hamilton was walking sullenly, with his head bent and his eyes cast on the ground. His confinement did not seem to have agreed with him, for his face looked pale and wasted, and his step was not as when we last saw him. When accosted by Phil, he looked up in his face in surprise and wonder, but soon followed him to where Shamus stood, around whom a crowd was now gathering. The latter, having finished the tune he was playing, passed around his cap, as usual, and when he reached Hamilton, who was standing apart from the group, hurriedly whispered:

"Folly the man that spoke to you. I'll meet you in half an hour. I have letters for you."

Turning to the crowd, he assumed an angry tone and said: "An' is this all that I can get out of you, you batch of beggars? Only thruppence, an' I melt in' the life an' sowl out of the ould fiddle for you! Troth it wud be better for me to sell her an' buy a penny whistle; that's the music you're most used to. But, divil resave the other tune you'll get from me the day. So go home, now, an' pull the pratees out of the greesaugh."

Putting his violin under his arm and shaking his clenched hand at the crowd, he walked in an excited and hurried manner towards the widow's. Hamilton, accompanied by Phil, soon overtook him, and together they entered the house.

"Hamilton," said Shamus, throwing off his cap, "it is likely you would never suspect who I was in this disguise; but when men are hunted as me and my comrades are, we are forced to resort to a good many tricks to save our necks from the gallows, or, maybe, do a favor for a friend. The last is what brought me here. Miss Crosby, as you know is on board the French ship, an' as all belonging to her are dead, the estate, of coorse,

belongs to her. As she intends to go to Paris with her friends, she must lave some wan behind in her place to luk after the property, an' she would like Mr. Ogilby to do it. I have a letter from her to him telling him what to do. Here it is; give it to him as soon as you can. Here is another from his daughter, and one from Miss Mabel. I will wait until he answers them, an' take the answer back to the ship. As there is no knowin' how soon an English man-o'-war may appear in the harbor you may just remind him that his daughter would be as well at home at such a time as in the middle of an engagement. The boys are on the lukout for me these two days an' nights at the Green Islands, an' if you bring me a letter from your master this evenin' I'll take it to the ship before mornin'."

"I'll go as quick as I can and deliver the letters, for I know he is wonderin' about the girl. He was wounded in the thigh, but is getting along bravely now. I only saw him for the first time to-day myself. The damned scoundrels arrested me, an' were going to hang me for a rebel. D—n them," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "I'm glad they got sich a thrashin'."

"Troth your throopers of the Boyne have but a poor show when Hugh and Fergus are around."

"They are splendid fellows, Mr. Beg," said Hamilton; "especially him they call Hugh, the leader. It's a pity he doesn't wear her majesty's uniform."

"Blood an' ounds, man! what are you sayin'? Is it Hugh wear a red coat? Why, there isn't a drop of English blood in his veins, or of any in his band, for that matter. But we won't quarrel over it. Come take another drop and scamper off, an' let me hear from you as soon as you can. If you could get Phil into the house with you, all the better. Tell Mr. Ogilby to send him on a message to the barracks or some other place, so as to desave them, or invite me in to give him some music. I'll be up there this evenin', and maybe strike up the 'Protestant Boys' for ye."

"All right, Mr. Beg; I'll start now. Faith! that is a good drop, an' better than I ever got undher ould Schomberg."

"Many's the drop an' good rebel toast has been drunk over him since, an' will

again, please God," said Shamus. "Here's to the Wild Geese!"

"Hadn't you better go a piece of the way with him an' reconnoiter, Phil? Who knows but the villains may find me out?"

"I'll be on the larkout, Shamus, never fear, an' give you warnin' if anything crooked happens. So *Bannagh lath.*"

(To be Continued).

NED RUSHEEN;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

FOUND OUT.

"WHAT'S THAT?"

The voice was gruff and sharp, and Ned was aroused from a pleasant dream, in which he fancied he was walking in the Garden of Olives—only it looked very much like the lime walk at Elmsdale Castle—and thought he saw the nun there with silver wings and golden hair, and a harp in her hand; but she was singing a song they had learned in the infant school about "trying again." He looked up as people will who are suddenly aroused from sleep, but the warder not unnaturally thought he was shamming. Ned saw it all in a moment. There was the coil of rope and the file—what could he say? If he told the truth no one would believe him, and then he did not like to implicate Jack, so he was silent.

"Got nothing to say for yourself?" the man continued, pointing to the things, and now quiet certain of the prisoner's guilt. How, indeed, could he think otherwise?

Ned was still silent, and looked terribly confused, which did not decrease the unfavorable impression.

"Just like your sort—sullen and silent; but we'll teach you to try your tricks here. I suppose you thought you'd be free to-night, and go do more murders, you—"

"I'll teach you not to call me mur-

derer," roared Ned, provoked beyond his present powers of endurance, and he raised his powerful fist, with which he could have felled the jailor to the ground in one second. Then he remembered his good resolutions—his happy dreams—and thought that this was not "suffering wrongs patiently," and his hand fell suddenly by his side.

But, quick as was his movement, the jailor was quicker, and a short, shrill whistle brought more than one man to his assistance. There was quite enough apparent evidence to make them think the worst of the prisoner. Clearly, he was preparing for escape that very night, and they were sure he both could and would have murdered the turnkey on the spot, if help had not arrived in time to prevent the commission of the crime. Was not the man found guilty, by a Coroner's Jury, of a cruel, deadly assassination in broad daylight? He was seized, overpowered, and heavy irons put on his hands and feet. The rough, rude treatment, the way in which he was flung upon the ground by the men, who feared for their lives under the false opinion which they had formed, all combined to rouse the hot temper and the pride of a youth so unused' even to the least restraint. He resisted wildly; he flung about him right and left; he took up the file to defend himself, but, happily, dropped it in a moment; he almost disabled two men with the blows of his powerful arms, and at last only submitted to pure force of numbers.

He was left alone in his dark, dreary cell, heavily ironed, his bed taken away, and nothing left which he might in any way use for his release. Poor fellow! he had no more happy dreams of bright angels that night. And now, indeed, temptation came to him, and almost overpowered him. He had tried to do right, but every thing had gone wrong. There, whispered the tempter, is all you have got by your fine sentiments; what a fool you were; why did you not escape when you could? and now you will never get the chance again. All this will tell against you at the trial, and you will die a murderer's death, and no one will believe your innocence after this night's work. Some of this was true, but some of it was false; but, as a very old book tells us, the devil cares but little how he

deceives us, whether by true or false reasoning, so that he gains his evil ends. But he can only gain his ends with those who give themselves up to him, and Ned had not done that. He was only perplexed, distressed, and tempted, as many a man has been with less reason; and there are few things which please the enemy of our race so much as to put a poor man's soul into a state of confusion, so that it can scarcely see whether it has done right or wrong, and may be led to despair by imagining it has done some deadly crime, when it would die a thousand deaths sooner than be guilty of it.

It was, indeed, a weary night—weary to body and soul; all the bright, hopeful hours which had preceded it, for the pleasant talk with Father Cavanagh, who, he was sure, now would never care to speak to him again—and sorely, sorely did the thought press on him that if he tried to escape, he would never have had all this suffering to endure. Ned had yet to learn that those who strive for the eternal prize, may not expect to find the struggle easy or pleasant; that though virtue will be rewarded through all the long ages of eternity; it is often most deeply tried in time.

The morning came, and with it a visit from the prison Chaplain. He had heard that Ned had got into trouble, and was not a little surprised. He had taken the greatest interest in him and in the peculiar circumstances of his very peculiar case, and he had not the slightest doubt of Ned's innocence. It was this confidence, and the confidence which Father Cavanagh showed him, that had helped to keep Ned from sinking utterly under his heavy trials.

"Sure if they believe me," he would say—"and God knows the truth—where's the use of troubling myself about the rest of them?"

And he could not help also contrasting his case with that of a young boy, who was in jail at the same time for sheep-stealing, but who declared he was not guilty, that it was a case of mistaken identity. The Protestant clergyman did not believe him, and the poor lad was wretched: it would have been some support to him if his minister had given credit to his statement. But the good man was not to blame for his incredulity: he had been deceived again and again;

he had no test by which he could discern a true assertion from a false asseveration; he could only urge to repentance at least safest: but how infinitely galling this was to an innocent man he scarcely knew.

The priest and his penitent had the incomparable advantage of a perfect confidence—of something far more, far higher, far more reliable than any merely human confidence. They met: the one as the judge, the other as the subject, in that most magnificent—that most sublime—that most noble tribunal—when God meets man through the delegates which He has Himself appointed, and forestalls the sentence of the Day of Doom, pronouncing upon the penitent the Benediction of the Blessed, and rarely—for rarely do the impenitent seek the means of grace—the dread sentence of repulsion. Here the distinctions of rank are levelled; or, to speak more correctly, are altered to the models of Eternity—to the rules of precedence in the Heavenly Court, where the most saintly shall be the most exalted; where the most lowly shall be the most honored; where the Prince of Meekness shall crown the meek with everlasting glory.

The priest can have no moral reasonable doubt of the guilt or innocence of his penitent: and the Chaplain knew that Ned was innocent, and the young man obtained all the consolation, and all the help which the children of the Church throughout the world can claim as their glorious heritage.

He was greatly distressed to see the poor fellow in irons; still more to find him so utterly bowed down and dejected. But he was accustomed to scenes of sorrow, and he knew how to meet them. It was a part of his office to heal the broken-hearted, and he had the unction of a Divine commission to give efficacy and power to his efforts.

Ned met him with averted looks and groans of anguish pitiable to see and hear. The priest had heard the warder's account of the affair, but he wished to hear Ned's, partly because he knew there are always two sides to a story—even had the poor boy been guilty, he would none the less have wished for his own account of the affair—and partly because he had learned from long experience

how wise it was to let the sufferer tell his own story, to listen to it patiently, and as far as possible to sympathize with it. Even when the story is one of sin and crime, and black, dark guilt, Father Healy generally found out some mitigating circumstance. It might not, indeed, be of much use in a court of justice but he made great and glorious use of it to win souls for the service of the Court of Heaven.

"I hope so," he said, when Ned had finished his account of the evening's doings. "I hope so. Of course if the opportunity to escape had been offered to you it was a great temptation, and you conquered it nobly; and for the rest—well, it was hard, and if you did resist, even with violence, you know how and where you can get pardon, from the only Judge whose sentence you need fear. But I am very sorry all this has happened. It will prejudice your case very much at your trial, and it is so near now—only a few days—it is bad business."

"An' that it is, yer Reverence. God knows if I am not the most unfortunate son that his mother ever brought into the world, for everything's against me."

"Not so bad as all that, Ned; and if everything is against you in this world, and you make the best use of it all for the next, believe me, you're not to be pitied. It's those who throw away their chances that are the real objects of sorrow." There was silence for a few minutes, and then the priest spoke again. "You know very well, Ned, I am the last person that would advise a man to say a word that would betray another; but I do think, under the circumstances, you ought to tell exactly what happened. If you like to dictate a statement of the facts for the Governor, I will write it out for you now, and take care it is given in at once."

"And tell on Jack? Never, yer Reverence!"

The priest could not but admire his fidelity. "It's a hanging matter you are in for; there is no use in concealing the truth from you—you know it yourself; and, after all, any punishment that Jack might get would be light, indeed, compared to what may happen to you."

"I'll not tell, sir. They may hang me for a murder I never did, but they

shall not stain my name for one word of treachery."

The priest ceased to urge him, but he felt none the less that something must be done. He went to the Governor and represented the case to him on his own responsibility, stating his firm conviction that Ned Rusheen had never made, or thought of making, any escape; that the blame was entirely due to the rashness of others. His representations were received with polite incredulity. The Governor was naturally on the side of suspicion, and—it must be admitted in this instance—with every appearance of justice.

The Chaplain could do no more. He went away sadly and sorrowfully, to a miserable man who brought his wife and family to ruin by his crimes, and who seemed hardened beyond all hope of repentance. As he went slowly along the dark, cold, gloomy corridor, where silence was only broken now and then by the clanging of an iron door, he saw two Sisters of Mercy. They had come, by special permission, to visit the sick prisoners, and he at once thought what a pleasure it would be to Ned to receive a visit from them.

He told them the case briefly, and they were much interested.

"Poor boy!" the elder Sister exclaimed. "And you say his name is——"

"Ned Rusheen."

"Ah! I once knew a young lad—child I might say—of that name, but it cannot be him. Yet, the surname is unusual."

A few moments solved the doubt. Ned knew again the face of the nun who had taught him so many holy lessons, whose words were his stay and comfort in his prison—but he could only say: "Ah, Sister, is it you?"

What help and consolation he received from this visit can well be imagined by those who have had the happiness to be ministered to in any affliction by those ministering angels of the lower world. Some fervent prayers also they said for him, and he felt strong to bear all that was still before him. The nuns promised to be with him even to the last—should he be condemned to die—and now, even his most sanguine friends feared the trial would go against him. It was certainly kindest to prepare him

for the worst, to do all that poor mortals could do to induce him to seek for the grace of perfect resignation to the holy Will of God.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAREWELLS.

LORD ELMSDALE had left the castle, without, as Jack graphically expressed it, saying "good luck to one he left behind him." His luggage was simply labelled "London." Even his mother did not know where he intended to go, or what his plans were for the future. It was thought, at least by Barns, that he and his brother Harry had had some high words the day before he left Elmsdale, and the conjecture was founded on fact. The dinner had passed, as was usual now, almost in silence. Lady Elmsdale and Mary, who was just able to join the family, had left the room. The twins rose, according to their old custom, to go after their mother, but Harry lingered behind, and when Fred had passed on, he turned back.

He fidgetted uncomfortably, looked out of the window to see was the snow still falling; or, perhaps, to gain time for an unpleasant task, went to the side-board moved the glasses, but his elder brother—either absorbed in thought, or utterly indifferent—took no notice of his proceedings. At least he spoke, but his voice was so changed that, for the moment, Lord Elmsdale scarcely could recognize it.

"Edward!"

It was but one word, yet it contained—it expressed—it gave utterance to many. There was entreaty—there was agony—there was fear in it.

Lord Elmsdale had almost expected, or, to be more correct, he had constantly dreaded it—but he had decided on his plan of action. He appeared not to notice the words, as he appeared not to notice the movements.

"Edward! oh, Edward! will you not save Ned Rusheen?"

"Save him? Why, of course, I would be only too glad, if I could do anything for him: but, you see, the case is quite against him," and he stood up, as if to signify that it was a subject in which he had not much interest—a subject

which he would rather not be bored with.

Harry was taken a back; no word so completely expresses his state of mind. He had nerved himself—steeled himself, I might say—for this interview, and his brother's unexpected coolness—his absolute indifference—disconcerted him hopelessly. He was prepared for anger, and could have met it—he was not prepared for indifference. Still he could not give up. He must make one more effort.

"Edward, you know who killed my father, and yet you will let an innocent man die for it. Oh! Edward, how can you live—how can you die in peace? Have you no spark of honor left?"

Poor Harry! Honor was his god, his idol. To be honorable was the creed of his school-fellows, and it was his. To be honorable as the world interprets, the much-abused word—but there was little reference, in its interpretation, to the Honor of God.

It did not take much to rouse Edward's temper, and it was truly roused now.

"And pray, sir," he retorted angrily, "who taught you your code of honor, and where did you learn your impudent meddlesomeness? I think it's a good trashing you'd have had if you used your tongue like that at Montem. How can I help it if Rusheen is hanged?—I suppose you'd rather your brother was hanged to save him."

"Oh, Edward, it's not that—and you know it's not that. But you know the evidence you gave at the inquest; and if you would stay now for the trial, and say—"

"Thank you—not if I know it. Stay and contradict myself to oblige you, and make myself the laughing stock of the whole of Dublin," and he turned to leave the room, and close the discussion.

"Not yet—one word more—she told me to speak, indeed she did. Oh! if you could see her misery! If you would let her speak to you—even for one minute—you could not refuse."

"And pray, who is this 'she,' whose knight-errant you have sworn yourself?"

The boy colored deeply, angrily—but he replied, calmly:

"Nurse Rusheen!"

"Oh! that old woman. I thought—"

"And I thought," replied Harry, with

a touching dignity—lost on his brother; “and I thought she was your nurse, and your fosterer; and she thought—God help her—you had some feeling left for her. She would not come to you herself, for she was afraid it would perhaps anger you, when you seemed to care so little for her that you would not even come to see her before you left the place. And she knows, too, all you said against Ned. But I promised her I would speak to you to-night—and I think her heart will break if you do not send her some word of kindness. There is not one now to care for her, except that wild boy, Jack. I saw him—”

“You saw him, by Jove!—you saw him! nice company for the honorable Harry Elmsdale!”

Harry took no notice of the taunt, but moved closer to his brother. “Edward, I must speak, if you kill me for it.” He came still closer to his brother, so near that he could whisper in his ear. He said a few words.

“Confound you, for a d—d liar!” and with one blow Harry was laid prostrate on the ground, and Lord Elmsdale left him where he lay, too maddened with rage to care for what injury he had done.

Harry was not seriously hurt, as far as bodily injury was concerned, but the blow fell upon his heart, and that was more utterly crushed than ever. He sat silent, stupefied, aghast! He never moved his position; the very channels of thought seemed benumbed. Oh! if there was any one he could tell; any one he could speak to; any one who could advise—any person apart from the family, and not mixed up with the family circumstances; any one who could listen dispassionately to what he had to say, and give him advice; but there was not one. He could not tell his mother. Indeed, he was sure that it would be neither right nor wise to do so, and what had it not cost him to keep away from her, least in some unguarded moment, he might betray all. Mary was too young; Freddy could not give him the advice he needed. He had once, in his great distress, even thought of Barns, but he could not bring himself to speak to him. He thought, too, of the clergyman of the parish, but only for an instant—the idea seemed too

absurd: how the boys would laugh at him if they ever even suspected that he went to a clergyman for advice; and, then, if it was ever found out at home, his mother would certainly feel much hurt that he should have told a stranger what he had not told her: so Harry was utterly desolate. He had not even the consolation which a boy educated by parents of strong religious convictions might have had, for he had never been taught to pray.

Barns came in to remove the wine and desert. He had long expected that there was some heavy trouble weighing down the once merry boy. He remembered the night—not long ago—when the two lads had come home from school unexpectedly, and he seemed to hear their shouts of pleasure, and to feel again the warm pressure of their hands, always extended to the old servant. Many a weary hour he had spent thinking what he could do to comfort or help his young master, but his cogitations ended as they began, in perplexity. What could he do?—after all he, was only a servant. I have said cogitations ended where they began, but this is not quite correct: they ended generally with an Our Father and a Hail Mary, and he commended the fatherless boy to the Great Father who loves all His children and feels for their sorrows more tenderly than any earthly parent. So it came to pass that Barns, who could do nothing, had, nevertheless, much in his power, for he could pray to Him who can do all things. He was about to leave the room when he found it occupied, but Harry called him back. “Don’t go, Barns; it will be long enough before I see you again, after to-morrow.” And then, though the prospect of leaving Elmsdale permanently had not troubled him much before, the idea came, as ideas will come at times, with all the force of reality—with all the consciousness of what a breaking up this was,—and he laid his head down on the table and sobbed aloud.

I think Barns brushed away some tears himself with the back of his hand, but he made a great effort to control his emotion. He would not add to his young master’s grief, if he could not lessen it.

“It’s been a sad coming home for

you, sir," he said at last; "but they say that them who have much trouble young, don't have it old, and God is good to us all."

"I didn't think I would mind it so much, Barns; but it is hard to leave the place and to think I may never see it again. I don't think my brother will come back here again, do you?"

"I don't think he will, sir," the man replied, even more gravely than the question seemed to warrant.

"Barns, I——" he stopped.—

"Master Henry, I know you have some great trouble on your mind, besides the trouble we all have, God help us; but excuse me for saying it, sir, it's not to the like of me you should be telling it."

"Oh, Barns, if I only knew what to do; if I only knew who to speak to; if I had any one——" he spoke so hopelessly, with such utter dejection—it was hard to listen to such words from one so young—hard to think of all that must have been suffered before such words were uttered.

"If you were one of my religion, Master Henry, you would not have to say such words to-night; but God comfort you, for no one else can."

"I don't know much about your religion, Barns, but it has a bad name, and, of course, I would not go to a priest, so there's no use talking of it."

"Well, sir, it may be long and long before I see you again, and I'll ask you as a last favor to old Barns, to remember that many a thing is spoken bad of in the wrong; and surely, Master Henry it's worth our while to know what's true and what's false—in particular when it has to do with our religion; and it's in a time of trouble, such as you are in now, that you will find the good of the religion that God left to be a comfort to His creatures in this miserable world; and a black place it would be for some of us, without we had the hope of a better."

CHAPTER XIX.

ELLIE M'CARTELY.

"AND THAT'S the place Mither Moore wrote them romantic lines about. An illigant taste he had; but I'm think-

in 'twas some other kind of meetin' he had in his head—an maybe 'twas the meetin' of the spirrits he ment. Set him up, indeed (he alluded to the rivers), with poetry for the like o' them. Why, its just like one little stream of water running up against another."

It need scarcely be said that the speaker was Jack the Runner. Having uttered his criticism on Mither Moore, for the benefit of no one in particular, he pursued his journey, but he had nearly reach his destination. Do you know the little village of Ballynaclash? It is not far from Wicklow, and very near the famous "Meeting," which Jack had apostrophized so irreverently. Ellie McCarthy had been living here with her aunt ever since her flight from Elmsdale Castle. The priest had advised her to remain quietly where she was until the Assizes. If possible, she was to avoid appearing as a witness. But it seemed now that Rusheen's acquittal might depend on the evidence she could give, and her immediate return was necessary.

Mr. O'Sullivan, who, it will be remembered, had undertaken Ned's defence, was enjoying the prospect of Mr. Forensic's amazement, when he produced his witness. Father Cavanagh, whose feelings were very different, was pitying the young Lord Elmsdale for the terrible exposure which awaited him, and considering how it would be possible to unite Justice and Mercy. It was no new subject of contemplation. He had first seen the example on Calvary, where the Guiltless One suffered for the guilty. He had already practiced it in many a secret fast and vigil which he had offered to avert the judgments due to guilty sinners, who sought pardon for their sins, with little idea of the reparation which justice demands of them.

In his charity he determined that one effort should be made to spare Lord Elmsdale, even in this world; and for this purpose he had sent Jack, as a sure and swift messenger to summon Ellie back.

The boy dashed into Mrs. O'Brien's kitchen in his usual free-and-easy fashion. By an adroit movement he saved himself from the pot of scalding water which that irate dame was about to fling over

him, as a return for his unceremonious invasion on her domain.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am—but that's a meetin' of the waters I don't just care for," observed the incorrigible Jack, as he seated himself quietly upon a bench; "if you'd give me something just a taste cooler, I wouldn't say against it Mrs. Brien, ma'am."

"And who are you, ye impudent gormon, that has my name so pat and aisy?" retorted the indignant lady, when her anger was sufficiently quelled to allow of speech. "Yer Dublin by yer accent, but yer manners wants mendin', for all that—and I've an O' to my name, and all before me had—and I'll just thank ye to give me the whole of it, when you are so familiar with the rest."

"Faith, an' it's sorry I am, ma'am, for forgetting it, but the wind was out of me from running all the way from Dublin, and sure, I was just savin' myself by saing it short, Mrs. O'Brien, ma'am."

"What's you're errand?"

"It's Ellie McCarthy I'm inquiren' for, Mrs. O'Brien."

"An' what would the like of you be wanting with her?"

"The like of me, ma'am?—but there I'll forgive you, ye poor creature, ye don't know any better—and how would you ever have heard of the O'Flanagans down in this deluded part of the country, where ye make such a moidering over a bit of water that would not be missed out of Dublin Bay? Is it what I want with Ellie McCarthy? Well, it's just a message from the Parish Priest himself—God bless him—and maybe ye never heard of him neither?" he concluded, with a fine touch of irony, as the most unanswerable reply he could make.

"If it's Father Cavanagh you mane, I have heard of him," and Mrs. O'Brien drew herself up with the dignity of knowledge; but Ellie came in at the same moment, and received the communication intended for her, in person. The sense was conveyed accurately, but, it must be admitted, the language was not exactly that used by the Reverend gentleman who sent the message.

"His Reverence says, Ellie, you're to come back to Dublin this minute, and swear against the young lord, who's on

for hanging Ned—the villain—and if you don't come on at wunst, he's a dead man, and you're parjure your soul and body foriver and iver—Amen."

The profusion of personal pronouns did not trouble Ellie; she had her fears ever since the inquest, as she had read the report in the *Freeman's Journal*, but she was extremely distressed at the idea of appearing to give evidence, and still more so when she thought of what her evidence must be.

"Yo'll get Ned off, won't ye, Nellie?" asked Jack, with as near an approach to familiarity as he dared assume to her.

The girl looked sad enough.

"I'm afraid, Jack, it will take more than I can say to do that."

"But ye'll try, and he so fond of you. Ah, thin, Ellie isn't it a quare thing ye'd be passing by the like of him."

Ellie tossed her pretty head, but she did not look as displeased as Jack feared she might do. Perhaps, after all, "absence had made the heart grow fonder." or that, woman-like, she begun to pity, and ended with a warmer feeling. If Ned had seen her then he would have spent a happier night. She reached the little village of Elmsdale the following evening. It was the very evening on which Harry had made the last appeal to his brother, Edward—on which Burns had said almost his last words to his young master.

A short interview with the priest was sufficient to arrange what was necessary. Father Cavanagh had not much hope of making Lord Elmsdale sensible of his injustice, but he thought it right to try what could be done by private expostulation, before he was made the subject of public exposure. As it was important that Ellie's interview with him should not be known, Father Cavanagh agreed to her proposal that she should go to the castle late at night, attended by Jack, who he knew could be entirely trusted. Another midnight interview took place—but how strangely different from the former.

Ellie waited about the grounds, shivering with cold and nervousness, but faithfully guarded by Jack until the castle clock had tolled eleven. The musical chimes, the pride and pleasure of the late Lord, rang out their melodies to the heedless ears. Lady Elmsdale had

retired to rest, after a cold and heartless adieu from the son and brother. The twins were sleeping in the old room, but there was no pleasant, boyish gossip, between them, as they used to be in the old times. So little note did they take of each other's doings, that either might have knelt in prayer unquestioned, had he so been disposed. Edward, as usual, was the last to retire to rest. His thoughts were not pleasant ones. He had once thought with pride of the time when he should be master of Elmsdale: free to act as he pleased; free to spend as he pleased; free to rule all according to his own inclination. He was master of Elmsdale now. He was free—as entirely free as any man could be—but his anticipations had not been realized. He was utterly, hopelessly, wretched—and he saw no prospect of any amelioration in his condition.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind;
The man gentle in mien—
Words and temper, I ween—
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest—be true, boys!

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

A Legend of the Cathedral.

As they were building in Aix-la-chapelle, more than one thousand years ago, the now celebrated and beautiful Cathedral, the fathers of the city having underestimated its cost, found themselves with the church half done and an empty treasury. The prospects were so much the more dubious, as the calls for contribu-

tions made upon the distant faithful brought in only an insignificant sum. There seemed to be no means of obtaining the money which was needed to complete the building. While the magistrates, in full Council assembled, were debating this important matter, and still coming to no conclusion, a foreign lord caused himself to be announced with the message that he had something of importance to lay before the Council. The outlandish costume of this man, the indescribable expression on his face of mingled calculation and mockery, would have made a very disagreeable impression, had not the unknown forthwith in an elegant and courtly manner, introduced himself, saying:—

"Highly respected and very wise lords: It has come to my ears in what a dolorous dilemma the city now finds itself, not being able to procure funds for the completion of the Cathedral. I am the man to supply this want, and I stand before you to negotiate the conditions upon which I am ready to pay down the wanting millions in solid, ringing gold."

Universal astonishment followed the speech of the stranger. Who was the man, who spoke of millions as though they were nutshells? Was he a nabob from India who, converted to the faith, would dedicate his fortune to the building of a church? Was he a King or a mountain spirit in possession of underground treasures, or was he (as his manner would seem to imply) was he hoaxing this highly respectable assembly? Thus queried the lords of the Council one of another, yet none knew what to answer.

The Mayor was the first to recover his self-possession. He raised questions as to the rank and family of the generous stranger, and the latter enlightened him thus:—

"Of what descent or rank I am, may your Excellency guess or not; this much can I say for myself—all the money that is required I offer, not as a loan, but a gift for all time, and I make but one condition, which is this: on the day of the consecration of the church, the first one to enter by the open door shall belong to me—hide and hair, body and soul."

If the astonishment of the wise lords was great before, their fright was

now prodigious. All sprang up from their comfortable chairs, and fled to the furthest corner of the hall; for now they understood with whom they had to deal.

After a long pause, the Mayor again plucked up courage. "Begone!" he cried, and then the magistrates, one after another, cried, "Begone!" Unfortunately, this formula of banishment was ineffectual; the stranger stepped nearer, and said coolly:—

"Why do you appear so frightened? Are my propositions, then, not acceptable, and moreover advantageous? Consider I demand only one, whilst without even so much as a thought, for a whim merely, Kings sacrifice thousands in battle; and the one who gives himself for the good of all, does he not deem it right to do so?"

Such and other plausible arguments influenced the assembly, and their fright vanished. Moreover, the pressing need of gold worked most powerfully upon them, and after a short deliberation the bargain was closed; and the devil, recommending himself to their kind consideration, vanished by way of the chimney, with peals of Satanic laughter. Before long, down through the same chimney came many well-filled sacks into the Council chamber below, and the Mayor, after careful testing, pronounced the metal genuine, and the amount such as had been promised.

In a few years the church was finished, and now came the day when the solemn consecration was to take place. It is true, indeed, that the worthy men who were present at the time of the apparition, had endeavored to keep the compact which they had made with the evil one a secret; but several among them confided in their wives, and as may be easily imagined the story was soon in the mouths of all; consequently no one, as the bells rang for church, wished to be the first to step over the threshold. Behold, a new dilemma! The Mayor was at a loss what to do, when suddenly a little priest appeared, assuring him that he had discovered a clever mode of cheating the devil.

It was indeed in the contract that the first to enter the church should become the property of the Prince of Darkness, but it was not specified what sort of a

being it should be. On just this flaw the little priest had counted on the success of his plan. A wolf had been caught the day previous, and he placed it in a cage before the open door of the Cathedral, so that upon the opening of the cage door, the wolf must necessarily leap into the church.

Satan was on the watch for his prey, and chased like lightning after the poor animal. But when he saw how he had been outwitted, his anger was terrific. He broke the neck of the wolf, and breathing fire, and howling horribly, he slammed the door of the church so hard that it broke; and then leaving behind him a strong smell of brimstone, he flew off. On this very door can be seen to-day, the metal image of a wolf; and also the crack is shown as an enduring witness of how the little priest put the devil in harness.—*Young Catholic.*

THOUGHTLESS SCHOOL GIRLS.

"How all the girls laughed at Miss Alfred to-day, mother, in school!—You should see her old dress she has pieced out under the flounces, thinking it would never show. One of the ruffles caught on the corner of a seat, and ripped off half a yard of it. It was so old and faded and forlorn, that the girls laughed out loud."

"Oh, Arty!" said her mother, with a look of pain on her kind face; "I am sure you did not laugh."

"I did, mother," said Arty, hanging her head; "they all did."

"What if it had been your own dress?" asked her mother; "what if father were dead, and you were then obliged to get your living by teaching, and take care of a feeble brother besides; what if almost every dollar you could make went to pay rent, and buy food and fuel, and medicines and little comforts for the sick one? What if you had spent hours in making over an old dress, so that it might look respectable in the school-room, hoping that others would never see its defects; then how would you like exactly such a scene as that in your class room to-day?"

"O mother I am so sorry," said Arty, the quick tears coming to her sympathizing eyes.

"So would all the girls be, I am

sure," said her mother; "if they would only think of it. They are not unfeeling, only thoughtless. I would do my best to atone for the fault by extra kindness and politeness to-morrow. Your example will have some effect upon the other girls."

POLITENESS AT HOME.

RESOLVE that home shall be the brightest, merriest, happiest spot on earth, and each keeping the resolution, it will be so. Of all places the father should be the politest seated in his own home. No mother makes a grander mistake than when she forgets the most delicate etiquette in the presence of the little ones who learn to read her thoughts before utterance. If you see a boy thoughtful and gentle of speech to his sister, set it down that he has heard those very intonations from his father's lips when addressing that boy's mother.

Hear that daughter snarling out some pettish response, and you may set it down as the echo of the mother's words. No doubt children inherit bodily disease and mental qualities, but these more often are made a blessing by the impressions received from superiors, while in childhood. A child cannot always be easily trained to be polite from principle, and yet it is a grand accomplishment. There is a way of saying, "I thank you," "You are very kind," "Allow me assist you," that makes one feel he is in the presence of refinement. We never witness the rosy, healthy miss arise, and ask the old, gray haired man, tottering upon his cane, to take her comfortable seat, without mentally taking off our hat, and bowing reverently to the mother at home who trained that girl.

Boys and girls who, from principle, are trained to politeness, are walking libraries, and educate more and better than is known.

A HAPPY MEDIUM.

"WHERE'S mamma?" cried blue-eyed Bessie, running breathlessly into the room the other morning. "Never mind, you'll do, aunty, I only want to know something; is my pa rich?"

"Not very. Why?"

"Oh! 'cause Benny Bend and May

Monk and Kate Binsloy are out here telling about their pa's and I didn't know about mine."

"Well, Bessie, I'll tell you. Your pa is not too rich, and not too poor; he is just comfortably well off."

The child stood for a moment, looking thoughtfully, then repeated, over and over to herself, "not weddy rich, not weddy poor, jest comferble," and went out.

Presently her mother came in, Bessie following her. "Well, Bessie," said she, "Have you been a good girl to-day?"

"No, mamma."

"Why, Bessie, I hope you have not been a bad girl."

"No, mamma," said the little thing. "Not weddy bad, not weddy good, jest a comferable little girl."

AN ELEGANTLY USELESS YOUNG LADY.

Of this class of young ladies we find the following specimen in a work called "Family Secrets." "Isabel advanced along the path of life with feeble and uncertain steps; for in addition to her constitutional delicacy, she had to contend with a will undisciplined, and with endless longings after personal gratification unchecked, unregulated, and consequently incapable of being gratified to their full extent. Indulged as a favorite child the greater part of her life was spent in a kind of dreamy idleness, from which she was seldom roused, except by some awakening desire to personal gratification, some complaint of mental or bodily uneasiness, or some scheme for momentary amusement, which she was generally too languid or too indolent to carry into effect. The consequence of all this was that Isabel arrived at the age of eighteen a victim to dyspepsia, an amateur in medicine, a martyr to nervous maladies, and as elegantly discontented with life, and all it had to offer, as any other young lady of her age could think becoming her character and station. The worst of all was, that, by this system of injudicious treatment, false tastes had been created, unnatural cravings excited for bodily as well as mental stimulants, which, under the names of cordials, tonics and restoratives, were but too plentifully supplied. Isabel had not, like her sisters, been per-

mitted to go to school, though hers was a case in which school discipline might have been highly efficacious; she had not even been considered capable of enduring the usual process of mental instruction at home. Thus, her education, even that inferior part which relates to the understanding and the memory, was as vague and irregular as could well be imagined. She was however, an extensive though superficial reader; and those who conversed with her only for a short time, believed her to be a much better informed person than she really was. We have said that, with all her disadvantages, Isabel was not at all absolutely disagreeable. So far from this, she generally attracted attention in company by her easy and lady-like manners, and by a countenance which, perhaps, was less beautiful than interesting and expressive. Unassailed by any of these severe trials which put to test the real principles upon which we act, she had not made the discovery herself, nor had any of her friends made it for her, that she was in reality selfish and unamiable; for while every one ministered to her gratification, she had only to express gratitude, affect a little willingness to deny herself, and expatiate on her regret at being the cause of so much trouble, and all went on exactly as she wished—the trouble was incurred, the attempted self-denial was frustrated, and the kindness for which she expressed her gratitude was repeated and increased.

“What a lesson do we learn by a sudden reverse of this order of things!—a lesson, perhaps, the most severe that experience ever teaches; while at the same time, our dependence upon animal and selfish gratification, our irritability, impatience, and wounded feeling when these are denied, show us but too faithfully the living pictures of those passions of which we believed ourselves incapable, simply because indulgence had hitherto lulled them to rest.”

This listless and spoiled child, the story goes on to say, is married, but having no mental resources to fall back upon, and no taste for the active duties of life, she seeks *artificial excitement*; the result is such as might have been expected—she loses caste and sinks into obscurity.

HOW PERVERTS ARE MADE.—Catholics in neglecting the practice of their religion by missing Mass occasionally, by receiving the sacraments less and less frequently, by mingling to freely with heretics, gradually fall away from the aith and become mere listless beings or skeptics as far as religion goes. No Catholic became a pervert all at once. He was led by degrees from one omission to another. Faith will die without good works, and to keep it alive we must constantly feed it with those good works. Those lukewarm Catholics that just barely keep within the pale of the Church must regard their faith as simply alive and nothing more; that the least breath of temptation will extinguish it; that it cannot be revived without a special grace of God. To be a Catholic we must be practical and in earnest.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ALBA'S DREAM, AND OTHER STORIES.—Original and Translated. New York: Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street.

This volume is No. 16 of the *Vatican Library* series of Publications. It contains 219 pages, and is made up of eleven very interesting stories, namely: *Alba's Dream*; *A Message*; *How Percy Bingham Caught his Trout*; *The Legend of Friar's Rock*; *The Wild Rose of St. Regis*; *Jane's Vocation*; *A Sweet Revenge*; *The Wolfe Tower*; *Juliette*; *A Silent Courtship*; *The Little Chapel at Mona-Mullin*. Price 25 cents.

SUMMER READING THAT IS SAFE AND PLEASANT.—Now, that our Catholic boys and girls are home for the vacation, and that hundreds of older people take their annual summer relaxation, the question, “Where shall we get pleasant and safe reading?” again presents itself. The Catholic press has already explained the high claims to Catholic support possessed by the novels of *The Vatican Library* series. There are now ready forty of these books, ranging in price from five cents to twenty-five cents, and they supply this want of pleasant Catholic reading for summer holidays in the woods, or by the sea-side. A descriptive catalogue will be sent to any person,

who sends a request by postal card, to Hickey & Co., *The Vatican Library*, 11 Barclay Street, New York., N. Y.

F A C E T I Æ.

"The ministry have thrown me overboard," said a disappointed politician, "but I've strength enough to swim to the other side."

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed—"Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! give me that—give me something to remember him by."

It has been remarked as a singular fact, that when people come to what are called high words they generally use very low ones.

1st Grocer—"Is Col.——a man to be trusted?" 2d G.—"I think you'd find him so. If you trust him once you'll trust him forever. He never pays."

Little Alice's grandfather is almost a centenarian. One of her companions one day asked her: "How old is your grandpa?" "Hush" said she. "Don't speak so loud. I believe God has forgotten him."

Teacher with reading class: Boy (reading)—"And as she sailed down the river—" Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—"Because they need men to manage them."

"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the father, "he's a chip of the old block—ain't you my boy?" "Yes father," replied the boy; "teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

Tract Lady (to ticket seller): "Do you sell tickets at reduced prices to servants of the Lord." Ticket Agent (blandly): "Certainly, madam: if you have a written order from your master."

The flowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well-known belle, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in his handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry boats."

The pompous epitaph of a close-fisted citizen closed with the following passage of Scripture—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "That may be," soliloquized Sambo, "but when that man died the Lord didn't owe him a red cent."

A young apprentice to the shoemaking business asked his master what answer he should give to the often repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good, and if they don't I'll make them good for nothing."

Moralists say there is no such thing as luck. Yet we have seen a young man get a hair in his hash every day, while his neighbor never got one. And we have seen men who could take the counters and make a "lone hand" at euchre every time, while others would be euchred, holding both bowers and the joker.

Sheridan's wit seems always to have been within reach. A great many of us could say very bright things if we had five or ten minutes to think about it, but to retort with the speed of a flash of lightning—well, that is what makes the difference between a wit and a blockhead. A man buttonholed Sheridan one day, and insisted on pouring into his ears a long story of personal woe. At last, out of breath, or having no more woes to relate, he said: "But, my dear sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention." Sheridan looked at him with a very innocent and childlike glance and replied, "Not at all; not at all, sir; for you see I haven't listened to a word."

Two highlandmen, kilted in primitive order, dropped inadvertently into an Episcopal chapel on a Sunday, and seated themselves in a comfortable pew. Having never been in an Episcopal chapel before, their astonishment cannot be described on a beautiful symphony being struck up by the organist. At that instant a gentleman came to take possession of the seat, and civilly laid his hand on the shoulder of one of them and pointed to the door. "Hout, tout!" cried the Highlander, "tak out Donald there; he be a far better dancer than me."

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

Moderate time.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her
2. "La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro'

wand she bore; bore; But oh! her beau - ty was far... be -
this bleak way? way? Are E - rin's sons so good or so

fond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand. But, oh! her
cold As not to be tempted by wo-man or gold? Are E rin's

beau-ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand.
sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by wo-man or gold?"

3 "Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of ERIN will offer me harm;
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

4 On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relied
Upon ERIN's honor and ERIN's pride.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of BRENN, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—W. J. BARRER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I., Book 10.

"AVENGING AND BRIGHT."

Boldly.

AIR—CROOGHAN A VENGE!

1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co-nor's dark

E - rin, On him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd— For ev - ry food
dwelling, When U - lad's three champions lay sleep - ing in gore— By the bil - lows of

espress. *f*
eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
war, which so of - ten, high swelling, have waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore—

3 We swear to reveng them i - no joy shall be tasted, Yes, monarch, tho' sweet are our home recollections,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwe'd, Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted, Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affec -
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head, Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all! [tions,

* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written CRUACHAN NA FEINTE—i.e. the Fenian Mount or Mount of the Fenian heroes, those brave followers of FIN MAC COOL, so celebrated in the early history of our country.
† The words of this Song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan—(see Vol. I. of TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.) and upon which it appears that the "Dartula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Emain. "This story," says Mr. O'Flanagan, "has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are—The death of the children of 'Tourman'; The death of the children of Lear—(both regarding Tuath de Danann;) and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, on a previous page of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir—"Silent, O'Moyle!" &c.
Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

‡ "O Nasill view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in August.
1	Fri	Midland Great Western Railway, Ireland, opened, 1851.
2	Sat	Battle of Rathmines, 1648. <i>Last session of the Irish Parliament closed 1800.</i> Renewal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, 1866.
3	Sun	Hugh O'Neill married to the sister of Sir Henry Bagnal, 1591. Thomas Francis Meagher, born, 1823. Queen's visit to Ireland, 1849.
4	Mon	Arrest of Smith O'Brien at Thurles 1848.
5	Tues	O'Connell's remains entombed at Glasnevin, 1847. Committal of William Smith O'Brien to Kilmainham Jail, 1848.
6	Wed	Daniel O'Connell born, 1775. Edward Walsh, the poet, died, 1850. Monster Repeal Meeting at Balinglass, upwards of 150,000 persons present.
7	Thurs	Irish Reform Bill passed, 1832.
8	Fri	The first stone of Custom House, North Wall, Dublin, laid, 1781. First stone of the O'Connell Monument laid in Dublin; great public procession, 1864.
9	Sat	St. FÉDLIMH, Patron of Kilmore. Battle of Ardnocher, 3,500 of the English slain. Prince of Orange appeared before Limerick, 1690.
10	Sun	Great battle and glorious victory of the Irish forces at Beal-an-ath-buidhe, 1598. The Irish Tenant League Association formed, 1851.
11	Mon	William III opens trenches before Limerick, 1690.
12	Tues	St. MEREDACH, Patron of Killala. Death of Lord Castlereagh, 1822. T. F. Meagher, Patrick O'Donohoe, and Maurice Leyne committed to Kilmainham for high treason, 1848.
13	Wed	Schomberg landed at Bangor, in the county Down, with 10,000 Dutch invaders to help the Protestant rebels in the North of Ireland, 1689.
14	Thurs	St. FACIUXAS, Patron of Ross and Kilsnora. Oliver Cromwell landed near Dublin, 1649. English camp surprised and cannon blown up by Sarsfield, 1690.
15	Fri	ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. O'Donnell routed the English forces at Sligo, 1599. Oliver Cromwell reached Dublin, 1649. Monster Repeal meeting held at Tara, 1843.
16	Sat	The son and heir of Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, assassinated at Brussels, 1617.
17	Sun	George IV. entered Dublin, 1821. Dr. Kane of Kilkenny, died, 1858.
18	Mon	Reynolds, the '98 informer, died, 1836.
19	Tues	Great meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin, to protest against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, 1851.
20	Wed	Great public demonstration in honor of Cardinal Cullen, in Dublin, 1866.
21	Thurs	The Castle of Ardmore, county Waterford, yielded, on condition of mercy, nevertheless one hundred and forty men were put to the sword, 1642.
22	Fri	The Danes routed at Clonmel by Niall Glendubh, Monarch of Ireland, 916.
23	Sat	St. EOGHAN, Patron of Derry. French landed at Killala, 1798.
24	Sun	Most Rev. Dr. French died, 1618. Napper Tandy died, 1803.
25	Mon	Consecration of new church, Ballinasloe, by Archbishop of Tuam; Sermon by Cardinal Wiseman, 1858.
26	Tues	Irish Parliament held at Castle Dermot, in the county Kildare, 1499.
27	Wed	The English driven from the walls of Limerick, the Irish women fighting in the breach, 1690. Carrickfergus surrendered on articles, 1689. "Races of Castlebar"; flight of the English, 1798.
28	Thurs	St. AUGUSTINE.
29	Fri	Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and Prince of Wales, arrived to see the Dublin exhibition, 1853.
30	Sat	St. FIACRE. Siege of Limerick, under William III., raised, 1690.
31	Sun	Henry Joy McCracken born, 1767.

DANGER OF DESPAIR.—The daily papers contain fearful examples of the danger of despair. Scarcely a day passes that some foolish victim does not madly rush into eternity. It has been truly said—that the most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man. But—

it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world—if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; it is what is within that makes or unmakes.