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THE HARP

OR

A SELECTION OF

TALES, BIOGRAPHIES AND POEMS

— BY —

IRISH AUTHORS



D. & J. SADLIER & CO.
MONTREAL

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LEO XIII. AND CATHOLIC CONGRESSES.

SOME time ago His Holiness was pleased to receive the Permanent Committee for Catholic Congresses, whose President is that excellent gentleman, Commendatore Giovanni Acquadrini. The Pope thanked the Commission for their zeal in defence of Catholic principles and encouraged them to never cease to make the most strenuous efforts in furtherance of that holy cause, "The example of other nations," said His Holiness, "long accustomed to the struggle, together with the assistance of heaven should be a reason to hope."

Leo XIII. possesses all the firmness of the immortal Pius IX, together with a certain positive force of character which is all his own. His act in putting Bismarck into a false position with relation to the Sects,—his powerful denunciation of the Revolution,—his determined circular to the French Episcopate on the occasion of Gambetta's Romans diatribe,—the active reforms which he is initiating on all sides,—in Rome, Germany, and the United States,—in short, his whole policy from the moment of his accession to the chair of Peter, proves that he is a Pope of the calibre of St. Gregory VII, Innocent III, and Boniface VIII. His late circular to the Papal Nuncios at foreign courts respecting an aggressive policy toward the Italian robbers who are at present diverting as well as horrifying the world with their monkey ricks and macaroni legislation; man-

ifests that he possesses something of the grand spirit of Sixtus V. God be praised, for giving to His Church such a Successor to Pius, IX! His powerful intellect is already making itself felt throughout Christendom, and he is evidently one of those men who believe in the French adage:—"*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera.*"

We call especial attention to the words of His Holiness, to the Commission for they are of great interest to all Catholic Irishmen. "The example of nations long accustomed to the struggle." Ireland stands first among those nations. Indeed, with the sole exception of Poland, we know of no other nation to which those words apply. Germany has done well of late years, but the fact however creditable to the Catholics of that empire, is exceptional in her history. The greatest trials the Church has suffered during the last thousand years have had their origin in Germany. Had it not been for the providential lapse, of the Alt-Catholic party,—that evil principle which had so long disturbed the Church in Germany,—we might not have been able to-day to testify to the worthy stand which the Catholics of that country, had taken in the face of the infamous Kultur Kampf. Thus, the Providence of God elicits good from evil, even as the perfection of the crop is largely due to the raging storm, which clouds for a time, the light and warmth of the sun.

Ireland has been long accustomed to fight for the Church and endure persecution, for the sake of truth. For centuries she has stood, firm as the rock

of Gibraltar, before her bitter enemies. She has been stripped of this world's goods,—starved,—robbed by process of law,—murdered, yet a divine vitality enabled her to withstand the shock, and, by patience, wrest from her foe the bright guerdon of victory. When brute force had failed, recourse was had to the most insinuating temptation. If she would only abandon her faith, what worldly comfort awaited her. Bad law would be remedied,—cakes and ale would be within the reach of all,—the anomalies of English rule would be swiftly abolished and a general millennium would ensue. "Look at Scotland!" quoth John Bull, full of dignity and dinner, "there's an example for you! What happiness is the portion of the Scots! What a moral people; What a bright and shining example of the benefits derived from an obedient submission to British rule and religion! Now, the less said about the Scottish Presbyterian morals the better, but, leaving that aside, Ireland was deaf to the would-be benefactor charmed he ever so wisely. She would much prefer thirty-nine stripes with St. Paul to the thirty-nine articles with Saxon morality and enlightenment thrown in. She preferred the Holy Sacrifice, of the New Law, to the banging box and bare table of the English Law Church. She preferred Popery with poverty to rich pickings and Protestantism. She very foolishly clung to a Church which possessed the Keys of the gate of Heaven rather than to the human, law-made institution which had not even a bit of crooked wire to pick the lock of the doors celestial withal. St. Paul's Cathedral might boast of an earthly Sovereign's presence before whom portly John Bull crawled on abject belly with more devotion than ever did Eastern Pagan before Mumbo Jumbo, but the hungry Irishman, knelt in rags on the mud floor of the humble thatched chapel before the King of Kings, whose glory was never known in the proud temple of heresy. The power of the Catholic Church reaches the heart; the power of Protestantism stops at the ears. So, the longer the ears the better the Protestant, which offers food for serious reflections.

But John Bull did not cite Scottish

examples alone. He instanced his own notable performances as a paragon of morality. In the intervals of persecution, after having wiped the nasty Irish blood off his hands, he would array himself in black gabardine, white choker, stove-pipe hat, umbrella, gaiters and eloquent pocket-handkerchief, and, ascending his banging box, would drearily prose, hours and hours at a time, concerning Irish perversity—the advantages of Protestantism as a dollar-producing engine,—and his own exceeding great morality, compared with the "mere Irish." He would demonstrate you, by pregnant quotation and unanswerable logic, that Popery was the sole cause why so many breeds of Irish pigs were stunted and of a skeleton style of conformation. He would grind you forth texts sufficient to furnish a kitetail, corroborative of the charge that the wildness of Irish bulls and kindred beasts was entirely due to the Popish atmosphere of Ireland. "Look at London Bridge!" exclaimed His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, at a scientific congress, over which, as was natural and becoming, he presided. "Look, gentlemen, at London Bridge, and, laying your hands upon your hearts, can you say that that bridge was not built by Science!" This splendid apostrophe to London Bridge and to science, which was, of course, greeted with cheers and tears, is but the kick of a feeble moon-calf compared with John Bull's improving conversation on the subject of Popish Ireland. "Look at me!" says he, spreading out his arms and trying to look as wise as port wine will let him, "look at me! My ships are on every sea! My capital is in every enterprise from the Suez Canal to the Erie Railroad! I dine every day on roast beef and plum pudding, and wash them down, with the best wines that can be bought for money, My religion is a comfortable religion. No beltings, no macerations, no fastings, no nothink but Bible. Our ministers must preach to suit our ears or, bounce! they go!—Now, ye unfortunate Irish, why can't ye listen to reason? Give up Popery, and you shall have a share of our good things. Only give up Popery, ye poor, benighted vagabonds, and ye may be any thing else ye like. We have Thirty-nine articles. Take any one of 'em you like.

or, if it please you better, there are the Dissenters,—a thousand different kinds of 'em,—be any one of 'em, I say, but reject Popery!—Come, be reasonable!"

But the "poor, benighted vagabonds" won't be reasonable. They won't listen to nor heed John Bull's improving conversation. So, his fit of philanthropy evaporates and Ireland is treated to a further dose of Bills, Enactments, Poor Laws, Local Cess and Latitats, not to speak of Rates, Rents and Assessments, —Process, Eviction and "20 shillings or three months,"—in order to purge her of her miserable adhesion to Popery. But her bowels are unmoved; she won't be purged by the most violent Cathartic in the whole Saxon pharmacopœia. She puts on her ragged coat on Sundays and trudges off to Mass, flinging John Bull's advice, threats, persecution and panaceas to the devil, and praying that the roast beef and plum pudding may choke her the day she barbers the faith of her grand old forefathers for the flesh-pots of heresy.

The Irish people, though the poorest of the poor in this world's goods, are the richest of the rich in moral and intellectual wealth. Their superiority in this respect is acknowledged by their most pronounced enemies. Has the world ever witnessed such an adhesion to faith and conscience as the Irish have displayed through centuries of such awful trial as no other people ever endured? It is phenomenal; it is unique; it is unparalleled. No wonder that the great Pontiff holds up to the faithful Italians the splendid example of Ireland in order to encourage them in the present conflict. For, surely Italian, German, or French Catholics can bear a burden for a few years which faithful Erin has borne for eight terrific centuries of persecution and combat. If they prove unfaithful, the dogs never deserved to have the faith moistened by the blood of the Man-God, Our Blessed Redeemer. The history of Catholic Ireland must be read and studied by all peoples who desire to withstand the Satanic Revolution which threatens to engulf Society. The devil has no weapon in his armory that has not been tried upon the glorious Irish. Let other Catholics, then, fear not; the same indomitable courage, iving faith and trust in God, which

have sustained the people of Ireland will support them, if they be patient and pray.

ROOT IT OUT.

Brave words, bravely spoken—and yet kindly and Christian-like withal—were those contained in the reply of Lord Dufferin a few weeks ago to an address of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Toronto. If His Excellency left to Canada no higher record of his viceregal rule—no legacy of memory more enduring of the wisdom of his government—no stronger personal claims on the reverence and affections of the people there would be in this one impulsive, and yet doubtless well considered, pronouncement enough to make his name and fame acceptable for all time to the wise and well-thinking of the Dominion. We append extracts from this lay sermon of the late Governor General. What words of ours could add weight or effect to the personal experiences of an Irish nobleman of the sad and fatal effects of religious hate and partizan animosity. In his own fertile region amongst the Ards—along the wooded slopes of Clondeboye—in the glens of Antrim, and in the Commercial cities of the North of Ireland—notably in Belfast—his lordship had witnessed the results of the fell spirit of the old time bigotry; as an Irish patriot proud of his descent he had deplored these results and deprecated their causes and he himself tells us how with memory keenly alive to the existence of these ills in that country far away and so dear to him, his pain was intensified at witnessing the cropping up in this land of the worst spirit of the old curse.

We do not intend to fight the Orange battle o'er again. We would not revive the bitter associations clustering round that one bitter day in the year's round. It would serve no good purpose of citizenship or Christianity to keep on fanning the expiring embers of mutual discord. No, living together in one community of fellow-beings, we should not be unmindful of the necessity of living together in one community of good will; each man tolerant of an-

other's faith, and practice in matters religious and political, and only emulous for a greater kindness and striving for a more perfect good.

We write thus in introduction to our extracts from Lord Dufferin's address; not in assumption of the capacity of adding a word to what his lordship has so well spoken, but in the desire on our own part to give full and unqualified acceptance to the advice so nobly given—and to bespeak for it within the sphere of our influence such attention and practical adoption as may on our side at least be the most grateful return to a great Irishman for efforts made in the interests of the Irish race. We entreat careful perusal of His Excellency's parting words. They deserve to be written in letters of gold for indeed they are gold—they should find a place in every heart, for they are heart-whole in their utterances—and the speaker certainly by his whole career has conquered his claim on the characteristic gratitude of the Irish people. Let the testimony of that gratitude be sent after him over the Ocean in the proud intelligence that Protestant and Catholic and Orangeman and Unionman had consented to lay aside the badges—aye the very memories of party strife—and determined to live henceforth as the peaceful citizens of a prosperous land, and the tolerant professors of an all-embracing Christianity. We think we may promise for our people. Who will take up the gage at the other side?

Lord Dufferin said:—

GENTLEMEN—I have had a terrible experience in these matters. I have seen one of the greatest and most prosperous towns of Ireland—the city of Belfast—helplessly given over for an entire week into the hands of the two contending religious factions. I have gone into the streets and beheld the dead bodies of young men in the prime of life lying stark and cold upon the hospital floor; the delicate forms of innocent women writhing in agony upon the hospital beds; and every one of these struck down by an unknown bullet—by those with whom they had no personal quarrel, towards whom they felt no animosity, and to whom, probably, had they encountered them in the intercourse of ordinary life, they would have desired to show ever kindness and good-will.

But what can be more Cain-like, more in sane, than to import into this country—unsullied as it is by any civil record of civil strife—a saintless Paradise fresh and bright

from the hands of its Maker, where all have been freely admitted upon equal terms—the bloodthirsty strife and brutal quarrels of the Old World. Divided as you are into various powerful religious communities, none of whom are entitled to claim pre-eminence or ascendancy over the other, but each of which reckons amongst its adherents enormous masses of the population, what hope can you have except in mutual forbearance and a generous liberality of sentiment. Why, your very existence depends upon the disappearance of these ancient feuds. Be wise, therefore, in time, I say, while it is still time, for it is the property of these hateful quarrels to feed on their own excesses. If once engendered they widen their bloody circuit from year to year, till they engulf the entire community in inter-ecine strife.

I would beseech you and every Canadian in the land who exercises any influence amid the circle of his acquaintance—nay, every Canadian woman, whether mother, wife, sister, or daughter, to strain every nerve, to stifle and eradicate this hateful and abominable “root of bitterness” from amongst us. Believe me, if you desire to avert an impending calamity, it is the duty of every human being amongst you—Protestant and Catholic—Orangeman and Unionman—to consider, with regard to all these matters, what is the real duty they owe to God, their country and each other. And now, gentlemen, I have done. I trust that nothing I have said has wounded the susceptibilities of any of those who have listened to me. God knows I have had but one thought in addressing these observations to you, and that is to make the most of this exceptional occasion, and to take the utmost advantage of the good will with which I know you regard me, in order to effect an object upon which your own happiness and the happiness of future generations so greatly depends.

Though religion removes not all the evils of life, though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity, (which indeed it were not salutary for a man always to enjoy,) yet, if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may justly be said to give “rest to them who labour and are heavy laden.”

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, being asked, “What things he thought most proper for boys to learn,” answered, “Those which they ought to practise when they come to be men.” A wiser than Agesilaus has inculcated the same sentiment: “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

PARKMAN'S JESUIT MISSIONS.

"MEANWHILE (1637) from Old France to New came succors and reinforcements to the missions of the forest. More Jesuits crossed the sea to urge on the work of conversion. *These* were no stern exiles, seeking on barbarous shores an asylum for a persecuted faith. Rank, wealth, power and royalty itself smiled on their enterprise and bade them God-speed. Yet, withal, *a fervor more intense, a self-abnegation more complete, self-devotion more constant and enduring* will scarcely find its record on the page of human history.

"Holy Mother Church, linked in sordid wedlock to governments and thrones, numbered among her servants a host of the worldly and the proud, whose service of God, was but the service of themselves—and many too who in the sophistry of the human heart thought themselves true soldiers of Heaven, whilst earthly pride, interest and passion were the life springs of their zeal. This mighty Church of Rome in her imposing march along the road of history, heralded as infallible and divine, astounds the gazing world with prodigies of contradiction: now the protector of the oppressed, now the right arm of tyrants; now breathing charity and love, now dark with the passions of Hell; now beaming with celestial truth now masked with hypocrisy and lies; now a virgin now a harlot; an imperial queen, and a tinselled actress. Clearly she is of earth not of heaven; and her transcendently dramatic life is a type of the good and ill, the baseness and nobleness, the foulness and purity, the love and hate, the pride, passion, truth, falsehood, fierceness and tenderness, that battle in the restless heart of man."—Chap. VIII, p. 83.

This is vivid word-painting, but perverted *truth*. Our Protestant historian is evidently a master in the art of drawing—a limner of no mean capacity. But are his pictures true to life? Because the Catholic Church in her battling with the world has at times become begrimed with the powder and dust and blood of the battle, she is of *earth* not of *heaven*. He beholds not the warrior nor the hero, for the grim of war. The Apollo Belvedere is not the work of Apelles, because soiled with the dust of the ruin. The nugget is not gold, because enveloped with dross. How superficial is all this. Because Holy Church has had at times venal men amongst her servants, she is not *holy* Church. And yet there was a Judas amongst the twelve. Our Protestant historian forgets his Scripture; though professing to take

his faith from "the bible, the whole bible, and nothing but the bible," he is still ignorant of the bible. The divine Teacher has long ago taught him, that if in the Church there be tares among the wheat, "An enemy hath done this." Upwards of eighteen hundred years ago he thus taught his disciples. The kingdom of heaven (*i. e.* the Church of God) is likened to a man that sowed good seed in his field, but while men were asleep his enemy came and oversowed cockle amongst the wheat, and went his way. And when the blade was sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle. And the servants of the good man of the house coming to him said "Sir; didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle? And he said to them: *An enemy hath done this.* And the servants said to him wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said no; lest perhaps gathering up the cockle you root up the wheat also together with it." Does not all this—from the divine Teacher himself—sufficiently explain the presence of "hypocrisy and lies" with "celestial truth?" of the "harlot" with the "virgin?" of the "tinselled actress" with the "imperial queen?" "An enemy hath done this." Surely the acts of an enemy never yet invalidated the acts of "the goodman of the house!" Where then in all this is the proof that "this mighty Church of Rome" is "of earth not of heaven?" If the wheat field was still a "wheat field, though oversowed with cockle"—what prevents the Church of Rome from being of *heaven*, even though her life be "a type of the good and ill, the baseness and nobleness, the foulness and purity, &c., that battle in the restless heart of man?" Our Protestant historian, beautiful word-painter though he be, is as ignorant as the servants of the goodman of the house when coming to him they said "Sir; didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle?" And he is as ignorant as these same servants when he expects the Church to purge herself violently of this cockle. "And the servants said to him wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said no; lest perhaps gathering up the cockle you root up the wheat also together with it." The just must

not be punished for the wicked, else had the eleven suffered for Judas' crime. Our reformer, however, would change all this, and would pronounce the wheat accursed on account of the cockle.

And not only is our historians *unscriptural*, but as a Protestant he is *inconsistent*. In striking against the "Church of Rome," he strikes the ground from under his own feet. Were there think you, no venal men in what he calls the Reformation! Amongst the Reformers! were there none "who in the sophistry of the human heart thought themselves true soldiers of Heaven, whilst earthly pride, interest and passion were the life springs of their zeal?" Were there none "whose service of God, was but the service of themselves? But if there were, where on his principle is the *locus standi* of his Reformation? Doubtless as a consistent Protestant he looks upon the Reformation as a *divine* not a *human* work. But if one Judas destroys the whole college of Apostles, one reformer "whose service of God was but a service of himself" must render his Reformation of "*earth not of heaven*. Where then his consistency? But perhaps he has one set of scales for "the Church of Rome" and another for the Church of Geneva!

H. B.

THE NATIVE IRISH.

THE primitive condition of the human race, the origin of letters and the manner in which the several parts of the world were first peopled, have furnished ample matter of dispute to the learned or curious inquirer. To trace the progress of human Society in the different stages through which it has passed during the revolution of ages is certainly in many points of view, an important study. To the philosopher it is important, for a knowledge of the character of man as it is exhibited at different periods of time, in distinct point of civilization, under different circumstances and in various situations is essential to the successful investigation of human nature. To the man of science it is important; for in tracing the progress of the different departments

of human power, he not only gratifies the most noble curiosity, but prepares his mind for further discovery and improvement. To every one it is important, for man in examining the history of his kind, finds his own courage reflected, enriches his mind with the most precious treasures of wisdom, and with the material of purest enjoyment, while he acquires the most valuable of all knowledge—a knowledge of himself. In later periods of Society the mind is conducted by the light of authentic history; but in remote ages where the light fails, it is forced to explore its way through oral legends and traditions.

When we are excluded from the history of facts our inquiries are narrowed almost entirely, to the single point of language, and to physiognomical character where that can be traced; and even here there is much room for hesitation and caution, as the conquered nation, or the nation pent up in the fastnesses of a country by conquerors, must of necessity borrow the names of whatever amongst the conquerors is new to them, and also, as time softens down the animosity, intermarriage must blend their characters into a new race different from, and probably always superior to, either of the original ones.

Though the circumstances and some of the periods cannot now be traced, it is evident that in the succession of ages race has driven race westward over the continent of Europe; and that of the people thus driven, remnants, more or less pure, have been left in those places which were either not very accessible to the conquerors or too poor for repaying the labor of conquests. Of the comparative merits of those successive races we are unfortunately not in possession of materials for judging. The conquerors must have always been in some sense or other the stronger party; but when this strength has been animal and not moral—when the strength of ferocity and cruelty, and when the strength of science and system we do not well know, though the knowledge would be one of the most important elements in the history of the human race. When Cæsar subjected Western Europe to the Roman arms, there is no doubt that notwithstanding the rivers of blood

which he shed his was in so far a conquest of moral power and tended to improve and civilize whatever of the old population was left to mingle with the new. The subjugation by the other races are of a more doubtful character; for though the great improvements of modern times have originated among a population certainly not Celtic, yet the power and consequently the emulation has been among those other races; and the Celts from the smallness of their numbers, the position of their countries, or by direct political hardships, have had not scope for the free development of their energies, but have been, as it were, in the house of political and physical bondage.

Wherever an individual Celt has been brought properly into action, he has displayed a character different from that of the other races, but certainly not inferior to them. The estimate hitherto formed of them was greater energy, but not prolonged endurance—a higher slight for the moment, but not so long on the wing—more bold daring and practical in the single idea, but not so close in the logic or continuous in the chain! This, if so, may be the result of the Celt being a separate people in language and manners, but no people at all in political status. Without general institutions, public opinion, or anything to rally round as Celts, they have been prevented from forming a Literature, but we are not on that account to suppose them incapable of doing so. Without kings and rulers, that they could call their own, and set by the rulers of other nations, they have had nothing to elevate them as a people, but we are not thence to infer that they are incapable of elevation. Caesar did not, though they were divided into small sects find them an easy conquest. Whatever may have been the cause of their first subjugation, there are among the Celts no traits of inferiority which may not be traced to, and accounted for, by the circumstances in which they have been placed.

The Celtic population of Ireland are in a different position from the Celts inhabiting any other country: they are far more numerous; they have to contend with greater disqualifications; and less attention, up to late years, has been paid

to their education. In Ireland there are it is estimated nearly a million who understand nothing but Irish; and there are several hundred thousand, who have emigrated to the great towns of Britain, who though many of them can speak English, yet prefer their native tongue as the vehicle of their communication with each other. Thus there is a population equal to that of a considerable kingdom among whom the means of instruction in their own literature, and in the useful arts are not circulated; though the laudable attempt now in progress, may be in time productive of good not only to those who aspire to the knowledge of the language for sentimental reasons, but to those who can be reached more effectually by the old Celtic tones. The Irish people have had—and though it be “laid on the shelf,” have still a Literature. It may be conceded that they have not been the instructors of Western Europe, to the whole extent, that the expounders of Irish history, contend any more than the Carthaginian speech in the Roman play is Irish as stated by General Vallancey, or than as others have said the Irish can converse freely with the Basques even though the whole vocabulary, and much of the grammar of the two languages be different. But there are still Irish manuscripts written in the Irish character and there is every probability that they were once more numerous.

Whatever be the subject of those manuscripts they are valuable. They would throw some light upon times and people with regard to whom the world is much in the dark. The very zeal with which down to the seventeenth century the English sought to destroy or conceal the manuscript libraries of Ireland tends to throw an interest over them. Scattered over many parts of Europe—disjointed by the loss or destruction of links belonging to the chain—rendered dim by that portion of fable and allegory which prevailed when all were ignorant and credulous but the few, and those few could not escape a very considerable portion of the contagion—the whole of the ancient Literature of Ireland has not yet been brought before the public in a perfectly authenticated state. As

is the case too with many of the songs and melodies, the question between the Irish and Scottish claims has not been perfectly settled. Though there may have been little connection and intercourse between the north and east of Scotland and Ireland, there was unquestionably a good deal between the south and west. At a very early period Ireland appears to have had a disposable population. Without entering at all into the question of the settlement of the Celtic Hiberniores in Scotland the kingdom of the Dalraids, or the magnificent capital of Beregonium, on the banks of Lough Linnhe, it is certain that about the period on which there is some light thrown, the hills of Athol were peopled by the Clan Donoghly, subsequently called Robertsons. But we shall not enter upon the antiquarian part of the matter into which we have been unconsciously drawn for the moment; it would be too long for our limits, and no inference drawn from it could be useful at present.

In the Highlands of Scotland,—in Ireland and everywhere that they have been found, the Celts have ever been a clannish people, devoted to their chief and party, and ever ready to enter into any hostility for the cause and in the honor of these. But this is so far from being a bad trait in their character is a most valuable one: it shows that there is in them both talents and feelings, and these have only to be educated to the proper extent to make them as attached to the cause of country generally as they are to the little party to which in their unlettered condition their attachment was confined.

We shall reserve the discussion of this subject to another time. Our object is to give full and heart-whole approval to the movement for revival in Ireland—aye and on this Continent—of the old Celtic tongue. Still, it must be understood that whatever be the value of the materials wrapped up in the Irish language—whatever be the copiousness of the language itself, and it is rich in every desirable attribute—and whatever may be the expediency of spreading a knowledge of it—the education of the Irish in the Irish language can never, in the present universality of the Saxon tongue, in the judgment of sound phil-

osophy be regarded as any other than a preparatory or intermediate measure for one class, and as we have said a sentimental but proudly patriotic effort in respect of the other and educated classes. On this point we are anxious not to be misunderstood. With Grattan whose nationality of sentiment no one doubted we would say—"The diversity of language and not the diversity of religion constitutes diversity of peoples." We should be "very sorry that the Irish language should be forgotten or neglected but glad that the English language should be generally understood."

S. J. M.

CHAT-CHAT.

—How politics do change things.—According to the Gladstone papers Cyprus is "a pestilential swamp; according to the Beaconsfield journals it is "an earthly Paradise." But then no sane man ever believes political papers.

—The Pagan Idea and the Christian.—The Athenians with Plato would make a law in every state: "Let there be no poor person in the city; let such be banished from the cities and from the forum and from the fields, that the country may be altogether pure and free from an animal of this kind."—(Hospos he Kora tou toiotou zoon Kathara gignotai to parapan.—Do Legibus Lib. XI.)

"Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," says Christ.

—John Knox, the amiable Scotch Reformer, declared that "one Mass was more terrible to him than ten thousand armed men." He shared this hatred for the Mass, with the devil, who loves it as little and desires its abolition as fiercely as ever did John Knox. *Arcade Ambo!* Do Asmodeus and the fierce John keep up the theme to the present-day in their hob-nobs below. Who shall say? And yet the Mass still goeth on.

—"Now, my lord," said Campbell of Kingsauleigh to Lord Ochiltree a few days after Mary Stuart had landed in Scotland and had had the *audacity* to hear Mass in her chapel royal:—"now my lord, are ye come last of all the rest? and I perceive by your anger, that the fire edge is not off you yet; but I fear, after the holy water of the court be sprinkled on you, ye shall become as temperate as the rest. I have been here five days, and at the first I heard every man say 'Let us hang the priest!' but after they had been twice or thrice to the abbey, all that fervency was past. I think there is some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."

Poor Mary Stuart! she needed all her charms and all her enchantment; for her lot was cast amongst a set of beings, in comparison to whom your Hottentot and your Fee-jee Islander is a gentleman. John Knox and the Master of Lindsay would have out-hottentotted any Hottentot. Calvinism played sad havoc with Scotland's chivalry.

—How hard it is for rulers to be consistent! Queen Elizabeth of England, was putting Catholic Englishmen to death by the score, as *rebels* for exercising their catholicity according to their conscience, whilst she was aiding and abetting the Huguenots of France to rise up in rebellion against the King of France for conscience sake! What a vast difference there is even amongst educated people between "my ox," and "your cow." Queen Elizabeth could talk Greek and Latin and play sweetly on the virginals, and yet could not seize that one simple christian idea of "doing to others as you would be done by."

—England will have to look to her laurels. Hitherto she has been looked upon as the richest nation of the world. She is so no longer. The Statist comparing the English capital accumulations as given by Mr. Giffen for England and those of France as given in the official Bulletin Statistique, finds, that whereas, in 1859, France paid succession and legacy duties on \$5 millions of accumulated capital, and England paid on

94 millions; in 1876, France paid on 188 millions, whilst England only paid on 149 millions. This is a wonderful outstripping on the part of France, and is all the more astonishing when we remember that during this time France was being drained to pay the expenses of the Franco-Prussian war. Comparing France with France, in 1869, (before the war) she paid duty on 145 millions, whilst in 1876, (after the war) she paid on 188 millions. This is recuperation with a vengeance.

—Nemesis Again!—The great ones of this world are not fortunate in their celebration of Voltaire's centennial. Bryant in America is taken away from the foot of Voltaire's statue, where he had been pronouncing an oration, to die of sun stroke, i. e., *too much light*. And now news comes to us, that Victor Hugo is about to succumb to over-brain-work in the cause of infidel philosophy and its arch divinity, Voltaire. Well! there is a Nemesis for all things.

—How far is cider intoxicating? This question is often asked. Let Dr. Brando give the answer. This eminent chemist found, that out of one hundred parts of different spirituous liquors—

Marsala	gave	29.09	of Alco ¹	(sp. gr. 0.825)
Maderia	"	22.27	"	"
Sherry	"	19.17	"	"
Lisbon	"	18.94	"	"
Claret	"	15.10	"	"
Cider (high av)		9.87	"	"
" (low st av)		5.21	"	"
Burton ale	"	8.88	"	"
Brown stout	"	6.30	"	"
London port ^r av		4.20	"	"
" small be ^r	"	1.28	"	"

From this it would appear that the highest average cider is three times (about) as weak as the strongest wine; is one part stronger than "Burton ale," and is nine times stronger than "small beer." Behold then the answer: "*Cider is much stronger than beer or porter and about as strong as the strong ales.*" And yet cider is often claimed as temperance drink!

H. B.

RIGHT REV. JOHN O'BRIEN, D. D.

Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Brien, D. D., whose portrait we give on next page, was born in Loughboro' Township, twelve miles from his Episcopal city, Kingston, nearly fifty years ago. He took advantage of all that the schools of that day could bestow upon a young, ardent mind, ambitious to learn and desirous of overcoming every obstacle. His contemporaries of thirty-five years ago, speak to-day of his assiduity, his high moral qualities, and that intellectual force which put him in the first place in the village schools. When the young scholar had exhausted the modest curriculum of the country academy, his good parents—people of industry, irreproachable character and sterling worth—wisely determined to give him every opportunity for distinguishing himself in the career of learning for which he had already manifested so great a taste. Moreover, they had detected in their son's grave, amiable and religious character, certain marks which pointed toward the sanctuary. Hence, whatever sacrifice a higher course of education involved was cheerfully made by those good parents who hoped one day to see him offer the adorable sacrifice of the Mass for the living and dead.

We may imagine with what delight John O'Brien heard of his parents' decision in his regard. The desire of his heart was now to be fulfilled. The hitherto hidden beauty of classic lore—the splendid page of Grecian genius, the massive power of Roman intellect, the poets, orators, dramatists and historians of antiquity, were about to be unfolded before the eager youth, whose fresh, vigorous intellect revelled in the anticipated struggles and victories which awaited his nascent powers. And yet, we have no doubt, when the destined day of departure arrived, that his heart was heavy and full. The pleasant forest through which—a happy, careless child—he had roamed with companions guileless as himself—the lovely lake, with its wild, romantic scenery, whose waters had so often reflected the youngster's bright face—the secluded nooks where the choicest berries grew—the birds' nest perched on the very im-

minent edge of broken bones for the daring young climber—these, and many more delights must have overcast his soul with fond regrets, when the hour of departure arrived. For, it is just as hard for a child to break from life's associations in the tender bud, as it is for the bearded man to sever the connections of long years. It is youth makes us *laudatores temporis acti*, not mature age. Childhood's associations are always green and blooming in the soul.

Behold our young aspirant settled down to hard work which carried him back to the dim ages when the blind old ballad singer, Homer, wandered through Grecian towns—threatened, we doubt not, with inhospitable stocks, and pillory, and dogs, by village magnates and bucolic J. P.'s—when Sappho sang of love and Aristophanes was wandering amid the "clouds" or listening by swampy bogs to the "Frogs." Which introduced him to that finished *flaneur* and man of the world, Horace, or to the modest genius of Virgil, contented with his recovered farm, his shady beeches and his swarming hives. These and a thousand such attractions awaited the eager student, and that he pursued his task perseveringly, faithfully, is sufficiently manifest, for, on the Continent of America, there lives not to-day a more finished classical scholar than the venerable prelate of Kingston. Not a mere skim-milk translator of good Latin or Greek into bad English, like so many of our brilliant "Professors," "L. L. D.'s" "A. M.'s." and "A-S.S.'s," whose fame is in all the catalogues, but a thorough and deeply read scholar, profound in definitions, explications of customs, manners, literature and morals of antiquity, in short, a man, not content with the chips on the surface, but one who has dived below and collected pearls of great price. To a wonderful memory he joined a well-balanced judgment and an understanding broad and capacious. According to the German expression, he is a "many-sided" man. He is a highly distinguished mathematician, historian and philosopher, together with being well-read in general literature.

Bishop O'Brien made his theological course at the Grand Seminary of Quebec.



RIGHT REV. JOHN O'BRIEN, D. D.

In this, as in all his other studies, his career was remarkable. His knowledge of the Fathers is great. His fullness in this respect is especially due to the fact that he reads their works *in extenso*, thus catching their spirit and the calibre of their minds more completely than could be effected by compendia however perfect. He is at home in the Holy Scriptures, and avoids the common fault of overloading his discourses with texts which, however edifying in themselves, have no application to the question discussed. We know of no irreverence greater than that which drags in Scriptural texts without due regard to propriety of illustration. It weakens the effect of God's Word and disperses His Spirit.

For many years the subject of this paper was Director of Regiopolis

College. In this position he gained for himself the love and esteem of every student under his charge, Protestant as well as Catholic. We speak from personal knowledge, when we say that there never was a head of a college to whom the students were more attached. Even at this day our old companions of Regiopolis speak of their former Director as if they had left college yesterday.

Regiopolis! What memories that name awakes! Some sad, some pleasant, some humorous, they come back to us every day of our lives with a freshness that seems immortal. What has become of the hopes of many a bright intellect and buoyant heart who flourished in those long gone days. Ah! if they could have foreseen! Their hopes and aspirations have long since grown cold as the hearts which entertained them.

An early tomb stood ominous in their life path, but, in those bright days, the solemn shadow lurked unseen. Some have consecrated themselves to the service of the Sanctuary. Others to medicine and law. Some flourish as merchants, and, children themselves but yesterday, now see their own little ones stepping out from the eternity of God, and grouping about their parents' knees. So goes the world, and thousands of boys to-day are dreaming the self-same dreams, while Providence is weaving for them a similar destiny. God be with the college boys of old Regiopolis.

But, we are certain that every single student of our kind *Alma Mater* cherishes to-day, on earth or, let us hope, in Heaven, a loving remembrance of Bishop O'Brien. A kinder, more considerate, more forgiving, yet perfectly firm College President never lived. My old comrades will bear me witness when I say that, under his *regime*, such a thing as a grave disobedience or scandal, was utterly unheard of. We have repeatedly heard young boys, who are bearded men now, saying to a companion who tempted to some slight violation of rule: "No, I won't; that would be mean to Father O'Brien." They had a filial fear of offending him by any deliberate disobedience. No one ever ruled Regiopolis with a title of the skill and ability which characterized Dr. O'Brien's Presidency. He alone, made the college a success.

As a preacher, Bishop O'Brien is logical, profound, well-ordered, not over imaginative, nor passionate, but very telling and forcible. His statement of a dogmatic question is admirable. He never indulges in flights of fancy, but uses occasionally as much metaphor as illustrates without highly coloring his discourse. As to his manner, it is calm and judicial, never displaying that hurried excitement and nervousness which detract so much from the effect of some good speakers. His voice is good and well under control. In a word, he is one of those rare speakers, whose longest sermons are considered too short by the most intelligent hearers, and this is the most favorable of all criticisms.

Bishop O'Brien is far ahead of the

Episcopate of Ontario in learning and general culture. Indeed, taken altogether, there are few bishops in the United States who could with justice, be compared with him. In classical acquirements, the Bishop of Kingston surpasses them all with, perhaps, the exception of Bishops Corrigan and Becker.

Dr. O'Brien, as is well-known, succeeded the lamented Bishop Horan, one of the best prelates, the largest hearted, most accomplished gentleman that ever wore a mitre. A certain unerring instinct in the community pointed to Father O'Brien as the successor of Dr. Horan. His qualifications were so manifestly superior to all others that competition with him would have been, either the result of swelling conceit or the phantom of a diseased brain. But, of course, there was no such a thing as ambitious intriguing for the "*bonum opus*." Such a spirit would of itself render the aspirant unworthy. The accession of Monseigneur O'Brien frustrated nobody's foolish hopes, for ecclesiastical dignity should seek instead of being sought. The mitre which glitters upon the head of Bishop O'Brien to-day, was never stained by one unworthy ambition in obtaining it. It was his by the *jure successionis* of fitness, ability and virtue.

As an administrator, Dr. O'Brien is unexcelled. The fine church of Brockville, commenced by Father Burns, we believe, was finished and paid for by Bishop O'Brien. It is now one of the most beautiful edifices in the Dominion. He has also cleared off the debts which weighed heavily upon his cathedral and, at present, everything is in a flourishing financial condition.

It would be out of place in a sketch of a living prelate to dwell at any length upon his many virtues, but justice demands at least some recognition of those fine qualities which have made Dr. O'Brien so attractive. His proverbial amiability, his kindness, his boundless charity, his devotion to duty are known to all. No man living ever heard from his lips an uncharitable word against his neighbor. He never gave the slightest cause to any one to say an ill word against himself. No one ever heard of a questionable rumor emanat-

ing from Father O'Brien. Those who peddled such stuff were not attracted by his society. When they expected a laugh they got a reprimand which diminished their *cacathes loquendi*. To those whose tastes lay in more legitimate channels, the company and conversation of Dr. O'Brien were instructive and delightful. All subjects that elevated the heart and enlightened the mind were his chosen matter for discussion. He has the true ecclesiastical instinct for theological questions, that unerring proof of the ecclesiastical spirit and devotion.

There is nothing tortuous or intriguing in Dr. O'Brien's character. He is as open as the sun and one of the most straightforward of men. You can depend upon his word with perfect confidence. His is not one of those reptile natures which serve self over the ruins of a brother's reputation. His is not that false, Pharisaical *virtue* which prostitutes the altar in order to hawl forth the hidden faults of a neighbor. He is not one of those envious, waspish, viperish beings who never speak a sincere word except it is a word of hate and calumny. He never delighted in the destruction of the brightest hopes of a *confrere*. He never betrayed with a Judas kiss nor stabbed in the dark a confiding friend. If he had been such, he, too, would have missed the mitre. Thank God! there is a Providence ruling the things of this world!

We feel certain that we have done but scant justice to the character of one who possesses, and deserves to possess, the love and esteem of every one whom he honors with his acquaintance. A true man—a profound scholar—an able preacher—a trusty friend—a virtuous prelate and a worthy Bishop—Dr. O'Brien is an honor to the Hierarchy of the Dominion and an ornament of the Church. Dignities cannot disturb the beautiful simplicity of a character, so humble, yet so strong. He has reached his fitting place in the Church of God, and that he may be long spared to his innumerable friends and to the Canadian Church is the fervent prayer of all who appreciate true worth, sterling honesty and nobility of character.

G.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

VI.

SAINT John Chrysostom presents us with a curious *contre-temps* (if we may use the expression in such a relation) which was apt to take place in consequence of this perfect equality which existed in the Church. The master being often simply a *catechumen*, had to leave the Church after the sermon, whilst his slave was allowed to remain to the end of the Mass. "Often," says this holy doctor, the "rich and the poor are both alike present in the Church; the hour of the 'divine mysteries,' (the Mass) arrives: the rich man is shown the door, because not as yet initiated, the poor man is allowed to remain * * * Behold the master obliged to leave the Church, the *faithful* (i. e. admitted to full churchship) slave approaches the sacred mysteries; the mistress retires while her slave remains; 'in the Church there are neither slaves nor freemen.'"—(*In sanctum Pascha*, 3-4.)

We have said that the highest dignities of the Church were open to all—to slave as well as to freeman.

It is an undoubted fact that the Church has *at all times* drawn her priests, bishops and even Popes from all ranks. The Cornelii the Pomponii and the Cæcili of the primitive Church, bent their knees as humbly and bowed their heads as lowly to Pope Callistus—the *fugitive slave*—as to Clement and Cornelius, Popes chosen from their own patrician ranks. Let us glance rapidly at the remarkable events of the life of this *fugitive slave* Pope. They will serve to give us an insight into that perfect equality which the Catholic Church alone upholds *in practice* to the world.

Callistus was a slave owned by a Christian master named Carpophorus, who confided to him the care of a bank. The bank failing, Callistus fled. Brought back to his master, he was denounced to the Prefect by the Jews, who accused him of having disturbed their religious assemblies. Callistus acknowledged himself a Christian, and was condemned to work in the mines. This sentence he underwent in Sardinia with many other

christians. Pardonèd by Commodus, he found himself a *freedman*, since by virtue of his condemnation to the mines, he had ceased to be the slave of his master and had become "the slave of his sentence"—*servus pœnæ*—as the legal term had it; and being pardonèd that sentence he of necessity became free. On his return to Italy he entered the ranks of the clergy, and lived ten years at Antium, on a pension allowed him by the Church. In 202 Pope Zephyrinus called him to Rome and made him arch-deacon. After the death of Zephyrinus the votes of the clergy and of the people called Callistus to the Papal chair. The disciplinary disputes which troubled the Roman Church during his pontificate made him many deadly enemies. One of these—the author of the *Philosophumena*, has given us the details just cited. He calls Callistus "unworthy"—"fallible"—"fugitive;" he accuses him of heresy; reproaches him with scandalous lenity towards sinners; he criticises each of his acts, questions his intentions and endeavors to the utmost to defame his character—but he nowhere attempts to prove that his elevation to the Papacy was invalid because he had been a slave. Had there been any—even the slightest doubt in those days about this validity, this bitter, this unreasonable, this implacable enemy would undoubtedly have availed himself of it to add another to this already long list of accusations. This silence is the best proof that in the third century, at a time when the Church saw her ranks recruited from the highest classes of Roman society; at a time when Tertullian could cry out "All dignity comes to us," the fact of having been a slave (and that even a *fugitive* one) was no bar to elevation to the Chair of Peter. Does not this prove conclusively our proposition, that the highest dignities of the Church were open to the slave, and that in the Church if no where else, perfect "*egalite*" obtained?

A passage in the *estechism* of St. Cyril of Alexandria shows priests and clerics who had *originally been slaves* administering the Sacraments to the faithful. "At the time of baptism" he says "when you approach bishops or priests or deacons (for grace is admin-

istered in all places, in villages as in cities, by the ignorant as by the learned, by slaves as by freemen; grace does not come by men but from God) when you come near to him who is to baptise, do not look upon the man but upon the Holy Ghost."

But here again in this practice of admitting slaves to her highest dignities, the Church had to act with that prudence which is begotten of her divine mission to all men. To have made deacons, priests, bishops, of slaves without the consent of their owners, would have rendered it morally impossible for the master if he was a christian to claim his slave in a court of justice, and would have consequently caused trouble in that civil society, which we have already seen the Church treat so considerately. It would have caused moreover a still greater evil; it would have offered a temptation to the slave to enter the sanctuary from interested motives. To avoid all this the Apostolic Constitutions and the early canons which have preserved for us so much of the early discipline of the Church, forbid a slave to be raised to the priesthood, unless his master has already given him his freedom. They cite as a precedent the example of Onesimus, the slave of Philemon, freed at the request of St. Paul and made priest by that apostle.

These canons however, appear later on to have had to give way before the daily increasing hatred of slavery begotten by the spirit of equality asserted in the Church. In the 4th century the ranks of the clergy were crowded with slaves. The letters of St. Basil and of St. Gregory Nazianzen reveal a curious episode of this period. St. Basil and St. Gregory had consecrated as bishop the slave of a rich Christian matron, called Simplicia, who evidently had not granted permission to her slave to enter holy orders. Pious and very popular our slave was raised to the episcopate against his will. St. Gregory thus defends the consecration, "How could we resist the tears of all the inhabitants of a little village lost in a desert country who long without a shepherd, asked for some one to take care of their souls." Simplicia, with an obstinacy common to pious matrons, claimed her slave and threatened to enforce her claim before the lay

tribunals. Basil rebuked her with true episcopal energy, and forbade her "to throw herself at the feet of justice and lose her soul." This reprimand for a time had its effect; but after the death of Basil our pious matron wrote to St. Gregory, requiring him to annul the ordination. Gregory answered her in softer tones than Basil had used, but with no less firmness. If you claim as your slave our colleague in the episcopate, I do not know how I shall be able to restrain my indignation * * * Do you think that you will honor God with those alms which you distribute, whilst you would rob the Church of God of a priest? * * * If your demand is inspired as they tell me by your care for your pecuniary interests, you shall receive all compensation which is your due, for we do not wish that the mildness and generosity of masters shall do them an injury. * * * If you take my advice you will not be guilty of an action which would be neither just nor honest; you will not despise the laws of the Church by calling the laws of strangers to your aid; you will pardon us for having acted in all simplicity in the liberty of grace, and you will prefer an honorable defeat to an unjust victory, which you can gain only by resisting the Holy Ghost.—(Ep. 79.)

This is a remarkable letter and in many ways noteworthy. In the first place St. Gregory offers indemnity. This offer evidently spontaneous on Gregory's part, became later on a point of discipline. The Council of Orleans in 511, fixed the indemnity in such cases at twice the value of the slave. But this was not all. Though the slave raised to the priesthood remained thereby free, the bishop who ordained him contrary to the wish of his master, besides having to pay twice the value to the master, himself incurred suspension from saying Mass for a year. The third Council of Orleans in 549 reduced this suspension to six months, but permitted the master to exercise his rights over his slave as long as he did not require services incompatible with his new dignity.

We see here the tenderness of the Church toward the slave owners, whilst the principles she enounced were daily making that tenderness more impossible.

Whilst destroying slavery she was doing it in the most merciful manner possible for all parties. How great a difference there is between the action of the Church on Pagan slavery and that of the New England States on Negro slavery will be seen at a glance.

H. B.

IRELAND AND ROME.

BULL OF ADRIAN THE FOURTH.

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

I.

THERE was a time when it would be little less than treason to question the genuineness of the Bull by which Pope Adrian IV. is supposed to have made a grant of Ireland to Henry the Second; and, indeed, from the first half of the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century, it was principally through this supposed grant of the Holy See that the English Government sought to justify their claim to hold dominion in our island. However, opinions and times have changed, and at the present day this Bull of Adrian has as little bearing on the connection between England and this country as it could possibly have on the union of the Isle of Man with Great Britain.

On the other hand, many strange things have been said during the past months in the so-called nationalist journals while asserting the genuineness of this famous Bull. I need scarcely remark that it does not seem to have been the love either of our poor country or of historic truth that inspired their declamation. It proceeded mainly from their hatred to the Sovereign Pontiff, and from the vain hope that such exaggerated statements might in some way weaken the devoted affection of our people for Rome.

Laying aside such prejudiced opinions the controversy as to the genuineness of Adrian's Bull should be viewed in a purely historical light, and its decision must depend on the value and weight of the historical arguments which may be advanced to sustain it.

The following is a literal translation of the old Latin text of Adrian's Bull :

"Adrian, Bishop, servant, of the servants of God, to our most dear Son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, greeting, and the Apostolical Benediction.

"The thoughts of Your Highness are laudably and profitably directed to the greater glory of your name on earth and to the increase of the reward of eternal happiness in heaven, when as a Catholic Prince you propose to yourself to extend the borders of the Church, to announce the truths of Christian Faith to ignorant and barbarous nations, and to root out the weeds of wickedness from the fields of the Lord; and the more effectually to accomplish this, you implore the counsel and favor of the Apostolic See. In which matter we feel assured that the higher your aims are, and the more discreet your proceedings, the happier, with God's aid, will be the result; because those undertakings that proceed from the ardor of faith and the love of religion are sure always to have a prosperous end and issue.

"It is beyond all doubt, as your Highness also doth acknowledge, that Ireland, and all the islands upon which Christ the Sun of Justice has shone, and which have received the knowledge of the Christian faith, are subject to the authority of St. Peter and of the most Holy Roman Church. Wherefore we are the more desirous to sow in them an acceptable seed and a plantation pleasing unto God, because we know that a most rigorous account of them shall be required of us hereafter.

"Now, most dear Son in Christ, you have signified to us that you propose to enter the island of Ireland to establish the observance of law among the people, and to eradicate the weeds of vice; and that you are willing to pay from every house one penny as an annual tribute to St. Peter, and to preserve the rights of the churches of that land whole and inviolate. We, therefore, receiving with due favor your pious and laudable desires, and graciously granting our consent to your petition, declare that it is pleasing and acceptable to us, that for the purpose of enlarging the limits of the Church, setting bounds to the torrent of vice, reforming evil manners, planting

the seeds of virtue, and increasing Christian faith, you should enter the island and carry into effect those things which belong to the service of God and to the salvation of that people; and that the people of that land should honorably receive and reverence you as Lord; the rights of the churches being preserved untouched and entire, and reserving the annual tribute of one penny from every house to St. Peter and the most Holy Roman Church.

"If, therefore, you resolve to carry these designs into execution, let it be your study to form that people to good morals, and take such orders both by yourself and by those whom you shall find qualified in faith, in words, and in conduct, that the Church may be adored, and the practices of Christian faith be planted and increased; and let all that tends to the glory of God and the salvation of souls be so ordered by you that you may deserve to obtain from God an increase of everlasting reward, and may secure on earth a glorious name throughout all time. Given at Rome," &c.

Before we proceed with the inquiry as to the genuineness of this letter of Pope Adrian, I must detain the reader with a few brief preliminary remarks.

First: Some passages of this important document have been very unfairly dealt with by modern writers while purporting to discuss its merits. Thus, for instance, Prof. Richey, in his "Lectures on Irish History," presenting a translation of the Latin text to the lady pupils of the Alexandra College, makes the Pontiff to write: "You have signified to us, our well beloved son in Christ, that you propose to enter the island of Ireland *in order to subdue the people*, etc. . . . We, therefore,

regarding your pious and laudable design with due favor, etc., do hereby declare our will and pleasure, that for the purpose of enlarging the borders of the Church, etc., you do enter and *take possession of that island*."* Such an erroneous translation must be the more blamed in the present instance, as it

*"Lecture on the History of Ireland," by A. G. Richey, Esq., delivered to the pupils of the Alexandra College during the Hilary and Easter Terms of 1869. Dublin, 1869, pages 122, 123.

was scarcely to be expected that the ladies whom the learned lecturer addressed would have leisure to consult the original Latin text or the document which he professed to translate. This, however, is not the only error into which Professor Richey has been betrayed regarding the Bull of Adrian IV. Having mentioned in a note the statement of Roger de Wendover, that the Bull was obtained from Pope Adrian in the year 1155, he adds his own opinion that "the grant appears to have been made in 1172."^{*} However, at that date, Pope Adrian had been for about thirteen years freed from the cares of his Pontificate, having passed to a better world in the year 1159.

Second: Any one who attentively weighs the words of the above document will see at once that it prescinds from all title of conquest, while at the same time it makes no gift of transfer of dominion to Henry the Second. As far as this letter of Adrian is concerned, the visit of Henry to our island might be the enterprise of a friendly monarch, who, at the invitation of a distracted state, would seek by his presence to restore peace, and to uphold the observance of the laws. Thus, those foolish theories must at once be set aside, which rest on the groundless supposition that Pope Adrian authorized the invasion and plunder of our people by the Anglo-Norman adventurers.

Third: There is another serious error which must also be set at rest by the simple perusal of the above document. I mean that opinion which would fain set forth the letter of Pope Adrian as a dogmatical definition of the Holy See, as if the Sovereign Pontiff then spoke *ex cathedra*, i. e., solemnly propounded some doctrine to be believed by the Universal Church. Now, it is manifest from the letter itself that it has none of the conditions required for a definition *ex cathedra*: it is not addressed to the Universal Church; it proposes no matter of faith to be held by all the children of Christ; in fact, it presents no doctrine whatever to be believed by the faithful, and it is nothing more than a commendatory letter addressed to Henry, resting on the good intentions set forth by that monarch himself.

There is one maxim, indeed, which awakens the suspicions of the old Gallican school, viz.: that "all the islands are subject to the authority of St. Peter." However, it is no doctrinal teaching that is thus propounded: it is a matter of fact admitted by Henry himself, a principle recognized by the international law of Europe in the middle ages, a maxim set down by the various states, the better to maintain peace and concord among the princes of Christendom. To admit, however, or to call in question the teaching of the civil law of Europe, as embodied in that maxim, has nothing whatever to say to the great prerogative of St. Peter's successors, while they solemnly propound to the faithful, in unerring accents, the doctrines of Divine faith.

Fourth: To many it will seem a paradox, and yet it is a fact, that the supposed Bull of Pope Adrian had no part whatever in the submission of the Irish chieftains to Henry the Second. Even according to those that maintain its genuineness, this Bull was not published till the year 1175, and certainly no mention of it was made in Ireland till long after the submission of the Irish princes. The success of the Anglo-Normans was mainly due to a far different cause, viz., to the superior military skill and equipment of the invaders. Among the Anglo-Norman leaders were some of the bravest knights of the kingdom, who had won their laurels in the wars of France and Wales. Their weapons and armor rendered it almost impossible for the Irish troops to meet them in the open field. The cross-bow, which was made use of for the first time in this invasion, produced as great a change in military tactics as the rifled cannon in our own days. When Henry came in person to Ireland his numerous army hushed all opposition. There were 400 vessels in his fleet, and if a minimum of twenty-five armed men be allowed for each vessel, we will have an army of at least 10,000 men fully equipped landing unopposed on the southern shores of our island.* It is to this imposing force, and the armor of

* The authorities for the statements made in the text may be seen in *Maearia Excidium*, edited by Mr. O'Callaghan for the R. I. A., in 1850.

the Anglo-Norman knights, that we must, in great part, refer whatever success attended this invasion of the English monarch.

To proceed now with the immediate matter of our present historical inquiry, the following is the summary of the arguments in favor of the authenticity of Pope Adrian's letter, inserted in the *Irishman* newspaper of June 8th last, by J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq., editor of the "Macariæ Excidium," and author of many valuable works on Irish history: We have, firstly, the testimony of John of Salisbury, Secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one of the ablest writers of the day, who relates his having been the envoy from Henry to Adrian, in 1155, to ask for a grant of Ireland, and such a grant having been then obtained, accompanied by a gold ring, containing a fine emerald, as a token of investiture, with which grant and ring the said John returned to Henry. We have, secondly, the grant or Bull of Adrian, *in extenso* in the works of Giraldus Cambrensis and his contemporary, Radulfus de Diceto, Dean of London, as well as in those of Roger de Wendover, and Mathew Paris. We have thirdly, several Bulls of Adrian's successor Pope Alexander III., still further to the purport of Adrian's, or in Henry's favor. We have, fourthly, the recorded public reading of the Bulls of Adrian and Alexander at a meeting of Bishops in Waterford in 1175. We have, fifthly, after the liberation of Scotland from England at Bannockburn, and the consequent invitation of Bruce's brother Edward, to be King of Ireland, the Bull of Adrian prefixed to the eloquent lay remonstrance, which the Irish presented to Pope John XXII. against the English; the same Bull, moreover, referred to in the remonstrance, itself as so ruinous to Ireland; and a copy of that Bull, accordingly sent back by the Pope to Edward II. of England, for his use under those circumstances. We have, sixthly, from Cardinal Baronius, in his great work, the 'Annales Ecclesiastici,' under Adrian IV., his grant of Ireland to his countrymen in full, or, as is said 'excoedice Vaticano, diploma datum ad Henricum, Anglorum Regem.' We have, seventhly, the Bull in the Bullarium Romanum, as printed at Rome, in

1739. The citations and references in support of all the foregoing statements will be found in the 'Notes and Illustrations' of my edition of 'Macariæ Excidium' for the Irish Archæological Society in 1850, given in such a manner as must satisfy the most skeptical."

Examining these arguments in detail, I will follow the order thus marked out by Mr. O'Callaghan.

I.—We meet, in the first place, the testimony of John of Salisbury, who, in his *Metalogicus* (lib. iv., cap. 42,) writes, that being in an official capacity at the Papal Court, in 1155, Pope Adrian IV. then granted the investiture of Ireland to the Illustrious King Henry II. of England.

I do not wish in any way to detract from the praise due to John of Salisbury, who was at this time one of the ablest courtiers of Henry the II. However, the words here imputed to him must be taken with great reserve. Inserted as they are in the last chapter of his work, they are not at all required by the context; by canceling them the whole passage runs smoother, and is more connected in every way. This is more striking, as in an other work of the same writer, which is intitled *Polycraticus*, we meet with a detailed account of the various incidents of his embassy to Pope Adrian, yet he there makes no mention of the Bull in Henry's favor, or of the gold ring and its fine emerald, or of the grant of Ireland, all of which would have been so important for his narrative.

We must also hold in mind the time when the *Metalogicus* was written. The author himself fixes its date; for immediately before asking the prayers of "those who read his book, and those who hear it read," he tells us that the news of Pope Adrian's death had reached him a little time before, and he adds that his own patron, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, though still living, was weighed down by many infirmities.* Now, Pope Adrian departed this life in 1159, and the death of Archbishop Theobald happened in 1161. Hence, Gale and the other editors of John of Salisbury's works, without a dissentient voice, refer the *Metalogicus* to the year 1159.

* *Metalogicus*, lib. iv. cap. ult.

Now, it is a matter beyond the reach of controversy, that if Henry the Second obtained the investiture of Ireland from Adrian IV., he kept this grant a strict secret till at least the year 1175. For twenty years, *i. e.*, from 1155 to 1175, no mention was made of the gift of Adrian. Henry did not refer to it when authorizing his vassals to join Diarmid in 1167, when Adrian's Bull would have been so opportune to justify his intervention; he did not mention it when he himself set out for Ireland to solicit and receive the homage of the Irish princes; he did not even refer to it when he assumed his new title and accomplished the purpose of his expedition. The Council of Cashel in 1172 was the first episcopal assembly after Henry's arrival in Ireland; the Papal legate was present there, and did Adrian's Bull exist it should necessarily have engaged the attention of the assembled Fathers. Nevertheless, not a whisper as to Adrian's grant was to be heard at that famous Council. Even the learned editor of "Cambrensis Eversus" while warmly asserting the genuineness of Adrian's Bull, admits "there is not any, even the slightest authority, for asserting that its existence was known in Ireland before the year 1172, or for three years later"—(vol ii., p. 440, note z). It is extremely difficult, in any hypothesis, to explain in a satisfactory way this mysterious silence of Henry the Second, nor is it easy to understand how a fact so important, so vital to the interests of Ireland, could remain so many years concealed from those who ruled the destinies of the Irish Church. For, we must hold in mind that throughout that interval Ireland numbered among its Bishops one who held the important office of Legate of the Holy See; our Church had constant intercourse with England and the continent, and through St. Lawrence O'Toole and a hundred other distinguished prelates, enjoyed in the fullest manner the confidence of Rome.

If Adrian granted this Bull to Henry at the solicitation of John of Salisbury in 1155 there is but one explanation for the silence of this courtier in his diary, as set forth in "Polycraticus," and for the concealment of the Bull itself from the Irish bishops and people, *viz.*, that this

secrecy was required by the State policy of the English monarch. And, if it be so, how then can we be asked to admit as genuine this passage of the "Metalogicus," in which the astute agent of Henry, still continuing to discharge offices of the highest trust in the Court, would proclaim to the world as early as the year 1159, that Pope Adrian had made this formal grant of Ireland to his royal master, and that the solemn record of the investiture of this high dignity was preserved in the public archives of the kingdom?

It must also be added that there are some phrases in this passage of the "Metalogicus" which manifestly betray the hand of the impostor. Thus the words *usque in hodiernum diem* imply that a long interval had elapsed since the concession was made by Pope Adrian, and surely they could not have been penned by John of Salisbury in 1159. Much less can we suppose that this writer employed the words *jure hereditario possidendam*. No such hereditary right is granted in the Bull of Adrian. It was not dreamt of even during the first of the Anglo-Norman invasions, and it was only at a later period, when the Irish chieftains scornfully rejected the Anglo-Norman law of hereditary succession, that this expedient was thought of for allaying the fierce opposition of our people.

Thus we are forced to regard the supposed testimony of John of Salisbury as nothing more than a clumsy interpolation, which probably was not inserted in his work till many years after the first Anglo-Norman invasion of our island.

Pride goeth before destruction; and
haughty spirit before a fall.

How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear every where around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament, is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to the view of man! What supply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects set before him, to gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart!

DE PROFUNDIS.

(From the Mobile Register)

We lay before our readers a rare treat—a rich, weird strain, fresh from a poet's pen—a sad refrain from a master hand,

“ which sweeps along
The grandest octaves of the heart.”

The poet-priest sings best the songs of sorrow—he interprets best the hearts of his people “ in their woe.” When the “ Conquered Banner ” was furled in glory, he embalmed it in a song which will keep fresh its immortelles. And now, when the pestilence comes, and spreads over the land its raven wings, from the dark shadows he chants a lamentation which points us all to prayer. But he wants

“ no name, no other fame
Than this—a Priest of God.”

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Ah! Days so dark with Death's eclipse!
Woe are we! woe are we!
And the Nights are Ages long,—
From breaking hearts, thro' pallid lips,
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Trembleth the mourners' song—
A blight is falling on the fair,
And Hope is dying in despair,—
And Terror walketh everywhere.

All the hours are full of tears,—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Grief keeps watch in brightest eyes—
Every heart is strung with fears
Woe are we! woe are we!
All the light hath left the skies,
And the living awe-struck crowds
See above them only clouds
And round them only shrouds.

Ah! the terrible Farewells!
Woe are they! woe are they!
When last words sink into moans,
While life's trembling vesper bells
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Ring the awful undertones!
Not a sun in any day!
In the night-time not a ray,—
And the dying pass away!

Dark! so dark! above—below—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Cowereth every human life,—
Wild the wailing; to and fro—
Woe are all! woe are we!
Death is victor in the strife:—
In the hut and in the hall
He is writing on the wall
Dooms for many—fears for all.

Thro' the cities burns a breath,
Woe are they! woe are we!
Hot with dread and deadly wrath;
Life and Love lock arms in death,
Woe are they! woe are all;
Victims strew the Spectre's path;
Shy-eyed children softly creep
Where their mothers wail and weep—
In the grave their fathers sleep.

Mothers waft their prayers on high,—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
With the dead child on their breast,
And their Altars ask the sky,—
Oh, my Christ! woe are we!
“ Give the dead, oh, Father, rest!
Spare Thy people! Mercy! spare!”
Answer will not come to prayer—
Horror moveth everywhere.

And the Temples miss the Priest—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
And the cradle mourns the child.
Husband! at your bridal feast
Woe are you! woe are you!
Think how those poor dead eyes smiled;
That will never smile again—
Every tie cut in twain,
All the strength of love is vain.

Weep? but tears are weak as foam—
Woe are ye! woe are we!
They but break upon the shore
Winding between Here and Home—
Woe are ye; woe are we!
Walking never—nevermore!
Ah the dead! they are so lone,
Just a grave, and just a stone,
And the memory of a moan.

Pray? yes, pray; for God is sweet—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Tears will trickle into prayers
When we kneel down at His feet—
Woe are we! woe are we!
With our crosses and our cares.
He will calm the tortured breast,
He will give the troubled rest—
And the dead He watcheth best.

HOW TO READ PROTESTANT HISTORIES.

III.

But Prior Richard had another transaction with Fleming, the Jew, which whilst it illustrates the manners and customs of the times, illustrates also, as recorded by our *Cornhill*, historian, the logical amenities of Protestant historians.

The Jews of Prior Richard's time were the same Jews all over as those of the present day. They were then as now, the Shylock's of the social system. Fleming, the Jew, formed no exception as we shall presently see. "Amongst the various ways," says our historian "in which the monastic bodies obtained property, one was the sale of what is called *corrodies*." (This is the Protestant way of putting the matter. A writer less inclined to give a sinister aspect to a very business-like straightforward affair, would have said: "The monastic institutions besides being asylums for the poor, the halt and the blind, were quiet retreats from the world for all those, who could afford and wished to pay for them.) A corrody was simply a monk's allowance of provisions; and any individual who had sufficient of land or of money, which he was willing to give to the religious house, might obtain for it an engagement to supply him daily during his life with bread and drink and other provisions in the same quantity and quality as was supplied to the monks at their regular meals. In other words in those days as in these, anyone who had a small property or a small sum of money could purchase with it, by making it over to some monastery, an annuity for life in the shape of bed and board in the monastery, or as it seems, in any monastery, of the same order throughout the world. One would think, that this making of their monasteries into quiet retreats for faded gentility was all very good and laudable on the part of the religious bodies. Our *Cornhill* historian wishes it to appear otherwise, and hence draws upon his imagination in the following wise. (The reader will please remark the cautious but captious phrases: "It was natural," "it was remarked," "as

it was evident," &c., &c., with which he interlard, and at the same time guards his narrative. He evidently feels that hints and inuendoes will shock his readers less at the same time that they will go as far as barefaced assertions.)

"It was natural" he tells us "that the monks of the house *had* (ought not this to be "should have," Sir *Cornhill*?) that kindly feeling towards the holders of *corrodies* to wish them the enjoyment of that part of what they had bargained for, which was most to be desired for themselves and which cost the monastery least (what ever that means) and *it was remarked* (by whom?) that often the monks seemed more anxious to send their guest into *Paradise* (oh! fie Sir *Cornhill*) than to keep him long at their table, and that *corrodies were not long lasting in this world*. As it is evident that the value of the place in *Paradise* could not easily be estimated in money, the monks do not appear to have fixed any exact price upon the *corrodies*, but obtained as much for them as they could."

This is simply disgraceful in *any*—even the most disreputable journal, but in one of the *Cornhill's* position in the literary world, it is inexplicable. One thing it undoubtedly proves, that literary attainments are not incompatible with mental blackguardism and ruffianism. *The mind* may be educated without *the heart*. It proves a further proposition—a proposition indeed which we enunciated at the commencement of these articles—that Protestant historians should be read with *very much salt*.

Prior Richard had granted a corrody to one William de Husborn and William de Husborn finding himself in want of money, had pawned it to five Jews—Fleming & Leo above mentioned, and Bendin, Aaron & Jacob—for the sum of seventy marks. "As it was felt," says our historian "to be a scandal to the Church, that such a document as a grant of a canon's corrody should be in the hands of unbelievers Prior Richard interfered and with the advice of his diocesan, William de Blois, Bishop of Lincoln, he redeemed it, but *he appears* to have compelled the Jews to give it up for the comparative small sum of thirteen marks. The corrody was considered as having been forfeited by the original holder (why not? what claim

could he have to it? unless he was prepared to pay back the seventy marks?) who relinquished his claim by a formal deed, and was thereupon given to another individual who had advanced the thirteen marks for its redemption."

From the wording of this part of our narrative, we are inclined to suspect, that it is designed to throw some kind of opprobrium upon Prior Richard for having *compelled* the Jews to give up for thirteen marks a corrody on which these same Jews had already lent seventy marks. If it be so designed a little consideration will show the design to be unjust. The corrody was given to another individual, who gave to the Jews thirteen marks therefor. Prior Richard then was no gainer by the transaction. Again, our historian is not certain himself about the *compulsion*.

"*He appears to have compelled,*" &c., is all he dares predicate concerning it. Now appearances are often deceitful; and doubly so in the case of men willing to be deceived. That our author would be no ways backward in giving those *appearances* to the world, if they were of the slightest weight, we have no reason from the whole tenor of his writing to suppose. The compulsion therefore, may be safely put down as of the mildest kind. Besides it has never been proved, that the corrody was intrinsically worth the seventy marks advanced upon it by the Jews. Of course we do not wish to assert dogmatically, any such thing, but *it is just possible*, that the Jews, discovering the scandal which our author so justly sees in "the fact of a canon's corrody being in the hands of unbelievers," may have advanced the seventy marks in view of some sharp practice with Prior Richard by way of black mail to avert the scandal. If this were so, Prior Richard was not the man to stand it *mildly*. And we would commend him for it.

H. B.

THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAIN.

THE incredulous spirit which so pervades modern opinion will, we fear, repel as too extravagant the incidents narrated in the ancient records, from which we take the beautiful legend of "The Voyage of St. Brendain." It should be borne in mind, however, that in those days the habit of composition was not so closely wedded to the probabilities of life as in the present time. The old chroniclers took a large margin, and did not scruple to draw on their imaginations in order to invest their histories with greater attractiveness. Hence it is that the main thread of the narrative is frequently obscured by those adornments of which they were so lavish.

But here is the legend replete with poetic beauty, and breathing the pure spirit of the Ancient Faith:

Towards the end of the fifth century the three isles of Arran were held by a chief named Corbanus, who rendered fealty for them to Aongus, or Ingus, king of Munster. Bnda, brother of this king, wished to devote his life to God's service in praying and laboring with his hands. He induced many other well-disposed men to join him; and at his request his brother gave to himself and his little community possession of Arranmore, allowing Corbanus other and more valuable possessions. The chief being a heathen did not look on the new settlers with much favor. He stood on the shore of Ireland as Bnda and his people were steering in their corrachs for their new possession, and cried out in derision, "Holy man, here are several vessels of grain which I intended to bestow on you. They will be of great use in sowing your barren territory, but your boats are too slight and too well filled to receive them; perhaps the gods whom you worship will convey them across without giving you any trouble." The saint cast a look of sorrow and reproach on the chief, and then betook himself to prayer. Corbanus' triumph was but short: he saw the vessels rise from the earth and go rapidly in an upward sloping direction over the boats and over the heads of the monks who occupied them, and shoot

on directly to the platform above the landing-place of Arranmore. It need scarcely be told that St. Enda and his monks chanted hymns of gratitude on their landing; but the conversion or non-conversion of Corbauus has been left in doubt by the old chroniclers.

And now our labourers in the holy vine-yard diligently commenced the good work, and churches and monasteries soon arose under their hands; and then whoever was not engaged in repeating the Holy Office or singing divine hymns was labouring at the cultivation of the land, or slowly and carefully copying out Missals or some book of the Testaments, or training pupils in the literary exercises of the day; and their long and healthy lives seemed to them too short for all the work they wished to perfect for the glory of God and the good of their neighbors.

St. Fanchea, the sister of St. Enda, once paid a visit to her brother, accompanied by three of her nuns. She could not but be much edified by the devout and well-spent lives of the holy islanders; and when she was taking leave, she would not allow a single individual to quit his occupation for the purpose of rowing her to the continent. She made the sign of the Cross on the waves; and then spreading her mantle thereon, she and her three nuns took their places on it, and went gliding across the rough waters of the bay to the nearest point on the continent, as the islanders then and now consider the coast of Ireland. One corner of the cloak was observed to sink a little below the surface of the water; and St. Fanchea, a little surprised, asked the sister who occupied it what could be the cause. "I know not," said she, "unless it be that I am bringing from the island a little pipkin, which I thought would be of service in our kitchen." "You have sinned a little by covetousness, dear sister," said the saint; "throw away the occasion of it." She dropped the vessel into the waves readily indeed, but with a little natural reluctance, and the cloak became as smooth as the surface of a table.

* * * * *

As St. Enda was one day sitting on a cliff at the south-eastern side of the island, enjoying the sight of the waves rushing in from the "old sea," and

dancing under the unclouded sunny air, the northern steep cliffs of the other isles forming the only shade in the picture, he became aware of a corrach sweeping round the western point of the nearer isle, and bearing towards the landing-point of Arranmore. As it approached, he distinguished the gowns and cowls of monks; and when he received them at the beach he recognized in their chief the holy Abbot Brendain of Ardfert, in Kerry. The meeting between the saintly men was most cordial and edifying to their companions; and all were soon in the refectory, partaking of a welcome repast of oaten bread, milk, and lettuce, of which the voyagers had some need.

The host was too much rejoiced to have the holy Abbot under his roof to feel any curiosity concerning the cause of his visit; but his guest, without waiting to be questioned, entered on the subject immediately after the slight meal was concluded.

"Dear brothers, I have been suffering for some time from a very strong impulse; but I am ignorant whether it comes from the workings of my own ill regulated imagination or if it is inspired by Heaven. It is strongly borne in on my mind that many, many leagues away, towards the setting of the sun, a large island rests in the ever disturbed old sea, and that men and women of Adam's race are there living as the blessed Patrick found our forefathers not a century since. If so, is it not clearly our duty to seek out these brothers and sisters, and endeavour to lead them out of the gloom of heathenism into the joyful light of Christian faith?"

Here an aged monk interposed. "I have heard of that island from the time I was a child. They always called it Hy-Breasil; but most of those who spoke of it seemed to think that it was swallowed up by the pitiless waters about two hundred years since, and that it becomes visible once every seven years. They also told that if any one would approach so near as to sling a lighted brand in on the shore, the island would remain firm above the roar and rush of the waves

Then said the saint: "From the time that our corrach left the fair strand of Laith* in the south I have passed no

*Tralce (gray stran

house of God's servants without consulting the aged men on this head; and all I have heard agrees with your account. As we entered the rough and swelling frith where old Sionan joins the ocean, in order to visit a religious house on its northern bank, I could see the buildings, the gardens, and the silent streets of a sunken city half a hundred fathoms down in the rushing waters; and I said, Oh, that I could converse with one who, when in the flesh, found himself on firm land where our corrach now floats on the treacherous wave! He could give me the information I require. Dear brother Enda, I will make use of your hospitable shelter till tomorrow, when I will renew my quest along the headlands and islets—the isles of the White Cows, which were once as difficult to be found as Hy-Breasil, till an arrow tipped with fire struck it from a galley; the isle of Clare, of Achil of Inis-na-Gloire, and so round within sight of Ben Gulban,—till I reached the northern isles of Arran and the rocky sea walls of Hy-Connal."

The visit of the sainted Abbot caused no interruption to the labours or the religious exercises of the monks of Arran. He and his followers joined with them in their duties as if they had lived years on the island; and next morning all thronged the church to be present at St. Brendain's Mass. After the awful moment of consecration, the appearance and demeanor of the celebrant was as if he stood in the visible presence of his Lord, such was the reverence and rapture that sat on his features; and for some minutes after the Communion bright rays were seen encircling his head and breast.

When the sacrifice was ended, he spoke to the assembled crowd, intending only to address a short exhortation to them on courage and perseverance in their duties; but as he spoke, the prophetic spirit took possession of him, and he revealed much of what was to happen to his beloved country in after times.

"O sight of sorrow! O sacred isle, which will hereafter be called Arran of the Saints, where labour, prayers, meditation, and holy songs fill up the entire circle of the day,—the time will come upon you when your churches will not

be found, and a few scattered stones show where they once stood. Now, at evening and morning, the air resounds with the music of God's praises: hereafter, no sound shall be heard but the roar of the waves as they break on the rocks, and the harsh scream of sea birds. Instead of sheltering trees and waving fields of yellow corn, on which thousands are fed, the rocky stretch of the isle will scarcely afford sustenance to the wild goat. Woe to the decay of piety! woe to the unrestrained will of the heathen spoiler! Piety driven from Arran shall revive in the green meadows by the Sionan;* but in generations to succeed nothing shall be left even there but the tombs of forgotten chiefs, the moss-covered ruins of church walls, and the guardian crosses of the graves. But 'Arise, O Lord, and let Thy enemies be scattered; and let those who hate Thee flee from before Thy face!' As fast as God's temples are pulled down in one place, they shall rise in another; and when all are left desolate, then shall the hill-cavern, the deep lonesome glen, or the wild heath, be thy temples, O Lord, and the rough rock or flat stone Thy altar. Great empires may perish, great nations even lose the faith; but this island, hallowed in the persons of Patrick and myriads of sainted men and women, shall preserve that priceless gift till the eve of that judgment, when it will calmly sink in the surrounding seas, and its inhabitants be spared, while still clothed with flesh, the unspeakable terrors of that dreadful day."

At noon St. Brendain reëmbarked; and, having given his benediction to the kneeling hundreds that crowded the shore, bent his course northwards, through islets and islands, and by projecting capes, bringing consolation and gladness to every religious house he visited. The information got in the different stations, though slightly varying, agreed on the whole with what the old monk of Arran gave. We will not accompany him on his northern voyage, nor his return to his monastery of Ardfert in the south. The next thing we find him doing is guiding his galley straight towards the Fortunate Islands, in hopes of finding

* "Cluain Mac Nessa,"—Clonmacnoise,—the Meadow of Mac Nessa.

a favorable current to speed his vessel westwards. Twelve select monks accompanied him; but one of the number, alas, was more intent on the possession of treasures, and on the enjoyment of life in a finer climate, than on bringing the good news of Christianity to the bewildered heathen.

So the galley went southward, and from day to day they felt the air growing warmer round them. The companions of the saint, as well as himself, had a true knowledge of the management of a sea-vessel, for all, before entering the religious life, had guided corrachs on the lakes, or the great river of the west, or among the islands that fringe the coast from Cape Kleir to the "Island of the Tower."* They did not go far enough to find the current, but they found the Fortunate Islands, till now untrodden by man's foot, though often seen in the dreams of the old poets. Joyfully did they gather the ripe grapes to prepare from these the wine for the Holy Sacrifice; and they laid in a store of cocoa-nuts for provision against the long voyage they still expected. They touched on most of these favoured spots and left none without carefully searching for traces of human beings, to whom they might address the words of life. At last they left behind the isles, now called the Azores, and directed their course by the sun; they had as yet met no storm, and the guiding of their galley was a task of little trouble.

Each day was spent as if they were still lodged in their monastery of Ardferf; Mass was celebrated at the third hour (nine A. M.), and all the offices and hymns were recited or sung at their appropriate times. The night-watches of three hours each were kept by three brothers, who relieved each other; and thus they proceeded westwards, till at length they joyfully descried the hills, the forests, and the shores of an island, which, on approaching, they might well have taken for paradise, but for the absence of dwellers in human shape.

(To be continued.)

DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE. A. D. 1642.

BY AUBERY DE VERE.

Up the sea-saddened valley at evening's decline,
A heifer walks lowing—"the silk of the kine;"
From the deep to the mountains she roams,
and again
From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed main.

What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
'Twas a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
Through the meadows-sweet on by the marsh and mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him not knowing
Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad lowing!
Thy gold horn is theirs: thy dark eye and thy silk,
And that which torments thee, thy milk is their milk!

'Twas no dream, Mother-Land! 'Twas no dream Innisfail!
Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerren to Donegal's shore.
Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest
---O'More!

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 I.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHOT WAS FIRED.

A KEEN, cold, clear moonlight night. The poor, God help them, who had scant covering, crept shivering to their straw beds; the rich stirred up their bright fires, threw on more coals, and made themselves comfortable.

In a noble, castellated building some few miles to the south of the City of Dublin, two people were sitting silently in a spacious and luxuriantly furnished apartment.

* "Inis Tor," Tony Island.

It was near Christmas. As well as I can remember, after the lapse of many years, the date was the 14th of December. Visitors were expected the following day, and the household were occupied with those specially bustling preparation which in every family seem a necessary preliminary to the close of the Old Year and the advent of the New.

Lord Elmsdale was leaning against a richly carved marble statue, which stood near the ample hearth. There was a strange look of care in his face—a strange, wandering, asking look, as if some dim foreshadowing of coming evil had cast a spell over him, and yet he had not even the faintest presentiment of the future. No thought, no apprehension of coming ill troubled him; how, indeed, could it, for who could have anticipated that before twelve hours had tolled he would have looked his last on earth, and sea, and skies.

He moved over slowly to the large bay window, and lifted the heavy curtain. It was a peculiarity of Elmsdale Castle that there were no window shutters. Lord Elmsdale had built the house himself, and had his own plans, which were carried out as the plans of rich men will be. As he turned back to the fireplace, after a cursory glance, Lady Elmsdale spoke.

"They cannot be here before to-morrow evening."

Lord Elmsdale smiled, but his smile was sad and weird. His wife fancied she had prompted his last movement, but who can truly divine the mystery of human life. He expected his boys with as much pleasure as their mother expected them, but a man's love and a woman's are very different in their mode of exterior expression.

Half an hour passed. No other word was spoken, and Lady Elmsdale appeared as if she had not observed that the only reply to her remark had been a smile. But she liked to provoke those smiles. It was many a long year since she had seen them for the first time, and she did not desire them less—if she had known how few there were left for her!

The time piece rang out the chimes for eleven and a half. It was one of Lord Elmsdale's fancies to have musical clocks all through the castle. Visitors

did not always like them, though it was no noisy *carillon* they chimed. Their music was some slow, solemn air, or a few bars of some quaint old melody. It was the first three bars of the "Land o' the Leal," that rang out now—

"There is no sorrow there,
There's neither cold nor care,
But it's all, all fair
In the land o' the leal."

A strange, wild rush of sound, half melody, half discord and wholly unearthly, followed: it seemed a continuation of the chime as it died away. Lady Elmsdale started, and laid down the book she had been reading.

"What a strange noise!" she exclaimed. "If any accident happened the boys to-morrow, we might get up a ghost story, and say we had heard the Banshee."

"It was only the sigh of the wind," replied her husband; "But I confess it did startle me for the moment."

They were silent for a little while, and then he spoke again.

"Have you said anything to Edward?"

"No, it seems so difficult to know what to say. If I tax him with it openly it might put an idea into his mind which is not there already, and that would probably be the very means of accomplishing what we most wish to prevent. I have thought of speaking to Mary——"

"I would not advise that. The girl, too, may have no idea of what we suspect; and, after all, we have only suspicion to guide us."

"I wish we could know the truth."

"It is always most difficult in such cases but; but did you not tell me some of the servants said she was engaged to Ned Rushoon?"

"My maid told me, or hinted it to me, but I did not enter on the subject; fearing what we do. I thought the less we allowed to be said the better."

"I suppose Ned would be a good match for her; he seems very steady. Burke is getting too old for the post of head keeper, and I would be inclined to pension him off and promote Rushoon."

"The boys like him, and I always feel safe when he is with them; but I must confess I dread to see them handling firearms so young; and then one

reads such fearful things in the papers."

"Poor mamma!" and the smile broke over the noble face once more, with a depth of tenderness more often felt than shown. "But you must remember——"

What Lady Elmsdale was to remember cannot be placed on record, for a loud peal of the bell, a noisy rush up the broad stairs, and a shout when the door was flung open of "I say, Fred, this is jolly," put an abrupt termination to her husband's observations.

"My dear, dear boys, you were unexpected, but none the less welcome."

"There, Fred—Harry—pray remember your mother is made of flesh and blood, and that it would be possible to smother her," exclaimed Lord Elmsdale, his voice sounding as if it was trying to reprove, while his look of gratification showed his pleasure at the boys' fondness for their mother.

They were two noble fellows, of whom any father might well be proud. They were twins, but, unlike the generality of twins, there was little resemblance in their personal appearance. The strong mutual bond of attachment, which seems to be an instinct of such relationship, was, however, a marked feature in the character of each. They were rarely seen apart; their hopes and fears were confided to each other without the shadow of reserve. They could scarcely be said to have separate sorrows, or separate joys; their love for their gentle mother had hitherto been the one absorbing passion of their young lives.

But their personal appearance must be carefully noted, for this has an important bearing on the events which are about to be recorded.

It is just midnight now, and a heavy, sudden fall of snow, which had followed the weird blast that had startled Lord and Lady Elmsdale, had prevented them from hearing the carriage which had brought the boys home from the Kingston pier. But the servants had not lost a moment after their arrival, and the old butler now opened the door, and announced that supper was ready for them. Burns had grown gray in the service of the family, and the boys bounded down the long gallery and the marble stairs, which led to the dining room.

Lady Elmsdale followed slowly. Lord Elmsdale rang for his personal atten-

dant, and went to his dressing room.

Fred had already made acquaintance with the contents of a cold grouse pie, when his mother had entered the apartment. Harry was talking to Burns, apparently more interested in the remote prospect of shooting game than in the immediate one of eating it. He was inquiring for Ned Rusheen, and requesting Burns to see that he came up to the castle, as early as possible, next morning.

Harry was very much taller than his brother. For his age—the twins had just passed their fifteenth birthday—he was exceptionally tall; his figure was manly, and his appearance, particularly when the youthful expression of his countenance was rendered indistinct by distance was remarkably like that of his elder brother. You have not heard much of Edward yet, but it takes time to become acquainted with the different members of a family. Harry's complexion was dark, as was Edward's. Fred was fair; he had something of the gentle delicacy of his mother in his appearance as well as in his manner. You might suppose, as he sat quietly at the end of the long dining-table, that he was one who enjoyed the *dolce far niente*, who would rather yield than strive, even if a rich prize was to be the guerdon of his efforts. He looked up to Harry. Even strangers noticed this, after a short acquaintance, yet, as far as twins can have priority of birthright, the priority was on his side, for he had entered this lower world half an hour before his brother.

The boys were not long at the supper table; healthy lads seldom linger over their meals, or care much what their fare may be. It requires training and years to become an epicure.

Fred knelt on the rug beside his mother, his hand clasped in hers. Harry stood leaning carelessly against the mantelpiece; his very attitude, the turn of his head, the bend of his knee, his smile, the way his hair lay in thick masses, thrown back from his high, square forehead, all looked so like his father. The mother seemed to take a mental photograph of the two. Years and years after, when she was an old woman, when her hair was white with the bleaching of sorrow, rather than with the snow of age, she remembered that night.

Mother-like, and almost unconsciously she was looking at every feature, every lineament. How she thought of it all, years and years afterwards. Her quick eye perceived that Harry had his hair arranged differently to the way in which he had formerly settled it. It looked almost as if he had used some strong mixture to keep it down over his forehead at one side; he used to wear it brushed back. From instinct, rather than from thought, she put her hand to push it off. The movement was so sudden, so impulsive, so natural, that Harry had only time to exclaim, "Oh, mother!"

Lady Elmsdale looked very pale for a moment—she was not a strong minded woman. I doubt if her boys would have loved her so dearly if she had been. But she was not a fool, as women who are not strong-minded are sometimes not very logically supposed to be.

"My dear boy how did this happen?"

"'Twas not Harry's fault, mamma," exclaimed Fred impetuously; "it was I did it."

"Nonsense, Fred, you——"

"But I tell you, mamma, it was—or, if I did not do it," he continued with boy-like disregard for accuracy of explanation, "it was all the same. Harry got it defending me from that black-guard fellow, Morris, who had nearly thrashed another fellow to death, a little boy, too—and he a great hulking brute that could beat six of us by sheer size and fists—but Harry did for him. It was a jolly row after all, and the boys like fair play in the end, though——"

It was destined to be a night of interruptions. Lady Elmsdale was endeavoring to make what sense she could out of Fred's incoherent explanation, and wondering how boys could think rows jolly that cut their heads open, when the door softly opened, and another member of the family made his appearance.

There are certain persons who have the power, voluntarily or involuntarily, probably involuntarily, of acting as a kind of moral douche bath. The moment they enter the room conversation is either stopped or changed. If we were asked, or if we asked another the reason, except in some peculiar or marked cases, we should be perplexed to assign a cause. But the fact remains the same. The

cold water distributors are out of harmony with nature generally, and you feel it.

There was an absurd pause. Edward Elmsdale seldom spoke in the family circle unless he was directly addressed. Fred and Harry were afraid of him. He was ten years, their senior, and he made them feel it. His father had paid his gambling and other debts too frequently to enable him to place the trust and confidence in him which a father would wish to place in his eldest son. His mother was his mother, and when th at has been said we have said enough. Edward looked embarrassed himself. If he had known who were the occupants of the apartment he would not have come in. He had just returned from a convivial party of his particular friends; they were not persons whom he could ask to his father's house; and acquaintances of this kind are no advantage to any young man—a discovery which is generally made when it is too late to remedy the evils effected thereby.

I have said there was an absurd pause. After a moment, Edward spoke: "I did not know you were here." His tone was something between an apology and an annoyance, and suggested that he thought no one *had* any business to be any where, if their presence caused him the least inconvenience.

"Your brothers came home unexpectedly," replied Lady Elmsdale. But the eldest-born offered no word of welcome to the younger boys: he was seldom rude to them; he was quietly tyrannical when they interfered in the least degree with his plans. For the rest, he simply ignored their existence.

A hasty exit was his only reply. The boys looked what they felt—as if they had received a moral cold water bath. They ought certainly, to have been accustomed to Edward by this time, but youth is impressionable—as we all know, or at least we say we know it, and forget it the next half hour—the boys had not yet become world-hardened.

Lady Elmsdale rose. With that ready courtesy, which is at once so rare and so peculiarly attractive in a boy, Harry lighted a night-lamp, and held it for her till she reached the door. With a fond embrace the lads left their mother, and went quietly to the well-remembered,

long-loved chamber in the western tower, which they had shared from the first proud day in which they had been emancipated from nurses and nursery rule. The boys hurried into bed, tired from their journey, tired from the excitement of their welcome home, eager to rest in preparation for the pleasures of the coming day, the day which had already begun legally and morally. Harry had undressed first, Freddy had extinguished their light, and only a faint glimmer from the fire showed that he had not yet lain down.

Harry listened a moment, and then sat up. "You're not at your prayers Fred!" he exclaimed, in that tone of utter incredulity which people use when they ask a question in amazement at a fact which, notwithstanding the query is self-evident. Fred was at his prayers, as the boys in Montem College rather irreligiously termed any kind of devotional exercise. But Fred was rather ashamed of himself; it was a work of supererogation. The boys used to say prayers long ago in the nursery, and for a while after they left it, but they had been partly laughed and partly trashed out of the custom soon after they entered the public school. Not by the masters? By no means; they would have been extremely shocked if their attention had been called to the fact that there were certain dormitories in which prayers were not allowed—one or two in which they were tolerated as a weakness, because the elder boys were lazy or good-natured. In one instance, because two boys slept in the same apartment of the building who had not given up this custom. One of those boys was the son of Evangelical parents. He read a chapter in the Bible every night when he could get a light, and said some very extempore prayers. The other was the son of a very high church, or Puseyite clergyman, as they were then called. His father preached celibacy and practised matrimony, and Aldridge seemed very likely to follow his father's example. He did not read the Bible, but he had a book of prayers adapted from Catholic sources, which he did read. Some of the boys said he had beads, and said a rosary in private like any papist, but that was a mere invention.

They were both steady fellows, ear-

nest in their own way, but, unfortunately, they had little influence over the other boys. Aldridge said Johnstone was little better than a Dissenter; Johnstone said Aldridge was as bad as a Papist. Their companions laughed at them both, and the general respect for religion was not much increased by the sharp recriminations which passed between them at times.

Fred was ashamed of himself, and made something very like a resolution not to be guilty of such a weakness again. The fact was that he felt very happy, it seemed like "old times" to be home again—and even boys had their old times; and he had knelt down to say his prayers rather by instinct, and the unconscious impulse of old custom, than from any definite idea of fulfilling a duty.

In a few moments both boys were sleeping soundly. They did not hear a door open softly near them, nor a light footstep upon the stairs. Probably they would not have heard it if they had been awake; but, as the clock chimed two hours after midnight, a watchful listener with very quick hearing might have known that there was a movement in the house; and if they had risen to ascertain the cause they might have seen a man stealing softly down the marble stairs described before, and shading a light carefully with his hands. We have said that it was one of Lord Elmsdale's peculiarities to have no shutters to the windows. As the figure passed the large oriel window on the first landing, now shading the light less carefully it never occurred to him that he could be seen by any one outside—he never for a moment supposed that anyone was watching him. But he was seen, and his further movements were watched by NED RUSHEEN.

CHAPTER II.

SHORT AND EXPLANATORY.

SOME of the guests who were expected to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle were English. Lord Elmsdale was English, or at least he liked to be thought of that nation. It was fashionable. His property was not large; his father had left it fearfully encumbered, and it was only by the most careful manage-

ment that he had been able to make himself independent. Lady Elmsdale was an heiress, but her fortune was not settled on herself. A considerable part of it had been expended clearing off mortgages, and the rest had been used to build Elmsdale Castle.

On the whole, the heir of Elmsdale might consider himself fortunate. He was considered fortunate, and he was very much envied by a great many people, who thought no state of life could be so happy as that of the heir-expectant to a title and estate, except, indeed, the fortunate possessor. But, then, there is something in possession which either destroys romance or precludes hope; curiously enough, people are more frequently envied, by the young at least, for their expectations than for their possessions.

Edward Elmsdale was in a dangerous position. The heir to a property and to a title, into the possession of which he could not hope, and, it is to be presumed, did not wish to enter, until death should come and sever what should be one of the dearest earthly ties. As an eldest son, if his father had allowed him a judicious share in the management of the property it would at least have afforded him occupation, and the healthy interest in life which occupation, or indeed any legitimate employment, must give. But Lord Elmsdale had toiled, and saved, and planned, in his own early career; he had succeeded to the title long before his minority was over, and he had actually managed the property from the time he was eighteen. He was a kind father, a good landlord, a faithful friend, an excellent husband; but he had not that peculiar and rare gift which enable men to enter into the feelings and realize the position of others. It never even occurred to him that he was doing his son an injustice, in more ways than one, by depriving him of the interest belonging to his position in life. The result was, that after Edward Elmsdale had been a year home from Oxford he had found interests and society for himself, but they were not of a kind to prove acceptable to his father. Another indiscretion—shall we say?—on Lord Elmsdale's part, was that he did not give his son that full permission to invite his friends to his house, which,

within certain limits, every young man should have. Lord Elmsdale did not like strangers. He had lived very much alone, from economical motives, as a young man. Later in life, he liked to have great family gatherings at Christmas; he wished Lady Elmsdale to go to the Castle occasionally; he gave now and then very great dinner parties; but that pleasant society which should form one of the chief attractions of every household where there are young men, was conspicuously absent, and Edward felt it.

Lord Elmsdale had also a prejudice against governesses. He firmly believed that if he admitted one into his house, her sole object would be to entrap his son into a clandestine marriage. The consequence was that Mary, his only daughter, was educated at school, and another tie which should have bound the eldest-born to home was wanted.

You have not heard of Mary yet, but she is coming home now, a confidential servant having been sent for her.

CHAPTER III.

TWO HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT.

"It's no good he is up to, that I'll warrant, or my name is not Ned Rusheen. Why can't he leave a poor girl alone, when he might have the pride and choice of the country around, with his title and his handsome face—though, by the powers, it looks dark enough when he's put out.

The speaker, or rather soliloquizer, was Ned Rusheen, who had seen Edward Elmsdale on the landing, through the oriel window, and conjectured rightly that he was "up to no good!"

Let us look at Ned for a moment, as he stands still and hushed, in the cold moonlight, his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels, pursuing his lawful avocation of watching Lord Elmsdale's preserves.

He was a handsome fellow, a true type of an Irishman, not stereotyped Irishman of modern writers, who "yez" and "yallah" at every third word—who curses "by gorra" and by the "holy poker"—who is lazy and won't work—who is dirty, and won't be clean—who has the imperishable gifts of fortune showered on him by a benevolent land-

lord; and won't accept them—such an Irishman exists in the imagination of those who take their ideas of the nation from mythical descriptions.

Ned stood six feet two inches in his "stocking feet." If his figure had a fault it was its remarkable slightness but the agility, the grace, I had almost said the elegance of his movements, more than compensated for any deficiency of bulk.

He was Edward Elmsdale's foster brother, and at one time the tie of attachment between them had been very strong. Lady Elmsdale had nearly lost her life at the birth of her eldest son, and Ned's mother, then gate-keeper's wife, had taken the infant and nursed him with her own boy.

In his young days Ned had worshipped the little lord, as he called his young master, with an almost adoring fondness. When Edward went to a public school, the boy lost his spirits for weeks, and nearly lost his health forever. When Edward returned home with his large experience of the world, and new ideas on the subject of pleasure, Ned received his first lesson in the vanity of human attachments. He submitted without a murmur, but the wound rankled, and when he found, at a later period, that Edward had worse faults than ingratitude, he was neither troubled nor surprised. The breach was now widened hopelessly.

It has been said that visitors were expected from England to spend the Christmas at Elmsdale Castle. They were to arrive by the Liverpool packet, and might be expected a few hours after midnight. They might not come for some hours later. In this uncertainty, everything had been prepared for their reception should they make their appearance even earlier than had been anticipated. The heads of the family had retired to rest, as Miss Elmsdale, who was with the travellers, would be able to act as hostess. It was supposed they would prefer retiring to rest as speedily as possible, to exchanging civilities in all the discomfort which must follow a sea voyage at such a season. The upper housemaid had been charged to remain up and look after the fire, and Edward Elmsdale was in quest of her when he entered the dining-room and there found his mother and brothers. He was look-

ing for her now. He was taking a mean advantage of an unfortunate girl—and he knew it.

Ellie McCarthy was still young, though she held a responsible position in the household. Her aunt was the housekeeper, and when her mother died she was taken into service in the Castle. Her manner and appearance were so attractive that Lady Elmsdale would have had her trained as her own maid if she had not already possessed a treasure in that capacity—one who was almost as much friend as servant. It was settled, then, that she should be taught the duties of housemaid, and she became upper housemaid, through the marriage of two fellow-servants, before she had reached her twentieth year.

I have described Ned, and I suppose something must be said about Ellie, but I confess considerable difficulty in the task. I do not claim for all Irish girls her rare gifts of mind and person; but they have very frequently an indistinguishable purity of look, tone and manner to which no words can do justice—which must be seen and felt to be understood.

There was a fawn-like shyness and brightness in her eye, an exceeding sweetness in her smile, and a timidity which was at once trustful and hesitating in its expression.

She had gone from one room to another tending the fires, pausing awhile in each, and singing to herself some snatches of the Christmas carols which she had been taught in her early days at the Convent school, and which were loved for the sake of those who taught her as well as for their holy words. She was now in the dining-room, removing the remains of the boys' supper, and putting things, as she would have expressed it, "to rights." It was a very large apartment, and she stood with her back to the double doors which opened into it from the great hall. These doors were covered with baize, studded with large brass nails, and there was besides a swinging door which she had fastened ajar.

Edward came in so quietly that she did not notice his entrance until he came against a chair, which he threw down involuntarily, for his object was to attract her to his presence by some quiet movement. The girl gave an exclaima-

tion of terror, as well as she might. She little expected that any of the family would be moving about at such an hour, and she had every reason to fear, her young master's presence. Like Ned, though she little suspected that he too was watching the scene, she guessed "he was after no good."

In her fright she throw down the candle-stick; but she was a brave girl at heart, though so gentle in her manner, and she saw in an instant that she would have need of all her courage. In a moment she had reached the fire, which blazed brightly, and obtained a light; but even as she was in the act of so doing, Edward approached her, on pretence of offering her his assistance, and as she rose up and moved from him, there was a look in her eyes which he scarcely liked to meet. He was a bad man, and bad men are always cowards. It is true they may be the possessors of a certain degree of brute force; but when that fails, then they are at the mercy of the weakest child.

In the meantime Ellie was quietly approaching the door, hoping to escape without further molestation. For a moment Edward hesitated; a moment more and all the devil was roused within him at being baffled by a girl, and he rushed past her rudely, and placed himself so as to bar her egress from the room. For a moment she turned as pale as death. There seemed to be no escape. She might shout until she was weary, and no one would hear her. She might weep until her heart broke before she could move the villain who had her in his power.

In one moment—in one little moment—in far less time than it takes to write—for thought flashes quicker than any pen can move, and occupies the mind in a second of time—she remembered that the windows could be opened almost with the slightest touch; that the great entrance door had a very loud bell; and that it might be possible for her to reach it before Edward could follow her; and save herself from further molestation by alarming the household. This, however, should be a last resource. At the same moment, also, she remembered with a feeling that gave her no little confidence, that she had said her night prayers and her rosary a short time be-

fore. Just at the very time when Harry had been taunting Fred for praying before he threw himself into bed, the young servant had been kneeling quietly and calmly in the library, and with folded hands and downcast eyes had prayed reverently to her Father in Heaven, to her Mother Mary. That very night she had said with more than ordinary reverence and fervor the ten Hail Marys the Priest had advised her to say for her deliverance from her present difficulties. When Mr. Elmsdale first made his advances, Ellie, like a sensible girl, told the priest her position and her trials. He saw the girl was very much tempted, for Edward had actually offered her marriage, his eagerness to obtain the prize increasing with the difficulties he experienced. For a moment Ellie had hesitated. She was quiet as sensible of the advantages of wealth, and the pleasure it could procure, as any young girl could be. She saw all that she might have—she did not see, she scarcely knew, the counterbalancing misery which would be sure to ensue from a union so unequal in rank. At first she had rather liked Edward, and she was not, nor had she been engaged to Ned Rusheen, as some of the family supposed.

The priest listened quietly to all she had to say, or, rather, with fatherly kindness drew from her an accurate account of her position.

He was satisfied that she was in no immediate danger of yielding to temptation; he knew she had always been faithful to her religious duties, and he advised her, for the present at least, to remain where she was; but the next time her young master addressed her, he desired her in the most solemn manner, to tell him that if he ever opened his lips to her again, on any subject not connected with her duties as a servant, she would at once inform her mistress. Father Cavanagh trusted Ellie, and he was not deceived in his opinion. The thought of God had made her strong, the prayers she had said so fervently had obtained for her the special grace she needed at the moment; well would it have been for poor, prayerless Harry if he had had such help in his coming hour of trial.

The prospect of escape, if escape became absolutely necessary, enabled her

to recover her self-possession, and she had just begun to say the words the Priest had advised, when, to her infinite terror, Edward flung himself before her on his knees, took out a revolver from his breast, and swore, by oaths too profane and terrible to repeat, that he would shoot himself dead on the spot, if she did not promise to be his wife.

Ellie had hardly time to suspect what, indeed, was the case, that her young master was not quite in his sober senses when the crash of broken glass, a rush of snowy air, and the presence of Ned Rusheen gave a finishing stroke to her already overstrung nerves, and she fell back almost senseless on the floor.

"Take that, and that, and that, you blackguard gentleman," roared Ned, as he belabored the unfortunate young man with a loaded stick, which he "kept handy" for poachers heads, in cases where the use of firearms was not advisable. The loud report of the contents of the revolver, which had received the full force of one of Rusheen's most vigorous blows, brought the two men to their senses.

In a moment, at most, they might expect every member of the castle to appear on the scene, and Elmsdale had his own reasons for not wishing the events of the night to be made public. "For God sake Ellie, fly from this," he exclaimed, as, with the speed of lightning, he extinguished the light, and disappeared, as expeditiously as the bruising he had received would allow him. Ned vanished through the window as suddenly as he had entered. Ellie hastened to her own room, which she happily reached without notice, and when Lord Elmsdale and the startled servants arrived in the dining-room, all they could discover was the evidence that some struggle had taken place: the furniture was disarranged, the window was half-opened, and broken glass lay on the ground. If robbery had been the object, clearly it had not been accomplished: costly plate lay untouched upon the sideboard; the massive vases which stood at each side had been overturned, but were not even broken. The servants were perplexed. But Lord Elmsdale had a more stern and grave look than even such an event might be supposed to warrant. The servants had

no suspicion of the truth. Lord Elmsdale *had*.

He had seen the revolver which Edward had forgotten in his flight, and he knew whose it was. The nearest approach to angry words which had ever passed between father and son was on this very subject. Edward had taken it into his head to carry a revolver about with him constantly. This annoyed Lord Elmsdale exceedingly. They had discussed the subject very hotly—but Edward would not yield.

"It is useless to remain up longer; we can get no further information to-night," observed his Lordship motioning the servants from the room.

They left reluctantly.

Barns ventured to remain: there was something in the tone of his master's voice that pierced the old man to the very heart.

"My Lord," he began, "the revolver—"

"Then Barns had seen it also. There was no use in further concealment, or attempt at concealment.

Involuntarily he moved towards the dark corner of the room, where it had been flung by the blow of Ned Rusheen's cudgel. But Barns anticipated him, taking it up from the ground, and then almost letting it fall again, as he exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord, it is Mr. Elmsdale's."

"I knew it."

They were silent a few moments; while the unhappy father, losing for the time the natural pride of birth and feeling for which he had been remarkable, looked hopelessly at his servant, as if asking for his advice and help.

Barns answered the look, for no word was said.

"I would not take on about it, my Lord; Mr. Elmsdale was not quite right when he came in to-night;" and then he added, with an attempt at consolation "things may not be as bad as they look."

"Who was keeping up the fires to-night?"

"Ellie McCarthy, my Lord," and as Barns replied a glimmering of the possible truth flashed on him for a moment, and he looked as white as his master. To get away quickly and find out what had become of Ellie, and if she was safe,

was now his own desire. He knew something, though not much of what had been going on, for Ellie's prudence and good sense had saved the family from much trouble and painful exposure.

At last Lord Elmsdale moved. He went from the room. The events of the night had weighed him down far more than the more exterior circumstances, however startling, had seemed to warrant. But he was not thinking at all, or at least he was not thinking more than casually of the exterior. He was a man of what the world calls very highly honorable principles. He knew it. He valued the opinion of the world. He was cut to the heart that a son of his should act as he feared Edward had acted.

It never occurred to him that his son had another Father, who was also his Father, a Father whom they were both bound to honor, and whose honor, moreover, they were bound to maintain. He never thought that the name of Christian was discredited when men did unchristian deeds. The world's opinion would last just as long as the world lasted—and no longer. It was just of as much value as any human thing can be, which passes like a breath of summer air never to return.

Barns was free. Lord Elmsdale had not told him to keep silence on the subject of their discovery, for he knew from long years' experience, how entirely he might trust him. Confidence often shows itself in silence. Had any of the other servants made the discovery he would certainly not have left the room without a word of caution—his trust in Barns showed itself by his not having given even a thought to the possibility of any want of discretion on his part.

The castle, as I have said, was a very large building. A long corridor which ran over the billiard-room and smoking-room led to the part occupied by the servants. A very large courtyard lay between, so that the front of the castle, or, indeed, the castle itself, properly speaking, with the billiard and smoking rooms, and the domestic apartments, formed three sides of a square. The library, a partly Gothic building which visitors used to take for a private

chapel, ran down a part of the fourth side, but still left a considerable open space.

As Barns traversed the long corridor to Ellie's room, he saw lights in many of the windows. Those who had not heard the report of the revolver had been aroused by the banging of doors and general commotion. Some, however, had slept on, as tired servants will do. He tapped at the housekeeper's door as he passed, but apparently she had not been aroused, and very audible breathing testified to the good woman's powers of somnolence.

He passed on gently to Ellie's room—as one of the upper servants she had a small chamber of her own; he tapped once, gently also, for he had seen a light there as he came. But if there had been light then, there was certainly none now. No glimmer could be detected under the door, or through the keyhole; all seemed dark and silent. Yet, as the man listened for a few moments, holding his breath in his anxiety, he heard faint sounds of sobbing—sobbing which seemed to come from one almost broken-hearted. Evidently the sounds were suppressed as much as possible. He paused yet a moment longer, and heard a voice he well knew to be Ellie's, uttering these words in a tone of anguished supplication: "Now, oh now, Mother, for I need it now and at the hour of my death."

It was enough. Barns was a Catholic. He knew there was only one Mother to whom such supplication could be addressed—the Mother who never forsakes, who never deceives, who is never absent, whose help can be obtained at any moment, in any place, under all circumstances.

He turned slowly away, sad at heart for the girl's sorrow, but feeling sure she was safe; and as he went, he, too, said with all the fervor of his heart:

"Now, oh now, Mother, for we all need thy help, and at the hour of my death."

(To be continued.)

THE BEST LOVE.—Home is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

[During the July procession at Kingston, a man in the ranks picked up a maple leaf "Throw down that leaf!" yelled the marshal; that's not the color for to-day!"]

Slow straggled through the dusty streets,
Beneath the fiery, summer sun,
The yellow-clouted, cursing "beats,"
With sife and drum and hidden gun.
Within each heart the demon, Hate,
With midnight murder linked, arose,
And urged each tongue to cry hell's fate
On men of peace and murder's foes.

They passed beneath the maple trees,
Which seemed to shudder at the cries
That floated on the gentle breeze
And filled the air with blasphemies!
And yet the shade of green leaves fell
On each dark brow with kind relief,
Eclipsing 'neath their magic spell
The howling mob with cool reprieves.

The one, who had forgotten there
The lesson culled from bloody fray,
That none amid those ranks, may dare
To be a man upon that day,—
Stooped down and took a maple leaf
And held it in his faithless hand.
Nor thought he grasped the emblem chief
And motto of a gallant land.

"Throw down that leaf!" the marshal cries,
"That's not the color for to-day!"
Then howls assaunt the pitying skies
And trumpets roar and fifers play.
A thousand surly looks are cast.
Upon the branded son of Cain,
Who, weakly ere the day was past,
The cause forgot, to be humane.

Aye, cast the maple leaf, away,
Nor let its lovely form be seen,
'Twas out of place on such a day,
For God had dressed the leaf in green,
But, millions guard the maple leaf,
And Gaul and Gael stand side by side;—
Let foes beware!—they'll come to grief
Who dare insult a nation's pride!

The maple leaf and shamrock, too,
Brave men upon their bosom bore;
Fair emblems of the leal and true,
Free from the stain of human gore.
They never doomed a brother's life,
Within some oath-sealed den of crime;
They never flashed the torch or knife,
Nor blackened Truth with serpent slime.

More men have fallen since the day—
In Memory's annals ever rank—
To celebrate old Tredagh's fray,
Than died upon the Boyne's red bank.
More blood has flown from human veins
Than water through that fatal river;
Nor could its wave wash out the stains
Stamped on its bloody hand forever.

The Maple Leaf with pride we'll wear,
And, with it, too, its Shamrock brother;
If fight we must, we'll fight, boys, fair,
The Gaul and Gael for one another.
No base assassins serve our cause,
We never shun the light of day;
But, for our God, our Church, our Laws,
We'll stand together in the fray.

FR. GRAHAM.

RUINED LIVES.—Boys—the most valuable and misused portion of humanity—are too often the victims of restless and rudderless impulses. Let any one of us who has reached middle age look back upon his school days and recall his schoolfellows, and how many of them can he count who have been of any use to the world? How many are mere wrecks? You may count dozen after dozen who have thrown away their lives, or not achieved even respectability, and have faded when middle-aged into mere nothingness. When a boy sets out in life, always a difficulty with the parents, whether of the upper, middle or lower class, there seem to be many chances to one that he will be placed in some uncongenial sphere or occupation. The grief of the young fellow whose father put him as pupil to a celebrated artist, when as he said with tears, he "wanted to be a butcher," is very real, and is repeated every day. The wonder is not that boys turn out indifferent workmen under these circumstances, but that they turn out well at all. There is too little trouble taken to find out the impulse of genius or to consult the fitness of the lad; something offers—an advertisement is put in the papers, or an uncle is found who has some influence with somebody else, and the round boy is drifted away into the square hole. The matter is not mended when boys show a general cleverness. They are the most puzzling and deceptive of creatures. They are capable of doing everything, and too often doing nothing. To fix them to any one thing is, sure, like nailing a weathercock to a quarter, to render them useless. They too, drift into troubled beings—dabblers at many things, masters of none, and at fifty perhaps out of place, and looking for something to turn up, the victims of being too clever by half.

“OUR DAILY BREAD.”

A BEGGAR stopped at a rich man's door—

“I am homeless and friendless, and faint and poor.”

Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want
and cold.

“Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,

To help the beggar boy on his way!”

“Not a crust or a crumb,” the rich man
said,

“Be off and work for your daily bread.”

The rich man went to the parish church ;
His face grew grave as he trod the porch ;
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.

The service began the ; choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles
dim :

The rich man knelt and the words he said
Were, “Give us this day our daily bread”

NEILL DAD ;

OR,

THE LIMERICK PIPER.

BY GARTAN ROSE.

TEN years had passed since the famous siege of Limerick. All Erin lay desolate and heart-broken. In mourning was she for the loss of her gallant Sarsfield. The “Green and gold” was down—down in the dust. “And not a hand to raise a brand for motherland,” save her forlorn hope, the gallant Rapparees. Though snow and frost and summer's sun and rain for nigh a century, their sabres' glint and bugles' blast were seen and heard through Erin's vales and hills. A year had scarce elapsed since the day that Sarsfield sailed away and his army with him, when there appeared within a circuit of thirty miles from the famed city of Limerick a band of Rapparees, headed by an unknown chief. He carried death and destruction before him, never retreating save from overwhelming numbers of the best troops of the Saxon. A deep, unexploded glen in the mountains formed his fastness, and from there he never was dislodged. No body of troops would venture into that dark, unknown glen. Wild and

deep were the oaths sworn by the Saxon leaders, to capture and hang the redoubted rebel, but they never succeeded. To the few trusted peasants around, it became known that this gallant chief's name was Shaun O'Duoyanna. But that was all the information meted out to them. Who his family was, or where he came from, were secrets held in his own breast, nor could he be got save to one man, to reveal it. Under his banner, however, ranged themselves the remnants of disbanded clans, and the wanderers from Sarsfield's army ; till his enemies discovered that he could call together twice three hundred veterans. When my tale opens, nine years had he battled against the Saxon, and though it was currently reported that his band was gradually dwindling away, he seemed as strong as ever. It was felt by the authorities that a united effort must be made to crush him, and they determined to set about the work with all speed.

It was about this time, on a chilly evening in April, that on the public road leading to Limerick and at a point about twenty miles from the city, an old man, attired in a curious long mantle of some brown stuff, and with an exceedingly old and battered hat on his head, and a pair of Scotch bag-pipes on his arm, might be seen striding along the road at a swift pace, strange in such an old man, evidently desirous of reaching a village that could be seen in the distance, before nightfall. He was a curious old man to an attentive observer. Tall and straight, his long hair and beard as Heaven's snow when it beautifies the earth, blue eyes of a wondrous brightness, and a skin on which youth had still left its mark. But odd as he was, this old man was well known for forty miles around. He owned to the strange name of Neill Dad, or as he was more generally termed by the peasants, The Limerick Piper. Many a hearth he had gladdened in those dark and dreadful days with his merry music. For nine years had he wandered amongst the people, yet they knew naught concerning him ; but he was always welcomed. It was noticeable that he only appeared amongst the peasantry twice a year, each time staying a month amongst them, and then suddenly dis-

appearing, to return at the usual time. Once he stated that he often accompanied the dauntless Shaun O'Duoyauna and his band on their roving expeditions, and this might have accounted for the Piper's absences.

On the occasion of his first introduction to the reader, he was starting on one of his "tours" through the adjacent country. Steadily he strode on, not faltering a whit in his pace till he reached the outskirts of the village, when he suddenly changed into a different sort of a being. His tall form seemed shrunk together, his back was bent, his step was slow and unsteady and he seemed to support himself by a stout stick drawn from his girdle. Strange metamorphosis was this. As he came within a few feet of the first house, a group of children rushed therefrom, and with eager cries welcomed his coming, while they strove to almost drag him into the house. Laughing quietly to himself, he reached the door of the house, and with a hearty, though, trembling "God save all here!" he entered.

"Ah then is it you, Neill?" cried the father of the family. "You're kindly welcome, man. Come up to the fire, your old bones must be chilled this night."

Murmuring his thanks in a weak voice, the old piper advanced to the fire, and seating himself, proceeded to enjoy the comfort of the heat.

"Ah! then where have you been these four months," asked the man, who bore the name of Cormac MacCormac.

"Cormac agra," answered the piper slowly, I have been with the chief, God bless him!"

"Ay, we may all say that," answered MacCormac. "He has been making wild havoc among the Sassenach these nine years past, so that now we live in a little peace from their tyranny. But hast thou heard the news?"

"What news?" and the piper started from his seat.

"Nay, Neill, keep your seat. It is only this. Sir William Wilton, Lord Clanerone, Colonel Colerombe, and three others have determined to unite their forces and drive the chief from his glen."

"Ha!" exclaimed the piper, an unearthly gleam lighting up his eyes. "When didst thou hear this?"

"But this morning a Sassenach troop-er came by, and being exceedingly faint, I took him in and over the meal I got the news from him. Before they set out on the expedition, all the noble Sassenachs will hold a grand carouse in Clanerone Castle. Ha! Neill of the Pipes, what a chance for O'Duoyauna!" "MacCormac—" said the piper still standing, "thou art a true man. The finest heifer in the chief's fold shall be thy guerdon for this piece of news. Didst thou learn the night of the carouse? I know by thy face, thou didst. A MacCormac never leaves his work half done?"

"The ninth day from this, the Sassenachs meet to eat and drink, may they sup sorrow before it ends."

"Now, indeed, O Lord of all and God of Battles, do I praise thy Holy name! The day long prayed for has come at last to the O'Duoyauna! The time has come when 'mid the smoke of battle, the groans of the dying and the singing of the crimson tide, he shall see the curses of Erin and his own foelying writhing at his feet. Up, O'Duoyauna of the Hills, the Saxon is in thy grasp." Exhausted apparently by his enthusiastic outburst, the old man sank into his chair and closed his eyes. MacCormac scrutinized him curiously, and a half-wondering—half-frightened look came into his eyes. But he said nothing. A moment after the housewife brought food and placed it before Neill. He ate slowly, anon stopping to gaze into vacancy. When the meal was finished, the piper turned to the fire once more, and as he did so, MacCormac spoke.

"Neill," said he, "the chief is a secret man, and we know naught concerning him, but you do. You spoke just now of his having an enemy of his own among the Sassenachs. Has he another reason besides his love for the Green, for waring against them?"

"Aye, MacCormac," answered the piper, "he hath deep wrong to avenge, besides poor Eire's. One eve he told me the tale of his life, and to you I will impart it. The day of vengeance is near at hand. But it must be kept a secret."

"Twenty years ago, the O'Duoyauna's were a powerful clan in Donegal. Of the chiefs, none braver, bolder. When Hugh Roe O'Donnell wasted the green fields of the Sassenachs in Munster, an

O'Duoyanna was by his side. When the O'Neill scattered in disorder the serried legions of Munroe, O'Duoyanna's blade was reeking when the glorious fight was done. When the 'Red Hand' had sunk from view, the O'Duoyanna scorned to surrender and took refuge in an almost impregnable castle amongst his native hills. The chief had one son, a studious youth, not given to battle. At the father's request he often led the clan to battle, but it was not to his liking, and oft did the proud chief lament this failing in his son. And now, Oh! Cormac, comes my tale of desolation and woe. One day the son led the clan on a hunt, leaving only a few retainers in the castle to protect his father, mother, and a beautiful sister, just blooming into womanhood. Ah, fatal folly! When the eve saw his return, it showed him a sight, which makes my brain reel but to think of." And as he spoke the fierce gleam came once more into the piper's eyes, and he gave utterance to a hoarse groan of unutterable suffering.

"Oh! Cormac, there lay the castle in ruins, and in the courtyard, were the mutilated bodies of his family. The moon looked down on that scene of horror, her calm beams lighting up the faces of the dead, showing with tenfold ghastliness the deeds of demons of men, yet the son, the last scion of the race, spoke not, but stood where he dismounted, gazing on the dead. Suddenly he dropped on his knees beside them, and in a voice of anguish, called: 'Mother!—Father!—Sister!' but no answer came save the dreary echoes of the night. Rising up, his eye wandered to the ruins of his home, from thence to the moon-sky, and lastly to the faces of his men. Then he spoke: 'Clansmen of the O'Duoyanna, we hunt the beasts of the forest no more! Ha, ha, O Sassenach!' He spoke no more, then, but well hath he carried out his intention. He discovered that the perpetrator of the foul deed, was a Colonel Clancrone, now a Lord, and since that day he hath bided his time that he might come upon him in his pomp, like a hurricane destroying and pay unto him woe for woe. Cormac, it is Shaun of the Hills, and his day for vengeance hath come at last. But now I must leave you and carry this

news to him, for time is precious. Farewell, Cormac the heifer thou shalt have for this indeed."

So saying, Neill hastily left the house and started down the road at a hurried though feeble pace. And when after a few minutes one of the children rushed after him, he had disappeared.

* * * * *

Nine days have passed since we took leave of the piper, and the setting sun shows us another scene. A forest dell, begirt with trees of greenest hue, has within its bounds a body of some two hundred men. Scattered here and there—some stretching on the turf—others collected in groups and the greater portion around a tall, dark man of commanding bearing, evidently the chief. A few feet from him there lay on the ground a pair of bag-pipes, a battered hat and a mantle of brown cloth. By the eager expectant looks of those around, it seemed that they were waiting for the chief to speak. And so it was. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, the next he raised his hand for silence, and spoke: "Brave followers all," he said, "I have gathered ye here, in this forest dell, that when the shades of night shall fall I may lead ye on a mission, long put off, long prayed for, but which has come at last. When I was but a stripling I led one day my father's clan on a hunt. When I returned my father, my mother, my sister, lay dead, slaughtered by the minions of the Crown, led by the demon Clancrone. This night in the high halls of his accursed castle, *Lord Clancrone*, with many another noble, holds high feast, before they set out on a proposed expedition against us, but if ye are true men, it is the last feast they shall hold on earth. The doting idiots have quartered their troops in Limerick, and save a few picked men, there are none to guard the castle. To-night we shall fall upon them—in the midst of their luxury and music—they shall hear the cry of the O'Duoyanna—they shall know that he hath come at last for the vengeance long delayed. Up, men! form in line and let us away."

He was obeyed. And in a few moments the spot was as quiet as though never touched by foot of kern or gallowglass. On through the wood swept

Shaun and his Rapparees. The shades of evening gathered swiftly round, and pine torches were produced, their light shedding a weird halo around. Suddenly a shout rang through the air and at the sound the troop halted. Again it was repeated, and the next moment, unmindful of the hurried challenge of the men, no less a person than Cormac MacCormac, dashed into their midst. And such a woeful sight as he was. Covered with blood, his features distorted, his clothing in rags, and a pike blade in his hand, all showed that he had passed through some terrible struggle. Muttering something unintelligible he sank to the ground exhausted, and for many minutes could not answer the anxious queries of the men.

"Place him on a spare steed," commanded the chief in a husky voice, "then let him tell his tale when he recovers himself. We cannot wait. Already the moon has shown her fair face, and ere she disappears Clancrone castle must fall."

When his commands were complied with the troop sped on. I will relate the cause of Cormac's appearance and exhaustion at that time and place.

On the morning of the day as Cormac was about departing to his labor in the fields, he saw a body of Saxon soldiers approaching the village. Determined to see what they wanted, he hastily gathered all the men of the village together, and waited the arrival of the strangers. The troops dashed into the village and halted. The captain dismounted and announced that he had come to search for a rebel, no less a person than the noted Shaun, who was known to have been harbored in the village. In vain the men protested—they were not listened to, and the soldiers set about the work with a combination of alacrity, relish and cruelty horrible to witness. From house to house they went, and followed by the peasants with lowering brows and fury-flashing eyes. They found no rebel and as they were near the finish, angry at their want of success, they became more cruel and insolent. Articles of furniture were broken, children cursed, women insulted, and yet not a finger was moved against them. The last house was yet to search and in one of the

houses lay a paralytic old woman. She was rudely bidden by one of the soldiers to get up. Not obeying, and in spite of all remonstrance they actually dragged her from the bed and threw her on the floor. That was enough. The long pent-up anger of the peasantry burst forth and with fierce cries they threw themselves on the demons, only to be driven the next instant into the road at the mercy of a hundred troopers.

"Slay them all, women and children and give the rebel den to the flames," were the captain's orders. And well were they executed. The men of the village were all, after a fierce struggle, cut down; save Cormac alone. He was stunned by a blow in the first of the fight and lay for three hours in a swoon under the bodies of his neighbors. The women and children were all slaughtered unmercifully and the village given to the flames. Then they rode away, little knowing what was in store for them. When Cormac came to himself, he dragged his body from underneath the dead, and crawling to a brook—the village brook—on whose banks many a child had but the day before gambled and many a maiden had sung sweet lays—he assuaged his thirst and bathed his head and then started for the mountains; but, as we have seen, he came across the Rapparees in the wood. When they heard from Cormac's lips the dire tale, they turned with one accord to their chief, for his opinion. "Speed on, speed on," was all he said, "the fox is trapped at last." Omnious words!

Now, oh, Saxon lord! prepare thyself. Gird on thy sword and call thy bravest forth: the O'Duoyanna of the Hills, with the gathered, festering wrath of twenty years in his bosom, is coming swift and sure upon thee.

* * * * *

Loud and joyous rings the laughter from the banqueting hall of Clancrone castle. Many men of merry minds were there, quaffing the rich wine and enjoying immensely each others occasional *bon mots*. Deeper they drank and louder they laughed, till up arose the host with courtly smile and filling up his glass, thus spoke: "Noble sirs and gentlemen, I give the first and best toast of this festive evening, 'Our Gracious Monarch, long may he reign, and may his enemies

be confounded; may the chase on which we set out to-morrow morn be successful, and the cursed rebel chief himself hung as high as London Tower.' With a brutal, drunken, defiant shout all rose to their feet and drank the toast; but when *their* shouts had sunk in silence, there rose another from outside the castle wall and the next moment heavy blows sounded on the hall door. Ever and anon the cry of O'Duoyanna Aboo! reached the ears of the now sober revellers, and as Clanerone heard it, he paled. But only for a moment. "By all the devils!" he shouted fiercely, drawing his sword, "'tis the rebel himself. Ho, warder! the guard!" But he called in vain. Warder, guard and all were drunk. He listened for a moment, but no answer came to his calls. Heavy and fierce came the blows on the door; in a few minutes it would give way.

"Noble friends!" cried Clanerone, "draw your trusty blades and follow me. Alone will we chastise these impudent rascals!" He started for the entrance hall, his naked blade in hand, and forty-knights and officers followed him. At the same instant the door gave way and the Rapparees, with Shaun at their head precipitated themselves into the hall.

"Upon them with the sword!" shouted Clanerone, taking in with a hasty glance the number of the enemy. Up went the blades and the bloody work began. But what were all their deeds, to the prowess and numbers of the Rapparees. Driving all before him Clanerone leaped into the ranks of the foe, cutting down all who opposed him, but no blow was aimed at him, save one and one alone from the blade of Shaun O'Duoyanna. But it missed its mark, and Clanerone, after desperate work, cleared the ranks of the foe and was last seen speeding across the green fields of his domain. "Give all to the flames!" shouted O'Duoyanna. And he too disappeared. On dashed Lord Clanerone, over ditches and hedges, up hill and down brae, till he gained the refuge of a wooded knoll. Here he stopped to rest and as he did so, he saw dashing up the slope a pursuing figure. But such a figure. The moon showed him an old man, clad in a brown robe, a battered hat and with

a pair of bag-pipes under his arm. The piper—for he was indeed Neill Dad—just reached the piece of wood, when Clanerone confronted him, drawn blade in hand. "Speak, sirrah; speak, dog," he cried, "why art thou following me? Hadst a hand in that piece of rebel work there?" pointing as he spoke to the now burning castle. "Aye!" cried the piper, sneeringly, "I had a hand in that blessed work. And now Lord Clanerone," and as he spoke he dropped his pipes, threw his hat and wig on the ground, tore off the robe, and drew a heavy broadsword forth, "we meet at last. Dog of a Saxon murderer. I am the O'Duoyanna, defend yourself." With an oath from Clanerone's lips, they joined in mortal combat. Good swordsmen were they both, and for a while the issued seemed doubtful. But the steady thrusts and blows of the Rapparee won at last, and by a skilful pass, Shaun ran his blade through his enemy's body and Clanerone sank to the earth, the weapon grinding on the ground. Nevermore would he gloat over his slaughtered victims. The last light his eyes saw on earth was the lurid flame of his castle-home; and his death song was the joyous notes from the pipes of "The Limerick Piper."

Boston, October 21, 1878.

SENSE shines with double lustre when set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.

STRANGE BUT TRUE—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into water it will not only rebound, but will be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference and the thread will not even vibrate. In the Arctic regions; when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child on a still day across water a mile wide.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE ONES.

A row of little faces by the bed,
A row of little hands upon the spread,
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise.
Teaching their feet to thread in heavenly
ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to hide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group serene;
Instead of odor in censers swung,
There floats a fragrance of an infant's
tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid
heads
Till slumber steals away their idle tears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

THE HABIT OF OBEYING.

Boys, the habit of obeying *at once* is one of the best habits in the world. It makes prompt, active and energetic business men. Why it is "now, at once, right off," that leads all the work in the world, and gets pay for it, too. A boy that is prompt and ready will be just the boy that will get recommended for a place in a store or an office, and when he gets the place he will keep it until he gets promoted, till finally he becomes a member of the firm, probably its manager. All this because he is on hand, ready and prompt; sees what needs to be done and is always ready to do it.

THE BOY WHO FORGOT HIS DINNER.

WHEN St. Peter of Alcantara was a child he loved very much to say his prayers. One day, it was dinner time, and the dinner was quite ready. The father and mother of Peter were at the dinner-table, and his brothers and sisters were there, only the little Peter himself was not there. The father said, "Where is Peter?" nobody could tell where he was; they searched all through the house, but they could not find the child anywhere; they thought that perhaps he might be playing outside of the house, so they went and looked for him, but they could not see him anywhere. At last, they thought perhaps he might be in the chapel, so they went to the

chapel. There they found the good child on his knees, with his hands joined looking up to heaven and saying his prayers. He had forgotten his dinner, he was thinking only about his prayers, so he became a very great saint. Did you ever forget your dinner or your breakfast for your prayers? Perhaps you even thought so much about your breakfast that you eat it before you had said any prayers at all.

THAT NOISY BOY.

"O, JOHNNY!" cried a nervous mother, "do have some pity on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?" Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud, hoarse whisper: "Get up whoa!" But at length, finding little pleasure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down his reins, and, laying his hands upon his breast, said with a long breath, "O, mother, it's full of noise in here and it hurts me so to keep it in! Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?" "Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady. "O, then, mother dear," cried Johnny in a winning tone, "Please let me be a little boy." We will join poor Johnny in his petition, Please, mother, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood, that when your heads are low in the grave they may point back to those days and say, "We were happy children, for there was always sunshine where our mother was."—*St Nicholas*.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A young lady had gone out to take a walk; she forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, Miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl showing a variety of book marks, watch cases, needle books, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to day," said the young lady. "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few words to the girl; and then as she passed she said again, "I'm

very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh, Miss, said the little girl "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give let us at least give them our sympathy.

"Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have a enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

"Speak gently for 'tis like the Lord;
Whose accents meek and mild
Bespoke him as the Son of God,
The gracious, holy child."

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

I WANT to give you two or three rules.
One is—

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Another is—

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter nor mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is—

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and, oh, children, remember it all your lives—

Think three times before you speak once!

Have you something to do which you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first, and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

THE CHILDREN'S PIC-NIC.

'Twas the merriest, sunniest pic-nic
That ever you did see;

They held it down in the orchard,
Under the apple tree.

The air was heavy with fragrance
And full of the hum of bees,
And showers of the pink and white blossoms

Were wafted down by the breeze.

They scattered over the dishes
In a merry little whirl,
Till the table seemed decked for the fairies
With a service of pink and pearl.

There were Nellie and Tom at the table,
And Pussy and Rover for guests;
Each with their well-washed faces,
And their coats were the sleekest and best.

Nell gravely waited on Pussy,
And Tom gave Rover his share.
And the children loudly praised them
For a well behaved pair.

And they purred and wagged politely,
But it was quickly forgotten all,
When a field-mouse scampered past them,
And a squirrel jumped on the wall.

Right over the table sprang Pussy,
And Rover the squirrel gave chase,
Leaving the children to wonder
At their pic-nic turned into a race.

The chairs were overturned, and the table
Stood gracefully tipped to one side;
And the dishes and all their contents
Were rolling far and wide.

Tom laughed till the tears were falling
Over his cheeks like rain;
But Nellie in wrath, said she'd never,
Never invite them again.

WHO WAS IT?

Little ones, do you remember
When your limbs were full of pain,
And you rested on a pillow,
Wishing ease would come again?

Who was the pale, patient being,
Listening for your faintest sigh,
Bathing oft your heated forehead,
Love light in her soft mild eye?

'Twas your mother! you remember—
Heaven's blessings on her head—
Watched you through your weary sickness,
For your weal she daily plead.

Can you grieve that "human angel"—
Noble, kind, unselfish, true—
By a sinful word or action?
Think, she hourly prays for you.

Do not let your wayward temper
Cast across her life a cloud,
If you do, you can't forget it,
When she's lying in her shroud.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

Original contributions are respectfully solicited.

---1---

PRIZE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of ten letters, means Pompous.

My 2, 4, 6, 9, is an animal

" 5, 10, 8, 4, 7, is a disgrace

" 1, 3, means near by

Ten cents for the first solution. *Waller.*

Montreal, Canada.

---2---

PRIZE DIAMOND.

A letter; a bag; a part of Asia; an animal; to penetrate; a beverage; a vowel.

A Packet of papers for the first solution.

Nutmeg.

Danbury, Conn.

---3---

PRIZE CHARADE.

My *first* is an insect.

My *second* is a bird.

My *whole* is a well known vessel.

A dime for the first solution,

Onalshc

Boston, Mass.

---4---

PRIZE ZIG-ZAG PUZZLE.

(The words are all composed of three letters)

A fish; a bird; an arch; an animal; a girl's nick name; a girl's name; an insect; an animal; a boy's nick name.

Beginning at the left upper corner read down zig-zag will name an insect.

A chromo for the first correct solution.

My Dot.

Dunkirk, N. Y.

---5---

HOUR GLASS PUZZLE

The sacred writings; to invade; a boat; to devour; a consonant; expire; a tree; a fish; obscure. The centrals read down, name a bird of game.

S. W. Fraser.

Montreal, Canada.

---6---

COMPOUND WORD SQUARE.

(Each word contains 4 letters.)

Upper Left--A plant; a city; a leash, a match.

Upper Right---A contemporary; a river; a male name; to rave.

Lower Left---To look sharply; a female name; a scriptural name; noisy.

Lower Right---Empty declamation; a genus of plants; a female name; a tree

The Poser.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

---7---

WORD SQUARE.

A Garden tool; a man's name; part of a ship; measures.

M. E. Grant.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

---8---

PRIZE GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A river in North America;

A river in South Carolina;

A mountain in South America;

A river in Africa;

A lake in North America;

Initials and finals name two European Rivers.

A book for the first solution.

W. A. Shtub.

Montreal.

ANSWERS next month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In addition to the above prizes kindly offered by our contributors we will give a year's subscription to the HARP, to the one sending us the first complete list of answers

For the best list if all are not solved we will give a six month's subscription to the same magazine.

CHAT.

Puzzlers will recognize in us at once the puzzle editor of the *Irish Canadian*, in the past, and we intend with their kind assistance, to make this one of the best conducted departments in America.

Our prizes will be good, occasionally in Cash, and everything will be done to make OUR PUZZLE CORNER, instructive and amusing to all.

ED. OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

F A C E T I Æ .

THE PRINTER AGAIN.—"It was a very informal affair," wrote an editor in a notice of a select party which he had been specially invited to attend. The compositor made it "a very infernal affair;" and no more special invitations were received at that office.

LIFE INSURANCE.—"What is life insurance?" exclaimed a bold agent in a street car to a victim of a "wrecked" company.—"I can answer that," replied the victim. "It is the art of keeping a man poor all through life in order that he may die rich."

TEMPTATION EXTRAORDINARY.—To sign the pledge, and afterwards to be presented with a bottle of rich old port, is one of those dreadful things which will occasionally happen. People talk about suffering, but they don't know anything about it.

TWO MUCH ALIKE.—There are two brothers who look so much alike they cannot tell each other apart, and one day last week when John was raging like a volcano with the toothache, Henry went down to Dr. Wilson's and had six teeth pulled.

A SINGLE HAIR.—It is said that there is a language of the hair, and we see no good reason for contradicting this assertion. At any rate, we have heard of tolerably well-authenticated cases where a single golden hair on a dark coat collar would talk plainer than a guide-post, and furnish the material for a whole course of lectures.

GREAT CARE NECESSARY.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' guid care o' yoursel', my man, when ye're awa', for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

FORCE OF ASSOCIATION.—A little boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whisky in her husband's bottle by bathing the little fellow's wrist with it. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming: "Ma, has pa gct a sprained throat?"

BOWED DOWN.—A young girl asked her mother's consent to engage herself to her beau, showing her at the same time a piece of her own handiwork, a pretty match safe. Her mother drew down her spectacles and exclaimed: "Mary, you can make a match safe, but I have my doubts whether you would make a safe match." Mary sighed involuntarily, and sought consolation in singing "The Heart Bowed Down."

A TALE O' HORRORS.

TAE drink or no tae drink, that is the question--

Whether 'tis easier in the mind tae suffer
The stings and arrows o' a trifle horrors;
Or go and guzzle fowre or five mair glasses,
And, by reclinin' in a sheugh, there lie and sleep

An oor--and by that sleep tae say I end
My heidache, and the ither nervish shocks
That then I'm heir tae--'tis a consummation
Devoutly tae be wished. Tae lie and sleep!--

Tae sleep! perchance tae snore ay, there's
the rub;

For while I snore, may not the "bobby" come,
And then I'm shuffled--not off this mortal coil,

But tae a cell, wi' scant respect--
Whilk makes me lose my temper, and resist;--

Get on the "bracelets"---face the gapin' crowd--

The "bobby's screed"---the frownin' "beak's" contumely--

Get fined, or confined---my name next day
In *Witness, Star or Post* illustrated--

Drunk and riotous---re-istin' the police;--
While I cood hae prevented sic a rumpus,

By drinkin' water. Wha'd sic tortures bear,

As watch, dance roon ye---scorpion griffin,
Satyr, vampire, and mair questionable shapes--

Hideously grinnin', and frae a nameless region--

Sic a wnged imp, wi' piercin' een o' fire--
Some wi' but ane it's true, but sic an ee

Makes up for quantity---but a donkey?