

And broken is Tyrowen's pride, and vanquished Clanna-boy,
And there is wailing thro' the land, from Bann to Aughnacloy.
The Red Hand's crest is bent in grief, upon its shield a stain,
For its stoutest clans are broken, its stoutest chiefs are slain.

And proud and high Tyrconnell shouts; but blending on the gale,
Upon the ear ascendeth a sad and sullen wail;
For on that field, as back they bore, from chasing of the foe,
The spirit of O'Donnell fled!—oh, woe for Ulster, woe!

Yet died he there all gloriously—a victor in the fight;
A chieftain at his people's head, a warrior in his might;
They dug him there a fitting grave upon that field of pride,
And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly's side.

In this story of Godfrey of Tyrconnell we have a perfect illustration of the state of affairs in Ireland at the time. Studying it, no one can marvel that the English power eventually prevailed: but many may wonder that the struggle lasted so many centuries. What Irishman can contemplate without sorrow the spectacle of those brave soldiers of Tyrconnell and their heroic prince, after contending with, and defeating, the concentrated power of the Anglo-Norman settlement, called upon to hurriedly re-unite their broken and wounded ranks that they might fight yet another battle against fresh foes—those foes their own countrymen! Only amongst a people given over to the madness that precedes destruction, could conduct like that of O'Neill be exhibited. At a moment when Godfrey and his battle-wounded clansmen had routed the common foe—at a moment when they were known to be weakened after such a desperate combat—at a moment when they should have been hailed with acclaim, and greeted with aid and succor by every chief and clan in Ireland—they are foully taken at disadvantage, and called upon to fight anew, by their own fellow-countrymen and neighbors of Tyrowen!

The conduct of O'Neill on this occasion was a fair sample of the prevailing practice amongst the Irish princes. Faction-split to the last degree, each one sought merely his own personal advantage or ambition. Nationality and patriotism were sentiments no longer understood. Bravery in battle, dauntless courage, heroic endurance, marvellous skill, we find them displaying to the last: but the higher political virtues, so essential to the existence of a nation—unity of purpose and of action against a common foe—recognition of and obedience to a central national authority—were utterly absent. Let us own in sorrow that a people amongst whom such conduct as that of O'Neill towards Godfrey of Tyrconnell was not only possible but of frequent occurrence, deserved subjection—invited it—rendered it inevitable. Nations, like individuals, must expect the penalty of disregarding the first essentials to existence. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Factionism like that of the Irish princes found its sure punishment in subjugation.

(To be continued.)

The annual Rugby football match between teams representing the Marist Brothers' Club, Christchurch, and the Celtic Club, Timaru, was played at the Show Grounds, Addington, on Saturday afternoon, April 19. After a somewhat one-sided game, Marists won by 35 points to 3. Tries were scored by Fitzgerald (3), Greenlees (2), Mullins (2), Flaherty, Flood, and Gregory. Mullins converted one try and Fitzgerald kicked a penalty goal. Bergin scored for Celtic. Mr. J. Guiney was referee. In a Third Grade match between the same clubs Christchurch won by 11 points to nil. Mr. L. Hardie was referee.

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BARN-GRADUATES.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

Oh you from the walks of St. Omer and you from the Bench and the Inn,
Do you think on the school in the hay-loft, and the ferule of Phelim O'Flynn?
When the schoolroom lay red in its ashes—not a book or a desk in the town,
Nimble Phil led his flock up the ladder and settled us peacefully down.
We couldn't hold school 'neath the hedge-row, dripping wet with the white of the May—
The teacher forsook us for Dublin, but Phelim discovered a way.

The cattle below us in sunshine munched on till the daylight was done,
But we, in our learned exaltation, saw but a thin thread of the sun.
In the long sombre shade of the barn-door a window shone out to the right,
At the call of the masterful Phelim we crept out to read in the light.
When each blinking owlet had finished, he joyous returned to the dark,
To continue his spelling and fighting, intent, faith, on making his mark.

There was Johnnie, the humble and candid, who went forth a priest from this land,
Learned Phelim, the foe of the rafters whose nearness forbade him to stand,
There was Patrick, the merciless lawyer, and Katie, the nun in her stall,
And Peter, the doctor, the healer, and Christy, the flower of us all.

To-day, for the good of the pupil, they have rules for the focus of sight.
'Tis essential for training they tell us to find out one's soul in the light.
But we of the land of the hedge-row, the land of the nettle and whin,
Know the worth of the rod in the darkness and the classics of Phelim O'Flynn.

— E. D.

LANGUAGE AND NATION.

Father Augustine, O.S.F.C., in an address in the Father Mathew Hall, Dublin, said the Irish spirit was alive and the language was winning and spreading like fire upon the prairie. Within the last few weeks it had scored a great victory by the holding of an Irish-speaking National Assembly. That Assembly staggered and angered the Englishmen, it gladdened and rejoiced Irishmen by lifting Ireland into a position of grand prominence as a distinct nationality, and it furthermore showed that Ireland was a nation in itself and had a language of its own.

Dail Eireann was a glorious national language reality, and showed the fruits of the last 25 years of language endeavor. It proved that the Irish tongue is stronger than proclamations and intimidations, and even imprisonment; and that the men who were arrested and imprisoned for singing Irish songs, whistling Irish tunes, and giving their names in Irish, would be crowned to-morrow by an Irish-speaking Parliament in the very heart of the nation.

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