

with hand uplifted to give the blessing of the Midnight Mass. When it was over, Una and the tall youth approached and knelt together at his feet. Then above the two young heads—the brown and the black—the old priest murmured slowly the words of the marriage service. Una's silvery response came like a whisper, but Con O'Hanlon's deep voice echoed through the room, while from her place beside the fair bride Dame Honora's sobs mingled with the wild sighing of the wind outside.

'Tis a wild night for your journey,' said Humphrey to the bridegroom, when their congratulations had been bestowed upon the wedded pair.

'The wilder the better,' he replied. 'Few will care to be about, and though I flinch not at fighting, I had rather not leave my bride for the battle on our wedding-day.'

'How came you to be so late?' Humphrey queried. 'We had almost given up hope of a Midnight Mass when your whistle sounded.'

'It was a terrible journey through the snow,' answered O'Hanlon; 'and our horses could hardly make their way. A terrible journey, indeed, and full of sad sights. Men, women, and children were lying in the fields and on the roadsides, starved and frozen to death. Death was with us everywhere, and when we came to the river the dead too were on its banks.'

'The curse of Cromwell is all over the land,' said the priest sorrowfully.

'And when we reached the crossing-place there was no ford to be seen,' continued O'Hanlon; 'the water was frozen over. So we crossed on foot, and my men remain beyond at the entrance to the secret passage, where I placed them lest there should be a surprise. Una I may thank for my knowledge of the place, since she first showed it to me in our childhood.'

'That is well,' said Humphrey.

'And on the opposite bank my cousin Remy waits with a strong force of his men, so if this Piers who, it seems, you dread, should come a-hunting he may find himself the quarry instead of the hunter.'

Just then through the storm the loud rattle of horses' feet was heard in the courtyard and the command to halt given in authoritative tones. All bent their heads to listen.

'Piers!' cried Humphrey, straightening himself with a start.

'Piers,' murmured Dame Honora, making the Sign of the Cross. 'He has tracked you here.'

'Have no fear, pulse of my heart,' whispered Con O'Hanlon, drawing Una into his arms and kissing her trembling lips. 'Remy is at hand and he can hold his own. We must slip down the secret stair, and I shall give him the call across the water.'

He lifted her to bear her away but she stopped him.

'I cannot leave my dear friends behind,' she said. 'My more than mother and my kind guardian. How could I go in peace and they in danger? They must come with us.'

Dame Honora gazed at Humphrey with tears in her eyes.

'She is all we have,' she murmured.

'Then let us go, wife,' Humphrey replied.

Down the passage they made their way cautiously, and at length felt the cold air blowing upon their faces as they neared the entrance. The snow had drifted in between the screening brambles until it made a white carpet under foot. Bidding them stay in a sheltered niche, Con crawled out into the open, first giving a low whistle which was only heard by his men crouched among the trees.

They were around him in an instant, pointing towards the tower. When he looked in that direction he saw a sudden tongue of flame shoot up, then another.

'The hell-hounds,' he cried. 'They are setting it on fire.'

Then clear, shrill, far-reaching through the night air went the cry of a plover. The Puritans at their congenial task heard it not, but Remy the Rapparee on the further bank had keener ears and he knew his cousin Con had need of him. Over the ice-bound river he and his kerns stole noiselessly and unseen, for the sky was dark without moon or stars. The crackling of the flames deadened their footfalls over the rough ground, and then—

'O'Hanlon abu! abu!'

That wild shout made the enemy turn quickly, hand to sword. But it was easy to see they were outnumbered as the mountain men swooped down on them with battleaxe and spear. One trooper fell, then another, and another, as if a blight had struck them, so suddenly and surely did retaliation overtake their evil work.

Then by the leaping glare Con saw one man who fought like a lion—a fair, ruddy man of middle height.

'This is my prey, the wolf-hunter,' he cried, as he dashed through the smoke and faced him.

'O'Hanlon abu!'

Piers turned, not unwilling to try issues with a fresh adversary. They hacked at each other with deadly skill, slipping on the icy ground, now nearly in hands-grips, again drawing far apart to take fresh breath. At last O'Hanlon's sinewy hardness and great height told, for, reaching over the guard of the other, he ran him through below the shoulder. A strangled sob broke in Piers's throat as he reeled and fell heavily.

He lifted himself on his elbow, while the blood oozed forth from the wound, and gasped:

'This is my last—my last.' The words stuck. Then 'Who are you?' he whispered.

'One who was in time to save the innocent from your hellish plot.'

'Are you the other, my rival? Mistress Una's lover?'

'I am her husband.'

'Curse her—and you. She scorned me. . . . They all scorned me. And I tracked the priest. Curse you! It had been a fine sport but for you. Curse—'

His head fell backwards, and Captain Piers had gone to his account.

Early in January a ship sailed from the Bay of Carlingford. It was a Spanish ship, bound for Lisbon, and on board were many poor fugitives from Irish plains and valleys, who crowded the decks to look their last upon the land of their love and sorrow.

Una and her husband stood together, hand in hand, and near by Humphrey Bedingfield and Dame Honora gazed sadly at the receding shore. When the blue peaks of Mourne were fading into the greyness of the wintry day, they knelt down and prayed fervently that God might lift her heavy burden of woe from poor Ireland, and grant her children once more peace and happiness on the soil that gave them birth.

Father Donogh Heggerty did not accompany the others to Spain. He remained to do his Master's bidding among the poor and needy of his Faith, and the State Papers of that day tell of his consequent imprisonment and execution in the Gaol of Clonmel.—*Catholic Fireside.*

The Catholic World.

CANADA.—Appreciation of the Work of a Chaplain.—The Daughters of the Empire of Montreal, who some time ago decided to present the Rev. Father O'Leary, Catholic chaplain of the first contingent, with a handsome chalice and paten as a mark of their appreciation of the splendid services he rendered to the Protestant wounded and dying in South Africa, have also decided not to limit the subscriptions to the Protestant section of the community.

ENGLAND.—Honor for a Jesuit.—The Rev. Father Michael Maher, S.J., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Stonyhurst, has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Literature by special vote of the Senate of the University of London. What makes Father Maher's success a matter of special gratification is that he gains it by presenting his new work on psychology as the necessary essay required as a qualification. The normal course for obtaining this degree is by a stiff examination following on the attainment of the M.A. degree, but in the present case the University Examiners have recommended the Senate to free the candidate from this further examination on the ground that his book 'is of such special excellence as to justify exemption of the author from further test.' As this degree has so far been conferred on not more than 10 men since the foundation of the University, and only on one during the last 10 years, the testimony rendered to the new book is of high value, the more so as it comes from a University which for many years past has thrown the whole weight of its influence into the scale on behalf of the material and empirical philosophy of the school of Bain and Sully. It should be an encouragement to Catholic students to know on such authority that they possess a text-book not merely in complete harmony with the scholastic philosophy which the Church has so often stamped with her approval, but also thoroughly up to date and abreast of the most recent psychological thought.

Death of Lord Dormer.—The death is reported of Lord Dormer. The Bishop of Birmingham, in his touching remarks at the interment, said his hearers would have the consolation of knowing that when the summons came Lord Dormer's instinct led him to prayer. He was found with the rosary in his hand, and during his life his intimate friends knew of the piety he maintained, that after the company had retired, if he was in a place where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved, it was his delight to go and spend some time in prayer before it. This instinct was cherished from his earliest years and through life. Lord Dormer received his early education at Oscott College, where so many of the sons of the English Catholic nobility and gentry have been trained. He had an active early life. Joining the Royal Horse Guards, he afterwards transferred to the Grenadier Guards, and then to the 74th Highlanders. While in the Guards he served in the Crimea in 1854-5, and later he served seven years in India. It was probably during this time that he acquired that taste for Oriental lands and customs which he held till the day of his death. The new Lord Dormer, who is the 13th in succession, is Mr. Roland Dormer, nephew of the late peer. At Cairo he is well known as sub-director of the Ministry of Finance. He is the eldest son of the late General Sir James Dormer, and is 38 years of age. He was married a year or two ago to a lady of Spanish descent, who is said to be one of the most charming figures in Cairo society. Like his predecessor, the new Lord Dormer was educated at Oscott College.

The New Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds.—After having spent 17 years as Prior at Douai, Father O'Neill, O.S.B., has said farewell to the students. He has been the recipient of touching proofs of the esteem and affection in which he is held. Prior O'Neill is to become Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds.

Death of an Oratorian.—The funeral took place on January 4, at Sydenham, of Father Richard Stanton, of Brompton Oratory who died on New Year's Day, at the age of 81 years. Father Stanton had the distinction of journeying to Rome with the late Cardinal Newman just before the founding of the Order of Oratorians, and upon his return was actually the first to wear its habit in England. Up till the time of his death he retained the full power of his faculties, although he had been in failing health for some years. His death removes the last of the original members of the Order founded by Cardinal Newman. Fifty-five years ago he joined the Catholic Church in company with his friend, Frederick William Faber, the popular hymn-writer.

Jubilee of the Vicar-General of Liverpool.—The clergy of the diocese of Liverpool celebrated the jubilee of Mgr. Carr, V.G.,