

Through the winding ways that in these days served for roads they went at quick pace, and a few hours brought them up with the Irish forces, where they were warmly welcomed.

"Faithful as ever, Hugh. You have come at moment of need. Yonder, look—see where the gleams of light are—there are the swordsmen of the raiders marching to Dublin."

It was the Lord of Leix who spoke, and Maurice, who was present, glanced in the direction indicated.

In brave array the horsemen of the enemy in three columns moved forward, the regiments of infantry marching between. They moved with a slowness and precision that indicated good training and discipline. Maurice glanced at the Irish forces and his heart sank within him. The levies were hastily made, and though the numbers were large and full of courage, they were clearly but ill-disciplined, or not disciplined at all. Whatever military skill might—and did—appertain to some of the regiments, the irregularity in the greater portion gave the whole the appearance of a tumultuous mob.

"You are surely not going to give battle to yonder troops, Rory, with these forces?" asked Maurice in a whisper.

"Why not?" asked O'Moore. "Fearlessness and enthusiasm have worked wonders on the battlefield ere now. But we have no time to discuss the matter—nor would it be of use if we could. See! our men are on the march."

"Where to?"

"To the Pass of Mageeey. Ormond's scouts have found it open. We have purposely left it open. We are now marching to occupy it. They will have to give us battle there at our own choice of position."

The men, lightly equipped, marched very fast; it was easy to see that Ormond's forces, now aware of the presence of their foes, were making haste to occupy the defile too, but the necessity of dragging their cannon along the miry road delayed them.

With a rapid march of an hour or less the forces of Mountgarret had seized the pass, and the men were rapidly placed in position on the two hills which commanded it. The road led between them, and behind and at either side was a marshy ground developing into a bog to the east, and there they awaited the coming of the Puritan forces, now pressing forward eagerly to Dublin to prevent their being surrounded and cut off.

The latter paused for a time, as they saw the Irish forces in array on the hills, and called a halt.

"Ormond is about to retreat," said O'Moore, exultingly; "he will seek to fall back on Athy Castle—in which case he is doomed."

"I hardly think that," said Maurice. "O'Byrne tells me he has some English regiments with him—some of those who served in Flanders. I know what these men can dare and do."

"There is one thing they cannot do," said O'Moore, confidently, "they cannot carry their lives through the pass. By the way, Maurice, there is a friend of yours in charge of a regiment, I understand."

"Indeed," said Maurice. "Who?"

"Raymond Mordaunt."

"What!" cried Maurice, in surprise. "I have been often during my illness wondering what has happened him."

And then, upon Maurice proceeded to put his friend in possession of the events which occurred on the night of his escape on the marshes.

"It seems you are fated to meet constantly," was the remark of O'Moore, as he finished his hurried narration. "But you will scarcely meet this time, for, see! they are about to get into motion again. They are going to retreat."

"You are wrong there, Roger," said Maurice, "they are about to advance. The columns are again moving forward."

"So they are, by heaven!" said O'Moore, as he watched with intentness the distant foe, on whose uplifted bayonets gleaming like a forest of steel, the sun-rays sparkled and shone.

With unbroken front and in slow but excellent order they moved forward. The hurried council of war had clearly ended in a resolve to give battle. All hesitation seemed to be cast aside, and Ormond and his lieutenant had decided to accept the gage of combat.

"There is work cut out for your men," remarked Maurice, "if they only stand steady. Whatever faults Mordaunt has, cowardice is not one of them, and if all Ormond's officers are like him it will need steady men to face them."

Hurried depositions were made of the Irish forces. The cavalry were drawn up on one side, partially concealed from observation by one of the two hills which bounded the pass. Along the slopes of the latter the musketeers were placed, whilst behind the hedges which fronted the advancing enemy pikemen were lined. Every arrangement was made that skill could suggest; and this done the forces awaited the advancing troops, who must dislodge them from their positions if they were to continue their march to Dublin; or, failing that, accept the alternative of massacre or surrender.

By slow degrees they grew near, until the clank of their accoutrements could be distinctly heard. Presently the band of the English forces struck up a merry marching air to inspire their troops with courage, and immediately the musketeers opened a fusillade on them.

In a moment the hillsides were covered with smoke; but, undeterred by the effects of the fire, the regiments of infantry marched forward, opened into line and charged up to the intervening hedges. Here they were met by pikemen, lining them, and a furious hand-to-hand fight ensued. Though better armed than the Irish, the impulsive valour of the latter came to their aid, and leaping over the hedges they attacked the foes in the open. At the same moment the strong body of English cavalry charged through the pass, driving its leaders completely before them—not only driving them before them, but riding up the hillsides and taking the musket-men, hidden in a fog of smoke, by rear, riding through and sabring them as they went.

"Wicklow men!" cried O'Byrne, "you must drive these fellows back. These are the men who raided your land and left weeping widows and orphans behind them. Pay them back in kind for their work. Forward!"

BISHOP KEANE ON REVEALED RELIGION.

On the evening of Thursday, October 23, the Most Rev. John J. Keane, D.D., rector of the American Catholic University, Washington, D.C., delivered the third in the revived Dadian Lecture Course in the chapel of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. His subject was "Revealed Religion."

Bishop Keane appeared in the Harvard pulpit in the costume he would have worn in the pulpit of his own University chapel—the lace rucher over the purple cassock. He is a man of attractive presence and fine delivery.

The students' choir was in attendance. After the brief organ prelude, Bishop Keane read from Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom. Then he asked the choir and congregation to sing the well-known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Then thanking Harvard, America's oldest University, for the honour done, in his person, to its youngest, he gave the following lecture:—

God, who at sundry times and divers manners spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by his Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things by whom also He made the world; who, being the brightness of His glory, and the figure of His substance, and upholding all things by the word of His power, making purgation of sins, sitteth on the right hand of the Majesty on high.—Heb. i., 1-3.

"God hath spoken to us," declares the great Apostle as the exordium of his sublime teaching.

"God hath spoken to us," echoes back the Hebrew race whom he addresses—the race of the patriarchs and prophets, chosen organs of the Divine Word.

"Yea, God hath spoken to us," exclaim all the tribes and tongues of mankind, wanderers indeed from the old central home where the human family once held God's word as its joint heirloom—wanderers, too, mayhap, from the simple purity in which the Divine teaching was primitively possessed, yet even in imperfect memories and distorted form cherishing it, pondering it, transmitting it from sire to son, from sage and seer to listening and wondering disciples.

What Cicero said two thousand years ago concerning the universal belief in God, can equally be said of the universal belief in Revelation:—

"You may find," said he, "tribes of men who know not what sort of a God to believe in; but you will find none who do not believe in God."

So, too, we may find tribes of men who can give no reasonable account of what the Creator has taught his creatures; but a people holding that God had never spoken we should seek in vain. Just as there has never been a nation of atheists, so there never has been a nation of deists. Atheists and deists there have always been; but they have been exceptions, anomalies, mere discords in the great harmony of mankind. Thus Divine Revelation is a fact vouched for by the veracity and the intelligence of all the ages.

And if we ask: Why hath God spoken? the answer comes from all. Because He is our Father, and because we need that He should teach us. The Father's love and the children's need are reasons enough.

We all have had some personal experience; and we have looked into history, which is the experience of the race. What does experience show us?

There are certain great questions which in our best moments sound forth from the depths of our nature and demand an answer. What am I? Whence have I come? Whither am I going? What is above me? What is before me? What is expected of me? What have I to expect? What is the way, what the means to its attainment? These are the questions which, in a thousand tones, ring out in the minds and the hearts of men. And once they have been heard they keep echoing on through all our life, haunting us with their whisper or their shout, whenever a lull in the busy hum around us permits us to listen; and they will not be still till they are answered and a reason is satisfied.

Thus it is with us. Thus it has been, as history shows, with all the generations before us. These questions and the attempts to answer them are the meaning of all the philosophies that have ever existed.

Back in the very dawn of history we behold our Aryan ancestors, preeminently the thinkers of their day, wrestling with these great problems of the soul, seeking their solution with an earnestness, a vehemence, perhaps never equalled in later times. Their intellect recognises the Infinite, the Eternal, as the beginning and the end of all things; and their heart yearns for nearness to Him, union with Him, absorption in Him, with an impatient, restless eagerness which has a fascination for us even now. To him their philosophic thought, their poetic fancy, in all their protean forms, are pre-eminently consecrated. How profoundly interesting, but also how unutterably sad, their varying answers to the problem of existence! Grasping at the truth with all their might, they seize it but by half; and so their philosophy, their religion, their civilisation, drift farther and farther from sound methods and conclusions till they cease to be a power in the life of mankind.

Ages further on, we behold the Greeks occupying without dispute the domain of intellectual supremacy. Sage after sage discourses to multitudes of enthusiastic disciples on the nature, the origin, the destiny, of all things, and on the duties of man. They are aided in their meditations by all the wisdom that has preceded them, in Chaldea, in Persia, in India, in China, in Egypt. To the charm of the mighty problems is added the charm of the matchless language in which they are treated. And what is the result? We see Socrates at last struggling almost single-handed with a scuffling generation of sensual sophists and sceptics, and condemned to drink hemlock because he persists in telling them of spirituality and immortality and moral duty; we hear Plato crying out in the despair of his glorious genius "It is not possible for mortals to know anything certain about these things"; and when all the treasures of Greek thought have been passed through the alembic of Roman