

he, 'being constituted as it is, these tremendous liberties between young people that are now countenanced by the smart set are fraught with consequences that are only too often as shocking as they are inevitable. It is no easy thing to keep sweet and clean and good when shielded from harm. What then must happen to the bloom and beauty of our country when they are tossed into the arms of men whose passions are raging like a mob? Not only in London, but in country houses also, parents are to blame. Ought not young ladies to retire to their rooms when their mothers bid the company good night? Surely the horse-play and bear fighting between men and girls at bed time that has sprung up of late years in some fast country houses can end only in the same disastrous way as the home drivings after supper to which I have referred. I venture to hope and pray that this coarse romping, and these illicit intimacies between the sexes may be stamped out of existence, and denounced unmercifully by both host and hostess in every Christian home in England. Thank God, nothing that I have here condemned have I ever seen in the typical homes of the best people in this dear, dear land.'

Church and Bible

Archdeacon Robinson, of Dunedin, placed some rackarock under a mossgrown legend in the course of an address in the Anglican Pro-Cathedral, Dunedin, last week. The 'Otago Daily Times' of Tuesday (September 18) reports his utterance as follows:— 'Many wild things had been said of the ignorance of the people concerning this Book during the so-called "dark" ages. It had been believed that the Bible was a sealed book to all but the very learned, while the fact was that the clergy and monks read and studied this Book daily, and sought to make its teachings known to the people. This would be seen by the written sermons of that time, which were saturated with quotations from the Scriptures. It must be remembered that for five hundred years after the Norman Conquest the language was in a state of change, also that the people of one class were barely intelligible to those of another class, and that this would increase the difficulty of making known the Scriptures in a time when the printing press was unknown. The Ven. Archdeacon then referred to the translations made by the Venerable Bede, and also by King Alfred. After enumerating the various printed editions of the English Bible, the Archdeacon closed a most interesting address.'

Meagher of the Sword

A white-haired, quiet, charitable woman—Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend Meagher—passed over to the great majority in New York a few weeks ago. She was the widow of Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher—'Meagher of the Sword'—who was associated with Smith O'Brien, Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Gavan Duffy, and John Mitchell in opposing O'Connell's 'Peace Resolutions' in 1846. Mrs. Meagher followed her husband through the war, and nursed him back to life after his horse had been shot under him and he had been left for dead on the hard-fought field of Bull's Run. He was taken from her in 1867 by the swirling-yellow waters of the Mississippi, and his handsome form was never again seen of men. His widow then dropped beneath the great public life of the country, carried on till her death a mission of love and charity among the submerged tenth of New York. Then she fitted, full of years and good works, leaving 'no memorial but a world made a little better by her life.'

Yet the widow's passing recalls strenuous days and brings back the memory of one of the most gallant feats of arms that poet ever sang. We refer to the wild charges of General Meagher's Irish Brigade at the battle of Fredericksburg, during the American

Civil War, on December 13, 1862. 'That,' said General Longstreet, an eye-witness, 'was one of the handsomest things in the whole war.' It was the heavy task of Meagher's division to burst out of Fredericksburg, form under a devastating fire from the Confederate (Southern) batteries, and then attack Marye's Heights, which towered in an almost impregnable position high above them. Behind a stone wall that ran along the Heights there lay a Georgian regiment, almost wholly composed of seasoned Irish troops. 'When,' says a historian of the war, 'the Brigade was seen advancing from the town, they were at once recognised by their green badge, that sent a thrill to many a brave but sorrowful heart, behind that rampart. "God! what a pity!" said some. "We're in for it!" said others. "Here are Meagher's fellows!" said more. The voice of the colonel rang clear and shrill: "Its Greek to Greek to-day, boys; give them hell!" And they did. For that deadly fusillade was a genuine feu d'enfer.'

Meagher's men swarmed up the Heights twelve hundred strong. Six times they faced the hell-storm of lead that poured upon them from the levelled barrels behind the wall. 'I looked with my field-glass,' said the Adjutant-General of General Hancock's staff, 'and I looked for a long time before I was certain of what I saw. I at first thought that the men of the Brigade had lain down to allow the showers of shot and shell to pass over them, for they lay in regular lines. I looked for some movement, some stir—a hand or foot in motion. But no; they were dead—dead every man of them—cut down like grass'. Of the six hundred and seven gallant men of the Light Brigade who charged at Balaklava, one hundred and ninety-eight (or thirty-two per cent.) returned. Some twenty-six per cent. of MacMahon's regiment of cuirassiers drew their rations after their desperate charges on and through the eleventh Prussian corps at the battle of Reichshofen. Out of Meagher's Brigade of twelve hundred men that breasted the death-storm on Marye's Heights, only two hundred and eighty (or twenty-three per cent.) came back. On May 3 of the following year, the Brigade was annihilated at Chancellorsville, after two days and two nights of continuous fighting, during which they had dragged into action a battery of guns of which both horses and drivers had been mown down by the flying leaden death. Of the 'wild charge they made' up the Heights above Fredericksburg, a brilliant historian and eye-witness wrote: 'Never at Fontenoy, Albuera, nor at Waterloo, was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. . . The bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were.' The fearless and faithful wife who lately passed beyond the Veil witnessed that Homeric struggle and welcomed her cool and dashing husband back from the inferno. They were stirring times for man or woman to live through.

The Rev. Father J. M. Kelly, of Rydalmere, was operated on for appendicitis in St. Vincent's Hospital some two weeks ago. He is now almost convalescent.

In a letter to Mr. Joseph Winter, of Melbourne 'Advocate,' Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., states that 'his brother John still wears with great pride the watch which was presented to him 23 years ago by the Irish working men of Sydney.'

In cricket field or football bounds,
Sporting with gun or following hounds,
In swift horse-race or yachting course,
Where'er a man's delight finds source,
One more delight keeps him aglow—
Best game of all—'tis sport to know
That Woods' Great Peppermint Cure was sent
To be man's best medicament.

"A SORROWFUL heart is dry as a bone; but a cup o' genuine
"Cock o' the North" will quench any."

"A toom haun is nae lure for a hawk; but a cup o' Hondaj-
Lanka's a temptation for anybody!"