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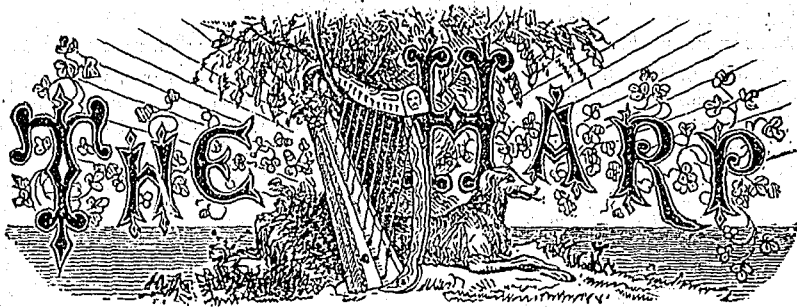
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GILLIES & CALLAHAN, }
Publishers.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1879.

{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

ON GIVING ALMS.

THAT there is a strict and formal command to give alms, and that the giving of alms is not a matter left to each one's choice or caprice, is incontestably proved by the fact, that God has threatened eternal punishments to those, who do not give.

The land of a certain rich man brought forth plenty of fruit. And he thought within himself saying, "What shall I do, because I have no room wherein to bestow my fruits?" And he said "This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and will build greater: and into them will I gather all things that are grown to me, and my goods. And I will say to my soul: Soul! thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thy rest; eat; drink; make good cheer." But God said to him: "Thou fool! this night do they require thy soul of thee, and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

This is a heavy punishment, Christian Soul, which God here inflicts on this rich man—"this night do they require thy soul of thee!"—it is a sudden punishment—"this night," the very night on which he had determined to build his new barns. And why this punishment? Is there anything in his conduct which appears to deserve it?—to deserve instant death. Let us see. He has just reaped an abundant harvest;—there is no crime in that. After his barns are built and his harvest secured therein, he determines to "eat, drink, and be merry. And I will say to my soul: Soul! thou hast much goods laid up for

many years; take thy rest; eat; drink; make good cheer." There is no crime in all this, for take notice! he did not say to his soul—Soul! eat too much; drink too much; be riotously merry; all he evidently determined to do was to "eat, drink, and be merry in contentment." And yet Almighty God calls him a fool for all this; and what is more he tells him that he will that night be summoned to his account. "Thou fool! this night do they require thy soul of thee." Why all this? Why this terrible denunciation? Ah! Christian Soul, Jesus Christ himself supplies the explanation—Jesus Christ himself gives the reason in the last verse of the parable, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich towards God." This rich man is not rich towards God—this rich man layeth up treasure for himself and not for God's poor who hold the place of God on earth;—behold there his crime; behold there the reason why he is a fool: behold there the reason why his soul is summoned in the dead of night to meet its Judge. He has not robbed and cheated like so many other men, remember! in order to be rich; his riches are not the spoils of widows or of orphans or of the poor man injured and oppressed. No! it is God himself who has given them, for they are the result of a bountiful harvest. Neither, remember, has he used his riches in the gratification of his passions and lusts; nor to avenge him of injuries; nor to gain unjust lawsuits. All that he has determined to do is to eat, drink, and be merry. No; his crime is not any of these; it is solely that he has laid up his treasure for him-

self and not for God; his crime is not even that he is rich, but that being rich, he is not rich towards God; that is to say, that he has not used his riches for God's honor and glory.

And is this unreasonable? No! rich man! it is not unreasonable; if you look at it but for a moment by the light of revelation (which is only higher reason) you will see that it is not unreasonable. For who gave you your riches? Yourself? No! for you had nothing to give yourself; naked you came into the world and naked you will go out of it. Your own exertions? No; for thousands have worked as hard as you, and have still remained poor. Your saving habits? No; for saving habits will not avail when God chooses to take away. All Job's privations, all Job's saving habits could not stand out against the plagues with which God chooses to afflict him. Who then gave you your riches? God and God alone. Besides in our parable the riches of the rich man are expressly set down to Almighty God, they are the result, we are told, of a bountiful harvest, and it is God, who gives the harvest. "The lands of a certain rich man brought forth plenty of fruit." If then God gives he has a right to impose conditions on his gift; and he has done so; and the condition is that you "love your neighbour as you love yourself." But how did the rich man of the parable love himself I pray you? Did he not eat, drink, and make good cheer? And so then he was bound to do to his poor neighbor. As he eat, drank, and made good cheer out of his abundance, so he was bound by the terms of his contract when he accepted his riches from God, to make his poor neighbor to eat, drink, and make good cheer out of his superabundance. But he did not do this. Though he would eat, drink, and be merry himself he would not that others should eat, drink, and be merry likewise. And God said unto him, "Thou fool—this night do they require thy soul of thee. He had violated his contract then—and that contract was with God. God had been bountiful to him on condition that he should be bountiful to others—therefore did God take away his riches from him by taking him away from his riches. He had defrauded his poor neighbor because he would hide

his riches from him in his new barns—therefore did God summon him to the bar of divine justice to give an account of his soul. He was not "rich towards God." You know, Christian Soul, what that means. You know that Christ has accepted acts of love done to our neighbor as done to himself. "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. I was hungry and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink. * * *" "Lord when did we see thee hungry and gave thee to eat?" * * * And the Lord said "Amen I say to you every time you did it to one of these my least brethren you did it to me." You know all this. To be rich then towards one of these, his least brethren, is to be rich towards God. But this poor man had been rich only to himself and not to God.

But clinging to all hope you may perhaps say—the sentence of this parable does not of necessity mean that the rich man was condemned to hell. It calls him a fool it is true; and it calls upon him to appear that night before the tribunal of the just Judge, but it nowhere follows up the sentence of eternal condemnation.

Ah! Christian Soul, how slender a reed you would lean upon! In Sacred Scripture the word fool almost always implies a mortal crime. It is for this reason why the calling your brother a fool is threatened with hell fire, because it implies the accusing him of a grievous crime. When, therefore, God calls the rich man in our parable a fool, he implies that he is guilty of grievous sin.

But if you would have further proof let me lead you to the valley of Josaphat. Behold the whole human race, the whole of mankind that have ever been born or ever will be born here standing trembling in that valley to hear the sentence of their eternal doom—heaven or hell for eternity. A buzz, a murmur, a deep wave of joy has just thrilled through those, who have been placed on the right hand, for they have even now heard the award of their good works in those blessed words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father; possess ye the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning." But then, alas, what do we hear? In loud commanding accents

and with deep reproof in its tone the voice goes out to the uttermost bounds of that valley addressed to those on the left, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and ye gave me not to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave me not to drink. * * * But they, alas, seeking in their dire extremity to justify themselves, cry out "Lord! when did we see thee hungry and gave thee not to eat? When did we see thee thirsty and gave thee not to drink? Never until this day did we see thee before." And then he shall answer them saying, "Amen I say to you as long as you did it not to one of these least neither did you do it to me." And these shall go into everlasting punishment.

Christian Soul! with such a declaration as this before you and from the mouth of truth itself, can you doubt for a moment that the withholding of your abundance from your needy neighbor is a mortal sin?

SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH ON ALMSGIVING.

Of what remains over and above give alms.
LUKE II. 41.

What is over and above the decency of your state of life must be given to the poor, and this is of (divine) precept.

ST. THOMAS 2. 2. Ques. 23, Art. 5.

When you give alms to a poor man out of what is over and above, you do not give him what is *yours*; you only give back to him what is *his*. And if you keep it, you keep for yourself what God gave for the common good. The earth is for all, not for the rich. You pay them a debt, not a largess.

ST. AMBROSE.

If you have anything above what is necessary for your food and clothing, take care to give it in alms, and rest assured that in so doing you are only doing your duty.

ST. JEROME.

Things superfluous to the rich are necessary for the poor. If you keep them, you have what is not *yours* but what belongs to others.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

When we give a poor man what is necessary to him, we do not give what is *ours*; we only return to him what is already *his*. We fulfil a duty which should be called an obligation of justice not a work of mercy.

ST. GREGORY.

"How many children have you?" asks St. Augustine. "I have four." "No; you have five. God indeed has given you four to remain in your house, but he has given you a fifth in the poor, to call at your door."

H. B.

* These are not the precise words of St. Augustine, but they express exactly in short the spirit of what he says.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

FEBRUARY 2.

"Sacrifice and oblation thou didst not desire, but thou hast pierced ears for me."--Ps. xxxix.

ANIMATED by a spirit of humility and obedience, Mary wished to follow the precepts of the old law. She was not subject to purification, since she was always a virgin and always pure, even after becoming a mother. Nevertheless, she would go and be purified like other mothers. She also came to present her Son to the eternal Father; but she offered her Son in a very different way from that in which other mothers offered theirs. They offered them, knowing well that the offering was only a mere ceremony, so that on redeeming them they recovered them without fear of having still to offer them to death. Whereas Mary really offered her Son to death, and in the certainty that the sacrifice of the life of Jesus Christ, which she then made, was one day to be actually consummated on the tree of the cross. What an example does she not give us by that double sacrifice, made for the glory of God and the love of man's salvation!

The eternal Father had determined to save man, lost by sin, and to deliver him from everlasting death. But as it was also his will that his divine justice should not be deprived of the satisfaction due thereto, he spared not the life of his own Son, who became man to redeem mankind. He would have him expiate, in all rigor, the sin of the first man. It was to that end that he sent him on earth, and gave him Mary for his Mother. But as he would not that the Word should become the Son of Mary unless she gave her consent, so it was not his will that Jesus should sacrifice his life for the salvation of men without the consent of Mary, in order that the heart of the Mother should be sacrificed at the same time as the life of the Son. Saint Thomas teaches, that "mothers have a special right over their children." Jesus being absolutely innocent, and meriting no punishment for any fault of his own; it seemed proper that he should not be destined to the cross, as victim of the

sins of men, without the consent of the Mother who, of her own free will, offered him to death. But although Mary, from the moment she was Mother of Jesus Christ, had consented to his death, it was the Lord willed it, so that she should on that day make, in the Temple, a solemn sacrifice much greater than that of herself, in offering her Son to divine justice. It is for that reason that Saint Epiphanius gives her the name of priest. What heroic virtue she must have had to subscribe, of her own free will, to the sentence of death on her beloved Son! For that very purpose it is that Mary journeys to Jerusalem. She walks courageously to the place of sacrifice, and, in bitterness of heart, carries the victim in her arms. She enters the Temple, approaches the altar, and there, penetrated with sentiments of modesty, humility, and devotion, she presents her Son to the Most High. At that moment, St. Simeon, to whom the Lord had promised that he should not die until he had seen the Messiah, takes the divine infant from the hands of his Mother, and, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, he announces to her what the holocaust she then made was to cost her, as her soul was also to be sacrificed, pierced by a sword of grief. It is to mothers that I appeal to form any idea of the anguish which the Mother of the Saviour must have felt at that sorrowful prediction! What rational man fails to perceive that the maternal feeling is the most courageous, the most tender, the most constant, the most devoted, and the most tried, of all feelings? Most mothers share their tenderness amongst several children, while Mary concentrates all hers upon one Son. And what a Son!—the most beautiful of the children of men; possessing, in himself alone, in the highest perfection, merits, qualities, virtues, scattered amongst all children. That sublime and tender Mother knows what right her Son has to an infinite, supernatural love, both as God and as the Redeemer of men. On that account, she sees only in that beloved child the victim that she must voluntarily deliver up to death, in order to redeem from eternal death the unhappy children of Adam.

Mary is, then, at the same time the most fortunate of mothers, in being the

mother of a God; and the mother most deserving of compassion, because she is overwhelmed with affliction, seeing her son foredoomed to a death of torture.

What mother would consent to give birth to a son, if she knew that he must one day die on the scaffold before her eyes? Mary willingly accepts that Son on so hard a condition; and not only does she accept him, *but she herself on this day offers him up with her own hand to the divine justice.*

"Mary," says Saint Bonaventura, "would have very willingly accepted for herself the pains and the death of her Son, but, in obedience to God, she made the great offering of the life of her Son, Jesus; she overcame, though with the most heart-rending grief, all the love she bore him." Hence it was that Mary, in that offering, must have done herself more violence than if she had offered herself to endure all that the Saviour was to suffer; she outdid the generosity of all the martyrs, since the martyrs offered up only their life, but the Blessed Virgin offered up the life of her Son, which she loved and valued incomparably more than her own.

The grief of Mary did not end with that offering, it was then only commencing; for, from that moment, the divine Mother had incessantly present to her mind the death of Jesus, and all the pains that he was to endure in his Passion. It was not only in the Temple, therefore, that Mary offered her divine Son to death, but she offered him every moment of her life, for she revealed to Saint Bridget that the grief announced by Saint Simeon ceased not till after her Assumption. And Saint Bernard, speaking of the great sadness in which Mary was plunged on this day, says: "From that time she died every moment of her life, because she was every moment tortured with grief for the future death of her beloved Son, a grief more cruel than death itself."

It is because of the merit she acquired in offering to God that great sacrifice for the salvation of the world, that Mary is called the restorer of mankind, the co-redemptor of the lost world, the remedy of our misfortunes, the Mother of all the faithful, the Mother of the living, the Mother of life; for, at the death of Jesus, Mary so united her will to that of her

Son, that those two wills together offered one and the same sacrifice. Since Mary, by the merit of her sufferings, and the offering of her Son, was made Mother of all men, it is reasonable to believe that it is by her they receive the divine graces, which are the fruits of the merits of Jesus Christ, and the means of acquiring eternal life.

SISTER CLARE.

BY LADY G. FULLERTON.

"My child, your cheek is wan and pale;
What ails you, sweet Cathleen?"
Thus spoke the gentle Sister Clare,
To one whose face had been
The brightest in the Convent School,
In childhood's earlier days.
An Irish face with dark blue eyes,
Whose eager wistful gaze
Was fraught with a strange loveliness,
Though dimmed by want and care;
Its silent pleading almost broke
The heart of Sister Clare.
Alas! we sometimes meet those eyes,
So innocent and bright,
In our polluted London streets,
And sadden at the sight.
Some few there are who pass unscathed
Through scenes of sin and woe,
Keeping their Irish hearts unstained
As their own mountain snow.
Yet oft'ner far in poisoned air
Does purity decay—
E'en as the bloom from fruit or flower,
By rude hands brushed away.
But she who to the Convent came,
With faltering step and slow,
And stood with that appealing look,
The Sisters too well know—
She had ne'er left her parents' home,
By the blue surging sea;
She had ne'er seen the haunts of sin,
Or knew such things could be.
But pinching want and hunger keen,
Of these she had her share,
And harder work, in truth, at times,
Than such a child could bear.
Not always had they suffered thus,
Never so much as now.
The tale of woe was soon rehearsed:
"A fever had laid low
Her father, the stout fisherman,
Upon the cabin floor;
And Pat, the curly-headed boy,
Had sickened long before;
And Bridget, Tom, and Norah looked
As ill as ill could be.
And mother"—here the girl stopped short,
And sister Clare could see
The big tears rolling down her cheeks.
"Have you no food?" she said.
"Not one potato, Sister dear,
Not one poor scrap of bread;

A meal of Indian corn we had—
'Twas yesternight; but ne'er
Did mother touch one bit
Of her poor scanty share.
Just as the spoon had reached her lips,
She put it down, for Pat
Cried out he wanted more, the boy,
As on his bed he sat.
Dear Sister Clare, I could not stay,
I could not hear them cry;
O Sister dear, I came away,
I could not see them die."
"Enough, my child; come, wipe your eyes
They will not die to-day,
Nor yet to-morrow. God forbid!
He hears us when we pray."
The Nun has ta'en her basket up,
Cathleen has led the way,
To where the fisher's cottage stands,
Within the lonely bay.
Her welcome stores are soon displayed;
A wonder 'tis to see
How patiently the children wait,
All hungry though they be.
"God bless you," sighs the father, "may
The Heavens be your bed!"
And "Glory be to God on high,"
The mother softly said.
"Please do not send this bread away,"
Poor little Norah cries,
While Sister Clare divides the loaf,
Watched by her wistful eyes.
A sad smile crossed the mother's face—
A martyr's smile, I ween;
To send away the bread erewhile
A martyr's act had been.
The father raised his drooping head,
A light was in his eye,
The light of faith triumphant o'er
The parent's agony.
"Ah, Sister dear, 'twas very hard
To close the door, and hear
The children weeping for the food,—
No greater pain could be.
But sooner will Pat Moran see
His darlings cold and dead,
Than send them to the Souper's school,
And sell their souls for bread.
We'll not deny the faith at all,
We'll have no Souper here:
Pat Moran's child shall never learn
To scorn God's Mother dear.
And now here's good thanks be to God,
And soon the work I'll try;
And if the worst comes to the worst,
Why, sure, we then can die."
Yes; you can die as martyrs die,
Souls of the saints of yore,
Who fell when Erin's fields were stained
With her own children's gore.
The sword, the rack, the outlaw's doom,
You bore in bygone days;
But now the Tempter's deeper art
More subtle wile displays.
'Tis easier far, with fearless heart,
To meet a deadly foe,
Than hunger's sickening pangs to bear,
Its tortures sure and slow.
This have ye done, and the Cross in hand,

Like martyrs at the stake,
 Calling on Christ your souls to save
 For dear St. Patrick's sake.
 God bless all those of every creed,
 Of every race and land,
 Who to a suffering brother e'er
 Have lent a helping hand;
 Who never, in his hour of need
 Have lured a man with gold
 To barter his soul's birth-right, like
 The Patriarch of old;
 Who never turned away with scorn
 From his impassioned prayer;
 Who never made a traffic of
 A starving man's despair;
 Who hold not in one hand the bread
 That gives his children life,
 And then point out the dreaded school
 To his poor trembling wife.
 And many such there are, whose names
 Are dear to Erin's heart,
 Who ne'er through her long years of woe
 Have borne the tempter's part.
 For those who such foul deeds have wrought
 Alas! God help them too,
 For truly may we say of them,
 "They know not what they do."

CHAT-CHAT.

—The London Newspapers have been making two very amusing blunders on Catholic subjects. An editor has stumbled upon a priest of the Middle Ages who had *two wives*. "What! what! *two wives*? Can it be possible? Yes; there it is in black and white; *d-u-a-s duas, u-x-o-r-e-s uxores*; sure enough *duas uxores*; and that means *two wives* as any body knows."

Poor man; he does not know that *duas uxores* in ecclesiastical latinity or slang, if we may use the word without disrespect, means *two benefices*; just as in modern English a priest's breviary is called his wife. Our priest of the Middle Ages then, though a *pluralist* indeed, was not a *bigamist*, nor had he broken his vow of celibacy even so much as to have *one* wife in the sense of a carnal help-mate. A Bishop's wife is his diocese; a Parish priest's wife is his parish or benefice; a simple (unattached) priest's wife is his breviary. Will our London editor make the *amende honorable*? We shall see.

—Apropos of a priest's breviary being his wife, we remember an amusing scene which took place years ago in a compartment of a first-class carriage on an English railway. Two young

priests found themselves the sole occupants of the compartment, with the exception of a portly old gentleman, evidently of the Protestant persuasion. Soon after the train had started, the younger of the priests, with a twinkle of mischief in his eye, asked his companion: "Did you bring your wife with you?" "I did;" was the quiet answer. "Where is she?" "She's on the train." "Do you know I've got a new wife?" "Have you?" "Yes; and I've given my old one a new dress." There was a pause. The old gentleman had evidently noted the conversation, and was turning it over in his mind. At length he broke silence. "Excuse me, gentlemen; from your dress I should judge you Romish priests." "We are Catholic priests at your service." "Are you married?" "Yes." "But I thought Romish priests did not marry; much less have two wives." "We are married and have our wives with us." "You have?" "Yes." "Where?" "Here," and the speaker, thereupon, took from a small valise a handsomely bound breviary, and offered it to the old gentleman for his inspection. "And here is my first wife whom I have lately got rebound in red morocco and gilt edges." The old gentleman collapsed; nor did he break silence during the rest of the journey. He evidently recognised the fact that the strippling priest had been too much for him.

—The second blunder is in a review of Mr. Symond's Poems. Speaking of the stanzas on the Riviera, our critic says: "The subject is a convent. * * * "under the convent walls, peach and apricot flourish. These trees shoot to light like—what does the reader think—Joseph's rod. We suppose students of the Renaissance are not to be expected to have very distinct ideas as to the difference between Joseph and Aaron."

To be a judge, one should at least be a judge, and to be a critic, one should be a critic. Mr. Symond is more accurate than his critic.

There is a legend in the apocryphal Gospel of Mary, according to which St. Joseph was chosen for the Blessed Virgin's husband because his staff budded into a flower and a dove settled

from the top of it. The story has been painted often—notably by Giotto in the Arena Chapel at Padua; and in pictures of the espousals of St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary, the former generally holds this flowering rod in his hand. It is to this legend that Mr. Symond evidently refers, and not to Aaron's rod at all. Mr. Symond is more accurate than his critic.

—A Protestant Englishman, writing from Zurich, is not by any means prepossessed with Zurich's Protestantism. Zurich has two Protestantisms, one as announced from the Liberal Church, (whatever that means) the other, as propounded in the Free (Orthodox) Church. What is the precise difference between these churches, our Englishman does not state. To the Zurichers, it has, evidently, been thought sufficient to necessitate a separation. In the German Swiss Churches there is no separate reading of the Bible as in the Anglican. Whatever portion of Scripture the clergyman selects, he is expected to comment upon. This is remarkable, because it is precisely the thing that in the Catholic Church is credited with having made Luther such a dunce that at 24 he had never seen a Bible! and was ignorant that there were any parts of Scripture other than the Epistles, and Gospels read from the pulpits on Sundays and Holydays. Summing up Zurich Protestantism, our English Protestant laments thus:

"It is difficult to see what is to come of all this. The workmen, I was assured, believe nothing; the orthodox are mainly the well-to-do; between the two there seems to be a mass of people who cling to the idea of an established worship, and make believe very much to themselves, that they believe something, without exactly knowing what."

Why our Englishman should see any difficulty in the matter, we know not. To us, it looks a decided case of "take nothing from nothing and nothing remains." John Huss had better have left things alone, if he could not make a better hand of it. Even "benighted papistry" was surely better than nothingism. Superstition, if it is too much religion, is, at least, religion, which is more than nothingism is.

—A CITY OF CRIPPLES!—In Paris there are 1,450 hunchbacks, 1,100 one-armed men, 1,200 one-legged men, 150 with no legs at all, 4,800 blind; or one unfortunate to every 260 perfect citizens. This is a curious calculation, and all the more curious, because it evidently does not exhaust the facts. If there are 4,800 totally blind how many must there be with one eye only? If 1,200 men with only one leg, how many with deformed legs? And then those undergoing surgical treatment? and above all the insane and consumptives? When all these are added—and in order to make the calculation accurate they ought to be added—we fear the proportion will be much heavier against the perfect citizens.

—Even the Pagan Aristophanes centuries before the Carpenter's Son had declared to the world, that for every idle word man should give an account at the day of judgment, knew the evil of sensational literature. In his "Frogs" he makes Euripides ask "How have my verses injured the state? Have I told the history of Phædra, otherwise, than according to the facts?" Nay, according to the facts, replies his accuser, Æschylus, "but, you should not have produced what is evil, and bring it upon the stage to pervert the minds of youth."—(Aristophanes, 1055.)

No, Christian writers! not even facts will excuse you for writing what is evil. Truth is often the strongest libel; and facts are often more revolting than fiction; and it is precisely because they are facts, and exactly in proportion as they are facts, that they are injurious. Alas! Idle words!

—Do we give our children a Catholic education? or is it not rather a Protestant-Pagan education imparted by Catholic teachers? What can be more unreasonable than to suppose, that an acquaintance with the histories and manners of the Pagan Greeks and Romans, is more essential to complete the instruction of Catholics, than the like knowledge of the habits and institutions of their own national ancestors and fathers in the faith; that an English student should be familiar with Livy without having even heard of Ingalphus, or William of

Malmesbury; that a Catholic student should know by heart the sentences of Demosthenes, without being aware that St. Chrysostom was perhaps his equal in eloquence and grandeur; and that he should be afraid of corrupting his Latin by looking into St. Jerome of whom Erasmus said, that if he had a prize to award between him and Cicero, he should be tempted to give it to the Christian Bishop, rather than to the great Pagan orator of Rome.

—Let every Catholic keep ever in mind the dialogue-form of our Catholic liturgy, especially of the Mass; it will serve to shew him, that if the priest is the priest of sacrifice, the congregation according to that of the Apostle "ye are a royal priesthood," are also priests offering through him. The services of the Church are essentially dramatic, being often a dialogue between clergy and people, and when not so, are a dialogue between two halves of a choir. Of this latter kind are our vespers, where the Psalms are sung in alternate verses, whilst the latter part, from the chapter to the end, is a dialogue between priest and choir representing the people. The singing of the Gospel of the Passion, in Holy Week, is another example of dialogue. But it is in the Mass that this dialogue-form is most conspicuous. Take the sequence of the Mass of Easter Sunday; it is a perfect dialogue. "Tell us Mary what didst thou see on the way?" "I saw the sepulchre of the living Christ, the Glory of His rising, the angelic witnesses, the sweat-cloth and garments." The ordinary of the Mass is almost a continuous dialogue. The introductory Psalm is said in alternate verses by the priest, and the server for the people. The confession is made first by the priest to the people, and then by the people to the priest. The priest's *Dominus vobiscum*, and the people's *Et cum spiritu tuo*, all is dialogue. At the *Orate fratres* there is a direct call upon the people by the priest, to pray, and the people respond. At the Preface the dialogue is distinctly marked. "The Lord be with you," says the priest. "And with your soul also," answers the people. "Lift up your hearts" (to God,) says the priest.

"They are lifted up to God," answers the people. "Let us (therefore) give thanks to the Lord our God," says the priest. "It is right and proper," answers the people. At the Communion, also, the priest gives the Pax, "May the peace of God be always with you." "And with your soul," answers the people. And when the Mass is over. "Go; you are dismissed," says the priest. "Thanks be to God," or "Let us bless the Lord." All this is assuredly dialogue. And what does it point to? The intimate connection between the Sacrificing priest and the congregation, on whose part the priest offers Sacrifice.

—What an extremely *stupid fellow* Luther must have been! or at least D'Aubigne's version of him.

At twenty years of age he had never seen a Bible! and did not know that the Bible contained anything more than the Epistles and Gospels, appointed to be read in the Churches on Sundays and Holydays!!

And yet at this age "he had learnt all they could teach him at the Latin school of Mansfeldt"—had been sent at fourteen to Magdeburg—at eighteen had passed through the celebrated school of Isenach—and at twenty had read for two years the works of St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas at the University of Erfurt. Had read St. Thomas Aquinas for two years, and had never discovered that the Bible contained more than the Epistles and Gospels read in the Churches on Sundays and Holydays!! Well! certainly it is one of the most astonishing cases of "dunce" on record!

But perhaps it is not Luther that is the dunce, but D'Aubigne who is the knave. Who knows?

—What outrageous liars *some people* who wot of are! Without Luther we should have had no Bibles in the vernacular! Why, surely High German and Low German are vernaculars. And yet, from the year 1460 to the first version of Luther's Bible in 1521, there were printed in Germany no less than 16 editions of the High Dutch Bibles, and five of Low Dutch; 21 different editions in all. Up to 1524, that is three years

after Luther's Bible, there were nine editions in France. Verily, as our bucolic friend hath it:

"Taint a *knowing* kind of cattle
"That's ketched with mouldy corn."

H. B.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM OF SENDING VALENTINES.

THERE are few in the civilized world who do not know that the 14th of February is "Valentine Day," and do not know the custom that prevails on that day. But we venture to say that the number who do not know that the name alike of day and of the missives which in such multitudes are dispatched upon the feast are named after a saint of God, is far larger. In fact, however, St. Valentine was a holy martyr, of whom but little is known, and yet who is held in veneration in the Church. Alban Butler, the learned author of the "Lives of the Saints," tells us the following of him:

"Valentine was a holy priest in Rome, who, with St. Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended, and sent by the emperor to the Prefect of Rome; who, on finding all his promises to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs, and afterwards to be beheaded, which was executed on the 14th of February, about the year 270. Pope Julius I. is said to have built a church near Ponte Mole to his memory, which for a long time gave name to the gate, now called Porta del Popolo, formerly Porta Valentini. The greater part of his relics are now in the church of St. Praxedes. His name is celebrated as that of an illustrious martyr, in the sacramentary of St. Gregory, the Roman missal of Thomasius, in the calendar of F. Fronto, and that of Allatius, in Bede, Usuard, Ado, Notker, and all other martyrologies on this day. To abolish the heathens' lewd superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honor of their goddess Februatō Juno, on the 15th of this month, several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on this day. See January 29th, on St. Francis de Sales."

The last line of the above, it will be observed, refers us to the life of St. Francis de Sales. There we read:

"He severely forbade the custom of valentines, or giving boys, in writing, the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them; and to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honor and imitate in a particular manner."

The most probable origin of the custom of choosing and sending valentines is alluded to in both these quotations; and yet other reasons have been assigned. Wheatley, speaking of the holy martyr, says:

"He was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines upon his feast [which is still practised] took its rise from thence."

Another origin is ascribed to the custom by many. Amongst those who have written on it, we will choose from a French author:

"'Tis towards the middle of February that all Nature, lulled to sleep by Winter, awakens from her slumber. Suspended vegetation resumes its course; blossoms appear; the breezes become warmer; the birds begin to think of their nests. Our fathers thought to fix a precise day for this great regeneration: according to them it was the 14th of February that every bird chose a mate for the rest of the year. Why should not men imitate the feathered race?"

But as we have said, we must most probably go back to the days of Pagan Rome to find whence the "Valentine" first arose. A Christian name has been thrown over it, but that cannot conceal its heathen form. During the greater part of February, the ancient Romans celebrated the Lupercalia, a series of festival days distinguished by most unbounded license, in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter goddess was called Februatō, Februalis, or Februlla. Amongst the other lewd ceremonies was that of putting the names of young girls in boxes or urns and having them drawn out by boys. Fathers of the early Church, long before St. Francis, declaimed against the perpetuation of this custom, and yet, like the festivities of the Carnival, which, too, are of most pagan origin, it long held its ground, and in the end only changed its form.

In the middle ages, or only a few hundred years ago, anxious swains were wont to rise early in the morning on St. Valentine's Day and wait beneath a lady's window for the first sight of her;

and he who was so fortunate as to obtain this was her Valentino for the ensuing year, that is he was to be her gallant at all festivities, her cavalier, her servant, her slave, and all that the silly lovers of old were obliged to be to the fair ladies to whom they paid attention. The French writer whom we have already cited says:

"At sunrise on this solemn day, all lovers were up and abroad, prowling beneath the windows of their sweethearts, contending with one another for the first glance of her eye. Don't go and think it was a lottery in which all had equal chances: the dice were loaded; the victory was promised to him who knew the weak points of the fortress. The two lovers found means to speak to each other, to write to each other, to see each other, before the decisive hour; they made chance agree with inclination, and Rosina would not open her window till she would recognize Lindor's voice singing beneath the balcony,

'Eccè ridente in cielo
Punta la bella aurora,
Et tu non sorgi ancora!
Tu poi dormir così!'"

So in England, it was a superstition that the first unmarried person of the opposite sex whom an unmarried man or woman would see on St. Valentine's Day would be the second's future husband or wife. Thus Gay makes a rural dame tell:

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
A-field I went amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do)

The first I spied—and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune shall our true love be."

Misson, a traveller of the last century, shows that the old pagan custom was still maintained in England and Scotland. He thus describes it:

"On the eve of St. Valentine's Day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true or some feigned name upon certain billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his 'valentine,' and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines; but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune

having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love"

Further back, it was the custom to write out valentines either in prose or poetry and send them to innamoratas. Shakespeare and Lydgate mention them, and the earliest known writer of them was Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken at the battle of Agincourt. Pepsy's diary, that gossipy chronicle of the days of Charles I, tells that in his time even married people were chosen as valentines. He speaks of "little Will Mercer" selecting his (Pepsy's) wife in 1667, and of himself being chosen by a little miss. In his age the gentlemen had to make presents to their valentines, generally of gloves, garters, or jewelry, others more costly at times. For instance, he relates that the famous Miss Stuart received of her valentine, the Duke of York, a jewel worth £800, and the year before a ring from Lord Mandeville worth £300.

Mottoes were also chosen at the same time as valentines.

The young ladies were also wont to perform many superstitious acts on the eve of St. Valentine's Day. One was to pin a bay-leaf to each of the four corners of their pillow, and one in the middle, before retiring to rest, and should they dream of the object of their affections, they were persuaded that they would be married before the expiration of a year. Another was to eat a hard-boiled egg, the yolk removed, filled with salt, to eat it shell and all, then to retire to rest without speaking or drinking, and dream in like manner. A third was to roll up the names of their various supposed lovers, written on pieces of paper, in clay, and then throw them into water. Whichever rose first was considered as the name of him who would be their spouse.

In the nineteenth century the feast is principally celebrated by the sending of those printed forms called valentines which it is unnecessary for us to describe further than to say that they are of all sorts, the gallant, the tender, the witty, the satirical, the denunciatory, the expostulatory—in fact, everything from "gush" to abuse.

Whilst sending what are called "nice" valentines may be expressed extravagant or foolish, we would not venture to say it is morally wrong. We would suggest, however, that very little taste is frequently displayed in selection. Too many "judge the book by the cover," and choose a valentine for its fine appearance, without considering whether the emblems or made-to-order "poetry" which it contains will be appropriate. A few adventurous youths or misses do sometimes add verses of their own, or a few words of honeyed prose.

The comic or malicious valentine is for the most part a nuisance. Most of that class reflect on the trade or avocation, or the nationality of the person to whom they are sent. A man or woman's profession in life should in no case be made an object of ridicule, when it furnishes him or her an honest livelihood, and nationality is no disgrace. Yet the majority of valentines sent every year belong to this class. Often they are simply sent as a joke, but before attempting such a joke one should remember that it may not be taken in such fashion. Sometimes, too, they are sent with the malicious intent of wounding the receiver's feelings, and the anonymous forwarder in a disguised hand adds some words of injury or insult. The evil feeling that has been caused, the rancor, the unjust suspicions, the quarrels, and the recriminations, are too innumerable for record. And all this arises from neglect of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

Friend reader, if you think it obligatory to send a valentine of some sort, send a pretty one to some friend who will not be expecting it, and the glad surprise will be a pleasure to you. Or better still, what you would give for such purpose, give it to some work of charity.

We can more easily understand why deformity of person should make one vain. The weakness which desires to please is an aimable one, and there is no good reason why the recipient of God's bounty should be vain of, rather than grateful for it.

IRISH HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

"THE FAIR GERALDINE."

GERALD, the ninth, Earl of Kildare, seems to have been singularly fortunate in the choice of his two wives. He was first married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Louche, of Codnor, who is described as being "a woman of rare probability of mind, and every way commendable." She bore him four daughters and one son, and then died suddenly at Lucan, A. D. 1517, and was buried with great solemnity, near the Earl's mother, in the monastery of Friars Observants, at Killucan.

The Earl of Kildare was too great a power in the land not to have many enemies; and the year following the death of his wife he was falsely accused of maladministration. He wrote to the king (Henry VIII.) in his own defence, and at length went over to England to answer, in person, the charges made against him.

Whilst staying in London, waiting for the inquiry in to his conduct he married his second wife, Lady Elizabeth Gray, fourth daughter of Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, and grand-daughter of Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV. By this marriage he gained much influence at Court, as the Countess was first cousin to Henry VIII. This marriage was a very happy one.

The issue of this marriage was two sons and three daughters:

1. Gerald, eleventh Earl.
2. Edward, father of Gerald, fourteenth Earl.

1. Lady Margaret, born deaf and dumb, and died unmarried.
2. Lady Elizabeth.
3. Lady Cecily.

The subject of this brief sketch is the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the second daughter. She is best known as "The Fair Geraldine," under that name her beauty having been celebrated by the poets of her own and of latter times. Born in Ireland in A. D. 1528, she was taken to England to be educated, that the jewel of her beauty might be polished and set off to advantage by the graces and accomplishments to be acquired in the atmosphere of a Court. She resided

at Hunsdon, the seat of Lady (afterwards Queen) Mary who was her mother's second cousin. At a very early age the Lady Mary appointed her young kinswoman one of her maids of honor, and it was about this time that she was seen by Henry, Earl of Surrey, the poet, soldier, and politician, who was struck by her rare beauty that he wrote the following sonnet upon her:—

“DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF GERALDINE

“From Tuscan came my lady's worthy
race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient
seat.
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth
face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively
heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an Earl, her dame of Princes'
blood.
From tender years in Britain doth she rest,
With King's child; where she tasteth
costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyes;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for
mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from
her sight.
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from
above,
Happy is he who can attain her love.”

It has been doubted whether the Lady Elizabeth or the Lady Cecily Fitzgerald were “The Fair Geraldine;” but the circumstance of Surrey seeing her first at Hunsdon, which was built by Henry the Eighth, for educational purposes for his children, seems to settle the point, and to indicate that “The Fair Geraldine” was the Lady Elizabeth. There are the following reasons for supposing that it was the second daughter whose beauty was so celebrated. First, because Lady Mary Bryan, the governess of the King's children, mentions the Lady Elizabeth in a letter to Cromwell; and secondly, because no mention is made of the Lady Cecily having been attached to the Court.

“And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from
her sight;”

says Surrey, in his sonnet to “The Fair Geraldine,” referring to his incarceration in a tower in Windsor Castle, for the crime of eating flesh in Lent. Moreover, Lord Leonard Gray, uncle of the Fitzgeralds, was deputy of Ireland for the

Duke of Richmond, who was the intimate friend of Surrey. That connection alone would account for the Earl's acquaintance with a young lady, bred up with the Royal family.”

“The fair Geraldine” must have made more than a passing impression upon the heart of the courtly soldier; for, later on, we hear of him at a tournament in Florence, defying the world to produce such beauty as hers. He was victorious, and the palm for beauty was unanimously awarded to the beautiful Irish maiden. Lord Surrey is also said, to have visited, about the same time Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, to try if he could look into the future, and tell him anything concerning the lady of his heart. History is silent as to whether or not the sage possessed (or professed to possess) the gift of prophecy; but it is recorded that, by means of a magic mirror, he revealed to Lord Surrey the form of the fair Geraldine, lying on a couch reading one of his sonnets by the light of a taper. This incident has been introduced by Sir Walter Scott into his “Lay of the Last Minstrel:

“’Twas All Souls' Eve, and Surrey's heart
beat high;

He heard the midnight bell with anxious
start,
Which told the mystic hour approaching
nigh,

When wise Cornelius promised, by his
art,
To show to him the lady of his heart;
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grin;
Yet the sage had hight to play his part,
And he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she
thought of him.

“Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard lead the gallant
knight,

Save that, before a mirror huge and high,
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman
And almagest, and altar—nothing bright;
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watch-light by the bed of some departing
man.

“But soon within that mirror, huge and
high,

Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam,
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan
spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till slowly arranging, and defined, they
seem

To form a lordly and lofty room,
 Part lighted with a lamp with silver
 beam,
 Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
 And partly moonshine pale, and part was
 hid in gloom ;—

"Fair all the pageant—but how passing
 fair

The slender form which lay on couch
 of Ind!
 O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel
 hair,

Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she
 pined ;

All in her night-robe loose she lay re-
 clined,

And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine
 Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to
 find :—

That favored strain was Surrey's raptured
 line ;—

That fair and lovely form, the Ladye' Gera-
 ldine!

"Slow rolled the clouds upon the lovely
 form,

And swept the goodly vision all away—
 So royal envy rolled the murky storm
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.

Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant !—Heaven
 repay,

On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
 The gory bridal-bed, the plundered shrine,
 The murdered Surrey's blood—the tears of
 Geraldine!"

"The Fair Geraldine" must have had many a young and gallant aspirant for her hand: and it is almost with a feeling of dismay and pity that we read that in 1543, when in but her sixteenth year, she married Sir Anthony Brown, K. G., who was then sixty years of age. He died in 1548, and the young widow shortly afterwards married the Earl of Lincoln. "The Fair Geraldine" left no posterity to inherit her beauty: and after this mention of her second marriage history is silent respecting her. She survived her second husband, and erected a monument to his memory in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. The Earl is represented in a suit of armor, and by his side is an effigy of "The Fair Geraldine," the date of whose death is uncertain.

THE WILD GEESE;

OR,

THE RAPPAREES OF BARNESMORE.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS,

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

Fast and far with hurrying feet,
 He on his mission sped.
 But ere the good priest he could meet,
 His soul was with the dead.

For on his track were human hounds,
 Who longed to lap his gore;
 Their steeds were stout, and wild their
 shout
 Rang high from shore to shore.

C.

BRIAN MULLEN pursued his lonely way through the woods after parting from his sister on his mission of mercy. Through tangled briars and brushwood he went, heedless or regardless of their presence, and conscious only of the mission on which he was bent. The pale, pale face of his dying mother seemed ever present before his imagination, and the picture that rose before his mind of the lonely watcher weeping by her bed, ardently expecting and anxiously hoping for the faintest sounds of his approach, and the despair which the sufferer would experience on waking from her troubled sleep on finding that the priest had not arrived. These torturing thoughts added wings to his feet, and he hurriedly sped over the ground with almost the fleetness of a frightened deer. The calm and lovely river glided noiselessly past him, the tall trees growing on its banks mirrored in the waters, and magnified in size by the dancing moonbeams that sparkled on its surface. The ruins of many an old abbey, Danish *dun*, or fort, where he had often wandered in other days rose up before his view; but he heeded them not. On, with a fleet and untiring step, he strode, until breathless and panting he stopped on the river's bank opposite the green groves of Urney. Here he paused for a moment and looked around. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night; all was hushed to sleep, and

calm and tranquil as the gentle river. He rushed down the bank from where he stood and gained the water's edge. Footsteps were visible on the sand, and following these they led him to a clump of bushes about a hundred feet distant. Parting the bushes aside he anxiously gazed into their recesses, and after an eager scrutiny, passionately and involuntarily exclaimed:

"My God! The boat is gone! who could have taken it? It could not be Father John; he would have drifted down the river to the cabin and hurried to my dying mother. It must have been Fergus or Turlough returning from their search, who crossed over to the cave to inquire for the priest. But, O my God! young Crosby was on his track to-day, and can it be, can it be possible, that they have hunted him to his den?" The thought added a more bitter poignancy to his grief, and in that moment of sorrow and suffering he sat down and wept. It was but for a moment, however. Springing to his feet and casting off his shoes and the light jacket he wore on the beach, he rushed to the river, determined to swim to the opposite shore. But as he was about to plunge, his eye was arrested by some object moving out from the farther bank. He paused, and stealing to the bushes, soon discerned from his concealment a boat containing two persons rowing across the river to the very spot where he had lately stood. As the boat grated on the strand a tall and muscular man, who seemed a very giant in the moonlight, stepped ashore. He carried a brass blunderbuss in his hand, which he handed to his companion, who immediately followed him, and picking up the boat in his arms as easily as if it had been a feather, hid it carefully in the bushes. He was then recognized by Brian, who, uttering a wild cry, rushed towards the giant. "Fergus!" he exclaimed, starting the other so suddenly that he snatched the blunderbuss from his companion and pointed it at the intruder.

"Be quiet, Fergus; don't you see it's Brian?"

"Faith, you frightened me, Brian. I thought it was some of the bloody troopers waitin' to waylay me. But what is the matter with you, man? You look as white as a sheet."

"Fergus," said Brian, not heeding the words he spoke, "tell me, in the name of Heaven, did you find the priest?"

"Ay," replied Fergus, "I did, and he is now safe and snug in the cave beyond there," and he pointed across the river, "in spite of young Crosby and all his bloodhounds. An' please God we'll have him in your mother's cabin early in the morning, though I hope she won't want him then. How is she, Brian?"

"She is dying, Fergus. I left her with the death damp on her brow but an hour ago, and Mabel says she cannot live until morning," and the pale, sad face appeared so vividly before him that he sobbed as he spoke.

"Tut, man. Keep up a good heart. I'll wager that Mave is not cast down as much as you are," said Fergus, in sympathy, for though he was rough and uncouth in appearance, and strong and terrible when roused to vengeance as a Numidian lion, he had a heart as sensitive and tender as a woman for those he loved. "Don't feel so bad. Turlough there can tell you that we faced death a dozen times to-day, an' here we are, you see, safe and sound after all. Don't you mind the night ould Crosby put a bullet in me at Mass in Glenmoran, and I was left for dead on the cold snow and his troopers galloped over me and trampled me into pieces? Well, everybody said I would die, and even Father Dominiek gave me up an' anointed me for death; but, you see, I am still alive, an', by the same token, I have the same bullet that ould Crosby shot me with, an' I'm keeping it for him, an' with a blessin' I'll give it to him some of these days. I paid a few compliments to his profligate son to-day from the mouth of *Bride Bawn*,** and he tapped the bright barrel of the fearful weapon he carried as he spoke. "But, I'm afraid he did not hear them, though, faith I'd much rather he had felt them. No matter, while there's life there's hope, an' as soon as the priest gets a couple of hours sleep we'll wake him up bright and early, an' take him in the boat down the river to the cabin."

"Fergus," said Brian in a voice so wild and passionate that the words seemed to come from his very soul.

* Fair-haired Bridget.

"Fergus, the priest must come to my dying mother to-night, if we should have to carry him in our arms and he expired in crossing the threshold."

"Listen to me, Brian. He was hunted to-day from Convoy to Claudy, fasting, for he was sayin' Mass when the bloodhounds kem down upon him. For more than twenty miles, through bog an' swamp and mountain, they followed us. I carried him in my arms from Claudy to here, to the very spot you stand upon, and strappin' him on my back, swum across the Finn. I had no time to look for the boat, for half-a-dozen troopers were after me, an' they are now stationed at the ford. Turlough crossed over in the boat, an' he knows that poor Father John is in as much need of a doctor as any one is of a priest. If we took him out of his bed now, he would die before he reached the cabin. He is in a fever, an' cut an' bruised from head to foot. Wait for a few hours, an', maybe he'll feel better, an' be able to get up. I was goin' to send Turlough to see if you were at home an' see how things were when I met you here. I think it would be better for him, stil, to go and tell poor Mave that the priest will be there before mornin'. An', in the maintime, you might take the boat across the river and see the priest yourself. Ould Michael has plenty to eat and drink, for I borrowed a sheep from Mr. Ferguson after Father John went to bed, without askin' his laye, an' you'll find plenty of hot rashers and sweet milk there, too. So, Turlough, you an' Brian may as well start at wanst, an' I'll stay here until some wan o' ye comes back."

This proposition, under the circumstances, appeared to be the best Brian could adopt, so, telling Turlough that he would return with the boat in two hours, the shortest possible time that the messenger could go and return from the cabin, the boat was again launched and Brian rowed it swiftly across the stream.

Turlough departed on his message, but had not proceeded more than a mile when he met with one whose hurried gait and spasmodic breathings showed that he, too, was on some message of importance. He was an old man, small in stature, but wiry and sinewy in

frame, whose robust body seemed to defy the sixty winters that had whitened his head. As the two met they suddenly stopped and mutually recognized each other.

"Wishal!" said Turlough, "what is it drives you out so late in the night, Dan Daily, an owld man like you. Sure I thought none but the Rapparees were given to night walkin'?"

"An' faith, Turlough, my cute *boughal*, if I wasn't out to-night maybe there's some of them same Rapparees would'nt have a tongue in their heads to ask me the question this time to-morrow night."

"Why, what's up, anyway, Dan? Has there been an informer at work, an' betrayed the 'boys'?"

"Troth there has, Turlogh McSweeney, but it's not the boys he betrayed; he *darn't* do that; but it's the poor owld priest, and that owld devil Crosby, with Dick and every landlord for miles around, will begin the chase airly in the mornin'. So if you know where the priest is, you had better give him warnin' in time, an' tell Fergus McNeely to be on his guard."

"Did you say owld Crosby himself was to be out?"

"Ay, an' at their head, too."

"But I thought he was sick an' not able to lave the house."

"You'll find it out in the mornin'. When I left the house he was drinkin' an' cursin' an' blasphemin' the Pope an' swearin' that he would hunt Father John in the mornin', an' callin' the whole company cowards and dogs an' all manner o' names because they didn't murder him. He has wagered King William agin a five-pound note with Knox that he will bring the priest down at the first shot."

"The murderin' owld devil," exclaimed Turlough. "Sure if he doesn't go to hell a man needn't care how he brings up his childer."

"He'll get his reward yet," said Dan; "troth its waitin' for him."

"Ay an' he's nearer to it than he thinks, for as sure as he goes priest-hunting to-morrow Fergus will *spot* him, an' if he gets wan sight of him the Lord have mercy on him, for Fergus McNeely or *Bride Bawn* will not. Sure he has the bullet that the owld imp shot him with two years ago. I saw it my-

self to-night, an' he's keeping it hot an' warm for him."

"May the Lord speed the same bullet on its errand o' mercy, amen, this night!" piously ejaculated the old man.

"But tell me, Dan," said Turlough, "how did you find all this out? sure they wouldn't let you near them when their plannin' their villany."

"Sure there wasn't enough Protestant servants in the Hall to wait on all of them at dinner, an' they called on me to attend an' that's how I *hard* the news."

"Indeed, you were always cute, Dan, an' ready at an excuse; but it won't do for you this time. It's not when they're aitin' they talk of sich business, for then their hearts are in their dirty bellies, and besides they wouldn't spake of the like before Miss Alice, for *they would be afeard to trust her with such a saeret*, but it's when their guts are full of the good things they have robbed and plundered from us, the rightful owners, an' they are drunk over their wine and whiskey, *then* they plan their villany an' robbery an' murder. You weren't in the dinin' room to-night, an' you were towld *by somebody else*."

"Troth, you're right, Turlough an' I may as well tell you the truth at wanst; it was Miss Alice, God bless her, that towld me all about it. I knew by the uproar up stairs, an' by the smile on Fraser's face (he's the Scotch butler, you know), that there was some villany goin' on, for he's never plased nor in good humor only when some of us are goin' to be murdered, so I knocked the butler down and trampled upon him: his scraims brought Miss Alice to the fore†; of course I let him go wanst she appeared, so she tuk me a ore side an' towld me to saddle the swiftest horse in the stable and ride to the Widow Mullen's cabin, and tell Brian all about the hunt in the mornin', at the same time telling me what she heard up stairs; for she was listening to all, unknown to them. I saddled King William an' rode to the cabin, where I saw Mave, who towld me where to find her brother. Of course I wouldn't take the horse through the woods, so I had to *put* it here. May God in His marcy look down upon poor

Mave; 'tis sho that is sufferin' listenin' to her mother callin' for a priest, and no priest near to give her consolation."

"It is a lonely death-bed, Dan," said Turlough, deeply affected; "but go back as fast as you can and tell Mave that Father John will be at her cabin door before the sun is an hour high, to-morrow morning. An' tell Miss Alice that there is *one* who will watch over *her*, no matter what may happen to her father or brother, an' that there are a hundred hearts who will face death, and are prepared to die for her and him."

"God bless you, Turlough, for them words, an' I'll tell them to the poor *colleen*, for I know her heart is breaking."

"Well, good by, Dan, I must tell the news to Fergus and Brian, so as the boys will be ready in the morning to meet the ould devil when he comes."

"My blessing be with you, Turlough, and tell Fergus not to forget ould Crosby's bullet; maybe he'd like to have it back again."

"You must have a great love for your ould master entirely, Dan; you seem so anxious for his debtors to pay him back his *dues*; but don't worry about Fergus, he'll pay him in the same coin an' in the same metal, I'll go bail, that he borrowed from him, at the first convainance, an' if I delayed another minute Fergus would murder me."

They parted, and Turlough, with rapid strides, retraced the path which he had but recently journeyed over, and was soon by the side of Fergus, who kept watch and ward with his blunderbuss on his shoulder amid the deep shadows of the trees, for the return of Brian. Turlough immediately imparted to him the information conveyed by Dan, and the giant's heart bounded with delight at the prospect of meeting his most deadly enemy in the morning. For he dearly hated Major Crosby, "the ould Cromwellian scoundhral," as he contemptuously called him.

"Turlough," said he, as soon as the other had ceased speaking, "run as quick as you're able to the other side of Croghan, an' tell Hugh O'Rielly to muster the boys. Tell him to bring every man an' musket he can find, an' to meet me here before sunrise. Tell

† Present on the scene.

him he's wanted to protect Mave from the villainy of ould Crosby an' his son, an' that will help to hasten his movements."

Turlough started off seemingly as fresh as if he had not run a race of twenty miles that day, or, as if he had just arisen from a couch of down, while Fergus resumed his watch beneath the trees, muttering over and anon to himself as some strange fancy flitted across his brain.

CHAPTER V.

But sounds of wail and wonder
Ere noon, on every side,
Were heard by that peaceful river
Down which he darkly hid.

—MCGEE.

Where wert thou, Justice, in that hour?
Where was thy smiling sword? what had
those good men done?
That thou shouldst tamely see them trampled
on

By brutal England's power?

JOUS O'CELLER, (translated by Mangan.)

THE cave to which Brian immediately proceeded after reaching the shore, and in which Father John was hidden, was situated about half an Irish mile from the river, and in the most retired and rugged spot in the woods. For though the axe of the undertaker had spread havoc and desolation among the woods and forests of Ulster, still some counties were well timbered, and at the time of which we write Tyrone still deserved its appellation of "Tyrone among the bushes." The woods of Urney, though not of such extent as those of Mountjoy or Monterlony, were as lovely and picturesque, and could vie with either in the boldness and grandeur of their scenery. The river Finn flowed in stately beauty past, imparting a beauty and majesty to the scene, and the tall mountains rising on either side added a charm that impressed the beholder with feelings of rapture and admiration. An ancient church, built on the site of the former one, erected by St. Patrick, still stands, and though the woods are now gone nothing but a mere remnant remaining, the place is still beautiful, and the river, upon whose banks the scenes we are about to describe occurred, flows on in undisturbed serenity, as tranquil as if its waters were never

ruffled by the violence of human passions or stained by the life-blood of martyr or patriot. Large mounds or raths, as they were called, supposed to be thrown up by the Danes when those sea-rovers disputed the country with our Milesian fathers, were plentifully studded on the banks of the river and in the woods. It was in the bowels of one of these, and adjacent to an old abbey, dismantled and in ruins, that Father John found a hiding place and an asylum. The rath was overgrown with trees, and so convenient to the abbey that their shadows mingled and cast a gloom even at meridan around the place. A chamber communicated from the cellar of the old building to the interior of the rath. It was divided into two compartments or rooms, each about ten feet square, while within the rath was another and a larger one, faintly lighted by a hole in one side, scooped out between the roots of a tree. In the cellar, which was an extensive one, and runing the whole length of the building, though half of it was now choked up with rubbish, was one which was solely kept for the priest's use, as it was more commodious and better ventilated than any of the others. It was the repository of the priest's vestments and the sacred vessels of the church. Mass was often celebrated here, and many a poor hunted wanderer shrived of his sins.

On a bed of heath, spread at the foot of a rude altar erected by Father John, the good priest lay sleeping, as Brian noiselessly entered the apartment. He started back on beholding him, for his face was disfigured with scratches, his eyes swollen, and his grey locks matted with blood. He muttered some unintelligible words in his sleep, and shuddered as some fearful sight arose before him in his dreams.

"My God! Michael, he is in a high fever," said Brian to the old attendant who admitted him into the cave. "Did he take any refreshments after arriving?"

"Indeed, he wasn't able, Brian. He fainted after Fergus laid him down, an' refused everything but water; but we made him swally a glass of wine—we have three bottles left yet for the altar—and after that he soon fell asleep. I have some nice mutton broth ready for him

when he wakes, and when he aits that he'll maybe fool better. The murderin' scoundrels, I'm afear'd they have killed him."

"Oh, no, Michael; Father John is stout and vigorous and inured to hardships, which, unfortunately, everyone of his profession is forced to undergo in these gloomy times, and his chase to-day might make many a younger man succumb. Remember he was *fasting* all day."

"I know it. Fergus told me all about it. But, Brian, hadn't you better lie down and have a sleep? You must be tired after travelin' all day."

"I couldn't sleep, Michael. I'll sit here and watch until he awakes, and then call you if he wants anything. I must meet Turlough across the river before morning. So go to bed, and I'll remain here until it is time to call you."

The old man expostulated against this, but, finding that his arguments were of no avail against Brian's resolution, withdrew, leaving him to watch by the bedside of the priest.

Gloomy and sorrowful were the thoughts that flitted through the young man's mind as he kept his lonely vigil through the dark hours of the night. The face of his dying mother was continually before him, the violent death of his father and the scene enacted in the valley of Glenmoran on that fearful Christmas eve—the hanging of Father Dominick and the cruelties which the Catholics were forced to suffer—the terrible and rigorous laws enacted against them, and the dark and bloody deeds perpetrated in the name of law and religion upon the class to which he belonged—these thoughts filled his heart with sorrow and compassion for his country, and awakened within him a feeling of vengeance against the Government that abetted such practices.

A sense of uneasiness stole over him, and the fatigue of the day, against which he had so patiently borne, began to tell upon him. His mind wandered, and reverting back to scenes long past, he lived again in the bright days of childhood by Asseroe, with his father and mother, and Father Dominick, and Owen and Mabel; and wandered by the

Finn, with Hugh O'Reilly; his foster-brother, and gathered flowers for his sister Mabel and Alice Crosby. And thus thinking, overcome by the hardships and sorrows which weighed upon his heart, he fell asleep.

But old Michael was not asleep. Creeping cautiously into the room, and approaching the priest's bed he gazed long and earnestly into his face; then casting a look at Brian as he passed, he muttered to himself:

"Poor fellow! I knew how it would be. He is too young; yet to stan' hardship and strainin', like Fergus and Turlough, or the rest of the boys, tho' he's jist as bowld and courageous as the best of them. Let him sleep; it may be daylight before the priest wakes, and then it will be time enough for the boy to waken to a sense of his troubles." So saying, Michael sat down to watch over the two sleepers.

Hours passed before the priest gave any signs of awakening, and Michael, who in the meantime had himself fallen asleep, was roused from his slumber by the voice of Father John calling for water. His fever had abated, but a violent thirst raged in his throat which somewhat alarmed him; but after taking a long draft of wine and water it became assuaged, and telling Michael that he felt able enough to proceed to the widow Mullen's, he ordered him to wake Brian and they would immediately depart.

"The devil a fut then, Father, God pardon me for swearin', will you or Brian budge from here until both of you have somethin' to ait, for bit or sup hasn't passed aither of your mouths for the last twenty-four hours. It is now after sunrise and I have a nice pot of broth and a fresh bit o' mutton ready for ye, an' after you ait it, in the name of God, you can lave, but not sooner."

"Well, be it so, Michael; so call Brian, and the sooner we leave the better."

The priest arose from his humble couch; at the same time Brian was roused from his dreams by a vigorous shaking from Michael, and while the latter was preparing their repast in one of the inner rooms they knelt down and offered up their devotions to God.

Sparingly they partook of the break-

fast provided for them, for Father John was sick at heart, and Brian was so overwhelmed with grief that he could not eat.

Both of them, however, tasted the delicious soup, for Michael, who had served under Sarsfield, learned the mysteries of the cuisine while camping. And it was the very best thing, perhaps, they could partake of.

Bidding good-bye to the old man and telling him that he would return at nightfall, the priest, leaning on Brian's arm, slowly and sadly left the cave, for he was feeble and weak; and despite his efforts to the contrary, felt as if some impending gloom hung over him. Brian, angry and ashamed with himself for having slept on his watch, and fearful of his mother's death, was eager to proceed; but the tottering gait of Father John admonished him to curb his impatience and walk as slowly as his feeble constitution required. They had not proceeded far from the old abbey when they were overtaken by old Michael, who, kneeling down on the green sward, asked the priest's blessing.

"Why, Michael," said the priest, kindly, "what is the matter with you this morning? The fright that you got yesterday is not out of your heart yet; but, thank God, the chase is over, and will scarcely be resumed to-day, for, if they feel as tired as I do, they will remain long enough in their beds to give me time to visit the dying woman and return to the safe shelter of the cave."

"I don't know how it is, Father, but I don't feel at all right somehow: I had drames this mornin', and as you didn't have time to say Mass, why give me your blessin', an' I'll go back in pace."

Brian also knelt on the ground and received the holy priest's blessing, after which they resumed their walk to the river, where the boat lay in readiness. The sun was about two hours high in the heavens, and shone in unclouded lustre upon the scene. The lark was caroling high in air, the song of the thrush was heard on every tree, and the sweet cadences that burst from a thousand musical throats filled the woods and groves with a flood of delicious melody. The scent of the

hawthorn diffused its odor on the morning air and wanted with every passing breeze, while the gaudy and brilliant furze opened its petals to the sunlight presenting a contrast to the green foliage by which it was surrounded singularly pleasing and grateful to the eye. It was one of those lovely Summer mornings, calm, bright and beautiful, when the angels seem to smile upon Ireland, and it looks more of heaven than of earth.

The priest and Brian had traversed about half the distance between them and the river, which now burst upon their sight, and Brian was in the act of leading his companion to a gentle declivity which sloped gradually downwards to the water's edge and was clear of trees and brush which would enable their progress to be more safe and speedy, when their ears were suddenly saluted by the sound of advancing horsemen at no great distance from where they paused to listen. They could not be mistaken, it was the regular tramp of drilled and armed men. They had often heard it before, and a fearful sense of danger shot through their hearts at one and the same moment.

"If these are Crosby's dragoons, Father, and I think they are," exclaimed Brian, "our lives are not worth a minute's purchase. Run! run! If we can only reach the river we are safe, the boat lies on the beach, and Fergus is waiting for us at the other side."

"I will do my best, Brian; but I am afraid that I shall never reach it alive. My old limbs are weak and not sufficiently rested after yesterday's toil to endure much torture. But hark! they are approaching, I can hear the shouts, they see us, and, may God forgive them, they are plying spur and whip to overtake and murder us."

Their shouts could now be distinctly heard ringing through the woods, drowning the song of the bird, and echoing in discordant tones across the river. Brian and the priest dashed on, but it soon became evident to the young man that the priest's strength was failing. They were now within fifty yards of the river, but so enfeebled had Father John become that it was with the utmost difficulty he could move a limb. A pistol shot fired by the foremost of

the advancing horsemen rustled through the leaves, and the next moment the troop came in sight, led on by old Major Crosby.

"Leave me, Brian; leave me to meet my death as becomes a Christian and a priest of God. The bloodhounds are now upon us, and it may be God's will that I must perish here."

"Father, let me take you in my arms; I am young and strong, and it is but a short distance to the river. We may yet reach it in safety."

"It is too late, Brian; and, even if we could, it would not avail, for, see, I am wounded here," and he placed his hand on his side, from which the blood gushed in a crimson stream, "and I fear mortally. Crosby's bullet has done its work. So leave me to my fate; you are too young to die, and you only put a hand in your own death by tarrying longer. I am becoming faint and weak. Here, take this cross," and he pulled one from his bosom and handed it to Brian, "place it on your mother's breast, and bury it with her. We shall soon meet in heaven. For the sake of your innocent and unprotected sister Mabel, leave me and escape while you have yet time. There they come! Look at them. In five minutes they will be down upon you. Run to the river, plunge in and gain the other side. If you wait to launch the boat you are lost. Besides, they could shoot you down before you gained the centre of the stream. Run! They are upon you."

The horsemen were now within a minute's ride of where they stood, and Brian, reluctant to depart, suddenly grasped the priest in his arms, and by sheer force endeavored to drag him to the river. But the latter, summoning all his energies, and concentrating his whole remaining strength in the effort, burst from his grasp, and in a stern and commanding voice exclaimed:

"In the name of God, sir, I command you to depart! Begone!"

Brian waited no longer, but with headlong speed rushed to the river and into its waters. As he left the side of the priest a second bullet from the pistol of Major Crosby went crashing through the skull of Father John, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

"Ha! ha! Knox," shouted the Major; "did I not tell you I would win my bet? And now," he added, as Knox rode up, followed by Dick and the rest of the company, "I'll wager you King William against another five pounds, that I'll shoot that Popish rebel in the water before he reaches the other side."

"As he is almost half ways across already," coolly replied Knox, "I'll take your bet."

"Well, here goes to win it," said the Major, "if I have to follow him to the other shore."

He plunged the spurs into King William and rode rapidly down to the beach. Pausing a moment to take deliberate aim at the head of the bold swimmer, he fired; but the ball, glancing on one of the ripples made by his arms, passed harmlessly by him and lodged in the opposite bank.

"Curse the weapon!" shouted the enraged Major, throwing it on the ground; "here, Lindsay, give me your pistol."

Lindsay handed him the weapon, and the Major in a fury dashed his horse into the stream. Brian was by this time in the middle river and plying every muscle and sinew to gain the shore. He heard the snorting of Crosby's horse behind him and the muttered curses of the rider, urging him on. The shore was yet thirty yards distant from him, and looking once around he saw Crosby but twenty feet behind with a pistol in his hand and pointed at his head, waiting every moment to receive his death stroke, he still struggled on, determined to make an effort to the last for life and liberty. But the splendid horse which Crosby bestrode rapidly gained upon him, and the Major, now within ten feet of him, shouted with a curse, "Take that you Popish rebel," at the same time covering him with his pistol. Brian heard the words uttered with all the vehemence and passion of the Major's nature, and, giving himself up for lost, muttered a prayer for mercy to his God. But ere the Major could pull a trigger, ere the very echo of his words had died away, a flash of fire leaped out from the bushes, and a bullet from the blunderbuss of Fergus McNeely went crashing through the brain and skull of the Major. He threw up his hands in the air, and, with a curse on

his lips, fell over the saddle and expired. A second shot from the bushes followed, the horse plunged for a moment, and then giving vent to a wild cry of agony, for he, too, was shot through the brain, drifted down the current, his rider's foot entangled in the stirrup, and soon both horse and rider perished.

"Take a Protestant ball from a Popish weapon, you ould Cromwellian scoundrel and scourge of the Church of God!" shouted Fergus, as he saw the Major reel in his saddle. "You murderer of God's priests and of the poor; take it; you gave it to me, an' I now pay back the debt, both principal and interest." As he pronounced the last words he suddenly snatched a musket from one of the men nearest to him, and fired at the horse, who was swimming toward the shore.

The result has been seen. As Brian gained the bank a dozen willing hands were stretched out to aid him, and he was joyously welcomed by the band of men who surrounded Fergus. They numbered fifty, all stout and muscular, and armed with muskets.

"Give them fellows on the other side a volley, boys," shouted the leader, young Hugh O'Reilly, "and let us frighten them off, so as we can get the priest's body and give it a decent interment."

His order was immediately obeyed, and resulted in the death of Knox, who was nearest the water, watching, with tears in his eyes, the dead carcass of King William floating down the stream. He mourned the death of the horse more than his master; and his tenderness for a dumb brute led to his death.

The gentlemen and dragoons, with young Dick at their head, not relishing the lead of the Rapparees, scampered off, leaving the dead body of their friend behind, which was soon after flung into the river by Fergus and Turlough, who crossed in the boat and recovered the body of the murdered priest, and conveyed it to Brian's cabin. But the Widow Mullen was dead three hours before they arrived.

CHAPTER VI.

The morning's blush that sweetly glows,
Less lovely was than she;
The lark that waked her from repose,
More artless could not be.

MOHENRY.

Behold this being! One whom heaven made
With all the attributes and strength of man,
bright,
Buoyant, noble, generous and brave,
Till outlawed, trampled, robbed and wronged
By base and lawless tyranny.

C.

ANOTHER scene of sorrow and suffering occurred in the cabin of Brian Mullen, as sad and feeling as ever witnessed by the stars of a Summer night. And never yet did the stars look down on a heart so crushed by sorrow and suffering, or so stricken by misfortune, as that which throbbled in the breast of poor Mabel Mullen. Without sleep or respite she had watched for twenty-four hours by her mother's bed, never for one moment leaving her, unless to minister to her wants or to pray. After the departure of Brian she re-entered the cabin and continued her lonely watch. The sufferer appeared more tranquil, and her sleep seemed not so troubled. A smile sometimes flitted across her pale features, and it seemed evident to Mabel, that, be it for good or ill, the crisis was at hand, and her awakening would tell the result. Two hours thus passed, and then, with a wild, brilliant light in her eyes, and a flushed cheek, her mother awoke. But she was calm and conscious. Her first inquiries were for Brian and the priest, and Mabel, seeing her so rational and resigned, told her of Brian's fruitless journey, and his recent departure. Soon after Dan Daily arrived, and, though he spoke in an undertone to Mabel of the object of his errand, the sick woman guessed the import of his story, and a change immediately passed over her. She called on her murdered husband and Father Dominick, and in impassioned language, for she spoke in Irish, denounced Major Crosby as their murderer. Then, stretching her emaciated arms above her head, she shrieked wildly for the priest.

"Why don't you bring the priest?" she cried. "Why don't you bring Father John to give me the rites of my Church, and I on my dying bed. But, O! Crosby has murdered him, and the poor priest cannot come. O my God! My God!"

She uttered the last words with such vehemence and despair that cold drops of perspiration burst from her forehead;

her hands fell nerveless on the bed, and she swooned. Mabel, affrighted, rushed to her side, and, bathing her temples and moistening her lips with water, restored her to consciousness. With difficulty, she was forced to swallow a few spoonfuls of sweet milk. This seemed to have such a soothing effect upon her that she soon afterward fell asleep.

When she again awoke, Mabel was still by her side. The sun was rising in the East; his first beams were shining in through the little window by her bed and spreading around her a halo of light typical of that kingdom which she was about to inherit. The birds were singing on the trees, and everything looked bright and glorious, tinged by the rays of the rising sun. But it was her last hour on earth; the crisis had passed, and Death claimed his victim.

But why describe a death scene? It has been done by abler pens than ours, and at best it is but a mournful task. The holy resignation and fortitude; the untutored sublimity and meek obedience to the will of God, displayed by the Irish Catholic peasantry on their death beds, have been shown in the pages of Carleton, Griffin and Banim, and so graphically and truthfully described that we tremble to attempt a delineation here. It would be presumptuous affectation on our part, and we leave it to the imagination of the reader.

As the sun mounted the tall peak of Croghan and shone upon the pleasant woods of Urney, and at the very moment the life blood of Father John was ebbing from his heart, the soul of Widow Mullen winged its flight to heaven, and Mabel was left weeping and alone with the dead.

Immediately after his escape, Brian started through the woods towards the cabin. He found his sister sobbing and giving vent to her long-restrained grief over the lifeless corpse of her mother. Soon their tears became mingled, and, after the first paroxysm of grief had passed, soothed, but not subdued by the tears they shed, Brian detailed to her the adventures of the morning. She mourned the good priest's fate from the depths of her pure and generous heart, and a smile of almost seraphic loveliness lit up for a moment her beautiful pale face as her brother, when handing

her the cross which the priest had given him, told him how Father John said he would soon meet their mother in heaven.

And beautiful indeed she was, and, perhaps, never more so than at that moment. Of a tall and commanding figure, her hair, dark as the raven and glossy as the rounded cheek of an Ethiopian, and reaching to her feet; her eyes, as they looked from out their long silken fringes, seemed black and luminous in the shade, but of a dark bewitching blue in the light or sunshine; and the arched brow, so gracefully poised beneath a forehead of snowy marble, lent such a winsome fascination to her laughing, dancing eyes when lit up with mirth or playfulness, that they looked like a sparkling streamlet in a glen when first tinged with the rosy light of morning. The expression of her mouth was beautiful, and enhanced by teeth so white and regular, that they flashed upon you as she spoke. Graceful and accomplished in mind as in person, and simple and pure in thought, she was beloved by all for her goodness and beauty. Her brother much resembled her in feature, but his face bore a more manly beauty, and his eye, when angry, flashed with a fierce lustre that banished for the moment the effeminacy of the boyish face. He was tall and muscular, and seemed well fitted to endure the perils of the chase or battlefield. He was twenty years of age, and two years older than his sister.

The mother and sister of Hugh O'Reilly now entered the cabin, and with all the warm feelings of their natures sympathized with the two orphans. They had been despatched by Hugh, on receipt of Turlough's intelligence, to cross the mountain and hasten to Mabel, while he was gathering his comrades to the assistance of the priest.

While the women were washing the corpse and performing the necessary decencies which precede sepulchre, Fergus, Turlough, and Michael arrived with the body of the murdered priest. Soon after the two corpses were "laid out" and dressed in the robes of the tomb.

Hugh O'Reilly and his band now joined the mourners, and one by one they entered the cabin, and kneeling

on the earthen floor offered up a prayer for the repose of the souls of the departed. Brian entered first, and kneeling by his mother's corpse prayed, with the hot tears trickling down his cheeks. Then kneeling by the priest he repeated a prayer, and, hastily rising, rose and left the cabin. This was necessary, as the cabin was small and barely able to contain the women and old men who accompanied the band. Hugh O'Reilly entered next; after him came Fergus and Turlough, and so on until all had performed the same ceremony. They seemed deeply affected, and many a bronzed and rugged cheek was bedewed with tears of sympathy and love.

Old Michael having brought with him some candles from the cave, which the priest kept for the service of the altar, lighted them as soon as night came down, and placed them around the cabin and at the heads of the dead. Mabel was forced, by the kind solicitations of her brother and Hugh, seconded by the women, to retire, and, as she did so, all, with uncovered heads, their faces turned toward the cabin door, knelt down in the moonlight and recited the Rosary and Litany for the dead.

While they were engaged in this pious exercise two or three neighbors, who had heard of the occurrence of the morning, arrived, and, kneeling, joined in prayer with the rest.

But there was one among them who did not kneel. He was a tall raw-boned fellow, six feet in height, with huge and ample proportions. His hair was unkempt and his face was ornamented with little tufts of scraggy beard, the longest of which appeared on the end of his chin, for it was entirely guileless of a razor since his birth. He wore on his head an old Scotch bonnet, through which the lank hair protruded, and a dragoon's faded red jacket with only one sleeve. He was barefoot, and his legs, naked to the knees, were covered with mud and scratches, showing that he had travelled a considerable distance since morning. This singular individual stood perfectly motionless, with his eyes fixed on the dead, which he could plainly see through the open door from where he stood, until the religious exercises were concluded and the company

had resumed the rude seats which they had crested in front of the cabin. Then casting his eye around until it alighted on Brian, he unceremoniously elbowed his way through the crowd until he stood beside him.

"Brian," he said, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, and his voice was singularly sweet and plaintive, "Brian, how is this? Is my owld friend dead?"

Brian became choked with emotion and felt the tears glistening in his eyes, for the deceased was a great favorite of Cormick, the fool.

"Ay, Cormick, she is dead."

"I have traveled twenty miles to-day to see her bekaise I heard she was sick. But I'm too late, too late." He repeated the last words three or four times, a habit of his when becoming excited.

"But what happened the priest?" he continued. "I see him in there with a white handkerchief on his head an' a dhrop of blood on it, an his face as white as snow. Did the blood-hounds murther him?"

Hugh O'Reilly, seeing the agony which Brian was suffering, approached Cormick, and, taking him by the hand, led him away.

"Come with me, Cormick; I'll tell you all about it; but don't grieve poor Brian by asking him."

"Ay, I'll go with you, Hugh. You are a brave boy, an' so is Brian, too; but none of you is as good as Fergus. Fergus is a bully boy. Shure he wouldn't hurt the poor priest; oh, no! But, Hugh, who killed him? Was it owld Crosby?" And the maniac's eyes literally blazed at the mention of the name.

"Yes, Cormick, Crosby murdered him this morning; shot him with his own hand in the most cowardly manner when he was on his way with Brian to the deathbed of the widow. He spurred his horse into the river after Brian, and would have murdered him only for Fergus."

"Ha! ha! an' what did Fergus do?"

"He shot him dead before he could discharge his pistol at Brian."

"He! he! he!" laughed Cormick, "he had *Bride Bawn* with him then. Bride doesn't talk much, Hugh, but when Fergus bids her spake, troth, there's very few will dispute her words. But, did the owld Major die?"

"He did, and himself and his horse were drifted down the current."

"An' I'll wager they didn't find him yit, for his owid carcass was so heavy with sin and murder that it would sink to the bottom if the river was as deep as the Red Say."

"It is likely it may have been caught in one of the eddies on the Donegal side, or washed ashore near Lifford."

"Troth, an' if he's there I'll find him, Hugh."

"What do you want to find him for? Let his friends look for him."

"What do I want to find him for, is it?" exclaimed Cormick, who was gradually becoming excited. "Didn't he ride that same horse, King William, the day he turned me an' my sister Kate and my poor ould mother out of our houldin', an' left us on the blake road to die? D'dn't he set fire to the cabin, and, whin the rafters wor blazin', swear that he would ride King William over the Papishes? An' whin I went to bate him for sayin it, didn't he horse-whip me, and make his throopers tie me up to a tree; an' when Fergus kem in the mornin' and set me free, wasn't my poor mother dead on the snow, an' my sister Kate runnin' wild over the country? I've a cowl in my head ever since that night, Hugh, an' I'd just like to have wan luk at the man that gey it to me before they'd bury him. But I must spake to Fergus first an' have a luk at Brian's mother and the priest. Troth, I wud say my prayers over them, Hugh, but I have forgot them ever since *that* night."

"O! you can say them in the mornin' or over her grave, Cormick, it will then be time enough," said Hugh soothingly, for Cormick was now becoming violently excited. "Look, Fergus and the boys are leavidg the cabin and going to have a sleep in the woods; poor fellows, they have not slept for two nights. I will take you into the house if you promise to be quiet and not disturb Mabel, who is asleep and unwell."

"Devil a word I'll spake, Hugh. Troth I wouldn't disturb a hair of her purty head for the world."

When Cormick entered the cabin he rivetted his eyes upon the priest's face and for five minutes gazed long and

earnostly. Then taking the cold hand in his he put it to his cheek as if he thought to impart warmth and animation to it. Then slowly and gently placing it by the priest's side he muttered to himself:

"He's dead, he's dead, he's dead! an' he has murdered him, murdered him, murdered him!"

His voice gradually assumed a louder key, and as he pronounced the last "murdered him," it rose to its highest pitch and startled the listeners with the vehemence and rage with which he uttered them.

"Cormick," said Hugh, "come away; you promised not to speak or wake up Mabel. Come outside and sit down, you're tired."

"Won't you let me spake to the priest, Hugh? I want to whisper something to him."

"He cannot hear you, Cormick; he is dead!"

"But he'll listen to me, Hugh. 'Tis me that often carried him on my back through the bogs an' over the fords of the Finn, when Crosby's troopers wor after him; sure only for me they would have murdered him in Glenmoran the night they shot Brian's father and wounded Fergus Moro. He suffered parsecation an' hunger, an' want, an' now they have murdered him at last. Shure who has a better right to watch his corpse than Cormick Kilday, for he was always good and kind to me, an' if you would just let me tell him what *I'm thinking about now*, it wud make his mind aisy, for sure he could hear it in heaven."

"Cormick," said Brian, taking him by the hand and endeavoring to pacify him, for he was getting into one of his mad fits, his eyes blazed wildly, and at such times his passion was terrible; "Cormick, come with me, I'll take you to Fergus, and you can lie down beside him under the big sycamore at the foot of the hill. You said you always liked to sleep with Fergus, with *Bride Bawn* for your pillow."

"Won't you let me watch over the priest and your poor mother till mornin'?"

"No, no, Cormick, not now; you can do it to-morrow night."

"An' will you turn me out of the

wake house like a coward stranger and a *Sassanagh*?"

"No, no, Cormick, I do not want to turn you out; but there is scarcely room enough inside for the women."

"Well then, listen to me, Brian Mullen, an' you Hugh O'Reilly," cried Cormick, pulling his hand violently from the friendly grasp of Brian, "the devil a leg I'll stretch beside Fergus or *Bride Bawn* to-night; but by the holy Vargin I'll have a *wake of my own before mornin'*!" He rushed from the house as he spoke and ran hastily towards the river.

"Poor fellow!" said Brian, as he disappeared among the trees, "he has had his own share of trouble, too. But he is happier at times than some of us. But come in, Hugh, I hear Mabel's voice, the noise has disturbed her." The two re-entered the house, which they had left to watch the flight of Cormick, where for the present we must leave them and look after some other personages connected with our story.

CHAPTER VII.

Even on the night when his father's corpse
Lay rotting in the waters, in his halls he
feasted,
And before his friends and satellites he
boasted
Of his deeds.

W.

But there was one heart fondly prayed,
As sighed the midnight breeze;
For faithful was the Irish maid
That loved the Rapparees.

AUTHOR.

HARD and fast spurred Dick and his dragoons from the woods of Urney, and never drew bridle until two long Irish miles intervened between him and the Rapparees, whom he feared as much as he hated. He was by nature a coward, and differing in this particular from his father, who, though a tyrant and a bully, was brave almost to recklessness. Although the Rapparees had no boats to cross the river, if so inclined to follow in the pursuit, yet Dick was in such trepidation and terror that his fears conjured up before his mind visions of Fergus and his comrades, swimming across to the Tyrone side, with their muskets, and yelling like devils behind him. So on he rode past Castletown and Carricee, nor halted until he came

to Magirr, within one mile of Lifford and Strabane. Here they stopped, and, at Capt. Craunston's suggestion, turned their horses' heads down the entrance of a green lane that led to the river, in order to search for the body of Major Crosby.

At this place the river was very deep, and bordered by steep banks, which rose high above the level of the water, so tying their horses to the trees, they left them at bridle length to browse in the shade, while they proceeded to the beach to watch the river for its dead. They searched every nook and cranny, but in vain; their search was fruitless, and as the sun went down, Dick, who began to feel the pangs of hunger, proposed to Ramsay Lindsey and Capt. Craunston to go back to the hall and procure refreshments, leaving the troopers to patrol the beach and watch for the bodies of the dead men. This proposition was gratefully acceded to, and the rest of the gentlemen having left for their homes early in the day, the four loyal subjects of her Majesty Queen Anne speedily wended their way to Crosby Hall.

Alice, who had watched their departure in the morning with trembling fears, and who had sat alone in her room all day in sorrow and in tears, welcomed them back with mingled forebodings of hope and despair. She stood at the hall door, and watched them as they came up the lawn. Her quick eye soon detected the absence of her father from among them, and as Dick approached, she anxiously and eagerly inquired what detained him.

"Go to your room Alice," replied her brother, who was as destitute of feeling as he was of manliness, "go to your room, and weep over the death of your father, who was cruelly murdered this morning by young Mullen and his rebel associates."

She turned deadly pale, and would have fallen, had not Dick caught her in his arms, and, calling for a servant, ordered the female domestic who appeared, to take her to her room and wait upon her.

"But, tell me, Richard," she gasped, "did you kill any of the—the Papists?"

"No, d— them," he replied, "we did not; they were on the other side of

the river, and we couldn't get at them, could we, Craunston?"

"No, indeed we could not, Major," replied the Captain, who was as arrant a coward as his master.

"Never mind, Alice, we'll catch some of them before morning yet," said the young Major; "the night is young yet, before it is over we'll make some of them pay for to-day's doings; But order dinner, for it is getting late, and we must be all night on duty. Come in gentlemen."

Dick and his guests enjoyed as comfortable a dinner as was possible under the circumstances; though not overflowing with filial love, and caring little for anything or anybody that did not contribute to his personal vanities or pleasures, he felt savage over the death of his father, and filled with a spirit of vengeance against the authors of his death. He did not regret his demise so much as the manner of his taking off, for he had long looked forward to the day when he would succeed his father, not only in his estates, but also in his position as chief magistrate of the county. He felt chagrined at not recovering the corpse, and his anger became intensified when the body of Knox was discovered in an eddy of the river and forwarded to his friends for decent burial. Knowing the odium in which his father was held by the Catholics of the neighborhood, his tyrannical conduct being such as to obtain for him the name of "the bloody Major," he believed that, should the corpse fall into their hands, they would show their detestation of his conduct in life and their approval of his violent death by stringing him up to a tree in the woods, with an insulting placard pinned to his breast, or some other ignominious and dishonorable act, which the young Major could not brook to think of. The latter's character was well known to the resident gentry, and many had twitted Dick on his short-comings during a Rapparee hunt, and none more so than his own father. Though always foremost and by his father's side when riding down a priest, he was always careful to keep in the centre of the troop when following a Rapparee. With all his faults, and he had many, Major Crosby was better liked by his associates than was his son,

whom they heartily despised in their hearts for his cowardice. Like all poltroons, he was cruel and vindictive, and, though too cowardly to resent, never forgave a real or fancied insult. Arrogant and overbearing to his dependants, he was fawning to his superiors or equals in society; utterly devoid of moral principles though a great champion of Protestantism, he did not believe in that or any other religion. The only belief he entertained was to enjoy the good things of this life, and if possible, exterminate the Catholics of Ireland. He was better versed in an act of Parliament than in the "Acts of the Apostles," and brought the former into requisition oftener than the latter. Craunston was his tool, the abettor of many of his villainies, and caterer to his passions. He was a low Scotchman, as bigoted as he was vulgar, and as sycophantic as he was unprincipled when personal gain or emolument was in view.

The dinner passed in silence. Dick drank deep; his brow was clouded, and Craunston, who watched every movement of his features, knew that he was meditating some plan of devilry or vengeance. Following the example of their host, the gentlemen indulged in large potations, and it was not until several bottles were emptied that they indulged in conversation.

"It was a devilish lucky thing for the Rapparees," said Craunston, who, like his master, felt his courage rise the deeper he quaffed, "that the river was between us to-day. Had we met them on the open ground, not a man of them would have escaped. I never saw the young Major ride harder or better than he did to-day. I could scarcely restrain him from plunging into the water after the scoundrel Mullen." This, by the way, was a notorious falsehood, for Dick, suspecting an ambuscade near the river, had prudently kept in the background, and was one of the first to run from the Rapparees' volley; but as the doubtful Captain spoke he looked with smiling admiration at the object of his adulation and flattery.

"I cannot say," remarked Lindsay, "that I noticed his promptitude in endeavoring to avenge the murder of his father, but I confess that he far outstripped me in the race to Castletown,

and being better mounted than me, himself and Ramsay here led the retreat."

"It was our duty to do so," replied Ramsay, "for when Major Crosby fell, the command devolved upon Dick, and I, being the oldest gentleman present, and on many occasions the honored advisor and counsellor of Major Crosby, and also believing in the strategy and military genius of the young Major, felt it a duty incumbent upon me to follow wherever he led."

(To be continued.)

THE WOODLAND FLOWER.

Translated from the French of Emile Barateau, by KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

O little woodland flower,
Always, always hidden!
I'm seeking thee unbidden,
This many a weary hour,
To tell thee that I love thee,
That I could not prize above thee
Richest bloom of tropic bower,
My little woodland flower.

Thine artless loveliness
Wins not the trifler's smile,
Thou hast no wanton wile,
Thou breathest but to bless.
O flower drooping lowly,
Bright flower, chaste and holy,
I kiss thee, all unfeared
Of bliss with ending tearful!

The sweet bonds that unite us
Will evermore endure,
Ardent and strong and pure,—
No fears of change affright us,
I love the bird that sings to thee,
The shadow soft that brings to thee
Refreshment, flow'ret fair,—
Yea, all thy joys I share.

For oh! my maiden sweet
Hath a beloved name;
And flower, thou hast the same—
I love thee, as is meet!
When she's afar I seek
Thy face so pure and meek;
Sweet flower, unto thee only,
I breathe my longings lonely.

O little woodland flower,
Always, always hidden!
I'm seeking thee unbidden,
This many a weary hour,
To tell thee that I love thee,
That I could not prize above thee
Richest bloom of tropic bower,
My little woodland flower!

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

THERE was some horse-racing over at the Blank Course one day last fall, and Butterwick attended to witness it. On his way home in the Reading cars in the afternoon he encountered Rev. Dr. Potts, a clergyman, who knew no more about horse-racing than a Hindoo knows about seven up. Butterwick, however, took it for granted, in his usual way, that the Doctor was familiar with the subject, and taking a seat beside him he remarked: "I was out at the Blank Course today to see Longfellow." "Indeed? Was he there? Where did you say he was?" "Why, over y'er at the course. I saw him and General Harney, and a lot more of 'em. He run agin General Harney, and it created a big excitement, too; but he beat the General badly, and the way the crowd cheered him was wonderful. They say that a good deal of money changed hands. The fact is I had a small bet upon the General myself." "You don't mean to say that Longfellow actually beat General Harney?" "Yes I do! Beat him the worst kind. You'd hardly 've thought it now, would you? I was never more surprised in my life? What's queer about it is that he seemed just as fresh afterwards as before he commenced. Didn't faze him a bit. Why, instead of wanting to rest he was jumping about just as lively, and when the crowd began to push around him he kicked a boy in the stomach and doubled him all up—nearly killed him. Oh, he's wicked! I wouldn't trust him as far as I could see him." "This simply astonishing," said the doctor, "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Are you sure it was Longfellow, Mr. Butterwick?" "Why, certainly, of course; I've seen him often before. And, after breathing awhile, he and Maggie Mitchell came out, and as soon as they stepped off he put on an extra spurt or two and led her by a neck all around the place, and she came in puffing and blowing and nearly exhausted. I never took much stock in her anyway." "Led her by the neck! Why, this is the most scandalous conduct I ever heard of. Mr. Butterwick, you must certainly be joking." "I pledge you my word it's the solemn truth. I saw it myself. And after that

Judge Fullerton and General Harney, they took a turn together, and that was the prettiest contest of the day. First the Judge'd beat the General and then the General'd put in the big licks and give it to the Judge, and the two'd be about even for awhile, and all of a sudden the General would give a kinder jerk or two and leave the Judge just nowhere, and by the time the General passed the third quarter the Judge keeled over against the fence and gave in. They say he broke his leg, but I don't know if that's so or not. Anyway he was used up. If he'd passed the quarter he might have been all right." "What was the matter with the quarter? Wasn't it good?" "Oh, yes. But you see the Judge must have lost his wind or something; and I reckon when he tumbled it was something like a faint, you know." "Served him right for engaging in such a brutal contest."

Well, I dunno. Depends on how you look at such things. And when that was over Longfellow entered with Mattie Evelyn. He kept shooting past her all the time, and this worried her so that she ran a little to one side, and somehow, I dunno how it happened, but his leg kinder tripped her, and she rolled over on the ground, hurt pretty bad, I think, while Longfellow had his leg cut pretty near to the bone. "Did any of the shots strike her?" "I don't understand." "You said he kept shooting close to her, and I thought maybe some of the bullets might have struck her." "Why, I mean that he ran past her, of course. How in thunder could he shoot bullets at her?" "I thought maybe he had a gun. But I don't understand any of it. It is the most astounding thing I ever heard of, at any rate." "Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you how Longfellow could manage a gun?" "Why, as any other man does, of course." "Man! man! Why, merciful Moses! you didn't think I was talking about human beings all this time, did you? Why, Longfellow is a horse! They were racing—running races over at the course this afternoon, and I was trying to tell you about it." "You don't say," remarked the doctor, with a sigh of relief. "Well, I declare, I thought you were speaking of the poet, and hardly knew whether to believe you or not; it seemed so strange that he

should behave in that manner." Then Mr. Butterwick went into the smoking-car to tell the joke to his friends, and the doctor sat reflecting upon the outrageous impudence of the men who name their horses after respectable people.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

A SMALL boy, who acted as page, and was placed in the back ground, with a view to being generally useful, and generally abused, had indulged in a pantomime gesture of defiance and contempt at the gentleman who had maligned his country. The butler who had seen it, seized him by the hair with no very gentle grasp, as the easiest way of inflicting personal chastisement, when a blow could not be administered without attracting general attention. The boy did not roar, he had too much respect, or fear, of polite society to make such an exhibition of his feelings, however great the relief, but he did try to escape from the tormentor. With considerable cunning, he submitted for a few seconds, and then made a rapid dash forward. A footman was going round at the moment with a tray of glasses, and the full force of the young urchin's body came against him, oversetting his burden, with the shivering sound peculiar to broken glass. The Colonel started to his feet, evidently terribly frightened, and exclaimed, almost in a roar, "Good God! I'm——"

"Shot!" said O'Sullivan, and a shout of laughter followed, in which the Judge himself was compelled to join, though, with the courtesy of a host, he tried his utmost to remain silent. The Colonel sat down looking exceedingly foolish. The Judge tried to pass off the unpleasantness by asking him some question about wine.

The butler seized the offending boy by the collar, boxed his ears when he got him out of hearing, and kicked him down the stairs which led to the domos-

tic apartments, ordering him not to appear again until he had learned how to behave himself "properly in society."

O'Sullivan remained quiet, so preternaturally quiet, that the Judge began to get nervous; he always was nervous, even in court, when the Q. C. was very silent, for he knew some desperate piece of mischief would follow. He did his best to engage the Colonel in conversation, but it was hopeless. When O'Sullivan meant to do a thing he did it, and interference had only the effect of aggravating matters. A quarter of an hour passed away in general conversation. The page had picked himself up, when he found no one else was likely to perform the operation for him, and was not much the worse for his correction. He came back to the dining-room, and was not expelled by the other servants. No one else, except, perhaps, O'Sullivan, who had the knack of seeing as well as hearing everything, knew how the accident had happened.

It has been said that perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed—when O'Sullivan looked up, and, with the most natural air possible, addressed the unfortunate Colonel once more. His tone, his manner, had merely the air of continuing a conversation which had been going on, but was momentarily interrupted:

"You were saying, Colonel, that you had a suspicion, and perhaps a clue to this outrage?"

"We are not in court, O'Sullivan," observed the host, who was painfully anxious to keep the peace for the evening.

"Always in courtly presence where you are, Judge," was the happy reply, and then he looked at the Colonel for an answer.

Everard was a perfect gentleman, and as brave a man as ever lived; but he had served several years in India, which neither improved his health nor his disposition towards dependents. There were, moreover, several Irish soldiers in his regiment who had given him immense trouble by their unconquerable passion for drink—the curse of the race—and his prejudices against the race had not been lessened thereby. His mother was Irish, at least by birth, and her father had been shot after an act of

gross injustice to a tenant. The murderer was never discovered; the widow, Mrs. Brownlaw, went to live in England, and not unnaturally instilled into her daughter's mind the most intense hatred for her race.

Those who do not give themselves the trouble to reflect, and there are not very many persons who do reflect deeply on any subject, are entirely unaware how completely we are under the influence of education and of early impressions. It requires a strong, vigorous exercise of the will in after life to free ourselves from the false maxims and untrue opinions which, through our circumstances of birth or parentage, have become almost part of our very being. There are not many persons who would admit that they are the victims of prejudice, but like the lady who is reported to have said, "I hate prejudice—I hate the French!" there are multitudes who can give no better name for their likes and dislikes than a strong assertion of them. If Everard had put his opinions into words he would have said: "I hate the Irish!" If he had been asked to give a reason, a reason personal to himself, and not a stock of traditional prejudice he would have found himself very much perplexed. If those prejudices did not react on others they might be harmless, if what is false can ever be harmless; but, unhappily, men are too often governed in their actions by their prejudices, and in the present instance it will be seen how the prejudices of an otherwise excellent and honorable man led to the most fatal consequences.

"You were saying, Colonel," continued O'Sullivan, "that you had a suspicion, and perhaps a clue to this outrage?"

"Well, yes, Mr. O'Sullivan, there is generally a motive. In my grandfather's case—" ("For Heaven's sake, get him off his grandfather!" whispered O'Sullivan's next neighbor.)

"Yes, but in *this* case," interrupted the barrister, with gentlemanly effrontery.

"In this case, sir, I believe there was a motive, and I believe I know the motive, and"—he added, after a moment's hesitation—"the person."

Every one was silent now. Though Lord Elmsdale was not very popular with the country families, his death had

shocked every one extremely—as well it might; but there seemed no possible way of accounting for it. It was generally believed that it could not have been an accident; but he was not known to have a single enemy. He was a just landlord, though certainly not a generous one. The county was singularly exempt from agrarian outrages, either on the part of landlord or tenant, for the name has been curiously enough—by mere force of prejudice—limited to one side. No landlord had committed an agrarian outrage on his tenant—legally or otherwise—by throwing him out of house and home, to starve by the wayside; no tenant had taken into his hand the vengeance which belongs only to God, or brought on himself or his family the curse of the murderer. But if Lord Elmsdale's death was not an agrarian outrage, what was it?

"We will not ask you to tell us the name of the person whom you suspect, but if you will tell us some of the grounds of suspicion," and O'Sullivan looked round, as if to include the whole party in the "we."

The Judge made a sign to the servants to retire. They dare not disobey, but they left the room with manifest reluctance. Five minutes afterwards, the butler found the incorrigible page with his ear to the keyhole of the door. He was again boxed and kicked, but, with that wonderful facility for enduring ill-usage which seems inherent in the boy-kind of a certain class, he was up again at the post of vantage the very moment the butler disappeared to discuss events in the house-keeper's room.

"My suspicions," replied the Colonel, "are, I believe, founded on fact. I had a lengthened interview with Lord Elmsdale in connection with some magisterial business, and he informed me there had been some difficulties with his servants, and with some of the people on the property."

"But I presume he did not mention any particular individual, or any particular circumstances?"

"Well, not exactly, but I could quite gather who the person was, and what the circumstances were."

"You have your *suspicions*, in fact," observed the lawyer, with an emphasis on the leading word.

A gentleman remarked that he thought it very unlikely any tenant or dependent of Lord Elmsdale's would have murdered him in cold blood by the wayside, and suggested there was probably some mystery about the affair which time would elucidate. But Colonel Everard had a fixed, and, as we said, educational creed, that every Irishman of the lower classes was an embryo-murderer, and that it only needed some slight provocation to develop his propensity into crime. He only regretted that law, as administered in India, could not be put into execution in Ireland under present circumstances. "There, sir," he continued, "the matter would soon have been settled. I have my suspicions; I would have made them public at once, as a matter of duty; several men would have been arrested, and two or three shot as an example."

"Law, but not justice; and it is a question if it promotes the ends which it is intended to effect."

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Good evening, Miss Callan. I hope I am not too late. I am anxious to employ your good taste in the selection of a Christmas present for my wife. Now, what do you think she would like?"

Miss Callan looked very much gratified. The Head Constable was not wont to be complimentary to women-kind, or to pay complimentary visits.

"I have a sweet thing in bonnet ribbons; and there's them new shawls, I'm sure nothing could be more illegant, and just fit for a lady like Mrs. Egan, sir."

Egan had been taking a general inspection of Miss Callan's shop. He could not see even the ghost of a comforter, or woollen scarf. He was considerably annoyed to find that it would probably take him a very much longer time than he could spare to extract the information he wished from the woman, without exciting her curiosity, or giving rise to even the faintest suspicion.

He just wished to ascertain two facts: had Miss Callan sold any comforters, with a gold thread at the bottom where the fringe depended, and to whom had she sold them? Moreover, he got the

message which Lord Elmsdale had desired Burns to send, and he was determined not to go up to the Castle without having some information. As to Lord Elmsdale's knowing anything of the matter, the idea never crossed his mind: if it had, he would simply have thought it too absurd for a second consideration.

"I think you were in Dublin last week," he observed, suggestively, as he looked over the various articles which Miss Callan exhibited. "I suppose all these are new goods? Where did you buy them?"

The good woman little suspected what the Constable wished to know. She thought only of her merchandize, and that he was anxious to present his wife with the newest fashion.

"All new, sir," she replied; "and all bought in Dublin last week, sir."

Egan was by no means a violent man, but he felt it would have been a considerable relief to his feelings if he could have knocked Miss Callan down—gently, quite gently, of course; he would not have hurt her for the world.

It was getting dark, too, in the close of a snowy winter's evening; and even if she had the comforters, in a few minutes later it would be impossible to examine them properly.

"I think, Miss Callan, ma'am,"—he was profoundly deferential,—"I think I will bring my good lady to see these things. Perhaps she will be best pleased to choose for herself."

Miss Callan looked disappointed. She expected a one-pound note would have made its way to her till, after the Constable's visit, and she had had some experience of the results when people promised to call again.

Egan read the look. With a little early training, and a little experience of London life, he would have made a first-rate detective. In Ireland, his talents in that department were simply thrown away. There were no mysterious robberies of plate, garrotting was quite unknown, and child-murder unheard of—the Irish were too far behind the age for that kind of thing.

He stood still at the counter.

"The price of that shawl, Miss Callan?"

"A pound, sir, to you. It would be

twenty-five shillings to any one else. Clearly Miss Callan was not behind-hand in the art of selling her goods.

"You may lay it by, ma'am, and here's the money for it. If my wife does not choose that when she sees it, she shall have some other article of equal value. Good evening to you, Miss Callan—good evening."

The shopwoman was highly gratified, and poured forth a profusion of thanks.

Egan went to the door, and just as he was turning into the street he looked back.

"There now!—if I have not forgotten one of the very particular things I wanted to inquire about! Have you any scarfs or comforters—any kind of warm woollen affairs for the throat, you know?"

"Well, sir, I had——"

"Unfortunate—very!" And Egan got quite warm about it. "My wife's nephew. You know my wife's nephew, Miss Callan? Fine lad—but exposed to all kinds of weather. And I promised her faithfully I would get him a woollen necktie, and that I would have it for him to-morrow, early in the morning. It's really very unfortunate. Would you mind looking through your stock—you might find something that would do?" and he took out his purse to give further zest to the search.

"I'm afraid it's no use," observed the shopwoman, after a cursory and rapid survey, made merely to please Mr. Egan. "I had some last week—a particular make too,—but they were all bought up."

Egan looked very much interested—more so than was quite prudent; but he had no very skilled observer.

"I dare say they were just what I wanted. Could you give me any idea of the color and the size? My nephew must have green—very national, you know, and all that,—and, as he's not in the force, he can please himself. Hope I shan't have to put the bracelets on him some day for his disloyalty," he added with a grim attempt at pleasantry, and then he looked round cautiously. Men and women are not hung now for the "wearing of the green," but an official might lose his place for expressing an undue admiration of the national color!

"Well, sir, they were green—and

that's curious, too—green and olive; and very pretty, tasty things. I wish I'd bought more of them, for they were soon picked up. Ned Rusheen bought the last of them. You know him, Mr. Egan?"

"Lord Elmsdale's under keeper? Oh, yes; I know him—a fine young fellow; and you say he bought the last. How long might it be since? Perhaps they are not all sold in the shop where you bought them."

"I dare say there are some left," she replied, answering the business question first. "How long since he bought it?—well, it might be two or three days, I could not be quite certain."

"Was it this week, Miss Callan?" Egan spoke rather eagerly, and the woman wondered why he should care to know.

"It was this week for sure, for it was only last Saturday, late at night, I came home with them."

"And you will try to get me one. I really cannot disappoint the young man. Could you get a messenger—a safe messenger? I would give sixpence, or even a shilling, if you could."

"I'm your man, sir," screamed a diminutive urchin, known as the greatest runner, the greatest liar, and the greatest mischief in the barony.

Egan looked doubtful. Anxious as he was to get the article, he was not sure of this youth who had just appeared on the scene was safe to trust. He would not have minded the loss of the shilling, but now that he had the clue in his possession—now that he felt a step further might enable him to put his hand on the murderer, and startle him from his dream of security with a stern "Wanted!"—he would have given anything, done anything to secure further evidence.

"You may trust him, sir," said Miss Callan, who had noticed Egan's hesitation and anxiety, and wondered at it, as much as it was in her to wonder at anything which did not concern her own business. "He will do your message safe. He knows his own interest too well. Don't you, Jack?"

Jack made a grimace of assent, which did not add to the general respectability of his appearance.

"I'm gone, sir! What's the message, and where's the shop?"

Miss Callan told him. She always gave out that she got her goods "from Dublin;" it sounded genteel and fashionable. She saved her conscience by an occasional purchase in the city, and her purse by going no farther than Kingstown—which, for the benefit of my American and Australian readers, I may mention is a flourishing town not many miles from the Irish metropolis.

Jack got his directions, with many explanations from Miss Callan; that she only purchased on that occasion in Kingstown because she happened to see the goods in a window; she thought they were better than what she could get in Dublin, for the same money.

Egan did not care where she got them, and took very little notice of her remark. He was more occupied in studying Jack, and calculating the probability of his return.

"A shilling, if you are back in three hours. It is just five o'clock now. If you run as fast for business, as I have seen you for pleasure, you can be at the police barrack by eight o'clock; and remember you keep your message and your parcel to yourself, and hold your tongue, or——"

Jack gave a war-whoop of exultation, and, before Egan could finish his sentence, he was out of sight.

Precisely as the church clock struck seven, as Egan was returning from Elmsdale Castle—of which visit more hereafter—he saw the renowned Jack slouching (no word expresses it so well) about the door of the police barrack.

Incensed at being made a fool of by the boy, and at his apparent indifference, Egan seized him by the collar, and administered a smart correction. "There, you young rascal, I'll teach you to promise to go errands again!"

"And now that your honor's finished batin' me, sir," replied the boy, without the slightest concern for the rough treatment he had received; "now that your honor's finished batin' me, maybe it would be plazin' to you to tell a poor boy what you were batin' him for? for sorrah know I know."

Was the boy a knave or a fool. Egan felt inclined to the latter opinion.

"Well, go home now, and don't let me see your face this six months, or maybe

it's in Bridewell you'll find yourself for a vagrant."

"O! thin, but that's a fine word, intirely, sir—if you would not be above tacin' it to me."

Egan turned away.

"Mr. Egan," shouted the boy; "Mr. Egan, sir!" The Constable turned back. "About the little errand you sent me on: when shall I tell you?"

Egan looked utterly incredulous. Was it possible that the boy had gone and come that distance in two hours? He did not like to speak to him either outside or inside the barrack, though it was dark—so he simply pointed up the road. The boy understood perfectly. He went up the road, and, when he was out of sight, he waited quietly for Egan. The man went into the house, partly because he did not wish to be seen following Jack, and partly to get a dark-lantern to examine the purchase, if it had been made. It was made. The famous Jack had secured a stray horse, which had the misfortune to be grazing by the roadside, and as the boy always made it a rule never to use his legs if he could get any other mode of conveyance he had mounted the animal, sans saddle or bridle, and rode until quite close to Kingstown. His purchase made, with his usual luck he discovered the horse grazing in a field where he had left it, in the conjecture, and, as the event proved, well founded assurance, that it was too dark for any man to distinguish one beast from another, or to send it to pound.

He then loitered about the barrack a good half hour, but, true to his trust, he had made no effort even to ascertain if Egan had returned.

"I'm thinking that's the article your honor'll be looking after," said the boy, as soon as they were completely hidden from any possibility of observation,—and he produced the article from its repository.

A shove of one shoulder, and a slip of the other released him from the small amount of upper garments he wore, and round his waist, next a skin not immaculately clean, the comforter was wound, as he graphically expressed it, "illegant and aisy."

A rapid glance showed the constable that he had got what he wanted. The next move was to get rid of the boy

quietly. More easily wished than accomplished: for the lad had an investigating turn of mind, and even as Egan handed him the new shilling, with all his eagerness to possess it, and his joy at having such a sum of money in his possession for the first time, he asked, with a grin that showed he meant to have an answer if he could, "Ah, thin, Mr. Egan, sir, maybe you'd tell poor Jack why you're so anxious about the neck ornament, for I know it's not for nothing I've got this," and he flourished his shilling in the air.

"If you don't hold your——" Egan began; but he suddenly remembered he might want the boy to give evidence the next day, and that it would be desirable to secure him in some manner for the occasion. It is true, his evidence would not be of much interest, and his character was not one to give it much value. But Egan was thoroughly alive to the importance of manifesting his own skill in the affair; and the more evidence he could bring forward, the more would be thought of his efforts to promote the proper administration of justice. He remained silent so long that Jack began to get alarmed, as far as it was in him to be alarmed at anything. He had some awe of the Head Constable, and an unlimited idea of his powers. He was just on the point of taking to his heels, his well-tryed resource in all emergencies, when Egan spoke:

"Now, then, Jack," he said briskly, "how would you like a bit of gold to put with the bit of silver?" He turned the light of the lamp full on the boy, and the expression of his countenance left no doubt whatsoever as to his feelings on the subject. "Because," continued Egan, perfectly satisfied now, "if you will keep your tongue quiet, and do just what I tell you from this till this time to-morrow, you shall have that!" and he showed him a new half-sovereign.

Jack flung three double somersaults on the spot, and went so close to Egan at the last performance that he adroitly knocked the lantern out of his hands with his foot, and caught it again before it reached the ground. The boy would have been a fortune to an acrobatic troupe.

(To be continued.)

SILKEN THOMAS RENOUNCING HIS ALLEGIANCE TO ENGLAND.

"Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines!—since Silken Thomas flung King Henry's sword on council-board the English thanes among. Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway, Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away."—THOMAS DAVIS.

We read in the Annals of the Four Masters that, "in the year 1535, Garret, Earl of Kildare, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, died in imprisonment in the Tower of London."

This nobleman had long been at deadly feud with the Butlers, lords of Ormond. In one of the raids which he made into their territory, finding that David Creagh, Archbishop of Cashel, was giving aid and comfort to his hereditary enemies, the fiery Geraldine burnt the cathedral and sacked the "City of the Kings." This occurred in 1498.

Complaint of this sacrilegious conduct being made to King Henry VII., that monarch summoned Kildare to London to answer the charge, when the audacious chieftain defended himself by solemnly swearing that "he would never have thought of burning the cathedral had he not been assured that the Archbishop was within it at the time."

On hearing this characteristic defense, his enemies exclaimed, "All Ireland cannot govern this man." "Then," replied the King, "he shall govern all Ireland." And so he was made Lord Deputy of that kingdom.

After the death of Henry VII., his successor, Henry VIII., continued Kildare as Lord Deputy. Through the influence of Cardinal Wolsey he was removed, and the Earl of Surrey appointed in his place; but Kildare soon managed to regain the favor of the king, and got re-appointed to his old position of deputy.

However, on his being ordered to proceed against the Earl of Desmond, Kildare, not wishing to be made the agent of his kinsman's punishment, evaded compliance with the royal mandate, and, taking advantage of some disturbances in Ulster, he marched into

that province under pretext of suppressing them, instead of going to fight the Desmond in Munster. For this contumacy he was summoned to London to account for his conduct; but before he went he supplied all his own castles with arms and military stores from the royal arsenals, and committed the government to his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, then in the twentieth year of his age.

Ormond, the implacable and wily foe of the Geraldines, finding the veteran who had so long thwarted his plans and humbled his pride removed out of his way, and a hot-headed, inexperienced youth, the only obstacle to his ambition and thirst for vengeance, soon set himself to plot the destruction of his great rival.

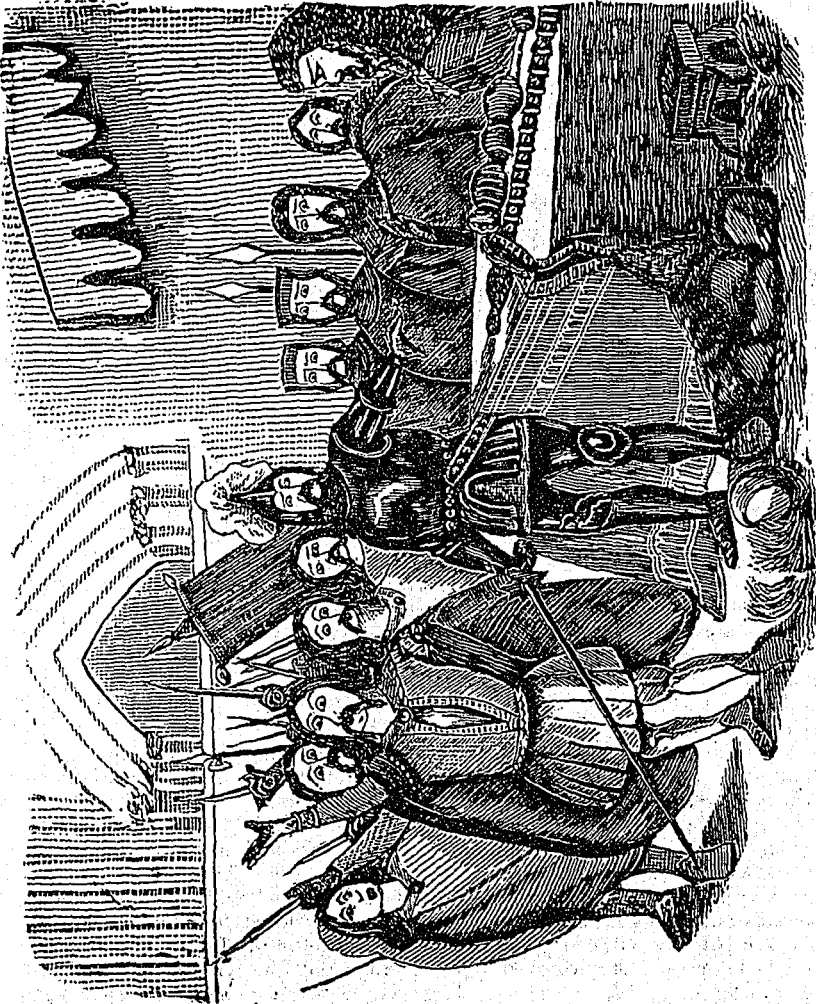
Acting in accordance with his design, he, in conjunction with Sir William Skeffington and Alan, Archbishop of Dublin, bitter enemies of the old earl, caused a false report to be circulated, to the effect that Kildare had been murdered in the Tower of London. On this report reaching the ears of the young Lord Deputy, it had precisely the effect its cunning originators contemplated. Lord Thomas swore vengeance on his father's murderers; and, burning with rage, he proceeded from the Castle of Dublin to Mary's Abbey, where the Council were in session, for the purpose of delivering up his sword of office and renouncing forever all allegiance to the English king. He was accompanied by several of his noble kinsmen and a strong body guard of Irish retainers, devoted, body and soul, to the house of Kildare. The gates of Mary's Abbey were soon reached, and ere the last of his followers had ceased to pour into the echoing court yard, Lord Thomas and his friends were at the door of the council-chamber.

The assembled lords rose at his entrance, and way was made for him to the chair of state; but, stopping midway between the entrance and the council-table, while his friends gathered in a body at his back, and his faithful guards blocked up the door and filled the court-yard, Lord Thomas took the sword of state from its bearer, and, advancing up the hall to the council-table, thus passionately addressed the terrified and bo-

wildered lords of the council, who had drawn round the throne, while he stood alone on the opposite side of the table with the sword in his hand :

“ This sword your monarch to my father gave,
 When civil tumult vexed our Irish land ;
 And with it added power to smite or save.
 And justice deal with an unsparing hand.
 Full well my sire obeyed the high command,
 Taming each rebel chief and tanist soon ;
 Witness Knocktow, MackUlick's scattered
 band,
 Imaile's dark glen, and wilds of Glan-
 croom.
 For this what were his thanks?—a scaffold
 and a tomb.

“ And therefore came I at your feet to fling
 This pageant sword and—*there* the bauble
 lies.
 Mine own I draw, and, Saxons, tell your
 king
 That O'flaly his utmost rage defies,
 Warring to death with him and his allies!
 Bear witness Heaven and sainted Bridget's
 shrine,
 That to the winds I top all English ties ;
 And Ormond!—foeman to my house and
 line—
 Behold! I do defy thee! I, the Geraldine!
 “ For ye have wrung me unto this with lies,
 And written fabrications, foul and vain ;
 My father's blood smokes on the earth and
 cries
 For vengeance. And deep that crimson stain



SILKEN THOMAS RENOUNCING HIS ALLEGIANCE TO ENGLAND.

Shall I revisit on your Saxon name.

For with mine own my country's wrongs I blend;

Henceforth all other quarrels I disclaim;

All other studies, lo! this instant end;
And every foe to England is Fitzgerald's friend!"

Having concluded, in the midst of a tumult of acclamation from his followers, who were with difficulty restrained from avenging the death of their old chief on those whom they heard denounced as his murderers, Lord Thomas flung the sword of state violently on the council-table, tore off his robes of office and flung them on the ground, standing up an armed but avowed rebel before the representatives of England and Ireland.

The illustration in this number shows how well our artist has entered into the spirit of the scene. Samuel Ferguson thus graphically describes the scene which followed this daring act:

"'Crom Abu!' cried Neal Roe O'Kennedy, Lord Thomas's bard, who had passed into the body of the hall at the head of the Irish soldiery. He was conspicuous over all by his height and the splendor of his native costume. His legs and arms were bare; the sleeves of his yellow *cothore*, parting above the elbow, fell in voluminous folds almost to the ground, while its skirts, girded at the loins, covered him to the knee. Over this he wore a short jacket of crimson, the sleeves just covering the shoulders, richly wrought and embroidered and drawn round the waist by a broad belt set with precious stones, fastened with a massive gold buckle. His laced and fringed mantle was thrown back, but kept from falling by a silver brooch as broad as a man's palm, which glittered on his breast. He stretched out his hand, the golden bracelets rattling as they slid back on the thickness of his red-haired arm, and exclaimed in Irish:

"Who is the young lion of the plains of Liffey that affrights the men of council and the ruler of the Saxon with his noble voice? Who is the raked up ember of Kildare that would consume the enemies of his people and the false churls of the cruel race of Clan-London? It is the son of Gerald, the top branch of the oak of Offaly—it is Thomas of the Silken Mantle. *Tomas an teeda. Ard-Righ Bireann!*"

"'Righ Tomas go bragh!' shouted the soldiery with the wildest enthusiasm, while Neal Roe continued in a voice of thunder:

"'Farrak! farrak!' it is Thomas of the shirt of iron that has leaped forth from his silken livery like the bright steel from its sheath of velvet!—like the brand from its cloak of ashes!—like the red, flaming and consuming fire of heaven out of the scattered clouds of the sky. The sword of Erin is sharp, heavy and piercing; the ember of the raked-up wrath of Erin is red, smoking and terrible; the flash of the avenging thunderbolts of Erin is swift and sure, strong and sudden, burning and blasting, wasting and inevitable! Ring around him, sons of Gerralt! Shout for the *Mac an Barla Mor!* Throw up your hunting spears, ye children of the chase. We must soon follow our game with battle-axe and claymore to the wild dog's den. Cast away your bows of chase, ye hunters of the plains of Leinster. We must hunt a prey to-day with the shots of guns and cannons, in the nest of dragons and in the lair of the dun Saxon lion! *Farrak! farrak! Crom Abu!* and, crying the Geraldine war-cry, he rushed into the court-yard, his red locks flaming over the heads of the clansmen like a torch."

Having permitted the lords of the council to escape, unmolested, through the doors at the throne end of the hall. Lord Thomas and his friends withdrew, and immediately after were actively engaged in prosecuting the war he had so defiantly declared. He took Dublin, from Newgate outward, and received hostages from the rest of the city. He plundered and laid waste all Fingal from Sliabh-Roe to Drogheda, and made all Meath tremble at his name.

When the King of England obtained intelligence of this he sent relief to the English. Sir William Skeffington went as Lord Chief Justice to Ireland, accompanied by Leonard Grey and a large fleet. Skeffington laid siege to the castle of Manynooth, and, after a gallant and protracted defense, this chief stronghold of the Leinster Geraldines was treacherously surrendered by Nicholas Perez, the foster brother of Lord Thomas, who had intrusted the villain with its defense in his own absence in another part

of the country. But the traitor was doubly rewarded; for Skeffington having first paid him the stipulated price of his treachery, had him hanged over the gate of the castle. May all such wretches meet a like fate! Whether a friend or foe of Ireland act the part of executioner matters little, so they do the work effectively.

After the loss of Maynooth, Lord Thomas, supported by the O'Neils, O'Briens and O'Connor Faly, carried on the war, with varied success, for a considerable time; but his strength was wasted away by degrees. Yet his enemies, finding it impossible to master him in open fight, had recourse to their old game of treachery. They accordingly sent Lord Leonard Grey to him to negotiate terms of peace. He, promising full pardon from the king, induced the confiding Geraldine to accompany him to England, and when he arrived there he had him instantly confined in the tower.

In his new capacity of Lord Deputy, Lord Grey invited Lord Thomas's five uncles, James, Oliver, John, Walter and Richard, to accept his protection, and he remained for some time their friend (?) But at length having invited them to a feast, he had them all treacherously seized and sent prisoners to England, where they were for some time confined in the tower with Lord Thomas. But at length Henry had the whole six executed together at Tyburn.

By this infamous deed Henry hoped to eradicate from Irish soil the Kildare branch of that rebellious tree "which was ever a thorn in the side of the invader." Yet he was disappointed; for Lord Thomas left an infant son, of whose person the malignant tyrant vainly strove to obtain possession. From that proscribed child was descended the brave Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MOTHER'S KISS.

"MOTHER, kiss me—kiss your darling,
Mamma, kiss your little boy,"
Pleaded thus a blooming cherub,
While his bright eyes lit with joy.

Is there one who has not pleaded?
Is there one who has not felt
Its sweet magic, clear and soothing,
Or a heart it would not melt?

Gently down his mother laid him,
On the pillow smooth and soft;
Tears flowed, and still he pleaded—
"Kiss me, mamma,"—pleaded oft.

Poor young heart! 'twas quickly beating—
Lounging for the mamma's kiss;
Tender lips how sadly twitching—
Asking silently for this.

Said, "My little son," the mother,
"He has naughty been to-day,
How, my darling, can I kiss thee—
Kiss those lips that naughty say?"

Mother see his heart is aching,
See he presses his fair brow,
See the tears his cheeks bedewing
And the pillow's wetted now,

She relents! her boy she kisses,
Now his troubles all are o'er;
On mamma's breast his head reposes—
He will naughty be no more.

Ere the morrow broke upon him
His young spirit far had fled;
Once again the mother kissed him
But the pleading heart was dead.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

THERE is a charming story of Mr. Hawthorne's, called "The Golden Touch," in which he tells the old mythological tale of King Midas, who received the wondrous power of transmuting every object that he touched into shining gold.

The story teller was reminded of the fable by watching the glorious transformation of the leaves on an October day in the Berkshire Hills. He said King Midas had come over to America, and changed the dusky Autumn, such as it is in other countries, into the burnished beauty that it here puts on.

And each season, as the Indian Summer days come on, and I have the good fortune to be in the country—as I watch the dreamy haze as it spreads over hill and valley, the woods and meadows lighting up with spires of golden-rod and asters of every shade, and the chestnut-burrs opening to drop their glossy brown treasures, and, above all, each day revealing the gradual work of the Golden Touch on the mountain-sides, and the trees turning to gold from their tip tops to their furthest boughs, mirrored faithfully back from the bosom of the lake which lies in quiet beauty as if in an enchanted sleep—I think first of the pretty story, and then of something which his

far more wonderful, because it is real and true.

For I know of a Golden Touch—yes, and possess it, too, in common with every one who reads these lines—far more precious than that of poor King Midas, who had cause enough to regret his before he could get rid of it, as the substance is more precious than the shadow or the certainty than the dream.

Every smallest action of our daily life done for ourselves or others—labors, pleasures, sufferings which would otherwise pass away like the flower that fadeth and the dead leaf that the wind carrieth before it—every one we may change if we will into pure gold, and keep laid up forever a shining heap of treasure. We have all heard of this wonderful power that God has given to us; it lies hidden in the secret of a *Pure Intention*.

A loving thought of God is enough to make every act bright and precious. Is there anything we cannot join with a thought of God? If it were not for His being we could not exist at all. If it were not for His wisdom our minds would be empty of all the wonderful and interesting things that fill them; if it were not for His great, wondrous, and all-working power, we could not do one of all the many actions that make up our busy days. Then should we not at least remember Him in all we do?

There is only one thing that we cannot change by the Golden Touch, and that is sin. Our sins are, and they must always remain, black and frightful to remember. Only when God has forgiven them are they blotted out, lost forever. But all the rest—the little things of every day which take up most of our lives—oh, change them by the Golden Touch of a *pure intention* and make them of far more value than their weight in gold.

"All for the Sacred Heart!"—There is a Golden Touch which, in some lives, transmutes many a trifle into a treasure radiant with glory.

"For Thy sake, my God!" How brightly shines the patience that endures and pardons slights or unkindness with such a thought.

"For the love of our Mother Mary!" That Golden Touch would make many a widow's mite of greater weight than a princess' dowry.

"As I would do it for Thee my Jesus, if I had the chance!" There is the way to lend to the Lord when we give to the poor.

Perhaps we have let this wonderful power of ours lie unused and unimproved. Then it will be a new pleasure to try experiments with it.

The story says that when King Midas awoke in the morning, he touched everything in his room to see if his Golden Touch were really true. So let us each new day try our beautiful power; and though we shall not see our treasure heaping up around us, angel's eyes will see and angel's hands will save and store it up for us in our home above, where it will await our coming, and shine in the light of the smile of God for all eternity.

THE BOYS WHO DON'T CARE.

'My son you are wasting your time playing with that kitten. You ought to be studying your lesson. You'll get a black mark if you do not study,' said Mrs. Mason.

'I don't care,' replied the boy.

"Don't care" will ruin that child,' said Mrs. Mason to herself. 'I will teach him a lesson he will not forget.'

When noon arrived, her idle boy rushed into the house, shouting,

'Mother, I want my dinner!'

'I don't care,' replied Mrs. Mason.

James was puzzled. His mother had never so treated him before. He was silent awhile; then he spoke again,

'Mother, I want something to eat!'

'I don't care,' was the cool reply.

'But recess will be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner,' urged James.

'I don't care.'

This was too much for the poor boy to endure. He burst into tears. His mother said,

'My son, I want to make you feel the folly and sin of the habit you have of saying, "I don't care." Suppose I really didn't care for you, what would you do for dinner, for clothing, for a nice home, for an education? I hope therefore, you will cease saying, "I don't care."''

James had never looked on this evil habit in this light before. He promised to do better, and after receiving a piece of pie, went to school a wiser if not a better boy.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

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

Original contributions are respectfully solicited.

ANSWERS.

-16-

London.

-17-

A
N T O
T R R
I O C O T
O I N
A O X
L U I
E S E
R L T
Y

Manna.

-18-

Cymbal.

-19-

R O C K
O M E N
C E D E
K N E E

-21-

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of ten letters, is indispensable to every puzzler.

My 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, is a journal

" 4, 9, 8, 2, 7, is discipline.

" 3, 8, 5, is an animal

C. B. O'Malley

Paterson, N. J.

-22-

PRIZE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To split; to unfasten; a Roman coin; a toy; a Shakesperian character; petulant; to treat; to sever.

The initials and finals name two puzzlers.

A prize for the first solution.

Waller

Montreal

-23-

LOGOGRIPH.

Behold *stay* and get an *omen*, again and get a *song*, transpose and get an *animal*

Behold a *precious stone* and get a *passage*, again and get a *goddess*, transpose and get a *plant*.

My Dot.

Dunkirk, N. Y.

-24-

NUMERICAL ENIGMA

The answer composed of eleven letters is a crocodile.

The 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a stream.

The 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a winged serpent.

S. W. Fraser.

Montreal.

-25-

WORD SQUARE.

A stick, above, a claw, a plant.

M. E. Grant.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.

- To CORRESPONDENTS.

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

For the best list if all are not solved we will give a six months' subscription to the same Magazine.

CHAT

C. B. O'MALLEY,

One of your puzzles appears this month. We would be pleased to hear from you often.

VILLIE ROYAL,

Thanks for your kind offer, we would be pleased to receive some good puzzles from you.

S. W. FRASER,

The *Amateur Star* is to hand and is fully up to the best American paper of its size and kind.

We wish it all success.

OUAISSE,

Take down the double-barreled shot-gun and go for his scalp. How is Peter Story?

HERBERT A. CLARKE,

Why are you so long silent? We should, by this time, have a nice batch of puzzles from you. Don't be long away this time.

FACETIÆ.

When a man is getting married in church he takes a bold place in front of the altar. After that he must take a back seat.

A little boy when asked the other day if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered: "They practice law a spell here and then go to the Legislature."

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it. It also gives a peculiar flavor to the tea, which those who board in a house where the women wear switches may have noticed.

A youth refused to take a pill. His crafty mother thereupon secretly placed the pill in a preserved pear and gave it to him. Presently she asked: "Tom, have you eaten the pear?" He replied: "Yes, mother, all but the seed."

An agent soliciting subscription to a book, showed the prospectus to a man, who, after reading "One dollar in boards, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in sheep," declined subscribing, as he might not have boards or sheep on hand when called upon for payment.

Drive out with a horse and he will switch his tail 150 times to force away troublesome flies; but let him once get his tail over a line, and the old quadruped will wander on for miles without thinking of the flies which revel unmoled in his living gore. What a horse loves best above all things is to do the driving himself.

Before she could utter the "Where have you been till this hour of the morning, anyhow?" which was trembling on her lips, he said: "Been t'hr mind-reading; bet yer seven dollars I kin read yer mind in a minit." "Well, you old fool, what am I thinking of now?" she said in a tone of sadness. "Thinkin' of? Why, I kin read yer mind like ther open pages of 'er book; yer thinkin' I'm drunker'n a biled owl, but yer never was fooled worse in yer life." She only said that there must be something in mindreading after all, for he had hit the nail right square on the head.

"Unto the good little boy shall be given the picnic ticket, but the wicked son shall recline on his mother's knee. Verily, in the day when she waxeth it to him with her slipper, his heart will be full of repentance, and his howling will disturb the neighbors."

London paper.—Benevolent clergyman to Joe: "Why are you standing there, little man?" "Cause I've nowhere to go to." "Where are your father and mother?" "Dunno! Gone away this ever so long!" "Poor little fellow. Well, well, can you answer me this question: When your father and mother forsake you who is it that will take you up?" "The perliceman!"

He had been to a revival meeting, he said. At all events, when he came home at half-past twelve that night, he fumbled up stairs in the dark, and went head first over a scuttleful of coal that the girl had carelessly left on the landing, and sang "Let the lower lights be burning" with a fervency that melted all the "mad" out of his better half.

A man noted for his close-fisted propensities was showing an old coin to a neighbor, when the latter asked, "Where did you get it?" "I dug it out of my garden," was the reply. "It is a pity you didn't find it in the cemetery," said the neighbor. "Why so?" asked the coin owner. "Because you could have saved the hole to be buried in."

"You cannot, O day-star of my life," he pleaded, throwing himself at her feet, "you cannot refuse the rich exhaustless mine of love I pour out at your feet—you cannot turn away from the rare treasures of my heart's devotion that I cast before you—you cannot turn away from all this lavish wealth of heart and hand that is yours to take, and say me nay!" She couldn't, and she didn't. It sounded too wealthy. That was eighteen months ago. Last Saturday he gave her three dollars and eighty-five cents to run the house a week, and when she said she would have to have a new pair of shoes he raised the appropriation to an oven dollar, and then started for the corner groggery, grumbling about woman's extravagance till he was out of hearing.

FLY AS A BIRD!

Written and Adapted by Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

Moderato Expressivo.

VOICE.

1. Fly as a bird to your
2. He will protect thee for

PIANO.

moun - - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin ;.....
ev - - - er, Wipe ev - ry fall - ing tear ;.....

Go to the clear flowing foun - - - tain Where you may wash and be
 He will forsake thee, O nev - - - er; Shelt-ered so ten - der-ly

clean ; Fly for th'aven - ger is near..... thee ;
 there : Haste, then, the hours are fly - - - ing,

Call and the Saviour will hear thee, He on his bosom will
 Spend not the moments in sigh - - - ing, Cease from your sor-row and

bear..... thee Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O
 cry - - - ing, The Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a dotted quarter note, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords in the right hand.

thou who art wea - ry of sin.
 Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a similar melodic structure to the first system. The piano accompaniment includes some dynamic markings such as 'f' and 'mf'.

The third system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. It features a consistent bass line and chords in the right hand, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

| Date. | Day of Week | Notable Anniversaries in February. |
|-------|-------------|---|
| 1 | Sat | Sr. BRIGID died at Kildare, in her 70th year, 525. Connor O'Duvany, Bishop of Down and Connor, beheaded and quartered in Dublin, by order of Sir Charles Chichester, 1611. Cremona saved by a portion of the Irish Brigade, 1702. |
| 2 | Sun | PURIFICATION OF B. V. M. St. Colum. Special Commission for trial of Fenian prisoners closed, after conviction of 36 prisoners and acquittal of three, 1866. |
| 3 | Mon | Five uncles of Silken Thomas executed for High Treason in London, 1536. |
| 4 | Tues | Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association received Royal Assent, 1829. |
| 5 | Wed | Dr. Drennan, poet of the United Irishmen, author of "The Wake of William Orr," &c., died 1820. |
| 6 | Thurs | St. MET, Patron of Ardagh. The Act of Union carried by a purchased majority of 43 votes in the Commons, and 49 in the Lords, 1800. |
| 7 | Fri | Charles Gavin Duffly tried for High Treason, 1849. |
| 8 | Sat | A reward of £1,000 offered for the head of Sir Phelim O'Neill, 1642. |
| 9 | Sun | SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY. William Carleton, the Irish Novelist, born, 1796. |
| 10 | Mon | James H. proclaimed in Dublin, 1685. Funeral service of Daniel O'Connell in Paris, 1848. |
| 11 | Tues | First Meeting of the "United Irishmen," 1791. Tenant Right Meeting in Clare, 1845. At Ballybay, 1848. |
| 12 | Wed | Tone arrived at Paris from America, 1796. Proclamation to put down Catholic Committee, 1811. State trials commenced, 1844. Fenian outbreak at Cahirciveen, County Kerry, 1867. |
| 13 | Thurs | The Irish burnt Edenderry, 1690. |
| 14 | Fri | St. VALENTINE'S DAY. Captain Mooney and Captain McGuire executed in Dublin, for enlisting men for foreign service, 1732. |
| 15 | Sat | The Earl of Desmond beheaded at Drogheda, 1647. Volunteers at Dungannon resolved unanimously, "That the claim of any body of men other than the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance," 1782. |
| 16 | Sun | SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY. Dr. Bettagh died, 1811. Quarrantoti's rescript in favor of the "Veto," 1814. John Sadlier, the traitor to, and destroyer of, the Irish Independent Parliamentary Party, poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath, London, 1856. |
| 17 | Mon | Habeas Corpus suspended for Ireland by a rush in Parliament. Arrests wholesale in anticipation thereof in Ireland sixteen hours before Bill passed, 1866. |
| 18 | Tues | New writ ordered for Tipperary, in the room of James Sadlier, expelled the House of Commons, 1857. |
| 19 | Wed | Colonel Despard executed, 1803. |
| 20 | Thurs | William of Orange proclaimed king within the walls of Derry, 1691. Execution of Conor Lord McGuire at Tyburn. |
| 21 | Fri | Commodore Thurot took Carrickfergus Castle, 1760. |
| 22 | Sat | Barry, the painter, died, 1806. |
| 23 | Sun | QUINGAGESIMA SUNDAY. Orders given by Lords Justices to kill, wound, and destroy rebels and rebels' property, towns, houses, &c., 1641. Rinnucini left Ireland, 1648. French Revolution begun, 1848. |
| 24 | Mon | The Catholic Relief Bill was passed in the Irish Parliament, 1792. |
| 25 | Tues | Mr. Grattan's motion in the House of Commons to take into consideration the laws affecting Catholics, 1813. Archbishop Murray died, 1852. |
| 26 | Wed | ASH WEDNESDAY. Thomas Moore, the poet, died, 1852. |
| 27 | Thurs | House of Commons destroyed by an accidental fire in the year 1792. Corn Laws abolished in England, 1849. |
| 28 | Fri | Sir Toby Butler, Sir S. Rice, and Counsellor Malone heard in the Irish House of Lords against the "Bill to prevent the further growth of Popery," 1703. |

Those men are worthy to be remembered who have left the world better than they found it.

Justice is the great but simple principle, and the whole secret of success, in all government—as absolutely essential to the training of an infant as to the control of a mighty nation.

Men, till a matter be done, wonder that it can be done; and, as soon as it is done, wonder again that it was not sooner done.

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.