

that: he was a landlord's son. Young, brilliant, but not so rich, Maurice Ahern, Q.C., was retained by the defence. Everybody expected that, too; he was of the people, and proud of it. And you may be sure the people were proud of him. Now, if ever, his services would be needed. One might call up the fine rhetoric of Mr. Macaulay on his Warren Hastings' trial to describe the time and the scene, but one must surely be caught with the purloined property. At any rate, the court room held all it could hold, and out beyond it the streets were packed with people.

In Robert Ferendale's opening speech there were finish of language, grace of gesture, and wealth of discouraging testimony. One does not remember the points after so many years; but a distinct impression remains that the distinguished councillor had the rope around the necks of the Sheehy boys and it needed only the hangman to finish them. He was sarcastic, he thundered invective against a lawless people till one wondered if he would not hang them all; he appealed to the jury to stand for law and righteousness as against cold-blooded murder in the broad highway. He wept some as he spoke of the blameless man away from home, rendering a legitimate service in the face of boycott and intimidation. When he ended at last, many a man and many a woman said, 'God have mercy on thim poor boys! Sure they're as good as dead an' gone!'

There was a whispering among the solicitors and the white-wigged councillors, and many nodded, and many more shook their heads. Indeed, among the high and the low, it looked hard for the three Sheehy boys sitting silent and solemn on the prisoners' dock. And a man might cry a bit, and not be ashamed of it either, to see the crushed and broken parents of the three stalwart lads, and their sweet-faced sister close beside them. But often in the darkest hour the sun leaps out and scatters the clouds.

Maurice Ahern, Q.C., rose with fine self-possession, and there was a very perceptible buzz of excitement in the court room.

'My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury.'

He seemed like a fine rider astride a horse that at a word would leap into space and annihilate miles by the minute. But he did not urge his steed yet. Rather he walked his charger, Languago, with ease and grace, bowing and paying compliments as he went.

'My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury: The distinguished counsel who has assumed the responsibility of the Crown at this trial has more than measured up to his previous reputation as a master in the craft of matching words. He is brilliant and resourceful, and has captivated the fancy of the jury and of the crowded court room: and, I am free to confess, he has captivated me also. If matchless language and exquisite finish of voice were to decide between him and me, between the three prisoners at the bar, and the dead Smithfield, between guilt and innocence, the case might well rest here. But, Gentlemen of the Jury, there are issues that even eloquence can not tide over; minds that beauty of language can not sing to slumber; clamoring rights that crushing invective and picturesque irony can not hush into silence. Above all, there is a just God' (here the young councillor lifted his right hand high above him), 'whose truth is eternal and must prevail, who holds rich and poor alike in the hollow of His hand, and who will bring to light the hidden things of darkness.'

Then his charger cantered, and later galloped, and finally flew. How like a prophet was this man tearing to tatters circumstance after circumstance till there was not a shred of it left! How puny—to mix the figure—was the polish of Ferendale, Jr., before the giant blows of this towering man! How every bit of adverse testimony fell into dust with the strokes of his sledge! How the jurymen listened, with extended necks and parted lips, as he sent home every telling circumstance, every crushing weight that battered down the feeble breastworks of his opponent! There were demonstrations and the court rapped for order.

Suddenly he swerved from his thought:

'And who is this Smithfield? "A blameless man," the worthy counsel says, "away from home, rendering a legitimate service in the face of boycott and intimidation." A blameless man? Does a blameless man beat an innocent young woman into insensibility to steal away her virtue? Does a blameless man wait for an innocent girl on the highroad and beat her down in the darkness of night? Is this the worthy counsel's concept of blamelessness, of chivalry, of modern knight-errantry?'

He went on and on. At one moment men's eyes blazed fire, at another tears were streaming down their rough, weather-beaten faces. He made witnesses contradict themselves, and pointed out discrepancy after discrepancy in the testimony. Half of them were perjurers before he had finished the cross-examination, and the other half did not wish to stand sponsor for what they had at first testified. Young Ferendale objected here and there as a matter of duty, but this man rider could neither be reined nor thrown. On he went to the bitter end, and closed with a peroration that put the court room into a frenzy of enthusiasm.

The judge's charge was brief and, to all intents, a verdict. The jury filed out, and returned in just two minutes with the words 'not guilty.' The wild joy that followed one passes over as a matter of course. There are scenes and moments and feelings that always lose in the telling.

Coming out from the court, a warm hand clasped the hand of the now imperishable Maurice Ahern. It was that of John Crimmins.

'Maurice, Maurice, I'm proud of you! It was a victory for ten lives!'

Maurice returned the pressure of his old friend and teacher.

'My dear old teacher, my dear old friend, you share in the triumph! It is yours as well as mine. And isn't it worth waiting for all the years?'

—Ave Maria.

A MIDNIGHT 'BARK.'

One night recently, just as the members of a South Island chemist's household had retired, someone—a visitor—was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing. It was a dry, 'nagging' cough at first, that tickled the throat and irritated the chest, but it gradually grew worse, and by midnight had developed into a veritable 'bark.' The coughing was incessant, everyone was kept awake, and at length the chemist in dismay went downstairs to his shop and got a bottle of cough cure which he took up to the coughing visitor. The visitor took one dose. The coughing ceased immediately. In the morning the visitor asked the chemist 'What was that remarkable stuff you gave me for my cough last night? It stopped my cough like magic!'

'That was Baxter's Lung Preserver, the best Cough Cure I have in the shop,' replied the chemist. 'It's a sure cure for all throat and lung affections, and is famous because it cures quickly. I always use it myself, and have never known it to fail.'

'1/10 the large-sized bottle at chemists and stores,' smiled the visitor, 'I've read a lot about Baxter's—and now I know.'

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