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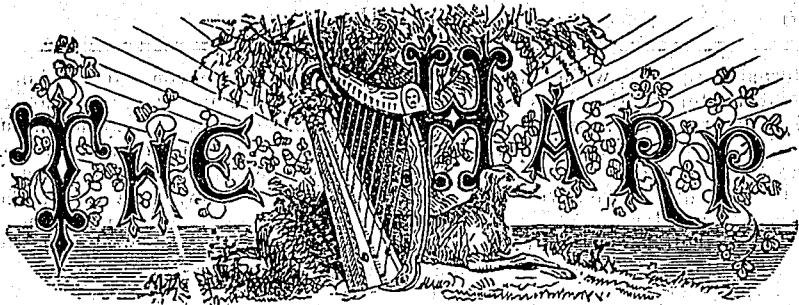
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{ Terms in Advance:
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

GLORY TO GOD, PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL.

NEARLY nineteen hundred years have elapsed since over an humble stable in the village of Bethlehem a chorus of blessed spirits sang from on high the above divine canticle. A new star had arisen in the east; the long-promised MESSIAH, the deliverer of Israel, had come into the world. The King of Kings, the Saviour of mankind was born. He, whose coming had been so long foretold by the prophets, and whose advent on earth had been so anxiously expected, came not as a mighty prince or ruler. He was not born in a palace, swaddled in purple and fine linen, but in an humble abode of indigence and cradled in a manger.

His coming had not been heralded forth to the great and mighty; and kings and princes did not crowd to bow in homage before him; but angels proclaimed the tidings to men of low estate; and by this first act in his earthly career proclaimed Him the friend, the brother, the Saviour of the suffering, the poor and lowly.

From the earliest ages kings, heroes, and illustrious men had become the gods of nations, but their glory soon passed away to be replaced by more favored idols. How different with the babe of Bethlehem. He was the reputed son of a poor carpenter of Judea, born in sorrow and indigence, reared in poverty and surrounded by the poorest and humblest, yet he taught and inculcated a moral philosophy that, by its purity and sublimity, shamed the wisdom of Rome and Greece. The Jewish theology,

though one of abnegation, was sadly devoid of true charity. It was the Philosophy of religion and humanity combined. Though it worshipped God in prayers and sacrifice, it exacted an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. CHRIST, on the other hand, selected his disciples from the lowest; he preached a religion of charity, mortification and self-denial. He instituted new relations among men, a purer code of morality and public faith. His religion was one of love, of faith, of charity, and soon the dark codes and false superstitions of Paganism fell before it, and the light of Christianity illuminated by its cheering rays the whole world.

His character was as spotless as his teachings were pure and virtuous, and even the bitterest Pagans never dared to asperse His unblemished life.

Pure and sanctified, he breathed nothing but love of God—of unbounded charity, as the evangelist says—"He went about doing good."

He was the man of sorrows; nursed in griefs, his heart melted at the sufferings of others, while to poor humanity His constant exhortation was "love one another!"

How consoling are the precepts of his beatitudes, to the poor, the afflicted and the unfortunate—"Blessed are they that mourn; blessed are they that hunger and thirst, etc."

How cheering are these words of hope and peace and comfort to the poor, even in these sad Christmas times. Life is but short at best, and if we but bear our trials, and afflictions with Christian resignation, we are assured of a reward of

eternal happiness, while, on the other hand, He tells us that it is harder for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

CHRIST'S life, as we have said, was one of charity and love, and He lays it down as one of the essential duties of a Christian to follow in his footsteps. Charity inculcates the great truth that we ought to love each other in God, for charity means love and joy, and is the daughter of Christ himself.

This is, of all others, the season for charity; the times and the occasion imposes on the rich the duty of relieving their fellow-creature from want and suffering. Christian and timely assistance from every one who can spare it may bring joy and gladness to many a cheerless, fireless hearth, and may shed a ray of Christmas hope and gladness around many a desolate home. We would say to those to whom God has given riches, these are Christmas times when all should rejoice and be happy. At night when you return to your comfortable homes, and sit before a cheering fire, with your happy wife and children around you; when you hear the pleasant prattle of the latter, as they tell you their Christmas stories and show you their Christmas toys, and laugh in their youthful glee and happiness, and when you cast your eyes upon the sparkling Christmas tree and upon the sumptuous table spread before you, open your hearts and your purses with love and charity towards all, and recollect, that in this city alone, there are many who have neither clothes to cover them, nor fire to warm them, or the coarsest food to keep them from starving. Picture to yourselves their misery and privations; fancy their poor, hungry, helpless children, shivering with cold around the empty stoves. No fire to warm them, no toys or Christmas tree to cheer them, no food to keep them from perishing. Ah! it is a sad picture, and one that a truly charitable heart cannot contemplate without yearning to alleviate; your neighbor is suffering, he is poor, he is afflicted and in want; his wife and innocent children are cold, hungry and naked; go, if you can afford it, and relieve them, and bring back the light of a joyful Christmas to their hearts.

Do this and heaven will bless you here and hereafter, and your own heart will feel lighter and better, and your Christmas dinner will taste a thousand times more savory when you reflect that you have made others happy these blessed Christmas times, when all should be made to realize the blessings of a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE following rarely beautiful and spiritual Christmas Ode, was written by the Rev. A. J. RYAN, and was published in the *Banner of the South* ten years ago. It is too fine a poem to let rest, so we give it to our readers, confident that they will appreciate it at its great worth.

They ask me to sing a Christmas song,
That with musical mirth shall ring;
How know I that the world's great throng
Will care for the words I sing?

Let the young and the gay chant the Christmas lay;
For their voices and hearts are glad;
But I—I am old, and my locks are grey,
And they tell me my voice is sad.

Ah! once I could sing, when my heart beat warm.
With hopes, bright as Life's bright Spring;
But the spring hath fled, and the golden charm
Hath gone from the songs I sing.

I have lost the spell that my verse could weave.
O'er the souls of the old and young;
And never again—how it makes me grieve—
Shall I sing as I once sung

Why ask a song? ah! perchance you believe,
Since my days are so nearly past,
That the song you'll hear this Christmas Eve,
Is the old man's best and last.

Do you want the jingle of rhyme and rhyme?
Art's sweet but meaningless notes,
Or the music of Thought? that, like the chime,
Of a grand Cathedral floats.

Out of each word, and along each line,
 Into the spirit's ear,
 Lifting it up, and making it pine
 For a something far from Here.

Bearing the wings of the soul aloft
 From earth and its shadows dim !
 Soothing the breast with a sound as soft
 As a dream or a Seraph's hymn ;

Evoking the solemnest hopes and fears
 From our being's higher part
 Dimming the eyes with radiant tears
 That flow from a spell-bound heart.

Do they want a song that is only a song,
 With no mystical meanings rife ;
 Or a music that solemnly moves along—
 The undertone of life ?

Well, then, I'll sing; though I know not
 art,
 Nor the Poet's rhymes nor rules—
 A melody moves through my aged heart
 Not learned from books or schools ;

A music I learned in the days long gone—
 I cannot tell where or how—
 But no matter where, it still sounds on—
 Back of this wrinkled brow ;

And down in my heart I hear it still,
 Like the echoes of far-off bells ;
 Like the dreamy sound of a summer rill
 Flowing through fairy dells.

But, what shall I sing for the world's gay
 throng,
 And what the words of the old man's song ?

The world, they tell me, is so giddy grown,
 That thought is rare ;
 And thoughtless minds and shallow hearts
 alone
 Hold empire there :

That fools have 'prestige, place, and power
 and fame—
 Can it be true ?
 That wisdom is a scorn, a hissing shame,
 And the wise are few ?

They tell me, too, that all is venal, and vain
 With high and low ;
 That truth and Honor are the slaves of gain :
 Can it be so ?

That lofty Principle hath long been dead
 And in a shroud ;
 That Virtue walks ashamed, with down-cast
 head :
 Amid the crowd.

They tell me, too, that few are they who
 own
 God's Laws and Love ;
 That thousands, living for this earth alone,
 Look not above ;

That daily, hourly, from bad to worse,
 Men tread the path,
 Blaspheming God, and careless of the curse
 of His dread wrath.

And must I sing for slaves of sordid gain ?
 Or to the Few.
 Shall I not dedicate this Christmas strain,
 Who still are true ?

No, not for the False shall I strike the
 strings
 Of the lyre that was mute so long ;
 If I sing at all—the grey bard sings
 For the Few and the True his song,
 And ah ! there is many a changeful mood
 That o'er my spirits steal ;
 Beneath their spell, and in verses rude,
 Whatever he dreams or feels ;
 Whatever the fancies, this Christmas Eve,
 Are haunting the lonely man—
 Whether they gladden or whether they
 grieve—
 He'll sing them as best he can.

Though some of the strings of his lyre are
 broke.

This holiest night of the year,
 Who knows how its melody may evoke
 A Christmas smile and tear !

So on with the mystic song,
 With its meaning manifold—
 Two tones in every tone ;

In the measured words that move along
 One meaning shall be heard,
 One thought to all be told—
 But under it all, to all unknown—
 As safe as under a coffin lid,
 Deep meaning shall be hid—
 Find them out who can !
 The thoughts concealed and unrevealed
 In the song of the lonely man.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
 This long December night,
 Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom
 With many a picture bright.

Ah ! how the fire can paint !
 His magic skill how strange !
 How every spark
 On the canvas dark

Draws figures and forms so quaint !
 And how the pictures change !
 One moment how they smile !
 And in less than a little while,
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 Like the gleam of a summer sky,
 The beaming smiles all die.

From gay to grave—from grave to gay
 The faces change in the shadows grey,
 And just as I wonder who are they,
 Over them all,
 Like a funeral pall
 The folds of the shadows drop and fall,
 And the charm is gone,
 And every one
 Of the pictures fade away.

Ah! the fire within my grate
 Hath more than Raphael's power,
 Is more than Raphael's peer—
 More than he in a year;
 And the pictures hanging round me here
 This holy Christmas Eve,
 No Artist's pencil could create,
 No painter's art conceive,
 Ah! those cheerful faces
 Wearing youthful graces
 I gaze on them until I seem

Half awake and half in a dream.
 There are brows without a mark,
 Features without a shade;
 There are eyes without a tear;
 There are lips unused to sigh,
 Ah! never mind—you soon shall die.
 All those faces soon shall fade,
 Fade into the dreary dark,
 Like their pictures hanging here.
 — Lo! those tearful faces,
 Bearing Age's traces!

I gaze on them, and they on me,
 — Until I feel a sorrow steal
 Through my heart so drearily;—
 There are faces furrowed deep;
 There are eyes that used to weep;
 There are brows beneath a cloud;
 There are hearts that want to sleep,
 Never mind! the shadows creep
 From the death land; and a shroud,
 Tenderly as a mother's arm,
 Soon shall shield the old from harm;
 Soon shall wrap its robe of Rest
 Round each sorrow-haunted breast
 — Ah! that face of Mother's
 Sister's too, and Brother's—
 And so many others,
 Dear in every name—

And, wherever they are to-night, I know
 They look the very same
 As in their picture hanging here
 This night, to memory dear,
 And painted by the flames,
 With tomb-stones in the back-ground.
 And shadow for their frames.

And thus, with my pictures only,
 And the fancies they unweave,
 Alone, and yet not lonely,
 I keep my Christmas Eve

I'm sitting alone in my pictured room—
 But, no! they have vanished all—
 I'm watching the fire-glow fade into gloom,
 I'm watching the ashes fall.

And far away back of the cheerful blaze,
 The beautiful visions of by-gone days
 Are rising before my raptured gaze.
 Ah! Christmas fire, so bright and warm,
 Hast thou a wizard's magic charm—
 To bring those far-off scenes so near
 And make my past days meet me here?
 Tell me—tell me—how is it?

The past is past, and here I sit,
 And there, lo! there before me rise,
 Beyond yon glowing flame,
 The Summer suns of childhood's skies,
 Yes,—yes—the very same!
 I saw them rise, long, long ago;

I played beneath their golden glow;
 And I remember yet,
 I often cried with strange regret,
 When in the West I saw them set.
 And there they are again;
 The suns, the skies, the very days
 Of childhood, just beyond that blaze?
 But ah! such visions almost 'craze
 The old man's puzzled brain!
 I Thought the past was past!

But no, it cannot be;
 'Tis here to-night with me!
 How is it, then? The Past of Men
 Is part of one Eternity—
 The days of yore we so deplore,
 They are not dead—they are not fled,
 They live, and live forevermore.
 And thus my Past comes back to me,
 With all its visions fair,
 Oh, Past! could I go back to thee,
 And live forever there!
 But, no! there's frost upon my hair
 My feet have trod a path of care;
 And worn and wearied here I sit,
 I am too tired to go to it.

And thus with visions only,
 And the fancies they unweave,
 Alone, and yet not lonely,
 I keep my Christmas Eve.

I'm sitting alone in my fire-lit room;
 But no! the fire is dying,
 And the weary-voice winds in the outer
 gloom
 Are sad, and I hear them sighing
 The wind has a voice to pine—
 Plaintive, and pensive and low—
 Hath it a heart, like mine or thine?
 Knoweth it weal or woe?
 How it wails, in a ghost-like strain,
 Just against that window pane!
 As if it were tired of its long, cold flight,
 And wanted to rest with me to-night.
 Cease, night winds, cease;
 Why should you be sad?
 This is a night of joy and peace,
 And Heaven and Earth are glad!
 But still the wind's voice grieves!
 Perchance o'er the fallen leaves,
 Which, in their Summer bloom,
 Danced to the music of bird and breeze,
 But, torn from the arms of the parent tree,
 Lie now in their wintry tomb,
 Mute types of man's own doom.

And thus with the night-winds only,
 And the fancies they unweave,
 Alone, and yet not lonely,
 I keep my Christmas Eve.

How long have I been dreaming here
 Or have I dreamed at all?
 My fire is dead—my pictures fled—
 There's nothing left but shadows drear—
 Shadows on the wall:
 Shifting, flitting
 Round me, sitting.

In my old arm-chair—
 Rising—sinking
 Round me thinking,
 Till, in the maze of many a dream,
 I'm not myself; and I almost seem
 Like one of the shadows there.
 Well, let the shadows stay!
 I wonder who are they?
 I cannot say; but I almost believe
 They know to-night is Christmas Eve!
 And to-morrow is Christmas Day.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve
 To change Life's bitter gall to sweet,
 And change the sweet to gall again;
 To take the thorns from out our feet—
 The thorns and all their dreary pain,
 Only to put them back again.

To take old stings from out our heart,
 Old stings that made them bleed and smart,
 Only to sharpen them the more,
 And press them back to the heart's own core.

Ah! no eve is like the Christmas Eve?
 Fears and hopes, and hopes and fears,
 Tears and smiles, and smiles and tears,
 Cheers and sighs, and sighs and cheers,
 Sweet and bitter, bitter and sweet,
 Bright and dark, and dark and bright—
 All these mingle, all these meet,
 In this great and solemn night.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve!
 To melt, with a kindly glowing heat,
 From off our souls the snow and sleet,
 The dreary drift of wintry years,
 Only to make the cold winds blow,
 Only to make a colder snow;
 And make it drift, and drift and drift,
 In flakes so icy cold and swift,
 Until the heart that lies below
 Is cold, and colder than the snow.

And thus with the shadows only
 And the dreamings they unweave,
 Alone, and yet not lonely,
 I keep my Christmas Eve.

'Tis passing fast!
 My fireless, lampless room
 Is a mass of moveless gloom:
 And without a darkness vast,
 Solemn—starless—still,
 Heaven and earth doth fill,
 But list! there soundeth a bell,
 With a mysterious ding, dong dell
 Is it, say is it a funeral knell?
 Solemn and slow,
 Now loud—now low;
 Pealing the notes of human woe
 Over the graves lying under the snow!
 Ah! that pitiless ding, dong dell!
 Trampling along the gale,
 Under the stars and over the snow,
 Why is it? whence is it sounding so?

Is it the toll of a bridal bell?
 Or is it a spirit's wail?
 Solemnly—mournfully,
 Sad—and how lornfully!
 Ding, dong, dell!
 Whence is it? who can tell?
 And the marvellous notes, they sink and
 swell
 Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still!
 How the sounds tremble! how they thrill
 Every tone
 So like a moan;
 As if the strange bell's stranger clang
 Throbb'd with a terrible human pang.
 Ding, dong, dell!
 Dismally—drearily—
 Ever so wearily,
 Far off and faint as a Requiem plaint,
 Floats the deep-toned voice of the mystic
 bell
 Piercingly—thrillingly,
 Icily—chillingly
 Near—and more near,
 Drear, and more drear,
 Sounded the wild, weird ding, dong dell.
 Now, sinking lower,
 It tolleth slower!
 I list, and I hear it sound no more.
 And now, me thinks, I know that bell;
 Know it well—know its knell—
 For I often heard it sound before.
 It is a bell—yet not a bell
 Whose sound may reach the ear!
 It tolls a knell—yet not a knell
 Which earthly sense may hear.
 In every soul a bell of dole
 Hangs ready to be tolled;
 And from that bell a funeral knell
 Is often, often rolled;
 And Memory is the Sexton grey
 Who tolls the dreary knell;
 And nights like this he loves to sway
 And swing his mystic-bell.

'Twas that I heard and nothing more,
 This lonely Christmas Eve;
 Then, for the dead I'll meet no more
 At Christmas, let me grieve no more
 Night, be a Priest!—put your dark stole on
 And murmur a holy prayer
 Over each grave, and for every one
 Lying down lifeless there!
 And over the dead stands the high-priest
 Robed in his shadowy stole;
 And beside him I kneel, as his Acolyte
 To respond to his prayer of dole.
 And list! he begins
 That psalm for sins,
 The first of the mournful seven,
 Plaintive and soft
 It rides aloft,
 Begging the mercy of Heaven
 To pity and forgive,
 For the sake of those who live,
 The dead who have died unshriven.
 Miserere! Miserere!

Still your heart and hush your breath!
The voices of Despair and Death
Are shuddering through the psalm!
Miserere! Miserere!

Lift your hearts! The Terror dies!
Up in yonder sinless skies
The psalms sound sweet and calm!
Miserere! Miserere!

Very low, in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans:
"I forgive and have forgiven,
The dead who died unshriven!"
De profundis! De profundis!

Psalm of the dead and disconsolate!
Thou hast sounded through a thousand
years,
And pealed above ten thousand biers;
And still, sad Psalm, you mourn the fate
Of sinners and just,
When their souls are going up to God,
Their bodies down to dust.
Dread hymn! you wring the saddest tears
From mortal eyes that fall,
And your notes wake the darkest fears
That human hearts appal!
You sound o'er the good, you sound o'er the
bad,
And ever your music is sad, is sad.
We seem to hear murmured, in every tone,
For the saintly, a blessing; for sinners, a
curse.
Psalm, sad Psalm! you must pray and grieve
Over our Dead on this Christmas Eve.
De profundis! De profundis!

And the Night chants the Psalm o'er the
mortal clay,
And the spirits immortal from far away,
To the music of Hope sings this sweet-toned
lay;
You think of the Dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the Dead are sleeping;
And we, from a Land where we may not
grieve,
Look tenderly down on you weeping.
You think us far, we are very near,

From you and the Earth though parted:
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted.

The Earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers;
And the sleepless Spirits that passed away
Watch over all Earth's weepers.

We shall meet again in a brighter Land,
Where farewell is never spoken;
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken.

We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime,
Where we will never know a sadness;
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas
chime,
With rapture and with gladness.

The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the Earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May,
Shall follow Earth's December.

When you think of us, think not of the tomb
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyond Earth's gloom.
And wait for the great To-morrow.

And the Pontiff, Night, with his dark stole
on,
Whispereth soft and low;
Requiescat! Requiescat!
Peace! Peace! to every one
For whom we grieve this Christmas Eve,
In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in the far-off Heaven
Have long since struck eleven!
And hark! from Temple and Tower.
Soundeth Time's grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Saviour's birth.
And Night putteth off its sable stole,
Symbol of sorrow and sign of dole,
For one with many a starry gem,
To honor the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes to men the King of them,
Yet comes without robe or diadem,
And all turn toward the holy East,
To hear the Song of the Christmas Feast.

Four thousand years Earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the Nations sighed
That their King so long delayed.

The prophets told His coming,
The saintly for Him sighed;
And the Star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces toward the Future—
They longed to hail the light
That, in after centuries,
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Saviour tarried
In His Father's home;
And the Nations wept and wondered why
The Promised had not come.

At last, Earth's hope was granted
And God was a Child of Earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
That hour than Paradise;
And the light of Earth that night eclipsed
The splendors of the skies.

Then let us sing the Anthem
The angels once did sing;
United with the music of love and praise,
The whole wide world will ring.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song
In excelsis Deo!
Roll the hymn along.

Gloria in excelsis
Let the Heavens ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome, new-born King.

Gloria in excelsis!
Over the sea and land
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the Anthem grand.

Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice.

Gloria in excelsis
Swell the hymn on high;
In excelsis Deo!
Sound it to the sky.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sinful Earth;
In excelsis Deo!
For the Saviour's birth.

Thus joyful and victoriously,
Glad and ever so gloriously;
High as the Heavens—wide as the Earth—
Swelleth the hymn of the Saviour's birth.

Lo! the day is waking
In the East afar;
Dawn is fairly breaking—
Sun is every Star.

Christmas eve has vanished
With its shadows grey;
All its griefs are banished
By bright Christmas Day.

Joyful chimes are ringing,
O'er the land and seas,
And there comes glad singing
Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry
Bed-clothes coyly lift,
And, in such a hurry,
Prattle "Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly,
Knowing Christmas laws,
Peep out very early
For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing
O'er their Christmas toys;
Older ones are quaffing
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,
Faces all are gay;
None are sad and tearful
On bright Christmas Day.

Hearts are light and bounding
All from care are free;
Homes are all resounding
With a happy glee,

Feet with feet are meeting,
Bent on pleasure's way;
Souls to souls give greeting
Warm on Christmas Day.

Gifts are kept a-going
Fast from hand to hand
Blessings are a-flowing
Over every land.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way;
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste around the Earth,
Merry, merry Christmas,
Scatter smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to one and all
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter hut and hall.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to rich and poor!
Merry, merry Christmas
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Fill each heart with joy;
Merry, merry Christmas,
To each girl and boy.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Better gifts than gold;
Merry, merry Christmas,
To the young and old.

Merry, merry Christmas!
May the coming year
Bring as merry a Christmas
And as bright a cheer!

IRISH FAITH AND IRISH PATRIOTISM.

THERE are two sentiments, or principles indelibly imprinted upon an Irishman's heart, namely, love of country and devotion to his religious belief and convictions. These are the two noblest sentiments of the human heart, and even among the Pagans the love of country scarcely ranked second to their homage to the gods. How much purer and holier must these combined emotions be in the heart of the Christian. He adores a living God of goodness, of mercy and justice, and he feels that any sacrifice he makes, even to losing his life, for his country, is a welcome offering to Him.

Where religion is the purest in the heart, there will the noblest patriotism be found to abound also. Most of the saints and Christian warriors were as patriotic in their love of country as they were devoted to the honor and worship of God. This has been peculiarly the case in Ireland. We find, in her history, that in her wars the Sunburst and Cross floated in front of her armies as the emblems of grace and liberty. This was peculiarly the case in her wars with the Danes, and at Clontarf BRIAN was smote down in his tent while praying before the Crucifix. We find the Irish chieftains, in their struggles against the English invader, from the days of the immortal St. LAURENCE O'TOOLE down to the execution of Bishop O'BRIEN of Limerick, in all cases and under all circumstances, fighting under the sacred emblem of the Cross. In penal days

too, while the hunted priest and his persecuted flock fled to some mountain fastness to offer up the Holy Sacrifice, the Cross was protected by the willing hearts and strong arms of the outlawed sons of the Gael. So it has been in the most stormy period of Ireland's history for the emblems of Christianity and of nationality have been blended together. Both banned and persecuted, both sharing the same hard fate, is it any wonder that both became entwined with the very principles of life in the hearts of the Irish peasantry.

You cannot deprive an Irishman of his nationality and patriotic devotion to mother-land, neither can you rob him of the religion of his home, of his heart. They are interwoven and inseparable, and any attempt to violate the sanctity of one or the other is sure to end in failure and disaster. On this account we are sorry to find some modern Nationalists making absurd attempts to divorce patriotism and religion, and to impress upon the minds of the Irish people the notion that the Catholic clergy are opposed to the National cause. This is wrong in principle, and is founded upon facts. Many eminent priests in Ireland are not opposed to the national movement, but are strongly opposed to the teachings and doctrines of certain leaders, who would try to enthrone the Goddess of Liberty on the altar of God, as the communists had impiously done in France. As ministers of God they could not tolerate the spread of infidelity, and consequently were constrained to oppose its disciples, though appearing before them in the garb of patriots.

There is some truth in this: truth that it might be well for leaders of Irish national sentiment to weigh well. There are thousands of good Irishmen who would sooner see Ireland the veriest slave at the foot of England than to find her even a free nation with the red flag of Communism and infidelity unfurled as her national emblems. A people without religion are unfit to enjoy the blessings of liberty, and one thing is certain, namely, that the leaders of the National movement must be in accord, religiously as well as politically, with the masses of the people if they mean to succeed. When Ireland flourished as the *Insula Sanctorum*, she was

then a free country, and pure Christianity, like a sea of glory, covered the land, while happiness and prosperity blessed her people. Ireland was then free—free as the wind that sweep over her noble hills—free as the wild waves that dashes upon her shores.

The invasion of the fierce Northman had subsided when the ruthless Saxon set foot upon her soil. These days of pillage, rapine and plunder recall sad memories, for the despoilers overran the fair plains of holy Ireland. The struggle between the oppressed and oppressors continued. The Reformation came to embitter the strife by sectarian hate. The death throes of defenceless men, the massacre of women and children, the shrieks, the groans and the tortures of the victims of English hate and religious rancor still cry to us for vengeance on their Saxon murderers. The Saxons spared neither age nor sex, neither strong manhood nor prattling innocence, in their efforts to root out the pearl of her faith and the pride of her national life.

But though terrible the persecution suffered by our fathers, and though their blood fertilized every foot of Irish earth, there are proud memories connected with their sterling patriotism and unflinching attachment to the precious old faith; for which they had withstood the rack and sword, the knife and halter. Such were the times of our fathers. They died leaving to us a noble legacy of loyalty to our country—fidelity to our faith.

Ah, truly, Ireland is but the grave of religious and political martyrs, and her soil is sacred with their dust and their bones.

He knows little of the Irish heart and of Irish human nature who imagines that the Irish of to-day is not actuated by the same feelings in this respect as were our forefathers, and the sooner this spirit is recognized the better. One thing is certain, namely, the leaders of the National movement in Ireland can never succeed unless they convince her people that in lifting up that oppressed country they respect the religious opinions of all classes, and reverence the cross to which the peasantry kneel in homage and devotion. In a word, they must remove injurious impressions that

have been lost by the impiety of some, and convince all alike—both priests and people—that the religion of their fathers is sacred in their eyes, and that their motto is, while extending political toleration to all creeds and classes, reverence, devotion and respect to the faith of their fathers, combined with undying fidelity and devotion to the sacred cause of Ireland's independence.

IRELAND AND ROME.

BULL OF ADRIAN THE FOURTH.

BY RIGHT REV. P. F. MORAN, D. D., BISHOP
OF OSSORY, IRELAND.

II.

I now come to the second and main argument of those who seek to defend the authenticity of Pope Adrian's Bull. We have Giraldus Cambrensis, they say a contemporary witness, whose testimony is unquestionable. He inserts in full this letter of Adrian IV., and he nowhere betrays the slightest doubt in regard to its genuineness.

Some years ago we might perhaps have accepted this flattering character of Giraldus Cambrensis; but at the present day, and since the publication of an accurate edition of his historical works, it is impossible for us to do so.

It was not till many years after the death of Pope Adrian that Gerald de Barry, better known by the name of Giraldus Cambrensis, entered on the stage of Irish history. Twice he visited Ireland after the year 1183, and on both occasions he discharged those duties which, at the present day, would merit for him the title of special court correspondent with the invading army. The *Expugnatio Hibernica*, in which he inserts Adrian's Bull, may justly be said to have been written to order. Hence, as a matter of course, Giraldus adopted in it as genuine every document set forth as such by his royal master, and any statements that strengthened the claim or promoted the interests of his brother Welsh adventurers were sure not to be too nicely weighed in the scales of criticism by such an historian. The editor of the

works of Giraldus, just now published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, have fully recognized this special feature of the historical writings of Giraldus. The official catalogue describing the *Expugnatio Hibernica*, of which we treat, expressly says: "It may be regarded rather as a great epic, than a sober relation of facts occurring in his own days. No one can peruse it without coming to the conclusion that it is rather a poetical fiction than a prosaic truthful history.

In the preface to the fifth volume of the Historical Treatises of Giraldus, the learned editor, Rev. James F. Dimock, enters at considerable length into the inquiry, whether the *Expugnatio Hibernica* was to be accepted as genuine and authentic history. I need do no more than state the conclusions which he enunciates:

"I think I have said enough to justify me in refusing to accept Giraldus' history of the Irish and of their English invaders as sober, truthful history." And again he writes: "My good friend and pre-laborer in editing these volumes of Giraldus' works (Mr. Brewer) says of the *Expugnatio*, that Giraldus would seem to have regarded his subject rather as a great epic, which undoubtedly it was, than a sober relation of facts occurring in his own days. This is a most true and characteristic description of Giraldus' treatment of his subject; the treatise certainly is, in great measure, rather a poetical fiction than a prosaic truthful history.

I must further remark as another result from Rev. Mr. Dimock's researches that the old text of Giraldus in reference to Pope Adrian's Bull, from which Mr. O'Callaghan's citations are made, is now proved to be singularly defective. I will give the pithy words of that learned editor, which are stronger than any I would wish to use: "*No more absurd nonsensical a muddle was ever blundered into by the most stupid of abbreviators.*" It is of course from the ancient MSS. of the work that this corruption of the old text is mainly proved; but it should indeed be apparent from an attentive study of the very printed text itself, for, as Mr. Dimock remarks, being accurately translated, its words "marvellously contrive to make Henry, in

1172, apply for and procure this privilege from Pope Adrian, who died in 1159, and with equally marvellous confusion they represent John of Salisbury, who had been Henry's agent in procuring this privilege in 1155, as sent, not to Ireland, but to Rome, for the purpose of publishing the Bull at Waterford in 1174 or 1175.

I will only add, regarding the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, that in the genuine text of the *Expugnatio Hibernica* he places on the same level the Bull of Adrian IV. and that of Alexander III. Nevertheless, as we will just now see, he elsewhere admits that there were many and grave suspicions that the supposed Bull of Alexander had never been granted by the Holy See.

The other names mentioned together with Giraldus will not detain us long. They are all writers who only incidentally make reference to Irish matters, and in these they naturally enough take Giraldus for their guide.

Ralph de Diceto wrote about 1210, and like Giraldus, received his honors at the hands of Henry the Second. Irish historians have not yet accepted him as a guide in reference to matters connected with our country. For instance, the Synod of Cashel of 1172, which was one of the most important events of that period of our history, is described by him as held in Lismore.

Roger de Wendover was a monk of St. Alban's, who died 6th of May, 1237. His "Flores Historiarum" begin with the creation of the world, and end two years before his death, in 1235. He merely compendiates other sources down to the beginning of the thirteenth century. It is only the subsequent portion of his work which is held in esteem by our annalists.

Mathew Paris was a brother religious of Roger de Wendover, in St. Alban's, where he died in 1259. Mr. Coxe, who edited a portion of the "Flores Historiarum" for the English Historical Society (1841-1844), has proved that down to the year 1235 Mathew Paris only compendiates the work of Wendover. At all events his "Historia Major" is of very little weight. A distinguished German historian of the present day, Serhodl, thus conveys his strictures on its merits:

"So trompe a chaque instant, et entraine par son evaingle rage de critique, donne pour des faits historiques des anecdotes piquantes qui n'ont aucune authenticite, des legendes de raisonables et toutes sortes de details suspects, exageres calomnieux."

To the testimony of such writers we may well oppose the silence of Peter de Blois, Secretary of Henry the Second, though chronicling the chief events of Henry's reign, and the silence of all our native annalists, not one of whom ever mentions the Bull of Adrian.

But it is time to pass on to the third argument which is advanced by our opponents. It is quite true that we have some letters or Bulls of Pope Alexander III., connected with the Irish invasion. Three of these, written in 1172, are certainly authentic. They are preserved in the "Liber Niger Saccarii" from which they were edited by Hearne, and in later times they have been accurately printed by Mr. O'Callaghan and Rev. Dr. Kelly. They are addressed respectfully to the Irish bishops, King Henry and the Irish princes. So far, however, are these letters from corroborating the genuineness of Pope Adrian's Bull, that they furnish an unanswerable argument for wholly setting it aside as groundless and unauthentic. They are entirely devoted to the circumstances of the invasion of our island and its results, and yet the only title that they recognize is "that monarch's power and the submission of the Irish chieftains." They simply ignore any Bull of Adrian, and any investiture from the Holy See.

There is however, another Bull of Alexander III. preserved by Giraldus Cambrensis, which he supposed to have been granted at the request of King Henry in 1172, and is confirmatory of the gift and investiture made by Pope Adrian. Mr. O'Callaghan holds that this Bull of Alexander III. sets at rest forever all doubt as to the genuineness of the grant made by Adrian IV.

The question at once suggests itself: Is this Bull of Alexander III. to be admitted as genuine and authentic? If its own authority be doubtful, surely it cannot suffice to prop up the tottering cause of Adrian's Bull. Now, its style is entirely different from that of the

three authentic letters of which we have just spoken. Quite in opposition to these letters, "the only authority alleged in it for Henry's right to Ireland is the Bull of Adrian," as Dr. Lanigan allows. The genuine letters are dated from Tusculum, where, as we know from other sources, Alexander actually resided in 1172. On the other hand, this confirmatory Bull though supposed to have been obtained in 1172, is dated from Rome, thus clearly betraying the hand of the imposter. Such was the disturbed condition of Rome at that period that it was impossible for His Holiness to reside there; and hence we find him sometimes holding his Court in Tusculum, at other times in Segni, Anagni, or Ferrara. It was only when these disturbances were quelled that Alexander III. was able, in 1178, to return in triumph to his capital.

But there is still another reason why we must doubt of the authority of this confirmatory Bull. The researches of Rev. Mr. Dimock have proved what Ussher long ago remarked, that this Bull of Alexander originally formed part of the work of Giraldus Cambrensis, although later copyists, and the first editors, including the learned Camden, recognizing its spuriousness, excluded it from Giraldus text. The matter is now set at rest, for the ancient MMS. clearly prove that it originally formed part of the "Expugnatio Hibernica." Thanks, however, to the zeal and industry of Mr. Brewer, we are at present acquainted with another work of Giraldus, written at a later period than his Historical Tracts on Ireland. It is intitled "De Principis Instructione," and was edited in 1846 for the "Anglia Christiana" Society. Now, in this treatise, Giraldus refers to the Bull of Alexander III., of which we treat, but he prefixes the following remarkable words: "*Some assert or imagine that this Bull was obtained from the Pope; but others deny that it was ever obtained from the Pontiff.*" "*Sicut a quibusdam impetratum assertitur aut confingitur; ab alia autem unquam impetratum fuisse negatur.*" Surely these words should suffice to convince the most skeptical that the fact of the Bull of Alexander being recited by Giraldus in his "Expugnatio Hibernica" is a very

unsatisfactory ground on which to rest the argument for its genuineness.

As regards the Synod of Waterford in 1175, and the statement that the Bulls of Adrian and Alexander were published therein for the first time, all these matters rest on the very doubtful authority of Giraldus Cambrensis. We have no record in the Irish Annals that any general meeting of the Irish Bishops was held in Waterford in 1175. The circumstances of the country rendered such a Synod impossible; for war and dissensions raged throughout the length and breadth of our island. It was in that year, however, that the first Bishop was appointed by King Henry to the See of Waterford, as Ware informs us; and, perhaps, we would not err were we to suppose that the Synod so pompously set forth by Giraldus was a convention of the Anglo-Norman clergy of Waterford under their newly appointed Prelate, all of whom would, no doubt, joyfully accept the official documents presented in the name of the King by Nicholas of Wallingford.

Leland supposes that this Synod of Waterford was not held till 1177. The disturbed state of the kingdom, however, rendered a Synod equally impossible in that year, and all our ancient authorities utterly ignore such a Synod.

SILENT SUFFERING.—These things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab, and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman for ever beggared of peace and joy, yet are kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sound, except of low moans in the night—seen in no writing, except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has married a life has been breathed into no human ear.

Politeness is a social passport all over the world, and good society is the best school in which it is to be learned. Neither talent, wit, nor genius can conceal the positive deformity of impoliteness.

THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAIN.

Continued from page 25.

ALL the beauties that can arise from sunshine, clear blue skies, mountains green to their summits, shady woods, green sloping meadows, clear lakes, and sparkling streams were there. Flowers of the most brilliant colours waved on shrubs, and sprung from the short thick herbage; they hung in festoons between the trees, or depended from the branches, gladdening the sight, and giving promise of sweet and refreshing fruit; while birds of the most beautiful and varied plumage entranced the souls of the voyagers by their melody. This melody was of a sacred character; and the natural notes of the little choiristers that produced it were as varied as those of the strings of the finest harp.

St. Brendain, judging from the style of the music that there was something supernatural about the beautiful little creatures, adjured them in God's name to explain the mystery. The branches of the tree next him were full of the charming songsters; and as he spoke, they ceased their song, and one of them returned this answer:

"Holy man, we were all glorious angels at the time now long past, when pride and disobedience entered the heart of the unhappy Lucifer; and though we did not sympathise with his rebellious feelings, we dallied with the temptation, and were flung from heaven in his company. While the arch-enemy and his troops were piercing through the sulphurous waves of hell in their headlong fall, our descent was mercifully stayed by this island, which, bright and beautiful as it appears to you, is drear and desolate to us, who remember heaven. We still perceive the swift passage of our former glorious companions in their way to far-off worlds, to execute the will of the All-Mighty and All-merciful we see the shining traces left where they pass. Such happiness is now lost to us; but we do what is mercifully left in our power. We cease not, night and day, joining our voices to those of the heavenly choirs above; and when, in the lapse of years, this island becomes the abode of human beings, and their prayers and hymns begin to ascend

to heaven, we will be permitted to rise with them, and regain that happiness which it is not in our power to explain, nor in yours to comprehend."*

As they were leaving the happy island they were told that they would be allowed to return, and spend the next Paschal tide on its shore; and so they resumed their westward course again.

But as they hoped to be nearing the desired land, they met a strong current, which coming with a mighty rush from the southwest, swept them before it for several days. They began to feel an unwelcome degree of cold: a disagreeable wind came on them from the northwest, a fog enveloped them, and they had no means of judging in what direction they were drifting. While they were thus tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves, they approached what seemed a low rushy island. They were wearied by the narrow limits of their little vessel; and four of the number went on shore, for the pleasure of walking about at liberty, taking a small cauldron and some fuel with them to prepare a meal.

While one of the party blew up his fire, the others walked about to stretch their limbs. They were rather surprised at the slimy elastic surface of the ground, and the hard sharp sort of grass—if grass it could be called—which it produced; but their surprise was soon changed to terror; for, as they returned towards the fire-place, they found the soil heaving, the cauldron tumbling over, and the fire scattering on every side. There was no time to be lost: they hastened to the brink of the treacherous island, and scrambled into their galley. They were scarcely in safety on the hospitable deck, when they beheld the supposed isle move rapidly away, and the remnants of the fire flung on every side with the convulsive heavings of the spot on which it had been lighted. They now judged that they had intruded on the repose of some sea-monster; and immediately falling on their knees, they returned fervent thanks for their preservation.

* If the *Island of the Birds* be allowed a locality in modern maps, it may be marked on the site of the Bermudas.

Still the fog surrounded them, and still the vessel kept on its confused and uncertain course; and at times they were swept along by furious gusts of wind; now darting down the steep side of a mountain-like wave, and then shooting up the ascent of the next, with a force seemingly sufficient to launch the ship into clouds. At last they perceived a lurid light through the thick gray veil that surrounded them, and frightful yells and explosions from the same quarters burst on their terrified ears.

The ship was impelled by the waves in the direction of the noises; and they were soon able to distinguish a conical islet, volumes of fire and black smoke issuing from its summit, and a band of yelling demons hovering round the base of the hill. As soon as they became visible, they flung about their limbs in the wildest manner, yelled terrifically, and roared out these words from their brazen throats: "Welcome, brother! we have long waited for you. Your place is prepared: come, come!" St. Brendain was no more moved by the appalling spectacle than if he was looking on a group of dolphins gambolling on the quiet waves; but the words of the evil spirits took him by surprise. He looked round on his pious companions: the faces of eleven were expressive of awe, but an awe overruled by the calm courage inspired by confidence in their heavenly Master. But, ah! the horror and despair that distorted the countenance of the twelfth! He flung up his arms roared aloud in the extremity of his anguish, and cursed the hour of his birth.

"Oh, my poor brother!" cried the saint, as he looked with pity on the wretched man, "turn away your eyes from the hellish sight: fall on your knees; cry to our Lord for forgiveness of your sins; call on the Mother of Mercy for her intercession: she will stand between you and these monsters of hell."

"Too late, too late!" cried out the unfortunate. "While at home, I lived an unholy and hypocritical life. I sinned secretly; and when I joined your company, it was only to find a pleasant land, treasures of gold and silver, luxurious living, and unholy companions."

"Dear brother, your sins cannot overpower God's mercy. Make an act of contrition, detest your past ill deeds, and fling yourself on the mercy of your Father."

"I cannot; there are my instigators and companions for eternity."

He sprung from the side of the vessel with hands clenched at the horrible spectres, the dark waves closed over the lost creature, and the volcano and the fiends vanished from the sight of the awed servants of God. For the next twenty-hours they little heeded the movements of their vessel, nor in what direction it was driven by wind and wave.

* * * * *

They had now been for several weeks wandering at random in the great waters, far to the northwards of the blessed isle of birds: their stock of fuel was nearly exhausted; snow was falling in abundance, and they were suffering intense cold. The Eve of the Nativity had arrived, and the holy men were devising how they might celebrate the festival in the best way that their circumstances allowed. It was about an hour after noon; and while they were expecting the immediate withdrawal of the feeble light that was abroad, the thick lead coloured air began to brighten towards the south-west. It seemed as if dense veils were withdrawing one by one from between them and the sun; and in a short time they began to enjoy his light and warmth, of which they had been deprived for weeks. They found themselves near a rocky island, and their joy was much increased by the sight of a man, very roughly clad, standing on the shore and making signs to them expressive of the most joyful welcome.

Following the directions which he made them, they guided their vessel round a point into a harbour, naturally formed, where they were enabled to station it along side of a ledge of smooth rock, which served as a rude but serviceable quay. The unknown gave his assistance; and as soon as St. Brendain

was on the land, he threw himself at his feet and embraced his knees with the deepest love and reverence. The saint raised and embraced him; but as if he felt uneasy under the honour conferred on him, he passed to every one of the crew and embraced and welcomed them. "Holy Father and most dear brother," said he, as soon as he had welcomed each, "let me assist you in bringing the most necessary articles in the vessel to my cavern, which, thank God, is pretty comfortable, and large enough for all. For seven years I have not seen form or face of a brother, nor enjoyed the happiness of being present at Mass. I praise Thee, O my Saviour, with all my powers for that great benefit which I shall, with Thy divine permission, obtain on this festival of Thy Nativity."

They collected whatever was most needful, and followed their guide and host to his cavern, which, though unpromising enough in outward appearance, was tolerably commodious within, and now rendered cheerful by the presence of a good fire. The hermit's provisions consisted of some dried fish and pure spring water. The ship's stock of hard cakes was not yet all consumed, and a piece of the hard bread was as acceptable to the recluse as the pure water was to his guests. So, after a couple of hours occupied in the appropriate devotions of the festival-eve, they all sat down, and for the first time that day tasted food.

The vigil was appropriately kept; but few of those who assist once a week at the Holy Sacrifice, with minds and hearts only slightly affected, could conceive the heavenly joy and rapture which took possession of the soul of the recluse as he assisted at the midnight Mass celebrated by St. Brendain. The saint himself was more rapt than usual; and the rest seemed after the sacrifice was ended as if awaking from a blissful dream, in which they had been enjoying Paradise.

So they kept up, as well as they could the twelve days' festivities, being as happy as brotherly love, a lively sense of the immediate protection of Providence, and an all-absorbing love of God could make them.

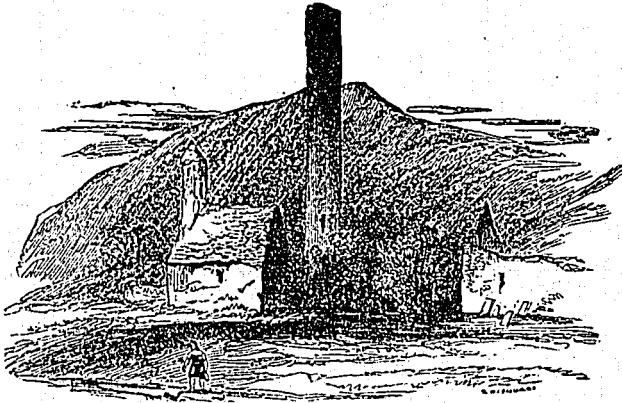
To be Continued.

SOLEMN WORDS ON CURSING.

THERE is nothing in heaven, nothing on earth, for which the Almighty God has so great a regard as for His own Name. When he speaks of the people of Israel, he says: "I will be their God; I will be in the midst of them. I will give them every grace and every gift," and He tells us that He will crown His graces by putting His name upon them—"and my Name shall be among them." When the inspired Evangelist wants to describe to us the glory of heaven and the brightness of God's saints, he tells upon our foreheads. "For I beheld an hundred and forty-four thousand, and they followed the Lamb, for they were the first fruits of the Lamb and they had His Name and His Father's Name written upon their foreheads." And this is the Name that the Hebrews of old were not permitted to mention, even in prayer; yet this is the name that the half drunkon wretch, the man who is neither drunk nor sober—the man whose flushed face and blood-shot eye and shaking hand easily show him to be a drunkard, though he is not drunk—will take upon every occasion. It is nothing but "God" here and "God" there; and perhaps that awful habit of cursing, in which the Almighty God is called upon to execute vengeance, as, for instance, when a man says, "Damn you!" "Blast you!" or when a man tells another in anger to "go to hell!" or any of those things. Consider the insult that man offers to Almighty God. Listen: I will put it before you in three words as clearly as possible. The greatest insult that a man can offer to God is to pass sentence upon his fellow man and then call upon God to execute it. According to the laws of the land, if a man is found guilty—if he is tried for any crime and brought before a judge and jury—when his trial is over, and the jury find him guilty, the judge sentences him. For instance, after a trial for murder, the judge passes sentence upon him, and it is that "on such a day, at such an hour, you are to be put to death." Who executes the sentence? Will the Judge do it? Ah, no; he is too high and dignified a personage. Will the sheriff do it? No. Will the humblest peasant do it? No;

but when the day of execution comes, a wretched creature who was never seen before, who arrives in the night time, and has a mask upon his face, in order that no man may know who he is—the common hangman comes with a mask upon his face, and puts the rope around the man's neck, and launches him into eternity. Now the man who curses his fellow man, and says to him, "Damn you," "Blast you," "To hell with you," that man puts God into the position of the common hangman. He says, "You

have offended me; I am not able to damn you; I cannot send you to hell; but I ask Almighty God to do it—to carry out my sentence." Actually the man puts himself in the position of the judge of his fellow-man, and with the impudence and audacity past all believing he calls upon the Eternal and Omnipotent God to execute his sentence, and damn his fellow creature! The greatest insult that can be offered to our Lord and God. And this comes from drink.—*Father Burke.*



GLEN DALOUGH.

THE lone and singularly wild valley of Glendalough, in the county of Wicklow, lying at a distance of about twenty-four miles from Dublin, presents a scene which, for stern and desolate grandeur, is in many respects unsurpassed. Huge, gloomy mountains, upon which clouds almost continually rest, encompass, and in some places overhang, the silent and almost uninhabited glen. The two little lakes, now appearing in the deepest shadow, now reflecting the blue vault, according as the clouds above them come or go,—a winding stream, and grey rocks jutting here and there from out the heath,—from its natural features. A noble monastic establishment, round which a city subsequently rose, flourished and decayed, was founded here in the early part of the sixth century by St. Kevin. The ruins of many ecclesiastical structures yet remain, and "the long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender Round Tower moves slowly, from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses,

scathed yew-trees, and tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and anchorites." How few of the gay tourists by whom the glen is yearly visited, view these ruins with any other feeling of idle and ignorant curiosity! They wander unmoved among shrines which, nearly thirteen centuries ago, were raised in honour of their God, by men joyous and thankful in the feeling of certain immortality,—men whose fathers in their youth had revered the Druid as a more than human counsellor.

COMPASSION.—There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate. It is this noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind; for every man would be a distinct species to himself, were there no sympathy among individuals.

Misfortunes are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience custom makes them easy to us, and necessity gives us courage.

HOW M. GAMBETTA TRIES TO HOODWINK THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

M. GAMBETTA, the leader of the French republicans, speaking evidently for the ear of the French peasantry, has been denouncing the Priesthood. At first sight this would appear a laudable proceeding on the part of Gambetta seeing, that the French clergy as a body come from the peasant class. But Gambetta knows the ground he stands upon, and is not likely to do anything, that would hurt the feelings of a class of men, whom he sees and the world sees slowly but surely drifting into his beloved republicanism. Why then denounce the Priesthood to the peasants whose sons the Priests are? Herot hangs a tail, and for the matter of that *two tails*. In the first place, although Gambetta's figures mean to hoodwink the French peasantry, seem to prove the contrary, the real fact is the French peasantry is ceasing to supply France with Priests. The peasants are becoming more prosperous, and consequently the ridiculous income of \$200 a year doled out by the government, is no longer a prize to be desired even for a third or fourth son. As undoubtedly the English Elizabethian apostacy owed its success to the degradation of the clergy superinduced by the disgracefully low incomes they had received for years, so if the Roman curia look not to it in time, France will undoubtedly see her Priesthood become extinct, or if not extinct, so thoroughly demoralized that a national apostacy will be the necessary result. Are we inventing this deficit in the ranks of the French clergy? We have figures for it; and figures given on very reverend authority. The Vicar General of Orleans shows that there are in France at the present moment, 2,881 vacant cures and 3,000 additional parishes without a priest or church! Gambetta may well then denounce the Priesthood to the French peasant. In the second place the French peasant hates the conscription, and we commend him for it. That every young man should be sent to barracks for three years, and at a time when his young labor is of most value to his father, is a piece of tyranny that it is difficult to

understand rational beings submitting to. Nothing but "standing armies" and "the divine right of kings," which came in with the Reformation! could have engendered such a thing. We are no admirer of Gambetta, because he hates the Church, but we think that whilst fighting *against* the Church he is fighting *for* her. That kings and monarchies will eventually go by the board is certain. When republicans hold the day, the Church will be able to identify herself more and more with *the people*. And after all it is *the people* that are God's Church not *kings and princes*. The French peasant then hates the conscription and (by an apparent non-sequitur) all not liable to it. But the clergy are exempt. Here then is the clue to Gambetta's denunciation of the clergy to *the French peasant*. But why should Gambetta wish to denounce the Priesthood? France has universal suffrage and Gambetta knows full well that under universal suffrage, power must always rest with the peasant class; this class he sees swaying towards republicanism; and he is astute enough to see that the clergy is the only counter-influence to be feared. "Hinc illa lacrym"—tears of anger as well as grief.

But M. Gambetta's denunciation of the evil is unscrupulous, because *false*. There are 150,000 priests in France, he tells us, all exempt from military duty. Now 150,000 drawn *yearly* from the ranks of the French army, would indeed be a large, in fact too large a proportion if standing armies have to be. But are there 150,000 drawn *yearly* from the ranks? By no means; far from it; though M. Gambetta wishes the conscription-hating French peasant to think so. "Once a priest always a priest," is an old aphorism. Now thirty years average *priestly* life, is a very small average, for a priest is, as a general thing a long-liver, owing to his comparative temperance and vow of celibacy, and the fact that no cripple is admitted to the Priesthood. This 150,000 then must be spread over thirty years at least, which leaves only 5,000 exempts per year; not a very large annual exemption after all. And thus it is that M. Gambetta the tribune of the people would hoodwink the people, Fie M. Gambetta! H. B.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE AND MUSIC.

THERE is no better criterion of the nature and distinguished characteristics of a people, than the study of its language and music. In comparing the ancient Greek and Hebrew languages, Chateaubriand remarks: "The Hebrew, concise, energetic, with scarcely any inflection in its verbs, expressing twenty shades of thought by the mere opposition of a letter proclaims the idiom of the people, who, by a remarkable combination unite primitive simplicity with a profound knowledge of mankind. The Greek displays, in its intricate conjugations, in its endless inflections, in its diffuse eloquence, a nation of an imitative and social genius, a nation elegant and vain, fond of melody and prodigal of words." Again he says: "The Greek implies merely a political and local idea, where the Hebrew [implies] a moral and universal sentiment."

Here we have the characteristics of these two nations beautifully portrayed in their language, and this on principle; can be affirmed of all others; for as the stream carries along with it the properties of the fountain, as does language bear the impress of the soul from which it flows. The language of the Frenchman is the mirror which reflects his politeness, vivacity and fickleness, while the phlegmatic but vigorous nature of the Teuton, shines forth from the broad, slow-paced, and stentorian harshness of his vernacular German. The stately Spanish proclaims itself to be the language of a high-toned people; the Italian shows a people of sentiment, and the homely Anglo-Saxon speaks the blunt, straightforward, and matter-of-fact Englishman.

It is in this way the philologist naturally wanders back from the study of a language to the habit and peculiarities of the people who spoke it, deciphering the "religion" pursuits and characteristics of nations which history has long since lost sight of, and corrob-

orating its narrations, regarding those that have not yet passed away. It is, in this way, we are enabled to read a reliable, social and moral history of Ireland, from the construction and peculiar traits of her language. In its polished finish and regularity, we behold a people of refinement and education, long before most other nations of Europe had arisen from their state of semi-barbarism. In its expressiveness and volubility, we see the ready-witted and communicative Irishman, and on every page of its literature we find those aspirations and sentiments which can only belong to a people naturally endowed with a religious propensity. The Irishman's salutation is: "God bless you!" If he enters the house of his neighbors it is either: "The blessing of God be here," or, "God save all here," and he is greeted in turn by a repetition of his own salutation, or the well-known and beautiful *Cead mille failte*—"you are a hundred thousand times welcome." The idiom of the Irishman shows that he is neither selfish nor egotistical, and hence there is not in the whole language, a single word that implies absolute possession. In the words of the Rev. Ulic Bourke, "It would seem as if the native Irishman were either too poor or too high-minded, to proclaim boldly that he has property. He cannot say it; his language does not supply the opposite verb; he gently states that it is 'with him,' *ta agram*. It is the *est pro habes*. Now, this peculiarity must have some cause, and that cause, we believe, is to be found in the unselfish disposition of the Irish. We can never understand Irish character and history without some knowledge of the Irish tongue. The Irishman is the incarnation of the Irish language, and the Irish language is the vocalization of the Irishman.

What we have said of language can be also affirmed of music. In the national music of Ireland we see the soul, the life and disposition of her people. It is now joyous and soul-stirring, then sad and plaintive, or often with both qualities beautifully blended, the same strain will exhilarate and sadden, leaving you enraptured between an inexpressive two-fold feeling, like a child smiling through its tears.

It is to this which Moore has beautifully given expression in his far-famed melody:

“Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining thro’ sorrow’s stream,
Saddening thro’ pleasure’s beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.”

Music is the language of the heart, and its strains are expressive of the feelings by which they are awakened. The lively and soul-stirring strains of the Irish Bards breathes forth the natural joyousness of a people careless and happy, and side by side we find the mournful and pathetic melody—the out-pourings of a heart overburdened with oppression and sorrow. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when Ireland’s music will again be all joy and gladness, as it was in the day when she was free and happy, before her brightness had been overshadowed by the dark clouds of oppression and thralldom.

M. W. C.

PHASES OF LIFE.—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempest torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the new and evening hours, when all that covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is no less averse from change; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life’s unfathomed deep.

MEMORIES.

They come, as the breeze comes over the foam,
Waking the waves that are singing to sleep,
The fairest of memories from far-away home,
The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep;
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,
And I welcome them all while I wearily weep.

They come as a song comes out of the Past—
A loved mother murmured in days that are dead—
Whose tones spirit-thrilling live on to the last,
Where the gloom of the heart wraps its gray o’er the head.

They come like the ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,
And they follow our footsteps on life’s winding way;
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come, sad as tears to the eyes that are bright,
They come, sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale,
They come, dim as dreams in the depths of the night,
They come, fair as flowers, in the lone, lovely vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the Past.
Its memories follow wherever we go,
And the days that were first away the days that are last.

NED RUSHEEN ;

OR,

Who Fired The First Shot?

BY SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE.

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

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT DAYBREAK.

THERE is nothing so galling to a proud, bad man as defeat, and when that defeat is accompanied by humiliation, woe to those who have crossed his evil designs.

Elmsdale retired to his room only to meditate on plans of revenge: revenge on Ellie for having refused what he was pleased to consider an amazing act of condescension on his part; revenge on Ned Rusheen for having inflicted the correction he so richly deserved. The thrashing and the fright had sobered him, but it did not suit his present mood to remain sober. There are few who drink from the pure love of drink, in comparison with the millions who drink because they wish to forget themselves, or to stimulate themselves to commit some foul crime.

Elmsdale took care to have the means of gratifying his passion always within his reach. He had a very large dressing-case, of which he always kept the key. If any stranger had opened it, they would have been rather surprised at its contents,

unless, indeed, they knew something of the habits and manner of life of its owner. He now opened this dressing-case, and supplied himself with all he required. There was method in his madness, or his wickedness, whichever you may like to call it. He did not want to lose possession of his faculties altogether, and that evil spirit to whom he had deliberately given power over his body and soul helped him in the accomplishment of his evil purposes. Excited by the intoxicating drink, and yet sufficiently master of himself to plot and plan, he began to think over his imaginary wrongs, until he had persuaded himself that they were real. This once accomplished, he could find many excuses for a cruel revenge.

He had flattered, or tried to flatter, Ellie again and again, by telling her she was like a lady; he denounced her now to himself as a low-born girl. What right had she to refuse him, when he had stooped so low as to offer her marriage; as if he would not have degraded himself still more if he had succeeded in depriving her of the fair name of maiden, without giving her the honored name of wife.

And Ned, his foster-brother—who had once been his companion, his friend, his playmate, his protector—he too must be sacrificed at the shrine of a base and miserable passion.

Several hours passed by, the fire had nearly died out on the hearth, but he made no effort to replenish it. The day was coming on, the morning dawn was already breaking, stars still shone out clear and keen in the frosty skies.

The moon was settling on a distant hill; the sun had not yet risen, but faint streaks of light showed that the bright harbinger of morning was at hand. Another space of human life was granted to living men; another day was granted in which they might win heaven or deserve hell. But no grand thoughts of his future destiny enkindled the poor, degraded soul of the young heir to rank and wealth. Oh, no; his desires, his thoughts, his plans were low and base, and unworthy of the dignity of his manhood—and he had his reward. How to be revenged—this was his one absorbing idea: he saw, at last, the hopelessness of persecuting Ellie further.

If only he could take Ned Rusheen red-handed in a crime, or provoke him to one, the evil spirit suggested. And then he persuaded himself that Ned had committed a crime; and that if he could be brought to justice on any pretence, true or false, it could only be fair—but he could not accuse him of the events of the past night. Ellie had been there; she would witness to the facts; she could declare that if Ned had acted the part of a housebreaker, it was only when he saw a revolver in his young master's hand, and believed that he was in the very act of perpetrating some deadly crime. The revolver!—suddenly it flashed on his mind that he had left it after him. Just the very thing which he was most anxious to avoid, seemed most likely to happen. Had it been seen, or, if seen, had it been recognized, when the shots had brought his father to the dining-room? Had the expected visitors arrived? The snow lay so thick upon the ground it was impossible to hear the sound of carriage-wheels. Had the servants gone to arrange the room? The tower clock struck seven; a musical clock in the corridor chimed a few bars of Christmas carol. He started to his feet, brushed the dust hastily from his clothes, threw some cold water over his face, and went quickly down the stairs. He opened the dining-room door cautiously. There was no occasion for caution, for there was no one there. It was hardly light yet, but after a little he could see any object distinctly. He had been afraid to bring a light with him, but he had cigar lights in his pocket, and he struck one now. He searched the room carefully: the revolver was not to be found. A second search, and a third, only increased his anger. He cursed, and swore black, ugly oaths, and placed him self still more and more in the power of the demon. Then, with one dash of rage and pleasure, he seized something which had caught his eye, the sight of which gave him fiendish satisfaction. He had Ned Rusheen in his power. The whole plot of villainy stood out plainly before him. Still, there was Ellie: how could she be got out of the way?

It often seems as if the wicked desires of the wicked were accomplished for them: even while Elmsdale formed the wish to be free from Ellie, or rather

from the evidence which he knew she could give if he brought a charge against Ned, she was actually preparing to leave the castle forever.

The parish church was quite close to the lodge gates, and in summer and winter, in heat and cold, it was open all day long, from early morning to dewy eve, for all who desired to enter there and offer their supplications to the hidden king, who waited for them upon his altar-throne. Three Masses were said there every day by Father Cavanagh, and his faithful curates. If any one wanted advice, or help, or wished to obtain pardon of his sins in the way appointed by God himself, he had only to go to the door of a neat, small house, which adjoined the church, and ask for a priest.

It would be necessary to return to the times when priests were hunted, and masses were forbidden by men, though ordained to be said by God, before this present generation could appreciate, as they should, their many privileges. Ellie seldom missed hearing the eight o'clock mass. She rose early, and got forward with her morning duties, and thus had an hour to spare before she was required again.

She had gone to bed after the events of the night; sleep was hopeless; but she considered her position very carefully. She did not know that Mr. Elmsdale's feelings of love, if they had ever deserved so sacred a name, had been turned to revenge, and though she was by no means a model of perfection (who is?), she was quite good enough, and just wise enough to distrust her own powers of resistance, if pressed too hard. It must be admitted, also that her vanity was a little touched by the idea of a great gentleman offering to shoot himself dead at her feet; and if she ever had had a spark of affection for Ned Rusheen it was all gone now, since he had presumed to lay violent hands on her admirer.

A little taint of vanity is like a little drop of poison: it works on and on through the whole moral nature, and, if a remedy is not promptly applied, it discolors and distorts every object, so that the mind becomes actually incapable of reasoning correctly.

Ellie's vanity was touched, it was but

then one little temptation which the devil contrived to work into her mind. She did not see it, and, therefore, she did not resist it. She would have shrunk back with horror from a great temptation; but this little one escaped observation from its very insignificance, and yet we know that a very, very small leak will sometimes cause the destruction of a large vessel.

She put on her walking-dress mechanically, and set out for Mass. If she had met Mr. Elmsdale in her then state of mind, and if he had spoken kindly to her, it is impossible to say what the result might have been. But Ellie was a truly earnest, faithful Christian, and when she did not put herself in the way of temptation she might expect help, however tried. Happily for her, she met Father Cavanagh, just as she was about to enter the chapel. He would, in any case, have noticed her extreme paleness, and the evident sign which her swollen eyes gave that she had spent the night in tears, but he was already informed by Ned of what had happened at the Castle during the night.

Ned had met the priest an hour before on the road, as he was returning from a sick call, and told his story not omitting his own share in the transaction. Father Cavanagh tried to suppress a smile, even as he rated him soundly for his violence, and suspected what was the truth, that he would never have heard a word of the affair out of the Confessional from Ned, if his anxiety about Ellie had not prompted him to give the information. "And if your Reverence thinks well of it, I am sure Ellie McCarthy would be better out of that; for there's neither peace nor safety for a poor girl like her when a fine gentleman's wanting her company."

But Father Cavanagh had not quite made up his mind on the subject, and as he expressed no opinion, and Ned could not exactly venture to ask for one, he was left in a by no means enviable or amiable frame of mind.

"Crying, Ellie, eh? What's amiss now?"

A burst of tears was the only reply; Father Cavanagh saw she was very much distressed, and changed his tone for one of kindly sympathy. He motioned her to follow him to his house,

and then when he had seated her in the room which served him for parlor, and study, and drawing-room all in one, he quietly drew from her the account of the night's proceedings. He was anxious for her own version of the affair, partly because he did not wish her to know that he had heard anything from Rusheen, and partly because he knew he could better advise her how to act when he heard what she had to say.

"And so you think Ned might have spared his blows?"

"Indeed, your Reverence, he beat him hard, poor gentleman; and after all——"

"Well, Ellie."

"After all, sir——"

Another pause. She had a half-suspicion that the priest would not quite subscribe to her opinion of the affair; but she was an honest girl, and he knew it.

"Now, Ellie, if I am to help you, and if you want help, which I am quite sure you do, you must really tell me the truth out honestly about the whole affair. You know you are not obliged to do so, but if you will trust me, and tell me everything, I will promise you to keep every word you say as secret as if you were telling in the confessional; and you know, my child, a priest, would lay down his life, and priests have laid down their lives, sooner than reveal the most trifling matter told to them there."

He paused and waited to see what effect his words had, and he observed that Ellie grew quieter, and her sobs ceased by degrees.

"If you had any one else to help you, or who would give you good advice, I would not be so anxious. But you are an orphan, and, therefore, doubly my care, and you told me once you had never mentioned this matter to your aunt. Has she any idea of what has happened last night?"

"No, sir."

"Now, Ellie, I want a straightforward, truthful answer to a simple question"—and Father Cavanagh spoke in a tone that showed he intended to be obeyed—"Do you wish to marry Mr. Elmsdale?"

Ellie's pale face became red as a rose in a moment, but she knew she dared not refuse to answer, and she was too good a girl to prevaricate—she would not say

yes, and she took refuge in indecision and replied.

"I don't know, your Reverence."

Father Cavanagh knew very well what the words meant.

"Ellie," he continued, with some sternness in his voice and manner, "when did you change your mind?"

With sobs and tears, it all came out: "Well, your Reverence, last night when I saw him on his knees before me, and he just going to shoot himself, and saying he'd die sooner than live without me—" she stopped a moment, and looked up almost defiantly—"and he a real gentleman."

"I understand now, Ellie."

The priest looked very grave and was silent for a few moments. Ellie felt her heart beating wildly—the whole story was out now—she was afraid, as she said afterwards, that Father Cavanagh would be very angry, but he knew poor human nature too well for that. Hearing a little hand-bell, which stood on the table, and as the housekeeper came to the door, he rose, so as to prevent her from entering the room. "Tell Father Kelly I would be obliged if he would say Mass now in my place; it is just half-past seven, and I will say Mass after him——"

Ellie knew then that the priest would stay some time with her, and she was touched and softened by his kindness. No one had ever heard of his omitting his Mass, at the usual hour, for any business whatsoever, except to attend the sick who were dying. But here was a poor soul in danger of death, who needed all his care, and he was ready to give it.

He closed the door and sat down.

"Ellie, this is the first time I have ever deferred my daily Mass for any one, or any business, except to attend the dying. I tell you this that you may see how very, very important I consider this matter. I want you to listen quietly and thoughtfully to what I shall say to you, and to listen with the respect due to the words of a priest. Remember, Ellie, that you are bound to obey your pastors, and to be guided by their advice and take care how you turn from the warning I am bound to give you. Even if I believed that you loved this gentleman in the way in which the holy

sacrament of matrimony requires a wife to love her husband, I would oppose your marriage. I am old now. I have had years of experience of human life, and that kind of experience which only a priest can have, and I tell you that so far from being happy, or enjoying even this world, if raised to far above your rank, you would be perfectly miserable, and you would peril the salvation of your immortal soul.

"Poor foolish child, in a few weeks your husband would weary of you—in all probability, would ill-treat you. He may admire you now for your beauty, but when he came to see you every day and converse with you constantly, your want of education would disgust him, and all the money in this wide world would not make a lady of you. But I believe the truth to be, that you do not care for this gentleman, but that your vanity is flattered; and, Ellie, is it worth your, while to purchase a lifetime of misery by the gratification of a little pride? I do not want you to answer me, but ask yourself, like a good honest girl, is this not true? It is not that you are flattered by what has happened, and that your vanity is roused?"

Poor Ellie's head sank down lower and lower, until she laid it on the table, which shook again and again with her sobs.

The priest waited quietly. He knew that it was very painful to poor human nature to have its faults exposed, and none the less so when they were really seen by the person reproved, as he hoped was now the case. A wound had been made; it was still raw and sore, and like a good physician, he waited till the shock was over before he attempted to touch it again.

In a few minutes Ellie looked up: "Oh, sir! what must I do?"

Her tone was gentle, her voice humble, and full of peace, as theirs will be who are faithful and true.

"I think, Ellie, you had better leave the Castle, and, what is more, I would advise you not even to return there again."

"Not to return, sir?"

"Not to return, Ellie. I have my reasons. I do not think it necessary or wise to explain them to you fully, and you must trust me. There are times when a priest must exercise all his

authority to save souls, and this is one of them."

"But my aunt, and the family. Oh, sir! what shall I do?"

"Do God's will, Ellie, and leave the rest to Him. You know the story of St. Joseph, and how an angel told him to fly by night, and how he got up at once, and set out on his journey without asking a single question. Ah! Ellie, child—if we could all be like Saint Joseph."

By this time the few people who attended the early Masses on work-days were coming out of the church: there were but few. To Father Cavanagh this was all the more reason why Mass should be said. Those who do come, he used to say, deserve the privilege; those who remain away need the blessing which the Adorable Sacrifice alone can obtain for them.

It was time now that he should "go to the Altar of God"—to the God who indeed had given joy to his youth, the joy of being all his own, who had given honor to his manhood, and a crown of virtue to his old age.

"But as you are not St. Joseph, Ellie," he continued after a pause, "it will be quite necessary that something definite should be arranged for you. Have you friends anywhere? I think you told me once of another aunt."

Yes, Ellie had another aunt: she lived in the County Wicklow, in a lovely little village near the world-famous Meeting of the Waters. She was sure her aunt would receive her kindly, and she could remain there for the present.

"Good, Ellie; and now, my child, you must go. I will give you the money necessary to pay your expenses. Your aunt in Wicklow, you say, is comfortably circumstanced, so I suppose she can provide you with necessaries for the present; and you must write a few lines now to the housekeeper at the Castle, saying you have left the place, by my advice, for good and important reasons; that I wish her, if possible, not to mention my name in connection with your leaving, as circumstances cannot at present be explained, and might, therefore, be misunderstood. I will take care to send your note to her by a careful messenger, but I must see you off in a car, first."

Ellie had been well educated, and wrote a plain hand. This was her letter—we shall hear of it again:—

“DEAR AUNT:

“The priest has advised me to leave the Castle at once, for particular reasons which I cannot tell. Dear aunt, I am very grateful for all your kindness, and to all the family, and hope you will believe me, that I have done nothing wrong.

Your affectionate niece’

“ELLIE MCCARTHY.”

“Dear Aunt, the priest (here she had begun to write Father C—, and got so far, when she remembered, and blotted it over) says for you not to mention that he advised me to leave.”

“Now, Ellie, I will leave you in charge of my housekeeper; she will give you a cup of tea at once, and see you quietly down the lane on a car, as I am very anxious that no one should know where you are gone, and I can depend on her silence. I will spare you a few minutes more, if you like, to go into the Sacristy for confession.”

Ellie was very thankful. It was just what she wished, but she did not like “to make bold” to ask, and she dreaded the idea of going to a strange Priest down at her aunt’s place, though a little more experience of the world would have told her how truly kind and good Priests are everywhere to those who are in trouble.

She came out of the Confessional with her own bright, sweet look on her face once more; and well she might. Cleansed, purified, and forgiven, she was strong again, and ready to do battle valiantly with the foe, and to strive fervently for the crown of eternal life.

The good housekeeper saw her off as the priest had desired, and fortunately secured a return car, so that the news of Ellie’s fight could not be brought back by a thoughtless driver.

The priest said his Mass, thankful that one of his flock was out of danger, as far as any one can be in this world of temptation. He little suspected what the consequence of his pastoral solicitude would be to himself, and even if he had suspected, he would have done his duty all the same.

CHAPTER V.

FATHER AND SON.

“Is Mr. Elmsdale within?”

“He was, my Lord, half an hour ago.”

“Say that I wish to speak to him here; and, Mr. Barns, see that I am not interrupted. You had better, perhaps, remain near the door.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

Barns went on his errand with a heavy heart. He knew there was likely to be high words between father and son.

He had ventured respectfully to hint to Mr. Elmsdale, once or twice, that Lord Elmsdale was getting old, and that he might be sorry if he said hard words now which could not be recalled; but he soon saw that expostulation was useless. He was a man with very clear ideas of his duty in the state of life to which God had called him, because he had no schemes of his own to prevent him from seeing what was right. He knew that if he had attempted to pass beyond the sphere in which Providence had appointed his lot, that he would probably do harm, and certainly do no real good. So when he found that the word which he could say respectfully as a servant was of no avail, he held his peace, as far as his earthly superiors were concerned, but he redoubled his prayers for the master whom he sincerely loved and respected.

Good old Barns! I believe it is fashionable to tell about the flunkeyism of modern servants, but I don’t believe in it. Give them good masters and you are sure, with some rare exceptions, to have good servants. Lord Elmsdale was a good master—a better master than he was a father. A son requires more love than a servant, and more manifestation of affection. Barns knew that Lord Elmsdale respected him and relied on him. Edward Elmsdale, in his young days, saw that his father did not love him—he loved his estate, his worldly advancement, his birthright, but he did not love *him*. The boy was too young to reason all this out, but he *felt* it. Ah! when will parents learn that their children feel what they never show; that there are wonderful, deep, unsuspected instincts of comprehension in

childhood utterly ignored when they are not manifested openly.

Edward Elmsdale walked into the library with a sullen, defiant look. Lord Elmsdale simply indicated the revolver which lay on the table. There was a deadly, horrible silence. Lord Elmsdale would have given one half of his estate willingly, cheerfully, much as he loved it, if his son had spoken one word of acknowledgment of his fault—had given even the faintest intimation that he wished to amend.

Edward Elmsdale would have done, or at least promised, all his father could desire, if one kind word had been said to open the sealed fountain of his affection. How foolish people are. Why will they not try the force of kindness when the force of violence so often fails?

There was a deadly, horrible silence. Two guardian angels (they were both baptized, father and son,) stood by, their beautiful faces shrouded with their white, glistening wings. They were praying: could nothing be done? Alas, no! God will not force the human will. He moves it gently at times, but if men refuse to obey His touch! The angels looked up to Heaven, and in the light of God's great throne they saw the future—they saw what would happen if father and son should quarrel.

There was a "roaring lion" in the room; the angels saw him—no one else; the angels, being pure spirits, can see spirits good or evil. We being flesh and blood cannot see them, but they influence us none the less.

The angels were moving away, the devils were coming nearer. The two men had free will and they willed the devils to come nearer to them. The angels could not reach their will, for God had left them free to choose.

The angels had pleaded so fervently with the father: "Oh say one kind word to him! Tell him you will forgive him if he even now will begin a new life. Point out to him quietly, gently, as a father should, the shame—the disgrace of his conduct. Ask him to tell you the truth about last night. It may not be as bad as you think."

The angels knew that the night's work, bad as it was, had not been quite so bad as the father feared. But the angels could not tell him, because if God allowed

us to know everything as the spirits know it, our free will would be unduly influenced, and we would not have the same merit.

The son's angel pleaded with him. If he would only tell his father all; tell exactly what had happened. His father had a right to know the truth; had a right to demand an account of his conduct.

He would not listen.

The angel folded his silver wings; he had done all that God wished him to do. The devils clashed the glittering scales of their wings, once so beautiful, now so horrible. They were sure of their prey. They had only to wait and look on.

"Yours?"

Lord Elmsdale pointed to the revolver.

Edward vouchsafed no answer.

"Guilt is silent. I did not think a son of mine—" He paused. Was he going to relent? Was he going to say one kind word? The angels came forward a little—"would degrade the name of Elmsdale as you have done."

"I am the best judge of my own actions, sir."

"And I am the best judge of the disposal of my property. The estate is not entailed, as you are aware, and if—"

Edward was blind, mad with rage—he seized the revolver—leveled it at his father! At this very moment Lady Elmsdale entered.

Barns had kept his watch faithfully, but he thought it would be safe to allow her in. He had his doubts as to the result of the interview.

The mother looked from the father to son, and from the son to the father. Happily she had not the very slightest suspicion of the truth. She feared that there was some grave, terrible breach between them. There was ghastliness of despair in both their faces.

"Edward, what is the matter? Elmsdale, what has happened?"

It is doubtful if Lord Elmsdale had seen the action of his son, or, if he had seen it, had not known what he intended. At least it can never be known now. Perhaps, even if the mother had not entered, the unhappy young man might not have finally carried out his fatal purpose.

Lord Elmsdale replied in a cold, distant tone:

"Your son is defying his father!"

"Surely, Edward, this is not true!"

"I am old enough to be my own master, and to judge of my own actions——"

"Yes; but never too old to honor and respect your parents. But what has caused this disturbance?"

"I am in utter ignorance. My father does not condescend to explain——"

"The explanation should come from you, sir!" replied Lord Elmsdale, in a tone of bitter and indignant contempt. "No son of mine shall alarm this house after midnight, and try to tempt an innocent servant to her destruction. I have told you," he continued, "what I shall do——"

"And I defy you, sir!" exclaimed Elmsdale, leaving the room, and shutting the door with a crash which resounded through the building.

Barns was still in the hall. He had heard the voices in the library becoming louder and louder; and more and more angry in their tone. He heard these last words.

CHAPTER VI.

WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT?

DEAD!

But how was it done?

No one knows. He was found just as he lies now.

But why do they not remove the body?

Barns will not allow it to be touched until the police come.

Yes: the true-hearted old man was half sitting, half kneeling by the dead body of his master. No word did he speak, but if any one attempted to come near the corpse he motioned them away with a gesture which no one dared to gainsay.

"How did it happen?"

Every one was asking the same question, except the few who were too awed and frightened to say a single word. If he could only speak. Ah! if the dead could speak how many things they would tell us. It was thought once that a photograph of the murderer could be taken from the dead man's eye; that the image of the last person he beheld would remain fixed on the retina. How easily

then could the criminal have been discovered. But God leaves man to work out his own plans and ends, and, except in some most rare and extraordinary cases, human justice is obliged to have recourse to ordinary means to discover the guilty. How few would commit this dreadful, this most diabolical crime of taking the life of a fellow creature, if they were sure of being at once detected by the eye of their victim; and yet there is an Eye which has beheld the commission of the crime—an Eye whose detection they cannot escape.

Barns' face expressed more than sorrow; it told of horror and dread. He knew what had happened some hours earlier—no one else did—and he could not avoid having terrible suspicions.

Lord Elmsdale had left the castle to walk to a distant farm about noon. He often took long, lonely walks. There was no reason why he should not do so. A good landlord is always safe amongst his tenantry—a man must have done some open, deliberate act of injustice to be unsafe in Ireland.

Edward Elmsdale had left the house some time before—in fact, immediately after the quarrel. Barns had seen him leave, and noticed the way he went. He did not go down the broad, elm-lined avenue, but had turned to the right, down a narrower drive, which was hung over in summer time with fragrant blossoms. It was called the lime walk. Gentlemen used to go there to smoke in the evening, the ladies used to walk up and down under the pleasant shelter in the hot summer noons.

Lady Elmsdale had not known anything of what had happened in the night. She had gone to bed very wearied, and slept soundly. Her husband had told her what he suspected, after the scene in the library, but he did not know the real facts of the case—no one could, except the three persons concerned. He had not the least idea that Ned Rusheen had been in the house.

The visitors had arrived about five o'clock in the morning, and went to their rooms, after taking some slight refreshment. Lady Elmsdale had not seen them yet, she went to her daughter's room, but found her sleeping, and would not disturb her.

(To be Continued.)

TRUE LOVE

A maid reclined beside a stream,
 At full of summer day,
 And half awake, and half a-dream,
 She watched the ripples play:
 She marked the water fall and heave,
 The deepening shadows throng,
 And heard, as darkened down the eve,
 The river's bubbling song:
 And thus it sung, with tinkling tongue,
 "That rippling shadowy river—
 "Youth's brightest day will fade away,
 "Forever and forever!"

The twilight past, the moon at last
 Rose broadly o'er the night,
 Each ripple gleams beneath her beams,
 As wrought in silver bright,
 The heaving waters glide along,
 But mingling with their voice,
 The nightingale now pours his song,
 And makes the shades rejoice:
 And thus he sung with tuneful tongue,
 "That bird beside the river—
 "When youth is gone, true love shines on,
 "Forever and forever?"

CHRISTMAS WITH THE
BARON.

A RATHER REMARKABLE TALE.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a fine old castle on the Rhine, a certain Baron von Schrochslofsleschhoffinger. You won't find it an easy name to pronounce; in fact the baron never tried it himself but once, and then he was laid up for two days afterward; so in future we'll only call him "the baron," for shortness, particularly as he was rather a dumpy man. After having heard his name, you won't be surprised when I tell you that he was an exceedingly bad character. For a German baron, he was considered enormously rich; a hundred and fifty pounds a year wouldn't be thought much over here, but still it will buy a good deal of sausage, with wine grown on the estate, formed the chief sustenance of the baron and his family. Now, you'll hardly believe that notwithstanding he was the possessor of this princely revenue, the baron was not satisfied, but oppressed and ground down his unfortunate tenants to the very last penny he could possibly squeeze out of them. In all his exactions he was seconded and encouraged by his steward, Klootz, an old rascal who took a malicious pleasure in his master's cruelty, and who chuckled and rubbed his hands with the greatest apparent enjoyment when any of the poor landholders couldn't pay their rent, or af-

forded him any opportunity for oppression. Not content with making the poor tenants pay double for the land they rented, the baron was in the habit of going round every now and then to their houses and ordering anything he took a fancy to, from a fat pig to a pretty daughter, to be sent up to the castle. The pretty daughter was made parlor-maid, but as she had nothing a year, and had to find herself, it wasn't what would be considered by careful mothers an eligible situation. The fat pig became sausage, of course. Things went on from bad to worse, till at the time of our story, between the alternate squeezings of the baron and his steward, the poor tenants had very little to squeeze out of them. The fat pigs and the pretty daughters had nearly all found their way up to the castle, and there was little else to take. The only help the poor fellows had was the baron's daughter, Lady Bertha, who always had a kind word, and frequently something more substantial, for them, when her father was not in the way. Now, I'm not going to describe Bertha, for the simple reason that if I did, you would imagine that she was the fairy I'm going to tell you about, and she isn't. However, I don't mind giving you a few outlines. In the first place, she was exceedingly tiny—the nicest girls, the real lovable little pets, always are tiny—and she had long silken black hair, and a dear, dimpled little face, full of love and mischief. Now then, fill up the outline with the details of the nicest and prettiest girl you know, and you'll have a slight idea of her. On second thought, I don't believe you will, for your portrait wouldn't be half good enough; however it'll be near enough for you. Well, the baron's daughter, being all your fancy painted her, and a trifle more, was naturally much distressed at the goings on of her unamiable parent, and tried her best to make amends for her father's harshness. She generally managed that a good many pounds of the sausages should find their way back to the owners of the original pig; and when the baron tried to squeeze the hand of the pretty parlor-maid, which he occasionally did after dinner, Bertha had only to say, in a tone of mild remonstrance "Pa!" and pa

dropped the hand like a hot potato, and stared very hard the other way, instantly. Bad as the disreputable old baron was, he had respect for the goodness and purity of his child. Like the lion, tamed by the charm of Una's innocence, the rough old rascal seemed to lose in her presence half his rudeness, and though he used awful language to her sometimes (I dare say even Una's lion roared occasionally) he was more tractable with her than with any other living being. Her presence operated as a moral restraint upon him, which possibly was the reason that he never stayed down stairs after dinner, but always retired to a favorite turret, where he could get comfortably tipsy, which I regret to say, he had got so in the way of doing every afternoon, that I believe he would have felt unwell without.

The hour of the baron's afternoon symposium was the time selected by Bertha for her errands of charity. Once he was fairly settled down to his second bottle, off went Bertha with her maid beside her carrying a basket to bestow a meal on some of the poor tenants, among whom she was always receiving blessings. At first these excursions had been undertaken solely from charitable motives, and Bertha felt herself plentifully repaid in the love and thanks of her grateful pensioners. Of late, however, another cause led her to take even stronger interests in her walks, and occasionally come in with brighter eyes and rosier cheeks than the gratitude of the poor tenants had been wont to produce. The fact is, some months before the time of our story, Bertha had noticed in her walks an artist, who seemed to be fated to be invariably sketching points of interest in the road she had to take. There was one particular tree, exactly, in the path which led from the castle gate, which he had sketched from at least four points of view, and Bertha began to wonder what there could be so particular about it. At last, just as Carl von Sepach had begun to consider where on earth he could sketch the tree from next, and to ponder seriously upon the feasibility of climbing up into it, and taking it from that point of view, a trifling accident occurred, which gave him the opportunity of making Bertha's acquaint-

ance, which, I don't mind stating confidently was the very thing he had been waiting for. It also chanced, that on one particular afternoon the maid, either through awkwardness, or possibly through looking at the handsome painter more than the ground she was walking on, stumbled and fell. Of course the basket fell too, and equally of course, Carl, as a gentleman, couldn't do less than offer his assistance in picking up the damsel and the dinner.

The acquaintance thus commenced was not suffered to drop; and handsome Carl and our good little Bertha were fairly over head and ears in love, and had begun to have serious thoughts of a cottage in a wood, et cetera, when their felicity was disturbed by their being accidentally met, in one of their walks, by the baron. Of course the baron, being himself so thorough an aristocrat, had higher views for his daughter than marrying her to a beggarly artist, and accordingly he stamped and swore, and threatened Carl with summary punishment with all sorts of weapons, from heavy boots to blunderbusses, if ever he ventured near the premises again. This was unpleasant; but I fear it didn't quite put a stop to the young people's interviews, thought it made them less frequent and more secret than before.

Now, I'm quite aware this wasn't at all proper, and that no properly regulated young lady would ever have had meetings with a young man papa didn't approve of. But then it's just possible Bertha mightn't have been a properly regulated young lady; I only know she was a dear little pet, worth twenty model young ladies, and that she loved Carl very dearly. And then consider what a dreadful old tyrant of a papa she had! My dear girl, it's not the slightest use of your looking so provokingly correct; it's my deliberate belief that if you had been in her shoes (they'd have been at least three sizes too small for you, but that doesn't matter) you would have done precisely the same.

Such was the state of things on Christmas Eve in the year—stay! fairy tales never have a year to them; so on second thought I wouldn't tell the date if I knew—but I don't. Such was the state of things, however, on the particular 24th of December to which our story

refers—only, if anything, rather more so. The baron had got up in the morning in an exceedingly bad temper; and those about him had felt its effects all through the day. His two favorite wolf-hounds, Lutzow and Teutel, had received so many kicks from the baron's heavy boots that they hardly knew at which end their tails were; and even Klootz himself scarcely dared to approach his master. In the middle of the day two of the principal tenants came to say that they were unprepared with their rent, and to beg for a little delay. The poor fellows represented that their families were starving, and entreated for mercy; but the baron was only too glad that he had at last found so fair an excuse for venting his ill-humor. He loaded the unhappy defaulters with every abusive epithet he could devise (and being called names in German is no joke, I can tell you); and lastly, he swore by everything he could think of that if their rent was not paid on the morrow, themselves and their families should be turned out of doors to sleep on the snow, which was then many inches deep on the ground. They still continued to beg for mercy, till the baron became so exasperated that he determined to kick them out of the castle himself. He pursued them for that purpose as far as the outer door, when fresh fuel was added to his anger, Carl, who, as I have hinted, still managed, notwithstanding the paternal prohibition, to see fair Bertha occasionally, and had come to wish her a merry Christmas, chanced at this identical moment to be saying good-by at the door, above which, in accordance with immemorial usage, a huge bush of mistletoe was suspended. What they were doing under it at the moment of the baron's appearance, I never knew exactly; but his wrath was tremendous! I regret to say that his language was unparliamentary in the extreme. He swore till he was mauve in the face; and if he had not providentially been seized with a fit of coughing, and sat down in the coal-scuttle—mistaking it for a three-legged stool—it is impossible to say to what lengths his feelings might have carried him. Carl and Bertha picked him up, rather black behind, but otherwise not much the worse of his accident. In fact

the diversion of his thoughts seemed to have done him good, for, having sworn a little more, and Carl having left the castle he appeared rather better. After having endured so many and varied emotions, it is hardly to be wondered at that the baron required some consolation; so, after having changed his trousers, he took himself off to his favorite turret, to allay by copious potations the irritation of his mind. Bottle after bottle was emptied, and pipe after pipe was filled and smoked. The fine old Burgundy was gradually getting in the old baron's head; and altogether he was beginning to feel more comfortable. The shades of the winter afternoon had deepened into the evening twilight, made dimmer still by the aromatic cloud that came, with dignified deliberation, from the baron's lips, and curled and floated up the carved coiling of the turret, where they spread themselves into a dim canopy, which every successive cloud brought lower and lower. The fire which had been piled up mountain-fire earlier in the afternoon, and had flamed and roared to its heart's content ever since, had now got to that state—the perfection of a fire to a lazy man—when it requires no poking or attention of any kind, but just burns itself hollow, and then tumbles in, and blazes jovially for a little time, and then settles down to a genial glow, and gets hollow and tumbles in again. The baron's fire was just in this delightful "de capo" condition, most favorable of all to the enjoyment of the "doce far niente." For a little while it would glow and kindle quietly, making strange faces to itself, and building fantastic castles in the depths of its red recesses, and then the castle would come down with a crash, and the faces disappear, and a bright flame spring up and lick lovingly the old chimney; and the carved heads of improbable men and impossible women, heven so deftly round the panels of the old oak wardrobe opposite, in which the baron's choicest vintages were deposited, were lit up with the flickering light, and seemed to nod and wink at the fire in return, with the familiarity of old acquaintances.

Some such fancy as this was disporting itself in the baron's brain; and he

was gazing at the old oak carving accordingly, and emitting huge volumes of smoke with reflective slowness, when a clatter among the bottles on the table caused him to turn his head to ascertain the cause. The baron was by no means a nervous man; however the sight that met his eyes when he turned round did take away his presence of mind a little; and he was obliged to take four distinct puffs before he had sufficiently regained his equilibrium to inquire. "Who the—Pickwick—are you?" (the baron said, "Dickens," but as that is a naughty word we will substitute "Pickwick," which is equally expressive, and not so wrong. Let me see? where was I? Oh! yes. "Who the Pickwick are you?")

Now, before I allow the baron's visitor to answer the question, perhaps I had better give a slight description of his personal appearance. If this wasn't a true story, I should have liked to have made him a model of manly beauty; but a regard for veracity compels me to confess that he was not what would be generally considered handsome; that is, not in figure, for his face was by no means unpleasing. His body was in size and shape not very unlike a huge plum-pudding, and was clothed in a bright green tightly fitting doublet, with red holly berries for buttons. His limbs were long and slender in proportion to his stature, which was not more than three feet or so. His head was encircled by a crown of holly and mistletoe. The round red berries sparkled amid his hair, which was silver white and shone out in cheerful harmony with his rosy jovial face. And that face would have done one good to look at it. In spite of the silver hair, and an occasional wrinkle beneath the merry laughing eyes it seemed brimming over with perpetual youth. The mouth well garnished with teeth, white and sound, which seemed as if they could do ample justice to holiday cheer, was ever open with a beaming, genial smile, expanding now and then into hearty, jovial laughter. Fun and good-fellowship were in every feature. The owner of the face, was, at the moment when the baron first perceived him, comfortably seated upon the top of the large tobacco jar, on the table, nursing his left leg. The baron's somewhat abrupt inquiry

did not appear to irritate him; on the contrary, he seemed rather amused than otherwise.

"You don't ask prettily, old gentleman," he replied; "but I don't mind telling you for all that. I'm King Christmas."

"Th?" said the baron.

"Ah!" said the goblin. Of course you've guessed he a was goblin.

"And pray what is your business here?" said the baron.

"Don't be crusty with a fellow," replied the goblin. "I merely looked in to wish you the compliments of the season. Talking of crust, by the way, what sort of a tap is it you're drinking?" So saying, he took up a flask of the baron's best and poured out about half a glass. Having held the glass first to one side and then to the other, winked at it twice, sniffed it, and gone through the remainder of the pantomime in which connoisseurs indulge, he drank it with great deliberation, and smacked his lips significantly. "Hum! Johannisberg! and not so very bad—for you. But I tell you what it is, baron, you'll have to bring out better stuff than this when I put my legs on your mahogany."

"Well, you are a cool fish," said the baron. "However, you're rather a joke, so now you're here we may as well enjoy ourselves. Smoke!"

"Not anything you're likely to offer me."

"Confound your impudence!" roared the baron, with a horribly complicated oath. "That tobacco's as good as any in Rhineland."

"That's a nasty cough you've got baron. Don't excite yourself, my dear boy: I dare say you speak according to your lights. I don't mean Vesuvians, you know, but your opportunities for knowing anything about it. Try a weed out of my case, and I expect you'll alter your opinion."

The baron took the proffered case, and selected a cigar. Not a word spoken till it was half consumed, when the baron took it for the first time from his lips, and said gently, with the air of a man communicating an important discovery in the strictest confidence, "Das ist gut!"

"Thought you'd say so," said the visitor. "And now, as you like the

cigar, I should like you to try a thimble-full of what I call wine. I must warn you, though that it is rather potent, and may produce effects you are not accustomed to."

"Bother that, if it's as good as the weed," said the baron; "I haven't taken my usual quantity by four bottles yet."

"Well, don't say I didn't warn you, that's all. I don't think you'll find it unpleasant, though it is rather strong when you're not accustomed to it." So saying, the goblin produced from some mysterious pocket a black, big-bellied bottle, crusted apparently with the dust of ages. It did strike the baron as rather peculiar, that the bottle, when once produced, appeared nearly as big round as the goblin himself, but he was not the man to stick at trifles, and he pushed toward his glass to be filled just as composedly as if the portion had been shipped by Sandeman, and paid duty in the most commonplace way.

The glass was filled and emptied, but the baron uttered not his opinion. Not in words, at least, but he pushed forward his glass to be filled again in a manner that sufficiently bespoke his approval.

"Aha, you smile!" said the goblin. And it was a positive fact; the baron was smiling; a thing he had not been known to do in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. "That is the stuff to make your hair curl, isn't it?"

"I believe you, my b-o-o-oy!" The baron brought out this earnest expression of implicit confidence with true Paul Bedford uncting: "It warms one—here!"

Knowing the character of the man, one would have expected him to put his hand upon his stomach. But he didn't; he laid it upon his heart.

"The spell begins to operate, I see," said the goblin. "Have another glass."

The baron had another glass, and another after that. The smile on his face expanded into an expression of such geniality that the whole character of his countenance was changed, and his own mother wouldn't have known him, I doubt myself—inasmuch as she died when he was exactly a year and three months old—whether she would have recognized him under any circumstan-

ces; but I merely wish to express that he was changed almost beyond recognition.

Upon my word," said the baron, at length, "I feel so light that I almost think I could dance a hornpipe. I used to once, I know. Shall I try?"

"Well, if you ask my advice," replied the goblin, "I should say decidedly, don't. 'Bark is willing,' I dare say, but trousers are weak, and you might split 'em."

"Hang it all," said the baron, "so I might; I didn't think of that. But still I feel as if I must do something juvenile!"

"Ah! that's the effect of your change of nature," said the goblin. "Never mind, I'll give you plenty to do presently."

"Change of nature! what do you mean, old conundrum?" said the baron.

"Your another," said the goblin. "But never mind. What I mean is just this. What you are now feeling is the natural consequence of my magic wine, which has changed you into a fairy. That's what's the matter, sir."

"A fairy! me!" exclaimed the baron. "Get out; I'm too fat."

"Fat! oh! that's nothing. We shall put you in regular training, and you'll soon be slim enough to get into a lady's stockings. Not that you'll be called upon to do anything of the sort; but I'm merely giving you an idea of your future figure."

"No! no," said the baron; "me thin! that's too ridiculous. Why, that's worse than being a fairy. You don't mean it, though, do you? I do feel rather peculiar."

"I do, indeed," said the visitor. "You don't dislike it, do you?"

"Well, no, I can't say I do, entirely. It's queer, though, I feel so very friendly. I feel as if I should like to shake hands, or pat somebody on the back."

"Ah!" said the goblin, "I know how it is. Rum feeling; when you're not accustomed to it. But come, finish that glass, for we must be off. We've got a precious deal to do before morning. I can tell you. Are you ready?"

"All right," said the baron. "I'm just in the humor to make a night of it."

"Come along, then," said the goblin. They proceeded for a short time in silence.

along the corridors of the old castle. They carried no candle, but the baron noticed that everything seemed perfectly light wherever they stood, but relapsed into darkness as soon as they passed by. The goblin spoke first.

"I say baron, you have been an uncommon old brute in your time, now haven't you?"

"H'm," said the baron, reflectively, "I don't know. Well, yes, I rather think you have."

"How jolly miserable you've been making those two young people, you old sinner. You know who I mean?"

"Eh, what? You know that too?" said the baron.

"Know it; of course I do. Why, bless your heart, I know everything, my dear boy. But you have made yourself an old pig in that quarter, considerably. Ar'n't you blushing, you hard-hearted old monster?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," said the baron, scratching his nose, as if that was where he expected to feel it. "I believe I have treated them badly, though, now I come to think of it."

At this moment they reached the door of Bertha's chamber. The door opened of itself at their approach.

"Come along," said the goblin, "you won't wake her. Now, old flinty-heart, look there."

The sight that met the baron's view was one that few fathers could have beheld without emotion. Under ordinary circumstances, however, the baron would not have felt at all sentimental on the subject, but to-night something made him view things in quite a different light to that he was accustomed to. I shouldn't like to make affidavit of the fact, but, it is my positive impression that he sighed.

Now, my dear reader—particularly if a gentleman—don't imagine I'm going to indulge your impertinent curiosity with an elaborate description of the sacred details of a lady's sleeping department. You're not a fairy, you know, and I don't see that it can possibly matter to you whether Bertha's dainty little bottinos were tidily placed on the chair by her bedside, or thrown carelessly, as they had been taken off, upon the hearth-rug; whether her favorite spaniel reposed, warming his nose in his sleep

before the last smouldering embers of the decaying fire or whether her-er-inoline—but if she did wear a crinoline, what can that possibly matter, sir; to you? All I shall tell you is, that everything looked snug and comfortable; but somehow, any place got that look when Bertha was in it. And now a word about the jewel in the casket—pet Bertha herself. Really, I'm at a loss to describe her. How do you look when you're asleep? Well, it wasn't like that; not a bit; Fancy a sweet girl's face, the cheek faintly flushed with a soft warm tint, like the blush in the heart of the opening rose, and made brighter by the contrast of the downy pillow on which it rested; dark, silken hair, curling and clustering lovingly over the tiniest of tiny ears, and the softest, whitest neck that ever mortal maiden was blessed with; long silken eyelashes, fringing lids only less beautiful than the dear earnest eyes they cover. Fancy all this, and fancy, too, if you can, the expression of perfect goodness and purity that lit up the sweet features of the slumbering maiden with a beauty almost angelic, and you will see what the baron saw that night. Not quite all, however, for the baron's vision paused not at the bedside before him, but had passed on from the face of the sleeping maiden to another face as lovely, that of the young wife, Bertha's mother, who had, years before, taken her angel beauty to the angels.

The goblin spoke to the baron's thought. "Wonderfully like her, is she not, baron?" The baron slowly inclined his head.

"You made her very happy, didn't you?" The tone in which the goblin spoke was harsh and mocking. "A faithful husband, tender and true! She must have been a happy wife, eh, baron?"

The baron's head had sunk upon his bosom. Old recollections were thronging into his awakened memory. Solemn vows to love and cherish, somewhat strangely kept. Memories of bitter words and savage oaths, showered at a quiet, uncomplaining figure, without one in reply. And last, the memory of a fit of drunken passion, and a hasty blow struck with a heavy hand; and then of three months fading away; and

last, of her last prayer—for her baby and for him.

"A good husband makes a good father, baron. No wonder you are somewhat chary of rashly entrusting to a suitor the happiness of a sweet flower like this. Poor child! it is hard, though, that she must think no more of him she loves so dearly. See! she is weeping even in her dreams. But you have good reasons, no doubt. Young Carl is wild, perhaps, or drinks, or gambles, eh! What! none of these? Perhaps he is wayward and uncertain, and you fear that the honied words of courtship might turn to bitter sayings in matrimony. They do, sometimes, eh, baron? By all means guard her from such a fate as that. Poor tender flower! Or who knows, worse than that, baron! Hard words break no bones, they say, but angry men are quick, and the blow is soon struck, eh?"

The goblin had drawn nearer and nearer, and laid his hand upon the baron's arm, and the last words were literally hissed into his ear. The baron's frame swayed to and fro under the violence of his emotions. At last, with a cry of agony, he dashed his hands upon his forehead. The veins were swollen up like thick cords, and his voice was almost inarticulate in its unnatural hoarseness.

"Torturer, release me! Let me go, let me go, and do something for the past, or I shall go mad and die!"

He rushed out of the room and paced wildly down the corridor, the goblin following him. At last as they came near the outer door of the castle which opened of itself as they reached it, the spirit spoke:

"This way, baron, this way; I told you there was work for us to do before morning you know."

"Work!" exclaimed the baron, absently passing his fingers through his tangled hair; "oh! yes, work! the harder and the rougher the better; anything to make me forget."

The two stepped out into the courtyard, and the baron shivered, though, as it seemed, unconsciously at the breath of the frosty midnight air. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the baron's heavy boots sank into it with a crisp, crushing sound at every tread. He was bareheaded, but seemed unconscious of

the fact, and tramped on, as if utterly indifferent to anything but his own thoughts. At last, as a blast of the night wind, keener than ordinary, swept over him, he seemed for the first time to feel the chill. His teeth chattered, and he muttered, "Cold, very cold."

"Ay, baron," said the goblin, "it is cold, even to us, who are healthy and strong, and warmed with wine. Colder still, though, to those who are hungry and half naked, and have to sleep on the snow."

"Sleep! snow!" said the baron. "Who sleeps on the snow? Why, I wouldn't let my dogs be out on such a night as this."

"Your dogs, no!" said the goblin; "I spoke of meaner animals—your wretched tenants. Did you not order, yesterday, that Wilhelm and Friedrich, if they did not pay their rent to-morrow should be turned out to sleep on the snow? A snug bed for the little ones, and a nice white coverlet, eh? Ha! ha! twenty florins or so is no great matter, is it? I'm afraid their chance is small, nevertheless. Come and see."

The baron hung his head. A few minutes brought them to the first of the poor dwellings, which they entered noiselessly. The fireless grate, the carpetless floor, the broken window-panes, all gave sufficient testimony to the want and misery of the occupants. In one corner lay sleeping a man, a woman and three children, and nestling to each other for the warmth which their ragged coverlet could not afford. In the man the baron recognized his tenant, Wilhelm, one of those who had been with him to beg for indulgence on the previous day. The keen features, and bones almost starting through the pallid skin, showed how heavily the hand of hunger had been laid upon all. The cold night wind moaned and whistled through the many flaws in the ill-glazed, ill-thatched tenement, and rustled over the sleepers, who shivered even in their sleep.

"Ha, baron," said the goblin, "death is breathing in their faces even now, you see; it is hardly worth while to lay them asleep in the snow, is it? They would sleep a little sounder that's all."

The baron shuddered, and then hastily pulling the warm coat from his own

shoulders, he spread it over the sleepers.

"Oho!" said the goblin, "bravely done, baron. By all means keep them warm to-night, they'll enjoy the snow more to-morrow, you know."

Strange to say, the baron, instead of feeling chilled when he had removed his coat, felt a strange glow of warmth spread from the region of the heart over his entire frame. The goblin's continual allusions to his former intention, which he had by this time totally relinquished, hurt him, and he said, rather pathetically, "Don't talk of that again, good goblin, I'd rather sleep on the snow myself."

"Eh! what?" said the goblin, "you don't mean to say you're sorry? Then what do you say to making these poor people comfortable?"

"With all my heart," said the baron, "if we had only anything to do it with."

"You leave that to me," said the goblin, "your brother fairies are not far off, you may be sure."

As he spoke he clapped his hands thrice, and before the third clap had died away the poor cottage was swarming with tiny figures, whom the baron rightly conjectured to be the fairies themselves.

Now, you may not be aware (the baron was not until that night) that there are among the fairies trades and professions, just as with ordinary mortals. However, there they were, each with the accompaniments of his or her particular business, and to it they went manfully. A fairy glazier put in new panes to the shattered windows, fairy carpenters replaced the doors upon their hinges, and fairy painters, with inconceivable celerity, made cupboards and closets as fresh as paint could make them; one fairy housemaid laid and lit a roaring fire, while another dusted and rubbed chairs and tables to a miraculous degree of brightness; a fairy butler uncorked bottles of fairy wine, and a fairy cook laid out a repast of most tempting appearance. The baron hearing a tapping above him, cast his eyes upward and beheld a fairy slater rapidly repairing a hole in the roof; and when he bent them down again, they fell on a fairy doctor mixing a cordial for the sleepers. Nay, there was even a fairy parson, who, not having

any present employment, contented himself with rubbing his hands and looking pleasant, probably waiting till somebody might want to be christened or married. Every trade, every profession or occupation appeared, without exception, to be represented; nay, we beg pardon, with one exception only, for the baron used to say, when afterward relating his experiences to bachelor friends, "You may believe me or not, sir, there was every mortal business under the sun, but devil a bit of a lawyer."

The baron could not long remain inactive. He was rapidly seized with a violent desire to do something to help, which manifested itself in insane attempts to assist every body at once. At last, after having taken all the skin off his knuckles in attempting to hammer in nails in aid of the carpenters, and then nearly tumbling over a fairy housemaid, whose broom he was offering to carry, he gave it up as a bad job, and stood aside with his friend the goblin. He was just about to inquire how it was that the poor occupants of the house were not awakened by so much din, when a fairy Sam Slik who had been examining the cottager's old clock, with a view to a thorough repair, touched some spring within it, and it made the usual purr preparatory to striking. When lo and behold, at the very first stroke, cottage, goblin, fairies and all had disappeared into utter darkness, and the baron found himself in his turret-chamber, rubbing his toe, which he had just hit with considerable force against the fender. As he was only in his slippers the concussion was unpleasant, and the baron rubbed his toe for a good while. After he had finished with his toe he rubbed his nose, and finally, with a countenance of deep reflection, scratched the bump of something or other at the top of his head. The old clock on the stairs was striking three, and the fire had gone out. The baron reflected for a short time longer, and finally decided he had better go to bed, which he did accordingly.

The morning dawned upon the very ideal, as far as weather was concerned, of a Christmas day. A bright winter sun shone yet just vividly enough to make everything look genial and pleasant, and yet not with sufficient warmth to mar the pure unbroken surface of the crisp

white snow, which lay like a never-ending white lawn upon the ground, and glittered in myriad silver flakes upon the leaves of the sturdy evergreens. I'm afraid the baron had not had a very good night; at any rate, I know that he was wide awake at an hour long before his usual time of rising. He lay first on one side, and then on the other, and then by way of variety, turned on his back, with his magenta nose pointing perpendicularly toward the ceiling; but it was all of no use. Do what he would, he couldn't get to sleep, and at last, not long after daybreak, he tumbled out of bed, and proceeded to dress. Even after he was out of bed his fidgetiness continued. It did not strike him, until after he had got one boot on, that it would be a more natural proceeding to put his stockings on first; after which he caught himself in the act of trying to put his trousers on over his head (which, I may mention for the information of lady readers who, of course, cannot be expected to know anything about such matters, is not the mode generally adopted.) In a word, the baron's mind was evidently preoccupied; his whole air was that of a man who felt a strong impulse to do something or other, but could not quite make up his mind to it. At last, however, the good impulse conquered, and this wicked old baron, in the stillness of the calm bright Christmas morning, went down upon his knees and prayed. Stiff were his knees and slow his tongue, for neither had done such work for many a long day past, but I have read in the Book of the joy of the angels over a repenting sinner: There needs not much eloquence to pray the publican's prayer, and who shall say but there was gladness in heaven that Christmas morning.

The baron's appearance down stairs at such an early hour occasioned quite a commotion. Nor were the domestics reassured when the baron ordered a bullock to be killed and jointed instantly, and all the available provisions in the larder including sausage, to be packed up in baskets, with a good store of his own peculiar wine. One ancient retainer was heard to declare, with much pathos, that he feared master had gone "off his head." However, "off his head" or not they knew the baron must be obeyed;

and in an exceedingly short space of time, he sailed forth, accompanied by three servants carrying the baskets, and wondering what in the name of fortune their master would do next. He stopped at the cottage of Wilhelm which he visited with the goblin on the previous night. The labors of the fairies did not seem to have produced much lasting benefit, for the appearance of everything around was as wretched as could be. The poor family thought that the baron had come himself to turn them out of house and home; and the poor children huddled up timidly to their mother for protection, while the father attempted some words of entreaty for mercy. The pale, pinched features of the group, and their look of dread and wretchedness, were too much for the baron. "Eh! what! what do you mean, confound you! Turn you out! Of course not: I've brought you some breakfast. Here! Fritz—Carl; where are the knives? Now then, unpack, and don't be a week about it. Can't you see the people are hungry, ye villains? Here lend me the corkscrew." This last being a tool the baron was tolerably accustomed to, he had better success than with those of the fairy carpenters; and it was not long before the poor tenants were seated before a roaring fire, and doing justice with the appetite of starvation, to a substantial breakfast. The baron felt a queer sensation in the throat at the sight of the poor people's enjoyment, and had passed the back of his hand twice across his eyes when he thought no one was looking; but his emotion fairly rose to boiling point when the poor father, Wilhelm, with tears in his eyes, and about a quarter of a pound of beef in his mouth, sprang up from the table and threw himself at the baron's knees, invoking his blessings on him for his goodness. Get up, you audacious scoundrel! roared the baron. What the deuce do you mean by such conduct, eh! confound you! At this moment the door opened, and in walked Myneer Klötz, who had heard nothing of the baron's change of intention, and who, seeing Wilhelm at the baron's feet, and hearing the speaking, as he thought, in an angry tone, at once, jumped at the conclusion that Wilhelm was entreating for longer indulgence. He rushed at the unfortunate

man, and collared him. "Not if we know it," exclaimed he; "you'll have the wolves for bedfellows to-night, I reckon. Come along, my fine fellow." As he spoke he turned his back towards the baron, with the intention of dragging his victim towards the door. The baron's little grey eye twinkled, and his whole frame quivered with suppressed emotion, which after the lapse of a moment, vented itself into a kick, and such a kick! Not one of your Varsovia flourishes, but a kick that employed every muscle from hip to toe and drove the worthy steward up against the door, like a ball from a catapult. Misfortune never come singly, and so Mynhear Klootz found with regard to the kick, for it was followed without loss of time, by several dozen others, as like it as possible, from the baron's heavy boots. Wounded lions proverbially come badly off and Fritz and Carl, who had suffered from many an act of petty tyranny on the part of the steward, thought that they could not do better than follow their master's example, which they did to such good purpose, that when the unfortunate Klootz did escape from the cottage at last, I don't believe he could have had any oz sacrum left.

After having executed this little act of poetical justice, the baron and his servants visited the other cottages, in all of which they were received with dread, and dismissed with blessings. Having completed his tour of charity, the baron returned home to breakfast, feeling more really contented, than he had been for many a long year. He found Bertha, who had not risen when he started, in a considerable state of anxiety as to what he could possibly have, been doing. In answer to her inquiries he told her with a roughness he was far from feeling, to mind her own business. The gentle eyes filled with tears, at the harshness of the reply; perceiving which, the baron was beyond measure distressed, and chucked her under the chin in what was meant to be of a very conciliatory manner. "Oh! what, my pretty? tears? No, surely. Bertha must forgive her old father. I did't mean it, you know, my pet, and yet, on second thought, yes I did, too. Bertha's face was overcast again. My little girl thinks she has no business anywhere, oh! is that it? Well, then, my pet, sup-

pose you make it your business to write a note to young Carl von Sempach, and say I'm afraid I was rather rude to him yesterday, but if he'll look over it, and come and take a snug family dinner and a slice of pudding with us to-day—Why pa, you don't mean—yes, I do really believe you do—The baron's eyes were winking nineteen to the dozen. Why, you dear, dear, dear old pa! And at the imminent risk of upsetting the breakfast table, Bertha rushed at the baron, and flinging two soft white arms about his neck! kissed him—oh! how she did kiss him. I shouldn't have thought, myself, she could possibly have any left for Carl; but I dare say Bertha attended to his interests in that respect somehow.

* * * * *

Well, Carl came to dinner, and the baron was, not very many years after, promoted to the dignity of a grandpa, and a very jolly old grandpa he made. Is that all you want to know?

About Klootz? Well Klootz got over the kicking, but he was dismissed from the baron's service; and on examination of his accounts, it was discovered that he had been in the habit of robbing the baron of nearly a third of his yearly income, which he had to refund; and with the money he was thus compelled to disgorge, the baron built new cottages for his tenants, and stocked their farms. Nor was he the poorer in the end, for his tenants worked with the energy of gratitude, and he was soon many times the richer than when the goblin visited him on that Christmas eve.

And was the goblin ever explained? Certainly not. How dare you have the impertinence to suppose such a thing? An empty bottle, covered with cobwebs, was found, the next morning in the turret-chamber, which the baron, at first imagined must be the bottle from which the goblin produced his magic wine; but as it was found on examination, to be labelled Old Jamaica Rum, of course that could not have had anything to do with it. However it was, the baron never thoroughly enjoyed any other wine after it; and as he did not henceforth get drunk, on an average more than two nights a week, or swear more than eight oaths a day, I think King Christmas may be considered to have measurably reformed him. And he always main-

tained, to the day of his death, that he was changed into a fairy, and became exceedingly angry if contradicted.

Who doesn't believe in fairies after this? I only hope King Christmas may make a few more good fairies this year, to brighten the homes of the poor with the light of Christmas charity. Truly we need not look far for almsmen. Cold and hunger, disease and death, are around us at all times; but at no time do they press more heavily on the poor than at this jovial Christmas season. Shall we shut out, in our mirth and jollity, the cry of the hungry poor? or shall we not rather remember, in the midst of our happy family circles, round our well filled tables, and before our blazing fires, that our brothers are starving out in the cold, and that the Christmas song of the angels was, "Good will to men?"

A GENTLEMAN—When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man. To be a gentleman is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labor. A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. He subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cool spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christian: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Another writer pointedly says:—

"He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue and a notable promoter thereof, directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his works before a profane world."

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

The above is another of those remains of antiquity which give interest and effect to the scenery of Killarney. It stands on Ross Island, the largest island on the lower lake; about a mile in length, and entirely covered with underwood, chiefly evergreens. A narrow gut, scarcely navigable for boats, separates it from the shore. The castle stands upon a rock on the land side of the island; it is a fine ruin, consisting of a lofty square building, with embattled parapets, originally enclosed by a curtain wall, having round flankers at each corner, small portions of which, are yet visible. In the interior are several good apartments; it was formerly a royal residence, being the seat of the lords of the lake, who assumed the title of kings. The family of O'Donoghue was the last that bore this title. There are many interesting stories recorded of the great O'Donoghue, the hero of this ancient race, which well accord with the surrounding scenery.

In the year 1652, the castle was valiantly defended by Lord Muskerry, against an English force of 4,000 foot and horse, commanded by General Ludlow.

The shores of Ross Island, says Mr. Wright in his guide to the lakes, are beautiful and interesting in the extreme, being deeply indented, and possessing endless variety of commanding promontory, and retiring bay; the rocks along



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

its margin are worn into the most fanciful shapes, for every group of which, the helms-man is supplied with an appropriate appellation. Here lead and copper are to be had in great abundance, and though the working of the mine is discontinued, yet it is rather for want of capital in the proprietors, than for a deficiency of ore. These mines were worked at a very early period, and some of the rude implements used for breaking down the ore, are to be found on the island; they are large oval stones, quite smooth, and round the centre of each is a mark, evidently caused by the fastening on of a convenient handle: they are called by the country people, "Dane hammers," a belief still existing that they were formerly used by those invaders.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LITTLE CONTRARY.

There was a little girl I knew,
Who often disobeyed,
And when her mother bade her work,
She almost always played.

When she was told to go one way,
She would surely go the other;
If asked her sister to amuse,
She'd entertain her brother.

Or, when mamma said, "Come do this,"
She'd cry, "Can't I do that?"
And when upon an errand sent,
She'd play with dog or cat.

Instead of doing what she should,
She did just what she shouldn't:
And if her mother wished she would,
She always said she couldn't.

And now, if there are any more
Such children here to-day,
I hope they'll think it very wrong,
And try the better way.

Like this young girl I've told you of,
Determine to repent,
And as you older grow each day,
Grow more obedient.

ROSY'S GOOD FORTUNE.

A GOLDEN guinea rolled out of a rich man's pocket-book one day into the street, and rested under a brown leaf. Just then a little girl, with her school books on her arm, hurried by. She was very neatly, but very poorly dressed, and her little face looked wan and sad. She didn't see the gold piece that peeped so wistfully out from under the brown cap at her—how it would have lightened her heart if she had! But when she had passed on the guinea was gone.

As Rose—she was a pale little rose—Dalton entered the school house, one of the girls said:—

"There comes Rose, though its examination day, in the same old calico gown, and I declare I believe she has worn those shoes for four months. I say, Rose, why don't you have now spring clothes like the rest of us?"

"Because, Jonnie, I havn't any father and mother like you, and grandmother is old and sick, and has hard work to get along. By-and-by, when I know enough, I shall earn money for us both, and then I will have shoes when I need them."

Rosy answered pleasantly, but there was a quiet dignity in her manner, that repelled rudeness.

In a minute or two one of the girls said:—

"I believe, Rose Dalton, that if you had five dollars this minute, you'd spend it for your grandmother before you'd get yourself what you really need."

This time Rosy said nothing, but she thought:—"Yes, indeed I would; grandmother should have a new gown to go

to church in, and a pair of easy low shoes: and I'd wait a little longer for mine."

If guineas ever laugh, the one that had laid in the gutter half an hour before, laughed when the little girl said that, and it said:—

"Well, well, who ever would have thought that her shoe would have picked me up in that fashion, and I am as snug as possible between the insole and the lining. I hope I shall not fall out."

The examination was passed, and Rosy won the premium for arithmetic, which was a bright new five dollar gold piece.

Dear child, how she hurried home holding the precious treasure tight in her hand, and when she entered the dingy little room where her grandmother was engaged in preparing the supper, her happiness made the whole room bright.

"See, grandmother, you can go to church now, for here is the money that Mr. Winslow promised to the best scholar in arithmetic, and now you can have a new dress and a pair of shoes."

"No, dearie you must spend that for yourself. I am turning the old gown, and the shoes will do me for awhile yet. See, your shoes are all worn out, lassie."

"But if they are, I cannot get new ones till the dear old granny is fixed," said Rosy. "See here, I guess I can fix these with some tucks."—And as she raised her foot to look at her shoe, out rolled the old English guinea upon the floor.

"O grandmother! What is this?" exclaimed the child.

Grandmother took it in her hand, and examined it.

"Why, Rosy," said she "it is a guinea, and is worth just as much as your five dollar gold piece."

"And now," said Rosy, "we can both have new gowns and new shoes. I am so glad!"

If you had heard those two gold pieces jingle together in Rosy's pocket you'd have known that they were laughing for very happiness at Rosy's good fortune.

THE STRANGER-CHILD'S HOLY CHRIST.

Twos on the night the Lord was born,
When, through the gladsome town,
A stranger-child, and all forlorn,
Went wandering up and down.

At every house he stopped to gaze
Where, hung with stars of light,
The Christmas-tree shot forth its rays
Unutterably bright.

Then wept the child: "Alas for me!
To-night each other one
Will have his glittering Christmas-tree:
But I, poor I, have none,

"I too have played round such at home,
With brothers hand in hand,
But all deserted now I roam
Here in this stranger-land.

"Father nor mother have I now—
O holy Christ and dear!
Except 'thou love me, only Thou
I am forgotten here!"

He rubbed his little hands, all blue
And stiffened with the cold,
And round him, cowering, closer drew
His garment's scanty fold.

When, lo! with wand of wavy light,
And voice so heavenly sweet,
Another Child, all robed in white,
Came gliding up the street.

He said: "The holy Christ am I,
Once, too, a child like thee;
If all forget and pass thee by,
Thou'rt not forgot by Me.

"Myself for thee, dear child, will raise
A Tree so full of light,
That those in yonder hall that blaze
Can scarcely shine so bright."

He spoke, and straight from earth to sky
A Tree before them sprung,
And stars, in clustering radiance,
Amid its branches hung.

How near and yet how far it seemed!
How bathed in floods of lights!
Still stood the child, and thought he dreamed,
So rapturous was the sight.

But, hovering o'er him from above,
Angels sweet welcome smiled,
And gently stretched their arms in love
Towards the stranger-child.

They lift, they raise him from the ground,
Up through the shining space;
And now the blessed one has found
With Christ a resting-place.

IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT.

"His father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson, in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bedpost with his mother's apron strings."

John Mellon's face flushed at these taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his play fellows are standing by.

"Be a man and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are man enough to think and act for yourself."

"Come, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a grand time. It will not hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John, "I shall mind my father. God says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will, as he started off, "and don't be standing there listening to his preaching."

John went home, and in preparing his lesson for the next day, and in joining in the home pleasures he had forgotten all about the boys.

The next morning, on his way to school, he heard that the boys had been arrested and sent to jail for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxious their parents must have been all through that night, and then to be told that they were in jail!—How it must have surprised and pained them.

Do not be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm can come of it.—Hundreds of boys are ruined through being in the streets at night.

John Mellon made a happy and prosperous man, and so will everybody who fears God, stands up for the right, and honors his father and mother.

MANNERS.

MANNERS are more important than money, a boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners, will always have friends, and all will not often make enemies. Good behaviour is essential to prosperity. A boy feels well when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and make friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company, and ugly manners for home.

We visited a small railroad town, not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years of age who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentlemen could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home:—

"You are greatly blessed in your son, he is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," she said, "I can always depend on Charley when his father is ab-

sent." She said this as if it did her heart good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.

The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much, that every boy can have them.—*Youth's Guide.*

HELP MOTHER.

Children, I've a secret for you. I wish to tell you how to cure mamma, and perhaps papa, too, of that unpleasant habit of scolding. Perhaps when your mother was young no one was more amiable than she. Now, for the cure: When the morning meal is over and prayers are "said," and mother, like all good housewives, wishes to hurry around with the work, that time may be found for sewing, reading, etc., do you, if a boy, see that the wood is prepared or the coal-bucket filled, the door-scraper in order (my boy made one for me), and clean your boots carefully before entering the room. When you bring mother a bucket of water do not fill the pail full, to avoid slops. If you are a girl, run up stairs and put the beds nicely to airing, throwing open the windows, hurry back to the dishes and see how quickly and neatly they can be washed, and put away. Thus anticipating mother's wishes; and especially do not try her patience by waiting for her to give directions the second time, and mother will not only forget the art of scolding, but delight in those she would die to serve.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SINCERITY AND RUDENESS.—If you do not take care you will fall into one of the most disagreeable errors in the world—which is that of mistaking rudeness of manner for sincerity of character; one the most valuable quality, the other the most disagreeable that can be imagined. Everything in the human character is beautiful or not, according to its usefulness. Sincerity of character may be learned only by sorrow and adversity, in their most bitter moments; it is the personification of truth; it can lead to no disappointment, because it holds out no false light to betray—gives no promise it does not mean to fulfill. But what is the purpose answered, or the end to be attained, by saying rude things?

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.

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C O D
C O R E A
G O R I L L A
D E L V E
A L E
A

-3--

B-owl

-4--

C O D
T I T
A R C
P I G
N A N
A D A
B E E
E L K
A B E

-5--

S C R I P T U R E
A S S A U L T
B A R G E
A T E
R

D I E
E L D E R
G U D G E O N
H E D G E B O R N

-6--

K E L P E E R
E R I E L B A
L I M E B E N
P E E R A N T
E D N A L O E
E N O N O R A
R A N T E A K

-7--

B A K E
A B E L
K E E L
E L L S

-8--

S o r e L
E d i s t O
I l l m a n I
N i g e R
E r i e E

-9--

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole, composed of ten letter is a blessing to the tired.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is an act

" 5, 6, 7, is a pronoun

" 5, 6, 7, 8, is a plant

" 8, 9, 10, is the bottom of a river.
S. W. Fraser.

Montreal.

-10--

PRIZE DIAMOND

A letter; a stick; a base; a puzzlers name; right to prosecute; a letter

Walter

Montreal.

-11--

PRIZE WORD SQUARE.

A town in Eastern Ontario; someone that you like; a religious.

Twenty-five cents for the first solution.
M. E. Grant.

Ogdensburg N. Y.

-12--

PRIZE DIAMOND.

A consonant; the name of a river in America; a jewish habit; one who involves intrusted; checked; to stop; a color; a consonant.

A packet of papers for the first solution.
Nutmeg

Danbury Conn.

-13--

CHARADE.

My first is part of an elephant

My second is a portion

My whole is part of an elephant
Oualshe.

Boston, Mass.

-14--

PRIZE WORD-SQUARE REMAINDERS.

Behead and curtail words of the following meaning and get a perfect word-square.

Open; extinction of life; decreed by fate.

A chromo for the first correct solution.
My Dot.

Dunkirk N. Y.

-15--

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

(Each word contains three letters.)

A commercial abbreviation; a female name; a disease; united; a Chinese musical instrument; east.

Primals—A form of syllogism.

Centrals—A genus of plants.

Finals—Concealed.

"The Poser"

Pittsburgh Pa.

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 month's subscription to the same magazine.

F A C E T I Æ .

ILLEGAL.—A punster challenged a sick man's vote at a city election on the ground that he was an ill-legal voter.

WHY does a fall down a well so often prove fatal?—Because the one who falls is so apt to "kick the bucket."

PRUDENT.—Over at the Exposition they are laying up something for a rainy day,—not an umbrella, but a Paris-haul.

GOOD ADVICE.—"Keep you patients alive," said an old doctor to a graduating class of students. "Dead men pay no bills."

CYNICAL.—Riches will take to themselves wings and fly away unless you sprinkle the salt of economy on their tail.

"WHEN is a man a coward?" asked a teacher of mental philosophy.—"When he runs away from a cow," answered a pupil.

ARTFUL YOUTH.—A governess threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school.—"I wish you'd make it half an hour," said the appreciative youth, "for you're the prettiest teacher in town."

TIT FOR TAT.—An ill-tempered and pompous old man said to a noisy urchin, "What are you whistling and yelling so for when I am riding by?"—To which the boy responded, "What are you ridin' by for when I'm a whistlin' and a yellin'?"

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.—A witty lady, who had several daughters, the oldest of which was married, on being provoked by her son-in-law, said, "William, you needn't try to quarrel with your mother-in-law. She knows what she is about, and won't quarrel with a daughter's husband until all her girls are married. Then look out."

PROVOKING.—"Have you any charcoal in your waggon?" a boy asked a pedler of that article.—"Yes," said the expectant man, stopping his horses, and getting down from his seat.—"That is right," responded the boy. "Always tell the truth and people will respect

you." And he hastened onward, while the charcoal man vainly searched for a brickbat.

PROFESSIONAL VIEW.—A celebrated oculist offered to operate on a blind beggar's eyes, and said, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight."—"What!" exclaimed the beggar. "Restore my sight, and so ruin my business! A pretty notion! Do you want to deprive me of my livelihood?"

'**EAR 'EAR.**—"Now, then," said a teacher of elocution to his pupil, "whether you get just the right shade of pronunciation or not depends a good deal on your ears. But let no one feel discouraged if he hasn't much of an ear. For a person with short ears stands just as good a chance here as a person with long ones."

SLIGHTLY PUZZLING.—"Mr. President, said a German alderman, "I makes der motion as der new jail be build on der same spot as der old jail what's now standing; dat saves der money for der land, and I makes der motion as der old jail shall not be pull down till der new jail is built, so ve vill not be widout der jail."

LITTLE THINGS.—"What, my dear, what is the matter? What can you mean? You look so depressed. It cannot be—and yet—oh, relieve this killing suspense. Alexander, have you failed?" said his wife, with clasped hands.—"No, my dear, my credit is yet unimpaired, and business is looking up."—"You can't mean to say, dear, that your old pain in the head has come back?"—"No."—"You havn't had to pay the note for your brother Joseph?"—"No."—"Have you—now tell me, Alexander Bidlack—have you had an another attack of vertigo?"—"No."—"Has your cashier broken his Murphy pledge?"—"No."—"Now I know—I expected it—I knew it all the time—I felt sure it would be so. Mr. Debonair has asked for Seraphina?"—"No, nothing of the kind."—"Then tell me without waiting another minute, what has happened. I can bear it. Let me know the words."—"Well, that button I told you about has got tired of hanging on by one thread, and here it is."

GOD GUARD IRELAND!

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Words by TRIA.

Music by T. J. JACKSON.

Allegretto
Maestoso.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 3/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Maestoso' and the dynamics are 'ff'. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines in the right hand, and a steady bass line in the left hand.

First line of vocal notation, a single treble clef staff. It begins with a rest for two measures, followed by the melody for the first line of the song.

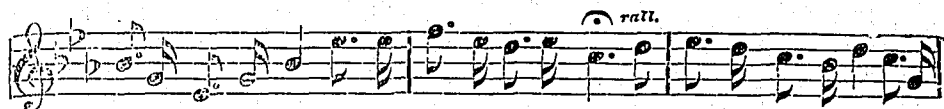
Round the fire to-night, boys, When
Round the fire to-night boys, When

Second system of piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamics are marked 'ff' and 'p'.

Second line of vocal notation, a single treble clef staff. It continues the melody from the first line.

eve - ry heart's aglow, Though win - try winds be rav - ing, Or si - lent falls the snow, O
high the glasses foam, And mu - sic's charm is floating A - round the heav'n of home, O

Third system of piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). It continues the accompaniment from the previous system.



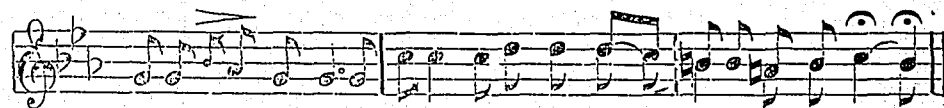
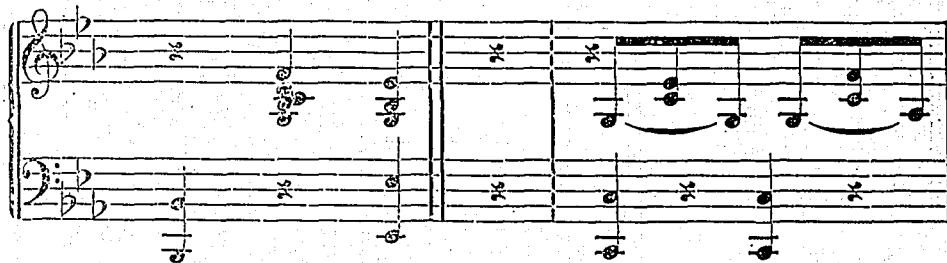
raise a cho-rus'd sang, boys, While bright the hol-ly gleams, To Ire-land, grand old Ire-land, Dear
brenthe a prayerful sigh, boys, This God day of the year, For those who died for Ire-land, Or



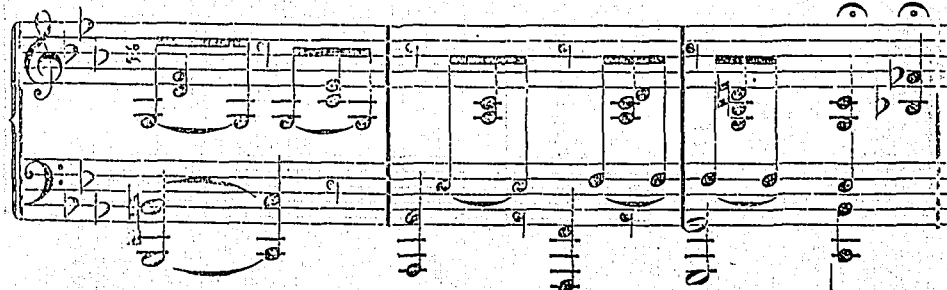
Andante con Express.



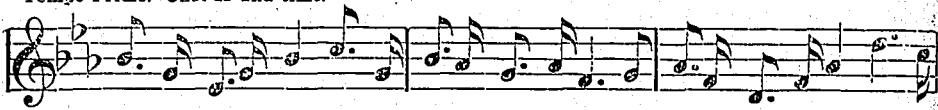
Ire-land of the streams. God guard her and ward her, From
pine in pri - sons drear. God rest them, we've blest them, Those



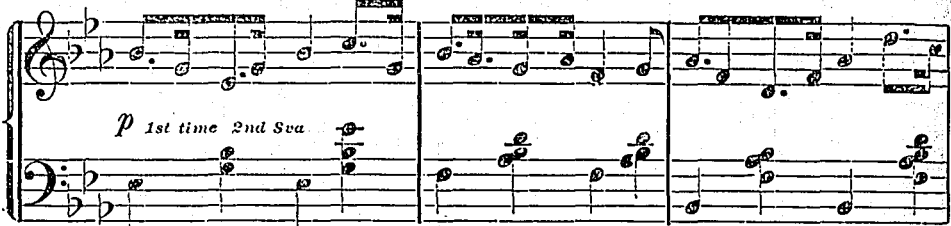
pe-ri! and from pain, And free then, be she then, When Christ-mas comes a - gain.
mar-tyrs without stain, May the o-thers, our bro - thers, soon have free-dom a - gain.



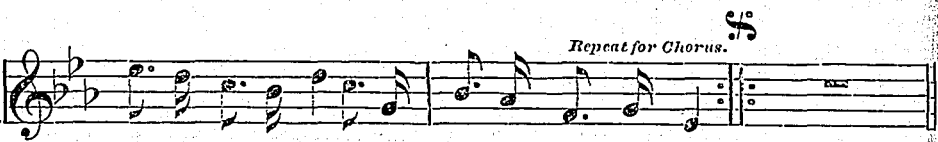
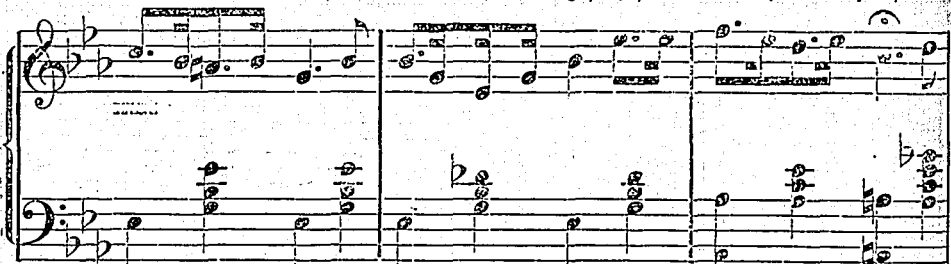
Tempo Primo. Chorus 2nd time.



Round the fire to-night, boys, When every heart's aglow, Though wintry winds be raving, Or
Round the fire to-night boys, When high the glasses foam, And music's charm is floating A-



si - lent falls the snow, O raise a cho-rus'd song, boys, While bright the hol-y gleams, To -
round the heav'n of home, O breathe a prayerful sigh, boys, This God day of the year, For



Ireland, grand old Ireland, Dear Ire-land of the streams
those who died for Ire-land, Or pine in pri - sons drear.

