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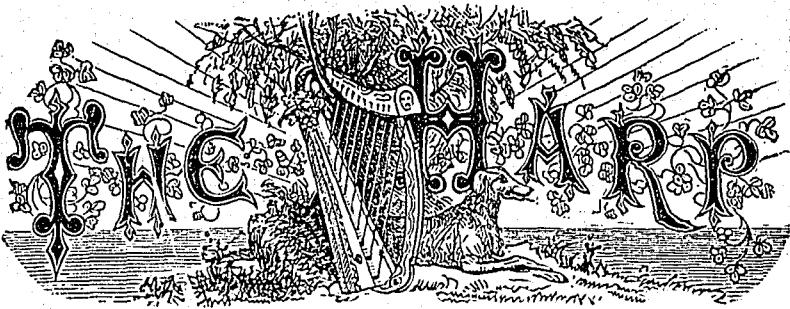
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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

HEREAFTER.

We run the race of life with blinded hearts,
Intent on things around us, and we look
Delighted, on the phantom that departs,
Leaving us vain regret we fill can brook.

We pine o'er labors ended with the day,
Forgetting their reward is endless rest;
We laugh and sing with idle, empty mirth,
Leaving them soon for night birds to infest.

We make us idols out of rotten earth,
And pay them homage due to higher powers;
We laugh and sing with idle, empty mirth,
And waste without remorse the priceless
hours.

And evermore we turn our eyes away
From things that of the great Hereafter tell;
And evermore we wander, far astray,
In our fool's paradise awhile to dwell.

To pluck forbidden fruit, forbidden flowers,
Sweet to the eye, but bitter to the heart;
And oh, how bitter, when those transient hours
For aye are over, and we must depart.

For soon, too soon the final hour is come.
Our journey ended, silently we stand
With hearts no longer light, and vain lips
dumb
At the dim portals of the eternal land.

And in those awful moments of suspense
Ere the gates open to the lingering soul,
What sad anxieties, what fears intense,
Like waves of ocean o'er the spirit roll.

How shall our lot be cast, we ask, and where,
In that Hereafter, endless, deathless, vast?
Shall we be placed in happy gardens there,
Or be in miserable deserts lost?

And lo, the answer—"In your own hands lay
Your final, everlasting destiny;
As you have sown, in your brief earthly day,
So you shall reap, for all eternity."

D. C. DEANE.

EVELEEN'S VICTORY;

OR,

Ireland in the Days of Cromwell.

A TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE,"
"IRISH HOMES AND IRISH HEARTS," &c.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

Night fell on Drogheda, and the city
was outwardly quiet.

Sir Arthur Aston and his council of
war held vigil it is true. Officers pa-
trolled the town, watched the gates and
ramparts to see if any weak spot had
been overlooked by which the enemy
might make good his entrance in a
night surprise, but the busy hum and
stir of the day was over, the lights were
extinguished, the noise and traffic of the
river-side was at an end, and the moon,
rising in all her glory, cast a flood of
silver light on the smooth waters of the
Boyne.

In the house of Bride O'Sullivan a
sad scene was passing.

The nuns were all ready for their
journey, and many tears were shed and
many blessings breathed from the ach-
ing hearts of those who held them as
their dearest treasures.

"It is not quite time," said Father
Taaffe, as he entered the room, "the tide
does not serve; we must wait awhile;
and I would, if I weary you not, my
children, say a few parting words unto
you before you set forth."

"Oh Father," said Mother Abbess,
"be pleased to do so, our hearts are full

at the thought of being left without your fatherly-care for us."

All present seated themselves, and Father Taaffe, standing in the midst, spoke thus:

"Children, beloved in our Lord, we part to-night, and not all of us shall meet on earth."

Bride, whose face was hidden in the folds of Mother Abbess' habit, shook from head to foot.

"Who shall be the first to go, God knoweth. Children, our lives are in his hands. It is useless to conceal from ourselves that terrible times are at hand. This seige of Drogheda will be a severe one. You, my sisters, have to encounter the perils of a voyage; and then who knoweth how long Wexford may be a safe abode? I counsel you to go hither because 'tis best you should confer with your sisters there how to act in these perilous days. God's hand is heavy on us, my children; but let us take comfort; 'whom He loveth He chastiseth.' I would that you lift up your hearts to the Lord; let each of you say, 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.' Yea, though He slay the dearest hope of your souls, the desire of your eyes, let His holy will be done in us. Fear not to suffer, my sisters; fear not when the nails of the cross pierce your hands and feet; life is short, eternity is long. Oh, would to God we might be reckoned among the martyr throng! Would to God that we may confess his name until death! Say, sisters and children beloved, is there any faint heart among us?"

And fervently and sweetly young men in the vigour of their manhood, old men in the weakness of old age, and women in their feebleness, answered "No."

"Go forth then," he said, in God's name. Fear nothing; neither storm or wind, fire or sword. Go forth, and bear all things, suffer all things for the sake of Christ."

Then he blessed them in the name of God, and led the way towards the quays. Two by two the nuns followed. Bride O'Sullivan would go with them, and wrapped herself in a cloak and mantle exactly like those worn by the religious. Hugh Maguire and Father Taaffe were to see her safe home when the nuns had

embarked. Silently the procession passed through the streets and reached the quays. Two boats would contain the religious.

Mother Vicarress and several of the nuns embarked in the first, and the boat was pushed off. The Mother Abbess and other religious stepped into the other. Sister Clare of Jesus was the last, as Bride had drawn her into her arms for a parting embrace.

Suddenly Bride felt herself wrenched from Eveleen, lifted off her feet, a hand put over her mouth, and knew that she was being carried away.

She was half suffocated, but she retained her senses to know that she was borne by several persons along the quay. In a few minutes she was set down, and she found she was about to be forced into a boat. Her assailants were hindered for a moment by an attack from Hugh. She could hear his voice; but what could one man do against ten?

Bride's nature knew no fear. She tore the covering from her head and dashed into the melee. The moonlight fell full upon her head and face. The tallest and most powerful of her abductors fell back a step, and with a terrible oath, cried, "Who art thou, girl?"

"It matters not to you she answered, coldly.

"Fool," said the man, turning furiously towards one of his followers and striking him with the hilt of his sword, "you have played me falsely; this is no nun."

And with an aspect of diabolical fury he sprung into the boat. His companions followed him, dragging with them their wounded and insensible comrade. The boat pushed off, and Bride and Hugh found themselves standing alone, staring at each other as if awakened from a dream.

Bride was the first to speak.

"Hugh, are the nuns safe?"

"Quite safe, thanks be to God. That was meant for one of them it seems."

"Even so," said Bride, picking up her mantle; "for Eveleen, I doubt not. Glory be to God, Hugh! I have not lived in vain, as I have lived to save her."

"Let us go and find Father Taaffe," rejoined Hugh, "for I left him in great tribulation about you. I saw Sister

Clare take out her beads and begin to pray as the boat pushed off, and you were seen to be borne off by those ruffians."

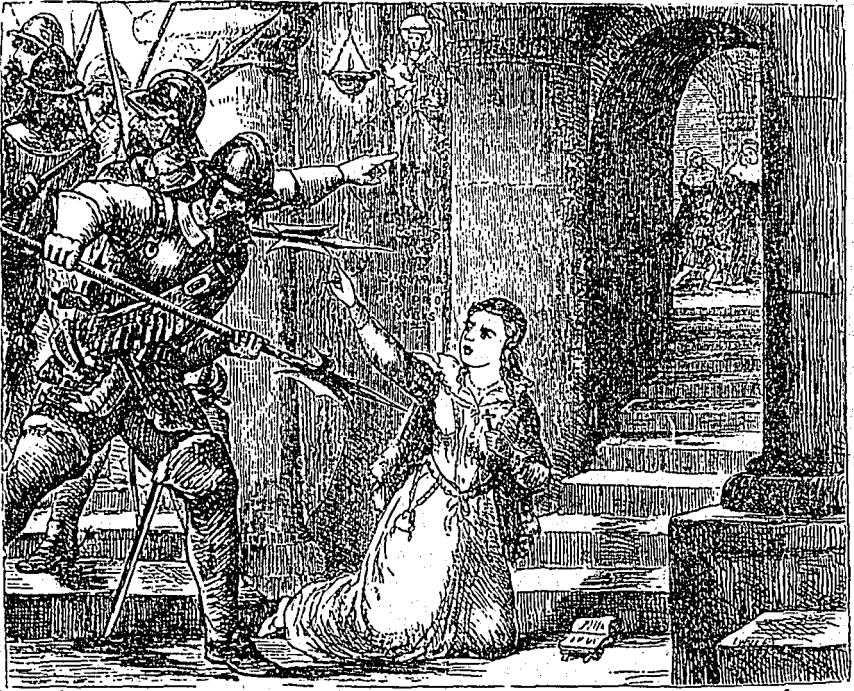
CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

The rapidity of Cromwell's movements soon showed the garrison of Drogheda that they had no ordinary foe to deal with. Ere a week had passed the batteries were ready, and on September the 2nd the fatal sounds were heard which

St. Peter's Church was turned into an hospital, and Bride and other ladies, with many pious women of the Third Order of St. Francis and St. Dominic, were ready to attend on the wounded.

"Ah, heaven! hear you that, Bride?" cried her terrified mother, towards evening on the 10th of September, as a sound that seemed to shake the city resounded in their ears.

"Hear you that, Bride? The invaders are upon us!"



IRELAND IN THE DAYS OF CROMWELL.

denoted hostilities had really begun. Strange to say, as the actual danger approached, Bride's spirits rose again. The anguish of parting from her friends was over; they at least were safe, and the heaviness that had weighed upon her heart was at an end. Perhaps it partly arose from the fact of her having made serious preparation for death; so that now having cast down at the feet of her Lord all that could awe or dismay her in that dread hour, she went on her road light of heart. Her time was busily employed. A large building near

Bride's cheek had paled a little, but she recovered herself.

"Mother, the siege only began to-day. Do you hold our men so cheap?—Here cometh Hugh; he will tell us it is nought—Here, now, Hugh, what means this riot?—surely no danger yet."

"Not yet," said Hugh, bravely; "but I misdoubt not 'tis near at hand. The steeple of St. Mary's is down. This man knoweth how to besiege. They say, however, he will give quarter, yea, and honourable terms, an' the resistance cost him not too dear."

"Oh, then," cried Kathleen, clinging to his arm, "Why not give in at once, and vex him no more."

Hugh bent fondly over her.

"My Kate, men war not thus; he would despise an' we yield too soon. We must not be cowards in the hour of danger. Farwell, love; adieu, ladies, I must to my post."

The next two days were indeed a time of anguish to the poor ladies, although they had little leisure to think. Their patients came in with fearful rapidity, and deafened with the noise of the siege, they had to bind up wounds, give drink to the parched lips soothe as best they might the agonies of death.

The rapidity with which Cromwell made his assaults, and his indomitable perseverance, overthrew many a calculation made by the defenders.

"I must breathe the air," said Bride, impetuously, on the evening of the second day, when Hugh, released for an hour from guard, came into the hospital.

"Take me, Hugh, to some high point where I may see the foe. I cannot go on with the work here if I do not breathe a moment. I must look upon the Boyne."

"Take her, Hugh," said his wife, "If she fail us we can none of us go on."

Hugh led the way to a point where half Drogheda, the Boyne, and the camp of Cromwell could plainly be seen.

It was a beautiful autumn day. The glorious sun was shining as he is wont to do "on the evil and on the good," the river flowed calmly on, the little flowers in the hedgerows shut their tiny heads, for the evening was drawing near; the leaves had not begun to fall, only human lives were falling thick as autumn leaves, only human hearts were breaking fast.

Bride flung back her hood and let the breeze play on her face and throbbing head.

"Ha!" cried Hugh, starting forward, "is't possible? He is foolhardy after all! We shall win the day yet."

"Where?—what?" gasped Bride with dilated eyes.

Hugh, too absorbed in watching to speak again, pointed silently to the spot where a "forlorn hope" of Cromwell's men were attacking on the south side.

Bride could see nothing but smoke and a confused struggle. Hugh's practiced eye could discern that the men were being driven back. Then he saw one who was leading them on reel and fall; he guessed, and truly, it was the Colonel of the party. He saw the retreat, and, flushed with joy, hastened to impart the news to Bride.

They returned to the hospital in good spirits. Alas! had they been nearer the spot they would have seen what fatal injuries the assailing party had wrought ere the fall of their leader compelled them to withdraw, and neither they nor the garrison would ever have counted on the indomitable purpose of the General, who, seeing his men return bearing the dead body of one of his best officers, while many of their comrades who were picked men were left dead beneath the walls, instantly went forth himself at the head of his reserve to make good the advantage he had gained, again attacked the weak point, and ere darkness gathered over the devoted city, was master of her fate.

The moon rose in all her splendour, as on the night when the nuns stole down to the river's side. She had not yet begun to wane, that glorious harvest moon, but that night she looked down on the harvest of human lives that fell beneath the savage hand of the reaper thirsting for blood.

Well indeed that night some might have gazed on the silver moon and cried:

"Art pale with very weariness
Of walking heaven, and gazing upon earth?"

Hugh had the guard of the hospital assigned to him, and at the beginning of the night brought hope to the fainting hearts of the women by announcing that a parley had been held by the garrison, who now retreated into the Millmount, a position which was the key to the whole town, and the invaders; and a promise had been given of quarter, should an immediate surrender take place. Sir Arthur Aston, seeing that further resistance was futile, accepted the terms, and yielded. According to civilized warfare the conflict would have ended here. But the brave old cavalier who had fought in his youth for King Sigismund of Poland, who had marched with Gustavus Adolphus, who had led

the king's cavalry at Edge-hill, know not yet with whom he had to deal. Fiercer than the Cossack, more unscrupulous than the Turk, Cromwell cared little for promises.

"All the flower of the Irish army are in your hands now, general," said Colonel Jones.

"Then spare none," returned his commander; "put all to the sword."

Night was no longer silent in Drogheda. Hour after hour the slaughter went on. Sir Arthur Aston fell, sword in hand, and his body was hacked to pieces. But at last the night wore to an end and Nature woke up to gladsome day.

Was not the thirst for blood yet sated? Behold the gallant soldiers—Irish chief and English cavalier—They lie side by side in the sleep of death. The odour of death fills the streets.

Driven from all other places a mass of the inhabitants, and the few soldiers who yet remained, took refuge in St. Peter's Church. The women fled into the crypt; the men ascended the galleries and lofts determined to sell their lives dearly; the wooden steeple was crowded.

"What will you my Lord Lieutenant?" said his officers, as Cromwell, having broken his fast with a good appetite, surveyed the scene.

"Set fire to the steeple," he replied.

The order was rapidly executed, and the general looked on, noting down the cries on his tablets for his next dispatch as they were borne to his ear.

Within the church the hapless prisoners perceived a lull in the warfare. They hardly knew what it betokened. Outside the church stood a group of Cromwell's staff surrounding their general.

"Who cometh here?" cried Captain Thomas Wood, a young officer, with his beard scarce grown, to whom this was the first taste of warfare, and who was feeling somewhat sick of it.

"Ha! 'tis a good thought," said Cromwell, a semblance of a smile lighting his dark and heavy features as a troop of men advanced, each bearing in one hand a child, whom they had picked up in the street, and in the other a pike or sword, already crusted with blood from their past night's work.

Thus armed they entered the church, and, holding the child aloft as a buckler ascended the gallery steps. They had well understood with whom they had to deal. Not a man of Drogheda would free himself at the expense of the helpless infants; so gaining the galleries, the ruthless soldiers put each man to death, and then threw the children, as so many balls, upon the stone floor of the church.

"My lord! my lord!" said Wood, flushing crimson; "This is not war—this is butchery! I beseech you put a stop to this, and spare the children."

As he spoke he snatched one baby from a soldier's arm and held it up before the general.

The baby's terrified eyes gazed wonderingly into the savage face. Again the semblance of a smile, but not of pity or of mercy.

"What wouldst thou, young man? Knowest thou not that these will be vermin also, like their fathers?"*

Wood turned away, and contented himself with carrying the child into the crypt, crowded with women, who for the moment he supposed to be safe. At the sight of the child a cry, such as can only come from a mother's breast, burst forth; and rushing to him Kathleen Maguire clasped her little boy in her arms.

Where was Hugh?

"Oh! good sir tell me where is my Hugh?"

Wood shook his head. Alas, poor Kathleen! thy Hugh's fair face is stiffening fast in death.

Suddenly a rush of feet, and down into the crypt came the Ironsides, like wild beasts hurrying for their prey; and the women of Drogheda learn that their sex and weakness can avail nought, and they too must die.

"But these are women," said Wood, arresting Russel, the leader. "Wilt thou kill women?"

"Yea, verily," returned he; that will I right gladly. Knowest thou not, young man, how it is written: 'Go therefore, and smite Amalec, and utterly destroy all that he hath;—spare them not, but slay both man and woman, child and suckling?'

*Cromwell's exact words are too horrible to quote; we give their literal meaning.

And so saying, he plunged his sword into the body of Kathleen, who fell backward with a cry. Her child was hidden in the folds of her dress and escaped notice.

And now the agony of death came upon Bride. Worn out by long fasting, and the death of her mother, who had expired an hour before from the effects of her many sufferings, terror in all its force fell on her. She clung to Wood, and his heart being touched by this young and lovely face, he determined to save her.

"Come with me," he said; and drawing her after him, he led her down some steps into a lower vault, from whence, in his haste, he thought they might escape. But there was another door of entry; a group of soldiers rushed in by this, and stabbed Bride, who fell at his feet, clasping her crucifix to her breast.

The soldiers rushed on in search of further prey.

Wood was left alone with the dying victim. He was bred in Cromwell's army. Accustomed to bend to his stern rule, his compassion had well nigh spent itself.

"As well have her jewels, since she is dead," he murmured.

So he unclasped the bracelets (Gerald's gift), and took the gold chain from her neck.

The dying girl opened her eyes, and gazed into his face—a mute, last look, and then all was still.

Furious at his own feeling of remorse, Wood flung the body from him, and it fell a considerable height. Hastily turning away and regaining the crypt, he met Cromwell regarding with stern satisfaction the massacred bodies.

Over the lifeless body of Kathleen Maguire her baby boy was crawling, kissing the cold, white face, and wailing out—

"Wake mother—little mother. Speak to Hugh."

For one moment—for one moment the iron nature was moved. Once he, too, had been a child on his mother's knee. Once again did his good angel breathe a whisper.

He dashed it aside, and bade them slay the child, as he rested on his dead mother's bosom.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

The Poor Clares at Wexford had been praying in their chapel, when they were summoned to the chapter-room to hear a communication from the Abbess. The two communities had merged into one; but the Abbess of Wexford being in very bad health, the temporary charge of the community rested in the hands of Mother Magdalene until the fate of the Sisters should be decided.

The nuns silently took their places, and the glances they cast on the Abbess told them but too truly the news she had to tell was of a harrowing nature.

But when Mother Magdalene began to tell them of Bride's death, she fairly broke down, and hid her face in her hands; the Drogheda nuns wept bitterly and those of Wexford grieved in sympathy.

Bride O'Sullivan, the child of their House, their bright and loving handmaiden for all their wants, who practised many a secret self denial that she might bestow some alms on them or the poor, whose smiles had so often gladdened them, whose voice had so often sung the praises of God in their poor chapel; "Blessed are those who die in the Lord."

How many a voice speaks out then a loving witness for them; how keenly then are their virtues searched out and held up to view.

And then the Abbess told them of the death of Father Taaffe, how he had confessed his Master unto the end; how, having by some means escaped the general massacre in St. Peter's Church, he was seized by the Ironsides, tied to a stake, and pierced with shot until he died, thus adding another glory to the Order of Mount Carmel.

"And now, dear Sisters," said the Abbess, we must in very truth go into exile. We hear from an undoubted source that Cromwell's army is in full march for this place, and that in a few days he will be before the town. It is decided that we should this very night set sail for Spain. Say, my Sisters, are all of you willing to come with me?"

"We are Mother," answered all with one voice.

"We cannot remain altogether in Spain," continued the Abbess. "We must disperse into different convents. I

doubt not the charity of our Spanish Sisters will receive us. Some may perhaps have to go to Portugal, and some to make their way to France and Flanders. None of you, save Sister Clare of Jesus, know the language. There will be many sufferings in store for you. On the other hand, your families and secular friends will receive you. You may, if you so choose, await the day, if God wills it ever to come, when a community can again re-assemble.

"No, Mother Abbess," answered all; "we go with you: we will keep our holy rule as best we may until death."

"You, Sister Agnes and Sister Louise, are entirely free," said the Abbess, looking kindly at two young girls, who each wore the white veil of a novice.

Both rose and flung themselves at her feet.

"Mother, leave us not behind—do not cast us off—let us go with you. We are most unworthy, we know it; but take us with you. Although we have not made our sacred vows in the sight of Holy Church, we have made them often in the silence of our hearts. Hear us, O our God"—and both of them raised their clasped hands to Heaven—"we vow unto thy Majesty, poverty, charity, and obedience, and never of our own will to leave our holy enclosure. Accept us, O our God and our Lord."

Ere the Abbess could speak a knock was heard at the house door. The portress went to answer it, and an involuntary silence fell on the Sisters. Each felt that any moment some dread news might come.

Sister Mary Eustache re-entered, saying, "Mother, it is Father Stafford, and when I told him you were here with all our our Sisters, he craved your leave to come hither, for he would, he saith, say somewhat to us all."

"Bid him enter," said the Abbess, motioning to the novices to return to their places.

Father Stafford entered, and placed himself in the midst.

"My Sisters," he said, "we have just witnessed a very extraordinary occurrence, and though I would not dare to pronounce on its nature, it seemeth unto me and others it is a sign from Heaven."

An hour ago, while praying in our

church, the grave of your Sister Mariana suddenly opened before mine eyes. I thought I dreamt, and went to summon our brothers. They came and they saw as I did; then we raised the stone, and lifted the coffin on to the floor, and, marvel to relate, though 'tis three years since that blessed Sister went to her rest the body is fresh and incorrupt. She lies with a smile upon her face, and such a fragrance hath since filled our church as no scent of earth hath ever given."

The Sisters sank silently on their knees their hearts too full for speech.

"I have removed the body into the chapel of our Lady," said Father Stafford, and placing curtains there, forbidden entry. The people think we are repairing. I have spoken to no one; but as you start this night for Spain, and must therefore break your enclosure, will you, Mother Abbess, that you all come and venerate that sacred body ere we lay it in the tomb again?"

"Most gladly, Father," said the Abbess, rising. "What thinks your reverence this doth betoken?"

"That sorrow of no ordinary sort is coming on our land," said the priest gravely, and it is as a call to each of us, both men and women of our holy order, to be ready to meet death bravely."

And then blessing the Sisters he left them.

Towards evening that same day in the close of that eventful September the nuns wended their way from their dwelling towards the Church of the Franciscan Friars.

After adoring the Blessed Sacrament, they proceeded to the Lady Chapel, and there upon a wooden bier lay the form of her they had never expected to see again on earth. The sweet features were full of peace, colour lingered in the cheeks and on the smiling lips.

Smiling she had died. The hands were crossed upon her breast, but the crucifix placed between them had long since crumbled into dust. Her habit hung in rags around her form; a fragment of the parchment on which her vows were written, alone remained.

Reverently the nuns re-clothed the beloved form, and laid a new crucifix in her clasped hands; it was easy to sever them, for they were quite pliable. All present knelt and kissed those pre-

cious hands. All asked prayers from the holy soul who would one day re-take that virginal body, all took as relics portions of the crumbling grave-clothes, and then prepared to depart.

Some of the nuns, among them Sister Clare of Jesus, had never seen or known Sister Marianna in life. She was deeply impressed with the scene, and as she approached in her turn to kiss the hands it seemed to her as if the lips moved, and a whisper came into her soul as though the dead nun had spoken.

"Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!"

Silently the nuns defiled out of the church; immediately after leaving it, they had to turn a sharp corner and descend towards the sea. As Sister Clare in her turn passed by, she felt a hand suddenly placed over her mouth, strong arms lifted her from the ground, and she was rapidly borne away.

With such haste and cunning was this accomplished that it was not until the Sisters reached the quay that the loss was found out.

Pursuit was impossible at that hour. The matter was left in the hands of Father Stafford, and overwhelmed with grief, the nuns embarked.

As Mother Magdalene stood on deck and watched in the grey dawn of morning the receding shores of Ireland, her heart swelled and strained till it was like to break from the anguish of the thought as to what had become of the sweet lamb of her flock, her precious and cherished child; she prayed as One had done before her "in an agony," and to her, too, an answer came in the words of her daily repeated office:

"Because he hath hoped in me, I will deliver him: I will protect him because he hath known my name."

"Yes Lord," she murmured, raising her eyes to heaven, "I will trust her to Thee. Bitterer far than to lay down mine own life is this cross to me. Yea, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee."

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

Eveleen soon lost consciousness as she was hurriedly borne along. When she revived, she found herself lying at the bottom of a boat with the moonlight

playing upon her face. The boat was filled with men who were rowing with all possible speed, and scarcely a word was spoken among them. The poor captive judged it best to close her eyes and lie perfectly still. Her soul went out to God in an intensity of prayer, and, horrible as was her position, her heart was filled with confidence in her Lord; she had too lively a faith in the unsoon world to feel alone. She leant in spirit on her guardian angel, and was comforted. Presently the boat grated upon the beach, and Eveleen found her abductors were landing. She was now lifted out of the boat and placed upon horseback. Fearing that if she refused some more unpleasant mode of conveyance might be found, she seated herself. Her horse's bridle was linked with that of a horseman, and he guided her steed for a long, silent journey.

Morning began to break and revealed to Eveleen that she was being conducted into a wild, desolate waste, far from human habitation.

At last the party drew up at the door of an old half-ruined castle. Eveleen was lifted from her horse and carried into a room. To her astonishment she found it elegantly furnished for the fashion of the day. She was placed on a couch, and left for a few minutes alone. She speedily arose to her feet; for though weak and shaken with what she had undergone, the rapid ride through the fresh air had revived her.

She flung off her cloak, and a mirror which adorned the room reflected the strange figure of the young nun, pale as a lily, yet with a look of calm reliance shining in her eyes. The door opened; the tall horseman entered, no longer masked, and Roger MacDonald cast himself at her feet.

"Eva, my adored one; mine at last!"

There was no scorn in the glance Eva cast on him; it was a glance of such intense and wondering pity as an angel might cast on some frantic child of earth.

"Eva, I have tried to live without you, but in vain. My brain has been on fire, and at last, I have rescued you from that fearful fate to which those accursed priests have bound you. Now, then, nought can part us, and you shall learn what my love can be."

She was perfectly unmoved.

"Eva, speak to me; see, I am groveling at your feet."

"Rise, sir," she said, in calm, low tones, "and cease to use this language to me. In the name of God I command you to give me back my liberty, to restore me to my home."

A torrent of fulsome words were rushing from his lips; but with a gesture she stopped them. He rose to his feet; he had met more than he calculated on. This was no longer the Eveleen of early days, the maiden who had pitied him while she withstood his love. This was a creature awful in her dignity; to him like some statue of pale, cold marble, terrible in its loveliness.

"Take me home," she repeated.

"You have no home now, your nuns are gone."

"Take me to the O'Neill since my father fell at Rathmines he hath taken his place. Take me to his care, and place me by Mary's side."

"Never!" cried Roger, his passion blazing out. Have I schemed for years to be balked at last? You shall be mine now; nor man nor devil shall prevent it."

"But God can," she said.

All trace of fear had passed from her soul. She looked as Agnes of blessed memory might have looked before her Roman judges, in calm, unmoved majesty.

Roger felt it—felt that his crime was also a folly—felt that she had soared beyond his grasp—that the Eveleen of the days gone by was no longer before him. But he drove the conviction from him; it only tended to madden him, and to turn that passion which had borne some resemblance to love into an impotent hate.

"I care not for your God," he said. "He shall not conquer me; you *shall* be mine."

A quiver of pain passed over her face. She could not bear to her the name of God blasphemed. He saw it, and it gave him hope.

"Eveleen," he cried, "You shall be released from your vows, you shall be made free, and then you shall be worshipped as never woman was before. I will serve the God whom you so love;

I will give up all that can wound or distress you."

Eveleen was getting worn and weak with the long strain. A fear of fainting in his presence came over her. She felt her lips were turning white, and she said—

"You cannot release me from my vows. I will hold no further parley with you. I command you to leave my presence."

"You can—you shall be released," he cried. "I will not enter your presence again till I can tell you you are free. Farewell." And he was gone.

Eveleen tottered to the couch, and fell upon it utterly exhausted; but clasping her crucifix to her breast with unshaken confidence and love.

Presently an old woman of a most repulsive appearance, with the face of one hardened to all good influences, and seeking only for gain, came in, and proffered all kind of attentions.

Eveleen took some of the food she brought, and then lay down on the couch to rest, to think and to pray.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

Meanwhile Roger and his men spurred on to join Cromwell's army, now rapidly advancing upon Wexford. He was a valuable aid to the general, as a consummate traitor naturally would have been. He could speak Irish, he knew all Catholic customs, he was a Mac Donald, and could often deceive the peasantry into telling him the whereabouts of some priests or other fugitives. Roger had now a personal reason for the search. He had information that the Bishop of Ross was in the neighbourhood, and had first desired to track him and destroy him, out of hatred for his office and revenge for his having counselled the retreat of Eveleen from the world, and received her to profession. Now he had a new motive. He wanted to find him, and to offer him life on condition of his releasing Eveleen from her vows, and uniting her in marriage to himself.

Revolving this admirable plan in his mind, he rode on lost in thought.

"Hal!" cried one of his men, as they pursued their way through a sort of

woody ravine, "what was that whiskered round that tree?"

"A rabbit, perhaps," responded one of his companions, half asleep on his horse, after the night's work.

"Rabbits use not to 'fire themselves in red," said the first. "'Twas a woman's kirtle, or I have never seen one. An' you please, Sir Roger, that we halt," riding up to his master; "I misdoubt not some of those cattle are hiding here."

"Halt!" said Roger, "and let us search." Alas, the search was not a difficult one; a party of fugitives had taken refuge in a cave.

It was easily surrounded, and the soldiers thought they would have an easy victory. They were, however, mistaken. The aperture of entrance was so small that only one man could enter at a time. A soldier rushed forward to the post, tottered backward, and fell dead.

The fugitives in the cave had fire-arms and were determined to sell their lives dearly.

Three men among Roger's soldiers had fallen, a parley was held among the band, and a proposal was made which caused Roger's eyes to glisten with pleasure. The hapless beings in the cave were hoping that their enemies were baffled and would retire. They knew not with what manner of men they had to deal. The whole band dismounted, tied their horses to the trees, while with their swords they chopped off large branches at the entrance of the cave.

For a long time the prisoners did not know what they were about, but when a dense smoke rose up and the wood began to crackle and burn, they understood that by the torment of a slow fire, they were to win the martyr's crown.

Then the courage of some partly gave away and sobs and cries were heard—the wail of women and the cry of babies.

Then Roger, standing at the opening of the cave, called out in a loud voice, "If the Bishop of Ross is there deliver him up and ye shall all go free."

A sudden silence ensued, then low earnest tones, a kind of struggle. Some were evidently keeping back one who would come forth.

At last, bursting through the aperture into the midst of the fire, which was as

yet barely alight, came an aged white-haired man, and the calm countenance of the old Bishop was plainly to be seen.

The soldiers made way for him, and coming up to Roger, he said, in the words his Master had used before him, "I am he, if you, therefore seek me let these go their way."

"Bind him on horseback," said Roger to two of his men, then with a motion of his hand to the others, he bade them heap up the wood again, and continued their fiendish work.

The bishop rose into a remonstrance but his captors gave him such a blow on the head as rendered him for a while unconscious. What heeded Cromwell's soldiers, and Cromwell's spies of promises.

It was well for the bishop he lay insensible; he was mercifully spared the horrid sight, the fearful sounds of that scene of butchery. While it was going on, one of the troopers, making a table of his drum, laid open his Bible, and while he threw on faggots to the fire, read out through his nose the words "Oh my God, make them like unto a wheel, and as stubble before the wind: as fire that burneth the wood, and as a flame burning mountains; let them be ashamed and tormented for ever and ever, and let them be confounded and perish."

The cries within the cave were growing fainter, the more merciful death from suffocation from the smoke was doing its work.

The harsh twang of the fanatic sounded through the wood, but in the air there were angel melodies which Roger and his men could not hear.

Soul after soul mounted up on high, parting from a poor quivering scorched body on the earth, and borne by angel hands they neared the eternal gates, and angels welcomed them, and wrote their names in the Book of Life, chanting out in glad acclaim, "of whom the world was not worthy, wandering in deserts, and in dens, and in caves of the earth."

"Lift up your heads, oh ye princes, and be ye lifted up, oh, eternal gates, let the faithful followers of the King of martyrs enter in."

When the Bishop woke to life again, the party were far from the scene of

slaughter. They had burnt out the "rats in the hole" as they expressed it. They had viewed the scoured and blackened corpses, and had picked up a priest's red stole, wrought some mouths before by loving hands in the Wexford convent. Roger clutched at it; he had a vague recollection it would be needed for the ceremonies he intended the bishop to perform, so he put it in his pocket and rode on.

On reaching Cromwell's army, he bestowed the Bishop in safe-keeping, and

as far as Eveleen was concerned. Having finished his statement, he inquired after the general's health.

"I fare well," answered Cromwell, "but I am somewhat sad at the untimely death of William Walton."

"Is he dead?" said Roger in a tone of surprise.

"Even so," returned the general; "he would set forth with us on our road hither, for his soul was glowing with ardour for the good cause, but the wound in his shoulder which he had gotten at



CROMWELL'S JUSTICE.

went to report himself to his general. A smile of satisfaction crossed Cromwell's face as he heard of the exploit in the cave.

"'Tis well," said he, "Let us destroy all that are in the land, man and woman, like unto Joshua."

He willingly allowed Roger to keep the Bishop as his own prisoner, crediting him when he stated it was that he might by his means compass many of the secrets of the Catholics. Roger did not take the general into his confidence

Tredah,* festered; we were compelled to halt the first night; our leeches could do nothing for him; and he died.

"He will be a sad loss unto you, my lord," observed Roger.

"Yea, verily, that will he; I have been writing to his father; I will read you what I have said."

"He was a gallant young man exceedingly gracious. God give you this com-

*Drogheda, always pronounced Tredah by the Cromwellians.

fort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russell and myself he could not express it, "It was so great above his pain," This he said to us; indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said one thing lay heavy upon his spirit. I asked him what that was; he told me it was that *God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of His enemies.* At his fall his horse being killed with the bullet, and, as I am informed, three horses more, I am told he bid them *open to the right and left that he might see the rogues run.* Truly, he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven, whereon you ought exceedingly to rejoice." †

"Go," said the general, as he laid down the letter and turned to Roger, "go and copy this bright example; you having been brought up in the Papacy are as a brand plucked from the burning. Abate not in your zeal, it pleases me well."

Roger bowed low and departed. As he went to his own quarters, his face was black as night, and he muttered between his teeth, "Accursed canting hypocrite! he believes no more in God than I do. Little knows he for what purpose—to compass what ends, I have degraded myself to follow him.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Nothing is so inconsistent with self-possession, as violent anger. It overpowers reason; confounds our ideas; distorts the appearance, and blackens the colour of every object. By the storms which it raises within, and by the mischiefs which it occasions without, it generally brings on the passionate and revengeful man, greater misery than he can bring on the object of his resentment.

If we would judge whether a man is really happy, it is not solely to his houses and lands, to his equipage, and his retinue we are to look. Unless we could see farther, and discern what joy, or bitterness, his heart feels, we can pronounce little concerning him.

† Historical.

CHIT CHAT.

The Fortnightly Review, an authority on such matters, dispels the idea that the middle classes of England—the great bulk of the nation—are a reading public. It arrives at this conclusion from the class of books sold at the book shops of small towns. The well dressed attendant has never heard tell of Thackeray—the few books she has to offer are worthy children's books—or they are denominational books, called indeed religious, but "about nothing at all, and made up of strings of conventional phraseology."

QUERY.—What is the practical difference between the Post-Reformation Englishman, who *can* read and *don't* read, and the Ante-Reformation Englishman who *didn't* read because he *couldn't* read? Surely, in point of intelligence, the Ante-Reformation man has it.

Peace! peace! and there is no peace. It is astonishing what men will do for peace-sake. The new 81 ton gun ought to be christened "Peace-at-any-price." If the Inflexible should fire only ten shots from each of her four guns (40 shots) she would use up 14,800 lbs. of pebble powder, would hurl thirty tons of shot and cost the country \$6,320. If this is not peace at any price we don't know what is.

What a strange thing "the world" is! We mean the should-be-logical world. The enthronement of Pope Leo XIII has naturally drawn attention to the ancient curule chair, which, for so many centuries has been the Papal throne proper. Some English papers have revived the long exploded fable of Sidney Lady Morgan to the effect that the chair is not by any means as ancient as it is claimed to be. One paper in that delightful inuendo style so much affected when Catholic topics are being discussed, has asserted that Lady Morgan of eccentric and blasé memory has demonstrated that archæological investigations touching the Cathedra Petra were better let alone all things considered. Of course Lady Morgan has a right to her *opinion* and certain English papers are allowed to take it for *all* it is worth. But it

so happens that Cardinal Wiseman has conclusively demonstrated, that Lady Morgan's objections are simply nonsense, and that though the chair was probably not made for St. Peter (which no one contended it was,) it was evidently a curule chair of pagan workmanship which probably belonged to the Senator Pudins at whose house St. Peter would undoubtedly visit. Now it is passing strange that whilst the archaeological vagaries of an eccentric and not too reputable woman are remembered and duly recorded, the learned reply of an exalted and highly scholastic prelate is ignored or forgotten.

"OUR PRAYER BOOKS."—What a strange chaos those short words reveal. No order; no method; no unity. We are quite willing to acknowledge that as to the prayers our prayer books are admirable. Nor do we wish to criticise their get up in a book binder's sense of the word. What we would however blame is their want of unity. In no two different prayer books—nay; in no two different editions of the same prayer book are the same prayers worded alike. Even this would be no great evil if our prayer books were intended only for *individual* use, in other words for individual and private prayer. But if that of Holy Scripture—where two or three are gathered together in my name behold I am in the midst of them—be anything else but an empty promise, our prayer books must certainly have a more extended mission and must be equally intended for public prayer, that is, for morning and evening devotions in our homes. Every father of a family is bound in conscience to see that *all* under his charge, his children, his man-servant and his maid-servant say their prayers morning and night. Now how can this be better done, than by superintending the work; calling them together and reciting with them the prayers. But it is exactly at this point our prayer books fail us through their want of unity. We had occasion the other day to stay over night at a Catholic farmer's house. When bed time arrived we knelt down to prayers. Out of a family of ten, no two answered the litany of Jesus alike.

Now the litany of Jesus is one of the Church's *oldest* prayers; with the exception of the litany of the Saints, it is the oldest prayer of our prayer books, (always of course excepting the psalms of David,) Catholics should surely therefore be able to recite it with some degree of decent unity. And yet such are the variations in our prayer books that the probability is that no two will have the same reading, therefore no two will give the same answer.

It may be asked—why not say the Rosary? Obviously that course is open to us. But is the Rosary to be the only devotion open to Catholics when ever they kneel down for domestic prayer? Nor would the Rosary get us out of the difficulty. No two Catholics say the Rosary alike. We had a curious illustration of this a short time ago. "Please your Reverence," said an old woman one day, "will you show me the proper way to say the beads?" "Really my good woman," we replied, "that is more than I am able to do. I can show you how I say them myself but whether that is the right way or the wrong I do not know." "I can say the big beads, your Reverence, and the ten little ones well enough, but what am I to do with this big one and these three little ones?" "Exactly, there is all the difficulty; some say them one way and some another—and as there is no authoritative declaration on the subject, each one is right and each one is wrong." We were *mystified* ourselves and we accordingly left the old woman also in a *mist*. But this had reference only to the *beads* proper; if we announce the mystery to be celebrated and use a prayer book, the *old difficulty* of various readings again stares us in the face, and the want of unity even in such devotions as the Rosary, becomes a fixed but lamentable *fact*. Will no one help us out of the mire? Echo answers—the *mire*. Alas, we fear 'tis too true.

H. B.

The place of virtue has, in all ages, been represented as placed on the summit of a hill; in the ascent of which, labor is requisite and difficulties are to be surmounted; and where a conductor is needed, to direct our way, and to aid our steps.

CHARITY.

Dost ask me "What is Charity?"
I would answer, fair and free,
Let the golden rule now tell us—
As thou would'st have done to thee,
So do thou the same, nor falter,
Tho' the conduct strange may be.

Of thy neighbor think no evil;
Thine own heart has erred as well.
Pity feel; and oh! condemn not,
God alone his wrong can tell.
Would temptation firm have found thee,
Strong to stand where he then fell?

Of thy neighbor speak so kindly,
'Twill a kinder thought inspire
In the heart of him who listens,
And will tend to draw him nigher
To the Love whose sweet commandment
Bade us rise our brother higher.

Toward thy neighbor deal so justly,
Gently, kindly, it will win
Many a one from downward treading
To the haunts of death and sin.
Then at last thy God will call thee
Home, and bid thee welcome in.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

In the Strada Reale in the city of Valette, Malta, stood one of those quaint old houses, half castle, half church, built at the time the brave knight and Grand Master John de la Valette, lived quietly in his stronghold, after the many stout blows his battle-axe had showered on the heads of the infidel Turks.

In a room facing the North, Daniel Rota, the Neapolitan painter, had his studio. He was a genial old man, well verging on to seventy years; but his hand was yet steady and his vision so little impaired that with the aid of his spectacles, he still painted those remarkable pictures which made his rooms the resort of the connoisseurs of the period.

He had a picture hanging on his wall that was a gem in its way. It represented an Italian boy, barefooted, and in the garb of a beggar, eating a crust of bread. It was one of Rota's early productions, and was considered by him as among his best. There was something almost angelic in the guileless expression of the child's sweet face, that made one loath to turn his eyes from the canvas.

I one day questioned the old artist in regard to the picture.

"Ah!" he replied, "it has a history that is at once so replete with consolation and sadness that it brings tears to my eyes when I look upon it and think of the past, as I frequently do."

I was a young fellow, scarcely twenty years old, and all the instruction I received was acquired in the town of Recigliano. It was a pretty place, and much frequented by tourists, I was poor, and had no patrons, so to speak, until the Marquis Bernardo Grattini came to my studio, and, praising one of them, bought it. Ah! then what a joy filled my bosom! I had never felt so happy before, for the Marquis belonged to a powerful family, and had great influence in the country. Every one I met congratulated me when they heard the Marquis had deigned to honor me with his patronage. But when he came and brought the Marchioness to sit and have her portrait painted, the people said, "Now Rota is on the way to fortune." You may believe me when I tell you that I shared all the kind predictions of my friends. I had great ambition, and a fire in my temperament that would not be easily quenched. I never labored at a picture with more real pleasure and zeal than I did the sweet face of the Marchioness Grattini. When it was completed I was satisfied with it in every particular.

The Marquis paid me more than I asked, and brought his friends, who likewise gave me orders. I removed to better rooms, and worked with greater assiduity than ever. That was not all. The Marquis invited me to his house, where I was introduced to a great many distinguished people. It was a great honor, though perhaps you can't understand it as I did then. The Marquis had a son—an infant—quite tender in years. When he became older I was to paint his picture. But alas! very shortly after the promise, the Marquis removed from Recigliano, as his wife's health required a change. I lost a good friend when he departed. It was then that I determined to travel and improve myself and my profession, for, you see I had never been out of my native town. I went to Rome, where I staid several

years, and then located in Milan. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!

My success in Milan was good. I had saved quite a sum of money, and my pictures sold rapidly, and were much sought after. It didn't spoil me though. Thank heaven I have endeavored to cultivate a meek spirit, and I don't remember of wishing any one ill in all my days. I must have been 30 when I went to Florence. I had wholly lost all intelligence of my kind friend the Marquis; but I often thought of him, nevertheless.

I made Florence my home, and it was there I gained all the distinction I may possess as a painter. I bought a pretty villa, and used to entertain my friends in my bachelor style, for I was never married. The maestro Rubini was my most frequent visitor, and Cardinal Imperiali, a noted ecclesiastic, came often to my house. I had a great many worthy friends, and was quite happy.

One day I was taking a stroll through the streets, when a small boy meanly attired, approached me, and asked charity for his grandfather, who was sick and incapable of supporting himself. The child was gnawing a piece of bread with an avidity that bespoke hunger. There was a peculiar beauty in his countenance that made me pause. His face seemed to bring up some vision of the past that I in vain tried to recollect. It appears as if the eyes of one I had known in far off years was looking into my soul, and appealing to my pity for the unfortunate.

"What is your name, my child?" I inquired, tenderly laying my hand upon his head.

"Camillo," he replied.

"Camillo what?"

"That is all, signor," he replied; "they never call me anything else."

"Do you not know your name?" I asked.

"Only that it is Camillo, signor."

The child was about five years old, and had a small peculiar scar near his left eye.

"Come with me," I said, and I took him and gave him something to eat. Then I put a few coins in his hand. All at once a sudden inspiration seemed to strike me.

"What a splendid subject that boy would make for my canvas," I thought.

"I should like to see your grandfather, my little man," said I. "Suppose you show me the way?"

The boy hesitated and gazed at me in a perplexed manner.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"My grandfather is not pleased when I return home soon; he bids me beg until I hear the angelus," he replied.

"He is afraid you'll not gather the coppers fast enough, hey?"

The little fellow hung down his head, but made no answer.

"Well, come along; I will see that he does not scold you for once, at least."

The child, without further delay, started off toward a portion of the city inhabited by the mendicants who linger about the churches and thoroughfares. It was a good half-hour's walk ere we halted at a low, mean dwelling, with ragged children playing at the door.

"This way signor," said the child, as he stepped into the entry and began to ascend the rickety stairs that creaked with our weight, as if they were going to tumble down. At last, by groping along the passage, we came to a door which the boy opened, and a man engaged in making a toy looked up and demanded, "Who are you?"

His voice was rough and disagreeable, and he bore upon his face the stamp of a villain.

I at once explained the object of my visit, and offered to pay him if he would permit the child to attend my studio.

It required but little observation to satisfy myself that the fellow was one of those miserable impostors who live upon the money collected by the children they send out to beg upon the streets, he was fat, and withal, to a certain degree, insolent.

"I scarcely know what to say, signor," he replied. "Camillo is of great service to me. Yet if you are willing to pay me enough for the time you occupy him, I suppose I might allow him to go. You will not require him all day, I imagine?"

"I don't know," I answered, disgusted at the penurious wretch, whose question indicated a purpose to place

the child upon the street the moment I dismissed him.

"Well, he can go. I will accept your terms," he replied.

"What is your name?" I asked, handing him ten florins.

"Hugo, signor, that's all I ever use. I'm too poor to have occasion for a surname.

"You say this is your grandchild?"

"I did not say so, Signor, but he is nevertheless. He is the son of my daughter who died in Garda. His father ran away, so he, fell to my care."

"Care?" I voluntarily ejaculated.

"Certainly, Signor; don't I give him food and shelter?"

"I thought he gave you both," I responded, becoming a little nettled at the fellow's impudence.

"Then you were mistaken," he answered, very coolly.

"I'll take the boy, now," I replied, desiring to get out of the den, that did not smell any too fresh.

"Come directly to me, Camillo," he said, "as soon as the signor is done with you, and mind don't linger upon the way."

During my walk homeward I questioned the child about his history, but he was so young he could give me but little information. He acknowledged that his grandfather sometimes whipped him when he returned with no money, and more than once threatened to turn him into the streets.

I began my picture—painting him as I first found him, eating a crust of bread. As I worked upon his face the old feeling that first came over me when I met him, grew strong within my heart. Certainly there was something in that child's features, that connected me with the past. Surely I had gazed upon these looks before, but where and when?"

The Cardinal Imperiali came to visit me one day while I was engaged on my picture.

"That is a very beautiful child," he remarked.

I repeated what had taken place with the boy's grandfather.

"Tis a lamentable fact that these things are on the increase in Europe generally. As far as I can discover,

nothing has ever been proposed to effectually correct the evil. There have not been wanting those who lay odium at the door of the Church. But that is unjust, as well as untrue. I despair of witnessing the amelioration of this class."

Day by day my heart warmed towards this friendless child. At length the feeling became so overpowering that I determined to obtain possession of him, if it were possible and bring him up as my own son.

With this view the cardinal kindly consented to visit Hugo and arrange terms. He was not able to do so without great difficulty, for the fellow was exorbitant in his demands, and not easily persuaded to part with the child. However, I got the boy, and Hugo received a liberal annuity.

"I cannot believe that Camillo is in any way related to this scamp who styles himself the grandfather," remarked the cardinal as we were sitting together. "He gives a very unsatisfactory and disconnected account of himself, and I do not credit his assertions."

Camillo once in my house, clad as becoming my son, was different in many respects from Camillo the beggar boy. His gentleness was soon apparent, and the natural affection which slumbered in his heart went out to all who were kind to him. I think he learned to love me quickly. I am sure I lavished my affection on him. I was very proud of him—proud to hear him answer, when asked his name, "Camillo Rota."

A year passed away and he was my delight. To have separated us would have rendered me miserable. If any one had told me that by my own act I would send him from my side, I do believe the knowledge would have driven me to madness. And yet it was true.

Well, the Marquis and Marchioness Gratini came to Florence. I did not know it, but the Marquis heard of me first and came to visit me. A decided change had come over him; he looked old and careworn, and his hair was getting white. But his spirits seemed good, only at times he appeared depressed. He said the Marchioness was well; "but," he added, "you will find her greatly altered. We have had

trouble, good Rota, but another time we will talk of that."

It was true; I found the Marchioness so changed that I could scarcely believe that I looked upon the beautiful woman whose portrait I had painted scarce five years before.

When I advanced to meet her tears filled her eyes.

"Oh! my good friend," she exclaimed, "I am glad to welcome you, and yet when I last saw you I was a happy mother," and she wept.

Then I remembered the infant, and felt mortified that I had not thought of it at first.

"You lost your child?" I said.

"Yes, yes," she sobbed, "poor little Camillo! If death had taken him I could be reconciled, but to have him snatched from me in such a way. Oh! my good friend, it was too cruel."

"Pardon me," I replied, "I never until this moment heard aught of your misfortune."

The Marquis then spoke. He related the fact that they were visiting Lake Garda, when one evening the child was stolen from the house, and no trace of him had ever been discovered. He had no difficulty with any person, and knew no reason why the animosity of any one whatever should have been visited upon him.

A hot pain shot through my veins when he mentioned the name of Garda. I could not tell why, but I shuddered as if a great evil was overshadowing me.

The next twenty-four hours was to make my head bow with sorrow and joy at the same moment.

The following day the Marquis came to dine with me, bringing his wife. I had already informed them that I had adopted a boy to bring up as my son, but as his name was the same as that of the lost child, I refrained from mentioning the fact.

Camillo was sent for after the Marquis and Marchioness had laid aside hat and shawl.

When the boy entered the room, he came bounding towards me with childish glee, throwing his arms about my neck.

Suddenly a shriek came from the lips

of the Marchioness as she darted forward and catching Camillo drew him towards the window. The Marquis became very pale.

"For the love of Heaven, Signor Rota, speak; where did you possess yourself of this child? Look! behold, Bernardo," she cried, addressing her husband; "do you observe the scar? What is your name, my child?" she continued, gazing into his face, with her eyes dilated to their fullest extent.

"Camillo Rota, signora," he replied.

With a wild cry, the unfortunate woman fell backward in a swoon. The Marquis, accustomed to these occurrences, declined my offer to send for medical aid, and lifting her to a couch proceeded to administer restoratives himself.

Ere the Marchioness recovered, there came a knock at the door, and Cardinal Imperiali entered in great haste.

"Signor Rota," he said "I am the bearer of news to you that ought to bring you great joy, notwithstanding it will spoil some of those splendid anticipations you cherished for your son." He then proceeded to relate that Hugo Restaggio had been stabbed in a quarrel with some of the occupants of the house where he resided, and the Fra Stephano, being near at hand, confessed him. "At his request the Fra was to inform you that the child you have adopted was stolen from the Marquis Gratini at Lake Garda. No motive was assigned for the act save the design to have a beautiful child to solicit charity that he might reap the benefit of the same."

* * * * *

I do not care to relate what followed that day. Enough to say, I broke up my home and went to reside in France for several years. When I returned to Florence, Camillo was the first to meet me and kiss me in the loving old way.

I hear from him frequently. He lives in Florence, and I spend the best part of every year with him, for he is married, and his eldest boy is named Daniel Rota. What do you think of my story?

I looked at the old man, and the tears were raining down his cheeks.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

II.

ABOUT SLAVES.

But it is not of *Negro Slavery* we would speak. In order to show the falseness of the charges brought against the Catholic Church by our liberal Philosophers, we prefer to mount up to the fountain head and to consider the action of the Church on Pagan slavery. To understand this thoroughly we must first understand the condition of the

ROMAN SLAVE.

In the first century of our Christian era, Roman society was composed of two distinct classes—master and slave. The first possessed all the riches, power, honors and emoluments of the State; the second could never hope to obtain any of these. The slave could not sell his labour; he was compelled to give it *for thanks!* and often for *less than thanks*. He was an *implement* rather than a workman. Varro call him “a machine of the genus vocal.”

THE PLEBS.

But the Roman population comprised a third element, which powerful indeed for many centuries and always dangerous had under the Emperors lost all social, political or economic value; this was the “plebs”—what we call “the people,” “the populace,” but which in the judicial language of Pagan Rome was called by the sufficiently contemptuous titles of “the humble,” “the small,” “the low,” (*humiles humiliores tenuiores terruissimi*.) This “plebs” lived not upon what it earned, but upon what was given it. It possessed nothing, and yet having mouths to fill it consumed without producing, being supported by the largess of the rich and of the State. These *drônes* composed almost a quarter of the population of Rome. They *could not* have worked if they *would*.

The labour market was closed to them since they could not hope to compete with those “machines of the genus vocal,” who had to give their labour for the mere *oiling*.

Thus, then in a few words we have all the elements of society in Pagan Rome; the rich, who lived on the

labors of others; the slaves, who worked not for themselves but for others (*sic vos non vobis*), the plebs, who could not work if they would, because work was taken from them. Such was the *conglomerate* character of Roman society under the Emperors.

But to understand our subject fully we must analyse these ingredients more minutely.

THE RICH.

The riches of the rich in Rome were *their slaves*. To have only *three slaves* was a mark of poverty. To have only *one*, even so late as the time of St. Chrysostom was a mark of *extreme poverty*. A Roman possessed of a few thousand dollars in cash would own seven or eight slaves. When Horace sat down to his frugal meal, *three slaves* waited upon him. He had *nine* at his Sabine Villa. Marcus Scaurus inherited a fortune of \$1,480 and *ten slaves*. Apuleus, in his apology tells us that his wife, who was worth about \$160,000 in land and money, gave to her daughter part of this land and 400 slaves. Taking these figures as a basis of comparison, we shall find that a capital of \$400 corresponded to the possession of *one slave*.

At the end of the Republic and under the Empire it was not unusual to meet with rich Romans who possessed many thousand slaves. Under Augustus, a single freedman Caius Cecilius Isodorus, although he had lost a great part of his wealth during the civil wars, left at his death upwards of 4,000 slaves.

At the end of the 4th century, St. John Chrysostom, addressing the people of Antioch, could without fear of contradiction, value the smallest number of slaves possessed by the rich of his time at one or two thousand. Marcus Crassus, whilst Rome was yet a republic, and supposed to have republican morals, used to say that no man was rich who could not victual an army. Petronius describes Trimalcion, a freedman, as receiving the list of slaves (male and female) that had been born the previous day on his estates—30 boys! 40 girls!

It is evident that such numbers as these could not remain idle. If they would not starve they must work. However great the number of house-

hold slaves may have been, they must always have been a minority. The immense majority were labourers and tradesmen, some were even *professional* men. Thus in a rich man's Establishment every trade and every art was represented. Everything they consumed was prepared on the premises; the grain was ground; the flour was baked; the cattle were slaughtered. Nor is this to be wondered at when we consider that "one or two thousand" slaves meant a village in itself, and that a Roman villa often covered fifty acres of land. Thus there were slave tailors on the rich man's estate, slave embroiderers, slave weavers, slave fullers, slave carders of wool, slave shoemakers, slave hunters, slave fishermen, slave painters, slave masons, slave chisellers, slave mosaic workers, slave potters, slave carpenters, slave architects nay, slave *doctors*. (We quote from actual documents).

These numerous workmen were often divided into *decurios* or bodies of ten. "To what *decurio* do you belong?" asks Trimalcion of a slave. "To the 40th" "Purchased, or born in the house?" "Neither; I was left you by will." "Serve me quickly or I will have you sent to my farm."

Each *decurio* had its *decurion* or master of ten. Livy mentions amongst many others the *medical decurion*.

It was the ambition as well as the self interest of a Roman noble to have to buy nothing, but to manufacture or produce on his estate everything required for his own or his household's wants. "He buys nothing," said a guest of Trimalcion, "all he uses is either manufactured or produced by him." And Trimalcion offering his wines to his guests, thus boasts: "thank the Gods, nothing that has made your mouths water to-day, was bought."

But besides meeting the absolute wants of their establishments, these slaves must of necessity have produced much over and above. And we find that as a matter of fact, they did so. A certain Pretor towards the end of the Republic, being about to give games to the people, found himself in want of costumes for a hundred players. What was to be done? must he go to some large merchant tailor, or some army

contractor? Not at all. He goes to citizen Lucullus, who, forthwith, puts at his disposal 5,000 purple tunics. Others less rich or less generous than public spirited citizen Lucullus, used to let out to hire to the managers of theatres or to the undertakers, the robes made by their slaves. In the 2nd century, the philosopher Favorinus a contemporary of Marcus Aurelius says; It is impossible for the man who has 1,500 tunics in his wardrobes, not to wish for more. Fifty years earlier Martial had written to a rich man— "Your wardrobes are full of brilliant robes; your chests are full of ball dresses innumerable; you possess as many white togas as would clothe a tribe." As there were thirty-five tribes in Rome, if these words are to be understood literally, this rich Roman had as many togas set by in his drawers as would clothe the 35th part of all the citizens of Rome.

Many citizens of Rome undoubtedly carried on manufactures with slave labor. Suetonius speaks of a celebrated man of letters of the 1st century, who, besides his school of rhetoric, carried on a clothing establishment. In such cases it was hard to determine whether there was any legal distinction between the household slave, and the operative slave. When a certain testator had bequeathed all his provisions to one of his heirs, it became a knotty question for the gentlemen of the long robe of that day, to determine, whether this meant only those stored up for his household, or those also intended for his workmen, and workwomen slaves. As this point of law will hardly form a precedent in this country, we will not follow it to a decision.

VALUE OF A SLAVE.

We are accustomed in palliation of Southern slavery, to argue that the high value of a slave in the Southern States of the American Union, guaranteed him good and kind treatment. There was no such check upon the pagan slave-holder. A Roman slave was worth about as much as an ordinary farm horse in Canada, that is to say about one hundred dollars. Under the Emperor Augustus, Horace tells us an ordinary workman slave could be bought

for what in our money would be equivalent to sixty or seventy dollars. Under Domitian, an ordinary female slave was worth 600 sestercei (\$30.) Under Septimus Severus, the least legal price was fixed at about ninety dollars.

THEIR FOOD.

As to their food, if they were not absolutely fed like the pigs on fallen olives as Cato recommends, their food (we had almost said their "feed") was certainly of the poorest. It consisted exclusively of meal, oil, a little wine, occasionally beans, never flesh meat, and cost about 20 or 25 dollars a year. According to Seneca, the ordinary allowance for each slave was 5 5-12 bushels of wheat per month.

H. B.

A GERMAN VOICE ON IRELAND.

The recent proceedings in the Prussian State Legislature on the estimates of the public worship department have once more borne evidence of the splendid debating power of the so-called centre, that is to say, the Catholic party. The most virulent attack made by these eminent speakers on the Prussian Government has had for its object the encouragement afforded to a small handful of sectarians who aim at the disintegration of the grand Catholic Church of Germany. By countenancing the doings of these contemptible pigmies, it has been sought to substitute a national Church, subsidized and acting on the behests of the State, for the Church universal that belongs to no individual country. Our readers remember among others an undutiful priest called Brenck, who at Kosten, in Posen, has been placed in possession of the Catholic living, and is maintained in it, although the people are one and all against him. The doings of this man, who won't allow dead bodies to be interred unless his detested ministrations are called for, have created a scandal throughout Germany. At a recent sitting of the Prussian Lower House, Herr von Stablewski, a Polish member of the Catholic party, drew a parallel between the doings of Prussia in Poland and of England in Ireland, as follows:—

"The royal government do not understand the character of the age we live in. It is a

lamentable thing to think that despite the condemnation of the contempt history has cast on the State pensioners of England, it is sought to graft this pitiful institution on this country. From the English state pensioners the people used to turn away with indignation, and yet they had some ground to stand on. For although they were endowed with property robbed from the Catholics, they were yet intended for Protestants scattered all over Ireland, while the Prussian State priest of the nineteenth century have not even this semblance of a 'locus standi.' They are intended for Catholics who cannot and will not recognise them as the lawful pastors, and refuse to have anything to do with them. In forcing these men on a reluctant people, our government do worse than the English ever did in Ireland. And what will the consequence be? Inquire of history. Were the Irish won over by the States pensioners? What was the good of three centuries of despotism? What was the good of offering a prize for the head of every Catholic priest? What was the good of the penal law? The same as there always were priests ready to face martyrdom, thus the people were always ready to offer shelter and refuge to their persecuted pastors. So striking was the example set by the Catholics, that even Protestants were eager to follow it. The Puritans of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland repelled the tutelage of the State in Church matters, and the clergy of the Establishment preached to empty benches—the same as State priests are doing now in Prussia—while the people preferred to sing psalms and to pray in barns and on moors. The precedent of England and Ireland ought to teach our government not to try to force men upon Catholic people whom these do not recognise as Catholic priests."

But the minister of public worship, originally a small Prussian pettifogger, does not understand this kind of language. He cares no more for the teachings of history than he does for common sense. "The May laws are not to be called in question," he says, and wants Catholics to recognize his infallibility in preference to that of the Sovereign Pontiff. Yet even he cannot shut his eyes against the fact that those pets of his, the State priests, are an infinitesimal minority. There was one Judas Iscariot among the twelve apostles, but there is not one State priest in a thousand of the Catholic clergy of Prussia. They are scorned in Prussia the same as the shoots of the Upas tree used to be in Ireland, and their fate will be the same in the end—that is to say, utter extinction.

A moment's effort in controlling passion may often prevent days of sorrow.

MOST REV. JOHN WALSH, D.D.,
BISHOP OF LONDON, ONT.

We present to our readers, a well executed likeness of His Lordship the Bishop of London, taken in the studio of Mr. Egan, of the Forest City, and kindly supplied to us by a friend.

It will be interesting to the subscribers to THE HARP to learn some details con-

It is adjacent to the river Suir, "the gentle Suire" of Spencer

"That making way

By sweet Clonmel adorns rich Waterford."

ranks among the noblest rivers of Ireland, and its character is highly picturesque. He is descended of a very old and influential stock, the first of the family in Ireland, accompanied Earl STRONGBOW, from Wales,



THE MOST REV. JOHN WALSH, D. D.

nected with a Prelate, whose name is so familiar to the Catholics of Canada, and who is so widely esteemed and respected.

His Lordship was born in the parish of Mooncoin, Co. Kilkenny about 1832. This parish, by the way, has acquired a levitical character, a very remarkable number of priests having been born, there, within the last forty years.

in 1170, and settled in the County Kilkenny; like the Geraldines, they became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In the course of time they gained large possessions, known, at the present day, as the "Walsh Mountains." This property was afterwards confiscated during the COMMONWEALTH and in the reign of WILLIAM III, when

the older branches emigrated to France and Austria, and took military service in those countries. In the former, the title of Count SERRANT was conferred on the representative of the older branch. For generations His Lordship's forefathers lived in that condition of comfort and independence, which the better class of farmers enjoy, especially in the province of Leinster. On the mother's side he is of the Macdonalds, a most respectable family, and one which, like that of Walsh, has given to the Church a number of zealous and learned ecclesiastics.

At an early age the youth evinced a desire to study for the priesthood, and in due time he entered St. John's College, Waterford. His preparatory studies were made with great success and distinction. Feeling that his vocation tended in the direction of a Foreign Mission, he left home, family and the endearing ties and associations of native land, to carry out an object so dear to his heart. With this intention he came to Canada, and was forthwith received, as a subject, by that eminent and honored Prelate, Bishop de CHARBONNEL, then governing the Diocese of Toronto. The young ecclesiastic at once entered the Seminary of the Sulpicians, Montreal, where he completed his course of studies to the entire satisfaction of his superiors and with great credit to himself. During his collegiate career, Mr. WALSH fully justified the opinion which his friend and future Bishop had entertained of his talents and virtues. His exemplary conduct, exact observance of rule and close application to study, won the approbation of the faculty.

After his ordination, in 1855, Father WALSH was appointed to the Brock Mission, bordering on Lake Simcoe. In those days, and for many years subsequent, this was an out of the way locality, for a young priest just fresh from college. A rural population, no congenial society, his nearest clerical *confreres* stationed at Lindsay and Oshawa, some twenty miles distant, with no railroad accommodation, and very indifferent roads, he lived completely isolated from the world. The respect and affection of his flock compensated him, in great measure, for

the many privations he had to endure. Here, he labored faithfully and assiduously, for two years, having one great aim in view,—his own and his people's spiritual welfare. Here, in the midst of a solitude, which might be almost felt, his books his sole companions, he cultivated his mind by constant study, acquiring that store of useful learning and information which the contributions of after years have rendered, so to speak, exhaustless. And, here, it may be said, the life of Bishop WALSH, from his entrance into college, up to this present time, has been that of a close student. However occupied with the duties of his sacred calling, or even when enjoying a brief season of well-earned relaxation, his books have never been laid aside or neglected. His reading has not been confined to approved authors upon Divinity, Sacred Scripture and Canon Law, but has extended to the works of first class writers, lay and clerical, on a variety of subjects, and to the leading periodicals of the day. It is thus His Lordship has been enabled to keep pace with current literature, and to feel quite at home in the society of scholars and literary men. Were the example of Bishop WALSH, in this respect, followed by the Clergy generally, the character of the priesthood, for scholarly attainments, would be elevated, and the interests of religion still further promoted. It must be admitted the Collego course is barely extensive enough to furnish an almost exclusively ecclesiastical education and training. Few students ever spare the time, from the proscribed business of the classes, to the pursuit of the acquirements so essential to qualify them properly for the position they are destined to occupy. By their calling they are gentlemen, and it were a laudable ambition to hold the foremost rank as such in education and mental culture. The satisfaction which they will enjoy, in after years, at having supplemented, by superadded industry and effort, the ordinary *curriculum* of studies, will more than repay the time and labour bestowed.

In 1857, Father WALSH was placed in charge of the parish of St. Mary's Toronto, having succeeded the saintly Father LOUIS, who died that year. For a short time, in the following year, the

old parish of St. Paul, in the east end of the city, came under his pastoral care, the necessity which induced this temporary change, having ceased, he returned to St. Mary's. Full of the spirit of his holy vocation, he applied himself with zeal and constancy to the discharge of his manifold duties. Ever at his post, he was to be found in the confessional, visiting the sick and poor, the schools, the Loretto convent, to which he was Chaplain, instructing the youth, in whom he took a deep interest, reconciling differences in families and among neighbours, and pouring the balm of consolation into the hearts of the unfortunate and afflicted. These and the like works, varied by study and the careful preparation of his well-considered discourses, filled up the measure of his daily routine.

Very soon after the consecration of Bishop LYNN, in 1859, his Lordship summoned Father WALSH to his aid, as Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. He filled this important and responsible position, about two years, with marked success and ability. At the end of this time, to the great joy of his old parishioners, and the regret of those belonging to the Cathedral, he, finally resumed his administration of St. Mary's as Parish Priest and Vicar General of the Diocese.

In 1864, the Vicar General paid his first visit to the Eternal City. His reception by the glorious and lamented Pius IX, was gracious and friendly. To this day, the Bishop speaks, in the most touching terms, of the kindness and condescension of that immortal Pontiff, and of the interest he manifested for the Church in Canada.

Before returning to Canada, the Vicar General spent a few months in Ireland.

To one who loved his native land so ardently, a sojourn amid the never-to-be-forgotten scenes and friends of early days, is pleasure too blissful to be described. After long years of separation, what joy to receive the loving embrace of a fond mother, to hear, once more, the thrilling accents of a dear brother or sister's voice, to receive the warm greeting of old friends and neighbours, and to look upon each well-remembered and familiar spot! The crowning joy

for the good son and devoted priest, was the happiness he experienced in offering up the Holy Sacrifice, beneath the roof of the old homestead, where he first saw the light. While in Ireland, at this time, Vicar General WALSH made a number of sincere and attached friends, wherever he went. Few, indeed could come within the magic influence of his society, without being attracted by his urbanity, amiability and his many other excellent qualities.

The health of Dr. PINSONEAULT, Bishop of Sandwich, having become impaired, it was found necessary to select a successor for him in that See. Accordingly, the Hierarchy of the Ecclesiastical Province of Quebec unanimously nominated Vicar General WALSH as the future Bishop. The choice was ratified by the HOLY SEE. The consecration of His Lordship took place on 11th Nov., 1867, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, with great pomp and ceremony, and amid the prayers and rejoicings of the vast concourse assembled on the auspicious occasion. The late Dr. BAILLARGEON, Archbishop of Quebec, was the consecrating Bishop. Several Bishops from the States and Canada were present.

The elevation of Bishop WALSH to the Episcopal rank was hailed with sincere pleasure, not only by the Clergy of the Diocese of Toronto, but also of the Dioceses adjoining, as he was much and deservedly beloved and esteemed by his brother priests.

When assuming the government of his Diocese, His Lordship immediately applied himself, with extraordinary resolution and ability to the important duties of his exalted office. He displayed administrative talent of the highest order. He began by making a careful and thorough examination into the affairs of the Diocese. The result was well calculated to tax his courage and energies. He found that a large and pressing debt must be liquidated; that the reorganization of the Clergy and missions was imperative; that a number of priests should be provided; that, in many parishes, churches and presbyteries were to be built *de novo* or improved by restoration or enlargement; that the interests of education everywhere demanded attention; and

that asylums for the orphan and for the infirm poor were to be established. In a word, a vast amount of arduous and constant labour awaited His Lordship. He grappled earnestly with the difficulties which presented themselves, in all directions. Nobly seconded by his generous flock, he succeeded, within the incredibly short period of three years, in paying off to the last shilling the large debt which had encumbered the Diocese. It were vain to attempt any description of the hardship, toil and privations which the good Bishop was obliged to undergo in removing this burden. Suffice it to say he went through every mission in the Diocese, in all seasons, in heat and cold, often partaking the coarsest fare, and sharing the humble but cordially rendered hospitality of his people. Everywhere, he administered Confirmation, delivered eloquent exhortations, founded churches and schools, wherever required, catechised the young and the old, and appealed to his hearers to assist him in removing obligations which he had no part in contracting. As before stated, he met with a ready and liberal response. His success was achieved at the risk of his life. The physical and mental strain so long endured undermined His Lordship's health, to such a degree that his medical advisers insisted upon a period of rest and relaxation, to recruit his exhausted energies. They recommended an ocean voyage, and the Bishop, accordingly, visited Ireland, a second time, in 1870, where he passed part of the summer and autumn. In his own native Kilkenny,—so famed for its salubrity,—amid the charming scenery outlying the Metropolis, and in his pleasing intercourse with devoted and sympathetic friends, whose kindness and attention produced the most beneficial effect, His Lordship gained renewed health and vigour. After this much-needed vacation he returned to his Diocese and resumed his pastoral relations with his flock, who had grieved for his absence and its cause. For six years, from this period, His Lordship continued to discharge his manifold duties with the same assiduity and fidelity that marked his previous career in the Episcopacy.

In obedience to the established rule,

which obliges Bishops from distant lands to visit the Holy See, once in ten years, His Lordship, towards the Fall of 1876, set out for Rome. He was accompanied, as Chaplain, by Dr. KILROY, the learned and estimable Parish Priest of Stratford. A second time he enjoyed the happy privilege of paying homage to the great P^{ro} N^{on}o, who received him with increased cordiality and consideration. He obtained, from the Sovereign Pontiff many special favours for himself and the Diocese. The good Holy Father was over-joyed at the consoling account which the Bishop was enabled to render of his stewardship, in the distant vineyard confided to his care. While in Rome, His Lordship had frequent interviews and most agreeable relations with many of the leading members of the Sacred Colledge, and other distinguished dignitaries.

During his travels, Bishop WALSH made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, where he was edified and amazed at the faith and fervour of the vast multitudes of pilgrims that flocked, daily and hourly, to that world-renowned Sanctuary. *En route* through France, he called at Lyons, where he had the happiness of meeting Dr. de CHARBONNEL, his old and valued friend, still zealous and fervent, as ever, in labouring for the salvation of souls, and manifesting the same lively interest for his former spiritual children, in Canada, as when he lived and toiled in their midst. A sojourn of some weeks, in Paris and London, afforded His Lordship an opportunity as in the ETERNAL CITY, of seeing and exploring many places hallowed by religious associations, or remarkable for their historic surroundings. Before returning to Canada, Bishop WALSH spent a few months in Ireland, and was, for several weeks, the honored and welcome guest of the present Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Right Hon. Hugh TARPEY, whom to know is to esteem for his many admirable qualities.

The personal appearance of His Lordship creates, at first sight, a favourable impression. He combines tallness, with a fine presence, a bright speaking countenance, animated expression, and is most affable and polished in his demeanour and address. Polite and agreeable to every one, with whom he comes in

contact, His Lordship maintains the dignity and reserve befitting his exalted character and position. A most enjoyable companion, whether you happen to be the recipient of his hospitality, at the Episcopal residence, or fall in with him in one of his frequent journeys through the western counties comprising his Diocese. A delightful conversationalist, he speaks effectively and with accurate knowledge upon whatever subject he treats, seasoning his remarks with Attic salt.

As a Pulpit orator, Bishop WALSH has achieved a high reputation. His sermons betoken plan, thought, study, and are ever practical. His style is ornate, eloquent, full of point, logical and impressive. He has easy command of the choicest language, illustrating his subject with a suitably applied imagery. The attention of his audience never wearies. His lectures—particularly on historical subjects—are full of interest and instruction, and, on many occasions delighted crowded assemblages, in Toronto and elsewhere.

The Pastorals of His Lordship—always opportune and welcome—are models of composition and pregnant with instruction. In their valuable pages he dispenses to his Clergy and people the treasures of his well-stored mind. Sacred Scripture, Tradition, the Holy Fathers, the History and practice of the Church are cited, as occasion may require in support of his arguments. A studious and careful reader, as before mentioned, his facts are convincing,—a close reasoner his proofs are irresistible. In all truth it may be said of His Lordship's literary productions,—"*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*," whatever subject he handles he embellishes.

Bishop WALSH is a true patriot; but, his patriotism is devoid of that gushing enthusiasm, which very often denotes a mind not well-balanced, or one too susceptible to air-built and extravagant impressions. He loves Ireland with a pure and deep devotion. He cherishes, with tender affection, her history, traditions, songs, music, her sufferings, and above all, her constancy to the faith, despite the innumerable and varied persecutions of her enemies to rob her of that priceless jewel. The attachment,

however, which His Lordship bears to native land, does not, in any degree interfere with the claims which the country of his adoption have upon his acts and sentiments. With him love of Ireland is not incompatible with fealty to Canada. He is impressed with the conviction that the Government laws, institutions along with the civil and religious liberty enjoyed, here, by all classes of the people—blessings denied to Ireland—should be appreciated and upheld. Therefore, Bishop WALSH is a true Irishman and a loyal Canadian. Whilst His Lordship is not an indifferent observer of public events and of the sayings and doings of public men, he has refrained from identifying himself with the views or policy of either of the two great political parties of the day. The consequence is, he retains the respect and confidence of Catholics and Protestants, whether calling themselves Conservatives or Reformers. This neutral course is a wise and prudent one to follow, *ceteris paribus*. Were the interests of religion, morality or education involved, Bishop WALSH would be found taking his stand, firm and fearless, on the side of right and justice.

The writer has cheerfully complied with the request of the Publishers of THE HARP, to furnish a pen and ink sketch of a Prelate whom he holds in greatest esteem and veneration. He undertook the task with the utmost diffidence, fully realizing his inability to treat the subject with even a modicum of justice. In a plain unvarnished manner, and according to the time and materials at his control he has endeavoured to group together such particulars and incidents of the sacerdotal and Episcopal career of Bishop WALSH as he had cognizance of, and to pay a feeble tribute to his character and virtues. If the heart could regulate the head, the labour of love would have been well performed.

That His Lordship may be spared, by a kind Providence, "*ad multos annos*," to promote, more and more the Glory of God and the salvation of souls is the earnest prayer of

AMICUS.

The appearances of our security are frequently deceitful.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST QUEEN.

No. III.

If Elizabeth of England was "England's Greatest Queen," she was guilty of many unqueenly follies.

Soon after the opening of the Royal Exchange, she, amongst other appointments, made Christopher Hatton, Esq., captain of her guard. This guard was a band of gentlemen pensioners, and was composed of the tallest and handsomest men in England. Squire Hatton owed his advancement to his fine person, insinuating manners and graceful dancing. Many a man has commenced the world on worse capital. Christopher had been bred to the law, and first took the Queen's fancy at a certain masque in which he appeared amongst the other gentlemen of the inns of court, which made Sir John Perrot say that he entered court "by the galliard," or, as we should express it, "on the hop." The extraordinary and indeed unseemly marks of favor lavished by the Queen on her new favorite excited the jealousy of Leicester, who, in order to depreciate the accomplishments of the tall and handsome young lawyer, offered to find her a dancing master who could dance as well. "Pshaw!" replied the love-stricken Queen, "I will not see your man; it is his trade." She might have added also the doubt, which was probably on her mind at the time, whether to the accomplishments of the dancing master Leicester's man would be able to add Hatton's handsome person and insinuating address.

The handsome lawyer appears not only to have stolen the maiden Queen's heart but her head. She allowed herself to address him with the most ridiculous and puerile "pet names." She called him her "sheep," her "mutton," her "bell-wether!" her "pecora campi," and her "lids," to which, in moments of special endearment, she would add "sweet lids." The conquest of heart and head appears to have been mutual. Hatton's language was as sickening and as unmanly as Elizabeth's was unqueenly. In one of his letters, written from Spa, in reply to letters received from

the Queen, he maudles thus to the future vanquisher of the Spanish Armada:

"If I could express my feelings of your gracious letters, I should utter unto you matter of strange effect. In reading of them, with my tears I blot them; in thinking of them I feel so great comfort that I find cause, God knoweth, to read them on my knees. Death had been much more my advantage than to win health and life by so lonesome a pilgrimage. (He was at Spa for his health, and had been away from the Queen observe two days.) The time of two days hath drawn me further from you, than ten, when I return, can lead me towards you. (On what craft arithmetical principles this calculation is based, it is hard to determine, but 'love' is seldom arithmetical.) Madam, I find the greatest lack that ever poor wretch sustained. No death—no, not hell—no fear of death shall ever win of me my consent so far to wrong myself again as to be absent from you one day. God grant my return I will perform this vow. I lack that I live by. The more I find this lack the further I go from you. (Here the handsome lawyer becomes obscure. A few sentences further on, he is at least demonstrative.)

* * * *

"To serve you is a heaven, but lack of you is more than hell's torments. My heart is full of woe. Pardon my tedious writing; it doth much diminish, for the time, my great grief. I will wash away the faults of these letters with the drops from your poor "lids," and so enclose them. Would God I were with you but for one hour. My wits are overwrought with thoughts. I find myself amazed. Bear with me, my most dear, sweet lady; passion overcome me. I can write no more. Love me, for I love you.....Live for ever. Shall I utter this familiar term? Yea, ten thousand thousand farewells! He speaketh it that most dearly loveth you. I hold you too long. Once again I crave pardon, and so bid your own poor "lids" farewell. 1573, June.

Your bondsman, everlastingly tied,
"CIR. HATTON."

This is only one of a long series of love letters (the original autographs of

which may be seen in the State Paper office) which England's Greatest Queen received from her handsome dancer. To the fact of her having *willingly* received them and *carefully treasured* them the world owes their existence at the present day. In another of these precious epistles the accomplished lawyer thus pointedly states his brief:—

"But, Madam, forget not your "lids" which are so often bathed in tears for your sake. *A more wise man may seek you, but a more faithful and worthy can never have you.*" Such was Christopher Hatton's opinion of Christopher Hatton.

That Hatton was so excessively jealous of Elizabeth as to lead him, at times, to forget his duty to her as his sovereign is evident from a long letter of advice sent him by his friend, Edward Dyer, admonishing him not to attempt to put any control on Her Majesty's inclination by assuming a *sullen discontented demeanour* or using *reproaches*; for, however she may condescend as a woman, he must never forget who she is, or her place as his sovereign. That the Queen will mislike his *appearing dissatisfied*, and imagine that he goes to imprison her fancy, and that will engender despite and hatred in her towards him and lead to his ruin, *and that will prevent him from being able to serve his friends.* Whether Dyer's advice was wholly disinterested this last clause would lead one to doubt; but whether disinterested or not, it was at least *sound*, and highly appropriate as to a love spoiled child. That a nobleman (the earl of Oxford) was the particular object which aroused the green eyed monster in Hatton's breast is seen from the concluding part of Dyer's letter, wherein he entreats his friend not to *exhibit* any personal ill will against the nobleman who just then appeared to enjoy the royal favor, but *rather to lie in wait for an opportunity of taking an advantage of him.* Advice sufficiently prudent and *sound* as the world goes, but hardly Christian withal.

Whilst in the spring tide of his favor with this amorous Queen, Hatton coveted the Bishop of Ely's town house and beautiful gardens, called Ely Place, on Holborn Hill. The Bishop's unwillingness to give up this mansion as a toy to this love spoiled swain subjected him to an epistle unique in all episcopal annals

except those of the Post-Reformation Anglican Church.

The offended maiden Majesty of England, demanding this toy for her "sweet lids," delivered itself thus:—

"Proud Prelate,

"You know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my request I will unfrock you, by G—.

"ELIZABETH."

This energetic epistle was conclusive. The good Bishop, feeling within him no vocation to become a Post-Reformation St. Thomas of Canterbury, deemed it more prudent to save his frock by a ready compliance to the will of this imperious royal episcopal frock maker. The gate house of Ely Place, together with several acres of Ely Gardens (since called Hatton Gardens) was given up to Elizabeth's handsome lawyer, with the slight reservation to the Bishop and his successors of right of way to their own palace, permission to walk in the gardens and to gather therein, yearly, twenty bushels of roses. Thus was an episcopal frock saved to its unepiscopal wearer, thus was a spoiled child appeased with a sugar plum, and thus was England's Greatest Queen wont to assuage her too-ardorous yearnings towards her too-numerous favorites.

H. B.

IRISH MANUSCRIPTS.

We have received from Mr. Edward MURPHY of this City, a catalogue of manuscripts and printed books in the Irish language and Character, and facsimiles of the National Manuscripts of Ireland exhibited by him at the recent Caxton Celebration, in Montreal. A few of the MSS. have, we believe, been heirlooms in Mr. MURPHY's family. Believing that a description of those books and manuscripts would be interesting to our readers we quote largely from the catalogue. First, there is a copy of the "New Testament translated into Irish, about A.D., 1600, by William O'Donnell, Archbishop of Tuam" and printed in the "Irish and English language, with Irish and Roman type"—THE BOOK OF RIGHTS, the SENCHUS MOR or BREHON LAWS, &c. In

the catalogue the Book of Rights is thus described:—

“This work is a treatise on the Rights and Privileges of the ancient Kings of Ireland. It is translated from the original *Vellum* MSS., called the Book of Lecan, which was compiled from various older MSS., by Duaid McPhirbis, in the year 1418. A more ancient Book of Rights was written by St. Bencan (or St. Benignus, as his name was Latinized), successor to St. Patrick, who died A.D. 468. The work in its present form, however, was not written by that Bishop, but was compiled and written by Cormac McCuilenan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who died A.D. 908. It is an interesting fragment of Irish History, and of undoubted authenticity, and was an authority among the Irish Kings for centuries. The text is in Irish and English, on alternate pages. There is a valuable introduction, treating on several subjects; one, on Chess among the ancient Irish.”

Of the *SENENS MOR* or *BREHON LAWS* the Catalogue says:—

“This work is completed in three Volumes. It was translated from the original MSS., by Dr. O'Donovan, Professor O'Curry, and other learned Irish scholars, and published by order of the British Government, under a Commission composed of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and other eminent men, appointed to superintend its publication. The Volume now exhibited is the second, and is illustrated by fac-similes of three pages of Ancient *Vellum* MSS., two from the collection of Trinity College, Dublin, and one from the British Museum. These fac-similes are beautiful and interesting, and should be carefully examined.

“The *Brehon Laws* are very ancient, dating from before the Christian era. They were collated, revised, and transcribed from old manuscripts in St. Patrick's time by a Commission composed of nine persons, viz:—Three Bishops of whom St. Patrick was one, three Kings, and three Doctors and Poets, appointed by St. Patrick to adapt the ancient Pagan Laws, then in force, to Christianized Ireland. This Commission took three years to their work,

which was completed in A.D. 438. These *Brehon Laws* are a very enlightened Code, and prove that the inhabitants of Ireland in those remote times (1500 years ago) were a highly civilized and educated people. Their publication is a valuable addition to our knowledge of the social habits and the customs of the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, and they incidentally throw light upon the cotemporaneous History of Europe in such matters.”

The following summary will give some idea of the contents of three volumes:—

“A learned and exhaustive introduction to the *Brehon Laws*, giving their history and other interesting circumstances connected with them. The text is in Irish and English, giving the Law of Distress, Laws for the punishment of Murder, Wounding, Abduction, and for all offences against Persons and Property, Hostage Securities, Postorage, Saer-Stock, and Daer-Stock Tenures. Laws defining with great minuteness the relative positions of Landlord and Tenant. These laws prove that even in those remote times the maxim ‘that property has its duties as well as its rights,’ was well understood. The rights of women, married and single, and of minors, are minutely defined. These ancient laws show that nearly two thousand (2,000) years ago, the Irish laws relating to them were nearly, in accord with those plans now recommended by advanced thinkers in England as a basis for legislation to do justice to women and minors.”

But by far the most valuable portion of Mr. Murphy's collection is the marvellous Fac-Similes of the National MSS., of Ireland of which antiquarians have made so much. These Fac-Similes were made by command of Queen Victoria. They are photo-zincographed from the original *Vellum* MSS., under the direction of Major-General Sir Henry James, R. E., F. R. S., and were issued from the Public Records Office, Dublin, in 1874. The original are perhaps the most wonderful works of their kind in the world. Antiquarians have been puzzled to account for the class of instruments they were made with; or the eyes they were worked with. Their

minuteness and marvellous accuracy has astonished the *savants* of every age. Mr. Gilbert, Secretary of the Public Records Office, in his report to the Right Hon. the Master of the Rolls and Keeper of the Public Records of Ireland, describes this great work as follows:—

“The work is in imperial folio size, and the present part contains 45 colored plates. The written matter of each specimen has been printed opposite to it, in the original language, line for line, without contractions: such translations and elucidations have also been given as will, it is hoped, effectively assist those who may desire to examine or critically study any of the manuscripts.”

The original manuscripts are remarkable for their great antiquity. They are probably the most ancient Christian MSS., in the world, as those copied into this Volume date from the fifth century (*temp. St. Patrick*) to A.D. 1137.

There are several hundred figures, letters, &c., copied on 45 folio plates in this book (which is the first of a series of three Volumes publishing by order of the British Government). They are splendid examples of pictorial art, as the magnificent illuminations, especially the *unique* compound and single letters from the *Book of Kells*, show.

These Fac-Similes are most interesting, and to the Biblical student invaluable as nearly all the MSS. represented in this Volume are portions of the Holy Scriptures, copied from the Gospels.

Mr. Gilbert, in his report to the Master of the Rolls on these fac-similes in referring to the *Book of Kells*, which Professor O'Curry, R.I.A., believed was written in the sixth century, says:—

“The *Book of Kells* is the chief palæographic and artistic monument which has descended to us from the ages in which Ireland under the name of ‘Scotia,’ was renowned for her schools, whence religion and letters were carried to various parts of Europe. This manuscript is a copy of the Gospels, and received its present name from having belonged to the Columban Monastery of Kells in Meath.

“It has been (continues Mr. Gilbert) conjectured that the *Book of Kells* is the Volume so highly eulogized in the twelfth century by Geraldus Cambren-

sis, as the marvellous book exhibited at Kildare, and popularly believed to have been executed under the direction of an Angel.”

Of this work, Professor J. O. Westwood, of Oxford, in his important work on the miniatures and ornaments of the Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS., writes as follows:—

“Ireland may be justly proud of the *Book of Kells*—a Volume traditionally asserted to have belonged to St. Columba, and unquestionably the most elaborately executed MSS. of so early a date now in existence; far excelling, in the gigantic size of the letters at the commencement of each Gospel, the excessive minuteness of the ornamental details crowded into whole pages, the number of its very peculiar decorations, the fineness of the writing, and the endless variety of its initial capital letters, the famous Gospels of Lindisfarne, in the Cottonian Library. But this MS. is still more valuable on account of the various pictorial representations of different scenes in the life of our Saviour, delineated in the genuine Irish style, of which several of our MSS. of St. Gall, and a very few others, offer analogous examples.

“The text itself is far more extensively decorated than in any other now existing copy of the Gospels.”

After describing other wonders of this book, Prof. Westwood continues:—

“Another artistic peculiarity of the *Book of Kells* arises from the decoration of the initial letters of each of the sentences or verses, so that each page presents us with several of these letters, varying in size and design, as well as from the introduction of colored representations of men, animals, horses, dogs, &c., * * * * *

The introduction of natural foliage in this MS. is another of its great peculiarities; whilst the intricate intertwining of the branches is eminently characteristic of the Celtic spirit, which compelled even the human figure to submit to the most impossible contortions.”

Again the characteristics of the Celtic, or early Irish school, Prof. Westwood thus refers to further on in the same work:—

“First in one or more ribbons diagon-

ally but symmetrically interlaced, forming an endless variety of patterns; 2nd, one, two or three slender spinal lines coiling one within another till they meet in the centre of the circle, their opposite ends going off to other circles; 3rd, a vast variety of lacertine animals and birds, hideously attendant and coiled one within another, their tails, tongues and top-knots forming long, narrow ribbons, irregularly interlaced; 4th, a series of diagonal lines, forming various kinds of Chinese-like patterns. These ornaments are generally introduced into small compartments, a number of which are arranged so as to form the large initial letters and borders, or tessellated pages, with which the finest MSS. are decorated.

“Especially deserving of notice (continues Professor Westwood) is the extreme delicacy and wonderful precision, united with an extraordinary minuteness of detail, with which many of these ancient MSS. were ornamented. I have examined with a magnifying-glass the pages of the Gospels of Lindisfarne and the *Book of Kells*, for hours together, without ever detecting a false line an irregular interlacement; and when it is considered that many of these details consists of spiral lines, and are so minute as to be impossible to have been executed without a pair of compasses, it really seems a problem not only with what eyes, but also with what instruments they could have been executed. One instance of the minuteness of these details will suffice to give an idea of this peculiarity. I have counted in a small space, measuring scarcely three quarters of an inch, by less than half an inch in width, in the *Book of Armagh*, not fewer than one hundred and fifty-eight (158) interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern, formed of white lines edged by black ones upon a black ground.”

Mr. Gilbert, the learned editor of these fac-similes, concludes the publication of this first Volume by promising that in the next issue, now nearly ready, the series will be continued from the early part of the twelfth to the end of thirteenth century. There are (continues Mr. MURPHY) in my possession many other works, on historical and educational subjects, illustrating Irish type printing. The above will, however,

show what has been done, and is now doing, for the preservation of the ancient language of Ireland—a language in which is found an ancient and extensive literature, original and peculiar to herself—a language which is valuable for elucidating her own annals—a language which is the key for unlocking much that is occult in the ancient history of Europe. This language is still a living one, spoken by a large number of the inhabitants of Ireland. Chairs have been established in the Catholic University of Ireland and in many of the Irish Colleges for its cultivation.* These, with the special efforts now making by “*The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language*,” will, it is to be hoped, successfully perpetuate and preserve a language, not only so ancient—so expressive—but dearly cherished by the Irish people.

TURKISH JUSTICE TO A GREEK BREAD CONTRACTOR.—The bakers at Kars received a good lesson. Hitherto the bread supplied to the troops had been, it appears, most unsatisfactory, both in quality and quantity, and the contractors had made rapid fortunes. Hairedden Pacha summoned the principal contractor, who had a secret partner in the commander-in-chief, Achmet Pacha, and expostulated with him. The contractor admitted that the bread was not good, and promised to remedy it on the morrow. To-morrow came, with the same black, gritty loaves, and no improvement. The Pacha once more sent for the baker, who again promised that the next day's bread should be better. This scene was repeated three days following, and on the third day the bread was, if anything, a little worse. Hairedden Pacha then treated the contractor, who was a Greek and a millionaire, to a little Turkish justice. He caused five large loaves to be brought to the palace, and taking out all the filthy, black, coarse crumbs, he forced the contractor to swallow the whole quantity. The worthy was carried out swollen to nearly double his usual breadth, and cured of defrauding the poor soldiers.

*A Gaelic Professorship has been founded in the University of Edinburgh through the exertions of Professor Blackie, to whom great credit is due.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD LEO XIII.,
BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE, POPE.

To the Venerable Brothers, all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World in Favor and Communion with the Apostolic See.

POPE LEO XIII.

VENERABLE BROTHERS, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEEDICTION:—Raised by the inscrutable desigus of God, although undeserving, to the height of the Apostolic dignity, we immediately felt urged by a desire, and, so to speak, a necessity to address you by letter, not alone to express to you our feelings of intimate affection but also that in accordance with the duty entrusted to us by heaven we might confirm you who are called to share our solicitude in sustaining with us the contest of the times, for the Church of God and the salvation of souls. In the very beginning of our Pontificate there rises before us the sad spectacle of the evils, with which the human race is on all sides overwhelmed; the widely extended subversion of the supreme truths on which, as foundations, human society is placed; the pride of intellect impatient of any legitimate authority—the perpetual cause of dissensions, whence arise intestine conflicts, cruel and bloody wars—the contempt of laws which govern morals and protect justice—the insatiable cupidity of fleeting things and the forgetfulness of things eternal, even to the insane madness in which so many miserable wretches everywhere do not fear to lay violent hands on themselves—the thoughtless administration, wastefulness and malversation of public funds—the audacity of those archdeceivers who endeavour to appear the defenders of their fatherland, of liberty, and of every right; in fine, that deadly plague which, pervading the very vitals of human society, does not permit it to rest and which portends new revolutions and most calamitous results.

The cause of these evils, we are persuaded, is chiefly that there has been despised and rejected the holy and most august authority of the Church, which in the name of God is set over the human race, and is the vindicator and

guardian of every legitimate authority. Since the enemies of public order are well aware of this, they have thought that nothing was better calculated to overturn the foundations of society than to pertinaciously attack the Church of God, and with disgraceful calumnies bringing it into odium and contempt, as if it were opposed to civil society, truly so-called, they daily weaken its authority and strength by new wounds, and overturn the supreme power of the Roman Pontiff, in whom the eternal and immutable principles of right and justice have their defender and earthly guardian. Hence there have proceeded laws, overturning the divine constitution of the Catholic Church, which we regret have been passed in many regions; hence have flowed the contempt of episcopal authority, the impediments thrown in the way of exercising the ecclesiastical ministry, the dispersion of religious orders, the confiscation of their property, by which the servants of the Church and the poor were supported; hence has followed that public institutions consecrated to charity and beneficence were removed from salutory ecclesiastical government; hence has arisen that unbridled liberty of teaching and of publishing, while on the other hand, in every way the right of the Church to the instruction and education of youth is violated and oppressed. Nor of a different order is the occupation of the civil principedom, which Divine Providence, many centuries ago, conceded to the Bishop of Rome, that in freedom and with ease he might use the power conferred on him by Christ, for the eternal salvation of the people.

This terrible collection of evils we have enumerated to you, venerable brethren, not to increase your sorrow, but because we know that you will rightly perceive how grave are those affairs which demand our ministry and our zeal, and with what great anxiety we must labor to defend and vindicate the Church of Christ and the agents of this Apostolic See, assailed by so many calumnies, especially in this iniquitous age.

It is very manifest and evident, venerable brethren, that civil society is destitute of its solid foundation, if it is not based on the eternal principles of

truth and the immutable laws of right and justice, and if a sincere affection does not unite the sentiments of men, and sweetly moderate the motives and interchange of their duties. Who now can deny that it is the Church, which by diffusing the Gospel through the nations, brought the light of truth to barbarous people, imbued with superstition, and induced them to acknowledge the Divine Author of things and to respect themselves; which by removing the calamity of slavery, recalled men to the pristine dignity of their most noble nature; which having unfurled the sign of redemption in all parts of the earth, by sciences and arts either introduced or placed under her protection, by founding and protecting the best institutions of charity in which provision was made for misfortune of every kind; everywhere, publicly and privately, elevated the human race, raised it up from squalor, and fitted it to that form of life which was in harmony with the dignity and hope of humanity? But if anyone of sane understanding should compare this age in which we live, so hostile to religion and the Church of Christ, with those happy ages in which the Church was honored as a mother by the nations, he will find out that this age of ours, full of disturbances and distractions, is directly and rapidly rushing to its own ruin; that, on the other hand, those ages flourished, enjoying the best institutions, tranquility of life, riches and prosperity, all the more in proportion as the people showed themselves more observant of the government and laws of the Church. But if these numerous benefits which we have mentioned, have sprung from the ministry and salutary aid of the Church, and are the true works and glories of civil society, so far is it repugnant that the Church of Christ should abhor or despise it, as she thinks to her altogether belongs the glory of being its nurse, mistress and mother.

Moreover, that kind of civilization, which is opposed to the holy doctrines and laws of the Church, is to be esteemed as nothing else than a signment of civilization and an empty name, without reality. A manifest proof of this is afforded by those people on whom the light of the Gospel has not shone, in

whose life, indeed, a pretence of civilization may be seen, but its solid and true benefits do not flourish. Not at all is that to be esteemed the perfection of civil life, by which every legitimate power is audaciously condemned; nor is that to be esteemed liberty which disgracefully and miserably proceeds, by the unbridled propagation of errors, to the licentious gratification of corrupt desires, the impunity of outrages and crimes, the oppression of the best citizens of every order. Since these principles are erroneous, wicked and false, they have not that strength which would perfect the human family and make it proper, for "Sin makes peoples unhappy;" (Proverb 14, 33.) but it is absolutely necessary that, with minds and hearts corrupted, they should force people by their own weight into every stain, that they should weaken every right order, and thus seriously and rapidly bring the condition and tranquility of the commonwealth to an ultimate end.

What can be more iniquitous, if the works of the Roman Pontiffs are considered, than to deny how greatly and how gloriously the Bishops of Rome have deserved of the whole of civil society? Assuredly, our predecessors, when they perceived the good of the people, never hesitated to undertake contests of every kind, to undergo great labors, and to expose themselves to the most trying difficulties. Having fixed their eyes on heaven, they never bowed to the threats of the wicked, or suffered themselves, by an unworthy assent, to be seduced from their duty by blandishments or promises. It was this Apostolic See which gathered up and reunited the relics of the old fallen society. It was this same friendly torch by which the humanity of the Christian ages was illuminated. It was an anchor of safety in the civil tempests in which the human race was tossed about. It was the sacred chain of concord which united distant and diverse nations; it was, in fine, the common centre whence were sought the doctrines of faith and of religion, as well as the counsels and the auspices of peace, and of future enterprises. What more shall I say? It is the praise of the Supreme Pontiffs that they constantly interposed them-

selves as a wall and a rampart to prevent human society from relapsing into superstition and its ancient barbarism.

Would that this salutary authority had never been neglected or repudiated. Truly the civil principedom would never have lost the august and sacred honor which it possessed, sanctioned by religion, and which alone rendered the condition of obedience noble and worthy of humanity; nor would there have burst into flame so many seditions and wars which destroyed countries with calamities and slaughter: nor would so many kingdoms, proudly flourishing, now cast down from the summit of prosperity, have been overwhelmed with the weight of every woe. Of this the Oriental nations are a proof, who, having broken the sweet chains by which they were joined to this Apostolic See, have lost the splendor of their pristine nobility, the praise of the arts and sciences, and the dignity of empire.

Those eminent benefits, which in every country of the world the best history of all ages declares proceeded from the Apostolic See, were most especially experienced by this land of Italy, which, in proportion to its proximity, derived much more abundant fruits from it. To the Roman Pontiffs, undoubtedly, Italy ought to refer its acceptance of that substantial glory and honor by which it became eminent among the nations. Their authority and paternal zeal not only protected it from the attack of the enemy, but brought it assistance and help, so that in all times should the Catholic faith be preserved entire in the hearts of Italians.

Of benefits of this kind, to speak of no others conferred by our predecessors, there is special mention made in history of the times of St. Leo the Great, of Alexander III, Innocent III, St. Pius V, Leo X, and other Pontiffs, by whose exertions, and under whose auspices, Italy was saved from that destruction which was threatened by the barbarians, and retained uncorrupted her ancient faith, and in the darkness and squalor of a ruder age fostered and preserved the light of the sciences and the splendor of the arts. Witness to this is also borne by this glorious city of ours, the seat of the Pontiffs, which has received this principal fruit from them, that it

was not only the strong citadel of the faith, but also made the asylum of the fine arts and the domicile of wisdom. She has obtained the admiration and observation of the entire globe. Since the glory of these facts has been handed down to eternal recollection by the monuments of history, it is easily understood that it is only by a hostile purpose and an unworthy calumny, intended to deceive men, that it can be said or written that this Apostolic See was an impediment to the civilization of the people and the prosperity of Italy.

If, therefore, all the hopes of Italy and the entire world are founded on that basis, so favorable to the good and well-being of all, which the authority of the Holy See enjoys, and on that close link which unites all the faithful to the Roman Pontiff, it is easy to understand that we could have nothing more at heart than to preserve religiously intact its dignity to the Roman See, and to draw closer the union of the members with the head, and of the children with their father. Hence, to openly maintain, and to the best of our ability support, the liberty and rights of the Holy See, we shall never cease to endeavor to preserve for our authority that obedience which is due to it—to remove the obstacles which prevent the full freedom of our ministry and our power, and to obtain the return to that state of things in which the designs of Divine Providence had formerly placed the Roman Pontiffs. And it is not in a spirit of ambition, or the desire of domination that we are urged to demand this return, but rather by the duties of our charge, and by the solemn obligations of the oath which we have taken. We are further urged to it not only by the consideration that this temporal power is necessary to defend and preserve the full freedom of the spiritual power, but also that it may be made clearly manifest that it is the cause of the public weal and the safety of human society which are at stake. It follows, therefore, that by reason of the duties of our charge, which oblige us to defend the rights of the Holy Church, when there is question of the temporal power of the Apostolic See, we cannot dispense ourselves from renewing and confirming

in these letters all the same declarations and protestations which our predecessor, Pius IX., of holy memory, has several times issued and repeated, as well against the occupation of the civil principality as against the violation of rights belonging to the Roman Church. At the same time we direct our voice to the princes and rulers of the people, and we beseech them by the most august name of the great God not to cast away the aid of the Church now opportunely offered to them; to unite themselves around this source of authority and safety, and to attach themselves more and more to it by the bonds of a close affection and a profound respect. Heaven grant that they may recognise the truth and force of what we have said, and may they convince themselves that the doctrine of Jesus Christ, as St. Augustine says, is the salvation of the country if it should be obeyed. (Ep. 138, ad Marcellinum n. 5.) May they realize that their security and their tranquility, as well as the public security and tranquility, depend on the preservation of the Church, and of the obedience which is due to it; that they may devote themselves and all their thoughts to removing its afflictions from the Church of Jesus Christ and from its visible head. May it come to pass that they will, therefore, lead again the people over whom they rule into the way of justice and peace, and enjoy a happy era of prosperity and glory.

Further, wishing also to maintain more and more in its integrity the union between the entire Catholic flock and its supreme pastor, we ask of you with especial affection, and we exhort you earnestly, to inflame with the heat of religion, by your sacerdotal zeal and your pastoral vigilance, the faithful who have been confided to you, that they may thus attach themselves more intimately to this truth and justice, that they may all accept its teaching with the most profound submission of mind and will, and may reject all those opinions, even those most widely diffused, which they know to be contrary to the teachings of the Church. On this subject the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors, and in particular Pius IX., especially in the Council of the Vatican, having before their eyes the words of

St. Paul—"Beware lest any man cheat you by philosophy and vain deceit, according to the tradition of men, according to the elements of the world, and not according to Christ,"—did not neglect, when it was necessary, to reprove errors as they crept in, and to condemn them with Apostolic censures. We, too, walking in the way of our predecessors, confirm and renew all these condemnations from the high place of this Apostolic seat of truth, and at the same time we fervently beseech of the Father of Light that He may make all the faithful one in sentiment and opinion, thinking and speaking precisely as we do. Our duty to you, venerable brethren, is to engage your assiduous care in spreading abroad in the Vineyard of the Saviour the seed of heavenly doctrine, and impress on the minds of the faithful the proofs of Catholic faith—that they keep them from thorns and preserve them from the contagion of error. The fiercer the efforts which are made to teach men without instructing them, and teach particularly the young in principles which darken their understandings and corrupt their hearts, the more necessary it becomes to labor with energy for the success, not alone of a proper and solid method of instruction, but also to render even the teaching of the Catholic faith perfectly identical in literature and science, and particularly in philosophy, on which, in great part, depends the true explanation of the other sciences, and which, far from tending to overthrow Divine revelation, is proud to be able to make smooth its course and to defend it against its assailants, as we have been taught by the examples of St. Augustine, of the Angelic Doctor, and of all the other masters of Christian wisdom.

This admirable discipline of youth, for the preservation of the true faith and religion and the integrity of morals, must have its origin in the very society of the family which in these times is so unhappily disturbed, and can in no way be restored to its dignity unless by those laws by which in the Church it has been instituted by the Divine Author Himself, who, when He raised the contract of marriage, in which He wished to signify his own union with

the Church, to the dignity of a sacrament, not only made the marital union more holy, but even prepared more efficacious helps for parents and for offspring, by which, through the observance of mutual duties, they might more readily acquire temporal and eternal felicity. But afterwards impious laws despising the solemnity of this great sacrament, regarded it as of the same order as merely civil contracts, this unhappily occurred, that the dignity of Christian marriage being violated, citizens substituted legal concubinage for nuptials, husbands and wives neglected the duties of their mutual obligations, children refused obedience and reverence to their parents, the bonds of domestic charity were loosened, and what is of the worst example and the most scandalous to public morals, pernicious and destructive separations succeed to an unholy love. These truly unfortunate and mournful facts cannot but excite your zeal, venerable brethren, and move you to carefully and urgently warn the faithful entrusted to your care, that they should listen with docility to all that concerns the sanctity of Christian marriage, and should obey the laws by which the Church regulates the duties of the married and of children.

Then, indeed, the most desirable result will be obtained, so that the morals and mode of life of even individuals will be reformed; for as from a corrupt trunk corrupt branches and bad fruit germinate, so the stain which depraves families infects individuals with a terrible contagion of sin. On the other hand, trained by the family to the Christian life, each member is accustomed to love religion and piety, to abhor false and pernicious doctrines, to follow virtue, to obey their superiors, and to repress the insatiable seeking after purely private interests which so profoundly lowers and enervates human nature. For which end it will be advantageous to direct and advance those Catholic associations which have been established in this age for the great benefit of the Catholic cause.

Great, indeed, and beyond human strength are these things for which we hope and pray, venerable brethren, but since God has enabled the nations of the earth to become sound, since He has

founded the Church for the salvation of nations, and has promised that He will aid it until the end of time, we firmly trust, with your co-operation, that the human race, warned by so many calamities and evils, at length will seek safety and prosperity, in obedience to the Church, and the infallible magistracy of the Apostolic See.

Meantime, venerable brethren, before we end this letter we must express to you our gratification for that wonderful harmony and concord which unites you amongst yourselves and with this Apostolic See, which perfect union we consider not only an unassailable bulwark against the assaults of the enemy, but even a fortunate and happy presage which promises better times for the Church, and whilst it offers the greatest solace to our infirmity, it also urges us to sustain with alacrity all the labors and all the contests for the Church of God, in the arduous duty which we have undertaken.

From these grounds of hope and gratification which we have disclosed to you we cannot separate those expressions of love and obedience which, in the beginning of our Pontificate, you, venerable brethren, and with you ecclesiastics and very many of the faithful, have shown to us, proving by letters and gifts and pilgrimages, and by other acts of homage, that the devotion and charity which they had previously shown to our illustrious predecessor had so firmly remained that they had not grown cold towards the person of so unworthy an heir. At the sight of such magnificent evidences of Catholic faith, we most humbly confess that the Lord is good and merciful; and to you, venerable brethren, and to all those dear children from whom we have received them, we desire to express those many and profound feelings of gratitude which flood our heart, full of confidence that in the pressure and difficulties of the times, your zeal and your love as well as those of the faithful, will keep us from failing. We do not doubt that these remarkable examples of filial piety and of Christian virtue will powerfully contribute to touch the heart of God, always merciful, and move Him to cast an eye of compassion upon His flock, and grant peace and victory to the Church. But, as we

are convinced, this peace and victory will be more promptly and readily assured if the faithful pray constantly to God and ask Him for them. We exhort you to excite the zeal and fervor of the faithful with this object, engaging them to employ as mediatrix with God the immaculate Queen of Heaven, and as intercessors St. Joseph patron of the universal Church, and the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to whose powerful protection we recommend ourselves, all the orders of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and all the fold of the Saviour.

That these days, on which we recall the solemn memory of Jesus Christ, rising from the dead, may be prosperous, salutary, and full of holy joy to you, venerable brethren, and the entire flock of the Lord, we earnestly hope, praying the most benign God that in the blood of the Lamb, in which is blotted out every writing which was against us, there may be washed away all the faults which we have contracted, and the sentence which we received from them may be mercifully relaxed.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Spirit be with you all," venerable brethren, to whom, and also to our beloved children the clergy and faithful of your churches, in token of our particular affection, and as the auspices of the celestial protection, we most affectionately bestow the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the solemnity of the Pasch, April 21, 1878, in the first year of our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

THE DOUBT ABOUT HELL.

Among the many curious questions which from time to time agitate the public mind has recently sprung up this: Is there in eternity a place called hell, and what punishment must the impenitent sinner undergo there? I will try to meet the enquiry in as few words as possible; but I ask beforehand, How is it possible that people express such an anxiety to see answered now this question, which has been answered ever since a rational being lived on this earth, and ever since God spake to men by reason and revelation?

In order to make this clear, let us look at the categories into which men by their religious belief or unbelief may be classified. They are Catholics, Protestants, Deists, and Atheists. For all these the question on hell is out of place.

First, concerning Catholics: The dogma that there is in eternity a place which we call hell, where all those who die in the state of mortal sin suffer everlasting punishment, is an article of faith proclaimed by the Church in condemning the so-called Originists, and solemnly re-echoed in the celebrated Athanasian Symbol adopted by the Church. Therefore as Catholics believe the Church to be infallible in her doctrinal definitions the question is settled.

Concerning Protestants: If there are real orthodox Protestants they believe Christ to be the son of God incarnate, consequently, that His teaching is true; and they believe the Bible to be the word of God. Let us, then, open the Bible and consider the utterances of Christ and His apostles. That in the books of the old Covenant hell is frequently mentioned, nobody will deny who has ever read them. Moses, David, the Prophets, point to a place in eternity where, after death, the wicked are punished. They call it hell, everlasting fire, darkness, the well of death, the country of sorrows (Numbers, xvi.; Psalms, liv.; Isaiah, xxxiii.; Daniel, xii. Isaiah, xxxiv., &c.) St. John, preaching to the crowds of people coming from every direction to hear him, menaces them with the unquenchable fire of hell, which proves that the belief in a future everlasting punishment awaiting the sinner was a common belief among the Jews. But not only the Jews believed in hell, but also all mankind believed in it. Primitive revelation, in this regard, has never, since the original fall of man, perished from among men. What the Greeks and Romans believed of Tartarus bears witness to this. And not superstitious people only among them believed, but men like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Seneca. What student can be ignorant of what Homer and Virgil sang of the descent of Æneas into Tartarus? Even Bayle and Bolingbroke, those propagators of infidelity, plainly

acknowledged the undeniable fact of the uninterrupted belief of nations in hell born, we may almost say, with men's consciences. Concerning the utterances of Christ on this subject, all that have ever read the Gospels know that He frequently—even more frequently than of heaven—spoke of a place in eternity where God would punish the wicked. That place he calls "a place of torment" (Luke xvi., 28); of weeping and gnashing of teeth (Matt. viii., 12). He also calls it hell fire (Matt. v., 22), which as he affirms, cannot be quenched. He speaks of two ways on which men are walking toward eternity; the one leading to life, the other leading to destruction. (Matt. vii., 13). But the most solemn, peremptory, and decisive words of Christ affirming hell as a place of everlasting punishment for the wicked, are the words which He is to pronounce as the coming Judge of mankind at the Day of Judgment, when He will say to them that shall be on the left side: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels! And they shall go into everlasting punishment, and the just into life everlasting." What clearer and more positive words could Christ have used to announce to mankind a hell where the wicked shall be punished without end. If some Protestants, nevertheless, deny hell, they should also deny heaven, because Christ speaks in the same sentence of heaven and of hell.

So the apostles, too, understood the Lord, and so they taught the faithful. Peter, in his second Epistle, affirms that the wicked shall be tormented by the same torment which was prepared for the fallen angels—that is, the torment of everlasting fire. (Peter ii., 2.) So, in the same way, Paul affirms that the wicked that obey not Christ, and do not live according to his laws, shall suffer eternal pains. (II. Thess., i. 9.) What pains? St. Jude, in his Epistle says they are suffering the punishment of eternal fire.

St. John, in his Apocalypse, saw the damned in a pool of damnation, where he says, they shall be tormented for ever and ever. These words of Christ and His apostles are too explicit, too positive, to admit in their interpretation

of any subterfuge or equivocation, especially should I adduce quotations from all the Holy Fathers, beginning with those of the first century of the Christian era, who understood the teachings of Christ and His apostles in the way in which the Catholic Church has defined it. I abstain from these quotations because I simply wish to reason with Protestants, as such and they refuse to listen to tradition. If, however, they refuse to listen to the clear teaching of the words of Christ and His apostles, and disbelieve the existence of hell, they may call themselves Protestants, but in fact they are only disguised as Deists.

We call Deists those who believe in God and the immortality of the soul but deny revelation, and think that natural honesty—that is, keeping the law of nature according to the dictates of their own conscience—is all that God can ask of men. In regard to them, also, we say the existence of hell is out of question. Please pay particular attention here. Some readers will probably not perceive the whole strength of the argument, but all logical thinkers, all trained philosophers, will perceive it. The Deist, believing in a Creator and a Ruler of the world, God, must acknowledge in Him a being who is also capable under all circumstances of ruling rational and immortal beings, if He was pleased to create them free, as He did create man, whom he left free to obey Him or to disobey Him. Such immortal beings, if they chose to be disobedient, God could not rule if He did not confirm His law by everlasting punishment. Listen to my reason why He could not. Whatever is temporary, and therefore has an end, is of no avail for an immortal who has before him eternity. No matter how long the punishment may last—one hour or millions of years—when passed it is gone. An immortal being, therefore, could defy his Creator and Ruler, and choose the temporal enjoyment of sin, in defiance of mere temporary punishment. That he would do so is evident from the conduct of all those Catholics and Protestants who, while they believe in everlasting punishment, still dare to remain in mortal sin. What, then, will men care about sin, if they believe that

there is no such thing to be feared as punishment? Nothing less than the sanction of Divine law, by the everlasting punishment of those who rebel against it, is adequate for beings who are themselves immortal. A Government which has no power to control the wickedness of the transgressors of its laws, by the infliction of punishment sufficient to deter them, is a miserable one; and that is what the government of God would be, in regard to immortal beings rebelling against Him, if there were no everlasting punishment. Moreover, as God is omniscient, how could He do otherwise than ordain the eternal punishment of immortal beings of whom he foresaw that, left to their own dispositions, many would never cease through all eternity to offend Him? God knows that was already the case with all the fallen angels. Do you see the bearings of my argument? If you do not, you do not reason. The *eternal* law of God, by its very *nature*, if essentially violated, has no commensurate punishment other than an *endless* one, because it is eternal. Deists, do you understand the force of this reason? If you do not, you do not reason.

But it may be that infidels are pantheists, neither believing in a personal God nor in the personal immortality of men. For these, of course, the question of the existence of hell is out of place. The other part of the question in regard to the kind of punishment in hell is equally out of place, because reason by itself never can answer this question, and revelation was not given to satisfy our curiosity. No explicit definition in this regard has ever been given by the Church. It perfectly suffices to perceive by faith and reason that the punishment of men who have died in the state of mortal sin and been condemned to hell, will affect body and soul, as they have sinned with both, and that this punishment will be eternal. Any punishment that never ends must be for men the same dreadful warning to try by all means to avoid it, whether it be punishment by fire or otherwise.

But for those who, firmly believing all that God has revealed to men, as it is taught to them by the legitimate teaching authority, and who, living

accordingly, are in the way of salvation, for them it is of very little interest what kind of punishment God inflicts on sinners in hell. They rather direct their attention to the joys that await them in heaven. But those who willfully err, who do not live as they believe, but proceed in the way of damnation, will soon enough know by experience what eternal punishment in hell means. Yes! those Ingersollians and all other blasphemous scoffers at religion, if they refuse to listen to reason and revelation, will each shortly have to exclaim: "Yes, this is hell and I am here!" Too late then to ridicule hell.

F. X. WENINGER, D. D.

ITALE AN HOUR IN IRELAND.

"Very singular style of person your friend Mr. McFale," lisped a spoony-looking Cornet at the end of the table.

"Not in the country he belongs to, I assure you," said Maurice; "but I presume you were never in Ireland."

"You are mistaken there," resumed the other; "I was in Ireland, though I confess not for a long time."

"If I might be so bold," cried Maurice, "how long?"

"Half an hour, by a stop watch," said the other, pulling up his stock, "and I had quite enough of it in that time."

"Pray give us your experiences," cried out Bob Mahon. "They should be interesting considering your opportunities."

"You are right," said the Cornet; "they were so; and as they illustrate a feature in your amiable country, you shall have them."

A general knocking upon the table announced the impatience of the company, and when silence was restored the Cornet began:

"When the *Bermuda* transport sailed from Portsmouth to Lisbon, I happened to make one of some four hundred interesting individuals who, before they became food for powder, were destined to try their constitutions on pickled pork. The second day after our sailing the winds became adverse; it blow a hurricane from every corner of the compass but the one it ought, and the

good ship, that should have been standing straight for the Bay of Biscay, was scudding away under a double-reefed topsail towards the coast of Labrador. For six days we experienced every sea manœuvre that usually preludes a shipwreck, and at length, when, what from sickness and fear, we had become utterly indifferent to the result, the storm abated, the sea went down, and we found ourselves lying comfortably in the harbor of Cork, with a strange suspicion on our minds that the frightful scenes of the past week had been nothing but a dream."

"Come, Mr. Medlicot," said the Skipper to me, "we shall be here for a couple of days to refit; had you not better go ashore and see the country?"

"I sprang to my legs with delight; visions of cowslips, larks, daisies and mutton chops floated before my excited imagination, and in ten minutes I found myself standing at that pleasant little inn at Cove which, opposite Spike Island rejoices in the name of the Goat and Goats." "

"Breakfast waiter," said I: "a beef-steak—fresh beef, mark ye; fresh eggs, bread, milk and butter, all fresh. No more hard tack," thought I; "no salt butter, but a genuine land breakfast."

"Upstairs, No. 4, sir," said the waiter, as he flourished a napkin, indicating the way.

"Upstairs I went, and in due time the appetizing little meal made its appearance. Never did a minor's eye revel over his broad acres with more complacent enjoyment than did mine skim over the mutton and the muffin, the tea-pot, the trout, and the devilled kidney, so invitingly spread out before me. Yes, thought I, as I smacked my lips, this is the reward of virtue; pickled pork is a probationary state that admirably fits us for future enjoyments. I arranged my napkin upon my knee, seized my knife and fork, and proceeded with most critical acumen to bisect a beefsteak. Scarcely, however, had I touched it, when, with a loud crash, the plate smashed beneath it, and the gravy ran pitceously across the cloth. Before I had time to account for the phenomenon the door opened hastily, and the waiter rushed into the room, his face beaming

with smiles, while he rubbed his hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"It's all over, sir," said he; "Glory be to God! it's all done."

"What's over? what's done?" inquired I, with impatience.

"Mr. M'Mahon is satisfied," replied he, "and so is the other gentleman."

"Who and what the devil do you mean?"

"It's all over, sir, I say," replied the waiter again; "he fired in the air."

"Fired in the air! Was there a duel in the room below stairs?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, with a benign smile.

"That will do," said I, as, seizing my hat, I rushed out of the house, and, hurrying to the beach, took a boat for the ship. Exactly half an hour had elapsed since my landing, but even those short thirty minutes had fully as many reasons that, although there may be few more amusing, there are some safer places to live in than the Green Isle."

A general burst of laughter followed the Cornet's story, which was heightened in its effect by the gravity with which he told it.

"And after all," said Maurice Quill, "now that people have given up making fortunes for the insurance companies, by living to the age of Methuselah, there's nothing like being an Irishman. In what other part of the habitable globe can you cram so much of adventure into one year? Where can you be so often in love, or in debt? and where can you get so merrily out of the two? Where are promises to marry and promises to pay treated with the same gentlemanlike forbearance? and where, when you have lost your heart and your fortune, are people found so ready to comfort you in your reverses?"

Many men mistake the love, for the practice of virtue; and are not so much good men, as the friends of goodness.

Genuine virtue has a language that speaks to every heart throughout the world. It is a language which is understood by all. In every region, every climate, the homage paid to it is the same. In no one sentiment, were ever mankind more generally agreed.

WHY THE REV. DR. MUDGE
STOPPED HIS PAPER.

Some years ago when the writer was a reporter upon an Eastern paper, it devolved on him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a new hog-killing machine that had just been put in operation at the factory. Now, what made the Rev. Dr. Mudge mad was this: The inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the form got the two locals mixed in a frightful manner, and when we went to press, something like this was the appalling result:

"Some of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called on him yesterday, and after a brief consultation the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along the beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit and presented him with a handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, and swung him around by and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said there were times when the feelings overpowered one and for that reason he would not do more than attempt to thank those around him for the manner in which so huge an animal was cut in fragments was astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it, the hog was cut into fragments and worked into delicious sausage. The occasion will be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be obtained for fifteen cents per pound, and we are sure those who sat under his ministry will rejoice to hear that he has been so handsomely treated."

Mad! Well, about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof and robbed himself in boiler iron, so that he could see the clergyman tearing around down the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war, and carry-

ing butcher knives and things. The next day we apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription.—*Indianapolis Times.*

BUSYBODIES.—Among the large section of humanity whose strongly marked idiosyncrasies and oddities distinguish them into distinct classes and kinds of people, busybodies hold no unimportant place. Busybodies are characterized by an almost insatiable appetite for intermeddling with the affairs of other people; by an irresistible impulse to thrust, not simply their finger, but their whole fist, into everybody else's pie. They are gifted with such vast energies, and such wide sympathies, that their own private and peculiar concerns by no means afford sufficient scope for their exercise, and they therefore seek a wider field in managing the concerns of their friends, or of the world at large. In every undertaking you may have in hand, from the cooking of a potato to the choice of a vocation for life, they are sure to mix themselves up—advising or warning, forwarding or retarding, approving or condemning—thrusting themselves into the most prominent position, and insisting on directing the whole matter. You cannot make a purchase, or get married, or send your children to a school, or enter into a business, or invest a capital, or build a house, or, in short, mind your own business in any way, without their interference. They know all about it; they know how it should be done; they know the best place to make your purchase or the best way to choose a partner, the merits of a school or a business, the worth of an investment, or the proper manner in which to set about building; and unless you adopt their advice, and are willing to act according to their directions, you need not hope to succeed. If you venture to reject their interference, and prefer following your own judgment and managing your own business yourself, they assume all the airs of injured and much abused individuals. And if your undertaking should chance to fail, as the best laid schemes of men often will, they are the first to triumph in your failure, and to reiterate in your ears the hateful croak—"I told you so!"

A NOVEL ALPHABET FOR THE
LITTLE PEOPLE.

- A was a traitor hung by the hair.—Samuel, xviii., 9.
 B was a folly built high in the air.—Genesis, xi., 9.
 C was a fountain o'erlooking the sea.—1 Kings, xviii., 42-45.
 D was a muse buried under a tree.—Genesis, xxxv., 8.
 E was a first-born, bad from his youth.—Hebrews, xi., 16.
 F was a ruler, who trembled at truth.—Acts, xxiv., 25.
 G was a messenger sent with good word.—Daniel, ix., 21.
 H was a mother loaned to the Lord.—1 Samuel, i., 27-28.
 I was a name received of the Lord.—Genesis, xxxii., 22-28.
 J was a shepherd in Arabian land.—Exodus, iii., 1.
 K was a place near the desert of sand.—Deuteronomy, i., 10.
 L was a pauper begging his bread.—Luke, xvi., 20-21.
 M was an idol, an object of dread.—Leviticus, xx., 2-3.
 N was an architect ages ago.—Genesis, vi., 13-23.
 O was a rampart to keep out the foe.—11 Chronicles, xxvii., 3-4.
 P was an isle whence a saint looked above.—Revelations, i., 4-9.
 Q was a Christian saluted in love.—Romans, xvi., 23.
 R was an obscure, yet a mother of Kings.—Matthew, i., 5.
 S was a Danite, who did wonderful things.—Judges, xiv., 5-6.
 T was a city that had a strong hold.—11 Samuel, xxiv., 7.
 U was a country productive of gold.—Jeremiah, x., 9.
 V was a Queen whom a King set aside.—Esther, i., 10-22.
 Z was a place where a man wished to hide.—Genesis, xix., 1.
 Read Timothy, iii., 15.

Charity, like the sun, brightens every object on which it shines; a censorious disposition casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear.

To sensual persons, hardly any thing is what it appears to be: and what flatters most, is always farther from reality. There are voices which sing around them, but whose strains allure to ruin. There is a banquet spread, where poison is in every dish. There is a couch which invites them to repose, but slumber on it is death.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

STEAMED POTATOES.—Peel the potatoes and wash them in cold water. Put them in the steamer, and place it at once over boiling water, covered very close. It is best not to lift the lid till the potatoes are done; they take from thirty to fifty minutes, according to size. Keep the water steadily boiling.

IRISH PANCAKES.—Beat eight yolks and four whites of eggs, strain them into a pint of cream, put a grated nutmeg, and sugar to your taste; set three ounces fresh butter on the fire, stir it, and as it warms pour it on the cream which should be warm when the eggs are put to it; then mix smooth almost half a pint of flour. Fry the Pancakes very thin; the first with a bit of butter, but not the others. Serve several on one another.

Many laundresses save a vast amount of hard labor when washing clothes by employing the following preparations, which, it is said, will not injure linen or cotton fabrics. When the number of garments to be washed is small one half or one fourth the quantity mentioned may be employed. Dissolve two pounds of bar soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and add one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia. The mixture must be well stirred, and the clothes steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel containing them as nearly steam tight as possible. The clothes afterward should be washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap water may be reheated and used the second time, but in that case a teaspoonful of turpentine and a teaspoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause great economy of time, labor and fuel. The clothes will not be injured at all, as there will be little necessity for rubbing, unless there are places exceedingly dirty. When wristbands and collar bindings have been saturated with perspiration, and the dirt has been dried in, there is no washing preparation in use that will remove the dirt without some rubbing.

Time once past, never returns; the moment which is lost, is lost for ever.

F A C E T I A S.

A Chicago lady complains of the unremitting love of her absent husband. He never sends her any money.

If you want to take the gimp out of a stuck-up man, mistake him for the street-car conductor, and offer him your fare as he comes along.

Sign at a tavern near the French cemetery of Rouen: "The mourner's return. Choice wines and liquors. Private rooms for guests who wish to mourn in private."

A young man of twenty recently took to wife a Pennsylvania widow of 50, the sole proprietress of a couple of petroleum wells. Of him it may be truly said that "he loved not wisely but too well(s)."

An ex-editor propounds the following: What is the difference between a young lady's ear-rings and a man who owes three years for his paper? Answer—One is in her ears and the other is in arrears.

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

Old Deacon Pilkins said to himself: "Falstaff asks, 'What's honor?' as though it was hard to tell. But let my wife sit behind another woman in church and she'll tell *what's on her* in less than two minutes."

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she would'nt wear a hat three weeks behind the style to save the government.

When a man feels the sidewalk slipping out from under him, there is no sense in clutching frantically at the thin air, bulging out his eyes and acting like one crazy. He might as well sit down quietly first as last and avoid attracting so much attention.

A father lately induced a croupy little boy to make a healthy meal of buck-wheat cakes and molasses, but the latter proved to be the syrup of squills: The boy said he thought something ailed the

molasses the very minute his father told him to eat all he wanted.

A six-year old, who was found putting himself on the outside of various good things at a rapid rate, just after complaining of inward griping, exclaimed to his wondering parents that he "didn't mean to leave any room for that stomach ache."

A tom cat is a more independent animal than man. When a man comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning he slips in as quietly as possible, but a tom cat don't seem to care. The later the hour, and the nearer the house it approaches, the louder it will yell.

A lawyer was once pleading a case in a New York court before a whole bench. The Chief Justice whispered in his neighbour's ear, but loud enough to be heard by others, "I'll wager he lies." The lawyer, not in the least disconcerted, drew his purse from his pocket, and laying it on the bar, exclaimed, "Put down your money—I take the bet!"

No ROBBERY.—A bachelor editor, who had a pretty unmarried sister, lately wrote to one similarly circumstanced, "Please exchange."

WINNING HIS SPURS.—A reporter has just won his spurs by an article headed "Desperate Bloodshed—the Murdered Man Not Expected to Live."

A LAWYER having found ninety-five pounds and returned it to the owner, one of the papers says the act may be honest and honourable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional. It is time a stop was put to these slings at the lawyers; by and bye people will begin to think they are not strictly honest.

TRULY EXCELLENT.—A man remarked to one of his physicians that the concert on the previous night was very good, to which he replied, warmly, "It was, indeed, most excellent—the best thing of the kind that ever happened."—"But how do you know all that? You were not there, were you?"—"I know I wasn't there, but I happen to know that nearly everybody that was there is under treatment for rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, or influenza. I have about fifteen cases myself, and all respectable people who pay their bills. The performance was truly excellent."

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