

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

March 20, Sunday.—Palm Sunday.
 „ 21, Monday.—St. Benedict, Abbot.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Thursday.—Holy Thursday.
 „ 25, Friday.—Good Friday.
 „ 26, Saturday.—Holy Saturday.

Palm Sunday.

Palm Sunday derives its name from the procession, with palms, which takes place wherever practicable before the principal Mass, and which commemorates the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The procession is an expression of joy and triumph, but blended with these feelings is one of sadness, for this triumph of Our Saviour was the prelude to His Passion.

Holy Thursday.

For a short time to-day the Church puts off her mourning. At the Mass her ministers are vested in white, the bells are heard, the organ peals forth. For a moment she desists from her meditations on the sufferings of her Divine Founder to contemplate the tender love which led Him to institute the Blessed Eucharist on the very night before His Crucifixion. In cathedral churches the bishop consecrates the Holy Oils which are used in the administration of certain Sacraments, and also in some ecclesiastical functions.

Good Friday.

This day is called "Good" because on it we were liberated from the dominion of Satan, and the happiness which God had in view in creating us was placed once more within our reach. We must not forget, however, by what means this was accomplished, and that the day so pregnant with blessings for us was marked by unspeakable sufferings on the part of Our Divine Redeemer, Who for our sake yielded Himself to a shameful death. This should be the subject of our meditations to-day. We cannot enter the church without being reminded of it. At the morning office the celebrant and his ministers are vested in black, and the history of the Passion is chanted. When the ceremonies are over, the altar is bared of its ornaments, the statues and images of the saints remain veiled. The crucifix alone is uncovered—a striking reminder of the intensity of God's love for man, and in particular an emblem of hope to the repentant sinner.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Riven hands in love extended
 Wounded feet and sword-rent side
 For ye pour in torrents blended,
 Mercy's bright, baptismal tide.
 Hail, sweet stream forever flowing!
 Hail, O blest and boundless flood!
 Fount with life eternal glowing
 Love's own pure and Precious Blood.

Downward from the mystic mountain,
 Feet, and hands, and opened side
 Poured their bright baptismal fountain,
 Poured their clear and cleansing tide.
 Crimsoned Cross, so brightly glowing
 With that blest, redeeming flood,
 Still we hail, with hearts o'erflowing,
 Thy sweet stains of Precious Blood.

Ransomed saints, in garments whitened
 By the life-blood of the Lamb,
 Pilgrims with your burdens lightened,
 Martyrs, crowned with purple palm.
 Let us join your songs of gladness,
 Let us hail redemption's flood;
 Christians, cleansed from sin and sadness,
 Praise, O praise the Precious Blood!

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Three or four nights afterwards Myles Rohan fell off his office-stool in a fit. It happened in this wise. Danny had several hours before shut down the sluice-gate and stopped the water-wheel, the drought having reduced the millstream to a rill, and had locked up the premises for the night; Myles, as had happened several times after tea, had quitted the parlor, taking the key with him, and unlocked the office and lighted the gas. He had spent many absorbed hours of late over his accounts and bundle of freight-notes. It so chanced that, some loads of corn having arrived unexpectedly from the Garrindinny railway station, Danny was called up to the windlass to hoist in the sacks, and, having come into the office for the carter's docket, found his master's body lying beside the overturned stool in a great blotch of blood, which was still oozing from a wound in the head; the teeth were locked tightly together, and the breathing that of a man almost strangled.

Though Mrs. Rohan was a delicate woman, who indulged in her full share of woman's luxury—complaining—she took the command in this emergency by as divine a right as Israel Putnam in his shirt-sleeves, fresh from the plough, went to the front at Bunker's Hill. She had the wound in the head bandaged, and the blood sponged away, and the throat freed, while the carters were standing glued to the ground in stupefied horror. She had, with Ken's and Danny's help, a comfortable bed made up in the office, and a fire sparkling in the grate. By the time the old doctor came, blinking profoundly through his round spectacles, and administering his sparse medical knowledge with an abundance of stock consolations, Mrs. Rohan's decisive measures had already tided over the worst of the fit, and the excellent doctor gradually came to see that his directions were as superfluous as his condolences. "He is at present, madam, exhibiting favorable symptoms of a somnolent condition, with still some stertorous indications as to breathing," he observed, with much impressiveness.—"Yes, doctor, he is getting into a beautiful sleep, thank God!" said Mrs. Rohan. Another wonderful thing was to see how coolly little Katie bore herself amidst the horrors which paralysed the rough carters—Katie, who would almost swoon with terror every time the blood even of a chicken came to be shed on the premises. She was as white as her own little counterpane, indeed, but there was not a tear or a cry; and she moved about with the mysterious instinct of those gracious presences which are missing nowhere and are noticed nowhere, and which are as welcome in a sick room as lint.

The wound in the head had saved Myles Rohan. He fell into a heavy sleep. Towards three o'clock in the morning, when the dawn began to struggle with the night-lights, Mrs. Rohan, watching by the bedside, felt an outstretched arm laid upon her hand, and in a mute transport of joy saw Miles sitting up in the bed. He could not speak, however. Several gallant efforts, which I shrink from describing, made that plain. He motioned convulsively towards the high desk at which he had been writing when he fell. She thought she understood. In an instant she had writing materials at his hand. He scrawled, very eagerly and rudely:

"Documents on desk. Don't want the children know," and then signalled for them violently. There was a letter advising him of the failure of a Cork corn merchant with whom he had considerable transactions; there was an account with a stinging word or two written across it in red ink; and there was a cheque of his own, with two still more intolerable words on the face of it. He pounced on them like a wild animal, and stuffed them under his pillow, and then calmly

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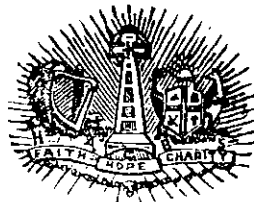
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lay back with something like a smile on his face, as though the bad news were now effectually placed beyond discovery by the children.

Poor Myles's plan for keeping the children in the dark was not, however, destined to be successful. Ken Rohan was at his father's business at the mill by cock-crow the next morning, after a night of torturing self-reproaches upon his own selfish idleness and unprofitableness. He would begin at the very beginning and aid Danny (to that stiff-necked and ungrateful person's deep-mouthed indignation) by setting the wheel in motion before there was water to turn it, and the hoppers before they had anything but one another to grind. When the post arrived, he could not go far through his father's letters without receiving dismal intimations that his son's wayward course was not the only cloud that had been daunting the miller's sturdy heart of late. One letter he had torn open amidst the heap of invoices, business notes, and accounts, without noticing Mr. Hans Harman's cognisance, a boar's head, stamped on sealing-wax on the cover. The letter fascinated him as though the Harman family boar's head were the head of a Gorgon:—

Confidential.

"Stone Hall, Sept. 8, 186—.

"DEAR ROHAN,—You will see by enclosed note from the Attorney-General (which I must ask you to return) that I have been as good as my word. You will see also that there is no time to be lost to save our young friend from mischief.—Yours, etc.,

"HANS HARMAN."

The enclosure from the Attorney-General, the Right Hon. Tobias Glascock, contained these words on the second leaf of a letter, the first of which had been detached:

"Your young *protege* bears a bad reputation with the police; but if you really want him transferred from the gallows to the Civil Service there is a Second Clerkship in the Pipe-Roll Office which you can have for him on the understanding that you will answer with your head for his loyalty and (what is of more consequence) for the county.—T. G."

Ken read this over and over till his eyelids grew hot and his brain was on fire. His cheeks could scarcely have tingled more if they had been cut across with a riding-whip.

"Great God!" he cried, in an agony, "have I sunk into such a pit of infamy as this?—made a subject of bargain and sale in some wretched market of corruption, for God knows what base considerations—pitched into some scullion's office by the Government I have dared to dream of overturning—nay, indebted for it, as for a favor—bound in eternal gratitude for it to the man who is probably a personal enemy and certainly a pestilent villain. Gracious heaven! what is to be done? I feel as if I were in a bath of boiling pitch."

And Mrs. Rohan and Katie, seeing him stride about all day in a raging fever, marvelled that the poor boy took on so at his father's condition, and thought they had found an antidote for the whole trouble when they were able to report that the sufferer was beginning to articulate faintly again. What was actually passing through Ken's mind at the moment was a fancied scene in which he was flinging the fragments of Mr. Hans Harman's letter in his teeth in his own office with words that would bite like vitriol. Such, alas! is youth's selfishness that, when he espied Dr. O'Harte's massive figure arriving at the Mill (the great-hearted Doctor having caught the very first train to his old friend's bedside, the moment the tidings reached him, notwithstanding his unconquerable terror of death scenes), his first thought of joy was not so much that his father had found a friend as that he himself had found a counsellor, whose broad shoulders were enormously comforting in an emergency of this kind.

"This seems to be a good post enough," was the Doctor's first remark, after he had read the letters a couple of times leisurely. "There are a great many people who are neither knaves nor lickspittles who would jump at it." He turned his keen eyes full on

the young man, as if in search of some carefully concealed flaw in his bold purpose. A less practised eye than his would have given up the search at sight of that transparent face with the indignant blood manning its battlements. "Very well, Ken, I understand you," he said, in an altered key, "and you are right. You ought not in your position to close with Harman's offer. But recollect, sir," he suddenly said, with sternness, "your poor father's feelings ought to be considered as well as your own in this matter." The deep flush of shame that suddenly mantled Ken's cheeks and forehead told how keenly the reproach had gone home. "Before you indulge in any expensive luxury of indignation, recollect that your poor father has had trials, and must have had sore ones before he would ask or receive favors from Hans Harman. It would be murder to involve your father in any further worry in his present state. It looks like a merciful arrangement of Providence that he should know nothing about it. Besides, the note looks like a civil one; and why answer it with insult? Upon the whole, I can see nothing better to do with this offer for the present than to put it here," he said, putting the letter with its enclosure into the fire: "and let it rest there," he added, as the nomination to the Second Clerkship in the Pipe-Roll Office turned into a little heap of white ashes.

Myles Rohan's power of speech returned, and Dr. O'Harte, immensely relieved to find that it was not to be a death-bed scene after all, blossomed into the sunniest spirits, and, like a triumphant surgeon after an operation, roared out: "I knew I'd do it, Myles. I knew my old bark would bring your view-halloo back, if there was a shout in the country." Myles shifted his position so as to cover one of the documents which was escaping from under his pillow, and with his hospitable smile, though the old hearty voice was feeble, responded: "You always had the cheerful word, Doctor! You're as welcome as the flowers of May."

"It has caused a great shock in town, and I am really distressed," said Monsignor McGrudder, with whom Dr. O'Harte was dining that evening, "for I always will say that Myles Rohan is an upright man. I am not sure that I ought not to call to see him myself," said the Monsignor, with a graciousness worthy of Cardinal Rimbomba's reception-room on an Ambassadors' Night, "only that his son is one of those rash young men that make scenes—you understand?"

"I understand perfectly," said the Doctor, with a roll of the eye which made a young priest sitting opposite him choke and redden in a remarkable manner. "Besides, I don't think it is necessary."

"Unless," said Monsignor McGrudder, "unless that, of course, it is a singular and shocking event—I go no further than that—and for Myles Rohan's sake I should not like my people to consider it a judgment from Providence for the language he unhappily did use to me."

"Your people are more likely to consider it an invitation from Providence to break your windows," said Dr. O'Harte, dryly.

CHAPTER XX.—MABEL OPENS A MENAGERIE

There was a letter from Lord Drumshaughlin lying on the breakfast-table, which Mabel immediately pounced upon, and kissed. "Dear old papa! so the gout has given him permission to write at last," she cried, opening it as she might a jewel-box, and lingering fondly, as girls are apt to do, to observe the look of it. The writing was quaint and crooked, but refined, as became handwriting subject to fits of the gout. It was upon thick club notepaper, and faintly scented, Mabel thought. The old lord began in an elevated strain of moral reflection, with a touching reference to filial insensibility to the tribulations of desolate old age. "For myself, my dear Mabel," he wrote, "I do not complain. I have been too long injured to suffering and neglect. You will be sorry to hear, by the way, that the gout has advanced to the knee joint, and your mother has not been much asked to the country since your departure—which has not

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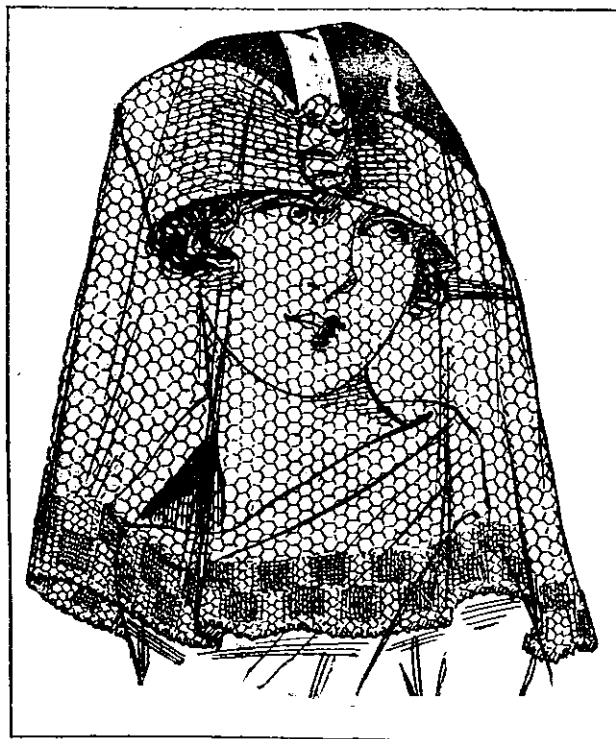
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improved the temper of either of us. As I have said, however, I should be disposed to waive my own claim to a daughter's duty and affection towards a father who has always idolised her if I could persuade myself that the extraordinary resolution you have taken of burying yourself from the world was attended with any compensating advantage, either to your own happiness or the reformation of the foolish boy to whom you are inconsiderately sacrificing so precious a portion of your youth and of your father's comfort. I am not surprised, however, to learn that you have consigned yourself to a hopeless and ungrateful task, and that you have not only failed to influence him for the better, but that he has of late fallen more and more into courses which young ladies of your age, brought up as you have been, cannot be expected to understand, much less to correct him in. You will sufficiently appreciate his position when I tell you that there is serious danger of his entangling himself in an alliance that would be disgraceful to our family, and that he is, I learn on the surest authority, involved deeply in an atrocious communistic conspiracy for an armed insurrection against the forces of the Crown and the abolition of property and religion."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXII. —How Glorious Limerick Once More Braved the Ordeal. How at Length a Treaty and Capitulation was Agreed Upon. How Sarsfield and the Irish Army Sailed Into Exile.

Galway surrendered on favorable terms ten days after the battle. Sligo also, the last western garrison, succumbed soon after, and its governor, the brave Sir Teige O'Regan, the hero of Charlemont, marched his 600 survivors southward to Limerick."

"Thus once more all eyes and hearts in the British Islands were turned towards the well-known city of the lower Shannon."

On August 25, Ginckle, reinforced by all the troops he could gather in with safety, invested the place on three sides. It appears he had powers, and indeed urgent directions, from William long previously, to let no hesitation in granting favorable terms keep him from ending the war, if it could be ended by such means, and it is said he apprehended serious censure for not having proclaimed such dispositions before he assaulted Athlone. He now resolved to use without stint the powers given to him, in the anxious hope of thereby averting the necessity of trying to succeed where William himself had failed—beneath the unconquered walls of Limerick.

Accordingly, a proclamation was issued by Ginckle, offering a full and free pardon of all "treasons" (so-called—meaning thereby loyalty to the king, and resistance of the foreign emissaries), with restoration for all to their estates "forfeited" by such "treason," and employment in his Majesty's service for all who would accept it, if the Irish army would abandon the war.

It is not to be wondered at that this proclamation developed on the instant a "peace party" within the Irish lines. Not even the most sanguine could now hope to snatch the crown from William's head, and replace it on that of the fugitive James. For what object, therefore, if not simply to secure honorable terms, should they prolong the struggle? And did not this proclamation afford a fair and reasonable basis for negotiation? The Anglo-Irish Catholic nobles and gentry, whose estates were thus offered to be secured to them, may well be pardoned, if they exhibited weakness at this stage. To battle further was, in their judgment, to peril all for a shadow.

Nevertheless, the national party, led by Sarsfield, prevailed, and Ginckle's summons to surrender was courteously but firmly refused. Once more glorious Limerick was to brave the fiery ordeal. Sixty guns, none of less than twelve pounds calibre, opened their

deadly fire against it. An English fleet ascended the river, hurling its missiles right and left. Bombardment by land and water showered destruction upon the city—in vain! Ginckle now gave up all hope of reducing the place by assault, and resolved to turn the siege into a *blockade*. Starvation must, in time, effect what fire and sword had so often and so vainly tried to accomplish. The treason of an Anglo-Irish officer long suspected, Luttrell, betrayed to Ginckle the pass over the Shannon above the city; and one morning the Irish, to their horror, beheld the foe upon the Clare side of the river. Ginckle again offered to grant almost any terms, if the city would but capitulate; for even still he judged it rather a forlorn chance to await its capture. The announcement of this offer placed further resistance out of the question. It was plain there was a party within the walls so impressed with the madness of refusing such terms, that, any moment, they might, of themselves, attempt to hand over the city.

Accordingly, on September 23, 1691—after a day of bloody struggle from early dawn—the Irish gave the signal for a parley, and a cessation of arms took place. Favorable as were the terms offered, and even though Sarsfield now assented to accepting them, the news that the struggle was to be ended, was received by the soldiers and citizens with loud and bitter grief. They ran to the ramparts from which they so often had hurled the foe, and broke their swords in pieces. "Muskets that had scattered fire and death amidst the British grenadiers, were broken in a frenzy of desperation, and the tough shafts of pikes that had resisted William's choicest cavalry, crashed across the knees of maddened rapparees." The citizens, too, ran to the walls, with the arms they had treasured proudly as mementoes of the last year's glorious struggle, and shivered them into fragments, exclaiming with husky voices: "We need them now no longer. *Ireland is no more!*"

On September 26 the negotiations were opened, hostages were exchanged, and Sarsfield and Major-General Wauchop dined with Ginckle in the English camp. The terms of capitulation were settled soon after; but the Irish, happily—resolved to leave no pretext for subsequent repudiation of Ginckle's treaty, even though he showed them his formal powers—demanded that the lords justices should come down from Dublin and ratify the articles. This was done; and on October 3, 1691, the several contracting parties met in full state at a spot on the Clare side of the river, to sign and exchange the treaty. That memorable spot is marked by a large stone, which remains to this day, proudly guarded and preserved by the people of that city, for whom it is a monument more glorious than the Titan arch for Rome. The visitor who seeks it on the Shannon side needs but to name the object of his search, when a hundred eager volunteers, their faces all radiant with pride, will point him out that memorial of Irish honor and heroism, that silent witness of English troth—*punica fides*—the "Treaty Stone of Limerick."

(To be continued.)

S L E E P.

And have I overthrown thine enmity,
Thine ancient enmity, O Sleep, that now
With phials in thy hand, and all thy brow
Dark poppy garlands, thou com'st wooing me
With magic, sure as night. I scarce can see
Thy form; I faint in thy rich breaths; for thou
Fillest my room, as might some Eastern bough,
Of swaying odors thick with lethargy.

I wish my eyes could pierce thy twilight veil:
If I saw triumph hovering on thy lips
That thou hadst won me from the yoke of pale
And earnest Fame, whose bondman never sleeps,
I'd break thy spells, fling casements to the gale,
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—DANIEL CORKERY, in *Studies*.

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