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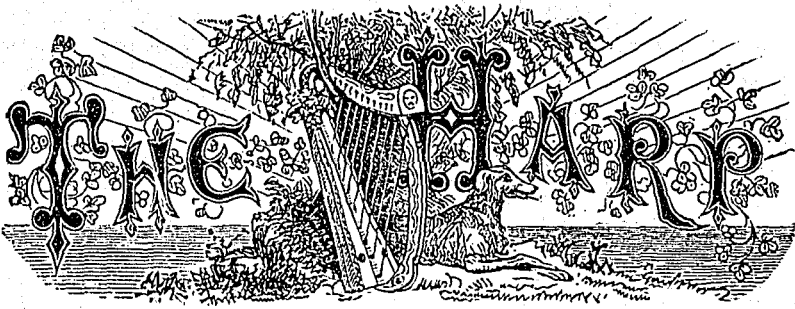
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GILLIES & CALLAHAN, }
Publishers.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1879.

{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

OUR NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

ONCE again Irishmen all over the world (for there is no country that is not blessed with Irish genius and Irish manhood) will celebrate the National Anniversary, and prove that love of their native land is still the uppermost feeling in their minds—that no matter how far or how long they are separated from the fair land of their birth, they look back to her with the fondest love.

Grand indeed it is. Alone, almost, amongst the nations of the earth the Irish people, by no merit of their own, have been by God's grace and the intercession of their Patron Saint, permitted that crowning glory of holding by that faith without which it is impossible to please God.

We said "by no merit of their own," for every one knows that of ourselves we can do nothing, and that God and God alone is the author of all goodness.

What then should be our first feeling on "St. Patrick's Day in the morning?" Should it be one of self-glorification? Should it be a desire for guzzling intoxicating drinks? Should it be one of easy forgetfulness? By no means.

The first waking thought should be one of profound thankfulness to the great God of heaven and earth that has preserved us in His holy faith surrounded as we have been by dangers and trials, a preservation showing an Almighty hand not less than the preservation of the Israelites on their passage through the Red Sea.

Before anything else, our first visit should be paid on St. Patrick's Day to the Church of God. In prayer and recollection and gratitude we should pray to

be enabled to celebrate the day worthily.

In order to be a good Irishman or a good man it is necessary to be a good Catholic first. Not that kind of Catholic that Archbishop HUGHES used to describe "who would die for his religion but would not live for it."

A real Catholic is one who feels an insult for an aspersion on his religion as personal to himself. A thorough Irishman makes the best kind of Catholic, because his faith and his national aspirations have the same enemies, have always been inseparably connected, and have the same hope of a glorious future.

Catholic first, Irishman afterwards—to Mass in the morning—and how for the rest of the day?

Well, here is a subject on which divers opinions exists, and every man has a right to hold his own. We shall endeavor to give each opinion a voice. There are those who think that the St. Patrick's Day Parade is not in good taste, that it is vulgar; there are those who think a better way to celebrate the day would be by evening lectures; there are those who think a better way would be to celebrate it by banquets. These are objections made by good Irishmen, who really desire to have the day celebrated in some way. Let us study them. Those who think parade in bad taste ought to be able to suggest something better adapted to their purposes. What are these purposes! Firstly, a demonstration visible to the eyes of all men of the unswerving claim of Ireland to her national rights, and as she is utterly unable, though morally entitled, to make good her claim by force, the demonstration may also be regarded as an act of

faith in God, who will one day, in His own good time, release the throat of Ireland from the cruel hand of her oppressor.

Now can any one suppose that the whole people of the great cities, and of the towns, and of the villages of the lands wherein dwell the banished Irish, can be made witnesses of the fact that Ireland is a nation by a poorly attended lecture in a hall, or by a few hearty suppers in a cozy restaurant.

On each recurring St. Patrick's Day, Irish patriotism forces the whole civilized world to stand still—to pause in life's battle and witness the repetition of our vows of fealty to the land of our birth, and our devotion to the sacred emblem of Christianity which St. PATRICK planted with his own hands. Worldly-wise men may scoff at the expenditure of money in such celebrations, but there are far nobler considerations in the matter than that of gold. A nation's honor and a nation's history are far dearer than all other earthly treasures, and the matter of expense should not be calculated when they are at stake. Were it not for those national celebrations—were it not for the assiduity with which Irishmen agitate the cause of their native land, they would now be numbered as things of the past, while their genius, worth and manliness would be credited to their hereditary enemies.

But discussion on this point is at present out of place. We should devote ourselves more directly to the past, present and future of our country. We should glean from the past the most judicious action for the present, and act in the present that part best calculated to enhance our condition in future. Bickerings and quarrels should be thrown aside, and united action should be our motto. No matter whether or not we belong to the same society or owe fealty to the same head, we are all Irishmen, and should work, though it may be in different ways and under different auspices, for the benefit of our common land.

We are all Irishmen, and should take a common pride and a common interest in everything that advances our country and makes her brighter in the world's eyes. We have in the past indulged too freely in quarrels and recriminations. Let us now on this recurring national anniversary forget those quar-

rels, take a deep lesson from the disasters they brought about, and act so in the living present that we can in the future look back with just pride on our work.

But there are bright examples in the past, which, while we look with sorrow on our mishaps, we can draw down for our guidance and example. We can point to the actions of a BRIAN, an O'TOOLE, a SANSFIELD, a FITZGERALD, a TONE, an EMMETT, an O'CONNELL, an O'BRIEN, a DAVIS, and hundreds of other proud names, and take from their life-history brilliant examples of what we should do. We can point to their work and to the devotion with which our people clung to the principles they enunciated even through the direst persecution. We can look with the highest gratification on the sublime devotion with which the Irish nation adhered to the Christian principles implanted by St. Patrick in times when none but those sent from Heaven could gain a hearing or count a triumph. We can look through all the dark ages from the time that the perfidy of McMURROUGH invited English interference and English cruelty, down through the centuries until we see the red sword of CROMWELL unsheathed in our land—past the wars of bloody WILLIAM when SANSFIELD so nobly upheld the National honor, and over the bloody page of the Penal days when men were gibbeted for the expression of the noblest thoughts, and we can find not alone in every epoch, but in every year, nay in every day, sacrifices worthy of Spartan heroism and martyrdoms as glorious as any since the Birth of Christ.

On the whole, then, in humble hope of the Day of the Lord, let the Green Flag float in the air. To our eyes, as well as to those of others, it brings unbidden tears of hope and joy.

Let it float over men—men at once Catholic and Irish. As Heaven is above earth so is God above the Nation; hence we are Catholics first and Irish after.

So, too, as we come of a gentle, noble, and heroic race, it is also good for us to inscribe on our banners: "We are gentlemen first and Irishmen afterwards." For the good Irishman is not brutal or vulgar; such a one cannot be a good Irishman.

Let it float, then, as in the days of old, and God bless all who march beneath the well-beloved Green and Gold.

In the ancient Celtic tongue is still preserved that wonderful prayer which St. Patrick offered up as he wended his way his mind filled, no doubt, with conflicting hopes and fears, to Tara. And thus has the lamented Jas. Clarence Mangan invested it with English dress.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour.

I call on the holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son.
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the
One,

The ever-existing Divinity!

AT TARAH TO-DAY I call on the Lord,
On Christ the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin
Our fallen race

And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
His dolorous Death—His Crucifixion,
His Burial, sacred and sad, and lone.

His Resurrection to life again,
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high
Throne,

And lastly, His future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the Living and the Dead.

AT TARAH TO-DAY I put and place
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's
love,

And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience—
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and Angels above,
And in the hope of the Resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,
And in the truths the Prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,
And in the purity ever dwelling

Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along
their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,
All these I place

By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

AT TARAH TO-DAY

May God be my stay!

May the strength of God now nerve me!

May the power of God preserve me!

May God the Almighty be near me!

May God the Almighty espy me!

May God the Almighty hear me!

May God give me eloquent speech!

May the arm of God protect me!

May the wisdom of God direct me!

May God give me power to teach and to
preach!

May the shield of God defend me!

May the host of God attend me,

And ward me,

And guard me,

Against the wiles of demons and devils,

Against the temptations of vices and evils,

Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,

Against every man who designs me ill,

Whether leagued with others or plotting
apart!

IN THIS HOUR OF HOURS,

I place all those powers

Between myself and every foe,

Who threaten my body and soul

With danger or dole,

To protect me against the evils that flow

From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations.

From Heresy's hateful innovations,

Be those my defenders,

My guards against every ban—

And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;

In fine, against every knowledge that renders:

The light Heaven sends us dim in

The spirit and soul of Man!

MAY CHRIST, I PRAY,

Protect me to-day,

Against poison and fire,

Against drowning and wounding,

That so, in His grace abounding,

I may earn the Preacher's hire!

CHRIST, as a light,

Illumine and guide me!

CHRIST, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!

CHRIST be under me! CHRIST be over me!

CHRIST be beside me!

On left hand and right!

CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me!

CHRIST this day be within and without me!

CHRIST, the lowly and meek,

CHRIST, the All-powerful, be

In the heart of each to whom I speak;

In the mouth of each who speaks to me!

In all who draw near me,

Or see me or hear me!

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour

I call on the Holy Trinity!

Glory to Him who reigneth in power,

The God of the elements, Father and Son,

And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,

The ever-existing Divinity.

Salvation dwells with the Lord,

With Christ the Omnipotent Word.

From generation to generation,

Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation.

ECCLESIASTICAL EXEMPTION.

APROPOS of the modern agitation against Exemptions which, as we take it, is in reality nothing more or less than a flank movement against Church property, it may not be uninteresting to consider how these things were viewed in those Catholic ages which, by some, are called the Dark Ages, *because* they were the Ages of Faith. In order not to offend our friend the *Gazette*, we will give chapter and verse as much as in our power lies, (though we are not a walking encyclopedia) for every author we quote. (Will the *Gazette* kindly give us chapter and verse for *his* quotation from "Pope's imitation of Swift," as we deem it a right to be on an equal footing with him in all things. What is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander.)

The Church that "city of the poor," as Bossuet (somewhere) calls it, possessed great wealth almost from the beginning. Even before the time of Constantine she had *virtually* acquired much property, for we find that Emperor ordering all things, which had been unjustly taken from her, whether houses or lands, to be restored, at the same time making it lawful for all persons to leave property to her by will, (Thomassinus de vet: et nov Eccl. Discip. Pars. III. L. I c 16), nor do we anywhere find in those days that *illiberal* enactment of our modern *liberals*, that any bequest made to her within six months previous to the death of the testator shall be invalid. "A free Church in a free State" was *as yet* in vogue. St. Augustin (In Psal. iv. 46) presses upon the laity their obligation to support the Church, and warns them to beware lest the silence of the clergy should reprove their illiberality. He also (Serm. 219 de Temp.) and St. Jerome (In Matt. xxii.) prescribes tithes. The maxim was "Laicorum est antevolare cleri necessitatibus," (it is the duty of the laity to forestall the wants of the clergy.) The maxims of those days were good, though the latin, if we are to believe Hallam, was bad. Charlemagne, without regard to the remonstrance of several of the clergy, established tithes *by law*, (Cap. Car. M. ama

801-89 Tom. I. Col. 355.) The laws of Justinian (vid. Thomassinus III. L. I. cap. 19) would not allow a church to be constructed unless it was also endowed. Tithes thus became a matter of contract between man and man, the clergy being "the parties of the first part," and the laity "the parties of the second part."

Time sped on and the Church acquired fresh wealth, for the givers gave to God, and their gifts were often guarded by the most solemn imprecations against those who should dare to violate the gift. "We beg and pray by the terrible name of God," runs a certain charter of a certain monastery in England, (Hist. Ramesiensis, cap. 18—Gale. Hist. Brit. Tom. II.) "that no one whosoever will dare to give, sell, or alienate in any way whatsoever this land from Holy Church, which should any do, may he be accursed and removed from all joys of this present life or of the life to come, and may his resting place be amongst the demons of hell whose flame is never extinguished, and whose worm never dies."

Even long after the change of religion in England this desecration of holy places and things thus so solemnly dedicated to God was looked upon as a horrid and fearful thing, even by many of those who had lost the faith. Some indeed, like Sir John Russel, had temerity enough to turn a dissolved monastery into a dwelling house, and its church into a stable. Such men were the worthy progenitors of our modern anti-exemption liberals; but a great portion of the people, thank God, held aloof with awe and fear from these unholy spoliations. "The people," says Sir Henry Spelman, (Hist. of Sacrilege, p. 245) "were fearful to meddle with places consecrated to God." Jeremy Taylor, and many Protestant Preachers held a similar opinion. The Catholic idea of tithes was, that they were given to the clergy as shining in their divine mission of representing Christ, (Thomassinus Pars. III. cap. 4) "whence it followed, that they were not to enjoy them, but to use them religiously, piously and sparingly." "The Church Tribute," says a Canon of the Irish Church in the 8th century, published by Dacherius (Cap. Canon Hibern. cap. 30 Spichileg Vol. IX.) "is according to

the custom of the province; nevertheless let not the poor suffer violence on account of tithes.

But there was a second Catholic idea with reference to tithes—a third part at all times, the whole in times of scarcity, was the patrimony of the poor. By the canonical rules of Crodogang, Bishop of Metz, in 816, the tithes were to be divided into three portions—one for the ornament of the Church; one for the poor and strangers, which is mercifully to be dispensed with all humanity; the third part for the priests themselves, (Crodogangi Regula Canon C. 75.) The general law of the Church divided the goods of the Church into four parts; one for the poor, one for the clergy, one for the Bishop, to enable him to exercise hospitality and to redeem captives (*i. e.* manumit slaves); one for the repair of churches. In Spain it was a threefold division, though in reality it amounted to the same as in the rest of Christendom. There was no actual provision for the poor because the parts given to the Bishop and to the clergy were looked upon as belonging also to the poor.

We have no wish to be discourteous to our Protestant friends, but in this crusade against exemptions, they at least, and by the very terms of their existence, are "out of court." Protestantism professes to be a return to primitive Christianity. Outside this return, it has no locus standi, no *raison d'etre*, no rational existence. Now it is precisely to primitive Christianity that we are indebted for this law of exemption. Constantine ordered that the Clergy should be exempt from paying taxes. (Vid Thomassinus, Pars. III. Lib. 1 cap. 16.) The Apostolical Constitutions which are of undoubted antiquity ordained indeed that the Bishop should be the sole dispenser of the goods of the Church. "It is for you O layman to contribute liberally; it is for the Bishops as the stewards and administrators of ecclesiastical matters to dispense. Beware however lest you wish to call the Bishop to account, and do not watch his dispensation in what manner he expends it, or when or to whom, or whether well or otherwise; for he has God to call him to account, who hath delivered this procuratorial office

into his hands and desired to commit to him this great sacerdotal dignity."—How far Protestantism is from this primitive Christianity of ecclesiastical exemption from taxes and episcopal exemption from giving an account of one's stewardship to any but to God we will leave to Protestants themselves to determine. If it be not found in perfect accord therewith then is it a sham, a delusion, and a snare.

Nor was this exemption from payment of taxes unjust to the State. The Church kept the poor of the State, and thus paid to the State a double, treble and sometimes a tenfold tax. Mabillon relates that at the monastery at Cluny in one day there was a stipend given to 17,000 poor, as stated by Udalricus.—In the seventeenth century a troop of 400 poor people from Orleans came to Jumièges and the Monks supported them at the expense of 15,000 livres. Was not this paying a heavy tax to the state? You cannot open the history of any petty state or city or town or monastery of mediæval Europe without constantly rubbing shoulders with these acts of Christian charity, these payments of heavy taxes to the state by feeding God's poor. When the Provinces of Gaul and Italy had been laid waste by the Goths, St. Patiens, Archbishop of Lyons, distributed to them incredible quantities of corn, which he gathered beyond the seas. Listen to Sidonius Apollinaris congratulating him upon his bounty. "You sent corn gratuitously to those desolated provinces. We have seen the roads obstructed by your corn. We have seen on the banks of the Arar and the Rhone not merely one granary which you have filled; you have filled two rivers rather than two ships. The laws of Theodosius, Valentinian and Theodoric shew that the Church possessed large ships, but it was for the poor she possessed them, in order to assist the poor by procuring corn from a distance to be distributed amongst them. It was by this means that the Church of Antioch under John the Almoner (what a glorious name!) was enabled to nourish 7,500 poor besides its own clergy. Honoratus, Bishop of Arles, was so charitable, that Hilary, his successor, was able to say of him: "His means of giving were sometimes ex-

hausted, his faith never." The Romans having gained a great victory over the Persians and taken 7,000 prisoners whom they kept in chains and dungeons, Acacius, Bishop of Amida, commanded all his clergy to melt down all the gold and silver vessels of the sanctuary wherewith to redeem these unfortunate men from chains and hunger. Bought by the Bishop they were sent back to Persia. (Soerat B, VII. c. 11). We might multiply examples beyond our readers' patience; we will content ourselves with one. When the Persians laid waste Syria great numbers fled to Alexandria where they were received and cared for by the holy patriarch, John. When some of the clergy asked what they were to do when well dressed men asked alms, the patriarch taking the Catholic view of almsgiving, replied: "I am the dispenser of that Christ who has commanded: 'Give to all that seek.'" On another occasion when he saw a poor man shrink back from asking on account of the numerous applicants who had preceded him, he cried out: "Fear not, brother, I have not yet given thee my blood as my Lord Christ the God of all has commanded."

These are glorious examples of taxpayings. Assuredly the State lost little by its generous law of exemption.

H. B.

IRISH CATHOLIC MORALITY.*

A FEW years ago a distinguished Protestant writer published a work entitled "Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852," in the course of which he bears frequent and ungrudging testimony to the influence of the confessional as an agent of purity. The writer was Dr. Forbes, one of her Majesty's physicians. We transcribe some passages from his work which we find quoted in the April number of the *Dublin Review* pp. 437-8:—

"At any rate," says Dr. Forbes; "the result of my inquiries is, that whether right or wrong in a theological or rational point of view, this instrument of confession is, among the Irish of the humbler classes, a direct preservative against certain forms of immorality, at least" (vol. ii., p. 81). "Among other

charges preferred against confession in Ireland and elsewhere is the facility it affords for corrupting the female mind, and of its actually leading to such corruption. So far from such corruption resulting from the confessional, it is the general belief in Ireland, a belief expressed to me by many trustworthy men in all parts of the country, both by Protestants as well as Catholics, that the singular purity of female life among the lower classes there is in a considerable degree dependant on this very circumstance" (p. 83). "With a view of testing as far as was practicable the truth of the theory respecting the influence of confession on this branch of morals, I have obtained through the courtesy of the Poor Law Commissioners a return of the number of legitimate and illegitimate children in the workhouses of each of the four provinces of Ireland on a particular day, viz., 27th November, 1852.

"It is curious to mark how strikingly the results there conveyed correspond with the confession theory; the proportion of illegitimate children coinciding almost exactly with the relative proportions of the two religions in each province; being large where the Protestant element is large, and small where it is small." &c., &c., p. (345).

While writing on this subject, we may be allowed to quote the testimony of another Protestant writer, Mr. William Gilbert, who, in an article published in *Christian Work*, in May, 1864, states that—

"While under the guidance of their priests, Irish women as a class enjoy, and with justice, a reputation for respectability of conduct, unsurpassed, if equalled, by any women in the world."

In Ireland cases of infanticide and baby-farming are almost unknown, whilst in England and Scotland scarcely a day passes by without the papers referring to two or three such occurrences.

The facts we have adduced in these pages are amply sufficient to demonstrate the fallacy of the chain of arguments used by our opponents; but before quitting the subject we will quote the illegitimate births in the poor-houses of the British Isles, as given by Dr. Forbes:

Ireland	1 illegitimate birth	to 16.47 legit.
England	1 " "	to 1.49 " "
Wales	1 " "	to 0.46 " "

A striking testimony of the truth of our remarks has recently been witnessed. Not long ago an assertion of immorality was made in an English newspaper* celebrated for its defence of Evangelical

*"THE FUTURE OF CATHOLIC PEOPLES."
[Note to Chapter VII., page 190.]

*The Rock, a Church of England family newspaper, Oct. 5, 1877.

truth, against Irishwomen in general, and the Irish Church in particular, in the following words:

"The much vaunted chastity of Irish girls is a myth. In the rural districts of Ireland the priest is the seducer of the parish, and the early improvident marriages of the young people are encouraged by him to conceal his immorality. There is not and cannot be chastity where Popery reigns."

These observations drew forth from Lord Oranmore a reply which we give in *extenso* :

"SIR—A letter appears in your number of the 5th instant headed, 'Chastity of Irish Girls.' I believe there can be no more uncompromising Protestant, no one more convinced of the evils of the Roman Catholic system than I am. I have taken the *Rock* since it was published; and admired its straightforward advocacy of Protestant principles, and therefore I the more regret that by some oversight a paragraph so calumnious and untrue should find place in its columns. I have spent much of my life in a Roman Catholic part of Ireland, and know well not only that Irish girls are generally chaste, but that it is quite an exception that Irish priests are (in this sense) immoral men; and yet this paragraph attributes to the whole body adultery with malice aforethought and prepen-
The admission of such a paragraph into your journal cannot but bring discredit on the good cause your journal so ably supports
ORANMORE.

Castle MacGarrett,
Co. Mayo."

Such testimony as this in our favor, from one of our strongest opponents, ought to convince every reasonable man of the truth of our previous assertion with reference to the morality of the Irish, even should he refuse to believe in the morality of the great mass of Catholics.

PROVERBS OF ST. PATRICK.*

PATRICK says:—It is better for us to warn the negligent, lest faults may abound, than to blame those faults when committed; or, as we would say, "Prevention is better than cure."

PATRICK says:—The judges of the Church must not have human respect, or the fear of man, but the fear of God, because the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

* Sir James Ware and others attribute to St. Patrick the tracts entitled "The Abuses of the World," and "The Book of Proverbs."

The judges of the Church must not have the wisdom of this world, because the wisdom of this world is folly before God; but they will have the wisdom of God.

The judges of the Church must not receive gifts; because gifts blind the eyes of the wise, and change the words of the just.

The judges of the Church must have no exception of persons in judgment; because gifts blind the eyes of the wise, and change the words of the just.

The judges of the Church must have no exception of persons in judgment; because with God there is no exception of persons.

The judges of the Church must not follow worldly caution, but the Divine example; because the servant of God should not be cautious or cunning.

The judges of the Church ought not to be precipitate in their judgments, until they know how true is that saying which has been written, "Do not judge quickly."

The judges of the Church should not utter a falsehood, for lying is a great crime; but they ought always to judge upright judgments; because in whatsoever judgment they shall render, in like manner they shall be judged.

PATRICK says:—Seek out the examples of the ancients, where you shall find no deceit or untruthfulness.

PATRICK says:—The judges who do not judge rightly the judgments of the Church, are not judges, but falsifiers.

THE ABUSES OF THE WORLD.

ACCORDING TO ST. PATRICK.

1. A learned preacher without good works.
2. An old man without religion.
3. A young man without obedience.
4. A rich man without almsgiving.
5. A woman without modesty.
6. A master of the law without virtue.
7. A Christian fond of disputing.
8. A poor man filled with pride.
9. An unjust king.
10. A negligent bishop.
11. A people without discipline.
12. A people without law.

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

25TH MARCH.

"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! blessed art thou amongst women."—*St. Luke*, chap. ii.

AFTER having resolved to become man in order to redeem mankind, and thus to manifest to the world his infinite goodness, God, deigning to choose his holy Mother on earth, sought the humblest of all women. That was the Virgin Mary. Mary, at the Incarnation of the Word, could not humble herself more than she did; and God could not exalt her more than he did;—two truths equally glorious to God, honorable to Mary, and very consoling for ourselves.

The Spouse in the Canticle says: "My spikenard sent forth the odor thereof." (*Cant. i.*) Now, by the spikenard, which is a very small and very low plant, the Holy Ghost typified the humility of Mary, his divine spouse, who, by the odor of her virtues, drew the eternal Word from heaven into her virginal womb.

It was, in fact, the humility of Mary that chiefly made her so dear to God, and caused her to be chosen for the Mother of his Son, when he determined to redeem the world; but to manifest his glory, and to make known the merit of Mary, the Word made flesh would not become her Son without first having her consent. When the humble Virgin, secluded in her poor cell, sighed continually after the coming of the Messiah, and redoubled her desires and her prayers that God would send the Redeemer, the Angel Gabriel came to bring her the great tidings, and saluted her, saying: "Hail, O Virgin full of grace, the Lord is with thee! O Mary, thou art blessed amongst all women, because thou art humble; and in view of that humility, God has chosen thee to be his Mother."

Mary, reflecting on the words of the angel, was troubled. That trouble was not caused by his aspect (he appeared under a human form, as many maintain), but rather by the words which the angel addressed to her. That

trouble was, then, the effect of her humility, on hearing praises entirely opposed to the low opinion she had of herself. She abhorred all praise; and her whole desire, as she herself revealed to St. Bridget, was that her Creator and Benefactor should be praised and blessed.

But at least Mary knew, by the Holy Scriptures, that the time foretold by the prophets for the coming of the Messiah had already arrived,—the seventy weeks of Daniel already ended, the sceptre passed from Judah, according to the prophecy of Jacob, into the hands of a foreign king. She knew that a virgin was to be the Mother of the Messiah; and she heard praises given to herself, which seemed only to belong to the Mother of God. Those praises only served to inspire her with great fear; "and as the Saviour," says Saint Peter Chrysologus, "would be strengthened by an angel, so Gabriel, seeing Mary so much agitated by those words, encouraged her by saying: 'Fear not, Mary, neither be astonished at the titles of grandeur that I have given thee, because as thou art very humble and very lowly in thine own estimation, God who exalts the humble has rendered thee worthy to find the grace which men had lost; and to that end, he has preserved thee from the stain contracted by all the children of Adam. He has favored thee, from the moment of thy conception, with a grace much greater than that of all the Saints; and now he exalts thee so far, as even to choose thee for his Mother.'"

"Delay not, O Mary!" says St. Bernard; "the angel awaits thine answer; but we expect it much more impatiently, we who are already condemned. Thou art offered the price of our salvation, the Incarnation of the divine Word in thy womb. If thou consentest to receive him for thy Son, we shall instantly be delivered from death. The more that same God our Master has been taken with thy beauty, the more he desires thy consent, after which he has resolved to save the world."

"Answer, O merciful Virgin," says Saint Augustine; "answer! Delay no longer the salvation of the world. It is on thy consent that it depends." (*Serm. xxi., De Temp.*)

Mary replies: she says to the angel—

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word!" O admirable reply! Could all the wisdom of angels and men have suggested one more beautiful, more humble, more prudent, had they even thought over it a million of years? O powerful answer, which rejoiced heaven, and brought to earth an immense ocean of graces! An answer, in fine, which had scarce gone forth from the humble heart of Mary, when it drew from the bosom of the eternal Father the divine Word, to become incarnate in her chaste womb! As soon as Mary had pronounced those words, the Son of God became also the Son of Mary. *Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*—"be it done unto me according to thy word." "Admirable words!" exclaims Saint Thomas of Villanova. "By the other *fiat* God created the heavens and the earth; but by this *fiat* of Mary a God became man, like unto us."

Let us consider the great humility of the Blessed Virgin, in this answer! She well knew how lofty was the dignity of the Mother of God; and the angel assured her that she was that fortunate Mother chosen by the Lord. But she esteemed herself none the more; she indulged in no vain complacency because of that elevation. She sees on one side her own nothingness, and on the other the infinite majesty of her God, who chose her for his Mother. She feels herself unworthy of so great an honor; nevertheless, she will not oppose the divine will. Wholly occupied with her own nothingness, and the extreme desire to unite herself more closely with God, she abandons herself entirely to the divine will. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," she replies. Her duty is to do what the Lord commands her. It is as though she had said: "The Lord chooses me for his Mother, I who have nothing in my own right, I who owe to God all that I am. Who could imagine that it is for my own merit? How could a slave merit to be made the Mother of her Lord and Master?" "Let the bounty of the Master, then, be praised; but far be all praise from the slave. For it is only," said that humble Virgin, "the divine goodness that could have chosen a creature so vile as myself, to raise her to so high a dignity."

Lucifer, endowed with great beauty, would raise his triumph above the stars, and make himself like unto the Most High. (*Isaiah*, chap. xiv.) What would not that monster of pride have said and pretended had he been adorned with the gifts of Mary! The humble Virgin of Nazareth was far from acting so; the more she saw herself elevated, the more she humbled herself. "Ah, Mary," concludes Saint Bernard, "a humility so rare, so precious, made thee worthy thy regards of the Almighty; it shed charms on thy beauty, and inflamed the Lord with love for thee!"

The humility of Mary was as a ladder by which the Lord deigned to come down on earth to become incarnate in the womb of that illustrious Virgin; and that virtue was the most perfect and the most proximate disposition she brought to be the Mother of God. The prophet *Isaiah* had foretold it by saying that the divine blossom—that is to say, the only Son of God—was to be born, not from the top of the trunk of the plant of Jesse, but from the very root, precisely to signify the humility of the Mother, as is remarked by blessed Albertus and the abbot of Cellés. The truly humble eyes of Mary, which unceasingly regarded the Divine greatness, never losing sight of her nothingness, attracted God into her womb. Why did the Holy Ghost praise the beauty of his spouse in saying that she had eyes of the dove? "Thy eyes are doves' eyes." (*Cant.* iv. 1.) "Because," says the Abbé Francon, "Mary regarding God with the eyes of a simple and humble dove, pleased him by her beauty, enchained him in the bonds of love, and inclosed him as a captive in her virginal womb."

Thus Mary, in the Incarnation of the Word, could not humble herself more than she did; it remains for us to see how God could elevate her more than he then did.

To comprehend the degree of greatness to which Mary was raised, it would be necessary to comprehend the greatness of God. It suffices, then, to say that God made her his Mother, to show that God could not exalt her more. God, in making himself the Son of Mary, raised her above the angels and the saints. St. Arnaud says that she is

above every creature; and St. Ephrem, that she is without comparison more elevated than all the celestial spirits. God alone excepted, says St. Andrew of Crete, all are inferior to her. St. Anselm exclaims: "O unparalleled Virgin, there is nothing to equal thee, for all that exists is beneath thee. God alone is superior to thee. All creatures are inferior to thee."

"Let no one be astonished, then," says St. Thomas of Villanova, "if the holy evangelists who publish in detail the praises of a St. John the Baptist, of a Magdalen, say so little of Mary. It suffices to know that she is the Mother of God; that one quality is sufficient, it includes all the finest attributes." "Give her what title thou wilt," says St. Anselm, "that of Queen of heaven, Mistress of the angels, or any other title of honor, you will honor her less than by simply calling her the Mother of God." "The reason of this is obvious, for the nearer any thing is to its principle, the more it receives of its perfection; so Mary being the creature nearest to God, she has received from him more graces, perfections, and more greatness than all others." "Her dignity of Mother of God," says Suarez, "is of an order superior to any other dignity, because that dignity belongs in some sort to the order of union with a divine person," says Denis the Carthusian; "that is to say, that after the hypostatical union, there is none closer than that of Mother of God." "The dignity of Mother of God," concludes the blessed Albertus, "is immediately after that of God; Mary could not, therefore, be more closely united to God than she was, unless by becoming as God himself."

ART OF MANAGEMENT.—Economy is a word that has been foolishly narrowed in meaning. Most people think of it as a saving of money, as though to be economical was in a certain sense to be stingy or mean. Now economy in its true interpretation is the art of management—is the wise adoption by which we arrange time, health, and strength so as to produce the best results.

AN OLD SLANDER AND A BRILLIANT ANSWER.*

THE Divine Teacher of mankind, announcing the first principles of the new Christian philosophy which was to regenerate the world, began by preaching the blessedness of poverty. "Abandon all solicitude." He said to His followers: "Say not, 'What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?' For after all these things do the heathens seek." The heathens of that day, and those of every generation since, until our own, have taken their revenge upon this divine doctrine, by asserting that even if the "Kingdom of Heaven" belongs to the poor in spirit; the "Kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, are their own. It is an old claim—but it is as idle now as it was in the lips of the father of lies, when he first tempted, with it, the Saviour of men. For, though, in His desire to teach supreme confidence in the fatherhood of God, and the paramount importance of seeking first to do His will, at whatever cost, our Lord bade men "take no thought for the morrow," He promised that to those who obeyed, and who truly sought just the accomplishment of God's justice, "all these things should be added."

The work of the Baron de Haulleville, on "The Future of Catholic Peoples," just published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, (price \$1.50), is a brilliant and convincing proof that the history of all nations, which have preserved their Catholicity, illustrates the literal fulfilment of this Divine promise. It takes up the hackneyed accusations of ignorance, poverty, backward civilization, with which Protestantism, Modern Liberalism, echoing Paganism reproach the Church, and, while it holds firmly to the Christian verity, that the goods of this world are not to be sought for them.

* "THE FUTURE OF CATHOLIC PEOPLES," an essay contrasting Protestant and Catholic efforts for civilization, by Baron de Haulleville, with prefatory notes by Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Dechamps and Pius IX., and an appendix, containing notes from various authoritative sources. New York, Hickey & Co., Publishers of "The Vatican Library," 11 Barclay Street, pp. 320, price \$1.50.

selves, it yet proves to demonstration that not only have none possessed these goods in so great a measure as Catholic peoples, but that the periods of every modern nation's greatest worldly prosperity have been those of its most ardent Catholicity. It is a magazine of facts illustrative of this thesis, well arranged and admirably put. Its statistics of comparative Catholic morality and Protestant immorality are very important. Its value as a controversial weapon may be judged from the high praises it has received from judges so competent as Pope Pius IX., Cardinal Dechamps and Cardinal Manning. It has been translated in Italy, Germany, England and America. The American publishers, Hickey & Co., New York, have added important notes to it. Its great merit, as Cardinal Dechamps points out, is that it continues and supplements the immortal work of Balnes.

IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.

WHEREVER the Irish emigrant has penetrated—and where has he not?—the name of St. Patrick will on his anniversary be honored and revered. In the sultry lands of India, in the backwoods of Canada, among the cities and great prairies of this great continent, far away in the distant Australia, beneath the Southern Cross, many an exile whom adventure or persecution has driven to other lands in search of a livelihood denied him at home, will go back in spirit to Ireland, and like the captive Jews, when they remembered their beloved Zion, will shed a tear over by-gone days when, in the gladness of his young heart as yet unclouded by the world's cares, he often went forth on Patrick's morn to pluck the green shamrock and bear it in triumph to the morning Mass.

The brightest page in our country's history is that which records the heroic devotedness with which, through weal and woe, through good and evil, the people of Ireland have ever clung to the religion of St. Patrick. The most diabolical tortures which human ingenuity could devise have been employed by our enemies to root out from the Irish soil the faith of Catholicity. Fire and sword,

religious persecution, penal enactments, ignorance, degradation, and death, all these have been unscrupulously made use of for this unholy purpose, but in vain. The religion which Patrick planted long ago, the torch of faith which he lighted in olden times, (thank God!) burns as brightly and as beautifully as at any period in our history, fresh and pure as the Summer sunlight on our native hills.

Time was, you know, when Ireland lay shadowed under idolatry. Our fathers worshiped sticks, and stones, and creeping things; they worshiped their passions; in fine, they worshiped everything but the true God. At length it pleased God to call them from the darkness of paganism to the light of His holy law, and our Apostle came among them with the cross of Christ in his hand and the meekness of Christ in his disposition; and he spoke to them of heavenly truths without which no lasting happiness can be gained. His words fell not by the wayside nor on barren ground, but on the fertile soil, on the Irish heart, bringing forth fruit a hundredfold. It seemed as if there had been something pure and original in the very soil which opened itself and gladly received the seed of eternal life. As if by divine impulse the whole of Ireland was led into the bosom of Christianity, and—a thing almost unheard of in any other country—the Gospel was planted without the shedding of one drop of blood. The religion which he peacefully established grew and flourished under his fostering impulse, so that after a little while that which was before as barren as the desert bloomed and blossomed the garden of God.

In a short time Ireland became famous as the Island of Saints and of learned men. Her colleges became the nurseries of learning for every country. Hither came persons in search of learning from the banks of the Rhine, from the interior of Germany, and from the coast of Bavaria. Hither, says the Venerable Bede, hither they went from other lands in search of learning, which generous hospitality was gratuitously given. And not only the needy and poor but kings and princes crowded to the shores of holy Ireland to receive instruction, not only in justice and religion but in the

arts and the sciences. Her zealous missionaries were to be found everywhere in Europe, diffusing the blessings of civilization and propagating the Gospel. Columbanus crossed the Appennines, and went to take his last repose at Bobbia; Columbkille sanctified the Hebrides; Kilian shed his blood in Franconia; Albinus lit the lamp of science in Italy; Clement shed the light of knowledge in France. The lonely desert, the dreary mountain, the crowded city, all Europe was embraced by Irish missionaries. Their names are in benediction and their actions are recorded in every land and in every clime. To honor him, the glorious St. Patrick, through whose great and devoted labors this change was brought about, is the object of this day's festival.

The native country of our Saint is no doubt familiar to all. He was a native, most probably, of Armorica in Gaul, where he was born towards the end of the fourth century near the present city of Boulogne. His parents, Christian, and mindful of that expression of St. Paul that he who subjects his own household denies the faith and is worse than an infidel, gave to their young charge the greatest blessing any child can enjoy, the blessing of a good education. They had him carefully instructed in all his Christian duties and obligations, and with their own lips they taught him those beautifully prayers, the psalms and psalteries of David, which he ever afterwards continued to recite, which cheered the gloom of his solitude when a captive in Erin, and which brought down a singular blessing upon all his labors and undertakings.

When our Saint was about eleven years old, his native village was invaded by a band of pirates, who, seizing upon him, brought him to Ireland, where like another Joseph he was sold as a slave. A person named Milcho, who is described as a bad man and an obstinate pagan, became his master, and in his employment he remained for six years tending sheep and swine upon the wild mountains of Antrim. In all his hardships, however, he had recourse to God by prayer, in whom he always found strength and consolation. The psalms he had learned when a child at the knees of his virtuous parents, he now

employed to praise and glorify the true and living God. Such was his love for the holy exercise of prayer that he rose before the dawn to pour out his heart to God. On the bleak mountain and in the lonely forest. He tells us in his own simple and beautiful language, "I arose before the dawn, and I prayed in the snow, and in the frost, and in the rain; and I experienced no trouble, nor was there slothfulness in me, because the spirit of God inflamed me." Thus it was by prayer, by penance, by recollection, and by the spirit of solitude the Almighty was preparing His chosen servant for the glorious evangelical works to which he was afterwards to be called. After having spent six years in this state of captivity, during which he had an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the habits and manners of the people to which he was one day to be a light and a guide, and of acquiring a knowledge of that beautiful language by which they captivated their hearts and understanding, our Saint, after much trouble and difficulty, succeeded in again reaching the land of his birth. Here he remained some time in the enjoyment of domestic blessings and happiness, but God had destined him for a more noble mission than to remain indolently at home with his parents. The scenes which he had witnessed in the dark land of his captivity were ever before his mind. Whilst he beheld with sorrow worship due only to the true God paid to creatures, he had seen the people addicted to all the abominations of paganism, and in the spirit of returning good for evil, he resolved to be the bearer to them of the glad tidings of redemption. In a vision which he understood to be a manifestation of God's will in his regard, he fancied that he saw the children of the Irish crying out to him, "O holy youth, come and work among us;" and despite the entreaties and solicitations of his parents, he determined to prepare himself for the holy mission upon which he had set his heart—the conversion to Christianity of the Irish race. To acquire the knowledge necessary for the ecclesiastical state and to enable him to contend against the pagan priesthood, who at that time in Ireland were very learned, he put himself under the guidance of two distinguished prelates

of the Church, St. Martin of Tours and St. Germanus of Auxerre. For twenty years under those able ministers he applied himself most assiduously to studying the sacred Scriptures and ecclesiastical canons, in acquiring humility, in practising a spirit of meekness, patience, obedience, self-denial, love of retirement, and love of prayer, which, as they are the only indications of sanctity, are the only instruments of success in the service of the Church.

Having prepared himself for his missionary career, his next care was to procure the blessing of Christ's vicar on his undertaking. If not sent, how was he to preach? and if a mission was necessary, where was he to obtain it? He therefore applied to Rome, then as now the centre of the Christian world. St. Celestine it was that then occupied the papal throne; and having satisfied himself by diligent enquiry and personal observation that St. Patrick was a man of religious life and sanctity, adorned with heavenly wisdom and virtue,—a husbandman well calculated to cultivate the Lord's vineyard,—gave him faculties and authority for his arduous undertaking. And with this commission and with a blessing from the successor of St. Peter, our Saint landed on the Irish shore in the year 432. To attempt anything like a description of his labors would far exceed the limit of this discourse. Arriving a solitary stranger, defenseless and unaided, he asked and obtained permission to preach the Gospel. At once he commenced his apostolic career and labored in that holy work which he had undertaken with a holy zeal that surmounted every difficulty. He traveled successively into various districts of the country, and at a time when progress from one quarter to another was a work of difficulty and of hard life; and wherever he went the dark clouds of paganism disappeared before the mild light of the Gospel, and in the language of a learned and holy man, in a few years the work of conversion was completed, the idols and sacrifices of paganism flitted and were not, and the pure doctrine and heavenly worship of the cross were found in their stead, the fair form of Christianity rose up green and expanded like a beautiful pageant from North to South. It was

majestic, it was solemn, it was bright. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with mitre, and crozier, and uplifted hands, walked forth and blessed a joyful people. And Mass was sung and the saints were invoked; and day after day and in the still night, and on the woody hills and in the green plains, as constantly as the sun, and moon, and stars go forth in the heavens, so regular and solemn was the stately march of the blessed service on earth, high festival, and gorgeous processions, and soothing dirge, and the familiar call to evening prayer.—Churches and convents, and monasteries, were in thick profusion throughout the land and many of them peopled by the high-born and the noble. The prince and the chieftain forgot their cruelty and embraced the austere rules of a Christian life. The priest forsook the idol, and the Druid became a minister of the true and living God; and the virgin left her happy home and abandoned all things for the silent cloister.

All found joy and happiness in the profession and practice of the true faith, and religion, like a beautiful perfume, diffused its fragrance throughout the land. "O land of my fathers! how beautiful were your green valleys, how pure were your streams in that day before the eyes of heaven. The hand of the spoiler did not desolate your fields; the foot of the stranger was not upon the necks of your children; the sword of the persecutor did not stain your temples with blood; the touch of the incendiary did not consume the retreats of devotion; the ruthless bigot had not as yet armed your sons for their mutual destruction: but the conviction of the understanding formed the basis of piety, and perfect charity embodied the form of undefiled religion. The children of Ireland were in that day known to be disciples of our Lord Jesus, because they loved one another."

The days of Patrick were prolonged until from his metropolitan eminence of Armagh he beheld the land flourish in beauty, lovely in peace, and decorated in virtue. About the year 496, he closed his eyes upon this mortal scene, in which he had been so eminently useful, and was buried at Down. "O let my soul die the death of the just, and let my last end be like unto theirs!"

It is related that a short time before his death St. Patrick ascended a high mountain and casting a glance on that fair land through which he had so often journeyed in the cause of Christ, he raised up his eyes and hands to heaven and prayed that God might keep alive the holy light of faith, which through his ministry had been enkindled. Thanks to the abundant mercies of God—for He has not dealt so with every nation—that prayer has been undoubtedly heard. The faith which Patrick bequeathed has never been lost. It has been to the Irish people a pearl of great price, it has been a lamp to their feet and a guide to their path. It has been their glory in prosperity, their consolation in distress. It has comforted the widow and the fatherless; it has made the poor happy and joyous, teaching all to look forward to a better land, where their sorrows and sufferings shall be no more. Let us treasure up this holy faith. Let us guard it as the apple of our eye, and treasure it as the core of our hearts. Let us never barter it for any worldly honor, for one particle of it is more precious than all the treasures of earth and sea.

Fourteen hundred years have rolled by since St. Patrick, full of years and san city, was laid to sleep in the church of Down, and since that time many a dark and bitter day has dawned upon Ireland. Never among the nations of Christendom was a nation subjected to such an ordeal for conscience' sake. The ruins that cover our Island are beautiful in their fall. The torrents of blood that for centuries fell upon our soil, all, all proclaim the ruthlessness of that persecution. The laws of Nero and Dioclesian might be considered mild compared with some of the terrible enactments made use of by Protestant England for the destruction in Ireland of the Catholic faith. Fined for not attending a Protestant church, fined for attending Mass, fined for not working on Catholic holydays, prevented from keeping a school, from getting their children educated at home, fined for sending them beyond the sea to be educated, and yet the people of Ireland are accused of being ignorant! Thus one being a Catholic could practice his religion only feloniously and surreptitiously, for, in the language of one who arose in his

day like the morning star, but whose eloquent lips are now closed forever, "they could not bear away the name of the Saint from the Island, nor from the rock or the mountain to which he immovably attached it; they could not destroy the veneration for the holy place to which children went in their joy and their sorrow, nor make them lose the remembrance of a Saint who had imparted holiness to their valleys. But yet the faith lives! They could not make our sacred walls and hallowed fountains lose the gift which endeared them to the nation's veneration. They could not turn the people from the gifted monuments of their fathers, those venerable roofless churches and those holy monasteries under the shadow of whose walls lie buried the bones of their Catholic ancestors." No, they could not tear away from them such monuments and such traditions. The land was sanctified throughout, and the faith spoke from its very rocks and valleys in those sweet Irish names which signified that some holy church or edifice once stood there; and no power of man, no influence could remove it from the foundation which it had in the soil as well as in the heart of the people of Ireland. Neither the sanguinary statutes of Elizabeth nor the savage barbarity of Cromwell, nor the still more refined and persecuting policy of later English sovereigns had been able to extirpate the Christian religion. Tudor and Stuart, Royalist and Cromwellian, are now no more, but that people whom they tried to crush still lives, still Catholic to the heart's core, still preserving pure and unsullied that precious inheritance handed down by their forefathers and ennobled by heroism and sanctified by sufferings and tears, and which, please God, will continue prized and revered by Irishmen until the trumpet on Zion will be sounded and the archangel proclaim that Time is now no more.

Surely when we consider the cruel, the satanic agents, that have been at work, to pull, to crush out from the hearts of our people this holy faith, we must certainly exclaim. "The finger of God is here, the blessing of St. Patrick is on it. It is not our own hands that have done it; it is the work of the Most High."

During those persecutions it was asked by a poet why it was that "when the harp was strung it gave forth nothing but mournful sounds," and it was well answered, that the sound of the national music should be that of mournful melody, because in the day of her disaster her liberties had been cloven down, her children were devoted to slavery, she was seated in the dust, her glory was tarnished, her face bedewed with tears, the testimonies of her greatness were torn away and destroyed. She was sprinkled with obloquy, even sucklings were brought to laugh at her woe, and to mock at her affliction. A proud neighbor, who had plundered her of her jewels, flung the garb of folly on her shoulders and pointed her out to the derision of the world. How could her harp be tuned to mirth and revelry? Well might her children answer as did God's chosen people of old; "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and we wept, when we remembered Sion. Upon the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our harps; because there they who led us captive asked us for the words of our songs, and they who led us away said, Sing to us a hymn of the canticles of Sion. How shall we sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand be forgotten: may my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee. If I do not place Jerusalem as the beginning of my joy."

Human nature is the same in every age and throughout the world. The Israelite in Babylon and the Irishman in his own land of streams equally felt the hand of the oppressor. Oh! he loves his country and his priest, and he finds a melancholy gratification in dwelling on the past history of his country, for "Though glory be gone, and though hope ^{fade away,}
Yet thy name, loved Erin, shall live in our songs;
Not even in the hour when the heart is most gay,
Shall it lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear us lament on his plains,
The sigh of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

If there is one thing more than any other that has kept the banner of Catholicity flying in Ireland and preserved some show of independence, it is the unity which has always existed between the priest and the people. They stand forth now, it is true, like a solitary column in the midst of the ruins of what was once a splendid temple. When the building was perfect all the parts gave mutual support to one another, but now the unprotected piece is blown upon by every wind, and must bear the brunt of every storm.

Hired traducers willfully misrepresent the priests of Ireland as taking the part of the oppressor against the oppressed when they know well that there is not one from the Archbishop of Armagh, who numbers his predecessors up to St. Patrick, down to the youngest priest, who would not, like Jugurtha gnaw the chains that hang upon their country's form and hurl them at her oppressors but that they know each attempt would only serve to enslave them the more. And why should it not be so? Have not the priests sprung from the ranks of the people? Have they not been generously supported by them? In joy and in sorrow their hopes must ever be the same and they have remained faithful to each other under the most fearful persecutions. When religion was proscribed, when the dark cloud of persecution lowered over their heads, when the bribe, the bullet, and the pitch-cap, were at work; when the same price was set upon the head of a wolf as upon that of the minister of the Gospel, —still the just priest was at his post true to his calling. There was he prepared at all risk to instruct the youth, to exhort the adult, and to comfort the dying. It is therefore a union that must always last, because founded in virtue and the love of God.

The difference between good and bad intentions is this: that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.

PETER CRISP'S SPECTACLES.

PETER CRISP had something the matter with his eyes: he needed spectacles to help him to see. But this was no uncommon misfortune; hundreds of people, who do ten hours' work every day of their lives, use glasses and cannot get along without them. No; the chief trouble in Peter's case was not in wanting glasses: it was in the particular sort of glasses which he used. He had several pairs, which he always kept on hand, nobody knew exactly where; they seemed to be hidden somewhere about the head of his bed, for he often got them on before he was up in the morning. One pair was what I should call smoked glasses, such as persons use in looking at the sun; they do very well for that purpose, preventing the bright rays from hurting the eyes. But Peter did not put them on to look at the sun with; he looked at everything through them. And as this made everything look dark and ugly, he was made to feel accordingly.

"I could iron these collars better myself!" he exclaimed one morning as he was dressing, after getting up with those glasses on. And a few minutes later, "Not a pin in the cushion as usual;" and presently again, "Who has taken my comb and brush?"

Had any of the children chanced to come into the room about that time, it would have been worse for them.

When he sat down to breakfast there was a deep wrinkle between his eyes, caused by the weight of the glasses upon his brow.

"That Polly Ann never did make a good cup of coffee in her life," he remarked. "My dear," turning to his wife, "I do wish you would take the trouble to go down once—just once, *only* once—and show her how."

Mrs. Crisp ventured to say in a low voice that she went down every morning. Peter had no reply to make to this, but he puckered his lips as if he had been taking quinine, frowned yet more severely, and pushed the cup yawa from him.

After this cheerful breakfast he put on his hat to go to the store, but he turned back from the front door and

came to the foot of the stairs, where he stood calling out in a loud voice that he really felt ashamed of the black around the door-knob and bell-handle. In the street, a few moments afterwards, a gentleman joined him with whom he was as pleasant as possible. But when he got into the counting-room, it was plain he had the smoked glasses on still. No one about the concern worked as he should do, he said—none of them were worth a cent. It used to be different when he was a boy. Then he went out with a look of general disgust. As soon as he was gone the book-keeper was cross to the clerk, and the clerk scolded the boy, and the boy went out and abused the porter.

A few mornings after that, Peter had on what might be called his blue glasses. He was in milder frame, but low in spirits. He was sorry to see the chamber carpet wearing out, for he did not know where another would come from. At breakfast he watched all the children taking butter and took scarcely any himself. He begged Mrs. Crisp to put less sugar in his coffee. The frown was gone from his face, but a most dejected look took its place. Spying a hole in the toe of his boy's shoe, he took a long breath, and hearing that the dressmaker was engaged for a day next week for his daughters, he sighed aloud. Walking down the street, he looked as if he lost a near relative, and at the store all day he felt like one on the eve of breaking.

He had one more pair of glasses, the color of which could never be distinctly made out: they seemed more of a mud-color than anything else. He did not wear them so often as either of the others, but when he did they had a very singular effect. It was thought by many that they befogged him, rather than helped him to see; for after putting them on of a morning he would get up and dress, hardly speaking a word. At breakfast he would hardly say anything, and not seem to want anybody else to; consequently the whole family would sit and munch in silence; then he would rise from the table and walk out by the front door as if he was dumb; and although it was a relief when he had gone and made matters something better, still a chilling influence remained behind him the whole morning.

Peter had been wearing these glasses a good many years, when it occurred to him one day that things never looked very cheerful to his eyes, that he was never very happy, and that perhaps his spectacles had something to do with it.

"I wish I could get another and a better pair," he said. Then he remembered that his neighbor, Samuel Seabright, had to wear glasses also, but he always appeared to see well and to have a pleasant face on. Meeting him the next morning, he said:

"Neighbor, if it is not making too free, may I ask you where you get your spectacles?"

"Certainly," replied Samuel. "I am glad to tell you. They are good ones, and I wish every one with poor eyes had a pair like them."

"I would be willing to pay a good price for a pair," said Peter.

"That is not needful," replied Samuel; "they are the cheapest glasses you can get."

"Pray tell me where I can find them," said Peter.

"I got mine," said Samuel, "by the help of a certain physician whose house you pass every day; and if you are truly anxious to get them, I know he will tell you how to get a pair for the asking."

"I don't want them in charity," replied Peter.

"Then you cannot have them," said Samuel.

"Well," said Peter, in a humbler voice, "I'll take them for nothing, or I'll pay a big price for them, for I want them above all things."

"Ah," rejoined Samuel "that sounds more like getting them. You go to him and tell him how you feel, and he will attend to your case."

Then Peter did as he was told. The Doctor looked at his eyes, and said that the disease in them was one which kept him from seeing the good in things about him: all he could sewas thee evil.

"And these glasses you have been wearing," he continued, "have only made them worse, till there is a danger of your getting beyond cure."

"And is there no hope for me?" asked Peter.

"Oh, yes," replied the Doctor, "if you will follow the directions."

"I will do so," said Peter.

"In the first place, then," he continued, "you must wear those glasses no more. Throw them away, or put them in the fire, so that you will never see them again."

"I promise to do so," replied Peter.

"In the next place, when you are given a new pair," continued the Doctor, "you must always walk in the way which they show you to be right."

"I promise not to depart from it," said Peter.

At this there came an invisible hand that took off his old smoked glasses and put on new ones, made of pure crystal, which let the light through just as it came down from the sky. But oh, what a change they made to Peter! He went home, and as soon as he entered his door his house seemed like another place to him; it seemed filled with blessings.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that those glasses have kept me from seeing all these before?"

The next morning when he got up he told his wife what had befallen him, and how he felt in consequence.

"But," said she, with a loving smile, "how about those collars and the pins and the weak coffee?"

"Oh," he cried "how could I ever let such trifles trouble me?"

"And then," she continued, "here is the carpet wearing out, and the boy's shoes and the girls' dresses."

"As for them," said he, "we will hope to get more when they are gone. But even if we should not have half our present comforts and indulgences, with you, my dearest, and our precious children, about me, I trust I may feel too rich ever again to utter one complaining word."

So the sunshine came into Peter Crisp's house, and he and all his family led a happier life because of his new glasses, which were a thankful heart.

M. W. C.

To solicit patronage is, at least in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous with servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

"THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD."

BY JOSEPH BREXAN.

A song of joy! Alas, sweet friend,
I'll sing of joy no more,
My heart broke when my country's broke,
My joyous days are o'er;
There was a time I'd sing the song
I cannot sing you now,
Ere shadows fall upon my heart,
Or wrinkles on my brow.

I cannot sing as once I sang—
My soul grows sick of earth—
Forgive me, but there is no room
Within a cell for mirth.

A GLEAM OF SUNLIGHT.

BY S. J. MEANY.

Come, cast those thoughts aside, dear friend
We'll sing of joy to-night,
Though present hours be all too dark,
Thy future may be bright.
Hope, like the bow of promise, still
Hangs o'er our weeping land,
To save her, trust me there's the will,
True heart and sinewy hand.

What though a prison binds us now,
The spirit is unchained.
And sleepless shall that spirit be
Until the prize be gained—
The prize for which we've struggled on
Through many a weary year,
Shall we resign when all but won,
And crouch in doubt and fear?

Fear! Oh, there's none amongst us, friends,
To bend in slavish fear,
Though pale oppression never spared,
It never won a tear!
And doubt!—who doubts? Not you, nor you—
You hold no craven creed.
Who'd seek the prize, and win it, too,
Must know no craven deed.

And sorrow! Is there room for that
Within these prison bars?
No, as through yonder murky cloud
There gleams the light of stars.
So memory's starlight still sheds o'er
Our dakened souls a ray,
And joy comes with the look it wore
In many a by-gone day.

Visions of friendship, love and truth
Light up this prison cell—
Home, in its summer of life's hope,
And scenes loved, passing well;
And children, with the bright young hair
That clustered round the hearth,
With the shout of laughter everywhere—
Oh yes, there's room for mirth!

That silent mirthfulness of soul
That gushes when alone,
And lives upon itself when all
Of grosser mirth had flown.
The thought that howsoever the toils
Of tyrants hold us in,
A future for our land and us
May yet be ours to win.

The thought that we are not alone,
That some great hearts are true,
Which when our sunny hours are here,
Doth catch their brightness too;
And, when the clouds of sorrow come,
Grow darkened with our woe—
True hearts that love us, and will love
While life exists below!

Then sing no more of sorrow, friend,
Hope beckons from above—
Within our cell there's room for mirth
As well as room for love,
For freedom, like a sunbeam, yet
Shall struggle through its shroud—
And our day may have a glorious set,
Though early veiled in cloud!

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,

THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,

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

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"You are right, Ramsay," said Dick, mistaking the ironical purport of his words; "my father always had great confidence in me, and often expressed the opinion that I was born for the army. Didn't he, Craunston?"

"Yes, indeed, Major, and I have often heard him say that in running down a priest or a rebel you were almost as good as himself."

"Well, gentlemen," said Dick, pleased at the blushing flattery of his satellite, "since I now inherit his position and his power I will show that I am worthy of being called his son. Ogilby, who protects this rebel Mullen and keeps the Papist on his land contrary to the law and to the spirit of Protestantism, will find that he has got one to deal with now who will carry out the letter of the law and will not rest until the last Papist is hanged or driven from among us. And to show you that I am

in earnest," he continued, swallowing another glass of wine and striking the table with his clenched hand, "I'll begin to-night. My father has been basely and cruelly murdered in the discharge of his duty by rebels and traitors, and who knows but we ourselves may be their next victims if we do not crush them immediately? Here are two gentlemen both magistrates, loyal Protestants and supporters of Her Majesty the Queen, barbarously murdered in the face of open day by these ignorant Papist rebels. In order to save a miserable priest from the just vengeance of the law, two devoted subjects are massacred. If this state of affairs is allowed to continue, and we do not exert ourselves to counteract and punish the redhanded doings of these rebels, we shall be forced to fly the country and give up what our father's won to those whom we have always trodden upon and despised." Dick, as he got drunk, waxed violent, and as the rest of the company were in the same condition, the energy and vehemence of his manner were amply applauded. "I'll tell you what we will do," he cried, growing bolder from the encouragement he received, "we'll capture young Mullen to-night and hang him before his own cabin door. The Rapparees have taken the priest's body to-day across the mountains to wake, and Mullen, who, I believe, is wounded and frightened after his chase, is at home and in his mother's house. Presuming on the protection of Ogilby, he will remain there until he recovers. But by—," and he swore a terrible and blasphemous oath, "I'll be revenged in spite of him or Ogilby. I'll hang the rebel before morning, and consume his cabin to ashes."

"But are you sure, Major," queried Lindsay, who had some misgivings on the subject, "that the Rapparees have gone away?"

"To be sure I am. The cowardly scoundrels never remain for two days and nights in the same place. If they did we would have caught them long ago. Wouldn't we, Craunston?"

"Yes, we could, Major," replied that worthy, now becoming as valiant as his master; "but they were never known to come so near Strabane or Lifford before, and my belief is that they have

disappeared as quickly as they came, and that young Mullen is in the cabin, and that we'll have a glorious time hanging or roasting him before morning. You can count on me, Major."

"And on me, too," replied Ramsay.

"Let us start then," said Dick; "they must have recovered my father's body before this, but whether or not, we'll go all the same. Justice and the law must be vindicated."

He rose from the table, followed by his guests, and ordering fresh horses, was soon mounted and on his way to the river.

Alice, from a window of her room that looked out on the lawn, watched their departure and saw them disappear through an opening in the trees which led to the river. Her eyes were red with weeping, and the pale cast of her features gave token of a heart ill at ease. As she watched their retreating figures in the distance she sighed heavily, and leaning on the window, placed her hand on her throbbing temples and again burst into tears. Unconscious of everything but her own unhappiness and misery, she remained in this position for some minutes, giving vent to the surcharged feelings of her heart. At length, raising her head and looking out upon the lawn, where now the trees were casting their shadows, for night was settling down, she observed the shadow of a man cautiously peeping from behind a shadow of a man cautiously peeping from behind a tree. Eyeing more intently through the twilight, she recognized in him her messenger of the preceding night, Dan Daily. Summoning him to her room, she sat down on a sofa, in order to calm herself and still the tumultuous beatings of her heart. But it was a task far beyond her powers. Dan perceived her distress, and with the intuitive perception of an Irishman, divined its cause. He was not acquainted with the death of her father as yet, but suspected it, and, knowing her from childhood, was conversant with the state of her heart in regard to the persecuted people among whom she lived, and towards the Rapparees, especially, with one who was the object of her tenderest affections. Dan, since his wrangle with the butler, prudently kept out of the way of the young Major,

as Frazer complained bitterly to his master of the treatment he had received from the old Irishman, and the Major threatened to horsewhip him on sight. Doffing his hat as he entered the room, he looked for a moment at his young mistress, who, unable to conceal her emotion, covered her face with her hands and wept.

"Has anything happened, Miss Alice?" he asked, as she suddenly raised her head and looked at him with swimming eyes. "Has anything happened to your father, or any of your friends, that you seem so sorrowful and downhearted?"

"Enough has happened, Dan," she sorrowfully replied, "to make me wretched and sorrowful for life. My father has been killed, and by the hand of—of Brian Mullen."

"Well, that's sorrow enough for wan day, God knows, Miss Alice; but it's worse if you say it was *him* that killed him. But I don't beleive it. Brian never hurt a hair of *your* father's head, bad as he was to him and his. It was Fergus McNeely, I'll go bail; for when I gev Turlough warnin' he started off to muster the boys, and Fergus was at that time on the bank, waitin' for Brian and the priest to cross the river, and had his gun on his shoulder at the time. I saw Brian's gun, the wan that Mr. Ogilby gev him, hangin' on the wall of the cabin, last night, an' at that time he was across the river. So you see he is innocent, Miss Alice."

"My heart inclines me to believe so, Dan; for though he suffered at my father's hands, I doubt if any provocation could move him to injure him. May God grant it may be as I think."

"Don't doubt it, Miss; don't doubt it," said Dan, soothingly; "but how did it happen?"

"I did not hear the details. I was so much frightened that I dared not ask Richard. He has gone back towards the river, perhaps to bring back my father's corpse," and, covering her face with her hands, as if to hide from view the scene her imagination conceived, she again burst into tears.

Old Dan felt his heart melt, and almost regretted the death of the old Major, while gazing on the sorrow-stricken face of his daughter. Tough,

bitter and relentless in his hate against the oppressors of his country, he was affectionate and loving to those to whom he became attached. He had lived for more than twenty years with the Crosby family, his introduction dating two years previous to the birth of Alice, and during that period had proved an honest and faithful servant. Many and bitter were the disputes that occurred between the old Major and Dan, for the latter in his own way, when religion or politics intervened, was as cross and stubborn as Crosby himself. If a priest-hunt was on the *tapis* Dan would be sure to discover it, and if possible give the endangered party warning. As the Major, at the head of his troop, left the yard to go on one of his murderous hunting expeditions, Dan might be seen peeping from a window or from behind a tree, and as they disappeared muttered to himself:

"Ay, there you go, you merciless owld villian. You're up to some divilment now; bad luck to you *this blissid* moment. Gone to waylay an' murder some priest of God, who, maybe, has been travelin' and fastin' all night to come up to a sick call. But I'll spoil your sport, maybe. Troth I'll go to Miss Alice."

At such times the young lady herself would be anxiously awaiting his arrival, and, a consultation being held, Dan was generally dispatched across the country to warn the people of the Major's approach. The old Catholic domestic was in many things the confidant and adviser of Alice, and a deep lasting friendship existed between them.

"Miss Alice, I'm afeard you're feelin' too wake to sit up," said the old man, touched by her distress. "I'll send Kitty to you an' let her put you to bed. If you carry on this way you'll bring a favor on yourself that you'll maybe never recover from."

"O! Dan," she cried, piteously, "what would I not give to have my poor mother with me now? I would feel happier to be beside her in the grave to-night."

"Don't say that, Miss Alice. I know you have the bitter sorrow and trouble in your heart; but you must be resigned to the will of God. Think of the sorrow of poor Mabel Mullen, sittin' by a cowl

hearth, an' death in the house. Her mother's dead, an', maybe, her brother, too. May God relieve the poor orphan of her trouble, for it's she that has it bitter this night."

"Her sorrows but add to my own, Dan, for they were all brought upon her by my people."

"It wasn't your fault, Miss Alice, Undher God, you have been the manes of savin' the life of many a poor, persecuted Catholic when the gates of mercy seemed closed agin him in this world. How often have you sent me in the clouds of the night to give them warnin'? How often have you sent the bit an' sup to the starvin' an' unfortunate?—ay, an' with your own hands carried it, too, when they lay in the ditch side, sick with fever and hunger. It is not your fault if the Mullens are sufferin', and no one knows it better than Brian an' Mabel. Didn't Turlough McSweeney tell me last night that, no matter what wud hapon, you needn't be afraid—that a hundred men were ready to lay down their heart's blood for you, or go to the ends of the arth to do you a sarvice. An' Mabel, in all her throuble an' affliction, didn't forget you, for she asked for you last night."

The words of the old man sunk deep into the poor girl's heart, and the knowledge that she was esteemed by those who naturally should be her enemies had a soothing effect upon her and solaced her in her sorrow. Rising from where she sat, and brushing the long, fair ringlets from her cheeks and the tears from her eyes, which assumed a brighter glow as she gazed in his face, she said, in a voice rendered still more musical by sorrow and suffering:

"Dan, I want you to do me a great favor to-night."

"Troth I will, Miss Alice; anything you want me."

"I know you were out last night and need rest—"

"No; I was asleep all day. I am on my *keepin'* from Major Dick for batin' the butler, an' was hid on the hay-loft all day; so, if you want to send me anywhere, I'm able an' willin' to go."

"I would like you to go to Mabel and tell her how I feel; tell her how I sympathize with her, and that at this moment I would like to throw myself

into her arms and mingle my tears and my sorrows with hers."

Dan felt a lump rise in his throat, so mournfully and lovingly she spoke, and averted his face and hemmed several times to conceal his emotion before he answered:

"Indeed I will, an' before twelve o'clock to-night, an' your words, Miss Alice, will waim her heart an' give her strength to bear up against her crosses. I'll start now, an' do you lie down an' try an' get some sleep. Dear knows you want it, an' I'll be back in the the mornin'."

"No, Dan, I cannot sleep now. Go, but be careful you do not fall into the hands of the troopers."

"I know the country too well for that. Wanst I get past Lifford Ford, they'll have a poor chance of catchin' me, for then I can take to the woods along the hillside where they can't folly me, an' in one hour get to the cabin. So, good-bye, Miss Alice, an' may God bless you an' watch over you this night."

He then left the room, and immediately started on his journey to the cabin. Alice watched him cross the lawn and proceed in the same direction as her brother and his party had taken. She then, throwing a shawl across her shoulders to protect her from the night air, stretched her limbs on the sofa, not to sleep, for sleep was denied her, but to brood over her great grief until morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yes, let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,
But ties around that heart were spun,
Which would not, could not be undone."

CAMPBELL.

THE noise occasioned by the abrupt gesticulations and departure of Cormick awoke Mabel from the feverish slumber which had fallen upon her. Brian approached the humble bed of his sister, and taking her hand in his, felt the beatings of her pulse, and anxiously looking in her face, said:

"You feel feverish, Mabel; try and compose yourself to sleep, and in the morning you will feel better. You are wearied from your long watching, and need repose."

"Brian, I am weary. I have been asleep, and have had troubled dreams. But tell me, what noise was that?"

"It was only poor Cormick, the fool. He became excited when he saw the dead body of Father John, and uttered some foolish and incoherent words over his corpse."

"O! Brian, I thought it was the soldiers, for I dreamed that the old Major hanged you and Hugh O'Reilly, on the old sycamore tree at the foot of the hill, and that Alice and her brother were shot by Fergus McNeeley."

"It is only the result of the long watching you have undergone and the sleepless nights you have spent, Mabel. You need quiet and repose. The fears that have agitated your bosom through the last three days and nights of wakefulness come before you in your dreams and haunt your slumber. There is no greater harm can befall us than what we now endure. So, banish your fears and obtain all the rest you can after your long vigil, for your solitude will be tried to-morrow, when you take the last, last look at your mother."

"I know it, my brother; we are now truly orphans. I am not superstitious, and know that the thoughts of the day will influence the visions of the night, but I cannot banish from my heart the feeling that my dream inspired, and that a presentiment of evil—a foreboding of more sorrow to mine and me hangs over me, I feel, and cannot banish it from my mind."

"The anxiety and grief which you have lately experienced, Mabel, has unnerved you. Why do you forebode more sorrow? Crosby has gone to his last account, he cannot injure us more; and, under the protection of Mr. Ogilby, we do not fear his worthless son. I am still alive, thank God, and uninjured. Hugh O'Reilly is here, and Fergus is not far distant, with his band. The least signal would bring them to our aid. They are more than a match for all the red coats in Strabane. So banish that foolish dream from your remembrance, and think no more of it. We are not alone in our sorrow, Mabel; other hearts are as sorrowful and sorely tried as ours. Think—think of the woe and pain that fills the heart of Alice Crosby to-night."

"You say well, Brian. I will try to forget my fears, and return thanks to God for the protection which He has accorded us to-night. I will divest my mind of its weak forebodings, and become reconciled to His will. Our grief is great, but, surely, not greater than Alice is doomed to bear. Bad as he was, Major Crosby was her father, and she is now an orphan, like ourselves."

"God, in His inscrutable ways, has hidden His knowledge from our sight, but how such a fiend as he could possess such an angel of a daughter surpasses my understanding. He lived an enemy to our holy Church, and died in the act of perpetrating murder and his hands reeking with the blood of a priest of God."

"May God forgive him, Brian, for the evil he has done. We, who have suffered most at his hands, should be first to forgive. Our Church teaches us so, and though it is hard to shut out from the heart the woeful sight in this cabin to-night, we must forgive as we hope to be forgiven."

"Mabel, I have not forgotten the teachings of Father Dominick, and freely forgive him from my heart."

"That is right, Brian. Our parents would not smile down upon us from heaven did you do otherwise. I only feared that you harbored a spirit of revenge."

"I do not, Mabel, nor entertain one evil thought against his son. But I am wearying you, and keep you from your rest. Sleep, while I join Hugh, who is waiting to hear how you bear up against your troubles."

"Tell him that my trust is in God, Brian, and that I am obedient to His will."

He then left her, and, going outside the cabin, sat down beside Hugh in the moonlight.

The two friends sat apart, conversing in low whispers, undisturbed by any of those present, who, knowing the relations that existed between them—for Hugh O'Reilly was the betrothed of Mabel—were too delicate to intrude upon their councils. An hour passed away and they were still engaged in earnest converse, when Dan Daily suddenly appeared before them. He was bare-headed, and the scant and grizzled locks

that adorned both sides of his bald crown fairly stood on end and bristled with terror. The affrighted look on his features and his soiled and torn garments showed that something extraordinary had occurred to him. Breathless and panting he reached the side of Brian, and though sharply interrogated as to his appearance and conduct, was unable for a minute to speak. Brushing the cold perspiration from his brow, and devoutly making the sign of the cross upon his forehead, he at length cried in a voice tremulous with excitement:

"O! Blessed God! What a sight I have seen this night!"

"What has happened you, Dan," said Brian; "you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost."

"If it wasn't a ghost, Brian, it was the next thing to it. I'm wake an' must have a drink o' wather."

The water was given him, and; after having drank a deep draught, he seemed to breathe freer and recover from the shock of his fears.

"In the name of heaven tell us what has happened you," said Hugh, "and don't keep us longer in suspense."

"I'll tell you," said Dan, with the air and mystery of a man who had something wonderful to communicate, "I'll tell you all about it. Miss Alice, hearin' from Dick of the death of her father, sent me to tell Brian an' Mabel that she didn't believe that Brian had murdered him, tho' Dick said he did, an' many other kind words the craythur said that I've forgot. Howaniver, I started to come here; an', knowin' that young Crosby was draggin' the river for his father, I tuk the Lifford Ford, an' crossed over to the fut of Crogan. Thinkin' to escape the troopers, who were on both sides of the river, I kept near the mountain an' far away from the wather. I knew Crosby an' his gang didn't see me, so I trudged along whistlin' to keep up my courage an' banish the thoughts of the owld Major from my mind. But I couldn't do it. Somehow I saw him before my eyes all the time, an' all the wicked things I iver said about him came into my memory. I was beginnin' to get afeard, so I said a *Pater an' Avey*, an' soon after saw a

light shinin' before me. I made for it, thinkin' it was some of the 'boys' who were encamped in the woods. As I passed by the Tinker's Cairn, on the side of the hill, the light of a blazin' fire flashed upon me, an', goin' up to it, I saw a sight that made the hair stand on my head with terror. For there was owld Major Crosby tied up to a tree, the wather drippin' from his clothes an' the blood flowin' from his forehead. A fire was burnin' at the fut of the tree, an' Cormick Kilday, in wan of his mad fits, was dancin' an' singin' an' cursin' an' swearin' an' castin' up owld scores to the Major, an' laughin' at the beautiful wake he held over him. I trembled in ivery lim', an' wud have run away only Cormick saw me, an', grabbin' me in his hands, dragged me over to the owld Major. He towld me that I was wan of his owld sarvants, an' was a bloodhound that persecuted the priests an' Brian an' Mabel Mullen, an' that I wanted to murder them an' Fergus an' Hugh O'Reilly, but that Fergus would have revenge on the whole of us, an' burn us all in our beds. He tuk me by the scruff o' the neck to the tree where he had the owld Major tied, an' made me put my arms around him; then he tuk me over to the fire an' ordered me to strip off till he'd burn me in it. I coaxed him to let me go, tellin' him that I was goin' to Missus Mullen's wake, an' that I wanted to see Fergus, an' Brian, an' Hugh O'Reilly here, an' that Miss Alice sent me. Well, after tormentin' me for more than an hour, he promised to let me go if I wud bring Fergus to where he was to see the owld Major. The minute he let me out of his grip, I run away an' niver stopped till I come here. So, you see, it is no wonder I was frightened, Brian."

"Indeed you had a miraculous escape, Dan; for Cormick is terrible when angered and in one of his mad fits. But, tell me, why did Miss Crosby send you here?"

"I tould you that she sent me to tell you that she is sorry for your trouble, an', in troth, she is, Brian, for she has done nothin' but sit in her room, sighin' an' sobbin' an' cryin' for the last two days, an' bit or sup hasn't passed her lips, thinkin' about your trouble, though,

God knows, she has enough of her own."

"She was always good, Dan, and always thought more of others than herself; but tell her that Mabel loves her the same as of old, and that I had neither hand, act or part in the death of her father, and that I freely forgive him for all that he has done to mine and me."

"Troth I tould her that, Brian, an' when she hard it she cried as if her heart wud break, an' sent me off to see an' tell you that her heart was longin' to see Mabel an her ould friends again; but the fright I got drove the message from my head, an' I disremember wan half of the kind words she said."

"I can guess their import, Dan, and feel grateful for her friendship at such a time. But, as I suppose you intend to go back to the hall before morning, you would like to have a look at the corpses before you go."

"I must bring Alice the news before mornin', for I know she won't sleep till I get back. But, for God's sake, send Fergus and some of the boys to bring Cormick away from the owld Major. It is a sin an' a crime to see how he's carryin' on, an' if the bloodhounds come that way they'll surely murder him."

"He is right," said Hugh, "I'll call Fergus and send him after Cormick; he is the only one he will listen to when the fit is on him, and young Crosby will certainly murder him, if he meets him. I'll call him immediatoly, and you can accompany him, Dan, on your way home, he will save you from Cormick's vengeance."

"In the course of ten minutes Fergus and Turlough were roused from their sleep, and with their muskets on their shoulders, proceeded to the place where Cormick held his midnight vigil or revel—for the latter is more appropriate in connection with him—accompanied by Dan Daily. It was about a mile from the cabin, and as they were well acquainted with the woods they soon reached it. Fergus, who had served under Sarsfield in the wars of William and James, and was familiar with blood and death since childhood, having gone through all the campaigns of the war, and since its termination lived the life of a hunted outlaw, shrank

back in terror from the scene presented to his eye, as he approached the spot where Cormick stood.

On the side of Croghan hill, in one of the wildest and most unfrequented parts of the wood, and at a considerable distance from the river, beside a cairn of stones raised over the lonely grave of a murdered tinker, and at the dawn of midnight, Cormick had kindled a fire of turf and wood, whose fitful glare cast a sombre and ghastly light upon the hideous and bloodstained features of Major Crosby. He was tied to a tree by a rope of twisted straw passed round his waist and knotted behind. The blood, which oozed from the wound on his head, had trickled down his cheeks and became congealed on his forehead. The ghastly pallor of his countenance, the blue and livid color of his lips, and the grinning teeth, imparted such a diabolical expression to his countenance as made the beholders shudder. His arms hung listless by his side, and the water still dripping from his clothing, for it was but an hour before that Cormick had dragged him from the river.

Cormick himself was a picture in his way. His face was inflamed with passion and hate. His eyes protruded from their sockets—his naked breast, bared and "bearded as a pard," for he never wore linen, rose and fell in quick and short-breathed motions with the intensity of his passion, and the wild and rapid utterances which he fiercely indulged in as he cast more fuel on the fire or addressed the lifeless and gory corpse before him, showed that anger and hate had full possession of his soul.

"Ay, there you are," he exclaimed in the frenzy of his passion, "there you are, Major Crosby, the Sassanagh an' scourge of the people. You havn't your bloodhounds round you now to flog me, an' burn my cabin, an' tie me all night to a tree. Do you remember that night you set fire to the thatch with your own hand, an' you turned me an' my mother an' Kate out to die? You were mounted on King William an' you had your troopers at your back. You were a brave fellow then, but where is King William now? Hal! hal! he is lying at the botton of the Finn, where you would be only I dragged you out to-night. Why don't you howld up your

head like a man an' spake to me as you did the night you horsewhipped me? or why don't you call on your troopers to shoot me as you did in Glenmorran Valley the night ould Brian Mullen was murdered? You hanged Father Dominick, too, an' left wan of your red-coated soldiers to watch his corpse for fear we'd take it away, but I tuk it an' hanged the throoper in his place, an' here is the red jacket I tuk from him that night; look at it." And tearing the jacket from his back he wildly flung it in the face of the corpse.

"Fergus an' me buried him in Urney an' Fergus swore he would be revenged. He was wake that night an' lame because you had shot him; but he wasn't wake this mornin' when he sent a bullet into your head from the heart of *Bride Bawn*. Ha! Fergus is a brave boy. I wish he was here to see you. I towld him the night we berried the priest that I wud dance at your wake. Whistle us up the 'Swagerin' Jig,' you ould villian, till you see me dance. If I had you in the Gap of Barnes to-night, 'tis Shomus Beg could play that well. Look at me, now!"

Here he commenced to dance; at one time advancing to within a foot of the corpse, then retiring to the edge of the fire, again dancing in a circle around the tree to which the Major was tied, and this he accompanied with a series of "double shuffles," contortions and leaps, amid shouts and yells that made the woods ring, and, despite the horrid surroundings, ludicrous in the extreme. The dance, which he kept up for a considerable time, seemed to put him in better humor, for at its conclusion he approached the corpse, and, taking off his cap bowed in such an irresistible, serio-comic manner that it forced a smile from Dan Dailly.

"Thank you for the music, Major. It was good, but a little too slow. Troth, you ought to have more spirits in you, for many's the good hogshead you swallyed in your time. You're but poor company and seem to be a *silent partner* in the consarn to-night. Maybe you're gettin' cowlid. Sure here is a brave bonfire to warm you. Ha! The blaze puts me in mind of the burnin' cabin, an' it wrapped in flames! Do you mind that?"

The anger and ferocity of his coun-

tenance were now terrible to behold. Throwing more wood on the fire and poking it with a stick until it leaped into a blazing stream that lighted up the dense woods for yards around, he seemed, from his wild and uncouth appearance, a very demon. Snatching a blazing brand and waving it around his head in fiery circles, and with a dark and savage look in his face, he again approached the corpse:

"Look at me!" he exclaimed, in a voice terrible and stern from the intensity of its wild energy; "look at me, ould Major Crosby. You that was called the bloody Major; you that robbed the poor an' murdered the priests, an' never showed marcy to any; your ould, rotten body is at my marcy now, an' you're soul is in hell! Little you thought, this mornin', when you rode out at the head of your blood-suckers to kill poor ould Father John, that Fergus was waitin' for you in the bushes, an' that *Bride Bawn* was longin' to spake to you from her own purty mouth. Ho! ho! Fergus is a nate boy, but he was too late to save the priest. That's two priests you murdered—Father Dominick an' Father John; an' you murdered Brian's father an' mother, an' you tried to murder Brian himself to-day. I saw their corpses in Brian's cabin, an' two purty corpses they are, too, with the love of God beamin' in their faces an' the sunshine of His forgiveness in their hearts. I wanted to spake to Father John, but they wouldn't let me. I wanted to tell him that I was goin' in sarch of you, an' that I would find you in the Devil's Hole, near the big eddy, the deepest part of the river, where your ould uncle, the priest-hunter, was drowned; an' I did, too. I intended to burn you, as you did my mother's cabin, an' made a roarin' bonfire to roast you on; but Father John would be mad if I did, an', maybe, Mabel wouldn't spake to me. But, Major Crosby, I'll have revenge. I told Brian an' Hugh that I would have a wake of my own, and I will, too. So make ready to come with me; for, by the heavens above us, I will carry you on my back an' wake you on the steps of the cabin door. Ha! ha! an' Fergus an' the boys will dance on your ould Scotch corpse."

He immediately proceeded to put his project in execution, and had severed the rope which bound the body and hoisted the old Major on his back, when Fergus, Turlough and Dan stepped forth from their hiding places.

"Wisha! where are you goin' at this hour of the night?" said Fergus, addressing him in English; "an' what's that you've got on your back?"

"Ho! ho! Fergus, is that you? an' Turlough an' Dan, too. Dan tould me he'd bring you to me, an' I'm glad to see you. Look, I've got the owld Major himself, an' I'm goin' to take him up to Brian Mullen's to wake him! Troth we'll have a good time over him, an' it will do the boys good to see him."

Cormick's ferocity became modified, and his face assumed a brighter and softer look on the appearance of Fergus. His voice lost all its intensity of vindictiveness, vengeance and passion, and relapsed into its natural tone, which, when not stirred by anger or madness, was sweet and plaintive. He admired and loved Fergus, and trusted in him with all the confidence and simplicity of a child. In his wilder moments, when his insanity raged highest and assumed a terrible and murderous shape, Fergus, and he alone, could control him. To all others he was obstinate and unmanageable; but to Fergus, gentle and obedient.

"Put him down, Cormick," said Fergus, and come here; I want to spake to you for a minute in private."

"I will, Fergus, but don't ask me to do anything that I don't like to-night, for my head is bad with the cowl that owld Crosby give me the night that he murdered my mother. Look! I've got the owld villian on my shouldhers, an' I want to take him to Father John to let him see how I have grabbed his murderer. It will do him good to look at him."

"Come, Cormick, I want to spake to you. Lean the owld Major against the tree an' come with me."

Cormick, as docile now as he was ferocious before, gently let the dead body slip from his back, and, grasping it in his arms, placed it against the tree. But the moment the living arms which encircled the dead were withdrawn, the body fell to the ground;

"You were always a conthrary, and

cantankerous owld creature any way." said Cormick, giving the body a kick; "but I'll make you stand up; you haven't your throopers now."

"Lave him alone, Cormick," said Fergus; "I tould you I wanted to spako to you."

"Well, Fergus, I'll go with you. But make haste, for I want to be at the Widow Mullen's before an hour."

Fergus, taking him by the hand, led him to a small grove of oaks at such a distance that Dan or Turlough could not hear their conversation; then looking him full in the face, and taking his blunderbuss from his shoulder and tapping it lovingly on the barrel, he said to him, in a coaxing voice:

"Cormick, do you mind the night we slept at the Gap of Barnesmore, when the red-coats and Crosby were afther us.—when some of the boys were going to France to join the Irish Brigade? Don't you mind how you slept on the heather with me, an' we put *Bride Bawn* undher our heads for a pillow? Don't you mind it, Cormick?"

"Ha! ha! I do well. An' you said that Hugh O'Reilly was a man, though he was only a *gorsoon* then, an' you said I was a bully boy, didn't you, Fergus, bekaise I throw the owld red-coated sargent into the say? An' you tuk me to Barnus with you, an' let me sleep with you an' *Bride Bawn*. Wisha! Fergus, will you let me sleep with both of you to-night?"

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Cormick. Come with me, an' we'll lie down undher the big tree behind Brian's cabin, an' put *Bride* undher our heads an' sleep till mornin'."

"Troth, I'll do anything you tell me, Fergus, for you are a brave boy, an' I like you better than Hugh or Brian; but isn't there somethin' I was goin' to do, *somehin'* I've forgot? Somehow my head is not right to-night."

Cormick, under the influence of Fergus' words, had already forgotten the transactions of the night, and, after scratching his head to elucidate the mystery which enchained his brains (if he had any), suddenly turned to Fergus, and asked:

"Wisha! what was I thinkin' about?"

"Why, about sleepin' with me and

Bride Bawn, to be sure; what else?"

"Troth, you're right, an' I'll go with you now."

"Wait a minit till I spake to Turlough, Cormick."

"Go on, I'll wait," said Cormick, seating himself on the root of a tree, and oblivious to all the world but the thought of sleeping with Fergus and *Bride Bawn*.

"Whist," said Turlough, as Fergus approached him and Dan Daily; "I hear the tramp of the throopers. Young Crosby has seen the light of the fire an' is comin' here. If we're caught here we'll be murdered." They listened for a moment in breathless silence, and distinctly heard the tramp of approaching horsemen.

"It's the throopers sure enough," replied Fergus, "an' wanst they find the ould Major here, they won't rest till they have murdered somebody. Here, Dan, give me that straw rope; we'll string him up, an' give them something to look at when they come."

Dan, considering his years, obeyed with an alacrity that was truly astonishing. The rope was soon adjusted and fixed round the neck of the corpse, and the mortal remains of the "bloody Major" were left dangling from a limb of an oak tree six feet from the ground.

"Run, Dan! make for the foord; get home to Miss Alice, an' tell her that we are prepared for anything that may happen. Turlough an' me will take the near cut to the cabin an' warn Hugh an' Brian. Bo off, now."

Dan started on a run, and with as vigorous a step as if he were but twenty years of age, while Fergus and Turlough, awakening Cormick from the sleep which he had fallen into at the foot of the tree, hurried in the direction of the cabin. Five minutes after their departure, Dick and the troopers galloped up to the spot which they had left.

CHAPTER IX.

It has a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
The cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so.

BYRON.

The moon shone down upon the scene,
On pebbly shore and woodland green;
And, as the winding river strays,

Clear in the moonlight's sparkling
Upon its banks stand desperate men,
Outlaws of mountain, cave and glen,
Who've tracked their foes with willing
And long in battles brunt to meet,
And foot to foot and hand to hand,
Greet the oppressor on the strand.

G.

"God of Heaven! what is this?"

Such was the exclamation of Dick, as his horse, terrified by the sight of the fire and the dreadful apparition suspended on the tree leaped aside, and almost unseated the rider.

"Some of the Rapparees' doings, of course," replied Ramsay. "No wonder we couldn't find the corpse; they followed on their own side of the river and caught him before life was extinct, and, dragging him ashore, hanged him. The Papists dare not do this in Scotland."

"No, nor by G——d they shan't do it here with impunity," cried Dick, maddened by the humiliating and hideous sight which he witnessed. "Cut him down, Sproule, and let you and Dempsey take him to the Hall. I'll make Mullin pay for this to night."

Sproule and Dempsey, who were two of the most bloodthirsty scoundrels in the company, the former a Scotch Presbyterian of the blackest die, and the latter a traitor and rönegade Irishman, being hungry and knowing their appetites would be appeased as soon as they reached the Hall, hurried to execute the command of their leader. Taking him in their arms they carried him to the river, and throwing him into one of the boats which they had used in dragging the stream, rowed; discontented and silently, home.

Meanwhile, Dick, who was now drunker than when he first left the Hall, seeing that none of the Rapparees were about, became exceedingly valiant and bellicose. Spurring his horse hither and thither, and brandishing the long sword which he wore around his head to the detriment of those who happened to be near him, proclaimed in stontorian tones a war to the death against all Papists and Rapparees. He denounced the cruel system the latter had of evoking the spirit of revenge and retaliation upon the authorized and loyal officers of the Government, and called upon every loyal subject present, to

help him in putting them down. He proclaimed his determination of marching immediately to the cabin of Brian Mullin and hanging the rebel to a tree.

"What's the use of being Protestants," he exclaimed, "if we do not exterminate these Papists? They are rebels and traitors, and it is our duty to oppress them. My father met his death to-day from the hands of one of them, and it is the duty of his son to avenge him. Mullin, a rebel and Papist, has been the cause of all this. Let us have revenge! Let us take him to-night from his Papist cabin and hang him at the door. I'll lead you. Did you ever know me to turn my back on a priest or a Rapparee! Come on then, and we'll give his cabin to the flames and his neck to the halter."

Some of the more bigoted and blood-thirsty answered his harangue with a cheer, but the majority, who were hungry and on duty since morning, and would have welcomed a good supper with more *ecelat* than a midnight marauding expedition, remained silent. They were on duty however, and were forced to obey.

"Come here, Craunston, you are a military man," said Dick, "I want to consult with you before we proceed."

He drew the captain aside under the shadow of a tree, and, unobserved by the rest of the men, anxiously inquired:

"Where's that bottle? Craunston." D—— it, I'm as dry as if I didn't drink anything to-night."

"Here it is, Major, but remember it is brandy, and you have drunk a good deal to-night."

"D—— it, what's the odds? Ain't I the foremost man in the county since my father died, and who dare say a word to me? We'll catch Mullin to-night, and Ogilby won't be there to protect him. Won't you stand to me, Craunston?"

"Certainly, Major, I'll stand to you to the death," replied the Captain, who at the same time was scarcely able to sustain his equilibrium so deeply had he drank. "Let us go at once, my hands are itching to catch a rebel,"

"And mine too, Captain," said Dick, who had emptied the bottle and was brandishing his sword around his head

with more fury than ever. "Come on! I'm ready."

They rejoined the troop, who were eagerly waiting for the word to march, being fatigued and hungry, and wished as soon as possible to conclude the business of the night and return to their quarters.

In less than half an hour Dick and his band came within sight of the lonely cabin in the woods. All was silent around the place; the woods were hushed, and no sound broke upon the ear save the winged whirring of the bat, or the subdued and faint murmur of the river, softened by distance into a sound scarcely perceptible. The lighted candles in the cabin shed a dim and flickering light, scarcely reaching across the threshold, and when contrasted with the full and beaming moon seemed pale and ineffectual.

Brian sat alone, outside the door, occupying the rude seat lately vacated by Hugh O'Reilly; for the latter, on hearing the tramping of Dick's horsemen, silently stole away behind the cabin. Fergus had warned them of the enemy's approach, and they were prepared for it.

"Halt!" cried Dick, in a loud voice, checking his horse and reining him in within a few yards of the cabin. The troopers obeyed the order, and, forming in line, displayed a formidable front before the seemingly astonished gaze of Brian the only male visible in or around the cabin. Half suspiciously, half dreading that some of the Rapparees might be concealed in the house, Dick cast an anxious look around. But seeing none but Brian present he became reassured, and vaulting from his horse threw the bridle into the hands of an attendant trooper.

"Dismount," he shouted, "and seize this rebel."

As he spoke he staggered up to Brian and laid the flat of his sword upon his shoulder. Two dragoons instantly seized him by the arms and made him prisoner.

"What means this outrage, Major Crosby," demanded Brian; "and for what crime am I arrested, and by what authority?"

"You are arrested for the crime of murder, for murdering my father to-day,

while he was engaged in carrying out the injunctions of the law. Besides, you are a rebel and a Papist."

"That I am a rebel against the bloody and perfidious Government which you, unfortunately, represent, I honorably and honestly avow. That I am a Catholic, or what you in your supercilious arrogance ignominiously term a Papist, I glory to admit; but that I am the murderer of your father, I deny,—it is a falsehood—and I sling the lie back in your face!"

"Do you hear how the rebel talks, gentlemen?" said Dick, addressing Ramsay, Lindsay and Craunston, who stood nearest him. "We must make an example of him. These Papists must be put down. The law allows us to hang all Papists and abettors of Popery, and this cowardly scoundrel acknowledges that he is both a Papist and a rebel."

"Yes, and also a murderer," said Craunston. "You shot Major Crosby to-day."

The withering look of Brian caused the worthy Captain to cower before his glance and slink to the side of the Major; but he disdained to answer him.

"Bring him here, boys, and string him up to the nearest tree," shouted Dick, "and get your torches ready to burn his beggarly cabin and that d—rebelly priest that I see within it. Ha! ha! where is Ogilby, your Papist-loving landlord, now? Let him come and save you, if he can. He protected you from the just vengeance of my father, because he was a magistrate, and under the guise of loyalty received honors to which he had no claim. My father lies stark and cold to-night, murdered by your hand, and hung like a malefactor on a tree by a d—Papist. But bring him here. By heaven! I'll put the rope round his neck myself, and strangle him in spite of Ogilby and all the Rapparees in the country. Ha! ha! where are they now to help you?"

"There is one here at least, Crosby, who is a gentleman and will not stand by and see a cowardly murder committed before his eyes without trying to prevent it." As the speaker, a tall and muscular man, uttered the words he rushed from the cabin and boldly confronted Dick.

"I am this Ogilby whom you charge with false and dishonorable practices. I stand here before you to tell you you are a liar and to demand of you satisfaction, and that I will have, sir, before you leave this ground."

"You forget, Mr. Ogilby," said Dick, who began to feel a cold chill run over him and to regret the dilemma in which he had placed himself, "you forget that my father's troopers are here, and that you do not stand in very good odor with them, and if anything happened to me they would surely kill you. Wouldn't they, Craunston?"

"They would indeed, Mr. Ogilby; I am afraid I could not restrain them."

"Sir," exclaimed Mr. Ogilby, "I am alone, and do not think I require a body-guard to protect me against my neighbors; and I who have met the old lion and tamed him, am not afraid of his whelp. Here, Mr. Crosby, take one of these pistols; I carry them to protect myself against such insolent upstarts as you, not against my neighbors."

"And that you may have fair play, Mr. Ogilby, I'll be your second," cried Hugh O'Reilly, stepping from behind the cabin and approaching Mr. Ogilby. "And as this gentleman thinks he has you at a disadvantage by having his father's bloodhounds near him, I'll ease his mind of that honorable scruple and give you a chance to meet him man to man. Will you accept me as your second, Mr. Ogilby?"

"Most willingly, Hugh, and proud to have you for my friend," and Mr. Ogilby extended his hand, which the other cordially grasped.

"Well, then," said Hugh, "the sooner this business is ended the better." Putting his finger to his mouth, he whistled twice, and so loud and shrill that it echoed beyond the river and over the peak of Croghan. The echo had scarcely died away when Fergus, with Cormick by his side, appeared at the head of his Rapparees. They halted in front of the bloodhounds, and Dick, whose trembling cowardice was apparent to all, looked wistfully in the direction of his horse, with the evident intention of leaping on his back and fleeing from the scene. This, however, he was prevented from doing by the strategy of Hugh O'Reilly, who placed

his band in such a position, that they intervened between Dick and the river.

It was a singular and romantic scene, and, taken in all its surroundings, one which could scarcely happen in any other country but Ireland. On one side were drawn up the troopers, their scarlet uniform shining in the moonlight, and their gilt buttons and burnished arms presenting a strange contrast to the miserable trappings of the Rapparees. Their officers, with their swords drawn at the moment Hugh O'Reilly appeared, and conscious of their power till then, stood spell-bound at the unexpected turn affairs had taken. They gazed nervously around them, and seeing their retreat cut off and that they were completely in the toils of their enemies, covered before them with a piteous and grovelling look on their features.

(To be continued.)

ST. PATRICK'S THREE WISHES.

THE following curious extract is from "Roger of Wendover's Chronicle." In the year of grace 491, St. Patrick, the second Archbishop of Ireland, rested in the Lord, in the one hundred and twenty-second year of his age. Of his sanctity and miracles many wonderful things are recorded; for during forty years he was a pattern of apostolical virtue, whilst he gave sight to the blind, made the deaf hear, cast out devils, ransomed captives, and raised nine dead men to life. He wrote three hundred and forty-five elementary tables, ordained as many bishops and three thousand presbyters; moreover, he converted twelve thousand men in the country of Connaught to the Christian faith; he baptized in one day seven kings, the sons of Amolghith; he fasted forty days and as many nights on the top of a hill called Hely, where he offered three prayers for those Irish who had embraced the Christian faith: first, that all should have the grace of repentance even at the point of death; secondly, that unbelievers might never overcome him; and, thirdly, that not one of the Irish might be alive at the coming of the Judge, by virtue of which prayer of St. Patrick, they will all die seven years before the Judgment.

DEBT.

DEBT!—there is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling, and dishonest failures which we meet with so constantly in the daily press are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts of extrication. The financial props have given away. The little debt, which at first was as small as a grain of mustard-seed, like the rolling snow-ball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousand fold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place. The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive; either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy, which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many householders and destroys as many fine characters as rum. It is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to fore-close.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have had a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered round our fireside, the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed in the twilight of life, and many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of their lives.

It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities men do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them. The light of a good counsel is that which setteth business straight.

CHAT-CHAT.

—The *Gazette* thinks he has caught us tripping. Well perhaps yes; perhaps no; but especially no. He writes:

"In only one instance has 'H. B.' directed the reader to the place where the passage quoted may be found, and unfortunately in that instance he has made a mistake. The discussion between *Æschylus* and *Euripides* * * * is found within lines 980-990 of the *Ramus*, not at line 1055.—(*Montreal Gazette*, Feb. 5, 1879.)

Well! not at line 1055, exactly, but so near it that part of it is in 1055, which is near enough for all practical purposes, whilst at lines 980 to 991 inclusively, neither *Æschylus* nor *Euripides*, but *Bacchus*, is speaking.

When, thirty-six years ago, we read—a youth of 18—our *Aristophanes* at college, we happened to note this passage in our note-book where it at present lies under reference 1055. Since reading the *Gazette* critique, we have stumbled upon the same passage quoted in *Mores Catholicæ* under the same number 1055. (Vid *Mores Catholicæ*, Book I. Chap. I., p. 43 note.)

If our critic will look at lines 1052-53-54-55 of "The Frogs," in Brunk's edition, London, Whittaker, 1823, he will find the following which is near enough to our translation for all practical purposes:

"*Eurip.* Pateron d'ouk ontá, logon touton peri tes Phedras zunetheka *Æschy.* Ma Di' all' ont' all' apokruptein ebre to poneron ton ge poieten kai me paragein mede didaskein."

Will that satisfy our critic? Who knows?

—Plagiarism! bah! Let him who is innocent cast the first stone. We are all plagiarists, for plagiarism is as old as the hills. *Plautus* and *Terence* took whole scenes from ancient poets, and said nothing to their audiences about it. *Virgil* and *Cicero* and *Aristotle*, and even *Plato*, (who transferred a great part of the work of *Philolaus* into his *Timæus*), were all plagiarists. Nay; *Homer* himself was a most copious plagiarist. *Apollodorus* used to say, perhaps more rhetorically than according

to the strict letter of the fact, that if any one were to take from the books of *Chrysippus*, all that *Chrysippus* had taken from others, the books of *Chrysippus* would be blank pages. The writings of *St. Ambrose* are filled with sentences from *Origen*. Even the *Summa* of the great *St. Thomas* is taken almost entirely from the *Speculum* of *Vincentius Belacensis*. There is an amount of plagiarism enough to upset the nerves of the strongest minded critic. And our very enumeration of these plagiarists is itself a plagiarism, for it is *Cardinal Bona*, who tells us that *Plautus* and *Terence*, and *Virgil* and *Cicero*; and *Aristotle* and *Plato*, pilfered sweet nose-gays from their neighbors' gardens, to put in their own button-holes; it is *Eustathius* that tells of *Homer's* literary delinquencies, and it is *St. Jerome* who accuses *St. Ambrose* of using (for the good of mankind) whole sentences from *Origen*. And what indeed, I ask, you, was that huge sham called with a bitter irony the Reformation, but one huge plagiarism; an appropriating and rendering down and serving up again of all the heresies, those dank weeds which the *Vicar of Christ* has been wont for centuries in the interests of law, order and revelation, to throw over his garden wall. And what are all those grand theories that sit now-a-days in the uncertain light of modern thought, but plagiarism—theories stolen from the brains of those deep thinking schoolmen, whom *Hullam* hates so cordially because they did not worship "the Classics" and were Papists? "Scarcely any metaphysical controversy agitated amongst recent philosophers," says *Mackintosh*, "was unknown to the schoolmen." No! we are all plagiarists. *Darwinism* is only *Lamarck redivivus*. *Tyndale's Natural Forces* is *Roger Bacon's "yle"* of the year 1214. (A truly venerable plagiarism!) *Galileo's "The Earth Moves"* was only a slight theft from *Richard of St. Victor*, or *Cardinal Cusan* or *Claus Calcagnini* or *Novara* or *Copernicus* or *Leonardi da Vinci*. *Sir John Mandeville*, two hundred years before the *Florentine Philosopher* and would-be-martyr-for-science was born, had taught that the earth was round, but he could not answer the difficulty of our antipodes living with their

heads downwards, though he came to a very sage conclusion: "In fro what partie of the earth that men dwell outhur aboven or benithen, it seemeth always to him that dwellen there, that they gon more right than other folk." When Catherine II. of Russia drew up her Instruction for a new code, it was almost entirely pilfered from Montesquieu. "I hope," she said, "that if from the other world he sees me at work, he will forgive my plagiarism for the sake of the twelve millions of men who will benefit by it." Plagiarism! bah! we are all plagiarists; and may our shadow never be less.

—But the Catholic Church in England before the Reformation had no Bible in English. And small wonder. The first prose work written in English was Sir John Mandeville's Travels, A. D. 1356. At Oriel College (1328) students had to speak either Latin or French. Even in Henry VIII.'s time, when Leland had pillaged all the great libraries of the kingdom he found only two or three English books. Even at the present day, when the English Bible is translated into every petty tongue of the Southern Seas, we have no Bible in the Lancashire dialect. What wonder then, if before the Reformation, when English was to the English man of those times what the Lancashire dialect is to Englishmen of the present day, there was no Bible in English? Yes, indeed! small wonder.

—When the law against Socialism was passed in the Prussian Parliament, Prince Bismarck is said to have cried out, "Now, off we go for the pig sticking." Of course, in Prince Bismarck's theology, a Socialist has neither soul to save, no soul to damn, hence the "pig sticking." Well! 'tis possible to reflect, that *that* power which comes from God is held by men, who are "of the devil," and that they are called "statesmen" and "great men."

—We have a new book, "A Naturalist in India." Our naturalist relates one thing which, if *natural* is still very strange. An old Indoo woman sitting on the banks of the Ganges fell asleep on a bundle of sticks. Suddenly the bank gave way and woman, sticks and bank went tumbling into the water.

The bundle of sticks saved the woman, not the bank, which like all other banks received, we suspect, small pity. The woman, borne up by the sticks, was rescued after having been whirled past villages and boats at the rate of five miles an hour for twenty-four hours. All this is very natural and is *not* strange. If old women who cannot swim, will fall into the water with bundles of sticks, they must expect to be drowned or to be borne away with the sticks, which will not drown. But what may be *natural* but to us is very *strange*, is, that this old woman relating afterward her "*experiences*," tells us that when at midnight it became "*pitch dark and raining hard*, her (hitherto brave old) heart almost failed her." That "*pitch darkness*" will bother any one, let alone an old woman, we can well understand. That "*pitch darkness*" and "*raining hard*" will also bother any one, we can understand, *on land*; but that an old woman, who has been in the water nearly 24 hours on a bundle of sticks, should bother herself about the "*raining hard*" is past our comprehension. But then, you know, we have never been in the water for 24 hours on a bundle of sticks.

—Miss Kemble is herself an actress; her opinion then on the subject of her profession is valuable. "A business" she writes "which is incessant excitement and felicitous emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition unworthy of a woman." We like the sentiment, immensely. It smells sweet of that most exquisite of perfumes—female purity and womanly modesty and retirement, and does honor to Miss Kemble's heart. But we fear it is more rhetorical than exact. It would do away at once with all histrionic art, which, however the devil may have used it for his own bad ends, is still divine. We are not prepared to burn our Shakespeare, nor to declare the "*divine William*," a mistake. Besides Miss Kemble shows us in her own person, that female purity and womanly modesty and retirement are not incompatible with public exhibition. No bold forward woman could have conceived so beautiful a sentiment as she has expressed in the lines quoted. H. B.

WHY WE WEAR THE GREEN.

BY J. A. JOYCE.

When God raised up our island,
 'Mid the billows of the West,
 And with vale, and stream, and highland,
 Made beautiful her breast,
 The smiling sun slung round her
 A robe of golden sheen;
 And the misty west-wind crown'd her
 With a garland ever green.

Soon the Gaelic warrior-galleys
 Sailed to the shining shore,
 And brave men and beauteous women
 Came to dwell forevermore,
 And their sacrificial fires
 On their altars high were seen,
 When the sun and wind they worshiped
 For their glorious gift of green.

But the Pagan fires sined,
 And the Druid altars fell,
 When Patriek came, with glowing words,
 His nobler truths to tell,
 "In the Shamrock, lo! the emblem
 Of the Trinity is seen,"—
 'Twas thus he consecrated here
 The Wearing of the Green.

And the nation's heart leaped to it,
 And thence forevermore,
 On their breasts and in their banners
 The flashing tint they bore;
 On their breasts and in their banners
 The gleaming hue was seen;
 And the proudest foes went down before
 The men who wore the Green.

So we wear it, and will wear it
 In memory of the brave,—
 The true and tried, who strove and died
 Our nation's rights to save;
 Of those who nobly cherished it,
 When smote oppression keen;
 Of those who pine in prison,
 For the love they bear the Green.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

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

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

EGAN began to have some doubts. He knew the most likely method of sobering the exuberant spirits of the young Irish boy was to withdraw and leave him in doubt as to his prize.

"Mr. Egan, sir!—Mr. Egan, sir!—oh Lord, sir!—come back, sir! I'm as sober as Bacchus, sir, and ready to do your honor's biddin' to the end of the varsal world!"

Egan turned. "It's a case of murder, Jack," he replied, "and I may want you to give evidence to-morrow; but I can do without you—there's other boys."

"Oh! sir—no, sir!—please, sir!—don't, sir!—and I'll swear to anything in life that's agreeable to your honor!"

"I don't want you to swear to anything that's not true; and remember that distinctly all you are to do is to give evidence that you bought this woolen comforter this evening, by my desire, at a shop in Kingstown to which I sent you."

"I'll swear to it all, sir, and anything more that's plazing to you."

"Where can you be found to-morrow? I may want you early."

"Faith, thin, I'll just sleep nice and airy under the hedge, and then I'll be ready for you to call me when I'm wanted."

It was a bitterly cold night, freezing hard, and the constable had no fancy for having manslaughter on his conscience—still he hardly saw what else could be done. He knew Jack oftener slept out of doors than within them.

"Well, I suppose it won't do you much harm. But, as the night is so cold, I will bring you down a cape to put round you, and a piece of bread."

"That'll just do, your honor. Long life to you, sir, and plinty of murthers—and that ye may hang every man Jack of them all, if it's plazing to ye."

The constable departed on his errand of charity without waiting to hear more of this incongruous torrent of benediction.

"Now, there's the cape, and there's the bread, and there's a mug of tea,—but how am I to get back the cape?"

"Sir, sure you'll just drop it on the road, and I'll pick it up in the mornin' and bring it to the barrack, and find out the owner."

"You're a outo lad, Jack. I hope you won't find yourself at a rope's end some day."

Jack ate the bread and drank the tea. In truth, it was long enough since he had such a luxurious meal—a potato, and salt, if he could get it, he was not particular, and a drink of cold water, was his general fare. In Summer he munged a tolerable livelihood on raw turnips, with an occasional apple by

way of dessert. We must admit that these condiments had the special relish which is proverbially supposed to belong to stolen goods.

The supper disposed of, he gathered himself up and set out for bed. Egan was considerably astray in his calculations, if he fancied a boy like *Jackey the Runner* would sleep under a hedge when there was a bayrick in the neighborhood. There was one, and he lodged there every night since the weather became cold—a fact which he did not communicate to his friend the constable.

The rick was unusually large, and lay about four feet from a high wall. Jack chose the inner side for shelter and concealment. He had made an excellent bed for himself, and every morning he replaced the hay which he had pulled out, and which served him at night for bedclothes. If any one had examined that side of the rick at night, they would have seen a small hole in the side about two feet from the ground. This was Jack's breathing hole.

CHAPTER IX.

WAS NED RUSHEEN A MURDERER?

THE constable had now strong circumstantial evidence against Ned Rusheen. There was one thing, however, which puzzled him: he had measured the height from the ground to the twig in the hedge where he had found the piece of woollen stuff, and unquestionably it could not have been torn off there by a man of Ned's height, or, indeed, from any man. It was only three feet from the ground. If Ned had held the comforter in his hand, it might have caught there, and have remained unnoticed in the hurry of flight, but this seemed most unlikely.

There was only one way in which the question could be settled in a satisfactory manner, and that was by a personal inspection of Ned's wardrobe. But that seemed impossible. The mind of a policeman, however, and particularly of a detective—or of one for the time obliged to act as such—is quite beyond and above all considerations of possibilities. A certain thing has to be done—it must be done: if it is, or seems impossible, this is no reason why it should not be

accomplished; on the contrary, it is all the more reason for every exertion.

Egan had been up to Elmsdale Castle after his visit to Miss Callan, while his erratic envoy was on his wild ride in search of evidence. His interview with Lord Elmsdale had been highly satisfactory, and led to the liberal investment of a half sovereign to secure Jack the Runner.

Lord Elmsdale had made the munificent offer of two hundred pounds for the discovery of his father's murderer, the equally munificent offer of one hundred pounds for any clue which might lead to the discovery.

Egan had thought it better only to speak of the matter in a general way, and to say anything of what he had found, though Lord Elmsdale had questioned him very closely—so closely, indeed, that Egan began to wonder if he had heard anything of the matter; still he did not think it possible. He was sure no one had seen him take the piece off the hedge, and he was equally sure that he had not mentioned the subject. But his Lordship was overwhelming in his inquiries, and in his civilities. Did he think a clue could be found, anything that would lead up to a detection. He knew Mr. Egan's abilities and high character as an officer. Had he examined the ground *carefully*; and the hedge; the assassin—for he had no doubt it was a murder—might have leaped over the hedge; assassins in Ireland *always* do. He never remembered a murder in this country in which there was not a hedge. He had heard of an instance in which a small piece of frieze—which had been torn off a man's coat in the hurry of escape—had actually led to his detection.

Lord Elmsdale was equally agitated and eloquent, and Egan began to think that the stories told about him and his father could not be true, he seemed such an excellent son, and so sincerely sorry—evidently, too, very much shaken by the whole affair—as well he might be,—for his color changed so often, and more than once he seemed on the very verge of fainting, and had recourse to rather copious draughts from a long, narrow-necked bottle which stood near him.

Egan was obliged to admit, at last, that he had found something; but, if his

Lordship would excuse him, he would prefer not saying more about it at present. He thought he had a clue to the person; he was making inquiries; in a few hours he would know more. If it would not be too late, he would call up again.

Lord Elmsdale assured him it would not be too late; that he probably would not go to bed at all that night. In any case, a servant should remain up to admit him, at any hour. He had suspicious himself, but wished to wait until he heard Egan's account. After all, it might only be manslaughter. He knew a person on the property who had some strong feeling against his poor father; they might have had a quarrel, or, in the heat of the moment, an accident might have happened. But there—he had not intended to say anything; he had said, perhaps, too much,—but he had the most entire reliance on Mr. Egan's discretion, and he handed him a five-pound note, that “no expense might be spared in the investigation.” The constable received the money, with a good deal of surprise, and a good deal of satisfaction. As Egan was leaving, he was called back.

“One moment, Mr. Egan. There is a circumstance which had quite escaped my memory until this moment. It may or it may not have some connection with my father's death. We had a servant—you may remember her, perhaps—Ellie McCarthy. She disappeared to-day, about three or four hours before the—*the accident*. She was some relation of the housekeeper, and wrote to her to say she was advised to go in this extraordinary manner by the priest. I suppose it will be difficult to get him to give any evidence, but it might be worth while to make inquiries. I am told,” he added, “but it may be only servants' gossip, that there was something between her and Ned Rusheen, our underkeeper.”

Egan suddenly remembered the torn piece of paper which he had lifted when Lord Elmsdale was carried lifeless to his home. He had been so eager in the pursuit of his inquiries about the woollen comforter that he had entirely overlooked what might be another important piece of evidence. You will remember he was not a trained detective.

He felt in his pocket for it and knew he had it, but he did not say a word to Lord Elmsdale. He read the contents after his interview with Jack the Runner, and was prepared now to go fully into the subject with Lord Elmsdale. It was nearly eleven when he returned to the Castle, but the master seemed as if he had not stirred from the room, or even from the place where he had left him.

“Well, my Lord, I believe I have some information for you now,” said Egan, as he took the chair which the footman was desired to place for him. “Did you ever see a scarf like this on any of the men about the place?” and he produced the one bought by Jack that evening.

Lord Elmsdale examined it carefully. “I have certainly seen one like it. The color is very remarkable—olive and green. Yes; I have certainly seen one.” He looked up at Egan, but his look was wild and unsteady, and quickly withdrawn. Egan thought he was drunk. “I saw one precisely similar on Ned Rusheen a few days ago.” He said the last words in a very low tone, and with extreme hesitation, and Egan, whose feelings were considerably warmed towards the young Lord by his munificence, was quite moved by his apparent sadness at saying anything to the disadvantage of his foster brother.

“I am afraid Ned is the man, my Lord,” replied Egan. “Look at this!” and he produced the piece which he had carefully wrapped up in his pocket-book. “Many a man was hanged on less than that. I—”

But he was interrupted. Lord Elmsdale had fallen from his chair to the ground, and appeared as if he were about to have a fit of strong convulsions. “Hanged,” he muttered—when his agitation, or his illness, would allow him to speak—“hanged, oh, no—not that, pray not that! I will save him—I will—oh, Egan! he must not be hanged: it was not murder, it was only manslaughter—only manslaughter. I know it—I will swear to it. I tell you, I will—I'll give myself up—I'll—”

He stopped and colored crimson, only to become again paler than death, more ghastly than the peaceful looking corpse which lay so near them.

Again Egan sympathized and admired. It was no matter of suspicion to him that the poor young man should be so fearfully agitated. His father shot dead—his foster brother accused of the murder. Egan was moved himself, for he was not accustomed to distressing scenes. A row at a fair, and alas! too often a drunken quarrel, were about the utmost tax on his skill and his feelings. This was something quite exceptional, and, though he was very willing to have a little addition to his poor pay, he would scarcely like to have earned it often at such a cost.

"My Lord, if I might advise, I would beg your Lordship to take some rest. You may have to appear at the inquest, to-morrow; it will be held at two o'clock. I understand Mr. Grimdeath, the Coroner, cannot be here earlier. I will come up in the morning as early as possible with any further information I can collect."

Lord Elmsdale pointed to the bell; he seemed scarcely able to articulate. When the servant came Egan was obliged to give his assistance also. The unhappy young man was conveyed to his room, undressed by his own servant, and retired to rest prayerless, and as utterly miserable as any human being could be.

There may be some pleasure at the moment in the gratification of sinful passions; but, unquestionably, even in this world, such indulgence brings with it a retribution so terrible that, if men would only think of the temporal consequences of sin, they would pause before they commit it.

Poor, wearied Larry Murphy, the post-boy, might have seemed the last person to be compared with Lord Elmsdale as an object of envy. But Larry was even then sleeping the sleep of the peaceful and the holy. He had sometimes repined a little at his poverty; at his hard slavish life; at the small pay for his days' toil; at his scant fare and bad clothing; more still at the wants of his old mother, which he could not supply. But as he went his way, after seeing the dead nobleman by the roadside, he bethought him of a word the nun he loved so much had said when she gave him the crucifix—"There, Larry, and if you ever feel cold, and tired, and

hungry, as I am sure you often do, just look at that, and think of what a hard life you Saviour had, and how little thanks He got for all He did for us poor sinners; and remember, my boy, there's a time coming fast when it will not make much matter, or any matter at all to us whether we were rich or poor in this world. If we are rich, all the money we have goes to some one else the very day we die, and then we are just as poor as the beggars. But if we are rich in good works, we take all such away to Heaven with us, and no one can ever take them from us. So you see, Larry, the richest people are the people whose wealth will last for thousands and thousands of years; and that's the kind of money I like to have." And Larry believed her and listened reverently to her—as well he might: for he knew that she had given up all her wealth—and she had been rich—that, like her Master, she might become poor. He remembered to have seen her long ago, when he was quite a little child, driving about in a grand carriage or riding a beautiful horse; and now she tramped about in the rain, and wet, and cold like any poor beggar—for she was a Sister of Mercy, and went like a poor woman to see the poor.

And as Larry was sleeping, and the good angels were watching over him, and thinking what a beautiful house he would have in Heaven, and how surprised he would be when he saw it, and how he would wonder what he did to merit all the treasures that were laid up for him there.

But that very day he had done two most generous actions, and he had done them for the love of God, which gave them real value. He had placed his crucifix in the dead man's hand, thinking that to have something blessed near him might do his poor soul good; and he had given away his halfpenny. Yes, he met a very poor old beggar woman: she did not ask him for anything, for she thought he was poor like herself—too poor to give an alms; but good-hearted Larry had been thinking over all the nun had said to him, and the sight of DEATH, the great teacher, had impressed the lesson on his mind more deeply. He must die, too, as well as

the great gentleman, and what good would it do him then if he had all the money in the world. Then he remembered, that to give alms was one of the greatest acts of charity he could perform, and so he gave the old woman his half-penny, saying to himself—"For the love of God, in honor of the Blessed Mary, and for the poor gentleman's soul." And he went on his way with his mail bags, feeling as if the world could not contain his happiness. And he felt truly—for the world could not contain it: it came from God, and God only can fill the soul with true and perfect joy.

CHAPTER X.

NED RUSHEEN IS ACCUSED OF FIRING
THE FIRST SHOT.

EGAN had a consultation with the Inspector of Police, who arrived at the station early in the morning. The question was, whether Ned Rusheen should be arrested at once, on suspicion, or whether they should wait for further disclosures.

The Inspector suggested that Egan should call at Ned's place, and try to see him, and bring about a conversation, by which he might ascertain the truth regarding the comforter. He also thought he ought to make further inquiries about Ellie McCarthy's disappearance.

They went together up the road to the scene of the murder, and found a few people there; not tearing up bits of earth as mementoes of the crime, or stealing bits of stick, or anything else that could be got, to show their friends, when they discoursed upon the horrors. Ah, no! after all, they were only "poor, ignorant Irish." The fate of the dead man's soul, cut off so suddenly, weighed upon the religious minds too deeply for much idle curiosity, and the few who were on the spot were saying their beads, or uttering ejaculations of prayer, in the pauses of a very subdued conversation.

Even the Inspector was very much moved by what he saw: He had been in England some time—in a somewhat similar capacity—and he had seen strong men fight, and nearly murder

each other, in their anxiety to get a piece of a door, or a fragment of a tree, where a deadly deed of crime had been done. He certainly pitied these misguided people; but, on the whole, he thought, if he were in Lord Elmsdale's place, he would rather be prayed over than sought over.

The place had been guarded now for twenty-four hours. The footmarks had not been trampled on; the frost was so severe they were, if possible, more distinct than on the previous day. The twig in the hedge was still bent down, but white with rime—whiter than the unhappy soul of the criminal who had done the deed.

The Inspector made a discovery. His wits had been sharpened by years of contact with criminal cases.

"Look here, Egan; I think I have found out something that may be important. The footmarks are confused—there are marks of several feet here." He pointed to the spot in the field at the side of the hedge, just opposite the place where Lord Elmsdale had been found. "And, look here," he continued, eagerly, "there is a footmark coming and a footmark going from the very spot where you have bent the twig. What does this mean? Could the murderer have come to the place to reconnoitre, and then returned and gone lower down? I really don't understand it. 'Pon my word, Egan, it's just the most mysterious affair I ever had to do with."

And so it was—very mysterious. Egan was peering about him eagerly, as if he expected every minute to see something which he had not seen before, and to be placed on the pinnacle of professional fame by his discovery.

"Where does Rusheen live?"

"Down the road, a little to the right, sir."

"Then he did not go home after the murder, if he was the murderer. Look, the footsteps all go up in the direction of the castle."

Egan admitted that they did.

"Egan!"

"Sir!"

"Do you think you could fix that piece of woollen stuff on the hedge exactly the way you found it? or, stay! can you tell me if it was caught loosely,

or fixed on tight? I have a very particular reason for asking. Think a moment, and be sure you answer correctly."

"Well, sir, I can answer at once, and for certain. It was stuck on tight; pushed on, I might say, for the twig stuck out an inch or two beyond it. You may see, sir. There are my foot-steps at the side. I took care not to stand in, or efface those already made." The Inspector pulled his whiskers. He always did when perplexed; it seemed greatly to assist the flow of ideas.

"Egan!"

"Sir!"

"I don't think that piece of stuff was torn off by the hedge. The hedge was not strong enough to do it. If it had caught in a window, or anything like that, it might have been torn, but the hedge could not do it."

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MATILDA.

ONE day little Matilda found herself left alone in the house. Her father had gone out to his business; her mother had gone out to make visits; her brothers were at school; and the servants were all busy in different ways. She said to herself:—

"Now that I am alone I can do what I choose, and no one will know what I do; and I will do just as if my papa and mama were at home—I will not waste my time nor do anything forbidden."

So she first wrote a copy, and then learned her lessons; then she went to the piano and practiced as faithfully as if her music teacher had been sitting by her side; then she sat down to her sewing and sewed extremely well for her age.

Then she went into the garden, and, after watering her flowers, she transplanted some pretty zinnias from her own bed to those of her brothers, to give them a pleasant surprise.—And when evening came, Matilda felt very happy that she had spent the day well.

Her parents returned; and her mother, seeing her look so gay and light-hearted, said:—

"I need not ask you if you have been

good and employed your time well, for I see it in your face."

Matilda showed her mother what she had done, and her brothers were delighted with the pleasant surprise that she had prepared for them.

That same evening, a lady, a friend of her mother, came in on a visit, and said:—

"This is the little girl whom I watched to-day when she did not know that any one saw her. I watched her going about her duties as if under her mother's eye."

After Matilda had said good-night, and had gone to her room, she said to herself:—

"So I thought I was alone, and yet all that I did was seen. Mamma only gave me one look, and yet she could tell whether I had done well or ill; and the lady was observing me when I did not know it. And more than all, even when no human being sees us when we are alone, yet God can see and know even better than our mother can. Let me never forget thine all-seeing eye, O my Father in heaven."

WHO LAUGHS FIRST.

THIS is a childish but most laughable game, and is thus played: The players, on whom absolute silence and gravity are strictly enjoined, range themselves in a close circle. The leader gives her right-hand neighbor a little tap on the knee; she does the same to the person seated beside her, who follows her example, and it thus makes the round of the circle. The leader then taps her neighbor on both knees, the other players, doing the same. The third round adds to this a tap on one cheek; the fourth on both; at the fifth, the leader, after giving her neighbor taps on both knees and both cheeks, seizes her gently by the ear, which she continues to hold while the other players go through the same evolutions, which ends by producing so odd-looking a human chain that it becomes almost impossible to refrain from breaking the imposed silence, either by laughing or exclamation, which of course, incurs a forfeit. The leader is allowed to prolong the game by adding to it any gestures she pleases.

WORDS TO YOUNG GIRLS.

LITTLE girls, do you ever think of the meaning of words? This word, now, *courtesy*, has something about it which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago in Europe and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves. In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as far as possible. They do not want anybody to know that they have little daughters in the house.

Gradually, in the Middle Ages, the women came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and poets together helped to win for them a proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys, and presided at all of the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuff called samite and camelot and gave medicine to the sick. She also learned the art of surgery; and when the soldiers and knights came home from the battle field, wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and to bind up the bruised part. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular in place of the old roughness and rudeness, took the general name of *courtesy*.

The Saviour bids us be *courteous*. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy which you can practice at home, at school, or on the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase—“*In honor preferring one another.*” Suppose that you try to live with these words for your motto, say, at least for a whole week to come.

THE FOOLISH TRAVELLER.

“I SHOULD like very much to hear a story,” said a youth to his teacher “I hate serious instructions; I cannot bear preaching.”

“Listen, then,” said the teacher. “A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wild desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling fertile fields. Instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the

traveller, he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying onward for a few days his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass, everything was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two days in tortments of hunger and thirst he expired.”

“It was foolish in him,” said the youth, “to forget that he had to cross the desert.”

“Do you act more wisely?” asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. “You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labor affrights you, and you prefer to trifle away the spring time of your years amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer.”

Do you act more wisely? This is the meaning of the parable to the reader.

PLAYING CHICKEN.

“I SAY, girls,” said a blue-eyed flaxen haired boy on Second street, yesterday, “let me take your candy and we’ll all play chicken.”

“Is it nice?” inquired a half dozen six year olds, in chorus.

“Nice!” you bet it is. “Let me show you. Now all go down there, and come up when you hear me call like a rooster.”

The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen feet off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to sturt, and flap his arms like a rooster’s wings.

“Cluck, cluck, rat, rat, tap, cluck,” and all the girls came running up, and bent to pick up the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took it in at one gulp.

“Oh, you mean boy,” they cried, “you have taken all our candy!”

“That’s ‘cause I played rooster,” said the boy; “roosters always call the hens up when he finds a grain of corn and then picks it up himself.”

F A C E T I Æ .

A Western paper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old, and cross-eyed, with panelets on, which never spoked afterwards."

On the marriage of Miss Wheat, it was hoped that her path would be flowery, and that she would never be thrashed.

Charitable lady:—"Poor man! If it were possible to procure work, what situation would suit you best?" Tramp—"Lady's companion, mum."

An old lady being asked to subscribe for a newspaper, declined, on the ground when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

"Dipped into a weak solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be so highly educated.

A bankrupt was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he, "it is my creditors that are embarrassed."

Foots, the celebrated comic actor, said to a woman who had been scolding him, "I have heard of tartar and of brimstone—you are the cream of the one, and the flower of the other."

A gentleman lately wrote to a Dumfriesshire laird of the old school, requesting leave for a friend to shoot and course over a portion of the estate. The laird replied that he was sorry he could not allow any "cursing" or "shouting" on his property.

"I am convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked a reverend gentleman to a brother minister; "my congregation is continually increasing." "Curious," replied the other, who happened to be a penitentiary chaplain, "for so is mine."

Or any other Woman's!—A gossiping woman intent on slander went into a neighbor's and exclaimed, as she threw herself into a chair, "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!" "That isn't your fault," quietly responded the neighbor.

When the regulations of West Boston Bridge were drawn up by two famous lawyers, one section, it is said, was written, accepted, and now stands thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, provided the same does not fall on Sunday."

"Did you say I was the biggest liar you ever know?" fiercely asked a ruffian of a counsel, who had been skinning him in his address to the jury. "Yes, I did," replied the counsel, and the crowd eagerly watched for the expected fight. "Well then," said the ruffian, "all I've got to say is that you could 'a never knowed my brother Jim."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening," if it would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him.

"You doan' nebber hear of nobody failing on me, does ye?" "Not as I remember on." "In course you doan'. Why? 'Causo I has bin right down fine on business principles ebber since de crash of '57. Now, Misser White, look me in de eye while I tell you dat de proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' around de business horizon. If you owes a firm, and dat firm is shaky, doan' pay de debt, but wait till dey fail. If a firm is shaky and owes you, sit on the doah-step till yo get de money. Now go 'long wid your whitewash,"

Dean Swift's barber one day told him that he had taken a public-house. "And what's your sign?" said the dean. "Oh, the pole and basin; and if your worship would just write me a few lines to put on it, I have no doubt but it would draw me plenty of customers." The dean took out his pencil and wrote the following couplet:

Move not from pole to pole; but step in here;
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer!

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

SONG AND MARCH.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The melody features a series of eighth notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

The second system continues the musical score with two staves. The upper staff includes a 'V' marking above the first measure, likely indicating a violin or flute part. The melody continues with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

The third system continues the musical score with two staves. The upper staff includes a 'V' marking above the first measure. The melody continues with eighth notes and rests. The lower staff provides accompaniment with chords and single notes. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

Cheer, boys! gai - ly let the glasses ring With mirth and jo-li-

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the top staff.

ty We'll laugh and talk and sing So ban - ish sor - row

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the top staff.

drive it from the door The Jolly Knights of St. Patrick hip hip hip hur-rah -

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the top staff.

1. The Knights of St. Pa - trick All sons of Ire - - land, Be-nev-o-lent, brave

p

I - rishmen, With char - i - ty in each hand The prin - ci - ple of right De -

termined to maintain And hand it down un-to our sons To wear our worthy name.

2.—Grand fellowship our aim,
 We're brothers one and all.
 So swift we start with eager heart
 When charity makes a call,
 Just like our Patron Saint,
 We follow on his plan,
 To do good to humanity
 And help our fellow man.

3.—So while the world goes round
 We keep in friendship's track
 And look ahead with steady tread,
 From charity ne'er turn back
 The goal is happiness
 Endeavor to do right,
 There's a vacant place for every face,
 Of each St. Patrick Knight.

Day	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in March.
1	Sat	Resolution of 32 Orange Lodges against the Union, 1800. Mr. Gladstone introduced the Church Disestablishment Bill into the House of Commons, 1869.
2	Sun	QUADRAGESIMA SUNDAY. Archbishop Murray read before the Catholic Committee a communication from the Irish prelates against the veto, 1810.
3	Mon	James Stephens escaped from England to France, 1866.
4	Tues	"Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery" received the royal assent, 1703.
5	Wed	Act for the suppression of the Catholic Association passed both Houses, 1829.
6	Thurs	Fenian rising in Dublin County, Tipperary, Limerick, Drogheda, &c., 1867. Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, born at Tubernavine, in the parish of Adergoole, and diocese of killlala, County Mayo, 1788.
7	Fri	The <i>Press</i> , "United Irish" organ, seized, and office destroyed by Government, 1796.
8	Sat	King William III. died, 1701.
9	Sun	Mr. Grattan, in the English House of Commons, moved for a committee of the whole house on the Catholic question, 1819.
10	Mon	Maynooth besieged, 1535. Emancipation Bill read first time in House of Commons, 1829.
11	Tues	The "Irish Volunteers" suppressed by proclamation, 1793.
12	Wed	King James II. landed at Kinsale, 1688. Oliver Bond and fourteen "United Irish" Delegates arrested in the house of Oliver Bond, 12 Bridge street, Dublin, 1793.
13	Thurs	Two sons of Feagh M'Hugh O'Byrne committed to Dublin Castle, 1653. Ulster Williamites beaten at "break of Dromore," 1689.
14	Fri	Six thousand French, under Lauzane, entered Kinsale, 1689.
15	Sat	Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, butchered by English soldiers in his 80th year, 1601. Father Sheehy hanged, 1766.
16	Sun	Don Juan, Spanish commander, left Ireland, 1603.
17	Mon	St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick died, 464. Irish flag presented to the French Provisional Government by the Irish Patriots at Paris, 1848.
18	Tues	Battle of Ross, 1642. King John granted a charter to Dublin, in 1207.
19	Wed	Laurence Sterne died, 1768. Monster Repeal Meeting at Trim, 20,000 present, 1843.
20	Thurs	James Ussher, Protestant Primate, died, 1666. Myles Byrne born at Monascead, County Wexford, 1780. John Mitchel died, 1875.
21	Fri	First newspaper published in Dublin in Skinner's Row, 1685.
22	Sat	Synod of Catholic Bishops at Kells declared the Irish war just and lawful, 1642.
23	Sun	MID-LENT SUNDAY. O'Connell presented a petition against the Union in the House of Commons, 1844.
24	Mon	James II. entered Dublin, 1689.
25	Tues	ANNUNCIATION B. V. M. An export duty put upon Irish cloths, which destroyed that branch of Irish manufacture, 1699. An act obliging all registered priests to take the oath of abjuration (in which the Mass was declared idolatrous) took effect on this day, 1710.
26	Wed	First "Irish Volunteer" Company enrolled, 1778.
27	Thurs	John Hogan, sculptor, died, 1858.
28	Fri	Meeting in Liverpool to honor O'Connell, 1844.
29	Sat	Arras surrendered after a brave defence, by Owen Roe, 1641.
30	Sun	Hugh O'Neill submitted finally to the Lord Deputy at Mellifont, 1603. Martial law for Ireland proclaimed, 1793. "Emancipation Bill" read a third time in the House of Commons, 1829. John Martin died, 1875.
31	Mon	Peter O'Neill Crowley shot in Killeclooney Wood, 1867. Prince John, son of King Henry, embarked for Waterford, in the year 1185.

EXPERIENCE.—It often happens that the more we see into a man, the less we admire him.

Words that are often used together become associated in the mind; and unless we resist the force of verbal association, we shall often say something different from what we mean.

Conscience is a terrible punishment to the villains who yet believe in a hereafter.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions and their estates.