

Read
"Rolf House"
Our New Story.
In this issue.

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LEGEND OF COUNTY CAVAN.

The elves of Fairyland have their abode even in the cold, bleak county of Cavan, which is six hundred feet, and in some parts eight hundred feet, above the level of the sea; and was considered as sterile a country, that it was left almost entirely to its Irish inhabitants, at the time when most other parts of Ulster were divided among Scottish and English settlers.

It is true that many of the Protestant descendants of the settlers have made their way thither from the north in course of time; but they have not influenced the folk-lore of Cavan as might be expected.

The fairy legends of the Celtic people in this country display a bolder and more vivid fancy than those related in Donegal, and while the Donegal legends carry the believer in Fairyland, back into a distant past, those of Cavan deal with the present, or at least with a period not many years removed from our own day. The most poetical of such wild fancies relate to the love of the elves for mortal youths and maidens, who are sometimes snatched away from their friends in the pride of their gaiety and beauty.

One pleasant summer day, about sixteen years ago, two lads set out to spend a holiday upon Virginia Lough, a beautiful large lake covered with little islands, where birds build in the wild holly, hazel, and hawthorn thickets. As the boat neared the largest island, the boys observed a white duck swimming after them, and keeping very close to them.

Francis Lafferty, the elder of the two, happening to have a thorn-branch in his hand, struck the duck with it, and she dived down, coloring the water for some yards round the boat with her blood. She soon rose again to the surface, and continued to follow the boat, though her snowy feathers were dabbled with blood.

The boys landed on Willow Island, and when they re-embarked, after an hour's bird nesting, the duck had disappeared. But Francis was soon reminded of the adventure.

Next day the tramping of a horse's hoofs was heard before his father's cottage, on the borders of the lake, and he ran to the door, followed by his parents and brothers and sisters. A man riding a tall gray horse stopped at the door.

"Where's Francis Lafferty?" he inquired.

"Here, sir."

"You did a dale o' mischief yesterday, Francis."

"Why, sir, what mischief did I do?"

"You struck a white duck that was swimmin' after yer boat."

"Aye, surely, but what o' that?"

"That duck was a beautiful lady, an' she fell in love wid you, you foolish gossoon, an' that was the reason she was swimmin' after yer boat."

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"That duck was a beautiful lady, an' she fell in love wid you, you foolish gossoon, an' that was the reason she was swimmin' after yer boat."

"I'll not go one foot," said the boy, sturdily.

"He'll not get going wid you," said the father and mother.

"You be to come," repeated the man; "but I promise to bring you safely back again."

Francis was a trustful boy; and although he had some fears and misgivings, he relied upon the messenger's promise, jumped up behind him, and they rode down the field towards the lake.

The group at the cottage door saw the horse swim gallantly for some yards, and then disappear beneath the waters.

Francis and his guide drew up at the gate of a splendid castle, and a servant answered the bell.

"I ought not to bid you welcome, but for all that I do," said he, looking hard at Francis. They went into the parlor, where a beautiful young lady, with a bleeding brow and a wound in her neck, lay upon a sofa.

"I don't mean to hurt you," said Francis, going close to her. "Faix an' troth I didn't know that duck was you, or I would not have hit it."

"You hurted me very much, Francis. I fell in love wid you when I was swimming after the boat, an' you hit me, an' now you must marry me."

"But I don't want to get married at all, at all," said the poor boy.

"You must marry me," persisted the young lady. "I'll send for you in a few days, an' if you don't come, you'll pine away an' die, an' your friends'll all die too."

Poor Francis did not know what to say to this. He mounted the gray horse again, and rode very sorrowfully home.

"I'll come for you in a few days," were the messenger's parting words.

There was dreadful grief in the cottage, when Francis told the result of his visit. Each day his mother wept, and declared she would not let him go; and he always repeated the beautiful lady's threats to destroy the whole family.

"You be to let me go, for the sake of my father an' Grace an' Joe, Maggie, Thady, an' little Mary!" And as the poor woman looked at her husband and five other children, she wept, without knowing what to reply.

At length the gray horse and his rider appeared for the second time at

Francis' door. The unfortunate young bridegroom took a tender leave of his friends, and mounted behind the messenger.

A chorus of wailing and lamentation followed them to the water's edge; they disappeared half way between the shore and Willow Island, and all trace of Francis was lost forever!

The Laffertys prospered in everything; no farm was so productive as theirs, no dairy so successful. The children grew up handsome and merry, and married well-to-do neighbors, and there were gay dances at their weddings; but the mother was sad in the midst of their mirth, for she could not forget her pretty, yellow-haired son, who was so differently married.

When she stood among the crowd in Virginia market, as the chapel bell rang the Angelus, and the devout people took off their hats, and murmured "Paternoster," she wondered whether the holy sound was able to penetrate the waters of the lake, and if the fairy wife ever permitted poor Francis to pray. To obtain one glimpse of her son, she would gladly have parted with everything she possessed; and she was wont to wander along the shore on summer evenings, when a handsome drake, accompanied by a snow-white duck, swam between Willow Island and the mainland. But they never came near enough to eat the bread she threw to them.

The next one of the Cavan legends which we shall notice relates to people who are carried into Eiland, kept there some years, and at length are restored to their friends.

The inhabitants of Balleborough got up one starlight frosty morning, and set out to attend the Christmas market at Shercock, some driving cows and donkeys, some carrying baskets, others jogging along in their carts, as well wrapped up as they could be, to resist the cold.

When they had got about a mile out of Balleborough, they were electrified by hearing clapping of hands and laughter behind the hedge, and a sound like feet stamping upon a board, while many bright lights shone.

The drivers stood up in their cars to peep over the hedge, and those of the foot-passengers who had courage enough looked through it; but nothing could be seen except the lights. "The gentry! the good people!" cried the frightened travelers from Balleborough. "Ha, ha, ha!" was shouted from behind the hedge.

"They'll do us no harm in life," said young Tim O'Brien, who was driving his master's cow.

"Good gossoon! Fine little fellow!" called the voices.

"Come on, son, I'm sore 'feared—come on fast!" said the lad's mother, trembling in every limb and clutching her son's arm.

"Bedad, mother, I must not drive the master's cow too hard, an' him trustin' me to take her to market."

Another man driving a cow passed them at this moment. His terror on hearing the clapping of hands and laughter was so great, that he set off at a run, driving his unfortunate animal wildly up and down hill, until he reached Shercock market.

The breath was nearly out o' her, an' she lost her sale," said the neighbors, afterwards, telling the story. Tim transacted his business, and then he and his mother turned into a public house to refresh themselves; and while they sat there, one after another came hurrying in, laughing like mad people, and exclaiming:

"Oh, we seen the fairies! We seen the fairies!"

"Don't be out your lane, or very late, Tim," said his mother that evening, as he turned into the Knockbridge road, leading to his master's house.

"I be to do what the master bids me," replied the good gossoon, kissing her.

It was growing dusk as he puffed from her, but he had light enough to see three sixpence shining on the stone in the road. Much surprised at such unlooked-for good luck, he took them up and put them into his pocket.

As he was going on, a little old woman touched him on the shoulder.

"Tim, me good gossoon," she said, "I've bought you, an' you be to come wid me."

"I'll not go one foot," replied he.

"I'll come for you on Friday evening. Good-bye till Friday. You've been a good honest servant to your master, an' you'll be a good servant to me."

She disappeared, and poor Tim was frightened and bewildered. He hurried home, and told his master and mistress what had happened.

"We'll not let her take you, if we can help it," said they.

On the dreaded Friday evening all Tim's friends and neighbors assembled in his master's kitchen, to help to tide him over the fatal hour. A bright fire blazed on the hearth. Beside Tim sat his mother, holding his hand in both of hers; around him and behind him were his master, mistress and friends—a strong phalanx of protection. But they proved as powerless against the elfin mistress as they would have been against Grim Death himself, had he stretched forth his skeleton hand to grasp the lad.

In the midst of the talking, firing began outside the house; shots came

raining down the chimney. Mocking laughter rang in peals, and while the elfin "Ha, ha, ha!" was echoing, Tim was gone. The terrified people looked round in amazement; he was gone, and no one had been seen to fetch him.

The mother's grief was dreadful at the loss of her only son and chief support.

Weeks, months, years went by. At the end of six years, Tim awoke one morning opposite his mother's door; but the house was deserted—the hearth was cold.

Startled and sad, he made his way to the farm house at Knockbridge. The farmer's wife was making stirabout at the fire.

"God bless us, is it you, Tim?" she cried, letting the spoon fall.

"It is, mistress. But where's my mother?"

"Yer mother, poor gossoon? She died, it'll be three year again Christmas."

"Three year, mistress? Three year! Why it was only last Christmas her an' me drove the master's cow to Shercock market."

"Oh, Jack, come here!" called the puzzled woman. "Here's Tim come back, an' he sayin' that he's only away since Christmas."

"Six years last Christmas that you were took from us, Tim," said the master, clasping his hands in wonder and gazing at the lad, who might have been stolen the day before, he looked so unchanged.

The neighbors soon assembled, and Tim saw many changes in them. Six years had streaked black hair with gray, had bent upright fingers, had wrinkled smooth cheeks, and had made gaps in the familiar circle.

He gave as clear an account as he could of what had happened to him, but a kind of haze seemed to spread over his memory with regard to the fairy world. He said he had lived in splendid houses, warmed by large fires and lighted by many candles, and had had every imaginable delicacy to eat and drink; that his bed had been warmed, and his work light and easy; that they danced, feasted and caroused continually; and that he had made long excursions every night in company with his little masters; but he was not able to say how or why they had brought him back.

THE A. O. H.

(By J. T. Gallagher, M. D.)

The A. O. H., the A. O. H., God bless it night any day,

And may the angels guide and guard and keep it from decay.

Oh, may it grow from age to age in strength and unity,

And like the Gael in friendship's chain and Christian charity!

In evil days, when Ireland sank immersed in penal gloom,

It rose the messenger of hope from out the nation's tomb,

Stood strong as granite battlement around the stricken Gael,

And scourged full oft in breach and field the bloodhounds of the Pale.

It held aloft the torch of faith and morals in the land,

And guarded well the hunted priest when Erin's creed was banned.

The magic tongue of bard and chief, The Golden Celtic lore,

It snatched from out oblivion's grave to live forevermore.

It clasps the exile to its breast beneath whatever sky,

Relieves the widow in distress and dries the orphan's eye.

The poor, the friendless and the sick receive its tender care,

And for its dead ascends to God its daily fervent prayer.

Ere spoke the guns of Lexington across the sea it came,

The foeman heard on Bunker Hill and trembled at its name.

On field and flood, Columbia! wherever thundered Mars,

To glory, fame and victory, it bore the Stripes and Stars.

And in the future as the past 'twill battle in the van

For justice, right and liberty for every creed and clan;

As faithful guard the starry flag on its adopted strand

As ever did its vallant aires the green on native land.

The A. O. H., the A. O. H., God bless it night and day!

And may the angels guide and guard and keep it from decay!

Still may it grow from age to age, in strength and unity,

And link the Gael in friendship's chain and Christian charity.

It is claimed for Father Brannan, the Texas missionary, that he is probably the ablest controversialist now in the United States. Father Brannan has had vast experiences. Once he was a married layman, a well-known lawyer, and later mayor of Waterford, Texas. After his wife died he became a priest, and is now a missionary, preaching exclusively to non-Catholics.

It is related that he would rather seek saving gospellers in debate than seek to avoid them.

FROM EVIL COMES GOOD.

Circumstances Preservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

The following account of an occurrence, which took place near Albany, in New York State, comes to us on a most trustworthy authority.

A priest was one day summoned in all haste to the bedside of a dying man who lived at a considerable distance from the church. The clergyman at once set out on horse-back, carrying the Blessed Sacrament in a pyx suspended round his neck. After making his way for several miles along one of the worst of roads in a heavy storm of wind and rain, his horse could proceed no further, and he was fain to stop at an inn by the roadside. Here he found a messenger, who had been sent to tell him that the sick man had rallied unexpectedly, and, although still seriously ill, was no longer in imminent danger of death.

As darkness had already closed in, the priest was naturally glad that the necessity of pursuing his journey that night was removed, and he went to rest in the inn, after having carefully placed the pyx containing the Blessed Sacrament in a drawer. He slept soundly after his fatiguing ride, and at a very early hour on the morning remounted his horse and proceeded on his way. He had nearly arrived at his destination when he suddenly remembered that he had come away without his greatest treasure; he had left the Blessed Sacrament behind in a house where there were none but heretics. When the thought first struck him he almost fell from the saddle, overwhelmed with shame and alarm. Then turning round, he put spurs to his horse and rode at full speed, in spite of the bad weather, back to the inn where he had taken up his quarters for the night. The moment he reached the door he sprang from his horse, hastened into the house, and calling for the landlord, inquired anxiously whether since his departure, any one had been into the bedroom where he had slept the previous night.

"I must ask you, sir," the man replied, "what you have done to that room; we cannot possibly get into it now, as we have forced the door open, though the key is in the lock, and what is more, if one looks through the keyhole the whole room seems lighted up." With feelings that cannot be described the priest ran up the stairs, followed by the landlord, his wife, all the servants and a few strangers, whom curiosity had drawn thither. On turning the handle of the door he opened it without the slightest difficulty, and entering prostrated himself before the chest, which at that time served as a tabernacle for the Lord of heaven and earth, in lowly self-abasement. Then rising, he took the pyx from his hiding place, and holding it up in the sight of the astonished people who filled the humble chamber, now transformed into a chapel, he began to expound to them the doctrine of the mystery of the Holy Eucharist with unwonted eloquence. Emotion gave force to his words, and when he concluded by declaring those to be fortunate indeed, and greatly to be envied, in whose house God had been pleased to work a wonder so striking, all present fell upon their knees and expressed the wish that he be received into the Catholic Church. The priest remained there several days; he instructed them, baptized them and admitted the whole household, beside some other persons, into the Church. When he completed the journey that had been thus irregularly interrupted by the merciful providence of God, he found the sick man to whom he had been called in a state of convalescence. The narrative of this incident heard every detail from the lips of the priest himself on his return to Albany.—Rev. Dr. Joseph Keller in his work entitled "The Blessed Sacrament."

SARA, TRAINER SMITH.

A Noted Catholic Writer and Convert Who Died Recently.

Miss Sara Trainer Smith, the well-known Catholic writer, died at her home in Philadelphia recently.

Sara Trainer Smith was descended from sturdy American ancestry. She used to say that she was composite, because her forefathers were English, Irish and Swedish colonial pioneers. Her father, Captain Frank Smith of the American merchant marine, gained prominence for gallant service during the Civil war, when he commanded the U. S. S. Alabama. He counted among his friends the now famous Admiral Dewey, then a young Lieutenant.

Miss Smith was born in the ancient Jesuit parish of Bohemia Manor, in Maryland, and was in early youth as beautiful as she was comely in middle life. She was a precocious child, and her literary gifts had early fruition, as may be judged from the fact that her first article, written when she was but fourteen years of age, was accepted by Lippincott's Magazine. Subsequently her contributions were published in the Leslie monthlies and weeklies and in various other magazines. Much of her work at this period was written over a nom-de-plume.

At Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, in 1886, the young author was received into the Catholic Church and since that time she was a living example of faith and good works.

THOSE VIOLETS FROM KILDARE.

Long years ago, a little boy, Without a single care,

I wandered off in childish joy 'Mid the dells of old Kildare.

But came a day when I did weep: Mother culled some violets fair By Tilly's side, where heroes sleep In our beloved Kildare.

That very day, I'll never forget The grief we had to share, With all who at the station met To see us leave Kildare.

When came the time for us to part, 'Twas more than we could bear; Poor Mother pressed me to her heart, We cried "farewell Kildare."

Next day we sailed. 'Twas but a while, When plunged in deep despair; We viewed the last of Erin's Isle, And sorrowed for Kildare.

The days passed by, our course was South, The ocean sky was fair; We landed near La Plata's mouth, Far, far, from old Kildare.

Rosarie, sweet, resting place, Dream of the earth is there; The proudest sons of the old race— Of rebels from Kildare.

In early Spring our party crossed The mighty Andes, where Nearly all we had was lost, Our baggage from Kildare.

Hail! brave chille—All Hail to thee, We breathe thy balmy air, Hail! O'Higgins, who set these free, And honored old Kildare.

Years rolled by—poor Mother died; I was the only heir; In Villa-Kill, I still reside, And dream of thee Kildare.

The age comes on, I still feel young, I've land and gold to spare; My children speak the Spanish tongue, When they ask about Kildare.

The flowers that my Mother took, Have now my daughter's care; She keeps them in her grandma's box, Those Violets from Kildare.

There's no one there to greet me now, And here none is aware That I have made a solemn vow, To visit old Kildare.

She is far from our Pacific coast, But soon I will be there, To commune with the Spirit host, That guard thee, my Kildare.

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THE REASONS WHY.

The Catholic Church, condemned by the

We glean from the Liverpool Standard that a lively discussion is going on over in England on the question of "Catholicism and Freemasonry." Some of the facts brought out may be of interest to such of our own people as desire to know why Catholics, despite the social and business advantages which accrue from membership in the order, are forbidden to be Freemasons.

Now the reasons why the Church condemns Masonry are given in the present Pope's Encyclical letter "On the Masonic Sect," published April 18, 1884. The Holy Father declares that the Masons have adopted the perverse opinions of the naturalists who have revealed and make human reason the touchstone of truth. He says that they have reduced matrimony to the level of a business contract and give the civil power authority to dissolve the marital bond. He says that they favor the exclusion of the young from the education of religion. He says that they treat as fables the redemption of the human race and other mysteries of religion. He says that their labor to overturn the Christian theory of human society and to substitute for it a system of their own. These things seem incredible when one remembers how many church-going people, and even ministers belong to the order.

The fact is, however, that Lord Carnarvon in his reply to the Pope's letter was obliged to admit that there are Masonic bodies that have laid themselves open to many of the charges contained in the Encyclical. Some years previously the French lodge, or at least a large proportion of them, had arisen from their charism of the affirmation of their belief in the existence of God and in the immortality of the soul.

Another reason why Catholics cannot become Masons is that Masonry is a religion with rites and ceremonies of its own. God is worshiped, however not as the God of revelation, but simply as known by the light of nature. Yet another reason is the fact that men who join the order are bound to stringer oaths of secrecy, an arrangement fraught with peril to the individual entering into it, to the good and to the welfare of the Church. Freemasons in England and America usually say that their order is simply a society for mutual benefit and the promotion of good feeling among the members.

This is no doubt quite true, but Catholics who want to get on in the world are often sorry to find that subordinate their spiritual interests to worldly advancement. We are told, for example, that it is next to impossible for Catholic employees of the certain great railroad to become members unless they join the order. The old rule stands: "You cannot have God and mammon."

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