The insurrection of '98 was the first *rebellion* on the part of the Irish people for hundreds of years. The revolt of the Puritan colonists in 1641, and that of their descendants, the Protestant rebels of 1690, were not *Irish* movements in any sense of the phrase. It was only after 1605 that the English government could, by any code of moral obligations whatever, be held entitled to the obedience of the Irish people, whose struggles previous to that date were lawful efforts in defence of their native and legitimate rulers against the English invaders. And never, subsequently to 1605, up to the period at which we have now arrived—1798—did the Irish people revolt or rebel against the new sovereignty. On the contrary, in 1641, they fought for the king, and lost heavily by their loyalty. In 1690 once more they fought for the king, and again they paid a terrible penalty for their fidelity to the sovereign. In plain truth, the Irish are, of all peoples, the most disposed to respect constituted authority where it is entitled to respect, and the most ready to repay even the shortest measure of justice on the part of the sovereign, by generous, faithful, enduring, and self-sacrificing loyalty. They are a law-abiding people—or rather, a justice-loving people; for their contempt for law becomes extreme when it is made the antithesis of justice. Nothing but terrible provocation could have driven such a people into rebellion.

Rebellion against just and lawful government is a great crime. Rebellion against constituted government of any character is a terrible responsibility. There are circumstances under which resistance is a duty, and where, it may be said, the crime would be rather in slavish or cowardly acquiescence; but awful is the accountability of him who undertakes to judge that the measure of justification is full, that the moral duty of resistance is established by the circumstances, and that, not merely in figure of speech, but in solemn reality, no other resort remains.

But, however all this may be, the public code of which it is a part rightly recognises a great distinction in favor of a people who are driven into the field to defend their homes and altars against brutal military violence. Such were the heroic men of Wexford; and of the United Irishmen it is to be remembered that if they pursued an object unquestionably good and virtuous in itself, outside, not within, the constitution, it was not by their own choice. They were no apostles of anarchy, no lovers of revolution, no "rebels for a theory." They were not men who decried or opposed the more peaceful action of moral force agencies. They would have preferred them, had a choice fairly been left them. There was undoubtedly a French Jacobinical spirit tinging the views of many of the Dublin and Ulster leaders towards the close, but under all the circumstances this was inevitable. With scarcely an exception, they were men of exemplary moral characters, high social position, of unsullied integrity, of brilliant intellect, of pure and lofty patriotism. They were men who honestly desired and endeavored, while it was permitted to them so to do, by lawful and constitutional means, to save and serve their country, but who, by an infamous conspiracy of the government, were deliberately forced upon resistance as a patriot's duty, and who at the last sealed with their blood their devotion to Ireland.

"More than twenty years have passed away," says Lord Holland; "many of my political opinions are softened, my predilections for some men weakened, my prejudices against others removed; but my approbation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's actions remains unaltered and unshaken. His country was bleeding under one of the hardest tyrannies that our times have witnessed. He who thinks that a man can be even excused in such circumstances by any other consideration than that of despair from opposing by force a pretended government, seems to me to sanction a principle which would insure impunity to the greatest of all human delinquents, or, at least to those who produce the greatest misery among mankind."

(To be continued.)

A Complete Story

"HE SHALL BE LIFTED UP"

The two old ladies, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Jane Dodd, had lived at "Rehoboth" ever since they first saw the light of day.

They kept very much to themselves, as befitted the daughters of the late Rev. Nicodemus Dodd, one time minister of Ebenezer Particular Baptist Chapel. A man of great integrity and some substance, he had built the commodious chapel in the centre of Fernbank High Street, and for forty years had preached the Word to a respectable congregation.

His death had come suddenly and peacefully withal, and his last charge to his daughters had concerned Ebenezer Chapel.

"See to it while you live," he had commanded, "that the Word of God shall always be preached therein—the Faith once delivered to the Saints—no new-fangled doctrines of modern invention. You will have sufficient money to build a manse and pay the stipend of a minister."

"Many shall come to hear the Truth," he whispered. " 'And He shall be lifted up—— that all men may adore Him.' "

The two daughters had been faithful to their charge, but not so the congregation. Little by little it dwindled away, passing to other chapels, where there were social evenings, anniversaries, and debating clubs.

The stern doctrines preached at Ebenezer were not to the taste of the more modern folk and when the elderly minister who had followed Dr. Dodd died the two old ladies found a great difficulty in getting a successor. Ministers came and went, tired of preaching to a congregation that consisted for the most part of the two old ladies, Sydney Prescott, the crusty old chapel-keeper, his wife and their orphan grandson. The services at Ebenezer became dependent on the ministration of chance brothers who were visiting in the district.

Then Miss Jane developed bronchitis. It was rather a bad attack, sufficient to keep her in bed, and Miss Elizabeth in frequent attendance upon her. Miss Elizabeth was bringing her breakfast up one morning, when she suddenly slipped, and crashed to the bottom of the stairs.

Father Douglas, returning from Mass that morning was in rather a despondent mood. The Catholic church at Fernbank, a small, leaky iron structure was situated at the extreme end of the town, whereas Father Douglas had rooms off the High Street. The young priest had come to Fernbank three months previously, full of optimism, and confident of increasing his scanty congregation by wholesale conversions. Unfortunately, the non-Catholics of Fernbank shied at walking a mile and a half to hear his sermons, and even his own Catholics were not so regular in attendance as they might have been. The reluctant truth was forced upon the good Father that until he could shift his church to a more contral position, there would not be much chance of making real headway. As this was the poorest mission in one of the poorest dioceses in England, that event did not seem very probable.

Passing Rehoboth, Father Douglas' attention was diverted by a tapping noise. He looked up at the window, and saw an old lady, with a face of frantic fear, drumming at the pane. In a moment he had entered the house, and discovered Miss Elizabeth moaning at the foot of the stairs, surrounded by the broken impedimenta of breakfast.

Father Douglas was a man of action. In a few minutes Miss Elizabeth found herself lying on her bed, and Miss Jane had been calmed with the promise that a doctor should be sent for at once. Moreover, the Father knew of an excellent young woman who would come in as help. Miss Elizabeth's feeble protests against strangers were brushed aside, and an unwilling consent that Teresa Driscoll should come for at least a few days was obtained.

The doctor's diagnosis was that Miss Elizabeth had broken her leg. Poor Miss Jane, who had had no breakfast, wept; but, with the arrival of the capable Teresa, things generally looked brighter.

Teresa had not been with them many hours before the two old ladies realised that they had found a treasure, and when at length Miss Elizabeth was sufficiently recovered to come downstairs there was no suggestion that their little maid should depart.

Father Douglas had been a frequent visitor, and, when once the old ladies had got over their fear of a Catholic priest, they liked him immensely. He had a way with him, inherited from an Irish mother.

The Rev. Mr. Spaul, the local pastor of the Old Baptist Union Connection—the nearest approach to Ebenezer in Fernbank—had called once, but his conversation had been entirely confined to death and the necessity of being prepared. Neither Miss Jane nor Miss Elizabeth had been particularly cheered by the visitation, and did not press him to return, so his first visit was also his last.