

NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

CHAPTER V.

But now, too great for fester grown. Too proud to bend the slavish knee. Lord Erin needs the tyrant's thrall. And firmly vows she will be free.

But mark you treacherous stealthy knave That bends beneath his country's ban; Shall he dash on the tyrant's hope? The anti-Irish Irishman!

One bright sunny morning, just four weeks after Dennis Byrne left Glendariff, he returned, footsore and weary enough. Parting with John Halloran under the gloomy circumstances of their last interview had been the saddest trial which had ever wrung the stout heart of the blacksmith of Kildare, and almost unmanly, his tears now and then fell in torrents, sprinkling the wild rocky paths he was descending. Once he met a cowherd searching for a stray heifer, and not long after, in a narrow gorge, came abreast of two or three shy, sunken-looking men, wearing a look of terror on their countenances, who, having been into the valley to buy meal and potatoes, had heard and seen enough to make them fly back to their mountain sheelings, perfectly satisfied to forego the necessities they were in pursuit of for the agreeable certainty of knowing that they had escaped hanging and quartering. Dennis soon discovered that their alarm was not groundless; for as he approached nearer to the low lan's he perceived detachments of English soldiers galloping in every direction over the country. He saw that they were stationed at the farm-houses, and at the cross-roads, and knew that, unless the providence of God delivered him, he should have a narrow escape, if indeed he did not really fall into their hands. But danger and peril awaited the edge of an Irishman's wit; his love of adventure imparted a zest to the most unequal reason; while all the chivalry and will of his nature are roused to defeat the purposes of those who would trample on him; and, when he finds that mere physical strength cannot serve him, his keen wit, like a legion, is ready to grapple with an army of difficulties. Dennis Byrne's disguise was perfect, and his limp inevitable, although it added a heavy weight to every mile; while with the vacant, simple look he assumed, and a brogue which was absolutely terrible, he succeeded in passing unharmed more than one Sixon corion, who were engaged in torturing and tormenting the harmless peasantry with an abuse of authority which the Vandals of a remote age might have been ascribed. Whenever he spied them in the distance, he began to sing, with a voice which indicated a pair of lungs as tough and strong as his own great bellows in the smithy at Kildare, some wild Gaelic song, which, to those who were near enough to hear the words, was about as intelligible as the clatter of a mill-wheel, until they surrounded him with curses and questions not a few; when, by his half-witted answers, his rough Connought brogue, assumed for the occasion, and his idiotic expressions of wonder, he not only secured the freedom of the road, but succeeded in learning much that he wished to know, and on several occasions absolutely received as many shillings as blows.

He learned that the principal chiefs in the late outbreak had been arrested and imprisoned; it was believed and hoped they would be hung, certainly transported. He heard John Halloran's name loaded with imprecations and curses, as one who had escaped; they feared he had got safe out of the country; if not, such means were provided for his arrest as must certainly prove effectual in his capture.

At last Dennis found himself within the Park-gate at Glendariff. As he approached the house, he saw at once how it was. Sentinels in the uniform of the 4th Regiment of Highlanders were stationed here and there about the mansion and grounds; and if at first he felt surprised at the circumstance of no guard being placed at the lodge, he understood it now; but he thanked God fervently that the hunted fugitive was far away, and not likely to be led unwarily into this well-concealed ambush. As to himself, "he didn't care a snap if they took him prisoner; it was just what he wanted, unless they sent him up to Dublin, bedad! which would put another face entirely on the matter."

The shutters were all closed, and only the kitchen-door was open. Through this he saw Nora sitting around as usual; perhaps more bravely and silently, for so wild melody trilled out with the gladness of a pure and honest heart, now kept time to the motion of her busy hands. Limping up toward the kitchen, thinking at the moment only of Nora, he was suddenly grasped by the arm on one side, while from the other a bayonet presented before him glittered in his eyes. He turned, and found himself in the hands of two soldiers, who demanded the countersign.

"De what? My granny used to know all de signs o' de wedding; but I niver was wise dat way," said Dennis, dropping the corners of his eyes and his mouth together.

"Want be your business, and where be you from last?" asked the old soldier, gruffly.

"An' surely yer honor's secret me wis out o' me intirely. I a most forgot whedder I was ever born or not," exclaimed Dennis, the picture of a fool.

"Come, ye hirpin' gabrieluzie, to Captain Saunders; he'll be glad that'll make ye glow'r. Heeb, s'rs! but ye'll toll him where ye come frae last," said the Scotchman, laying his hand on Dennis Byrne's ragged collar and leading him into John Halloran's library, where Captain Saunders, with one or two of his officers, was at breakfast. He was a man past middle age, with the harsh physiognomy of his nation; (it is said that the Scotch officers and soldiers, greatly to their honor, at this period in Ireland, behaved like men from whose bosom humanity had not taken flight) his hair was crisp and gray, and as close to his head as a Covenanter's, while his small, keen

gray eyes were almost hidden by the shaggy, black brows which overhung them.

"Now, I rede ye, speak the truth," whispered the sergeant to Dennis, after he had paused for an instant, bolt upright, to make a military salute to his commanding officer.

"Who are you?" asked Captain Saunders, after hearing his subordinate's report.

"Only a poor innocent bacach man, beggin' here an' there a crust an' a bone, yer honor," replied Dennis, com- piously.

"And do you know the premises you are on?" "That I could in prison you transport you, for daring to put your foot on these grounds without authority? Oa, you are a douse laddie, my ragged friend!" said Captain Saunders.

"Christ pardon an' save uz, an' where am I at all then? yer worship axes me; an' surely it's I ought to be axin' you where I be, seein' you're here, an' I, a poor bacach lad, wid his stuff an' bag, jist from de hills of Tipperary," replied Dennis.

"The devil you are!" exclaimed the captain, excited by this piece of news; and pray what were you after in that Gehenna?"

"I was a Shanghai, sir? My grannie had lots o' him, but I niver dar'd her mention any sich breed as dat," said Dennis, looking perfectly innocent, while the young officers, angry, but amused, endeavored to suppress a laugh.

"I say, rascal, what business had you in Tipperary?" roared Captain Saunders.

"I dunno, yer honor. I h'ard I was born dare; but, bein' a poor o'phim, I can't swear to de fact, and bo rasyon of me beravement, for I was a destitute orphan, yer honor, I had to take de wallet on me shoulder, and ax de hospitality of me neighbors an' de country people; but, save us, sirs! I'm driv' out o' de country, while all de shogering an' fighting dat's goin' on, sure. Batune de sogers takin' me for a rebel, an' de rebels takin' me for a divil of a informer; an' yer honor, I was glad to get out of it intirely," said Dennis, with an emphasis and strength of brogue which was deafening even to Scotch ears.

"Granny's sake, mon, ye deserve hangin' for de dat! (Continued noise) de claver ye make. Can't ye speak de Queen's English?" exclaimed Captain Saunders, about the corners of whose eyes might be seen an incipient wrinkle of mirth.

"Lord's sake, sir! Can yer honor spake in de grand old Celtic diction, dat's de question to all my born days? If you can do dat, sir, I'm at your service from mornin' till night; me tongue gets on de right groove den, sir, an' it runs like a stame-carriage; but de English is a furrin' lingo to me, an' my tongue goes blunderin' over de brogue of it, till I don't 'zactly know what I says myself."

"No; and I'm glad I don't, ye pore beg," said Captain Saunders. "Here, Jack Hazel, search this fellow. He's more knave than fool, in my opinion."

"And without ceremony they proceeded to search the person of Dennis. They tore away the shreds of lining from his ragged hat, looked u' der de borrowed and rusty old wig he wore, emptied his wallet, and poked carefully among the bones and crabs which were scattered on the floor. They directed him of his coat, shoes, and stockings; in fact, the inquisition extended from his head to his heels, leaving none of his tattered garments unexplored. But of course they found nothing, except the dark, glossy curl of John Halloran's hair, which Captain Saunders held carefully, yet cautiously, between his forefinger and thumb, while the investigation proceeded. Concluding their frantic search, they gave him permission to put on his clothes; when Captain Saunders said—

"I am not yet satisfied, ye vagabond, but that you're a rebel."

"It's well for them that's made so many buggars to have 'em fed. It's an old game, well understood in Ireland, robbing Peter to pay Paul. What do you want?" she said, turning her eyes full on Dennis Byrne.

"Why, ma'am," he whispered, "I'm a poor orphan from Tipperary, an' 'ud like a bowl o' strabout, an' a rasher, an' a mug o' ale or whisky, an' a couid towl, if you have de likes of it by you."

"I shall have to set the table for the gentlemen from Tipperary," she said, with a light, merry laugh. "Perhaps ye'd honor'll take a bit of venison, and some bottled sherry?"

"Anything your ladyship plazes!" "If I was a man, I'd shake you to smitherens," said Nora, bustling around, while Sergeant Hazel, with a laugh, wished her good luck of the bargain he had brought her, and went away. Neither of them uttered a word until he was out of hearing; for he was too good a soldier to go out of sight.

"Nora dear! "Thanks be to God, Dennis Byrne, that you're back to safety." Both spoke in Irish. "D'd you see him, Dennis?" "I did. I saw him, and think he is safe."

"O, thanks be to God!" exclaimed Nora, while tears flowed over her cheeks. "Naw toll me about it, dear." He told her, "O, how glad this news will make the broken heart in there! Dennis, she's been drooping like a flower when the bitter wind from the Keek blows on it; but, oh, Dennis Byrne, there's worse news for you to hear."

"What?" he asked, while his cheek paled.

"The lady and her children are poor—so poor—so very poor, Dennis. You and I, with our strong arms and stout hearts, is richer than they." said Nora, with a short sob. "Glendariff is their home, and see what Mrs. Halloran's doing."

"Nora, then? Whose then, in the name of the world, is it?" "And who but Donald Dhu More, the vile informer, that's a disgrace to his blood, his name, and his country—who but he is master now at Glendariff? He wasn't like a hound at Mister Halloran's heels for nothing."

"Granny's sake, put yer heel on the murdering villain's neck! for, by my soul, I'd scorn to touch him with my hand," said Dennis, bitterly.

All this time, and it was not long, Nora was getting a meal together for the beggar-man, and the soldier from his post watched them narrowly.

When you put that plate down beside me, a sallow maid in a white apron, (Light of my eyes and heart) take up the lock of hair I'll put down. It's his. Take it to Mrs. Halloran, and give it to her with his love, and tell her he's safe, and by this time is across the sea."

Nora did as she was directed, with great dexterity, and thrust it into her pocket just as Sergeant Hazel came into the kitchen to get a drink of water, but in reality to see what was going on.

"An' now, yer pittique," broke out Nora, "there's a dinner for a king; and if you're a good Christian you'll thank God for it. And you're welcome in His holy name. Could you stop a minute, sir? I have a job for you. I'm a run up and see what Mrs. Halloran wants: may-be it's a dish of tea, poor lady; she didn't ate a morsel to-day, by rasyon of the headache that's racking her, laving the heart-ache out of the bargain; an' there's heaps of silver laying about on the dressers, spoons, and the like that it would be easy to slip in a wallet like this."

"He sent this to you with his heart's love; an' that is all I know. We watched all the time, an' it's all I could learn."

Mrs. Halloran laid the curl in the palm of her hand, and gazed fondly and dreamily on it, then pressed it to her lips, her forehead, her bosom. "Oh, John! my John! my husband! my husband!" she whispered; "my noble John!" Then a tear like a single, heavy rain-drope fell on the dark hair, where it lay like a gem.

"Yes," said Nora, who saw that coat, and hope it was the harbinger of others; "for such a one as he to go wandering in a strange land—may be sick, and anywise lonesome an' homeless!"

"Oh, my husband! why cannot I be with you in poverty and exile? Then tears began to flow more freely. "Where is he, Nora Brady?" "I don't know, ma'am, only that Dennis Byrne seen him in Ballyhowry Mountain, where he came to hide."

"Hide! John Halloran, the noblest and best of God's creatures, skulking like a hunted beast!" cried Mrs. Halloran, while torrents of tears drenched her cheeks.

"Nora was satisfied. "The tears will do you good, dear lady," she said, "and in a little while I will send poor Gracie and Desmond up. The children's lost their smiles and color, and goes moping around like orphans."

"Yes, send them up—poor little ones!" said Mrs. Halloran. "But one word, Nora: where is my cousin Donald?"

"Faith, ma'am, he's been away these three days. Mrs. Shea says he has gone to Dublin; anywise, it's a good riddance."

"He's safe—my husband! my heart's own love—safe said Mrs. Halloran, clasping her hands together. "Angels of God guard and guide him! This news gives me life. I defy all now, and, trusting in the providence of my Father in heaven, I, His creature, will bear all in His holy name."

Ever long the sound of little feet outside and a timid knock at the door was heard. Mrs. Halloran went with feeble steps to open it, and found the two children standing, with a half-frightened look, on the threshold. She stooped and kissed them tenderly, and, holding the little soft hands in hers, led them to the couch, where, leaning against pillows almost exhausted, she gathered them to her bosom in a long, tender embrace. Desmond was a noble child. He was now eight years old. His eyes were large and blue, his forehead bald and broad, surmounted by a coronal of short, crisp, curling hair. His nose harmonized with his other features, while his mouth, with out losing its sweetness of childhood, wore an expression of firmness and sweetness truly remarkable. Gracie was five summers old. Her crown hair was smoothly braided back from her round, childish forehead; her eyes were blue, and full of thought and gentleness, and her complexion very fair and pure. But there was a deep, earnest earnestness in the child's countenance, a tender grace and a calm repose in every movement, which had gained for her throughout the demesne the sobriquet of "Little Lady." Her father used to call her "Little Poet"; for not only would the fair and beautiful in nature call forth sweet responses from the child's soul, but her language often expressed the most exquisite ideas. A bright star, a rainbow, a rich sunset, the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the odor of flowers, were the quiet raptures of a life which was full of heaven.

Mrs. Halloran, while holding them in that warm embrace, spoke cheerfully to them, asked them a thousand questions which dispelled their timidity and soon won them to smiles.

"But, what in the world's name are you after, Mrs. Halloran?" "Nora, listen my friend, we are to leave Glendariff; it is ours no longer."

"Sold, ma'am?" said Nora, choking back her tears.

"Sold! Yes. Sold for John Halloran's life; the purchase money is paid in his exile and the ruin of his family. My cousin, Donald More, is now master of Glendariff," she said, bitterly.

"The black, murdering informer! May St. Patrick's curse rest on him!" cried Nora. "It's just what I thought he'd do, so I did. I knowed he was false-hearted to the core; and now he's robbed what's worse than the widdy, for whin a woman lays her husband in a quiet grave, knowing his soul to be in the hands of a merciful God, she knows that what's done is right an' best, an' not like he was druv out into the wide world, without home or friends, in a strange land, laving his wife an' children disolate an' broken-hearted, with a traitor to the fore to rob an' rack-rent and present his orphans. O'hone!" cried Nora, wringing her hands. "It's a hard trial, ma'am, an' a sore, my darling, but there's a God above us, an' He hears me now," she said, snatching Mrs. Halloran's crucifix from the cratory, and holding it up toward heaven, "and the Blessed Virgin hears me say, on the cross of her dear Son, that I'll spend the rest of my life for them that's been all to me, nor think of me own until they come to their rights ag'in. Now rest easy, Mary ashore; ye're not friensless; an' what Nora Brady says, that she'll do."

"Nora! Nora! Why did you do it?" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran. "I cannot permit it. Your life and happiness shall not be wasted because mine are. We have a home—a poor one, it is true—where, by the sale of my jewels, we can live. The old Abbey still stands, an' give us food. You shall come with me—and Dennis Byrne."

"Dennis Byrne! of course Dennis will stay there; he can farm and do the likes; but for me! I'm going to look for Mister Halloran the mint we hear he gets to Ameriky, an' work my fingers off till there's a home there ready to bring ye all together once more—That's what I'm going to do; for Ireland's no longer a place for the Irish, an' you an' the childer shall not stay here like outcasts. When I do all I want to do, if I'm not too old, an' Dennis Byrne does not change his mind, we'll go before the priest."

"I fear—that is—she—I believe not, madam. There is a rumor that he has escaped."

"But his estate, madam—you know that in these unfortunate cases estates are generally—"

"Confiscated, of course," she said quietly.

"But here is a letter, madam, for you. It came from Dublin with my official papers to-day, and will probably explain the thing more to your satisfaction than I could do." Mrs. Halloran tore open the letter, and read:

"My Dear Cousin—The Government, as a reward for services rendered, has been pleased to bestow on me a grant of the Glendariff estate. Do not, however, allow this to alter any of your plans, or cause you to leave until it is perfectly convenient. If I can serve you, command me."

"Your affectionate kinsman, DONALD MORE."

"I understand the matter fully, now, sir," she said, calmly, but deadly pale. "Mr. More is now the master of John Halloran's possessions."

"He is, madam."

"I presume he has been engaged in the honorable occupation of discovering and denouncing from time to time those men who have proved how well they have loved their country by sacrificing everything for it. He has, I judge, sold his honor, his kindred, his country, for gold; and, base as he is, England, still more base, rewards him with honors and possessions. In short, Donald More is an informer!" she said, with withering scorn.

Captain Saunders shrugged his shoulders, then banded her the official documents, which corroborated all that her kinsman had written.

"Will you please to write, sir, and say that I shall leave Glendariff in two days?" "Madam," said the officer, touched with profound respect for grief borne with such submissive dignity, "do not go. Make some arrangement with this man. He is your kinsman."

"Let us beg to get ready to leave Glendariff. Tell Dennis and Mrs. Shea—"

"Mrs. Shea, madam! Mrs. Shea will stay to keep some of the burn villans that's coming," cried Nora. "O, it was beautiful, sure, to see what cronies they got to be, an' how polished she was with the sogers! Mrs. Shea, indeed!"

"Well! well!" said Mrs. Halloran, wearily; "let us prepare to go."

"Of course you must, ma'am. I wish it was to night, since Glendariff's no longer in the family. My price's up; an' if I only had Donald More here now, I'd make his hair rise on his head with the baranage I'd give him."

CHAPTER VI. "I'm biddin' you a long farewell. My Mary, kind and true; But I'll not forget you, darling. In the land I'm going to. They say there's no work for all. And the sun shines always there; But I'll not forget Old Ireland. We'll stay till they come."

The next day a police-constable, attended by four subordinate officials, made his appearance at Glendariff. "He had been sent down from Dublin," he informed Captain Saunders, "by Donald More, Esq., to protect the property, and see that nothing except Mrs. Halloran's personal effects were removed from the house."

"You've come on a brass errand," said Captain Saunders, with bitter irony, "an' one well suited to such a noocie crew. There na mickle to fear for yer thrappe, and there's only a desolate laaye and two bairnies to spend yer valor on. Yes, yes, your documents are all correct. You will have perfect indemnity for any accident you may commit; but, I rede ye, no insult to the lady. None of us! and a burning spot glowed on the cheeks of the honest old Scotchman—"some of us were sent here to interfere with her."

The brutal countenance of the man expressed merely a black and passing look of amazement and annoyance. He evidently had not expected such a reception, and could be hardly supposed the meaning of the old officer said, he would have sent up to Dublin no favorable report of his loyalty. As it was, the cool irony of his tone, and the unceremonious reception he gave him stung him in such a manner that, had he been with his equals or his inferiors, he would have given vent to the rage which he had thought it was most prudent to suppress.

"It's the law, captain; it's not me, sir. It's the law. They might all go to the devil, sir, headlong, if the law let 'em, an' I don't put a jock-straw in their way," he replied, sullenly. "But somebody must see this Mistress Halloran, and read these documents to her."

"Come with me," said the old soldier, rising from his chair, and striding through the hall toward the drawing-room, which he had seen Mrs. Halloran enter, with her children, a short time before. He tapped lightly on the door, which was opened by Desmond, who sprang back, and stood scowling at him while the veins in his forehead swelled out, and his clinched fists were extended forward. Captain Saunders laid his large, brawny hand gently on the boy's head, and passed in. Mrs. Halloran arose, with her accustomed grace and courtesy, to receive him, although the appearance of a stranger with him evidently agitated her. She was every instant expecting news from her husband, and it was the messenger who had come to tell her he was taken, she must die. So she thought, and Captain Saunders, who read her fears in her pale, anxious countenance, hastened to relieve them, by saying—

"Do not be alarmed, madam. This gentleman, who is of the law, has only come down from Dublin on a mere legal formula, which, I believe, is usual on such occasions; and I, thinkin', perhaps as you have—ahem—no friend near ye, took the liberty of breaking the business to you."

"Thank you, from my soul, sir," replied Mrs. Halloran, with a grateful look, and inexpressibly relieved. "What is your business with me, sir?" "I was sent down, ma'am, from Dublin, by Donald More, Esq."

"To drive me from the shelter of my own roof," she said, in a calm but bitter tone. "It was a needless pretentim, however. I shall leave, as I intended, in the morning. It bein' his, even though unjustly, would be sufficient to drive me from it, if I had no other shelter than those hills below us, or the vastness of the hill."

"Madam, this relates to the grants and effects belonging to yourself. Look over the list—the inclosed parchment hand it to Mrs. Halloran, sir," said Captain Saunders. "I don't know that it will be strictly accordin' to law, sir."

"It will, Mrs. Halloran, glance over it. It's aae a fletterin' document; I'll admit; but may be the sooner it's over the better," said Captain Saunders, passing the untold parchment from the constable's hands to her. Her eyes ran rapidly over it. A red spot was soon kindled on each pale cheek, her lips were firmly compressed, and he saw, by the fluttering of the lace on her bosom, how wildly her heart was throbbing, and knew how sharp and deep the blow had struck home. He pitied her. He thought of his own fair daughters in the quiet vale of Kilmohy; and he dared, could he have done it without dishonour, he would have made her wrongs his own. After she had read it to the last word, she refolded the parchment, handed it back to the man, and, turning to Captain Saunders, said—

"The treasury of friends and kinsmen is harder to beget than injuries received from strangers. My personal effects are not numerous, and, if my necessities were not so great, I would make Donald More a free gift of them, along with the rest I brought John Halloran, still the noblest and best of men, though now outlawed and called rebel, for that which had it been successful, would have ranked him among the world's best heroes. I brought him but little, except my love and an undying trust in the purity of his character. That no tyranny can rob me of. Have

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Mrs. Halloran, a short time on the door, Desmond, who owing at him head swelled sts were ex- in Saunders and gently on sed in. Mrs. accustomed Mrs. of a stranger ed her. She ng news from the mess- all her he was she thought, she read her contentance, by saying—

no fears, therefore, for yourself and your employer. I shall give you a list of the effects belonging to me; he will know whether it is correct, and if I am entitled to them. When you receive his reply, they can be forwarded to me."

"Thank you. That will do," she said, bowing to the police constable. Then her face dropped down in her long, slender hand, and she was silent and lost in thought. The official left the drawing-room, and the closing door roused her. "Pardon me," she said to the old officer, who had been regarding her with deep interest; "these things come on me like tempests to an uncaged bird. I have had but few cares, and but little to think of except my own happiness, since my marriage with John Halloran. But there is one question I must ask, Captain Saunders. I presume, sir, on your goodness and an expected friendship, to beg you, as a last favor, to tell me if any news has come of the—John Halloran, my husband."

"Madam, I do not know," said Captain Saunders, speaking with the broad accent which made his phrasing almost unintelligible whenever he was excited by an unusual emotion, "that what I have to tell will involve any principle of duty, under existing circumstances. Rumor has made public all I know, and, as our plans are all frustrated regarding him, it will do no harm for you to know that he is either in France or on his way to America."

"Thank God," she exclaimed fervently; "thank God! Oh, sir, if you know John Halloran, you would not grudge him his liberty."

"Madam, whatever I may feel for you, I have no sympathy with rebels," outspoke the Scotchman.

"That's what he called me! that's what he called me, mamma! How dare you call my father a rebel, you base English soldier, who has a thousand times better than you are; and if he was here, he'd thrash you away from Glendariff," most unexpectedly shouted Desmond.

"Desmond, my boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran, drawing him, flushed and struggling, to her bosom.

"You are a bold little rebel," said Captain Saunders, laughing, and trying to lay his hand on the brown, curly head, which still lifted itself defiantly toward him. "It would be safe to get you out of the country, before you begin to give our gracious queen trouble. Madam, I must leave you. I wish you well; and if my presence at Glendariff has in any way inconvenienced or distressed you, I hope that the fact of its being involuntary on my part will excuse me."

Mrs. Halloran frankly held out her hand, saying, "I only thank the kind Providence that led you hither. You have been a friend and protector in these sore trials. Had another person been sent to Glendariff, my misery might have been aggravated. But I must say farewell. In the morning I shall leave this place forever."

It did not require much time and labor to select and pack the effects Mrs. Halloran intended to have removed to Fada-Bras Abbey. Some antique pieces of furniture, beds and household linen, a few odd silver vessels of the time of George, her husband's portrait, and three or four copper utensils for kitchen use, all of which had belonged to her mother, or herself before her marriage, and most of which had descended through many generations to her possession, she took. Her jewels and rich clothing, which she never expected to adorn herself with again, she reserved for such contingencies as poverty might disclose, to turn, as occasion might require, into the available means of living. The rest, those rich and beautiful things which the exquisite and elegant taste of John Halloran had gathered around her, and which were, every one, consecrated by some cherished association, she left, or rather abandoned, because in the ruined place she was going to she knew there was scarcely a habitable room, and that everything superfluous would be a burden and a hindrance. "He will surely sell them," she said, "and she thought, as she wandered through the house that night, lingering beside each precious memento of brighter days: "here they are safe, and I shall love to come in fancy, and people these rooms again with the familiar faces which have always been here, and think of everything being as he left it and as I saw it last."

Mrs. Shea, as Nora had predicted, remained at Glendariff, and it was difficult to discover whether it was from motives of self-interest or really, as she said, "to keep her eyes on her master's property, that that thief of the world, Donald Dhu, had got his clench on, but wouldn't he would it, if it came to be believed. So cheer up, Mistress Halloran, honey, an' don't let a could thought of me come into yer gentle heart. God knows, I'd rath'er go; but if I do, who'll take care of yer own till ye come back again?"

Mrs. Shea wept abundantly, and exhibited the most genuine emotions of grief, which were quite satisfactory to all except Nora Brady, who said nothing, but looked sideways, and turned the end of her pretty *retroussé* nose a little more toward the zenith than nature intended. The blackam man with his snuff-colored wig and ragged garments, had suddenly disappeared; and when the carriage came up from Kill-dare to take Mrs. Halloran's effects to the distant glen of Agerlow, one of them was driven by a stout, handsome young fellow, whom Nora called "Cousin Dennis," and who was recognized by Captain Saunders' orderly as the blacksmith who had shod his horse a few weeks before.

It is no wonder they did recognize him as the lame beggar who had been

limping so many days about Glendariff, whose barbarous phrasing and idiotic speeches made them entirely unusable to him, and who had been driven by inexorable circumstances beyond his gates, the world appeared to her, as it had done to our common mother, Eve, ages ago, when, driven from Paradise, she went forth to a pilgrimage of bitterness and tears. In that hour of sorrow, in that little space of time, more earth-ties were broken and torn asunder than sometimes happen in a long lifetime. The weight of years had seemed to fall suddenly on her, and the world stood revealed in its bare mockery to her gaze. Human hopes had been dashed like frail crystal vases to the earth, and broken; human joys had sung their brief summer song, and fled. And it is well, O merciful God, when the bleak tempests of life tear away from this mortal existence its illusory charms; for even when the shadow is darkest, when we falter and stumble in the gloom, we can see, through the clouds above us, glimpses of that light which never fades, and which is Hope's beacon, smiling and luring us to the land of eternal repose.

She said but little as they journeyed along. The struggle was a silent and bitter one; but gradually the recollection of a merciful and overruling Providence, the tender love of the Holy Virgin, and thoughts of those sorrows which, like life, transitory, soothed her mind. These came back the memory of her little ones, and the devotion of Nora, to cheer her. These were death-lies; such love and such principles flowed only from God, and she felt that even in her desolation, there were rays of gladness, and a staff on which her weakness might lean, which would blossom like the prophet's rod. And the mourner lifted up her head, not rejoicing, but peaceful, and resigned to the will of her Father in heaven.

Situated on a beautiful and picturesque hill side which overhung the glen of Agerlow, the ruins of the old feudal castle and abbey of Fada-Bras presented an imposing spectacle from a distance. Had it been on the Rhine, painters, tourists, and poets would have immortalized it; but here it was scarcely known beyond the obscurity of the valley it overlooked, and the sketch-books of a few antiquarians who had visited it more by chance than in intention. And yet its architectural beauties, some of which remained intact, were wonderful, and vindicated eloquently the civilization and perfection of science in the early ages of Ireland. There were the graceful arches, the crusted marbles, the stupendous buttresses, the fantastic gargoyles, the stained glass, which are only imitated in this our day, the splendid architrave, the massive pillars, the gabled roof, the rich sculptures—which time, so mildewed, but not erased—had broken and made ruins of; but not destroyed the fragments, each one of which told a proud tale of other days. And now to the ruined halls of their ancestors the last descendants of the princely McCarthy Mores had come, seeking refuge and shelter. The fox had made his hole, and the cony his burrow, and the owl her nest, in the long deserted ruins. There was scarcely a portion of them sheltered from the weather. But in the cloisters, once the holy retreat of saintly men, some small apartments were discovered by Nora and Dennis, which in a short time were rendered habitable, and in a few days Mrs. Halloran was comfortably situated, and things around her began to wear a home-like and pleasant aspect. Dennis exchanged some old silver for a cow and a few necessary farming implements, while Nora, after attending to Mrs. Halloran's comfort, arranged her kitchen with the same faultless neatness that had always reigned in the one at Glendariff, and privately instructed Ellen, the children's nurse, in the mystery of cooking and getting up linen. As Nora was beginning to prepare for flight beyond the sea in her search after John Halloran, she was impatient, in the single devotion of her honest heart, to commence her toils in the far off land she was going to, for which she would receive gold that would purchase comforts, and perhaps a home, for those she loved. One day Dennis Byrne came up from the market town with a letter for Mrs. Halloran. It was a thick, heavy letter, but the direction was in Father McCarthy's handwriting. Nora saw that, but, filled with a strange hope, she laid down her work and ran in with it to Mrs. Halloran, who tore off the envelope, and found within a note from Father McCarthy, and a letter from her husband. With a cry of joy, she opened and read it. It was from Boston. He had arrived there in safety and except that he was fatigued with the voyage, he was well, and expected to obtain employment, which would enable him to provide a home, in the land of his exile, for his family; but his movements were undecided, and he besought her to remain in quiet and hope until she heard from him again. And then followed an account of his adventures after Dennis Byrne had left him on Ballyhowry Mountain; how, in the disguise of an old ragman, he had got on board the smuggler's craft, and had narrowly escaped an English cruiser in the Channel, and been almost shipwrecked on the coast of France, after which his progress was comparatively unobstructed by dangers or delays until he reached in safety the shores of America. Then came a thousand expressions of endearment and anxious solicitude; questions and words of undying love, and messages of affection to all, especially to his "little dove" Grace, whom, he said, he would give all the world just to fold one moment to his bosom. He thought of Desmond, he said, as of a young eaglet, who would protect the nestlings at home, who would be a brave, good boy until his father came back. He was ever before him, with his flashing eyes and proud bearing, and it comforted him to know that the boy had in him all the elements of strength neces-

sary to the formation of a great and good character. Nora and Dennis were named with affection, and many were the grateful messages that came to them; then followed words of cheer and full of hope. John Halloran was thoughtful of the ether. His goodness, his nobleness of soul, his kind thoughts for all, were perceptible in every word, until the family at Fada-Bras thought almost that he had been in their midst. Father McCarthy's note informed Mrs. Halloran of his increasing infirmities, and of a bad cold, which had confined him to his bed. Her sorrows weighed heavily on him in his old age, but he trusted the letter he sent her would cheer and comfort her. As soon as he could get about, she would see him; and any letters she might wish to send to her husband she could inclose to him.

That night, as Mrs. Halloran was sitting alone by her sleeping children, Nora came in quietly, and said she would like to speak to her, if it would not interrupt her. Since the change in Mrs. Halloran's fortunes, instead of behaving with greater familiarity, Nora had treated her with almost scrupulous ceremony, and had impressed it on the minds of Dennis and Ellen that they must never show, by word or look or act, their consciousness of the down fall of the family, but must make up by their respect what was wanting in the rest of the world toward her.

"I'm sure, Nora dear," replied Mrs. Halloran. "Come in. I feel almost happy to-night. Oh, Nora, God has been very good to me," said she, holding out her hand, while her eyes filled with tears. Nora took the hand and folded it to her bosom, then kissed it, and laid it tenderly down where it was resting when she came in.

"Sit down, dear Nora; sit here, and tell me how you are," said she, and she said, "Well, ma'am, I'm thinking, now, that, if you can spare me, I'd better go."

"Go! Nora Brady! Would you leave me?" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran.

"Let me tell you, ma'am, how it is. It's not for myself or my own interests that I'd be going, but then as Mither Halloran is gone over the seas to America, and they say, he can never come back again, and as the fine old property's gone out of the family, and although this is a grand and ancient place, it is poor, and will not support the wants of a lady and two children, that are highborn like yersel, I thought, as I'm young an' strong, I'd better cross over to America too, and ain't enough to bring you there, where, please God, we'll all be together once more; an' if we never see Old Ireland again, we can be true to her in our hearts, and pray for them that's left in it." Here tears gathered and flashed in Nora's fine black eyes, while Mrs. Halloran, comprehending at once all her unselfish devotion, fell forward on her neck weeping.

"How can I spare you, Nora? Yet how to refuse you I cannot tell," at last said Mrs. Halloran.

"Spare me, madam! Why, there's Ellen I've been drilling an' teaching until she bates myself out entirely, and a faithful, good, quiet girl she is, and handy at everything; an' Dennis—why, Dennis can do anything he sets his hands to, sure, an' willing enough he is now for me to go. Then, madam, there's Mither Halloran, he might as well as bestor lend to him them strangers if he's sick or in trouble, an' I know I could do many a thing for him, if so be he hasn't got a start yet—God save him."

Mary Halloran was silent and thoughtful. Nora's last argument had almost persuaded her. Still, she felt so dependent on her, and had been so accustomed to seeing her about her, that she felt the great uncertainty of the success of her plan, she could not at once consent to it.

"America is a country of great extent, Nora. Suppose my husband should have left Boston; you'd find yourself in a strange country, friendless and unprotected," she suggested.

"Surely, ma'am, you ought to know by this time that I've a tongue in my head and wits sharp enough to find my way," said Nora, quickly.

THE YANKEE NIECE.

A STORY WITH A USEFUL MORAL. "You say he is always drunk," said the Yankee niece, looking hard at her aunt through the turf-smoke that filled the room, but not the kitchen.

"Always," snapped the latter. "And you never tried anything to cure him of it?" "Tried? Heaven bless you, I haven't left a stone unturned."

"What on earth is the use of turning stones?" asked the niece, who had a habit of taking things literally. "Haven't you ever tried anything sensible—making the home attractive to him?"

"Wish!" (this scornfully). "Isn't it he wants the attractin'? Wouldn't a body think we were young sweethearts, instead of being an old couple and done for these dozen years?"

"I don't see what difference that makes, aunt. When you were young sweethearts, did you ever put on a fresh ribbon or anything dainty so as to look sweeter than others in his eyes? Having chosen to live your life beside him, is it not worth your while to brighten his home and make it more attractive to him than any other place in the world—make it so that, during his working hours, his thoughts will return to you and make the day long till he sits beside you at the well-prepared meal or opposite you in the snug little parlor fire on the clean, bright hearth?"

Mrs. Carey's eyes were moist, and a lump rose in her throat. Ashamed of the temporary weakness, she pulled herself together and answered roughly: "Hoity-toity! You've been readin' too many of them novels, I mean. If your mother was alive, it would be the sorrowful day for her. Makin' the home attractive for Maurice Carey, when he turns in to be drunk! 'T would be well in my way!"

"I have't read many novels, aunt, and none that my mother would not approve of (God give her rest this day!) My ideas of life are taken from her example. She always dressed neatly, and had the table spread as daintily as if she were a duchess when father came home, and—be't he never come home drunk. We had a much money, as you know, but father and mother were extremely happy. I only wish, if I ever marry, that I may be half as happy."

"Tut-tut, child. You have high-falutin' notions, I can see. The sooner you get rid of them, the better. When you have spent a month or two here, you'll have different views of Maurice Carey, an' attractive homes."

"I hope so, aunt. I don't believe uncle is so bad. Is he not my dear father's own brother? There cannot be so great a difference between them. Anyway, I shall never believe that it isn't in the power of every good woman to make her home and company more attractive to her husband than evil-smelling, draughty public bars."

"Hoity-toity! Try it. You are going to reveal with us six months, are you not?" "I shall stay till I've cured Uncle Maurice," answered the girl gaily, as she tripped out of the smoke, through the yard and down a boreen, against a man who was walking unsteadily towards her, holding a scythe in a perilous position.

"Uncle Maurice let me carry the scythe. You don't seem very well this evening," she said.

you sit down to breakfast? It will be ready in a minute, but I must tidy the little ones first," and she went on looking at the youngsters without getting a spot on her own frock, so deft was she. Mrs. Carey blushed a little as they sat down to the meal when Maurice remarked: "Eh! Faith, Nancy, but you're lookin' as young as the day we were spliced," but she enjoyed the compliment, nevertheless, and forgot to mention such a thing as a fault of his during the meal.

All day Eileen worked like a brick, dusting, scrubbing and cleaning. She was very tired, but she would not give in. There were three bedrooms upstairs which had not been dusted or swept for years. The task being beyond her delicate strength, she bribed a neighboring girl to come in and help her; and in a few days the whole house was transformed.

So was Maurice; yet not quite reformed. Sometimes he stayed in during the evenings. At other times he had scarcely swallowed his evening meal when he was off to his old haunt. Mrs. Carey gave vent to sarcastic remarks about the girl's efforts during his absence; but when he returned, she forgot to grumble as of old. The sight of his humiliated, ashamed face disarmed her anger, and she only remembered his good points and all his tender kindness towards her before the demon at the crossroad began to lure him from his home. His lapses did not dishearten Eileen. She knew she had got in the thick end of the wedge, and she had full hope of driving it home in time. As a next, tidy home, well-cooked meals, and clean children became the rule rather than the exception, the temptation to stop in doors and enjoy the pleasures of home life grew on Maurice, and overmastered that other temptation which had hitherto been irresistible. After Eileen's visit had lasted some months, he startled her one day, as they walked together, by watching his wife and pretty little ones some yards on in front, by ejaculating:

"As sure as God is in heaven, it wasn't love of drink made me take it. The house used to be that thronged an' dirty, an' the children bawlin' an' crying—an—the short and the long of it was, I need to run from it all. But I don't say a word to your aunt. She's the best woman in the world, the best wife a man ever had, but she used not rightly understand things. That's all."

"Tis the way you've bewitched us all," Mrs. Carey said, later on.

"Indeed no, aunt," answered the girl. "I have only been experiment-

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ing my favorite theories. Good practices are more profitable than turning stones. Eh, aunt!" "God bless you, authore. 'Twas Ho sent you to us. But—you'll stay over the six months—a year, maybe?" "A ballin' and twenty peeslers wouldn't get me out until Uncle Maurice is perfect, quite perfect," answered Eileen, laughing; but there were tears in her aunt's eyes—tears of happiness. —N. F. D. in The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"Commune each day of this New Year with prayer. Earnest prayer, says a spiritual writer, will sanctify your act—will give you strength to bear up with disappointments. The man, woman or child who consecrates the day's action with prayer weaves the blessed charm of God's grace around them which gives strength against temptation. How many daily go forth in health from their homes never to return there in life. Prayer is a surety for those you love and love behind, that whatever may betide you, yet all is well.

Send 2/- Receipt 3/- worth Remittance suitable for Boys' Knee Pants up to 11 years. Give age and we will cut out pants free. Add 2/- for postage. N. Southgate & Co., 4 Coote Block, London, Ontario.

Advertisement for Galt Corrugated Sheets. Includes an illustration of a man standing next to a large sheet of corrugated metal. Text: "THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE. All that is necessary to make a factory, warehouse, barn, shed or outbuilding of any description, wind, water, fire and lightning proof is to cover it with Galt Corrugated Sheets. Made of the finest corrugating iron procurable, they will give at least fifty years satisfactory service. Corrugations are not rolled, after the usual method. They are pressed, one corrugation at a time. This assures perfect uniformity—an accurate fit at both side and end laps. Where warmth is a secondary consideration to fire, lightning and storm proof qualities, three-fourths of the wood sheathing may be saved, besides the lessened cost of the lighter frame which can be used. Saving on lumber and labor brings cost of a building protected with Galt Corrugated Galvanized Sheets as low as if built entirely of wood. Galvanized or painted, whichever you prefer. Our Catalogue with complete information free on request. The Galt Art Metal Co. LIMITED GALT, ONTARIO.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Includes an illustration of a baby. Text: "Is your baby thin, weak, fretful? Make him a Scott's Emulsion baby. Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks. Consequently the baby that is fed on Scott's Emulsion is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

RETRIBUTION.

It is the law of all nations that where the rights of any of its parts are outraged proportionate retribution must follow, and this we see is the rule of God as applied to individuals in their dealings with one another, for our divine Lord said: "As we mete it out to others, it will be meted out to us."

What a lesson in these words! What a rebuke for pride, haughty, overbearing men who are so domineering and cruel to one another, who are so harsh in their dealings and so revengeful in their feelings and so unmerciful towards those offending them!

We should set up to that nobler and better nature which we can have in Christ our Lord by uniting our heart and soul to His perfect spirit and that law will animate and direct us if we will, and become the principle and rule of our conduct.

And yet one may ask any number of his Catholic friends—especially women—how these journals are liked and receive in reply the statement that "They are all right."

Justin McCarthy, in The Independent, forecasts "The Approaching Political Crisis in England" at the next session of Parliament. This experienced publicist declares that the determination of the Liberals is "to deprive the hereditary chamber once for all of its prerogative and absolute power over the decisions of the chamber which represents the great majority of the people of these islands."

The new year offers the opportunity to make good the neglected resolutions of past years. Try anew. New chances of success present themselves.

MENACES TO THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ORDER.

The New York Journal and its annex are two publications that are pretty well known to most of our readers. Under other names they are only too well known to Catholic readers in many cities of the country.

For it is stating simple truth to assert that Catholics are very largely their patrons. People of our faith buy these papers in New York, in Boston, in Chicago and in San Francisco. Why we have never been able to understand unless it is due to the fact that they are cheap.

However cheap they may be, it has long been our deliberate opinion that they are dangerous. They are slowly but insidiously poisoning the mind of the American millions, making ungodly for religion, immorality and anarchy. Dearly but undoubtedly they are sowing the seed of destruction.

That they are anti-Catholic cannot be denied. A few Sundays ago the Sunday American contained an article on "Woman's Proper Sphere" by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It would appear harmless, judging from the title, but in reality it was not.

Our age is now beginning to realize the full import of the disciples' wail of woe when their ship in the stormy sea was about to sink, and they cried out, "Lord save us or we perish."

For a long while a steady campaign against Christianity has been conducted in that paper's editorials and special articles. Religion has been mocked and misrepresented, and atheism of the rankest sort has been set forward as the true answer to the riddle of existence.

SIR E. H. CARSON FOR IRISH HOME RULE. Justin McCarthy, in The Independent, forecasts "The Approaching Political Crisis in England" at the next session of Parliament.

Francis Marie Benjamin Richard was born at Nantes on March 9, 1819. He came of a family of the old nobility of France, and spent his childhood in the chateau of Lavergne. He entered the Seminaire St. Sulpice in 1839, and for several years vicar general of Nantes, and in 1871 was appointed Bishop of Belley. He became coadjutor to Archbishop Guibert, of Paris, in 1875, and succeeded the latter in 1880. He was made a Cardinal May 24, 1889.

Penelon says: "It is better to wait and open the door with a key, than to break the lock through impatience."

long time of the manner in which the justice and the reasonableness of Ireland's claim for Home Rule are making themselves recognized among all classes in these countries. After the struggle with the Lords the Home Rule question will come again before Parliament.

NEED OF RELIGION.

History and experience combined teach the necessity of religion for individual happiness, the welfare of society and the perpetuation of national existence. From the cradle to the grave pain and sorrow are inseparable from man's existence.

Society, which is knit together by law and order, needs religion. With religion, which has for its basis the knowledge of God, there is no foundation for morality. What are termed right and wrong are eternal verities emanating from the divine will of God, and without God would be meaningless. Atheism is not compatible with morality. Hence to preserve law and order religion is needed.

Our age is now beginning to realize the full import of the disciples' wail of woe when their ship in the stormy sea was about to sink, and they cried out, "Lord save us or we perish."

The charge that the Catholic Church "keeps the Bible from her adherents," as asserted last week by a Michigan Baptist preacher, is of course absurd, but strange to say anyone who mingles much with a certain class of Protestants hears it often.

DEATH OF OLDEST PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

CARDINAL RICHARD, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS WHO BROKE DOWN UNDER THE STRAIN OF PERSECUTION. Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, died on January 23, at the home of Denys Cochin, Conservative Deputy, in the French capital, where he had his residence since his expulsion from his place under the separation law on December 17, 1906.

When Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, imparted the news of Cardinal Richard's death to the Pope, His Holiness knelt in prayer, and when he arose from his knees he exclaimed: "He was not even allowed to close his eyes in his own house."

"Sir Thomas More tells us," says a later and Catholic authority, "that the whole Bible was long before Wilkif's days by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read."

During the last few months the Living Church has contained another article which made practically the same statements. The fact that the Bible was translated into Latin and Syriac in the second century, into Gothic in 350, into

Armenian in 411, in part into Anglo-Saxon by St. Bede in 735, with two versions current in the tenth century, and one in French in the thirteenth, all these, including the German Bible existed before the time of Luther, certainly do not indicate that the Church did much keeping, as charged. Their very existence really proves that those persons who bring such charges have small scholarship. Presumably as culture advances and as Christian prejudice dies, we shall see few assertions of the kind.—Catholic Sun.

A STORY OF DR. STAFFORD. Many stories are being told in the Washington papers of the late Dr. Stafford. One of the best relates the manner in which he came into possession of a cherished edition of Shakespeare.

The man insisted that he must sell his book that night, no matter who was the purchaser. "In which case," the priest said, I should be a mean thief, indeed, to take advantage of your stress of mind."

The Senator considered it a good story, and that night at a large dinner party he reported it to a group of fellow Senators and a Justice of the Supreme Court. They, too, considered it a good story, and, as a result a few nights afterward Dr. Stafford was amazed to receive the book, bearing the names of the Senators and the Justice, all of whom had subscribed and made him a gift of his long-looked-for "Baylor."

SO-CALLED "CATHOLIC" ROGUES IN PUBLIC LIFE. MAYOR DUNNE OF CHICAGO PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THEM. Chicago Inter-Ocean Jan. 29. "A good Catholic must be a good citizen; a bad Catholic is sometimes an indifferent citizen and sometimes a bad citizen," said former Mayor Edward F. Dunne in an address to the Catholic Order of Foresters, delivered last night at the Grand Pacific hotel on "The Catholic Citizen."

KEEP ROGUES OUT OF OFFICE. For this reason it becomes your duty as good citizens to study the needs of your city, of your state, and of your country. In a country where every man's vote counts he should make that vote count for the best interests of the community, no matter what church he belongs.

STICK TO REPUBLICAN IDEALS. Exert yourself at all times to preserve these great safeguards of human liberty—trial by jury, writ of habeas corpus and a free ballot. These are the mainstays of republican liberty, and assaults on them are attacks upon the principles of republican liberty.

By standing for the preservation of these great fundamentals of liberty, by standing for the equal enforcement of the laws, by securing the enactment and enforcement of laws which secure equal rights to all, and by placing men in office who can be trusted to be

loyal to the public interests the Catholic citizenship will grow powerful for public good and powerful in the estimation and regard of its fellow citizens."

Discussing the socialistic theories of Joseph Medill Patterson, of Chicago, the editor of Collier's expresses himself with sanity and justice: "Socialism, to us, is a mistake which the world has often made, and by which it has as often been set back; the effort to have government create an essentially new world; the belief that universal virtue can be enforced and administered by a bureaucracy. Two principles must forever be true: humanity, brotherhood, sympathy on the one hand, growing now, and needing to grow far more; and on the other hand personal initiative and self reliance and individual variation, virtues which need to be restrained but never killed. We must not, for the sake of the weak, check the opportunities of the strong. If, then, we sympathize with many of the ideals of socialism, but smile sadly at its faith in government machinery, the best we can do is to work steadily, patiently, hopefully to equalize burdens and opportunities; to invent and apply a fairer distribution of taxation; to favor always a greater proportionate reward to ordinary labor; to end the ill-effects of the rich; not to fear fashion, and to keep our hearts open and our minds alive. Unhappily many persons make a virtue of impatience and treat with scorn a steady progress. The Kingdom of Heaven approaches, but it can be reached by no sudden jump. 'Is this Jerusalem?' asked the children, with every new town, in Peter the Hermit's crusades. 'No, poor children,' Matthew Arnold answered, 'not this town, nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem. Jerusalem is far off, and it needs time and strength and much endurance to reach it. Seas and mountains, labor and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between you and Jerusalem.'"

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IF YOU WANT TO KEEP WELL

Careful tests have proved beyond question that orange juice has clearly defined medicinal virtues. Those who suffer with indigestion—are compelled to diet—find that after eating oranges regularly for breakfast there is no distress, no palpitation.

Where there was a tendency towards constipation, the eating of oranges regulated the bowels.

In skin troubles, those who began the morning meal with an orange were noticeably improved.

There is, however, a quicker way to get better results. This is to take one or two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets at bedtime in addition to the juice of an orange before breakfast the next morning. "Fruit-a-tives" are the juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes, in which the medicinal action is many times intensified by the special way of combining them. Valuable tonics are then added.

Take the juice of an orange before breakfast—take "Fruit-a-tives" at night—and you will quickly be rid of Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Constipation and Bloatingness. "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price by "Fruit-a-tives," Limited, Ottawa.

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loyal to the public interests the Catholic citizenship will grow powerful for public good and powerful in the estimation and regard of its fellow citizens."

THE BEST WAY TO FIGHT SOCIALISM.

Discussing the socialistic theories of Joseph Medill Patterson, of Chicago, the editor of Collier's expresses himself with sanity and justice: "Socialism, to us, is a mistake which the world has often made, and by which it has as often been set back; the effort to have government create an essentially new world; the belief that universal virtue can be enforced and administered by a bureaucracy. Two principles must forever be true: humanity, brotherhood, sympathy on the one hand, growing now, and needing to grow far more; and on the other hand personal initiative and self reliance and individual variation, virtues which need to be restrained but never killed. We must not, for the sake of the weak, check the opportunities of the strong. If, then, we sympathize with many of the ideals of socialism, but smile sadly at its faith in government machinery, the best we can do is to work steadily, patiently, hopefully to equalize burdens and opportunities; to invent and apply a fairer distribution of taxation; to favor always a greater proportionate reward to ordinary labor; to end the ill-effects of the rich; not to fear fashion, and to keep our hearts open and our minds alive. Unhappily many persons make a virtue of impatience and treat with scorn a steady progress. The Kingdom of Heaven approaches, but it can be reached by no sudden jump. 'Is this Jerusalem?' asked the children, with every new town, in Peter the Hermit's crusades. 'No, poor children,' Matthew Arnold answered, 'not this town, nor the next, nor yet the next, is Jerusalem. Jerusalem is far off, and it needs time and strength and much endurance to reach it. Seas and mountains, labor and peril, hunger and thirst, disease and death, are between you and Jerusalem.'"

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Your Self Faith Measures Your Achievement

It was said that Napoleon's presence in a battle doubled the strength of his forces. Half the effectiveness of an army resides in the soldier's faith in their leader.

The mental faculties, like soldiers, must believe in their leader—the unconquerable will. The mind of the doubter, the hesitator, the waverer, who thinks he is not equal to what he has undertaken, is set toward failure, and everything works against him.

In an emergency, as in danger, a man can often perform feats of great strength which he could not even approximate in cold blood.

An overmastering faith in oneself often enables comparatively ignorant men and women to do marvelous things—facts which sensitive, timid, doubting people, of far greater ability and much finer texture and nobler qualities shrink from attempting.

Your achievement will never rise higher than your self-faith. It would be as reasonable for Napoleon to have expected to get his army over the Alps by sitting down and declaring that the undertaking was too great for him, as for you to hope to achieve anything significant in life while harboring grave doubts and fears as to your ability.

The miracles of civilization have been performed by men and women of great self-confidence, who had unwavering faith in their power to accomplish the tasks they undertook.

There is no law by which you can get success without expecting it, vigorously demanding it, assuming it. There must be a strong, firm self-faith first, or the thing will not come.

It does not matter what other people think of you, of your plans, or of your aims. No matter if they call you a visionary, a crank, or a dreamer, you must believe in yourself.

Religion is Needed. The men who do not go to Church need most the good things the Church would give them.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and you would not want the members of your families to know that you know.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bamford, CHAPLAIN VI.

FATHER McREADY'S STORY.

"Do you think he'll fog us?" said Johnny, with tears in his eyes. He had talked very bravely about it the night before, but for all that he had lain awake a little longer than usual, and visions of home—his father's caressing arms and his mother's kiss—had mixed with visions of himself writhing beneath the master's lash.

"He'll fog us right enough," said Corney, "you've had your warnings, haven't you, Pop?"

"What warnings?" said Johnny. "Oh! he always gives two warnings; it's the hop, skip, and a jump with Father McReady. The first time you disobey—anything bad, you know—he gives a little hop at you—talks to you—makes himself certain, he says, that 'you know the law, poor boy'; the second time it's a skip, a little further than the hop; he looks angry, and blows you up; and some of the fellows say his blowings up are worse than his floggings."

"Yes," put in Hardwin, "I do hate to be jawed at."

"Lou, you Rhinoceros," laughed Corney, "no wonder; your skin's so hard; a flogging's nothing to you. Why! it would take a cart whip worked by a sixty-horse-power steam engine to make you feel. Well, Johnny, the third time Father McReady jumps, and the further you are away from him when he jumps the better."

"Does he hit hard?" "Don't he?" said Corney; "he don't do it often, but when he does it, he does it."

"But oh! I say! does it hurt much?" The mischievous twinkle was in Corney's eyes, and a curl of humour about the corners of his mouth, spite of his own expected flogging, as he made answer. "A wail! it's the worst punishment out, you know. They have it now for fellows they can't cure with prison or anything else."

"How does it feel?" "Oh! the first stroke is just like a thousand cats fastening their claws into you."

"And the second?" said Hardwin, laughing. "And the second is like those same thousand cats drawing their claws out again with a bit of bleeding flesh, Johnny, at the end of each claw. But," said Corney, half-frightened himself at Johnny's frightened face, "when you've had fifty or sixty cuts, you know, you don't feel it so much."

"Does he give fifty?" said Johnny, turning still whiter than before—"nonense."

"Fifty!" said Corney. "Ah! he's a one-er when he's at it. Fifty's not the number for what he gives."

The spirit of "stuffing up" was in Corney, and he did not leave his poor little victim till he had drawn a picture of horrors, some of which at least Johnny's fears drove him to believe true. He told how when he was flogged himself he had five times fainted and been brought to by burnt feathers.

Father McReady still standing over him to apply the birch the moment he revived; and how he had lain in bed for six weeks afterwards, and a London physician of great eminence had been called in to rescue him from the jaws of death.

"That's what makes me so long," said Corney; "I was quite a dunn before that flogging; but people grow more in bed when they're ill, and I grew right out of mine; would you believe it Johnny, I hung two feet out of bed; twice during those six weeks they had to shift me on to a longer bedstead."

When Cornelius scampered away, chuckling at his own cleverness, he did not know what harm his words had done.

"Please, Sir, I didn't know it was any harm. It isn't wrong to run away, is it?"

"Yes, Johnny, it is. Didn't I see you playing yesterday with my little dog, 'Brindle'?"

"Yes," answered Johnny, wondering what Brindle had to do with it. "Well! you were calling him naughty and threatening to beat him."

"He wouldn't stop where I put him," said Johnny, getting interested; "I wanted him to stand up on his hind legs in a corner, and he wouldn't."

"Poor Brindle! I think you were a little hard on him. First of all, he isn't your dog, so he wasn't bound to obey you; and then he hasn't any reason, so he didn't know what you wanted. Little dogs can't be naughty, you see, Johnny; but little boys can—at least those of them who've got reason. Tell me, my son, who put you here?"

"Father," said Johnny, beginning to whimper. "Did he wish you to stop?"

"Yes," said Johnny. "And to obey your masters? Very well then, you see to run away is an act of disobedience to masters and also to parents; unless there's some very strong reason, it could never be right. Little dogs need not stop where they're put; little boys must. God puts them where they are, and puts their masters to take care of them. Now, listen, Johnny, while I tell you a story."

And Johnny left off whimpering and settled himself to listen.

Some time ago, there were three boys about your age, who became great friends together. They were always up and down the playground together, with their arms around each other's necks, talking. I don't like too much of that sort of thing."

"No father and mother—or rather, what is worse—one of them had a father, but he had left his child. He brought me the boy when he was out a baby—a poor, diseased, miserable baby—and after a few months I heard no more of him. I took care of the poor orphan baby till he grew up into a strong, healthy boy."

"My father wouldn't leave me," said Johnny. "No, my boy, he wouldn't; how can parents do it? But they do it in these bad days, and this one did it."

"Did you like the boys?" said Johnny, getting still a little nearer to Father McReady. "Of course I did. I like all children. What should I have them about me for if I didn't? They are not like dogs in a shop, Johnny, they don't pay. Well! the poor little fellows, after they had been with me a good many years, got reading tales about Robinson Crusoe and that sort of thing and took it into their heads to go away. Far away in the North—two hundred miles away—one of them had a cousin, he didn't know where. They would and find him, and then live happy together—the three by themselves—with no lessons, and no masters, and no one to interfere with their friendship."

"How would they get food?" asked Johnny. "They didn't think of that. So one bright day in February when all looked cheery and happy, they started off full of life and spirits and went on their road, as they thought, to London. Poor, little foolish things, they thought they could do without obeying, and without the masters whom God had given them to take care of them."

"I was sent for them, Johnny, in every direction, especially on the road to London, for the friends of the only one who had friends lived in London. But they had mistaken the road and were going away from London instead of towards it."

"For a time they went on merrily. When they started the sky was bright and the air soft, but of a sudden the wind changed; it became bitterly cold; and the sky was overcast with clouds. They had gone away quickly when they got the chance; they had no food; and had not even taken their overcoats. They had travelled ten miles, and had got into a big town, but it was dark and cold, and snowing, and men and women hastened to their warm firesides but did not see or heed the children. Then tired, and cold and hungry, the children saw they could not do without the grown men whom God had put over them. 'Let us go back,' they said, and they turned and plodded wearily, wearily against the bitter storm."

"It was 8 o'clock now, and there was no light except from the snow, and the snow was driven into their eyes and cut their faces with its sharpness, and was whisked all about them by sudden, fierce gusts, confusing them and making it darker rather than light. One of them—he was the weakest, and we had but lately been shielding him from the lightest breath of cold wind in the infancy—could not stand up against the driving wind. 'I cannot go on!' he said, 'let us sit down!'"

"Did they sit down all in the wet and snow?" said Johnny. "Only for a time; they got up and struggled on again, and the two stronger ones took poor little Johnny, as they called him, by the hand, and tried to run with him, to keep him warm, they said. But they could not go far; the wind took their breath away; the snow got into their dresses and clogged them; their strength was falling, and at last they stumbled and fell as often as they rose."

"Did no one see them, Father?" "No one saw them; they were shy by nature, and did not like to speak; they did not like, poor foolish lads, to tell the tale of their folly, and weakness and weakness made their shyness deeper; and though their lives began to be in danger, they shrank away from aid. The policeman went by upon his beat, but the driving snow blinded him, and the boys were afraid to cry out. Cart after cart came struggling on for the morning's market in London, but they lay hidden by a heap of drift on the roadside, and half stupified by cold and misery they did not speak. They had reached—when they could go no farther—the top of a small rise in the road, and down in a hollow, in the midst of trees, was a cottage. The light from its windows shone cheerily out, and the poor boys looked at it and longed to be under the snug shelter and by the warm fireside, but that strange shyness held them back, and they dared not go down and knock. See, Johnny, how little they are children to be alone; how they need, as God wills them to need, the help of men."

"They were strangely brave, as well as strangely timid. They gave up the thought of struggling on, and two of them lay quietly down and tried to go to sleep; one even took off his jacket and wrapped it round his head, for the wind had blown his cap away, and his head," he said, "was cold. But they could not sleep; the weaker boy kept running and crying. Oh! that he had never gone away! Oh! that he was back again that he had not disobeyed! Liberty looked so pleasant to him, and he went away so jocosely—but it was not pleasant now."

"Poor, poor boy! his sobs grew weaker and weaker, and he ran about less; and at last, as the dull morning began to break, he too was still."

"Was he dead?" said Johnny, with trembling lip. "About 6 o'clock a workman came by and found them; and help was got from the cottage in the dip of the hill whose friendly light had shone upon them in vain. He was not dead; they bore them all into the warm shelter of a gentleman's farmhouse close at hand; into the shelter of warm hearth, and wise hearts; with love enough to tend them with no stint of pains; wisdom to win back the ebbing life by slow degrees. And for poor little James it was all in vain; he opened his eyes once on the shelter and the love he had cried for—and he died."

"And the other two?" "The other two did not so much as take cold; and they are now your schoolfellow, and one of them is—will you guess, Johnny?"

"Thomas! Hardwin, who tempted you to run away this morning; so easily," murmured Father McReady, "do boys forget lessons, and forget kindness?"

"Please, Father," said Johnny, slipping his hand into Father McReady's, "I will not run away again."

"Do not, my child; the day that poor lad died was the saddest day of my life. But after all, Johnny, his death was not so very sad; he is warm and sheltered and happy in heaven, I doubt not. It would be sadder a great deal, my poor boy, if you were to fall into mischief, and boys do fall into mischief if they begin with running away. God bless you, Johnny, and keep you good."

There were tears in Johnny's eyes as he went out, and he did what only a Catholic boy would naturally do. The Oratory door was open, and he stole in and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament, and then before the image of our Lady; "oh! mother!" he said, "it is very hard to be good; please help me."

A few minutes afterwards Corney was standing in the passage, when Johnny rushed by him, hiding his face. "Hallo!" said Corney, "I wonder what's up now? I must look after that boy better," mused Corney in a fatherly kind of way, "or he'll go wrong."

Study in the Heart of Jesus the idea you should form of the greatness, beauty, and felicity of spiritual blessings. Oh, the rich treasure of Thy Heart, O Jesus! I will give all to buy it, casting into it all my anxiety.—St. Bernard.

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