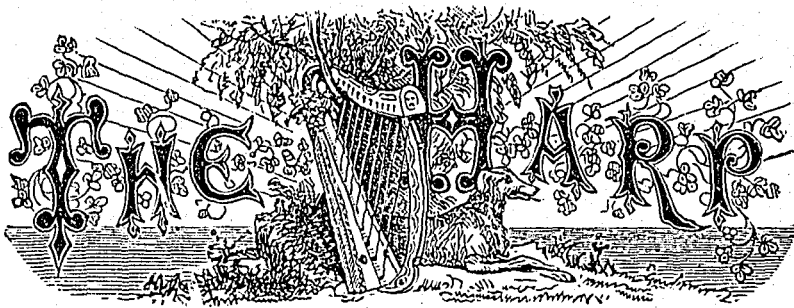


Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure. | | |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | Continuous pagination. |



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 2.

CHRISTMAS CAROL—"RING THE BELLS."

BY ISAAC N. MAYNARD.

Ring the bells! let praise resound,
 "The Promised King" at length is found,
 And in a manger lies!
 Behold the Babe of Bethlehem!
 Surrounded by the "wisest men,"
 And angels from the skies!

Ring the bells! the round world o'er
 Let praise resound from shore to shore,
 The Virgin's Son is born!
 He who was promised ages long,
 By Prophets in their glorious song!
 Hail! bright, immortal morn!

Ring the bells! Salvation's come!
 "Men of good will!" let every home
 Resound with joy and praise!
 Earth wears more roseate tints to-day
 Than it hath worn since the first ray
 Of light made golden days!

Ring the bells! the prisoner's free!
 Heaven's gates are opened gloriously,
 And Hope sits smiling there!
 And Mercy spreadeth her dove-like wings,
 And hails her sovereign "King of Kings!"
 The Babe of Bethlehem fair!

Ring the bells! for Heaven to-day
 Resounds with choral song and lay,
 And Halleluiahs high!
 "Our God hath made his promise good!
 His word shall stand, hath ever stood,
 Embazoned on the sky!"

Ring the bells! let praise resound!
 "The Savior of Mankind is found,
 Low in a manger laid!
 Behold! His Virgin Mother fair!
 Behold! the Infant Jesus there,
 With angels round His bed!

Halleluia! Halleluia!
 Hosannah in excelsis!
 Amen! Amen!

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
 Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING POOR PADDY HAYES'S JOURNEY
 AND HIS VISION BY THE WAY; HOW
 HE FARED WITH HIS LANDLORD.

WHILE Paddy Hayes writhed in the agony of suspense and hunger under the old hawthorn tree, where he had spent so many peaceful hours, there gradually came out of the very intense-ness of the struggle a strange calmness—not quite the apathy of despair, but that which quietly accepts the most terrible crisis as an inevitable necessity, and stares horror in the face with a soul too numbered to recognize its danger. For a while Paddy found himself nerved by the very extremity of his position; he found himself also repeating the old saying that "when things come to the worst they often mend;" and in the ful-ness of his faith, he grew to realize a new hope in his entire submission to the Divine will. Then, saying "God's holy will be done," he roused himself to his feet, and started up hill towards the "Crag" with a strength born of excite-ment and undefined expectations. "Who knows after all," he thought, "what the ould master may do? The devil is'n't always as black as he's painted,—and, besides, 'tis my first application for an indulgence. He can't help seeing

how bad the times are," the poor fellow continued; "and for sake of the ould friendship, he can't be hard upon me for a while."

Alas! Paddy did not know how hard is the grip of gold upon the human heart. Only experience can teach one how gradually, but how surely, the demon of avarice, like to the locusts' plague, eats up all green and gentle things, and destroys every blossom of even natural affection in the soul.

As the famine-stricken father toiled up the steep mountain path, he forgot half his weariness in the contemplation of Mr. Giffard D'Alton, as he should be, and lost himself, even as the thirst-maddened travellers pursue the mocking mirage of the Eastern desert.

It had been a hot day, and was now towards twilight; for poor Paddy felt a certain shrinking from facing the great house in the full glare of daylight, when all the people would be about, and full of speculation as to his probable necessities. Paddy though not proud in the worst sense of the word, was keenly sensitive; and he shrank at any exposure of his wants, even to his nearest neighbors and best-tried friends; and so he made up his mind to seek Mr. Giffard D'Alton in the quiet evening time.

Already the white vapors wreathed the crest of Slieve-na-Mon, and a dull, stifling atmosphere attested the scorching heat of the noontide. Not a leaf stirred; not even a tiny blade of grass trembled; the very birds were silent in the sultry gloom, and the clouds gathered themselves in low-lying yellow packs—as if too lazy to float in the golden mellowness of the sun. Yet there was a strange gloom in the sky, and there was a faint, subtle and most deadly oppression. Some people called it an odor of death in the air. It could not be named, and it was too flitful for analysis; but it hovered like a malignant breath all over the land in that Black '47. Many said it was the infection of the blackened potatoe stalks, and others that it was spread by the garments of the fever stricken; but one felt it in the saloons of the rich and in fair wide city squares—far away from the blight and the squalor—irrepressible and almost insensible, but yet ever active. It seemed the visible expression

of a curse; and it haunts us still with a strange and oppressive memory! Borne onwards and upwards with the thick mists from the valley, it entered into poor Paddy Hayes's very heart, and poisoned the life strength that had been left to him after long days of hunger. His step became slower and then uncertain; his chest heaved painfully; a cold sweat burst out upon his forehead; and murmuring "Mother of God, assist me," he staggered and fell, fortunately against the soft, green pillow of the ditch side.

For a long time—he did not know how long—he was quite insensible. Then, gradually, the cooler air of the night revived him, and he recovered a kind of dreamy consciousness. We say dreamy, for it is difficult to account for his further experiences on that most eventful night, otherwise than as the highly-wrought fancies of famine-bred delirium. Paddy declared that, when he came to his senses, he saw, above and below and about him, a number of night fires, glowing like so many gems in the pearly gloom of the moonshine; and then, remembering what, in his great sorrow, he had forgotten—that it was St. John's Eve—he took out his rosary and commenced to say his beads. Having come to the Fifth Glorious Mystery, he says he found himself all at once in a glow of radiant light—brighter and clearer than ever he had known before; and he found himself in a mighty space—immeasurable; and he was surrounded by a multitude of every age—men, women, and children, all clad in white garments, and wearing golden crowns, and all alike bearing green palms in the right hand. Around this palm in every case was twined a rosary, sparkling as so many diamond dewdrops in the great glory of the unearthly light! Paddy seeing the eyes of all turned upwards, with a look of unspeakable peace and joy, sought for the object which seemed so to entrance them; and far and far above—away and yet, from the dazzling splendor which surrounded her, near by the very reflection of her glory—he saw a lady, standing lightly on the crescent moon—a crown of twelve gleaming stars upon her head, and in her clasped hands a golden rosary! Suddenly, a low, sweet strain fell upon Paddy's ravished ears,

and in an ecstasy all that mighty multitude fell upon their faces, and with one voice repeated: "Hail Mary, full of grace!" The Queen of Heaven then inclined towards them, and Paddy, gaining some courage, began to recognize many of his old neighbors in the great crowd—many little children, whom he had known, and numbers, young and old, who had died since the bad times came, all smiling upon him, and some beckoning him to enter their ranks. As the poor fellow still wondered and felt a strange sweet sleep steal upon him, he saw a fair angel at his side, who repeated in tones of ringing music, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of thy Lord." And then, while Paddy remembered, with a great joy, how constant he had been in the recital of his evening rosary, the angel held a golden cup to his lips and bade him drink! The very elixir of life the draught seemed to be. Then a great darkness fell upon him, and he was once more alone upon the lonely mountain path.

He was not alone, however, and, for the latter part of his dream, there was a very substantial reality. Leaning over him at that critical moment was a ministering angel, in the shape of him known to our readers as Mr. Meldon. He held a silver flask to Paddy's unconscious lips; and as the rare old Madeira reached the poor fluttering heart, the generous stimulant brought back sense and partial strength to the sufferer. Mr. Meldon felt rewarded for his charity when he saw how rapidly Paddy recovered, and how sincere, though silent, was his gratitude.

A few words were sufficient to explain Mr. Meldon's appearance;—his dog-cart was at hand; he had been returning from a late visit in the neighborhood, his horse started violently, and refused to move further, as he reached the spot where Paddy lay, all unconscious in the shadow, and it was while examining into the cause of the animal's sudden terror that he had found one whom he had esteemed much, as an honest man and a kindly neighbor.

"Going to Mr. D'Alton's you say?" resumed Mr. Meldon, when he had succeeded in setting poor Paddy comfortably in the dog-cart and made "Rois"

understand that his late rapid movements were to be moderated for sake of the new-comer. "Well, it is on my way home, and I can quite easily drop you at the gate, as I pass by. We are strangers—Mr. D'Alton and I," continued Mr. Meldon; and for a moment his full deep voice sounded strained and harsh, and something of nervous twitching about his lips was remarkable from the usual self-possession of his manner. "Strangers" he repeated in a lighter tone "or I should go with you to the 'Crag' and bring you home again. You are not able to walk, and another faintness may be fatal."

"God bless you, Mr. Meldon," murmured Paddy. "And He will. Oh! sir, if Mr. D'Alton were only like you, what an easy time of it I'd have this night."

"Like me!" repeated Mr. Meldon; and the same strange constraint—now mixed with a shade of irony—gave evidence of some hidden feeling. "And, why like me, Paddy—How could his resemblance to my poor dignity be of any possible service to you?"

"The greatest, sir, for you have the heart to feel, and the hand to give—and the nature in you that never will injure the poor. Sure, we all know of your doings, sir! Far and near the people are talkin' of how God sint you to them, these bad times; and many's the one says that, if you were at the 'Crag' in place of ould D'Alton, 'tis different stories the tenants would have to tell.

Mr. Meldon laughed a low, quaint laugh, and then he sighed heavily, and for some moments seemed to be lost in thought.

"I must really cultivate the old gentleman's acquaintance, Paddy! if only for your sake. Who knows after all he may be better than you think?"

"He may do something good, sir, if he was left to himself and Miss Amy—darling Miss Amy," answered Paddy; but, what between Baring and Cuncen, the devil has a double grip of him."

"Baring and Cuncen," repeated Mr. Meldon in a tone of astonishment.

"'Tis the truth I'm telling you, sir! 'Tis all Baring's doings. I never call him Mr. Baring or much less Master Charles—'twould break my heart. There's only one Master for me, and

he's far, far away—may be dead in a foreign land. Oh, Master Henry—Master Henry—little trouble I'd be in, if you had your own!" And poor Paddy, overcome by a rush of memories, sobbed violently.

Mr. Meldon started as if in sudden pain, and then forgetful of his restraint upon Rois, a short time before, urged the much-surprised animal to his full speed. A few moments, and the lodge gates of the Crag were reached.

"Now, then!" cried Mr. Meldon; and his voice seemed to tremble with emotion, which struck Paddy Hayes pleasantly as a sign of sympathy for himself. "here we are, Paddy; you go in and make your case. I wish you God-speed and good-night! Trust in God, my man, and fear nothing!" And, waving his hand in adieu, Mr. Meldon disappeared rapidly round the turn of the ever-winding road.

With a trembling step and an anxious heart, Paddy Hayes made his way up the avenue, now dark in the night gloom, deepened by the arching lime trees. He prayed as he went; and too fearful to pass in by the front entrance, he made his way round to the servants' quarters, where, as he had been hoping, he met with Nellie, the nurse. Poor fellow! Even that piece of good luck seemed to him a good omen, and it was with some little show of cheerfulness he asked the good Nelly to announce his arrival to the master.

"He was going on about you all day," said Nelly—"the rint!"

"God help me, Nelly:" he replied, for a brass fardin of it is'n't in my pocket for him! And what's worse than all—no manes of getting it."

"God help you, Paddy," said Nelly, in a soft, soothing tone of intense pity. "Tim Delane was here yesterday, and Bill Connors and John McGrath."

"Well?" asked Paddy, with eager eyes, for her manner had almost deprived him of speech.

"Yerra, what could you expect?" answered the old nurse, while the big tears welled up into her clear bright eyes; "what could you expect from the man who turned out his own flesh and blood? 'Tisn't much 'twill cost him to turn out of house and home the whole country side," she continued; "but I'll

ax him for you, Paddy, *achree*, and I'll make Miss Amy, the angel, pray for you; and I'll say a round of my bades for you down on my bended knees while you are in with him; and the faithful creature hurried off to keep her word.

A few minutes after, and the dining-room door banged to violently; a heavy, rapid step, a volley of imprecations; and Mr. Giffard D'Alton stood face to face with his victim.

"Nothing but the rent would bring you here at this hour, Hayes," he commenced. "You are always punctual, though some days behindhand this gale," he continued, ignoring the mute agony of the face that met his hard, un pitying stare.

"God help me, sir," answered Paddy. "Don't press me, Mr. D'Alton," the poor fellow went on to say with passionate earnestness; "only give me time, and I'll pay you all."

"Pay me all! I'd like to see you *not*," sneered Mr. D'Alton. "You'll pay me all; and, what's more, you'll pay me now—or by—the bailiffs will be at your door before a week."

"Then may God have merey on me, and forgive you!" murmured the unfortunate man; my last hope is gone!"

As he staggered towards the door, he left Mr. Giffard D'Alton in a state of rage, uttering a torrent of imprecations too dreadful to be described, and calling down unmentionable anathemas upon the lazy, good-for-nothing swindlers who would try to take an honest man's property, and send him to die in a work-house.

It was all over for poor Paddy Hayes. The fiat had gone forth! As poor Hayes thought of his relentless landlord, and the dear ones in the old home, prayerfully awaiting his return, all the agony of the morning time—and with tenfold its intensity—seized upon his soul.

Outside the door, staggering and swaying like a drunken man, he was met by Amy D'Alton and her faithful attendant. One glance at the white horror in his face told them his story; and with an infinite grace, born of her deep sympathy, gentle Amy laid one small, white hand upon his trembling arm.

"Oh! I am so sorry for you, Patrick!" she cried—"so sorry that I cannot help you—that I dare not plead for you;"

and the large tears fell upon the toil-worn hand she clasped fervently within her own.

There might have been—in truth we know there was—at that very moment, a fierce struggle going on in the breast of Paddy Hayes. It was a golden moment for the Tempter, and he did not let it pass idly by. "Curse God and die!" was the suggestion of the evil one to holy Job in the days of old. And "Have revenge! Curse him and his, in the bitterness of your heart; lay the blood of the homeless at his door, and wither the gold within his grasp!"—whispered the Angel of Malice in the ear of the frenzied man! One moment of irresolution, and in his weakness and over-wrought condition, the sin might have been accomplished, and the fearful words of doom registered against him—if, like the good angel she truly resembled, Amy's soft, sweet voice had not exorcised the evil spirit as did David's harp of old; and all the chivalry and tenderness of his nature, triumphed at once and for ever, within the sorely-tried heart of Paddy Hayes.

"Thank you, Miss Amy," he whispered; "and oh! God bless you, and—" he hesitated for a second, as if what he was about to say struggled for utterance with an invisible power; and then by an heroic effort of charity, faith triumphed, and his voice was clear though tremulous, as he added, "and your father and all! Pray for me, Miss D'Alton; and if you never see me again, be sure that I will never forget your kindness to me this night."

In vain, Amy pressed him to come into her own little room and partake of the supper provided for him. In vain, Nelly, who saw the famine glare in his unnaturally large, bright eyes, implored of him not to refuse her young mistress. He did not rage or curse, and he conquered his biting passion, to the extent of even blessing the hand that had crushed him; but his heart was too full, and his soul too agonized, to taste the bread of the man who had just trampled on his life. With a sad, wan smile of thanks upon his wasted face, he vanished from Amy's sight, and was soon lost to view in the deep shadows of the avenue.

Once again in the open air, the cool night breeze refreshed him, and know-

ing the worst, as he did, at least the agony of suspense was over. He thought of his fast-sinking wife and his little crippled daughter, pining for the nourishment he could no longer provide; and a strange sense of relief seemed to come upon him, as he thought of how near the end might be to them all, and how soon they might be beyond all earthly trouble! He remembered his dream, too—his Vision as he called it; and he began to think it had come as a warning of the glory to come! "A little pain here," he murmured; "and then the white robe, and the golden crown, and the martyr's palm;—all martyrs!" he continued, "for all of them could have kept their homes and their lives if they only sold the Cross for soup. God protect me!" he prayed, making the sign of the Cross as the very idea brought the cravings of his own hunger fresh and furious upon him. "God protect me and mine! Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

Lastly, he thought of "Crichawn"—the good true brother, who had never failed or faltered, and who, he knew, often fasted himself, that he might feed those he loved better than life. Brave "Crichawn" had gone, only a week before, to another country where there was some prospect of work, in order that he might at once relieve the poor householder of even his nominal support, and provide some little fund for his sustenance.

"Oh! for 'Crichawn's' strong arm, now!" the old man moaned as he passed outside the lodge gates; and the long, weary way down the hill side—without strength and without hope—lay blankly before him. And for a moment he leaned heavily against the massive cut-stone pillars of the entrance gate. He was in the deep, dim shadow of the lime trees; and the honeyed branches bent low, and swayed gently to and fro above him, and the balmy sweetness shed a soothing, and, as it seemed, a quite sensibly-felt sympathy that comforted him—he hardly knew why. Out beyond the trees there was a clear way where the moonlight shone full and bright, revealing every object with distinctness; and in the space he could see a vehicle slowly driving up and down the level

road, and instinct and hope whispered to him it was Mr. Meldon, waiting the result of his visit to Mr. Giffard D'Alton; and Mr. Meldon it was.

The very sight of so true a friend, and such an unexpected help, gave Paddy Hayes, for the moment, renewed strength, and in a few rapid strides he had reached Mr. Meldon, almost unobserved. So deep were that gentleman's meditations, as he lay back in the seat of his well appointed phaeton, leaving the reins loose to "Rois," who—entering, it seemed, into his master's humor—strolled leisurely along, and sniffed at the young green meadows, now breathing out only the richness of the midsummer night. The horse pricked his ears and gave a premonitory shake; and Mr. Meldon, aroused by the noise, turned his head to where Paddy stood, straight, stiff, and silent—a grim shadow in the silvery light.

"Well?" he said, after a slight pause, during which he waited with much anxiety for a word from Paddy.

"God's will be done, sir," answered the poor man; "'tis all over for me. He would'n't listen to anything—prayer or promise—Mr. Meldon. Nothing but 'the rint or the bailiff,' he said. Sure 'twas only yesterday, ould Nelly told me, he named three or four more. What could I expect?"

"Ay, what indeed," replied Mr. Meldon; and his voice was a curious mingling of so. row and bitterness. "What, indeed!" he repeated more softly. "After all, Paddy, it was well you were someway prepared. Come, my poor fellow, better luck next time. Jump in, or 'Rois' will lose all patience, and take the law and the road into his own discretion."

Mr. Meldon spoke lightly and even laughed, as if to dispel the tension of his own thoughts, or divert, somewhat the grief of his companion; but he was startled out of his assumed composure very suddenly.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as he saw the poor man raise his hand to his throat, as though trying to tear away some obstacle which seemed to prevent his speaking. Then, after swaying for a moment to and fro, he threw up his arms wildly above his head; and with a

dull heavy thud he fell a lifeless heap upon the narrow mountain way.

An instant, and Mr. Meldon was kneeling once more by his side, supporting the poor grey head upon his breast, even with a son's tenderness. But this time the silver flask was produced in vain, and the needful stimulant could not pass through the firmly-clenched teeth. A slight foam gathered upon the dry lips, and the limbs quivered once or twice, only to contract again more rigidly. Mr. Meldon put one hand over the heart. It beat—and there might be hope. It hung on a mere thread, however. Many days of cruel hunger had weakened that once powerful frame, and the last few hours of fiery ordeal and crushing disaster had completed the wreck.

"Too late!" moaned Mr. Meldon, as, not without painful effort, he raised the stiff, insensible form on to the soft cushions of his phaeton. "Too late!" he murmured, as driving rapidly on, he reached the silent home of the Hayeses, in the chill grey of the dawn, and, entering softly in, laid down his burden on the little settle in the kitchen, and drove away—furiously this time—to bring priest and doctor and all needful help, as he thanked God for the impulse that had bade him wait the return of Paddy Hayes; but he, more often, and very sadly, repeated the answer to some hidden thought, "Too late, too late!"

CHAPTER V.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON MET "CRICHAUN," AND CHRONICLING THE DEATH OF PADDY HAYES AND THE SINGULAR THINGS WHICH FOLLOWED IT.

MR. MELDON drove along rapidly, first in the direction of Father Aylmer's, as the one of all others most necessary in the dire extremity in which he had left the much-tried Paddy Hayes. He saw, at an angle of the road, straight in his way, a very singular figure, just at a point where the bright rays of the rising sun at once heightened and magnified its original sufficiently startling effect. Mr. Meldon was in the hollow, and consequently in the dim, grey shadows, while the apparition, which had so suddenly attracted his attention, stood on the topmost curve of a rapidly

declining hill, or rather hillock. In fact, hillocks abound in the locality we are writing of, and give much of a varied and interesting character to its scenery.

It was in a halo of rosy light that Mr. Meldon first beheld one who was destined to become his faithful servant and constant companion for a lifetime—for "Crichawn" it was who stood upon the hill-top, and "Crichawn" it was who, walking leisurely along, gave full time for the amazement his curious combination of face, figure and costume afforded. Mr. Meldon looked at his short, block-like neck, immense width of shoulder and waist contrasted with his stunted height—hardly five feet—unnaturally long arms, slender as a woman's, yet firm and flexible in every motion, and even graceful, to the small white hands, beautiful in shape and color. His thin, twisted-looking legs, well-set foot, and whole outline reminded Mr. Meldon of one of the grotesque figures he had once seen in the curiously-wrought devices of a rood-screen, in a Belgian cathedral.

Mr. Meldon looked at "Crichawn's" face, and in its grave, ascetic features, small mouth, broad brow, delicate chin, and large, dark eyes, earnest and sad, he seemed to see, once again, the head of a mediæval saint which had haunted him long after he had admired it in the glorious stained glass of a little chapel in Venice. "Crichawn" had the same olive tints of complexion; his dark hair curled closely round the temple curves, and his head was slightly bent, and, what was unusual for country folks in the days we write of, he wore his beard, dark brown, with the red light through it, just as the painter monk had put in his storied pane. To make the illusion more perfect, "Crichawn" at that time wore a long, freize coat, and this morning, for some reason or another, he had a coarse piece of whipcord tied tightly round his waist. His hat was off, his beads in his hands, and he had no shoes. Poor fellow! they had been pawned long since, to buy tea and sugar for little Ally and her mother. And so, for that first meeting, if for no other, "Crichawn" seemed to Mr. Meldon's artistic eye a very marvel—a living, moving piece of rare old art, wandering out of its frame, astray on a lonely Irish road. As it was, he

determined on satisfying his curiosity, and, at the same time, securing, if possible, the services of the strange figure who held the beads and who told them as solemnly as ever "Monk of Old." For this he employed the little salutation, at once a prayer and a greeting—"God save you." At the familiar words, uttered in what seemed to "Crichawn" an English accent, he raised his head, and replied in a quite, though astonished tone, "God save you kindly, sir;" and, then, recognizing who had spoken to him, added, "God bless you, Mr. Meldon."

Mr. Meldon felt much surprised, for he forgot—or it never had occurred to him—that he was well known to all the neighborhood for his many deeds of great benevolence, while to himself, as a new-comer, few comparatively were acquaintances.

"Oh! so you know me, then?" he replied. "I am glad of that. It makes what I want you to do much easier."

"Anything you want, Mr. Meldon, I am ready to do my best," was "Crichawn's" reply, in the same quiet, earnest tone, which had at once prepossessed Mr. Meldon in his favor.

"It is a case of life and death," he said. "Can you run?" as he instinctively directed his eyes from the misshapen limb, half-sorry for the question.

"Run, sir!" said "Crichawn;" 'tis easy to know you're a stranger. Not a man in Tipperary would ask 'Crichawn' that question."

"Are you 'Crichawn'?" cried Mr. Meldon at once glad and aghast at the messenger he had so strangely found.

"Yes, sir."

"Then there is little need to hasten you by words of mine. Go as fast as you can from this to Dr. Murphy's. He will take you with him back to"—Mr. Meldon cleared his throat as if from sudden hoarseness—"Paddy Hayes's, who has got a sudden fit. I am going straight to Father Aylmer, and will meet you directly at the cottage."

"Great God!" gasped "Crichawn;" and bounding over the hedge, he sprang down the declivity, and in a few deer-like bounds was out of sight, before Mr. Meldon could gather up the reins lying loose on the neck of the now weary Rois, or could realize that "Crichawn"

had even understood the full purport of his words.

"A strange coincidence," he said half to himself and half to Rois, who looked anxiously back at his master, as if to ask what new eccentricity he was about to engage in.

"Come on, old boy; now do your best," was stimulus enough to set the spirited horse off with renewed vigor on their quest.

Father Aylmer's house was speedily reached. It was barely six o'clock yet, the little household was astir. Smoke circled cheerily; and the hall door was ajar, and, there, right on the tiny green plot, in front of the house, was Father Aylmer, breviary in hand, wearing his cassock and cap, and evidently preparing for his daily Mass.

The unwonted appearance of Mr. Meldon at such an hour did not disturb the good old priest; and much of the light of his interrupted communings with the Unseen shone in his calm, sweet smile, and the gentle gravity with which he received the sad tidings. To him, Paddy Hayes had ever been a good friend, as well as a stay and support, in many trials, from Paddy's constant and fervent piety and example.

"God be praised," he said; "it was only last Saturday he was with me;" then begging Mr. Meldon to wait a moment, he went into the hall, and, opening a side door, was busy in his little oratory for a few minutes, and came out wrapped in his long priest's cloak; and signifying by a slight gesture to Mr. Meldon that he was ready, he got into the phaeton without a word.

Once more the bewildered Rois was urged to do his best in the good cause. It was a silent drive, but Mr. Meldon used to say, afterwards, that it was one of the happiest hours in his life. The old priest was absorbed in meditation; and only his guardian angel could number the acts of love and adoration, ascending in homage to the hidden God, which were spoken by the heart of Father Aylmer.

Mr. Meldon was silent from deep respect and veneration. An earnest Catholic, he did not venture to break the solemn silence; and as he sped swiftly along the shady road, he felt a new delight in the balmy, fragrance of the

meadows, and a thrill of pure ecstasy in the birds' song, and the ripple of the mountain stream. All nature was alive and instinct with joy, to pay homage to its Maker; and Mr. Meldon thought of many a gorgeous pageant in far-off countries, where our Lord was borne to His sick amid a kneeling crowd, with white-robed priest and all the Catholic ritual; and yet, somehow, he was conscious of a deeper and more reverent feeling, in that silent, homely drive, where angels seemed to sing responses in the whispering breeze, and the birds made a chorus of sacred jubilee that he had never felt before.

The old priest sat still and prayerful, a sweet smile upon his lips, and in his eyes a radiant light; and round his long grey hair the sunbeams lingered, lighting up the pale, worn face, with a flickering aureole. Notwithstanding Mr. Meldon's fatigue and his anxiety about the sick man, it seemed all too soon when Rois drew up at Paddy Hayes's door, and the murmur and confusion within gave evidence of the success of "Crichawn's" mission, in the arrival of Dr. Murphy.

"Crichawn's" quick ear caught the noise of wheels, and in a second he had taken Rois by the head, and, leading the tired creature round to what had once been a cosy stable, he did his best to put the poor animal up comfortably. He made the phaeton safe, of course, and then, in his own swift, noiseless way, he was back in the sick room before anyone could have paused to miss him.

It was a sad, and, in many respects, a striking scene. Paddy Hayes, now conscious, but, evidently sinking rapidly, lay upon an old oaken settle in the kitchen, dressed as he had been the night before, save that his cravat was off and his neck exposed. One of the neighbors sat at his head and supported his shoulders, while the doctor felt his pulse and the beating of his heart.

Through an open door on the left side, a bed-room was visible, and on the bed a woman moaned and tossed restlessly to and fro—muttering in all the wild incoherence of typhus. It was Mary Hayes, happily insensible to the misery around her; her soul was far away, borne on the wings of that strange delirium, which had carried her back to

the days of her proud young motherhood. She crooned a low cradle song, and rocked an imaginary babe softly to sleep in her wasted arms. In the inner corner of the apartment, on a low sofa bed, lay a girl of thirteen, pale as a snow wreath, her dark blue eyes dilated with terror, and her lips clenched, as if to smother the intense agony that would fain find relief in groans. She was half reclining on the poor pillow. She bent her head, as if to catch the least sound from without; and, with senses rendered acute by long suffering, she caught even the tones of cautious whispering.

"What do you say, Doctor?—any hope?" asked Mr. Meldon.

"None, he is sinking rapidly;—only Father Aylmer can assist him now," was the reply.

The listening girl gasped painfully, and made a violent exertion as if to throw herself from the bed. Alas, she was paralysed! the fruitless exertion to move the benumbed limbs reacted on the overtasked heart; and Ally Hayes fainted away. For some time, at least, she was spared the trial of consciousness, while the poor mother stared at her with wide-open, glittering eyes, that did not see, and nursed the spirit babe in a terrible mockery of the agony around her.

Father Aylmer was now left alone with the dying man, but his ministrations were swift and soothing. Only a week before, as he had told Mr. Meldon, the faithful penitent had received absolution from his old confessor. There was no long arrears to clear up, no scruples to allay, no terrible temptations to combat. "As a man lives so shall he die." And for Paddy Hayes the end was "peace." Therefore, when Mr. Meldon and "Crichawn," at a call from Father Aylmer, entered the little kitchen, they found the dying man calm, and even radiant.

There was no time to lose, the doctor said; and then the Holy Vintieu was brought to him, for his last long journey.

After a few moments of evidently intense devotion, he raised his head slowly, and fixing his eyes on Mr. Meldon, he seemed to wish to speak. With ready tact, the little group drew back; and allowed Mr. Meldon to approach the dying man.

"God bless you, sir," he faintly whispered, "and reward you!" And, then, by a last effort, grasping Mr. Meldon's hand in a convulsive clasp, he said in a louder tone, as the last appeal of human agony, "Mary—my little Ally!"

"Do not fear," answered Mr. Meldon, "They are now in my charge; I will protect them. Then, seeing the intense relief transfiguring for a moment even the shadow of death upon the face of the father and husband, his own took a shade of sudden resolution, and bending his head, so that his lips touched the ear of the sufferer, he whispered a few rapid words. The effect was electrical. Paddy Hayes absolutely raised himself, as if endued with a new life, and with a great joy and infinite contentment, gazed for a second fixedly upon Mr. Meldon—then strove to press a kiss upon his hand! It was beyond his strength; and he fell back heavily, with the grey shadow quenching all the grateful love within his eyes.

"Crichawn" and Father Aylmer were now by his side, and the priest held the crucifix to his lips, and recited the Litany for the departing soul. For a while, Paddy Hayes followed the responses, but, by degrees, this world seemed to pass away, and a world invisible seemed to surround him.

"Holy Mary!" he murmured. "Holy Mary! I see my mother near her, and my little sister. Oh! how bright it is!" he said again; "how warm—all sunshine and gold! Holy Mary!" And, then, again "Jesus!" Once more he repeated the holy name; once more he invoked the holy name, Jesus! Those who heard it can never forget, that tone of love unutterable, of wonder immeasurable, of joy ecstatic.

"God have mercy on his soul," said Father Aylmer, as he gently closed the eyes, and folded the arms of the dead. "God have mercy on him!" he repeated; "but if ever a departing spirit met the embraces of our Blessed Lord, I think it was Paddy Hayes's happy lot, when he made that last aspiration. We all know," the good priest continued, "how easily he could have his life and his land if he gave up his conscience. Can we doubt that he has even now received his reward?"

By this time there was quite a con-

gregation in the house. All the neighbors had come in, one by one, and, as it always happens in cases of such extremity, no one came empty-handed. Out of their own poverty the poor provided the little necessaries required; and swiftly and silently the women set to work to find out where the habit was kept, to make down the fire, and set down the kettle, and make the cup of tea and drop of whey for the sick woman and child. The disordered house was soon tidy; the corpse was decently laid out in the brown habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and reverently and prayerfully James the Pilgrim crossed the hands upon the breast, folding between the fingers the well-worn rosary of the deceased.

It was soon a regular wake, but a wake in the best sense of the word—as such a solemn occasion should at all times be observed. To be sure, there was the simple gossip of the countryside, and the men smoked the calumet of peace in the chimney corner; but out of respect for the poor sufferers in the next room, the *caoine* was not raised but at certain times. James the Pilgrim took care to give out the Rosary, after which he related many wonderful tales to beguile the tedium of the night; and thus the long hours wore swiftly away.

"Crichawn" had been sent into Waterford by Mr. Meldon almost immediately after the death of his brother, with orders to provide a suitable coffin and all necessaries for a respectable funeral at that gentleman's expense; and from his own house he had taken care to send the wine and broth and arrowroot ordered by Dr. Murphy for poor Ally Hayes and her mother.

At the early dawn on the next morning, a very solemn procession wound out of the narrow *borheen* leading into the once pretty cottage of the Hayeses. At its head were Father Aylmer and Father Ned, and next them the hearse and coffin; and by its side walked "Crichawn." After the hearse came Mr. Meldon's carriage, bearing Mr. Meldon himself, wearing crape—just as if it was for "the jentry"—and then came the neighbors in long array, for Paddy Hayes had no enemies, and even his very misfortunes excited a double anxiety to show some mark of respect to his remains.

It was a dark morning, promising what is called among country people a "rich day." Not a breeze was astir, and the gentle Summer rain descended, rather than fell, in an odorous dew upon the thirsty earth; and soon, in the stillness of the old churchyard, all that was mortal of Paddy Hayes was laid, by loving hands, peacefully and prayerfully to rest.

After all was over, and "Crichawn" was left, as he thought alone, by the new-made grave, he threw himself at full length upon it, and gave full vent to the emotions of his bitter sorrow. Only for a little while however; for, starting as he felt a hand laid gently but firmly upon his shoulder, he met the kind gaze of Mr. Meldon bent, as was that gentleman's way, intently upon him.

"Tom," he said, "have you a knowledge of horses? Can you drive a pair?"

For a moment, "Crichawn" rubbed his eyes in sheer astonishment. The offer, and the tone in which it was given was a veritable cold shower bath upon the passionate outpouring of his spirit, but the shock was premeditated, and after a second it produced its effect. "Crichawn" rose to his feet, and, accepting the state of things with consummate tact, replied quite simply, "Yes, sir, I had always a fancy for horses, and like to be about them."

"Then you will care for Rois," Mr. Meldon said gaily. "Henceforth he will be your charge; and his owner too," he added.

There are many things I know you can do for me—things that require trust and prudence; and—but we shall see."

"Crichawn" did not speak. He seemed to divine by intuition the nature of his benefactor, and knew that any display of feeling would jar upon Mr. Meldon's sensitive nerves; so he remained quite silent, in the attitude however of a servant who waited his master's orders. After a moment's thought, Mr. Meldon looked up, and, evidently pleased by the manner of his new attendant, said, "Then, after you have seen things straight at the cottage, you can come over, or, better still, wait for me there."

As Mr. Meldon drove rapidly away, poor "Crichawn" knelt down for one brief moment, and kissing the freshly

turned earth, thanked God, and the spirit of his mother, to whose prayers in heaven he felt a sad satisfaction in attributing the unexpected good fortune which had befallen him.

It was well the faithful servant had experienced so much consolation, for his endurance was destined to be sorely tried that very day.

On his arrival at the house of mourning, his attention was attracted, at some distance off, by an unusual noise, and a gathering of people quite unusual, now that wake and funeral were over. His first thought was that his sister-in-law was dead, though that very morning the doctor had pronounced the crisis past, and assured him that care and quiet were all that were needed for a speedy recovery. Still he knew how very treacherous the typhus was, and his heart sank within him as he thought of little Ally, without a mother's care in her infirmity, and how lonely he himself would be in the world. He approached the cottage with a feeling very new to "Crichawn" and asked the first he met what was the meaning of the crowd.

"The meaning of the crowd? Well, I tell you that you're come just in time. See, now! There's D'Alton's bailiff' over there, an' there's three or four makin' inventhries of nothin'; an' I tell you soon there'll be murder here unless some wan prevints it."

"Crichawn's" eyes flashed with a fire terrible to behold.

"Inventhries over the coffin!" he said "over the coffin!" he repeated; and gazing on D'Alton's men even with the consciousness that he could settle for double the number of these single-handed, he appeared about to make a spring—the spring of the tiger—when, lo! who drives right into the cottage road but Mr. Meldon.

Already "Crichawn" had begun to look upon Mr. Meldon as "head of the family." He merely looked at that gentleman, therefore, and seemed to ask "What shall I do." "Crichawn's" anger went down in the presence of that betrayed by Mr. Meldon. He declared he could never forget the terrible expression of his master's face;—evidently he was unable to control it—sufficiently to meet D'Alton's work men.

"Let it pass," he said to "Crichawn." "All the better now that you are in my service."

Calling him nearer; he spoke for a while rapidly and earnestly; and then without even a glance at the shamefaced bailiff's he departed as quickly as he had arrived.

That night, the gamekeeper's lodge on Mr. Meldon's estate received the outcast family; and there, when Mary Hayes awoke to health and widowhood, she found herself surrounded with many of her old comforts, and a sympathy which, as she said, made it ungrateful for her to repine; and there little Ally patiently suffered her painful malady, until by a wonderful inspiration she, too, was made whole—but the explanation of the manner must wait for another chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWING HOW MR. MELDON CAME TO BE INTIMATE WITH ALLY HAYES, AND ALSO CHRONICLING AN EVENT VERY DISGUSTING TO MESSRS. HUXLEY AND TYNDALL.

As the Midsummer wore on to Autumn, and the tints deepened on the trees, the hearts of the inmates within the lodge commenced to brighten, as a new life and better prospects began to open before them. It is true that Mary Hayes still bore the traces of the cruel trial she had gone through, and her snowy widow's cap was only rivalled by the whiteness of her thin face, from which the old bloom had for ever departed. But, whatever the amount of her sorrow might have been, it was held in check by a deep feeling of resignation, and a great sense of gratitude to God for the refuge she had found so unexpectedly.

Mary Hayes's duties at the lodge were only nominal. "Crichawn's" wages were liberal; and were backed by many a generous gratuity; for most people were excited by the romantic nature of his associations with Mr. Meldon, as well as by something of a mysterious attraction about the poor fellow himself. Thus the poor fellow had quite a fortune in the minds of the simple folk about him. But, "Crichawn" began at once to pay the debts contracted by his brother in the hard times before his death. In these first sad days, Mary Hayes had

made a solemn declaration in "Crichawn's" hearing that she would "beg the world over, and grudge herself and the child a bit or sup, unless she could feel that Paddy's soul would rest in peace, when the last penny he owed was paid."

"Wisha hold your tongue, Mary ashore," was "Crichawn's" rejoinder, "and don't be borrying trouble for yourself whin the Lord knows you had enough of it already. Look at that for you, now," said the warm-hearted fellow, producing an old brown pocket-book, from which peeped out the crisp edges of several new bank-notes. "Shure 'tis the masther himself, God bless him, paid me this very morning my quarter in advance, 'for I know,' says he, 'you'll have many little demands on you now, perhaps'—slipping the notes at the same time into my hand, and like a rale gentleman, as he is, walkin' away when he seen the tears in my eyes, widout another word. And sure enough, Mary, I couldnt spake for a good tin minutes; and thin I fell down upon my two knees, and promised the Mother of God that a fardin of my wages I'd never touch 'till Paddy was clear; and now 'tis no affair of yours, achree; mind little Ally, and don't be tasing yourself any more."

"An' who will you pay?" asked Mary.

"I'm goin' to pay Patsy Leary, the very first. Do you remember the day the white cow was drivin' away for the poor-rates, how he came behind poor Paddy's back and slipped the pound-note into his fist, and how Ally clapped her hands when *Bauneen* came back. 'Tis proud I am to be taking it to him this mornin', though I believe God gave it to him on the double many a time since."

The poor widow was on her knees by the hearth in a moment. The tears streamed down her face in torrents, and her hands were raised to heaven, while she rocked softly to and fro, after the manner of our peasantry when deeply excited.

"Arrah, what is the matter now Mary? You're worse to me than the grey mare," he muttered,—*"and she's bad enough—like to kick the brains out o' me every time she gets her oats; but I declare I'd sooner be kicked every hour*

in the day than see you cryin' like that, Mary, for it breaks my very heart," said "Crichawn."

"Don't be angry, Tom," answered the widow. "I won't cry any more if it plazes you, on'y this wasnt, for, O *dear-brathair*, your goodness has melted the could hard rock of the griel that was wearin' me down—wearin' me down," she went on, "whin I used to think how his bones wouldnt rest in the clay."

"God forgive you thin," said "Crichawn," "when Father Ned could tell you over and over agin that his soul was in heaven. 'Tis easy you ought to be about his bones," laughed "Crichawn," trying to assume a levity he was far from feeling. "And see, Mary," he added with a rare tact, "have a bit of supper for me about tin. I'll have to walk all night with that devil of a mare. The masther's goin' to sell her at long last at the fair; an' I wouldnt thrust Peter with her as far as I'd throw him."

Whistling the "*Groves of Blarney*," "Crichawn" walked rapidly away, at the same time applying the cuff of his coat across his eyes in a manner that seemed to contradict the freedom of mind he had been trying to manifest.

From this scene, it is easy to imagine how quietly, and even happily, the days glided by for Mary Hayes and little Ally. Indeed, if the shadow rested long anywhere, it seemed to linger most upon the child's face; and her depression of spirits,—so different from the elastic youth, whose trials are always transient,—was put down to the effect of her delicacy. The reader may remember that Ally was a paralytic, and had for the three years previously lost entirely the use of her lower limbs. The stroke came suddenly, one hot July day, when the child, a laughing, golden-haired sprite of seven Summers, strayed into the meadow where the haymakers were busily at work. For a time, Ally was the gayest of what is always a merry gathering. She tossed the fragrant wisp far above her head, sought for the wild honey, and the corn crakes, nest hunted, and crowned herself with improvised wreaths of meadow-sweet, and crimson peopies. As she flitted from one rank of the haymakers to another, no one particularly missed her; and the hot day wore into the thick, misty dew of the

Summer night. The meadow was silent, and Paddy Hayes had stuck his rake, the very last man, in the heavy swath, and turned towards home, when he heard his wife's voice calling him in tones of alarm, mingled with call upon call for "Ally."

A search was made on the spot, and under an old hawthorn tree that grew into many twisted and tangled roots and knots, and wicked uncanny-looking branches, they found the child asleep. Her face was very pale, and the stupor more than natural, as she was borne tenderly into the house in her father's arms, and laid in her mother's lap by the fire. She was speedily undressed and made to take a little hot milk, but though for a while she lay quiet in her cosy cot bed, it was hardly dawn when the child began to moan painfully, and toss restlessly to and fro upon the pillows; and then the frightened mother found her with blazing cheeks, and flashing eyes, evidently in a high state of delirium.

Of course the old crones shook their heads, and whispered mysteriously that the tree was haunted, and that poor Ally had fallen asleep over a Fairy Ring.

"Didn't Denis Foley the greatest faction fighter in the three counties," asked Maurice More, "fall asleep one May eve in the self same spot; and sure every wan saw him taken up a cripple to his dying day? An' if that wasn't enough for 'em, didn't they hear the child's own talk, so square and so strange, no wan could make it out."

"Thru'e for you," answered Brickeen Dhuv, "tho' Father Aylmer said it was from the effects of a sudden chill, and Dr. Murphy declared it was fever brought on by a drink of the cowl'd well-wather, when little Ally was overheated and fatigued, and that to fall asleep in the dew, was always dangerous. But we know that the priest or the doctor would never give in to the fairies, though in their hearts they couldn't help knowin' it."

(To be continued.)

TRIUMPH OF APPLICATION.—Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.
—*Rochevoucault.*

THE "HOLLY AND IVY" GIRL.

BY J. KEEGAN.

"Come, buy my nice, fresh Ivy, and my Holly sprigs so green;
I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen.

Come buy from me, good Christians, and let me home, I pray,
And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas Times,
and a Happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah! won't you take my ivy?—the loveliest ever seen!

Ah! won't you have my Holly boughs?—all you who love the Green!

Do!—take a little bunch of each, and on my knees I'll pray,

That God may bless your Christmas, and be with you New Year's Day.

"This wind is black and bitter, and the hail-stones do not spare

My shivering form, my bleeding feet, and stiff entangling hair;

Then, when the skies are pitiless, be merciful, I say—

So Heaven will light your Christmas and the coming New Year's Day."

'Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the cold rain rattled down,

And fierce winds whistled mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town;—

One stiff hand clutched her Ivy sprigs and Holly boughs so fair,

With the other she kept brushing the hail-drops from her hair.

So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death

Was lurking in her footsteps—while her hot, impeded breath

Too plainly told her early doom—though the burden of her lay

Was still of life and Christmas joys and a Happy New Year's Day.

'Twas in that broad, bleak Thomas street, I heard the wanderer sing,

I stood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged ring—

My heart felt cold and lonely and my thoughts were far away,

Where I was many a Christmas-tide and Happy New Year's Day.

I dreamed of wanderings in the woods among the Holly Green;

I dreamed of my own native cot and porch with ivy screen;

I dreamed of lights forever dimm'd—of Hopes that can't return—

And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never more can burn.

The ghost-like singer still sung on, but no one came to buy;
 The hurrying crowd passed to and fro but did not heed her cry;
 She uttered one low, piercing moan—then cast her boughs away—
 And smiling cried—"I'll rest with God before the New Year's Day!"

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new made grave,
 Dug decently in sacred soil, by Liffey's murmuring wave;
 The Minstrel maid from Earth to Heaven has winged her happy way,
 And now enjoys, with sister saints, an endless New Year's Day.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY PROF. O'GRADY.

THE most important event in the home or family circle during the last month was the putting out of the Joly administration and the putting in of the Chapleau ministry. You all know how this change was brought to pass, and are, I presume, tired and sick of hearing and reading about the rings and scandals, the conspiracies and *coup d'etats* that mark the political history of the province of Quebec since Confederation. It is an old saying that "when rogues fall out honest people get their own," but the Honorable Ministers of This and That, the Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate and the Legislative Councils, and the Gentlemen of the House of Commons and the Legislative Assemblies—rogues all of them, if their individual opinion of one another is worth anything, and I grant it is—as far as they are concerned, have long since *shelved* this venerable adage, and informed the plundered tax-payer that its "usefulness is gone." No one now but the veriest dolt expects to see the country gain anything by a change of government, federal or provincial, and those who cheer so lustily over that event are chiefly knaves. This, you will perceive, is a compliment to our intelligence as a nation, albeit a reflection on the honesty of a considerable portion of the population. Where can you find a politician to-day who is not a place-hunter for himself, or some of

his sisters, his cousins, his uncles, or his aunts? Look to Ottawa, look to Quebec, look to Toronto,—see the ever-increasing swarm of salary-grabbers and contractors, who carry the free and independent vote in their pockets, and, with threats of using it as a gallows or guillotine, bully ministers until they unconditionally surrender. How often did Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Joly *yield to expediency* in this way, I wonder. And what did it profit them in the end? Their successors in office already feel the same pressure, and seem to like it—that is, if they speak their mind at their cups. This way of governing the country will continue on for a few years more, until there is nothing left to plunder, and then—*God save the Queen!*

* * *

Mr. Blake has returned to public life, the newly elected member for West Durham. Mr. Blake is not a statesman, nor yet a mere politician. He has not experience enough for the former, and is too honest to be the latter. As a theorist he stands high, but he is a mere baby in practice. He is too timid to lead, and too independent to follow. But it was felt that Mr. Blake was wanted in Parliament. Nearly everybody admitted it, though nobody knew exactly why. Now that he is back again, the most extravagant things are expected of him. He is to lead the party with which he is nominally allied to victory, and to save us from the dangers that threaten our existence as a British colony. Mr. Blake cannot lead his party—or rather the party that claims him—to victory or defeat, and consequently can neither save nor ruin the country. Anyhow, what party cares a straw about the country? Government by such parties as we have in Canada is a curse. Mr. Blake knows it; he cannot help it. He talks, indeed, about *Consolidation of the Empire*, and is laughed at. He hears others prate about *Canadian Independence*, and laughs at them, as well he may. Some cautiously whisper *Annexation*, and he remains silent. He is wise. Mr. Blake will take his seat next session, looking very learned and sage as he unquestionably is; he will be received with plaudits

from *both sides*; he will deliver a few fine speeches, and finding no support on *either side*, will quietly resign. I am no Vennor. Watch and see! If these words don't come to pass, may I be gazetted an Official Assignee.

*

* *

Ne sutor ultra crepidam. There's Latin for you. I wasn't a professor of the dead languages thirty-two years for nothing. But—alas! for my occupation—to be educated to talk fine Latin like that in these days of enlightenment and steam-presses, you don't require the services of a professor. All you need is a copy of a decent edition of "Webster," and in the back pages you will find all the choicest gems from every classic language ready for use. There's where I got the one under consideration. In English it means, "let the shoemaker stick to his last," or in other words, *mind your own business*. Any departure from this precept hurts my feelings. It pains me to see a doctor tinkering at the law, or a lawyer peddling in medicine, and I am tempted to call him a fool, which he is and a dangerous one too. If I see a tailor trying to shoe a horse, or a dancing master trying to fell an ox, it makes me mad, and I shout at the top of my voice, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, whether he understands or not. Some people seem to have an awful lot of *crepidams*,—"lasts," not "shoemakers." Journalists, for instance. They are jacks of all trades, and that's why they're masters of none. That must be the reason also why every editor calls himself "*we*." Editors cannot be restrained like other animals. They have a right to run at large. "A free Press" is one of the glorious privileges of the age we live in—*free* to lie, to malign, to insult, to corrupt, to outrage, to do everything forbidden by the Ten Commandments. An editor is independent of all law, human and divine. So, when I read last week how one of them denounced as debasing folly some of the most ancient and sacred ceremonies of the Church, abused and insulted a Bishop about them, and ridiculed the faithful, I wasn't the least surprised. If you take the bit and reins from a horse's mouth, don't be surprised if he runs wild. In some places cows and hogs are allowed

to run at large, and if they trample and root in a person's garden there is no redress for him by law; but if he has a good whip or stout stick handy, and is active enough, he can in very short time take all the satisfaction he wants out of their hides. I have heard of the same persuasion being used on *editors at large*, and it succeeded admirably.

*

* *

There was a time when I knew far more about American politics than our simple minded cousins themselves, and my blood and legal relations looked up to me as an oracle on all the great questions which made one righteous citizen vote Republican and another Democrat. My intellect was young and vigorous then, and parties, like the rules of base-ball, were not so infernally numerous and so plaguely mixed up as they are now. Here I have been wrestling six sidereal (?) hours with the returns from different states of the November elections, for the purpose of ascertaining who carried and who lost, but there is no use,—I give it up in despair. Nothing can be made out of those figures. This much I have gleaned, however,—and it is with deep sorrow I say it—that they don't do these things over there much better than we do them here,—poor people, this comes of living so near us, and bad example so contagious.

*

* *

As I write, the news comes from over the sea that Davitt and Daly, two leading agitators of the Irish land question, have been arrested. The greatest excitement prevails throughout Ireland and in Irish centres in England. The Irish press, with the exception of the subsidized government organs, condemn the arrest as foolish as well as tyrannical, and even some of the English papers come down on it in the same strain. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and the seizure and imprisonment of some of the leaders was clearly foreshadowed by the marching in of whole regiments of foot, horse and artillery. What will follow? The arrest of Parnell? I don't think it. Whoever has watched this agitation closely must have noticed that Parnell and Davitt

although rowing in the same boat, never pulled the same stroke. The Davitt stroke was—banish the landlords, and seize and divide the land; Parnell's—purchase the land in block, and sell it out again in parts and on time to the people. Davitt's arrest will strengthen Parnell's hands, but there are too many bayonets behind the landlords' back. God help our people, and defend their rights!

HAVE YOU SEEN? *

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

Have you seen the round sun on the mountain of Clara?
 Have you seen his bright rays on the hills of Ivarah?
 Have you seen him at morn o'er Ben-Heber ascending?
 Have you seen him when far in the west he's descending?
 Have you seen him at noon on the high Galtees shining,
 As the blue cloudy wreaths are with purple combining?
 Have you seen his rays fall on your rills and your fountains?
 'Tis thus, brightly he shines on our hills and our mountains.

Have you seen the pale moon on a summer eve gleaming,
 Where the Shannon's soft waves are 'round Scattery streaming?
 Thro' the old Muckcross-hall have you seen her light glancing?
 Have you seen it at eve, when the fairies are dancing,
 'Round the Moat of Knockgraffon by Anner's fair water?
 Have you seen her look down on your red fields of slaughter?
 Have you seen her beams light your own shrines of devotion?
 Thus pale, bright and haloed she shines o'er the ocean.

Have you heard the wind moan thro' the shrines of the Gueber,
 'Neath whose shade once of old flashed the bright celtic sabre?
 Have you heard the wild notes of the Banshee at even?
 Have you heard the trees sigh to the breezes of heaven?
 Have you heard the loud blast when the tempest is crashing,
 When the waves on Tramore in mad fury are dashing?
 'Round your own native Isle have you heard the winds singing?
 'Tis thus thro' our forests their loud music is ringing.

* Written in answer to the question: What is there in Canada that is the same as we have in Ireland? Give me an idea of your country.

Have you seen the green robe that kind nature has given,
 To the Isle of the West—fairest land beneath heaven?
 Have you seen the blue dome high suspended above her?
 Have you seen the proud glance of the children that love her?
 Have you marked all the gifts—all the beauties that bless her,
 And the spirit that 'rose when the foe would molest her?
 Those beauties, that spirit all united arising—
 The gaze of the exile are with splendor arising!

Have you read of fair Erin the once brilliant story?
 Like her we have hope, we have joy, we have glory!
 Have you heard of her ages of sorrow and weeping?
 But to us in this land no such harvest for reaping!
 Have you heard of the rights that her sons were defending?
 Those rights on our soil in sweet concord are blending!
 Of your own native Isle you have heard of the sorrow—
 Yours was dark as the night—ours is bright as the morrow?
 Laval University, Quebec,

CHIT-CHAT.

—Evidently the kings of old had a most *royal* way of doing things. It is recorded that "Old King Cole was a merry old soul" however disagreeable his three sons may have been. Xerxes appears to have been another of your "Merry Monarchs," at least if you can believe his historians, which you cannot, as there were Froudes in those days. *It is related* (we particularly wish our readers to note the expression as we would not for the life of us be held accountable for the libel even of so exalted a personage) that when in a storm he crossed over in a boat (which he *did not*) to Asia after the defeat at Thermopole, he asked the steersman (passengers are *particularly* requested *not* to talk to the man at the wheel) if he thought they were safe? The steersman, either not relishing this infringement of nautical rules, or not particularly liking the nationality of the king's retinue answered that with so many Persians (we had almost said Parsons)

on board, they could not expect to be safe. Hereon the *Merry Monarch* cried out "Persians! let us now see how much you love your Prince—my safety depends on you." This was bringing matters to a focus, but the Persians (not the *Parsons*) were equal, if not superior to the occasion, for they forthwith like so many frogs, without throwing off their duds flopped into the water. The vessel thus lightened arrived safely in Asia. Xerxes to show his *gratitude* gave the Pilot a *gold crown* for having saved the life of a King, but *cut his head off* for having lost him so many Persians. This was very *merry* on the part of the Monarch, and is a remarkably early example of the modern principle of "*give and take*."

—The Oracle of Delphi was equally *merry* at the expense of the Greeks, which was very ungrateful of the Oracle seeing that it had received the best part of the plunder. When after depositing the plunder in the temple, the Greeks asked, if things were generally satisfactory? the Oracle answered, that as far as Greece in general was concerned things were eminently satisfactory; but as far as *Ægina* was concerned it was otherwise. As she had *suffered most* at Salamis the Oracle would expect a further bonus.

—Harvey the celebrated anatomist, who is said to have first discovered the circulation of the blood, had no very exalted idea of Sir Francis Bacon's "Inductive Philosophy." Being asked if he did not admire that great work which the Lord High Chancellor had written he replied "Yes; he writes philosophy like a *Chancellor*."

—Eugene Delacroix the great French painter came over to England to study our landscape painters. He was an acute observer of men and things. His epitome of English character is laconic if not just. *On dit a tort que—"goddam" est la fond de la langue. C'est un "shilling; sir."* (They say wrong, that "goddam!" is the foundation of the English language it is—"a *shilling; sir!*")

—Peace! peace! and there is no peace. T. C. Cliffe Leslie, L. L. D., has proved that through the so-called period of peace, (between 1814—1854) England was engaged in no less than a hundred little wars!

—Mr. Newman Hall being a layman and not a priest is his own Church his own Councils and his own Pope, and consequently is not called upon to submit his teachings to any tribunal save the great "Number One." This is convenient, especially when Number One has not much of a code of doctrines to teach. When Mr. Hall "preached" the other day in London, (Eng.) "the throng of strangers" we are told was so great "that a few minutes after the doors were thrown open, it was found necessary to shut them, and many hundreds had to go away without having gained admission." This is suggestive. What went out this great multitude to see? A reed shaken by the wind? Well! certainly not an oak which could stand firm and unmoved by the adversities of conjugal life. Mr. Hall's Xantippa is too much for him. But what then went they out to see? A Prophet? We hardly think so—for Prophets have a mission and Mr. Hall has none; nay; he studiously repudiates one. Mr. Hall's mission is self—the great Number One. Mr. Hall is a doctrine to himself, and we are sorry to find that it includes Divorce Courts. But what then went out this great multitude to see? Obviously to see *him*—the great Number One—and to see how he looked after he had rubbed skirts with a Divorce Court. Are we unjust to self-constituted Preacher Hall? We think *not*. We are not aware, that these shut doors, and multitudes going home without admission, are the normal state of Preacher Hall's preachings. Whence then did they arise on this occasion? Had Preacher Hall discovered some new doctrine, some new deductions for instance, from the anthropoidal ape to expound? History does not record that he had. Whence then the crowd on this occasion? To say the least of it—its "going out" so soon after the Divorce Court is—*suggestive*. A way-side preacher in the Queen's Park said the other day "What a blessing that I in this free country can stand here and

preach *the gospel to you.*" He meant *his ideas of the Gospel.* His Gospel and Mr. Preacher Hall's have the same authority, although Mr. Preacher Hall's is propounded in a costly and handsome tabernacle with high pew rents and velvet cushions and Mr. Preacher Queen's Park's is roared out from lusty lungs under the canopy of heaven to street boys and the policeman, with a greasy cap for an offertory plate. Both gospels depend upon *individual approval.* Now it is ordinarily believed that individual approval is not the highest form of supernatural mission. St. Paul did not "send himself" nor St. Peter, nor any of the other apostles, at least if they did they did not let the world know it, for they knew full well, that the men of those days were not so stupid as to tolerate them for a moment, if they could not prove that they were *sent* by somebody, and that that somebody was *God.* But we have changed all this—a fine voice—a fluent tongue—at-homeness in the pulpit—a certain acceptableness of appearance and some little learning on general subjects are all the mission that are necessary now-a-days; nay; as in the case of the Queen's Park man "cheek" will supply the place of all these. One thing is noticeable in all these self-made apostles, whether wayside or wayward—whether heaven canopied or tabernacle covered—they never preach Christ and Him crucified—they never insist on expiation for sin and they never preach anything else but emotional religion. By these signs shall ye know them.

—But the multitude that "went out"—what of them? Well! they asked no mission, and they got it. In fact—they (those at least who got in) got all they came for. It was not a prophet they "went out" to see—nor even "a reed agitated by the wind." When they left their homes in the morning nor prophet nor reed were in their mind. It is true that a preacher-in-a-divorce-court and much more, a preacher-in-a-divorce-court-without-a-mission looks very like a reed and a broken reed at that. But we will venture to say, that very few of those who in so great a multitude gathered that day to "sit under" Mr. Preacher Hall had given either the reed idea or the prophet idea a thought. They

were in for amusement—Sunday amusement, if you like, but amusement, and we suppose they got it. As for asking *a mission* bah!—They knew—these Sunday decorous amusement seekers—that Mr. Newman Hall had as little mission as themselves—they knew that he was self-elected; or if elected external of self he was elected of good looks—good voice—sweeping oratory and the necessity of Sunday decorous amusement. Beyond this they did not go. Demand had begotten supply. Mr. Newman Hall and his audience were a necessity—a law to each other. It is true that in this especial instance there was a further element—the divorce court. This last element like the others is *suggestive.* There are in christian London—the London of the 19th century a tabernacle full and to spare of Sunday amusement seekers, who desire to get a good stare at that last development from the anthropoidal ape—a self-constituted-Preacher-just-through-the-Divorce-Court. In sooth it is a strange specimen of the genus Homo.

H. B.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

QUEBEC.

"OLD times are changed, old manners gone"—sang the Laird of Abbotsford three score and ten years ago, and even then there was much truth in that line of the great bard; but now-a-days, in the age of mighty progress, of universal civilization, of gigantic success with still greater reason do we repeat that happy expression. The olden customs are dying away by degrees and in Canada, this new and rising country, there seems to be no trace of anything ancient. Altho' Europe progressed for ages and in fine succeeded in touching the top-most point of worldly honor and worldly power, yet there was and is still to be found, here and there, preserved, the old customs, the old laws, the old manners. Although Italy flourished 'neath the glare of modern civilization, still the faithful of the first ages, their habits, their ideas, their works all lived and

still live deep down in the winding corridors and subterranean passages of the time-famed Catacombs; still might we study the past beneath the huge shadows of the Flavian Amphitheatre, or dream of pagan splendour under the vast dome of the Pantheon; still may the antiquarian find a mine of wealth 'neath the lava-covered cities of Herculanium and Pompeii.

Where to-day the iron-horse dashes along through the vine-clad stopings of France or by the elmgroves of England, are to be seen the Roman ways—those wonderful roads over which so often went and came the followers of the Caesar. And in Ireland, beside the mansion is the holy well, near the new and rising town stands the ruined aisles of some long deserted convent, the holy fane of a Muckross or a Clonmacnoise, the splendid remains of Holy-Cross or the hundred times historic rock of Cashel. Were Ireland one day to become the home and centre of commerce and progress, were every village and town to be made the rendezvous of the manufacturing world, still would the old land, the old people, the "Ancient Race" and the olden manners survive, still would they be seen in each ruined shrine, and shattered monument. Even in such a time would the moat and rath and brake recall the story of the fairies, and the night-wind revive the moan of the Banshee, and the sun-towers on the hills and in the vales repeat, as it were, the name of Erin's Gobhan-Saer.

In Canada such is not the case. All here is new, and very truthful would be the words of Scott if applied to our land or our people. Yet in the midst of all that progress and change there remains one exception. There is even unto this one place in the country, which has preserved, if not all, at least many of the old manners and old customs, and which seems to stand forth immutable amidst change.

There still exists a spot that bears the marks of olden days, that tells in mute eloquence the story of the country's infancy, its rise and its onward march. There yet is to be found a conservatory of things past, a monument of former strength, an index of present peace and happiness, a relic of Canadian glory. And that place, that spot, that conser-

vatory, that monument, that ancient relic is the historic city of Quebec.

Already in our first essay we have spoken of Quebec from an historical stand-point and told in as short a manner as possible the story of a great number of those important and famous events that dot the page of Canadian history. It would then be but a repetition to speak of the many battles and sieges that took place around the walls of the ancient town. But Quebec is not only famous on account of the changes that have taken place with regard to the country within its fortifications, and the names, immortal in the Canadian annals, that adorn the monuments of the City. Quebec is also known throughout the world and more so upon this continent for its position, its form, its peculiarities, its scenery and its institutions.

No place in America, and only one place in the world is better situated and more powerful than Quebec. Perched upon its rocky throne it frowns down upon the mighty St. Lawrence, that rolls its waters beneath the battlements.

Several hundred feet above the flood stands the Citadel, perhaps the strongest on this side of the Atlantic. On the north side the river St. Charles flows past the city and loses itself in the St. Lawrence. Behind the citadel lay the plains of Abraham, so well known as the field of Wolfe's glory and his death. Beyond the heights and down towards the valley of the St. Charles the largest portion of the city stretches. On the opposite bank of the main stream rises the town of Levis, crowned with a splendid and powerful set of fortifications.

The city is divided into Upper and Lower Towns, the one being over two hundred feet above the other.

Upon a fine clear day in Summer, Quebec and its surroundings present, perhaps, one of the most beautiful panoramas in the country. Upon a rainy day the mud, the slush, the pouring water, the dull sky, the narrow streets, the wending byways, the antique gabled houses, the numerous hills, in a word the whole city in general and every object in particular, presents a most gloomy aspect. Upon a winter's day when the storm-

king is abroad and the sleet and snow drift madly along the crooked streets and the tempest sweeps down from the citadel-height driving before it the icy shower, and the wind of winter howl in fury along the ancient ramparts singing its wrathful chant in the mouths of fifty brazen cannons, relics of the past, and sighing mournfully as it rounds the huge cape, when the white-clad phantom-king touches with his ice-covered hand the rivers, the vales and the hills. Quebec is an object of interest and admiration.

Now that its walls are no longer battered and sealed by thundering and contending armies, its citadel is invaded by the wild and all-powerful army of the elements led on by that aged warrior, who has for centuries conquered and reconquered the earth—old Winter. To describe Quebec on such a day is, to say the least, too difficult a task—one must see it in order to form a true idea of a winter storm or a rainy day in the old capital. But on such a day as we so often find towards the end of May, after the cloudy chill of winter is past and before the burning heat of Summer has set in, no scene can be grander than the view from the Durham and Dufferin Terraces of Quebec.

Beneath you, two hundred feet down, rolls the St. Lawrence separating Quebec from the Levis heights. Towards the north-east the beautiful Island of Orleans divides the great stream. Along the north and away beyond the St. Charles lay the Beauport flats stretching off towards the foot of the purple Laurentides. Here and there in the far distance is seen the spire of a village church and immediately below Quebec wends the long and narrow village of Beauport. Off to the West the valley of the St. Charles spreads out and nearer to you extends suburban Quebec. Behind rises up the great rock crowned with the old citadel-wall. Gazing upon the city itself the eye is first attracted by the spire of the old Basilica and the triple-towered roof of Laval. The rest, to the eye, is a mass of confusion, a heap of buildings, many old, few new, huddled together without the least regard to proportion or position. In a word Quebec proper is the type of some ancient city of Europe.

The magnificent platform from which you catch such a glimpse of the city and its surrounding is 1400 feet long and 200 feet above the river. It was first merely a small floor railed-in and forming the cellar roof of the old St. Louis Castle and known as the Durham Terrace. Our last beloved and greatly lamented Governor, Lord Dufferin suggested the idea of a prolongation of the old terrace, and now, thanks to that happy conception, it has become one of the grandest walks in America. Crowned with fine antique looking summer-houses, called *Kiosks*, it affords comfort to thousands, adds wonderfully to the embellishment of the city, and commands a view of miles upon miles of country.

Take up the common guide to the city and you will see the names of these places of interest, which in themselves suffice to attract the public to the ancient capital. The citadel, battered by a thousand shots, the theatre of a hundred fights, the grandest and proudest land-mark of the nation's early struggles. The Governor's garden where stands the monument erected to the memory of the brighted-stars in the sky of Canada's past. Wolfe and Montcalm—as—

“It's summit high against the sky,
Like sentinel defending,
Points from the sod to where with God
Their spirits, now, are blending.”

The Grand Battery with its range of guns, pointing on all sides and telling in a language the most powerful the strength of the olden wall. The churches beautiful and famous for their grandeur of construction and the richness of their paintings. The spot where the immortal Montgomery fell as he stood midway between the height which he sought to gain and the river that swept below. The plains of Abraham where the gallant Wolfe expired in the arms of victory. The splendid building and grand galleries of the University of Laval, one of the oldest and one of the first institutions in the land. The home of learning and of the learned it looks down from its lofty position on old Stadacona upon a whole Province, aye on the entire country and the rays of its sciences, its arts, its laws penetrate even into the remotest corners of the

land casting a glow of beauty wheresoever they fall.

Quebec is "the gateway and the guard of Canada." One feels, on approaching the old city, that he is going back into the ages long past. The outward form of Mediævalism is there, but the spirit and soul that animated the former ages is replaced by that of more modern times—and with truth we can repeat, when gazing upon the old world reproduced in one of our own comparatively new places, the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he sang a few months ago in a glowing strain of true poetry, the fame of the immortal Thomas Moore:—

"I feel like the priest to his altar returning;
The crowd that was kneeling no longer is there:
The flame has died out, but the brands are still burning
And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the air."

There stands old Quebec, not the largest, not the grandest, but at least the most interesting and most truly national city in our fair Dominion. Contemplating these ancient walls one might ask as did Edgar Allen Poe of the ruined Coliseum, if these are "All of the fame and the colossal left by the corrosive hours to Fate and me?" And in a mute and sublime eloquence would they make reply:

"We are not impotent, we pallid stones;
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE POPES.—The whole number of Popes, from St. Peter to Leo. XIII., is 258. Of these, 82 are venerated as saints, 33 having been martyred; 104 have been Romans, and 104 natives of other parts of Italy; 15 Frenchmen; 9 Greeks; 7 Germans; 5 Asiatics; 3 Africans; 3 Spaniards; 2 Dominicans; 1 Hebrew; 1 Thracian; 1 Dutchman; 1 Portuguese; 1 Candiot; and 1 Englishman.

As the sun surpasses in splendor all other planets, so Mary in her sufferings exceeded the sufferings of all other martyrs.—*St. Basil.*

THE IRISH FAMINE.

(*Catholic Universe.*)

AGAIN Ireland is threatened with famine, and the cry for bread is heard over the land. For the last two years the crops have failed; this year, more markedly in the south and west of the country, the crops have been an almost total failure. For Ireland this is a dreadful state of things. In this country a failure in one section is usually compensated for by abundance in another, but in Ireland a failure in one part gravely affects the whole country. Where, at best, a country can but barely provide for the population, failure, even in part, brings serious distress, but where two successive years of failure follow each other, famine must inevitably result. This seems to be the present prospect in Ireland, and presents a condition of affairs that appeals to the charitable sympathies of the Christian world.

Three hundred years of oppression, to which have been added robbery and confiscation in every form that malice and ingenuity could devise, have produced their natural results. A system of landlordism has arisen that is a disgrace to a civilized age or nation; tenants without rights in the soil they cultivate, or encouragement to improve, lest their improvements but increase their rents; no fixity of tenure, but dependent day by day on the will or whim of an agent; rack rents; the fairest portions of the country turned into deer parks or pleasure grounds for the "gentry"—all this and more, while the people are reduced to potatoes and miserable hovels to keep them from cold and starvation, are not only a matter for grave thought to the world, and should direct thoughtful observation to Ireland and to the cause of this periodic cry of distress among the Irish.

That the Irish are neither lazy, nor unwilling to make an honest effort to make a living, is seen in their success in America, where they are law-abiding citizens and reasonably successful in business. Here they succeed and rise, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which they have labored. In decency they rear their families, educate their children, acquire property

and position, and they and their children take their place in American society as not only respectable citizens, but successful and self-supporting members of society.

On all sides it is admitted Ireland is a fertile country, but owing to the nature of the laws, the want of fixity in the tenure of the land, the lack of encouragement to the farmer and the excessive character of the rents, the country is kept so constantly from hand to mouth that it is simply impossible for the people to have anything provided ahead. Each year consumes its own products, and leaves the next where the last ended, with nothing laid past—and under the present condition of things it is utterly impossible for the country ever to have anything laid past.

Under these circumstances, a summer like the one just past, where it has been one continuous rain, where the crops have rotted in the fields, and the people have been unable to save the turf on which their winter's fires depend, it can be easily understood why at this early period of the year, the gaunt faces and the starved cry of the people, rises up and asks for bread for themselves and their children. If this is now, and that it is so is seen in the present agitation that is going on in the country, what will the condition of the people be during the latter part of the winter and early spring? Where are the people to find seed or the means to put in their next year's crop? How are they to live till the next year's crops are gathered in? True they can die, they have done this before, but are the scenes of '47 to be repeated? and are the Irish people to starve and die by famine, and disease and fever; or because they cannot pay the rents to be turned out to die by the ditch, or to go to the poor-house, and this while our country has been so blessed by God with abundant harvests?

This cannot be; this must not be; no people can be permitted to starve whilst we have abundance. The Irish in Ireland cannot, and must not, be permitted to starve while their brethren and kinsfolk in America have enough and to spare. We must give of our abundance. We may not be able to give as we would wish, or as our hearts would prompt,

and what we give as a diocese may not be much to Ireland as a nation, but what we give, though little as it will be in the aggregate, will be a great deal to those whose distress we relieve. It behooves us as Christians, it behooves us as members of a common family and of a common nationality, to be up and doing, to give of our abundance or to give of our limited means.

We are not called upon to discuss the causes that have produced the present condition of things in Ireland; nor are we called upon to study the political questions that disturb Ireland; nor are we called upon to take sides on this or that political issue; those are questions for the Irish people to settle for themselves, and to be settled in Ireland, not in America, but we are called upon as Catholics to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked, and to help to save a people from starvation and death.

Both priests and people must take an active hand in this work, this the more in those congregations distinctively Irish; but hunger is a cry that appeals to no nationality, hence also, those congregations, not Irish, will lend a helping hand to their brethren of a common faith, who, by oppression and persecution, have been reduced to their present state of suffering. We therefore appeal to the diocese, to the whole Catholic population of the diocese, let its nationality be what it may, to give to the starving people of Ireland. We know full well the many home calls that are constantly made, and how much our ever generous Catholics give of their limited means; we know also, that at this present moment the appeal for the support of the six hundred orphans that are entirely dependent on the charity of the diocese for support, is about to be made in the cities of Cleveland and Toledo, and has just been made in the other parts of the diocese. We know all this, yet the Irish are starving, and the cry of distress arises from the land. The winter and the cold is on them. They appeal to us for bread. We must do what we can, and, whether much or little, give what we can.

We therefore direct that on the first Sunday in Advent a collection be taken up throughout the Diocese, or where collections are already announced for

that Sunday, that the collection for the above purpose be taken up on any Sunday between this and Christmas, and that such sums as may be thus collected be sent to our Secretary, who under our direction will remit it to the Bishops of such districts as are in the most need, to be by them sent to the priests of their respective dioceses, who will distribute to the worthy poor. In this way every dollar collected will reach a worthy and deserving object, and at the same time will be so directed that the most needy will be relieved. We also pray God to bless those who give and thus help to relieve the needy and feed the hungry.

† R. GILMOER,
Bishop of Cleveland.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS DAY.

Of the three great holiday festivals, Christmas Day is, for many reasons, the greatest; and one reason among others is, that it stands out of the winter-time, the first and warmest of them. It is the eye and fire of the season, as the fire is of Christmas and of one's room. We have always loved it, and ever shall, first, (to give a child's reason, and a very good one, too, in this instance,) because Christmas Day is Christmas Day; second, (which is included in that reason, or rather includes it, for it is the greatest,) because of a high tone, which will, more properly stand by itself at the close of this article; third, because of the hollies and other evergreens which people conspire to bring into cities and houses on this day, making a kind of summer in winter, and reminding us that "The poetry of earth is never dead;" fourth, because of the fine things which the poets and others have said about it; fifth, because there is no business going on,—“Mammon” is suspended; and, sixth, because New Year's Day and Twelfth Day come after it; that is to say, because it is the leader of a set of holydays, and the spirit is not beaten down into common-place the moment it is over. It closes and begins the year with cheerfulness. We have collected, for THE HARP, some notices of the principal events connect-

ed with Christmas. Most of them are now losing their old lustre, only to give way, we trust bye and bye, to better evidences of rejicing. The beadle, as (understood in England and some other countries,) we can dispense with, and even the Christmas-boxes; especially as we hope nobody will then want them. And the “Bellman's Verses” shall turn to something nobler, albeit, we have a liking for him; ay, for his very absurdities; there is something in them so old, so unpretending, and so reminiscent about him. As long as the bellman is alive, one's grandfather does not seem dead, and his cocked-hat lives with him. Good “Bellman's Verses” will not do all. There have been some such things of late, “most tolerable and not to be endured.” Warton and Cowper unthinkingly set the way to them. You may be childlike at Christmas; you may be merry; you may be absurd—in the worldly sense of the term; but you must write with a faith, and so redeem your old Christmas reputation somehow. Belief in something great and good preserves a respectability, even in the most childish mistakes; but it feels that the company of banter is unworthy of it. The very absurdity of the “Bellman's Verses” is only bearable, nay, only pleasant, when we suppose them written by some actual doggerel-poet in good faith. Mere mediocrity hardly allows us to give our Christmas-box, or to believe it now-a-days in earnest, and the smartness of your cleverest worldly-wise men is felt to be wholly out of place. No, no; give us the good old decrepid “Bellman's Verses” hobbling as their bringer, and taking themselves for something respectable like his cocked-hat, or give us none at all. We should not like even to see him in a round hat. He would lose something of the old and oracular by it. In a round hat, he should keep out of sight, and not contradict the portrait of himself at the top of his sheet of verses, with his bell and his beadle's staff. The pictures round the verses may be new; but we like the old better, no matter how worn out, provided the subject be discernable; no matter what blots for the eyes, and muddiness for the clouds. The worst of these old wood-cuts are often copied from good pictures; and, at all events,

they wear an aspect of the old sincerity. Give us, in short, a foundation of that true old Christmas sincerity to go upon—to Church in the morning—to dance in the evening. We can begin the day with a mild gravity of reflection, and finish it with all kinds of forgetful mirth,—forgetful, because realizing the happiness for which we are thoughtful. It is a pernicious mistake among persons who exclusively call themselves religious, to think they ought never to be cheerful, without calling to mind considerations too vast and grand for cheerfulness; thereby representing the object of their reverence after the fashion of an officious and tyrannical parent, who should cast the perpetual shadow of his dignity over his children's sports. Those sports are a part of the general ordinance of things. Man is a laughing as well as a thinking animal; and "there is a time," says the wise man, "for all things." To have a thorough sense then of Christmas grave and gay, and to reconcile as much as possible its old times to the new, one ought to begin with Christmas Eve, to see the log put on the fire, the boughs fixed somewhere in the room, and to call to mind what is said by the poets, and those beautiful accounts of angels singing in the air, which inspired the seraphical strains of Handel and Corelli. Here for the curious is given: The Golden Carol of The Three Kings of Cologne.

We saw a light shine out afar,
On Christmas in the morning,
And straight we knew Christ's Star it was,
Bright beaming in the morning.
Then did we fall on bended knee,
On Christmas in the morning,
And prais'd the Lord, who'd let us see
His glory at its dawning.

Oh! ever thought be of His Name,
On Christmas in the morning,
Who bore for us both grief and shame,
Afflictions sharp and scorning,
And may we die, (when death shall come),
On Christmas in the morning,
And see in Heav'n, our glorious home,
That Star of Christmas morning.

Those who possess musical instruments should turn to these strains, or procure them, and warm their imaginations by their performance. In paintings from Italy (where the violin, on account of its great mastery, and the enthusiasm of the people is held in more

esteem than with us), we often see choral visions of angels in the clouds, singing and playing on that instrument as well as the harp; and certainly, if ever a sound which may be supposed to resemble them, was yet heard upon earth, it is in some of the harmonies of Arcangelo Corelli. And the recitative of Handel's divine strain, "There were shepherds abiding in the fields," is as exquisite for truth and simplicity as the cheek of innocence. Shakspeare has touched upon Christmas Eve, with a reverential tenderness, sweet as if he had spoken it hushingly;

*Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of daening singeth all night long.
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir
abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike.
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.*

Upon which (for it is a character in Hamlet who is speaking) Horatio observes, in a sentence remarkable for the breath of its sentiment as well as the niceness of its sincerity (like the whole of that apparently favorite character of the poet, who loved a friend.)

So have I heard, *and do in part believe it*, that is to say, he believed all that was worthy, and recognized the balmy and Christian effect produced upon well-disposed and sympathetic minds by reflections on the season.

Milton has sung of these angelic symphonies in an Ode that challenges the English language. In fact it is the finest Christmas Carol ever written by an Englishman. It is an Ode or Hymn, written on the Nativity, when Milton was but a youth,—not, of course, one of his best, but with almost as fine things in it here and there, as he ever produced.

A Christmas Day to be perfect, should be clear and cold, with holly-branches, in berry, a blazing fire, a dinner, with mince-pies, and games and forfeits in the evening. You cannot have it in perfection, if you are very fine and fashionable. Neither also, can it be enjoyed by the very poor; so that, in fact, a perfect Christmas is impossible to be had, till the progress of things has distributed comfort more equally. But

where we do our best, we are privileged to enjoy our utmost; and charity gives us a right to hope. A Christmas evening should, if possible, finish with music. It carries off the excitement without abruptness, and sheds a repose over the conclusion of enjoyment. A word respecting the more serious part of the day's subject alluded to above. It is but a word, but it may sow a seed of reflection in some of the best natures, especially in these days of perplexity between new doctrines and old. It appears to us, that there is a point never enough dwelt upon, if at all, by those who attempt to bring about a reconciliation between belief and the want of it. It is addressed only to believers in a Providence, but those who have that belief, if they have no other, are a numerous body. The point is this,—that Christianity, to say the least of it, is a Great Event. It has had a wonderful effect upon the world, and still has, even in the workings of its apparently unfilial daughter, Modern Philosophy, who could never have been what she is, but for the doctrine of boundless Force, or as some will have it Deity, grafted upon the elegant self-reference of the Greeks, and the patriotism of the Romans, which was so often a pretext for the most unneighborly injustice.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

The celebrated Anglican Bishop Taylor observes, that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the Angels to the Shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas Carol. Bourne seems perfectly right in deriving the word carol from *cantare*, to sing, and *vola*, an interjection of joy. This species of pious song is undoubtedly of most ancient date. Here is the earliest metrical version perhaps extant in English.

"IN EXCELSIS GLORIA."

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria!

The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,

In Excelsis Gloria!

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great Grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to thy solace,

In Excelsis Gloria!

Having now reached the limits proposed at the outstart in this article, from a gay and fanciful point of view, it behooves us to cast a glance on that greatest of great events—the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This great event is celebrated by Catholics, throughout the world in the most gorgeous and rapturous strains of music, accompanied with the never ending "Glory be to God in the highest." Yet, while this sublime Canticle is still reverberating throughout the stately edifices erected to the praise and adoration of the Living God—a sweet, musical voice whispers, the autumn is near its close, the torrents are rushing wildly down into the valleys, the north wind whistles through the cypress trees, and a gray, cloudy sky announces the approach of winter's snow. * * *

On a dark, gloomy morning, in the year of Rome 748, a Nazarene was seen briskly engaged in preparing for a journey, which could not have been one of his choice, for the time was unseasonable, and the woman who accompanied him, and whom he seated so carefully on the mild and patient animal which the daughters of the East prefer, was very young, resplendently beautiful, and in a state requiring the utmost care, solicitude and attention.

To the saddle of the docile animal on which the young Galilean rode was attached a basket of palm leaves, containing provisions for the journey; dates, figs, and dried grapes, some barley-cakes, and an earthen pitcher for taking water from the spring or the cistern. A leathern flask, of Egyptian manufacture, hung on the opposite side. Such was the humble outfit of the holy pair, who quitted their poor abode and descended the narrow streets of Nazareth, amid the holy greetings and the kind wishes of their friends and neighbors, who cried on every side, Go in peace! Those travellers, who thus set out on that cold, cloudy morning,

were the humble descendants of the great Kings of Juda,—Joseph and Mary. And for what think my readers? To obey an order of a pagan and a stranger, to inscribe their obscure names beside the most illustrious names in the kingdom. This journey undertaken at such an inclement season, and in such a country, must have been extremely painful to the Blessed Virgin—but still she did not murmur. That delicate and fragile creature had a soul both firm and courageous, a lofty soul, which greatness did not dazzle nor joy agitate, and which bore misfortune silently and calmly.

Let us now contemplate the calm, immobile, and heavenly countenance of her saintly spouse, advancing by her side, meditating on the ancient prophecies which promised, four thousand years before, a Liberator to his people. As he journeyed towards Bethlehem, at the bidding of a Roman, he reflected on the words of the prophet Micheas, "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall He come forth unto me, that is to be the Ruler in Israel." Glancing, then, at his humble equipage and his modest spouse, in her plain, unpretending apparel, the patriarch began to revolve in his mind the great prophecies of Isaiah and to comprehend the designs of God in his Christ. "He shall grow up as a tender plant before Him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground; there is no beauty in him, nor comeliness * * despised and the most abject of men." After five days of a toilsome journey, the travellers caught a distant view of Bethlehem, the City of Kings, seated on a rising ground, amid smiling hills planted with vines, olives, and groves of smiling oaks. Camels laden with women wrapped in purple cloaks, and covered with white veils, Arab horses, dashing along at full speed, bearing gay and brilliant cavaliers, groups of old men mounted on white asses, and chatting gaily together like the ancient judges of Israel, were all going up to the City of David, already crowded with Hebrews, who had arrived on the previous days. Outside the city, but a short distance from the walls, arose a large, square building, whose white walls

stood out in strong relief from the pale green of the olive trees which covered the hill. It looked like one of the Persian Caravansaries. This was the inn; Joseph hastened thither in hopes of obtaining one of the narrow cells, which belonged of right to the first comer, and was never refused to anyone; but finding merchants and travellers issuing from its portals in goodly numbers for want of room, he, too, was compelled to depart. We will not attempt to pourtray the wistful countenance, or describe the inward feelings of Joseph on that occasion. The evening wind fell cold and piercing on the young Virgin, who breathed not a word of complaint, though her face grew paler every moment, for she was scarcely able to support herself. Joseph, in despair, continued his fruitless attempts, and more than once, alas! he saw some wealthier stranger admitted where he had been rudely repulsed. The night closed in. The lonely travellers seeing themselves rejected by all the world, and despairing of obtaining a shelter in the city of their fathers, quitted Bethlehem, without knowing which way they ought to turn, and advanced at random through the fields, still partially lighted by the fading twilight, while the jackals made the air resound with their shrill cries, as they roamed in search of their prey. Southward within a short distance of the inhospitable city, there appeared a gloomy cavern, hollowed in the rock. The entrance was towards the north, and the cave became narrower towards its farther end. It served as a common stable to the Bethlehemites, and sometimes as a shelter for the shepherds on stormy nights. The pious couple blessed Heaven for having guided their steps towards this rude asylum; and Mary, with the help of Joseph's arm, made her way to a bare rock, which formed a sort of seat, though narrow and uncomfortable, in a hollow of the rock. It was there, *in the fortifications of rocks*, as Isaiah had predicted, just as the rising of the mysterious constellation Virgo announced midnight, that the *alma* of the Messianic prophecy, amidst the solemn stillness of nature, concealed by a luminous cloud, brought forth Him whom God himself had produced before

the hills, and who was begotten from all eternity.

He suddenly appeared, like a sun-beam emerging from a cloud, before the eyes of his young, astonished mother, and came to the possession of the throne of his poverty, whilst the angels of God, prostrate around, adored Him under His human form. Thus were accomplished the great prophecies of Isaiah and Micheas. And as further objective testimony of these accomplished prophecies, an Angel of the Lord stood before some shepherds who were keeping midnight watch over their flocks, and said to them, for they were seized with great fear: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign to you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger." And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the Highest; and on Earth Peace to Men of Good Will." In response to this, Glory to God in the Highest, &c., Catholics adore, praise, and glorify God their Saviour on Christmas morning. In response to this first and most sublime Canticle, Catholics advance on Christmas Eve, surrounded with heavenly music and heavenly visions, as did the shepherds of old, with joy, faith, hope, and love towards that crib where they deserve to find the promised Saviour, since they come to seek Him with pure hearts and single minds.

W. M. K.

A mere bauble—the most trifling interest, the omission of a compliment dissolves worldly friendship; but Christian charity is founded on God alone who can never fail.—*Blessed Roridguez.*

BEAUTY LIKE SUMMER FRUIT.—Beauty is as Summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet, certainly, again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.—*Lord Bacon.*

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE WORLD'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

THE world considers that all men are pretty much on a level, or that, differ though they may, they differ by such fine shades from each other, that it is impossible, because it would be untrue and unjust, to divide them into two bodies, or to divide them at all. Each man is like himself and no one else; each man has his own opinions, his own rule of faith and conduct, his own worship; if a number join together in a religious form, this is an accident, for the sake of convenience; for each is complete in himself; religion is simply a personal concern; there is no such thing really as a common or joint religion, that is, one in which a number of men, strictly speaking, partake; it is all matter of private judgment. Hence, as men sometimes proceed even to avow, there is no such thing as a true religion or a false; that is true to each, which each sincerely believes to be true; and what is true to one, is not true to his neighbor. There are no special doctrines necessary to be believed in order to salvation; it is not very difficult to be saved; and most men may take it for granted that they shall be saved. All men are in God's favor, except so far as, and while, they commit acts of sin; but when the sin is over they get back into His favor again, naturally, and as a thing of course, no one knows how, owing to God's infinite indulgence, unless indeed they persevere and die in a course of sin, and perhaps even then. There is no such place as hell, or at least punishment is not eternal. Predestination, election, grace, perseverance, faith, sanctity, unbelief, and reprobation are strange ideas, and, as they think, very false ones. This is the cast of opinion of men in general, in proportion as they exercise their minds on the subject of religion, and think for themselves; and if in any respect they depart from the easy, cheerful, and tranquil temper of mind which it expresses, it is when they are led to think of those who pre-

sume to take the contrary view, that is, who take the view set forth by Christ and His Apostles. On these they are commonly severe, that is, on the very persons whom God acknowledges as His, and is training heavenward—on Catholics who are the witnesses and preachers of those awful doctrines of grace, which condemn the world, and which the world cannot endure.

In truth the world does not know of the existence of grace; nor is it wonderful, for it is ever contented with itself, and has never turned to account the supernatural aids bestowed upon it. Its highest idea of man lies in the order of nature; its pattern man is the natural man; it thinks it wrong to be anything else than a natural man. It sees that nature has a number of tendencies, inclinations, and passions; and because these are natural, it thinks that each of them may be indulged for its own sake, so far as it does no harm to others, or to a person's bodily, mental, and temporal well-being. It considers that want of moderation, or excess, is the very definition of sin, if it goes so far as to recognize that word. It thinks that he is the perfect man who eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and walks, and diverts himself, and studies, and writes, and attends to religion in moderation. The devotional feeling, and the intellect, and the flesh, have each its claim upon us, and each must have play, if the Creator is to be duly honored.

It does not understand, it will not admit, that impulses and propensities which are found in our nature, as God created it, may nevertheless, if indulged, become sins, on the ground that He has subjected them to higher principles, whether these principles be in our nature, or be superadded to our nature. Hence it is very slow to believe that evil thoughts are really displeasing to God, and incur punishment. Works, indeed, tangible actions, which are seen and which have influence, it will allow to be wrong; but it will not believe even that deeds are sinful, or that they are more than reprehensible, if they are private or personal; and it is blind utterly to the malice of thoughts, of imaginations, of wishes and of words. Because the wild emotions of anger, desire, greediness, craft, cruelty, are no sin in

the brute creation, which has neither the means nor the command to repress them, therefore they are no sins in a being who has a diviner sense and a controlling power. Concupiscence may be indulged, because it is in its first elements natural.

Behold here the true origin and fountain-head of the warfare between the Church and the world; here they join issue, and diverge from each other. The Church is built upon the doctrine that impurity is hateful to God, and that concupiscence is its root; with the Prince of the Apostles, her visible Head, she denounces "the corruption of concupiscence which is in the world," or, that corruption in the world which comes of concupiscence; whereas the corrupt world defends, nay, I may even say, sanctifies that very concupiscence which is the world's corruption. Its bolder and more consistent teachers make the laws of this physical creation so supreme, as to disbelieve the existence of miracles, as being an unseemly violation of them; and in like manner, it deifies and worships human nature and its impulses, and denies the power and the grant of grace. This is the source of the hatred which the world bears to the Church; it finds a whole catalogue of sins brought into light and denounced, which it would fain believe to be no sins at all; it finds itself, to its indignation and impatience, surrounded with sin, morning, noon, and night; it finds that a stern law lies against it, where it believed that it was its own master and need not think of God; it finds guilt accumulating upon it hourly, which nothing can prevent, nothing remove, but a higher power, the grace of God. It finds itself in danger of being humbled to the earth as a rebel, instead of being allowed to indulge its self-dependence and complacency. Hence it takes its stand on nature, and denies or rejects divine grace. Like the proud spirit in the beginning, it wishes to find its supreme good in its own self, and nothing above it; it undertakes to be sufficient for its own happiness; it has no desire for the supernatural, and therefore does not believe in it. And as nature cannot rise above nature, it will not believe that the narrow way is possible; it hates those who enter upon it as if pretenders and hypo-

erites, or laughs at their aspirations as romance and fanaticism, lost it should have to believe in the existence of grace. ("Discourses to Mixed Congregations," p. 148.)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY
NEW YEAR.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

The old year is dying, is passing away,
And his flickering spirit almost hath fled;
His grave is already prepared they say—
Awhile and the child of old Time will be
dead;
But the red-berried holly with mistletoe
blends,
And reminds us another glad season is
near;
I'll follow the thought, and so wish you,
my friends,
A right Merry Christmas and Happy New
Year.

What the past to us each on his journey hath
been,
If a joy to the heart or a cloud to the brow;
Or chequer'd by shadows, with sunshine be-
tween,
We'll stay not to ask of the passing one
now.
Let fond hearts grow fonder, warm feelings
unite;
Let new friends be true friends, and old
ones more dear;
And eyes that were tearful with hope become
bright,
With a right Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year.

CHATEAU REGNIER.

A STORY OF THE TWELFTH
CENTURY.

I.

A proud man was Baron Regnier. In the old days of Charlemagne, the Chateau Regnier had risen, a modest mansion on the pleasant banks of the Garonne. That great monarch died; his empire fell to pieces; the lords became each one an independent sovereign in his own castle, making perpetual war on each other, and elected kings who could neither enforce respect or obedience. Then the Chateau Regnier was enlarged and fortified, its retainers and vassals became numerous, and as was the method of growing rich in those times, large parties of horsemen would

sally from its gates, as suited their pleasure or necessities, to plunder neighboring lords or defenceless travellers.

The Barons Regnier were brave men; never was there a brilliant or dangerous expedition wherein some scion of the house did not distinguish himself. When the first preaching of the Crusades stirred the soul of Europe, there was bustle of preparation and burnishing of weapons at the chateau; even in the motly company of Peter the Hermit went one of the younger sons of the family, who did his part of plundering in Hungary and Dalmatia, and perished on the shores of the Bosphorous; and in the more orderly expedition that followed, the reigning baron himself led a brave array under the banner of Raymond of Toulouse.

The return of the crusades brought more refined tastes in France, though not more peaceable manners. The Chateau Regnier was enriched and beautified; troubadours gathered there; feasts were continually spread; still plunder and anarchy were the order of the day till the reign of Louis le Gros. That energetic king devoted his life to establishing law and order in France. Then the house of Regnier, having plundered all that it conveniently could, took part with the king to prevent all further plundering, so it grew strong in its possessions.

With such a line of ancestry to look back on, no wonder that the Baron Regnier was proud. He himself in his youth had shared in the disasters of a crusade. After his return home, he had married a beautiful wife, whom he tenderly loved; but his happiness was of short duration; in three years after their union she died, leaving him an image of herself—a frail and lovely little being, the last flower on the rugged stem of that great house.

A lovely land is the south of France. Two thousand years ago the old geographer called it the Beautiful, and its soft *langue d'or* is the very language of love. It was on the shores of the Garonne, in the twelfth century, that the troubadours sang their sweetest songs. Among them was found Pierre Rogiers, who wearied once of the cloister, and so wandered out into the world—to the court of the beautiful Ermengarde at

Narbonne, to the palaces of Aragon, at last to the shores of the Garonne, and finding every where only vanity of vanities, once more entered the gates of the monastery and lay down to die.

Here, too, lived Bernard de Aentadour, who lived and celebrated in his songs more than one royal princess. Here he dwelt in courtly splendor, till he grew weary of all things earthly and yearned for the quiet of the cloister, and wrapping the monk's robe around him, he too died in peace.

No wonder if Clemence Regnier, growing up a beautiful girl in the midst of these influences, should yield her soft promptings of affection. She was the favorite companion of her father; no wish of hers was ungratified; her sweetness of temper endeared her to all around her; she was sought in marriage by many rich nobles of Toulouse, she refused them all, and gave her preference to the younger son of a neighboring baron—a penniless and landless knight.

When the old baron first discovered their mutual attachment, he was at first incredulous, then amazed, then angry. He persistently and peremptorily refused his consent. The De Regniers had for so long married, as they had done every thing else, only to augment their power and wealth, that a marriage where love and happiness only were considered, were an absurd idea to the baron.

"This comes of all these jongleurs and their trashy songs!" he exclaimed; "they have got nothing to do but wander about the world and turn girls' and boys' heads with their songs. I'll have no more of them here!"

So the baron turned all poets and musicians out of his chateau, but he could not turn love and romance out; the young heart of Clemence was their impregnable citadel, and there they held their ground against all the baron's assaults.

Four years went by; Clemence was pining away with grief, for she loved her father and she loved her lover; at last her love for the latter prevailed, and, trusting to win the old baron's forgiveness afterwards, Clemence fled from the chateau with the young Count de Regnault.

Baron de Regnier was a man who, when moderately irritated, gave vent to his wrath in angry words, but when deeply wounded he was silent; and here both his pride and his affection had been wounded most deeply.

He signified to the guests at the castle that they might depart; he closed the grand halls, keeping near him a few old servants; dismissed his chaplain, whom he suspected, though falsely of having married the runaway couple, and who had been their messenger to him, begging for his forgiveness and permission to come to him; closed his chapel doors; and shut himself up, gloomy and alone, in a suite of rooms in a wing of the chateau.

Many loving and penitent messages came to him from Clemence. At first he took no notice of them; at last, to one he returned an answer—"He would never see her again."

II.

THE summer came and the winter, and many a summer and winter passed, and the dreariest domain of all France was the once merry chateau Regnier. Year after year the old man brooded alone. If friendship or chance brought friends to the chateau, they were received with stately formality, which forbade their stay; rarely did a stranger pass a night within its walls. The retainers kept their Christmas holidays as best they might; no great hall was opened and lighted, no feast was spread. They wondered how long the baron would live such a life, and what would become of the chateau should he die, for he had no heir to take it.

Ten years passed; the old man began to grow tired at last of his solitude; he listened to the voice of conscience—it reproached him with the long years of neglected duties. The first thing he did was to open the doors of his chapel. He sent for artisans and ordered it to be repaired and refitted, then he sent a messenger to the bishop of Toulouse, asking him to send a chaplain to the Chateau Regnier.

The church was in those days what she is now—the great republic of the world; but at that time she was the only republic, the one impregnable citadel where through all the centuries that wo

call the Middle Ages, liberties and equality of men held their ground against hereditary right and feudal despotism. In the monastery the prior was often of lowly birth, while in the humbler brethren whom he ruled might be found men of patrician even of royal lineage. Virtue and talent were the only rank acknowledged; the noble knelt and confessed his sins, and received absolution from the hands of the serf. Thus, beside the princely-born Bernard we see the name of Fulbert, the illustrious Bishop of Chartres, raised to the episcopal throne from poverty and obscurity—as he himself says, “*sicut de stercore pauper*”; and the life-long friend and minister of Louis the sixth, Suger, the abbot of St. Denis, and regent of France, was the son of a bourgeois of St. Omer.

So it happened that when the baron sent to the Bishop of Toulouse for a chaplain, a priest who was the son of a vassal of Chateau Regnier, threw himself at the prelate's feet, and begged that he might be sent. The Bishop looked on him with surprise and displeasure.

“Monseigneur,” said the priest, “you reproach me in your heart for what appears to you my presumption and boldness in making this request, I have a most earnest reason, for the love of God, in asking this; for a very brief time do I ask to remain chaplain at the Chateau Regnier, but I do most earnestly ask it.” So he was sent.

The young Pere Rudal had been in his childhood a favorite with the baron. It was the baron who had first taken notice of the bright boy, and who had sent him away to the great schools of Lyons to be educated; and how, when he saw his former favorite returned to him, the old man's heart warmed again and opened to the young priest.

It was with strange emotions that the Pere Rudal stood once more in the home of his childhood. When a careless boy there, with no very practical plans for life, he had loved, with a boy's romantic love, the beautiful Clemence. He was something of a dreamer and poet; she had been the queen of his reveries. He was a child of a vassal and she of noble birth. This thought saddened him and many were the ditties wherein he bewailed, in true troubadour fashion, this mournful fact; but though

he was a boy of twelve when she was a girl of seventeen did not at the time occur to him.

After he had gone to the university he heard of her departure from her father's castle, and the old man's unforgiving anger against her. The thought of her grief kept the remembrance of her in his heart, and now—though he could laugh at those old dreams of romance—he could love her with a nobler love. He knew the baron's former predilection of himself and he prayed daily to heaven that he might once more see her restored to her father's hall.

At the chateau he was the baron's constant companion. He led the old man little by little, to interest himself once more in the duties of life—in plans for ameliorating the condition of some of the poor vassals—in some improvements in the chateau. Before two years had passed the old man seemed to love him like a son. Yet often a cloud passing over the weary face, a deep sigh, a sudden indifference to all earthly things, betrayed the life-long grief of the baron's heart, and the thought still kept of her whom that heart so truly loved, but would not pardon.

It was drawing near to the Christmas season, when one day Pere Rudal said to the Baron:

“My lord, more than a year have I been with you, and although you have heaped many favors upon me, I have never yet solicited one; now I am going to ask one.”

“My dear friend and companion,” replied the baron, “whatever is in my power, you know that you have only to ask.”

“In the old days,” continued the priest, “this chateau of yours saw many a gay feast especially at the Christmas tide; then there were nobles and ladies here; now it has grown gloomy and silent. What I ask is, that this Christmas you give an entertainment but one of a novel kind; let the halls be opened and a banquet be spread, and invite all your poor neighbors, your vassals, your retainers, their wives and children; and none be omitted: do this for the love of that little Child who was so poor and an outcast for us. I myself will superintend the whole, and pledge myself for the good conduct and happiness of all;

and moreover you yourself will accompany and remain among your guests, at least for a little while. I know I am making a bold request in asking this, but I am sure you will not refuse it, and I promise you will not repent it."

The baron acceded to the request. Had he been asked to entertain grand company at his castle, in his present mood he would have refused at once and haughtily; but he was too generous to refuse anything asked in the name of the poor; besides he felt in his heart the truth of what the young priest had said to him; "There is no solace for grief like that of solacing the sorrows of others; and no happiness like that of adding to their happiness."

III.

CHRISTMAS Day came; and after the Grand Mass was over, the great hall of the chateau was opened, and tables were spread with abundance of good cheer; there were presents for the little children, too; and there were jongleurs who, instead of the customary love ditties, sang old Christmas carols in the soft Provincial dialect. Amidst the hilarity there was, what by no means was common in those days, order and decorum. This was due in part, to the restraint and awe inspired by the chateau—opened for the first time in so many years; but more to the presence in their midst of the baron and the priest, who passed from one group to another with a kind word to each.

After a while the priest laid his hand on the baron's arm:

"Let us retire to yonder oriel window—there we may sit in quiet and contemplate the merry scene."

The baron gladly escaped from the crowd, but, as he seated himself, a sigh escaped him, and a cloud gathered on his brow.

"How happy you have made these good people," said the priest. "The merriment of the children has something contagious in it, has it not?"

"What have I to do with the merriment of other people's children—I, a poor childless old man?"

The baron spoke bitterly; for the first time in his life had he made an allusion to his griefs.

"But see these three pretty little

children coming towards us," the priest continued; "we did not see them as we passed through the hall." And he beckoned them nearer—a little girl about eight years old, a little boy some two or three years younger, and the smallest just able to walk; beautiful children they were, but dressed in the ordinary dress of peasant children.

"Do not refuse to kiss these pretty little ones for the Child who was born to-day," pleaded the priest, as he raised one on his knee. "Now, my lord, if it were the poorest vassal in your domains, would he not be a happy man whom these pretty ones would call grandpapa?"

The baron's face assumed a look of displeasure. "I want no more of this; entertain your guests as you please, but spare me my presence here any further. I am glad if I can do anything towards making others happy, but happiness for myself is gone in this world."

"My lord," said the Pere Rudal, "why is your happiness gone. When your daughter, your Clemence, threw herself and her little ones at your feet, and prayed you for the love of the little Child born in Bethlehem, to take her little ones to your heart, why did you coldly turn away and refuse her?"

The baron turned to him with unfeigned surprise. "What do you mean?" said he. "I have never seen her since and her children never."

"But you see them now."

"Oh father!" said a well known voice, and his own daughter Clemence was kneeling in the midst of her little ones at his feet.

The old man sank back in his seat—his daughter's arm was thrown around his neck—her head was resting on his heart—and after an instant's struggle between love, the divine instinct, and pride, the human fault, his arm was clasped closely about her. Pere Rudal lifted up the youngest child and placed it on the baron's knee, and then quietly stole away.

A merry place was the Chateau Regnier after that night; the rooms and halls were opened to the daylight;—there was romping and laughing of children from one end of it to the other. The Count de Regnault was sent for on

the very next day after that happy Christmas, and was embraced by the baron as a son—and evermore thereafter, with great splendor and merriment, was the feast held at the chateau, so that the Christmas festivities of Chateau Regnier became famous throughout France.

As for the young priest—that night, after he had seen Clemence once more in her father's arms, he left the chateau and never returned to it. He went away to Toulouse and wrote from thence to the baron, telling him that his love for him and his was unalterable, but his mission at the chateau was accomplished; the voice of duty called him elsewhere; and he begged the baron's consent to depart. The baron gave his acquiescence reluctantly. Pere Rudal soon after entered the order of the Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, which had been recently established, and perished on the voyage to Tunis.

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

THE following is taken from a communication to the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, and treats of a subject on which an immense amount of misrepresentation is continually being reproduced:

Upon the alleged persecution of this illustrious astronomer the bitter enemies of our holy faith have grounded the most malignant calumnies against the Church and Papacy; while it is unhappily the fact that the majority of Catholics are so ill-informed of the true history of the case as to be quite incapable of refuting the mendacious statements of pseudo-historians and Protestant poets who have written in such a wonderfully romantic strain about "the starry Galileo and his woes." With your accustomed courtesy perhaps you would permit me to supplement your own acceptable paragraph with one or two remarks of my own upon a subject which Catholic writers appear to me to have singularly neglected. I much desire to elicit from some of your clerical or other well-informed readers something further anent the true story of Galileo and the Inquisition.

Protestant writers have charged the

Catholic Church with having been, in all ages, the persistent enemy of scientific progress; and, in proof of this, the condemnation of the heliocentric theory of Galileo is constantly adduced. It is not difficult to demonstrate the falsity of his accusation.

Two hundred years before the time of Galileo there was born of humble parents at Goblentz, Germany, a child who was destined to be one of the most eminent scientific scholars of his age. Nicholas Gusa inclined to the study of astronomy, and as the result of earnest investigation he arrived at the conclusion "that the earth, and not the sun, is in motion, and that the true system of astronomy should be called not geocentric, but heliocentric. This opinion he maintained side by side with his friend Cardinal Ceserini, before the assembled Fathers of the Council (of Basil, 1431.)" How was this audacious ecclesiastic punished for promulgating the doctrines which the Inquisition denounced as "heretical" in Galileo? Nicholas Gusa was summoned to Rome by the reigning Pontiff—Nicholas V.—who conferred on the distinguished philosopher a Cardinal's Hat, together with the spiritual government of the diocese of Brixon, in Switzerland.

Later on the same theory was taught from a chair in the Pope's University at Rome by a still greater man—Nicholas Copernicus. Through the generosity of Cardinal Schomberg, who supplied the necessary funds, and with the assistance of another Churchman, Gisio, Bishop of Eremeland, Copernicus was, in 1543, enabled to publish his celebrated work "De Revolutionibus," which (by desire of his Holiness) was dedicated to the reigning Pontiff—Paul the Third. At the same time the new system was maintained by Celio Calcagnini, who was Proto-Notary Apostolic under Clement VII., and Paul III.; and John Widmanstadt, private secretary to Pope Clement VII., who, says a writer in the *Dublin Review*, "has left behind him a monument, still to be seen in the Royal Library of Munich, of the pleasure which he received on another occasion, in 1533, exactly ten years before the appearance of the "De Revolutionibus," from the exposition of the forthcoming system of John Albert Widmanstadt;

who had just arrived from Germany. It consists of a volume in the fly-leaf of which it is mentioned, in the handwriting of Widmanstadt himself, that the Pontiff had presented it to him in testimony of the gratification he derived from his exposition, delivered by his (the Pontiff's) command in the Vatican Gardens." Yet more remarkable still is the fact that, while the affairs of Galileo himself were for the first time before the Inquisition (March, 1615,) "the preceptor of Popes, the talented Jesuit, Torquato de Cuppis was delivering lectures in the Roman College (Bellarmine's own) in support of the same Copernican doctrine—while in the Pope's own University (Sapienza) another Jesuit, as Nelli testifies, in delivering similar lectures; and yet Bellarmine and the Jesuits have been accused of the most bigoted hostility to the Copernican system of astronomy." In the following year, when Galileo was again before the Holy Office, we learn from the same authority (*Dublin Review*) "the chair of astronomy in the Pope's own University of Bologna was offered to the immortal Kepler after Galileo, the most active, and before Galileo and all others, the most efficient advocate of Copernicanism in his day."

When such was the Church's attitude towards those eminent professors of the Copernican theory, why, it may be asked, was not the same treatment accorded to Galileo? The question will be most concisely answered by the following extract from Fredet's "Modern History:"

"This celebrated man was not arraigned as an astronomer but as a bad theologian, and for having pretended to impute to the Bible dogmas of his own invention. His great discoveries, it is true, provoked envy against him; but his pretension to prove the Copernican system from the Bible was the real cause of his being summoned before the inquisitors at Rome; and the restlessness of the mind, the only source of the troubles which he underwent on that account.

"In his first journeys to Rome (1611, etc.) Galileo found only admirers among the Cardinals and other distinguished personages. The Pope himself

granted him a favorable audience, and Cardinal Bellarmine merely forbade him, in the name of his Holiness, to blend in future the Bible with his astronomical systems. Other learned prelates equally pointed out to him the course of prudence to be observed by him on this point; but his obstinacy and vanity did not permit him to follow their advice.

"Some years after, he published his 'Dialogues and Memoirs,' in which he again took upon himself to raise the system of the rotation of the earth to the dignity of a dogmatical tenet. Being summoned before the tribunals of Rome, the lodging assigned to him in that city was not a gloomy prison, nor a frightful dungeon, but the palace of Tuscany, and for 18 days, the apartments of the attorney-general, where he had every facility to take exercise and carry on his correspondence. During the trial, the main object of his answers was not the scientific view of the question, since he had been allowed to defend his system as an astronomical hypothesis, but its pretended association with the Bible. Not long after, having received his sentence and made his recantation, Galileo obtained leave to revisit his native country, and, far from being persecuted, was dismissed with new marks of esteem for his talents and regard for his person." (Fredet's "Modern History," note M. pp. 526-7.)

To this notice we may append the following extract from the *Freeman's Journal* report (Dec. 18th, 1878) of a lecture delivered before St. Kevin's Branch of the Catholic Union of Ireland by the Very Rev. Canon Murphy, the accomplished president of the society. "On three occasions the affairs of Galileo were brought under the notice of the Inquisition. On two or three occasions he was never cited by that tribunal. The denunciation against him was annulled without causing him any molestation. On the second occasion he actually forced the Inquisition to take up his cause and to pronounce judgment more on its scriptural than on its philosophical aspect. Lastly, he was arraigned before the Inquisition, but it was to render an account of his flagrant transgression of an

injunction laid on him by the highest tribunal in the land, a transgression, too, which was aggravated by circumstances of insult and contumely. In a word, he was arraigned for a greivous contempt of court."

SAVED BY A SONG.

It was Christmas Eve. A cold, old-fashioned Christmas, with snow lying thick on the ground and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Merchant and broker, clerk and warehouseman, and the rest of the busy crowd who had thronged those streets by day, had one by one drifted away to their homes, and the lofty warehouses loomed black and forbidding over the silent thoroughfares. Here and there the gleam from a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness, and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper or the sense of desolation so profound than in St. Winifred's Court. St. Winifred's is one of those queer little alleys which intersect the heart of Eastern London, and consists, with one exception, of houses let out as offices, and utterly deserted at night. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winifred's Church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, occupying a nearly triangular piece of ground and forming the exception we have referred to, having been for many years the residence of St. Winifred's organist, Michael Fray.

Many of these ancient churches still remain in odd nooks and corners of the city, relics of a time when London merchants made their homes in the same spot whereon they earned their daily bread, worshipping on Sunday in these narrow aisles, and when their time came asking no better resting-place than beneath those venerable flag-stones on which they knelt in life. The liberality of ancient founders and benefactors has left many of these old churches richly endowed, and still, Sunday after Sunday, rector and curate mount their

respective desks, and struggle through their weekly task; but portly aldermen and dignified burgesses no longer fill the high-backed pews. A wheezy verger and pew-opener, with a dozen or so of ancient men and women, care-takers of adjoining warehouses or offices, too often form the only congregation.

St. Winifred's, like many of its sister edifices, though small in extent, is a noble monument of ecclesiastical architecture, having been designed by an architect of world-wide fame, and boasting stained glass windows of richest color and exquisite design, and oaken carvings of flower and leaf, to which the touch of a master has imparted all but living beauty. The western extremity of the church abuts upon a narrow lane, on a week day one of the busiest in the city; but on Sundays the broad portal is flung open in vain, for its invitation is addressed to empty streets and deserted houses.

The only sign of life, on this Christmas Eve, in St. Winifred's court, was a faint gleam of flickering firelight proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint three-cornered house in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same month had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him without kith or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, an only brother, a gifted but wayward youth, had in early life run away to sea, and had there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world, Michael Fray's love for music, which had always been the most marked feature of his character, had become intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business, or distracted the attention from the nobler clink of gold, he was accustomed to creep quietly into the church and "talk to himself," as he called it, at the old organ, which answered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no mere human lis-

tonor could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winifred's was of comparatively small size and made but scanty show of pipes and pedals; but the blackened case and yellow, much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skilful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned organ-builder turned out a more skilful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray, by use of years and loving tender study had got by heart every pipe and stop in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power in bringing out its tenderest tones and noblest harmonies.

Hear him this Christmas Eve as he sits before the ancient key-board, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering wierdly over the ancient carving and calling into momentary life the effigies of mitred abbot and mailed crusader. A feeble old man, whose sands of life have all but run out; a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim, uncertain eyes. But when they are placed upon those keys, the shaking hands shake no longer, the feeble sight finds no labor in those well remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noblest strains, and could they re-visit the earth, need ask no better interpreter. From saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation—from the dirge for the loved and lost, to the pæan of the jubilant victor—each shade of human passion, each tender message of divine encouragement, take form and color in succession, under the magic of that old man's touch. Thus, sometimes borrowing the song of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Æolian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own rare genius. Michael Fray sat and made music, charming his sorrows to temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower over his head boomed forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor chords he brought his wierd improvisation to an end.

"Dear me," he said, with a heavy sigh, "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder! Well, this will be the last; and yet Christmas comes again, and finds me here still, all alone. Dear, dear! First, poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell, all gone! Young, and bright, and merry—all taken! And here am I—old, sad, and friendless; and yet I live on, live on! Well, I suppose God knows best!" While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produced an ancient page of manuscript, worn almost to fragments, but pasted for preservation on a piece of paper of later date. "Yes, here it is—poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and, after a moment's pause, began, in tender flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verse of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeve across his eyes. The sense of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down, doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street without, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet young voice singing the self-same words to the self-same tender air—the song written by his dead and gone brother forty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the key-board before him and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming? or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol; and I could almost swear the voice is my own lost Nellie's. Can this be death at last? And are the angels welcoming me home with the song I love so dearly? No, surely; either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice? But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!" And with his whole frame quivering with excitement—without pausing even to close the organ, or to extinguish its flickering can-

dle—the old man groped his way down the narrow winding stair which led to the street, and hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth bare-headed into the snowy night.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way citywards from the southeastern side of London. Both walked wearily as though they had tramped from a long distance; and once or twice the young girl wiped away a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with her sunken cheeks and footsore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would pause; and the man, who carried a violin, would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution which even his frost-nipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl, with a sweet though very sad voice, accompanied him with the inappropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather, few who could help it would stray away from their warm fires; and those whom stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on despatching their several tasks, and to have no time or thought to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city and the hour grew later, the passers-by became fewer and farther between, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted, silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is it, grandfather dear? Don't give in now, when we have come so far. Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I daresay we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man, bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late. I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace after having struggled against it all these years—to come to

the workhouse at last! It isn't for myself I mind—beggars mustn't be choosers; and, I daresay, better men than I have slept in a casual ward; but you, my tender little Lily. The thought breaks my heart! it kills me!" And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me, and never of yourself. What does it matter, after all? it's only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit." The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood. "I daresay it is not so very bad; and, after all, something may happen to prevent it even now!"

"What can happen, short of a miracle, in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for the miracle then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe he will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely around her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and passing beneath the lofty wall of St. Winifred's church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing they caught the faint sounds of the organ solemnly pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man, as the final chords died away; "noble music, and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush, grandfather," said the girl, "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair gazed at each in breathless surprise.

"Lily, darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! it is more than strange! Lily, darling, who could play that song?"

The melody came to an end, and all was silence. There was a moment's pause, and then, as if by a common impulse, the old man drew his bow across the strings, and the girl's sweet voice carolled forth the second verse of the

song. Scarcely had they ended, when a door opened at the foot of the church tower just beside them, and Michael Fray, bareheaded, with his scanty locks blown about by the winter wind, stood before them. He hurried forward and then stood still, shamefaced, bewildered. The song had called up the vision of a gallant young sailor, full of life and health, as Michael had seen his brother for the last time on the day when he sailed on his fatal voyage. He had hurried forth forgetting the years that had passed, full of tender memories of happy boyhood days, to find, alas! only a couple of wandering beggars, singing for bread.

"I beg your pardon," he said, striving vainly to master his emotions; "you sang a song just now which—which—a song which was a favorite of a dear friend of mine many years ago. Will you—will you tell me where you got it?"

"By the best of all titles, sir," the old fiddler answered, drawing himself up with a touch of artistic pride; "I wrote it myself, words and music both."

"Nay, sir," said Michael sternly, "you rob the dead. A dearly loved brother of mine wrote that song forty years ago."

"Well, upon my word!" said the old fiddler, waxing wroth; "then your brother must have stolen it from me! What might this precious brother's name be, pray?"

"An honest name—a name I am proud to speak," said Michael firing up in his turn; "his name was Richard Fray!"

The old street musician staggered as if he had received a blow.

"What?" he exclaimed, peering eagerly into the other's face; "then you are my brother Michael, for I am Richard Fray."

Half an hour later and the brothers so long parted, so strangely brought together, were seated round a roaring fire in Michael Fray's quaint, three-cornered parlor. Michael's stores had been ransacked for warm, dry clothing for the wanderers. Drawers long closed yielded, when opened, a sweet scent of lavender and gave up their treasures—homely skirts and bodices, kept still in loving memory of little Nell—for Lily's

benefit, and Richard Fray's snow-sodden clothes were replaced by Michael's best coat and softest slippers. The wanderers had done full justice to a plentiful meal, and a jug of fragrant punch now steamed upon the hob and was laid under frequent contributions, while Richard Fray had told the story of thirty years' wandering, and the brothers found how it had come to pass that, each thinking the other dead, they had lived their lives, and married, and buried their dear ones, being sometimes but a few miles apart, and yet as distant as though covered by the grim Divider himself. And Lily sat on a cushion at her grandfather's feet, a picture of quiet happiness, and sang sweet songs to please the two old men, while Michael lovingly traced in her soft features fanciful likenesses to his lost Nelly, the strange similarity of the sweet voice aiding the tender illusion. And surely no happier family party was gathered together in all England, on that Christmastide, than the little group round Michael Fray's quiet fireside.

"Well, grandfather dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling, said the old man, with his voice broken with emotion, "God for give me for having ever doubted Him."

TEMPERANCE MEDALS.

From an interesting paper on "Canadian Temperance Medals" by R. W. McLachlan, read before the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, we extract the following description of the Medals of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of this City, established in 1840 and then known as the Roman Catholic Temperance Association, which name however was in the following year (1841) changed to the present name of the Society:—

Ob.: ROM. CATHO. TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION. *Ex.*: REV. P. PHELAN, PRES. MONTREAL, Feb. 23, 1840. Arms, consisting of shield with lamb to left above and radiated I. H. S. below. Crest, a radiated cross surrounded by the word PLEDGE. Supporters to the right, a man with flag inscribed SOBRIETY; to the left, a woman with DOMESTIC COMFORT on her flag. A rose, shamrock, and thistle, on the ground work.

REV.: O MARY, CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE THAT WE CHASTE & TEMPERATE BE. *Rev. J. ARNAULT.* The Virgin standing on a globe in the act of trampling a serpent. The globe is inscribed CANADA with a letter M and a cross in the foreground.

J. Arnault, whose name appears on this medal as its engraver, came here, from France, on the invitation of the gentlemen of the Seminary. He remained in Canada about fifteen years under their patronage, when he returned to his native land. His workshop was located in Craig Street, near the place now occupied by Chanteloup's brass foundry. This medal we can class not only as Canadian, but of Canadian workmanship, and while it is one of the earliest medals struck here, it shows some considerable degree of merit. The obverse is copied from that appearing on the Father Mathew medals, which in turn seems to have been adapted from the design prevailing on the medals of the London Temperance Society. The supporters, a man whose motto is "Sobriety," and a woman, with "Domestic comfort," written on her banner, as the result of sobriety in her husband, are intended to represent that by adhesion to temperance principles will return the departed home joys of former days. The Catholic Temperance Association, like many others, was first organized for the promotion mainly of moderation, but it was soon found that simple moderation did not work well in the reclaiming of those accustomed to excess; so in the following year (1841) on the anniversary Sunday of its founding, it was re-organized into a total abstinence society. The reverend president, whose torch was lighted at the blaze of temperance enthusiasm kindled by Father Mathew, was the heart and soul of the movement, and continued to work in the cause in Montreal until transferred to a higher sphere of labour as Bishop of Kingston.

Ob.: ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, MONTREAL. ESTABD. FEB. 21st, 1841. ARMS as in last, save that the position of the supporters are changed. Above, IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. Beneath is a ribbon attached, inscribed TEMPERANCE. CHARITY. RELIGION.

Rev.: Plain.

This medal was struck during the present year from a die engraved by Mr. J. D. Scott, the same artist who engraved the dies for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society's medal. It shows evidence of a considerable degree of merit. When placed beside the first medal issued by the same society nearly forty years ago, we can have no cause to complain regarding want of improvement in our Canadian art. The old design is here revived, which is perhaps as appropriate as any heretofore used. Only twenty-five impressions were struck off when the die was accidentally broken. A new die has been ordered which, it is expected, will be completed before the end of the year.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY SOPHIA F. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas. "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows, and tears
in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command
has been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a
sin—
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever
had been—
And he hoped, after this, he'd nevermore
hear
How he scrambled down chimnies with presents
each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple
told ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till
then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did
peep,
As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas
aseep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice
replies,
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my
eyes,
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear Papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now, we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used
to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma
would say.
And maybe she asked him to send Santa
Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought
every year."
"Well, why tan't we pay dest as mamma did
den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents
aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a
word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to
each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly be-
lieve
That the presents we ask for we're sure to
receive;
You must wait just as still ill I say th
'Amen,'

And by that you will know that your turn
has come then.

Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of
Thee.

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a
spring.

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us much as does he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."
"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to
night,

And bing us some pesants before it is light;
I wan't he should div me a nice ittle sed,
With bright shinin' unners, and all painted
red;

A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen; and then Desus, I'll be a dood boy;"
Their prayers being ended, they raised up
their heads,

And, with hearts light and cheerful, again
sought their beds,

They were soon lost in slumber, both peace-
ful and deep,

And with fairies in dreamland were roaming
in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had
struck ten;

Ere the father had thought of his children
again;

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed
sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in Willie's
blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mental-
ly said;

"And should not have sent them so early
to bed;

But then I was troubled; my feelings found
vent,

For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per
cent.

But of course they've forgotten their troubles
ere this;

And that I denied them the thrice-asked for
kiss;

And just to make sure, I'll steal up to the
door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs;

And arrived at the door to hear both of their
prayers;

His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the
big tears;

And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his
ears:

"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he
with a sigh;

"How I longed when a child to have Christ-
mas' draw nigh;

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in
my bed."

Then turned to the stairs and softly went
down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing
gown,

Donned hat coat and boots, and was out in
the street—

A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought every-
thing.

From the box full of candy to the tiny gold
ring;

Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store;
That the various presents outnumbered a
score;

Then homeward he turned, when his holiday
load,

With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was
stowed.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree;
By the side of a table spread out for her tea,
A work-box well filled in the centre was
laid,

And on it the ring for which Annie had pray-
ed;

A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
"With bright shining runners, and all paint-
ed red."

There were balls, dogs and horses; books
pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in the
tree;

While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in
the top,

As if getting ready more presents to drop:
And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply
been paid;

As he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a
year.

I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever
before,

What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent.
more?

Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe;
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christ-
mas eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the
light,

And, tripping down stairs, he retired for the
night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning
sun

Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one
by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And, at the same moment, the presents es-
pied;

Then out of their beds they sprang with a
bound,

And the very gifts prayed for were all of
them found;

They laughed and they cried, in their inno-
cent glee,

And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in
the night,

(Just the things that they wanted), and left
before light;

"And now" added Annie, in a voice soft and
low,

"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus," pa-
pa, I know."

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTEMPT TO WEIGH THE EARTH.

It is our task to explain by what means men have succeeded in weighing the earth, and thus become acquainted with the weight of its ingredients. The means is simpler than might be thought at the moment. The execution, however, is more difficult than one would at first suppose. Ever since the discovery of the immortal Newton, it has been known that all celestial bodies attract one another, and that this attraction is the greater, the greater the attracting body is. Not only such celestial bodies as the sun, the earth, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, but all bodies have this power of attraction; and it increases in direct proportion to the increase of the mass of the body. In order to make this clear, let us illustrate it by an example. A pound of iron attracts a small body near by; two pounds of iron attracts it precisely twice as much; in other words, the greater the weight of an object, the greater the power of attraction it exercises on the objects near by. Hence, if we know the attractive power of a body, we also know its weight. Nay, we would be able to do without scales of any kind in the world; if we were only able to measure accurately the attractive power of every object. This, however, is not possible; for the earth is so large a mass, and has consequently so great an attractive power, that it draws down to itself all objects which we may wish other bodies to attract. If, therefore, we wish to place a small ball in the neighborhood of ever so large an iron ball, for the purpose of having the little one attracted by the large one, this little ball will, as soon as we let it go, fall to the earth, because the attractive power of the earth is many, very many times greater than that of the largest iron ball; so much greater it is that the attraction of the iron ball is not even perceptible.

Physical science, however, has taught us to measure the earth's attractive power very accurately; and this by a very simple instrument, viz., a pendulum, such as is used in a clock standing against the wall. If a pendulum in a state of rest—in which it is nearest

to the earth—is disturbed, it hastens back to its resting point with a certain velocity. But because it is started and cannot stop without the application of force, it recedes from the earth on the other side. The earth's attraction in the meanwhile draws it back, making it go the same way over again. Thus it moves to and fro with a velocity which would increase, if the earth's mass were to increase; and decrease, if the earth's mass were to decrease. Since the velocity of a pendulum may be measured very accurately by counting the number of vibrations it makes in a day, we are able also to calculate accurately the attractive power of the earth.

A few moment's consideration will make it clear to everybody, that the precise weight of the earth can be known as soon as an apparatus is contrived, by means of which a pendulum may be attracted by a certain known mass, and thus be made to move to and fro. Let us suppose this mass to be a ball of a hundred pounds, and placed near a pendulum. Then as many times as this ball weighs less than the earth, so many times more slowly will a pendulum be moved by the ball.

It was in this way that the experiment was made and the desired result obtained. But it was not a very easy undertaking, and we wish, therefore, to give our thinking readers in the next chapter a more minute description of this interesting experiment, with which we shall for the present conclude the subject.

(To be continued.)

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE STAGE,
ORIGIN OF VARIOUS POPULAR
ANTHEMS, PLAYS, SONGS,
&c., &c.

PUBLIC THEATRES IN ROME.

THE first public theatre opened in Rome, was in 1671; and in 1677, the Opera was established in Venice. In 1680, at Padua, the opera of Berenice was performed in a style which makes all the processions and stage paraphernalia of modern times shrink into insignificance.

RISE OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND—

“ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE!”

WILLIAM FITZSTEPHEN, a monk of Canterbury, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., and died in 1191, in speaking of the performances of the stage, says, London, instead of common Interludes belonging to the theatre, hath plays of a more holy subject; representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear. In the reign of Edward III., it was ordained by act of parliament that the strollers should be whipped and banished out of London, on account of the scandalous masquerades which they represented. By these masquerades we are to understand a species of entertainment similar to the performances of the mummers; of which some remains were to be met with so late as on Christmas Eve, 1817, in an obscure village in Cumberland, where there was a numerous party of them. Their drama related to some historical subject, and several of the speeches were in verse, and delivered with good emphasis. The whole concluded with a battle, in which one of the heroes was subdued; but the main character was a jester, who constantly interrupted the heroes with his buffoonry, like the clown in the tragedies of Calderon, the Spanish Shakspeare. The play of Hock Tuesday, performed before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth, was in dumb-show, the actors not having had time to get their parts. It represented, says Dr. Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, after Laneham, the outrage and insupportable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, King Ethelred's chieftain in wars; his counselling and contriving the plot to despatch them; concluding with conflicts (between Danish and English warriors), and their final suppression, expressed in actions and rhymes after their manner. One can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete tragedy. The drama, in England, undoubtedly arose much in the same way as it did in Greece. The strollers, or vagrants, with their theatres in the yards of inns, answer to the company and exhibitions

of Thespsis; and the improvements were gradual, till at last, to use the words of Sir George Buck, who wrote in 1631, dramatic poesy is so lively expressed and represented on the public stages and the theatres of this city (London), as Rome, in the highest pitch of her pomp and glory, never saw it better performed.

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling,
She ne'er saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes;
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear; what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold,
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby---
I've thought of the very best plan---
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby---
And now before you go
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

THE ACCUSING BIRDS.

MURDER is so great a crime, my friends, that God almost always so ordains that the wretches who commit it are discovered and punished even in this life. Some curious stories are told on this subject. Here is a very extraordinary one:—

St. Meinrad was a young lord of Suabia, in Germany. In the flower of his age he left his illustrious family to commune with God in solitude. The night often surprised him reading the Sacred Scriptures, a manuscript copy of which, with golden clasps, had come down to him from his fathers. Often, too, he meditated on the virtues, the holiness, the goodness, and the miracles of the Blessed Virgin. He made his vows in the Abbey of Reichenau, situated in the Duchy of Baden, and he afterwards left it to take up his abode in a little her-

mitage, on the summit of Mount Etzel. There he spent seven years, but the good odor of his virtues reached the depths of the valleys. At first shepherds and woodcutters came to him, then lords, then noble ladies, then, at last, a multitude of people. This homage was a torment to the holy hermit, who loved only meditation, humility, and the solitude of the woods. Hence it was that he secretly left this hermitage, and took nothing with him but the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the only ornament of his little chapel. He took refuge in Switzerland, in a forest of the Canton of Schwitz, which bore the characteristic name of the Black or Dark Forest. He there spent peaceful and happy days, and would have reached a good old age, if he had not been murdered at the end of thirty two years, by robbers, with whom he had had the charity to share the limpid water of his spring, and the wild fruits of his forest. But God did not permit the atrocious crime to remain unknown and unpunished. The murderers had been seen by no one, but they were betrayed by two crows, who harassed them continually, even in Zurich. They followed the robbers everywhere with incredible fury; they penetrated even into the city, and made their way even through the windows of the inn where the murderers had taken refuge, and never left them until they were arrested. The ruffians then confessed their crime, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In memory of this singular event, which took place in the year 861, the Abbey of Reichenau, of whose community St. Meinrad had been a member, placed the figure of two crows on its arms and on its seal.—*Bollandist's Act Sanc.*

RETALIATION.

A LADY once, when she was a little girl, learned a good lesson, which she tells for the benefit of whom it may concern :

One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt

she happened to hit her next neighbor, whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother turned and said :

"See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning."

Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable she would say, "Take care my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."—*Youth's Companion.*

READING.

WHEN the business of the day is over, how many men does the evening hour find comfortably seated in their easy chairs, reading to themselves, or to some fair friend, or happy group! In how many pleasant homes, while the ladies are seated at their morning employments, or amusements, or whatever they may please to call them, does some glad creature read aloud, in a voice full of music, and marked by the sweetest emotion of a young pure heart, a lay of our mighty bards, or a story of one of our most cunning interweavers of the truth of nature with the splendor of fiction, or follow the wonderful recitals of our travellers, naturalists, and philosophical spirits, into every region of earth or mind! Publishers may tell us, "poetry don't sell;" critics may cry "poetry is a drug," thereby making it so with the frivolous and unreflecting, who are the multitude,—but we will venture to say, that at no period were there ever more books read by that part of our population, most qualified to draw delight and good from reading, and when we enter mechanic's libraries, and see them filled with simple, quiet, earnest men, and find such men now sitting on stiles or fences in the country, deeply sunk into the very marrow and spirit of a well-handled volume, where we used to meet them in riotous and reckless mischief, we are proud and happy to look forward to that wide and formerly waste field, over which literature is extending its triumphs, and to see the beneficent consequences that will follow to the whole community.

DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little—God has made
 Million leaves for forest shade—
 Smallest stars that glory bring—
 God employeth everything.
 Then the little thou hast done,—
 Little battles thou hast won,
 Little masteries achieved,
 Little wants with care relieved,
 Little words in love expressed,
 Little wrongs at once confessed,
 Little favors kindly done,
 Little toils thou didst not shun,
 Little graces meekly worn,
 Little slights with patience borne—
 These shall crown thy pillow'd head,
 Holy light upon thee shed.
 These are treasures that shall rise
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

THE JACKASS AND THE BEAR.

A LUCKY blunder of stupidity may give it a higher value than wit, for the time being. A donkey once saved his master's life by braying at just the right time. Mr. John Rockfellow, a hunter in Arizona, tells this story of himself in a Western exchange:

I was coming up from the Santa Cruz valley, riding a buro (jackass), but, on coming to a very steep hill, dismounted and was slowly walking up, when I abruptly met an immense cinnamon bear. He was less than twenty feet away.

Of course to run was out of the question, so I stood and stared at him, as I slowly pulled out my six-shooter from the holster.

Old hunters say it isn't safe to tackle a cinnamon with a rifle carrying less than seventy grains of powder, and then give him a dead shot, as the cinnamons are worse than the grizzlies. I didn't have my rifle with me, and as my six-shooter uses only twenty-three of powder, I concluded I was not looking for a fight unless the bear was.

What his intentions were I don't know, but my buro, who was some distance ahead, just then caught sight of him, and instead of running away, as one would expect, started for Mr. Bruin with tail and ears erect, and to cap the climax, commenced to bray.

This was too much. The old bear started as if he was shot out of a gun. He just tore up the ground, and when he couldn't run fast enough he rolled down the mountain side.

"Old Balaam" has played that trick before with me when I have been trying to get up on to a deer, and I have always pounded him for it, but last night I concluded I would give him a leather medal.

REVIEWS.

EMMANUEL: A book of Eucharistic Verses.
 By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.
 Hickey & Co., New York.

This little book of devotion has received the highest praise from the Catholic press. The author says: "These Eucharistic Verses, which were nearly all written many years ago we put together in their present shape rather as prayers than as poems. I hope they will be found sufficiently earnest and simple to be sometimes used as practical exercises of devotion towards the Blessed Eucharist—that sacrament in which our Divine Redeemer, in a sense even more intimate and tender than in the Incarnation, has become indeed our Emmanuel, *Nobiscum Deus*, 'God with us.'"

FLEURANCE: By Madam Augustus Craven.
 Translated from the French by M. P. T.
 Hickey & Co. New York.

This story formerly appeared in the columns of the *Catholic World*. It is a high class Catholic Novel and forms part of the "Vatican Library" and is sold for the low price of 25 cents.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD: New York; Benziger Bros.

We are in receipt of Parts 19 and 20 of this noble work. Every Catholic family should subscribe for it, only 25 cents a number.

THE ILLUSTRATED CELTIC MONTHLY: New York; James Haltigan, Editor and Publisher.

The November Number of this excellent Magazine is full of good things, but we are promised better in the next which will be "a double Christmas number of nearly two hundred pages. It shall appear in an entirely new dress, and will be printed in the very best manner on superfine paper and adorned with illustrations of the highest artistic merit, &c., &c." We congratulate the publisher on the great success that has, in so short a time, attended his efforts.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for December, 1879, is a capital number. This Magazine and THE HARP can be had for \$2.25 per annum in advance.

F A C T I Æ.

About the guiltiest looking people in the world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a new married couple trying to pass for veterans.

Martin F. Tupper asks, "Where are the pure, the noble and the meek?" Don't know where they are in England; but in this country they are running for office.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

A college student, in rendering to his father an account of his term-expenses, inserted: "To charity thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I fear, charity covers a multitude of sins."

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Snodgrass says that two young ladies kissing each other are like an emblem of Christianity, because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

Somebody who appears to know how fashionable schools are managed says: "To educate young ladies to let them know all about the ogies, the omenies, the ifies, the ties, and the mistics; but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, darning, washing, baking, and making pudding."

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said to the sartorial Aristarchus, "You must find that I am very badly dressed?" "Oh, no," replied the artist, "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered."

"Peter what are you doing to that boy?" asked a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen, how many will remain: I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give 'em back." "Well, why don't you do it?"—"Coz, sir, he would forget how many are left."

"I should just like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith at the breakfast table, the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear—so should I," said Mr. Smith with exceeding earnestness.

A New York pickpocket, taken with his hands in some one's else's pocket, endeavoured to invent all manner of possible explanations of the phenomenon. "What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" said the judge benevolently. "Haven't you a lawyer?"

"Aw, it is not to be wondered at," remarked Mr. Toplofty, as he adjusted his eye glass, "sea-bathing has grown unpopuh; because, you see--aw--the vulgar herd took to the watah, and it has become vewy much soiled."

A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman entered a Woodward avenue clothing store, having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman she said, "Some one in here sold this duster to my son yesterday?" "Yes ma'am, I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment. "Did you tell my son this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?" "I did, madam, and so it can." "Did you tell him it made a good fly blanket when not otherwise needed?" "I did." That it could be used as a boat sail, a stretcher, a strawbed, and a bed-spread?" "Yes, ma'am, I did." "And that many people used them as table-covers?" "I did." "And that they would last for years and then would make excellent stuff for rag carpet?" "I did." "And you only charged a dollar?" "Only a dollar ma'am." "Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a leetle afraid that he stole the garment. I'm glad it's all right." "It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventive of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease." "Land save us!" she gasped as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows they won't fix 'em fore long that they raise a mortgage off the farm?"

Date.	day of Week.	Notable Anniversaries in December.
1	Mon	Assembly of Volunteer Delegates to obtain Reform, dissolved, 1793. Thomas C. Luby sentenced to twenty years penal servitude for Fenianism, 1865.
2	Tues	Henry Flood died, 1791.
3	Wed	James II. abdicated, 1688. Sarsfield, with 4,500 men, landed at Brest, after the capitulation of Limerick, 1691. Proclamation against Secret Societies issued by the Earl of Eglinton, Viceroy of Ireland, 1858.
4	Thurs	Father Theobald Matthew, the Apostle of Temperance, died in the year 1858.
5	Fri	General Ginckle departs for England, 1691.
6	Sat	Father William Gahan died, 1804. John O'Leary, Editor of the <i>Irish People</i> newspaper, sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years, 1865.
7	Sun	St. COLUMBKILLE born, at Gartan, Kilmacrennan, in Tyrconnell, in the year 521.
8	Mon	IMMACULATE CONCEPTION B. V. M. Monster Funeral Procession in Dublin in honor of the Patriots, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, 1867. Assemblage of Oecumenical Council in Rome, 1869.
9	Tues	John O'Donovan, LL.D., the celebrated Gaelic scholar and translator, died, 1861.
10	Wed	St. LAURENCE. First Meeting of Reformed Parliament, 1868.
11	Thurs	Sixteen persons arrested in Belfast, charged with being members of a seditious society, 1858.
12	Fri	Gerald Griffin born, 1803.
13	Sat	Orange riot in the Theatre Royal, Dublin—attack on the Lord Lieutenant, 1822.
14	Sun	Leaders of the United Irishmen publish a proclamation exhorting the Volunteers to resume their arms, 1792.
15	Mon	The village of Clontarf burned, and its inhabitants put to the sword, by order of the Lords Justices, 1641.
16	Tues	French Expedition, with T. Wolfe Tone on board, sailed from Brest, 1796.
17	Wed	Dublin and Kingstown Railway, being the first in Ireland, opened for traffic, 1834.
18	Thurs	St. FLANNAN, Patron of Killaloe. The gates of Londonderry shut against the Earl of Antrim's regiment, 1688.
19	Fri	Repeal Banquet at Waterford, 1844.
20	Sat	Numerous arrests in Ireland under Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, 1866.
21	Sun	Meeting of the magistrates of the county of Armagh to protest against the illegal violence which the Catholics of that county were subjected to, 1795.
22	Mon	St. THOMAS. Battle of Kinsale, 1601. Death of General Corcoran, 1863.
23	Tues	Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, landed and sworn Lord Lieutenant, 1780.
24	Wed	French Fleet arrived in Bantry Bay, 1796.
25	Thurs	CHRISTMAS DAY. Con O'Donnell and Con, son of Niall Oge O'Neill, escaped from Dublin Castle, 1575.
26	Fri	St. STEPHEN. The "Play-house" in Smock Alley, now Essex street West, fell, and killed and wounded several of the persons assembled, 1701.
27	Sat	Great storm in Dublin, which levelled several houses, tore up trees, and did considerable damage to house property in the city and suburbs, 1852.
28	Sun	Great preparations to resist another Fenian Invasion in Canada, 1866
29	Mon	James Finton Lalor died, 1850.
30	Tues	Repeal rent for the week, £778 16s. 1844.
31	Wed	Extensive seizure of Fenian arms in Belfast, 1866.

The first virtue which the Blessed Mother especially practised from childhood was humility.—*St. Matilda.*

ACCIDENTS.—No accidents are so unlucky, but what the prudent may draw some advantage from; nor are there any so lucky, but what the imprudent may turn to their prejudice. Accidents sometimes happen, from which a man cannot extricate himself without a degree of madness.

ABILITY.—The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age in which we live. To know when to conceal our ability, requires no small degree of it. Few of us have abilities to know all the ill we occasion. There are some affairs, as well as some distempers, which by ill-timed remedies are made much worse: great ability is requisite to know the danger of applying them.