

Establishment; but I don't feel at all commissioned from on high to lecture you on the faults of this Papistical watch of yours. No, Mr. Neville; you'll find a thousand things wrong in this country, but nothing so wrong as ourselves—I with my £600 a year of Irish money for cursing the Irish people, and you, who pay an army (God forgive you!) to collect my ill-gotten goods for me."

"My dear Mr. Motherwell, you mistake me, I assure you," pleaded Neville, earnestly. "Nothing could be further from my thoughts than to wound the susceptibilities of our Irish brethren. They are most estimable people—forgive me for saying it in your presence, Father O'Sullivan—charming people, positively charming! I only want to know how to serve them—I do, indeed. I quite agree with our good friend the Rector that the Church Establishment is an anachronism, and I am prepared to co-operate in any properly matured scheme of disestablishment and disendowment."

"Just so; and rob Mrs. Motherwell and the babies by way of appeasing your conscience for robbing the Irish nation at large," said the Rector, his big brown eyes glistening good-humoredly under the soft felt hat from amidst billows of silky brown hair and beard. "But I can tell you, you won't find Mrs. Motherwell submitting to your penal laws as meekly as the conquered Jacobites did."

"Bully for Mrs. M.!" observed the American Captain.

(To be continued.)

THE PRISONER.

Here is the happy house where he was born,
The fields of honey-grass, the springing corn,
Mountain on mountain, far and far away,
And Glendalough, golden and silver grey—
The Dark Rose made her own of him who knows
There is no beauty like to hers, Dark Rose.

Soft singing of streams is here and hark! the lark
That is not still between the day and dark;
Thrushes and blackbirds and the cushat dove.
The wind wanders, rain from the hills above
Steals on her silver feet, and the grey mist
Veils for a little sapphire and amethyst.

Where does the Master tarry, whither stray
His feet that loved so well the appointed way,
That trod the pastures lightly, the rich mead?
The sheep run with their lambs, the cattle feed
Knee-deep in grass: their liquid eyes give praise.
Why is he absent from the nights and days?

Now in his dreams alone he hears the birds
And the familiar voice of flocks and herds:
In dreams he feels the wind upon his face,
Visits once more the old beloved place.
He is free, he is free, until he wakes once more
To the stark prison-walls, the unopening door.

He takes his outing in the prison yard.
His dear Black Rose has slipped through wall and guard;
Her beauty and glamor blind his wondering eyes,
For whom so many men made sacrifice,
Flinging their lives down with a jest and song
So she keep beautiful, so she keep young.

What matter for the gyves upon his hands!
O she is with him and she understands;
And she will lead him yet to the free air
And this wild beauty that but covers her.
And she is worth it all, his Lady who knows
There is no beauty like to hers, Dark Rose.

—KATHARINE TYNAN, in *Studies*.

Form the habit of giving cheer and encouragement to others, never uttering needlessly a disheartening word. Don't quench hope, or throw cold water on reasonable enthusiasm, or chill ardour, or create an atmosphere of censure and fault-finding, but make folks tingle to the fingertips with the heartiness and spontaneity of your presence and greeting.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

Chapter LXXV.—The Irish Army in Exile. How Sarsfield Fell on Landen Plain. How the Regiments of Burke and O'Mahony Saved Cremona, Fighting in "Muskets and Shirts." The Glorious Victory of Fontenoy! How the Irish Exiles, Faithful to the End, Shared the Last Gallant Effort of Prince Charles Edward.

The glory of Ireland was all abroad in those years. Spurned from the portals of the constitution established by the conqueror, the Irish slave followed with eager gaze the meteor track of "the Brigade." Namur Steenkirk, Staffardo, Cremona, Ramillies, Fontenoy—each, in its turn, sent a thrill through the heart of Ireland. The trampled captive furtively lifted his head from the earth, and looked eastward, and his face was lighted up as by the beam of the morning sun.

For a hundred years, that magnificent body, the Irish Brigade—(continuously recruited from home, though death was the penalty by English law)—made the Irish name synonymous with heroism and fidelity throughout Europe. Sarsfield was amongst the first to meet a soldier's death. But he fell in the arms of victory, and died, as the old annalists would say, with his mind and his heart turned to Ireland. In the bloody battle of Landen, fought July 29, 1693, he fell mortally wounded, while leading a victorious charge of the Brigade. The ball had entered near his heart, and while he lay on the field his corslet was removed in order that the wound might be examined. He himself, in a pang of pain, put his hand to his breast as if to staunch the wound. When he took away his hand, it was full of blood. Gazing at it for a moment sorrowfully, he faintly gasped out: "*Oh! that this were for Ireland!*" He never spoke again. His place was soon filled from the ranks of the exiled Irish nobles—those illustrious men whose names are emblazoned on the glory roll of France—and the Brigade went forward in its path of victory. At Cremona, 1702, an Irish regiment, most of the men fighting in *their shirts*—(the place had been surprised in the dead of night by treachery)—saved the town under most singular circumstances. Duke Villeroy, commanding the French army, including two Irish regiments under O'Mahony and Bourke, held Cremona; his adversary, Prince Eugene, commanding the Germans, being encamped around Mantua. Treason was at work, however, to betray Cremona. One night a partisan of the Germans within the walls, traitorously opened one of the gates to the Austrian troops. Before the disaster was discovered the French general, most of the officers, the military chests, etc., were taken, and the German horse and foot were in possession of the town, excepting one place only—the Po Gate, which was guarded by the two Irish regiments. In fact, Prince Eugene had already taken up his headquarters in the town hall, and Cremona was virtually in his hands. The Irish were called on to surrender the Po Gate. They answered with a volley. The Austrian general, on learning they were Irish troops, desired to save brave men from utter sacrifice—for he had Irish in his own service, and held the men of Ireland in high estimation. He sent to expostulate with them, and show them the madness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them that if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honorably promoted. "The first part of this proposal," says the authority I have been following, "they heard with impatience; the second, with disdain. 'Tell the prince,' said they, 'that we have hitherto preserved the honor of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him we are worthy of his esteem. While one of us exists the German eagles shall not be displayed upon these walls.'" The attack upon them was forthwith commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand cuirassiers. As I have already noted, the Irish, having been aroused from their sleep, had

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