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QUOTATIONS

IN

POETRY AND PROSE

CULLED FROM

SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF

IRISH AND IRISH-AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MURRIN



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P R E F A C E.

The impossibility of finding a book containing verified brief quotations from any considerable number of Irish authors has actuated the undertaking of this work. No pretension is made in this small volume of representing all of the authors of Irish birth or ancestry, from whose writings are to be obtained beautifully expressed thoughts in prose and poetry, but if the selections herein contained shall induce a more familiar acquaintance with the works from which these quotations are taken, it is reasonable to assume that a desire for familiarity with the works of other authors of the same nationality or antecedents may follow. It is true that many have dated their love for one or more authors from an impression made by a single sentence or stanza pleasing to the fancy. If such results shall accrue from a reading of the selections herein contained, the effort expended in their compilation will be largely compensated.

E. M.

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QUOTATIONS

ABSENCE:

Oh! could thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe,
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again.

1 *Moore: Lalla Rookh: V. P. of Khorassan.*

ACTION:

Noble actions are not judged by size,
The great intent the action magnifies.

2 *Denis A. McCarthy: Heroes—In A Round of Rhymes.*

The study of mankind is earth-born action.

3 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Star Gazing.*

Act! for in action are Wisdom and Glory;
Fame, Immortality—these are its crown:
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on Achievements thy Dome of Renown.

4 *Mangan: Cheerfulness, Ger. Ant.*

Action, not abstract thought alone can warm
The great heart of humanity in life's fierce storm.

5 *Lady Wild (Speranza): The Fate of the Lyrist.*

The moral rectitude or depravity of our actions cannot be determined without taking into account the intention.

6 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Faith of Our Fathers.*

ACTIVITY:

Our pride, our hopes, our fears, our ambitions are but illusions which spur us to activity in the service of others; traces that bind us to the car of human progress, making of all our activities forces to move it onward and upward.

7 *W. Bourke Cockran: In Lecture on Race Problem.*

ADMIRATION:

Love and ambition are contagious fire;
We would excel wherever we admire.

8

*Lover: Lay of the Rapt Spirit.***ADULATION:**

Adulation ever follows the ambitious, for such alone receive
the most pleasure from flattery.

9

*Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.***ADVERSITY:**

Good fortune oft' comes in adversity's form,
And the rainbow is brightest when darkest the storm.

10

*Lover: Never Despair.***ADVICE:**

Of all things we know, great or small,
In sea or in the air, hill or hollow,
On this here terrestrial ball.
Good advice is the hardest to follow.

11

Lover: No Followers.

O Woman! designed for conquest of hearts,
To your own native charms add not too many arts;
If a poet's quaint rhyme might dare offer advice,
You should be nice all over—but not over nice.

12

*Samuel Lover: The Crooked Stick.***AFFECTATION:**

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

13

*William Congreve: Amoret.***AFFECTION:**

Oh, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal,
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

14

*Moore: Oh, Guard Our Affection.***AGE:**

Each age gave a traitor or tyrant
To build up the wrongs that we see,
But each age, too, gives heroes' aspirant
Of the fame or the death of the free.

15

Lady Wild (Speranza): The Prisoners.

Age is a mask, in heart we grow more young,
For in our winters we talk most of spring.

16 *Maurice Francis Egan: Perpetual Youth.*

What though it be that Time with shining hand
Shall lay his silver radiance on thy brow,
Thy soul is beautiful within and grows not old.

17 *Rowland B. Mahany: To One Dreading Old Age.*

Old age! the sound is harsh, and grates:
Yet life's a semblance, not a truth:
Time binds an hourly changing mask
On souls in changeless light that bask—
Younger we grow when near the gates
Of everlasting youth!

18 *Aubrey De Vere: Age.*

Age, in a virtuous person of either sex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth.

19 *Steele: Essay on Age.*

Blest is the man, from trade apart,
Whose life amid the rural scene
Recalls an elder age serene,
And shuns the harvest of the mart.

20 *Rowland B. Mahany: Charms of Rural Life.*

O, Sir, I must not tell you my age;
They say women and music should never be dated.

21 *Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer, Act III.*

Do not ask
His age today,
But only say
It matters not,
The good he sought,
Great things he wrought—
Results that stay;
Love lit his way—
A blessed lot.

22 *James Nicoll Johnston: A Good Man's Birthday:
In Donegal Memories.*

I once asked his age; he smiled and said:
"The rose that sleeps upon yon valley's breast,
Just born today, is not as old as I."

23 *Father Ryan: Fragments From an Epic Poem.*

At last thou restest 'mid that heavenly clime,
Where Act is Rest, and Age perpetual prime.

24 *Aubrey De Vere: Cardinal Newman.*

QUOTATIONS.

He was not young nor old—yet he was both;
 Nor young by turns, but always both at once;
 For youth and age commingled in his ways,
 His words, his feelings, and his thoughts and acts.

25

Father Ryan: A Mystery.

Let who will sing of youthful cheer,
 I know a holier joy!
 The man who keeps at eighty years
 The glad heart of a boy.

26 *Mary Elizabeth Blake: At Eighty. In Harbor of Hope.*

AGREEABLENESS:

Few men are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most
 men's power to be agreeable.

27

Dean Swift: Thoughts on Various Subjects.

Agreeableness does not necessarily imply external beauty or
 cleverness, but it is hard to conceive of it apart from
 gentle and kindly manners.

28

*Katherine E. Conway: To Have and to Hold:
 In Making Friends and Keeping Them.*

AMBITION:

In ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from
 below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy
 prospect of hidden disappointment.

29

Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield. Chapter X.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so
 climbing is performed in the same posture as creeping.

30

Dean Swift: Thoughts on Various Subjects.

From stainless snow to the moor below
 The heart like the brook has a waning mission:
 The hurried dream in life's sluggish stream
 Is the golden sand of our young ambition.

31

John Boyle O'Reilly: Under the River.

ANXIETIES:

It is a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief com-
 forts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an in-
 crease of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquiet-
 tudes.

32

Goldsmith: The Good-Natured Man.

APPLAUSE:

He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

33 *Goldsmith: The Good-Natured Man.*

ARBITRARY POWER:

Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

34 *Edmund Burke: On Arbitrary Power.*

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. * * * It is a contradiction in terms, it is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power.

35 *Edmund Burke: The Trial of Warren Hastings.*

ART:

Art that suggests passion is like a fallen angel.

36 *Archbishop Keane: Home.*

All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and truth.

37 *John Boyle O'Reilly: From Speeches.*

Art should ever be uplifting, should point from the real to the ideal.

38 *Archbishop Keane: Art.*

The ideal has resources beyond the actual.

It is indefinite, and art is indefinitely powerful.

39 *Thomas Davis: Essay on Art.*

The best literature is not only a realm of Art, but it may be, and it ought to be the very highest reach and realm of Art.

40 *Archbishop Keane: Art.*

To create a mass of great pictures, statues and buildings, is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems or histories, or make great codes, or win great battles.

41 *Thomas Davis: Essay on Art.*

Art in its mighty privileges receives
 Painter and painted in its bonds forever;
 A girl by Raphael in his glory lives—
 A Washington unto his limner gives
 The ages' love to crown his best endeavor.

42

Savage: Washington.

He who rests content with the smoothness and finish of the
 marble statue, or with the mere sound of the musical
 chord, or with the brilliancy of the colors on the pictured
 canvas, and perceives nothing more than a form, a note, a
 ray of light, mistakes the source and aim of art.

43

*Patrick Francis Mullany (Br. Azarias):**In Essays Philosophical.*

Art, in its various embodiments in marble, in harmony, on the
 canvas, in poetry, symbolizes the idea that gives it mean-
 ing.

44

Patrick Francis Mullany (Br. Azarias): Ibid.

Art is true when art to God is true,
 And only then: to copy Nature's work
 Without the chains that run the whole world through,
 Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
 In its clear depths: no soul no truth, is there.

45

*M. F. Egan: Fra Angelo: In Songs and Sonnets.***ARTIST:**

A flattering painter who made it his care,
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

46

Goldsmith: Retaliation.

His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces—his manners our heart.

47

*Goldsmith: Ibid.***ARGUMENT:**

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

48

Goldsmith: Retaliation.

In arguing, too, the person owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished he could argue still,
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

49

Goldsmith: The Deserted Village.

ASPIRATION:

There's wealth they say in foreign climes,
And fame for those who dare aspire,
And who that does not sigh betimes
For something better, nobler, higher?

50

McGee: Mary's Heart.

AUTUMN:

O sweet, sad season teach us e'er you go,
O teach us e'er your mellow lights have passed,
The secret in the fading of your day;
That when life's end approaches we may know
The way to make our fairest, brightest, last!

51

M. F. Egan: November.

I miss the hood of the blushing rose,
The violet-drifts, and the lilacs sweet,
The hawthorn hedge with its virgin snows,
And the golden disk of the Margurite.
The dying sun at the gates of light
Wistfully treads his red wine-press,
The sea grows dark with coming night,
And the once glad land is wilderness.

52

Thomas Davis: An Autumn Reverie.

The far out-stretching woodlands, this glorious autumn day,
Are brilliant with the beauty preceeding swift decay,
While nature's grand cathedral upon its floors receives
Its column's crowning glory—bright wreathes of autumn
leaves.

53

Mary A. Ford (Una): Autumn Leaves.

AUTHORS:

Funds, physic, corn, poetry, boxing, romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;
To write upon all is an author's sole chance,
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

54

Moore: Literary Advertisement.

* * * Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites;
Horace did ne'r aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humor is inclined,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.

55

*Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):
Essay on Translated Verse.*

BANNER:

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
 Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
 Furl it, fold it, it is best;
 For there's not a man to wave it,
 And there's not a sword to save it,
 And there's not one left to lave it
 In the blood which heroes gave it;
 And its foes now scorn and brave it;
 Furl it, hide it, let it rest!

56

*Father Ryan: The Conquered Banner.***BATTLE:**

I count it as noble to fight God's battles as to keep his peace.

57

*George W. Russell: From Ideals in Ireland.***BEAUTY:**

The sky is blue and gold and pearl-besprint,
 High blazes color, larkspur, poppy, pink;
 The air is incense; it is joy to live;
 Yet only soulless creatures are content.
 Alas! in all this splendor we must think,
 Beyond this beauty what has earth to give?

58

M. F. Egan: Golden Noon.

The earthly and the heavenly co-operate in molding us to that
 gentleness, that refinement, which is the reflex of beauty
 and the sweetest homage paid to it.

59

Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Woman.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
 Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
 The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere
 The breath of beauty blows.

60

George W. Russell: The Great Breath.

The poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor, all are
 brother-interpreters of the supreme beauty which has
 existed from remotest eternity.

61

Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.

They say her beauty flaunts its flower
 Within the courts of kings afar;
 But see how thorns emesh the bower,
 And never comes a star.

62

Thomas Walsh: On a Gate-Stone at Granada.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong,
I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled,
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the grey old
world.

63

Denis A. McCarthy: In a Round of Rhymes.

Give me instead of beauty's bust
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find.

64

George Darley: True Loveliness.

Earth's beauty never fades for me,
However drear the skies,
For still some gleam from leaf or light
Rewards my watching eye.

65

Charlotte Grace O'Brien: Winter.

The world is beginning anew today;
Fire is awake in each clod of clay;
The ragweeds know what has never been told
By the old to the young, or the young to the old,
The hawthorns tell it in broad daylight;
The evening primrose awaits the night,
Her beautiful secret she shuts in close
Till the last late bee goes home from the rose.
And I am the secret, the flower, and the tree;
I am beauty; O youth, I have blossomed for thee.

66

Mrs. W. Chesson (Nora Hopper): Niam.

He may boast of the beauty that smiles in the East!
Yet we know not what dross may be mixed with the ore,
But here, in our own sunny Isle of the West,
We have beauty and virtue—could angels have more?

67

Michael Hogan: Irish Beauty and Eastern Peris.

Bright Summer dreams of white cascade,
Of lake and wood and river!
The vision from the eye may fade.
The heart keeps it forever,
There beauty dwells in rarest dells,
There every leaf rejoices;
By cliff and steep, by craig and deep,
You hear their pleasant voices.

68

James Nicoll Johnston.

BELLS:

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke naught like thine;
 For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of the belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon, sound far more grand, on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

69

*Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout):**Bells of Shandon.*

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, of home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

70

Moore: Those Evening Bells.

And Virgin saints and holy men
 The vesper song were singing,
 And sweetly down the rocky glen
 The vesper bell was ringing.

71

Gerald Griffin: The Fate of Cathleen.

Sometimes a single hour
 Rings through a long life-time,
 As from a temple tower
 There often falls a chime
 From blessed bells, that seems
 To fold in Heaven's dreams
 Our spirit round a shrine;
 Hath such been thine?

72

Father Ryan: Now.

And O ye bells, whose requiem toll
 Speaks to the heart of life and death;
 Whose pulsing throb and deepest tone
 Are but a type of human breath.

73

Thomas O'Hagan: Tears of the Maple.

I know the bells are ringing
 From many a belfry quaint,
 In many a chapel the sagart tells
 The glories of Ireland's saint;
 From many a cabin lowly and poor,
 From many a mansion gay,
 The strains arise to the listening skies
 Of sweet "St. Patrick's Day."

74

Denis A. McCarthy: St. Patrick's Day Mem.

Toll, toll, with a rapid vibration, with a melody silv'ry and strong,
The bells from the sound-shaken belfry are singing their first maiden song;

* * * * *

Quivering and broken the atmosphere trembles and twinkles around,
Like the eyes and the hearts of the hearers that glisten and beat to the sound.

75 *Dennis McCarthy: The Bell Founder, Part II.*

O blessed bells, bring cheer to all,
The sad, the poor, the lone,
Who, shivering, crouch by cheerless hearths,
Or bowed in anguish moan;
Make human hearts, with gen'rous deeds,
Enrich this festal time,
That even want and woe may smile
To hear the Christmas chime.

76 *Mrs. Mary A. Ford (Una): Christmas Bells.*

Hush! there's a step on the creaking stair;
How painful it sounds on the midnight air;
Men's hearts to a fearful tension strung,
Scarce dare to throb, while their lips are dumb.
Higher and higher the footsteps ring.
See the bellman clutches the trembling string;
One moment more, and with musical swell
Sounds the song of freedom from Liberty Bell!

77 *Collins: Independence Bell.*

In many a varying cadence ringing
The willing bell will publish far,
The fitful changes hourly springing
Beneath man's ever-shifting star.

78 *Thomas Davis: Offices of the Bell.*

BENEVOLENCE:

Benevolence befits the wisest mind;
But he who has not studied to be kind,
Who grants for asking, gives without a rule,
Hurts whom he helps, and proves himself a fool.

79 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Wheat Grains.*

BIRTH:

There is a pride in lofty birth,
But honor is the meed of merit;
And nobler is the living worth,
Than ought which thriftless heirs inherit.

80 *Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland. Part II.*

BIRTHRIGHT:

God gives no second gift to a nation if it flings aside its birth-right.

81 *George W. Russell: From Ideals in Ireland.*

BOOKS:

Still at an open window, where
Gleams on the leaves the lamp new lit,
For hours we read old books, and share
Their thoughts and pictures, love and wit.

82 *Thomas Caufield Irwin: A Window Song.*

If a book can tell you nothing of value you ought to cut it as you should an acquaintance who is a bore, intent upon burgling your time.

83 *Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.*

It is not the size of the book that counts, it is that which is in it.

84 *Charles J. O'Malley: Ibid.*

All things reveal themselves unto his kin,
His chart is human life; his books are men.

85 *Denis A. McCarthy: The Poet.*

This modest genius breathed one wish alone,
To have his volume read, himself unknown;
But different far the course his glory took,
All knew the author, and—none read the book.

86 *Moore: In Satirical Poems.*

We must study the book of nature as we study the Book of Scriptures, not in detached portions, but each in connection with the whole.

87 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Our Christian Heritage.*

The most accomplished way to use books is to serve them as some people do lords; learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance.

88 *Laurence Sterne: In Bon Mots.*

Remember that books are companions, and of the most intimate sort.

89 *Archibishop Keane: On Home.*

Books are moralists that never bore us or thrust themselves upon us.

90 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Ambassador of Christ.*

Our books, the mute companions of our solitude, are fearless preachers. They will not pardon our vanity, nor connive at our faults.

91 *Cardinal Gibbons: Ibid.*

The best books in morals will not advance anyone a step in rectitude of conduct unless his heart is in the work he reads.

92 *Cardinal Gibbons: Ibid.*

Books, like true friends, will proclaim the truth without fear of offending us, for we never quarrel with our books, or question their sincerity how severely soever they may rebuke us.

93 *Cardinal Gibbons: Ibid.*

BRAVERY:

Fortune only twines her garlands for the brave.

94 *Sir Charles Gaven Duffy: Innishowen.*

CAUSE:

Your cause must triumph unless you yourselves crush it.

95 *Daniel O'Connell: Justice for Ireland.*

In a cause which I always considered—conscientiously considered—as the cause of justice and freedom, it is no great effort, at this day, to add the sacrifice of my life.

96 *Wolfe Tone: In Address to the Court-Martial.*

We that do study things in their first cause,
Are not so quickly moved by the effect.

97 *Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act III, Scene 1.*

CAUTION:

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

98 *Edmund Burk: Speech on Conc. with American Col.*

CHANCE:

Whatever lacks purpose is evil; a pool without pebbles breeds
slime;

Not any one step has chance fashioned on the infinite stair-
way of time.

99 *Charles J. O'Malley: Worthiness.*

CHARACTER:

Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous
and religious character.

100 *William H. Lecky: Difference Between Sexes.*

'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees,
That by the shoot you know the
Rank and order of the stem.

101

James Sheridan Knowles: From Virginus.

CHARITY:

As long as love—almighty love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,
Smiling forever by His side.

102

Moore: Angel of Charity

O blessed Charity! Religion mild!
Thy gentle smiles are never meant to wound—
No jest hast thou for error's helpless child,
But holy tears and love without abound—
Thy constant votaries!

103

*Gerald Griffin: On Remembering an
Inadvertant Jest on Lord Byron.*

CHEERFULNESS:

If we can live and laugh, and pray, not grumbling,
'Tis all we can do here, and 'tis the best.

104

John Boyle O'Reilly: Star Gazing.

Then throw aside your robes of grief,
And let your life be jolly;
To every wrinkle give a reef,
To fools give melancholy.
Thank Heaven for what it has bestowed;
Cease, cease this useless pining!
And take the independent road,
Where light is always shining.

105

James Nicoll Johnston: A Friend's Advice.

Seek the cheer of a gladsome heart and of loving friends, not
the cheating joys of the wine cup.

106

Archbishop Keane: Right Living.

CHRISTMAS:

'Tis Christmas, and green arches rise
Of Ivy, twined with flowers;
From lamp and taper mellow light
Streams round in joyous showers.
Nor dream that hearth-stone's ruddy blaze
Too home-like or too gay;
Our pilgrim-path is drear enough,
Beguile it as we may.

107

*Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.:
In a Soggarth's Last Verses.*

To thee dear Bethlehem today,
 Our willing hearts are turning,
 Yet by the manger still we stay,
 While faith and love are burning.
 That manger is a sacred shrine
 Where pulse and heart beat faster
 Its babe is now our King devine,
 Redeemer, Lord and Master.

108

*James Nicoll Johnston: Christmas:
 In Donegal Memories.*

Whatever the fancies Christmas Eve
 Are haunting the lonely man,
 Whether they gladden, or whether they grieve,
 He'll sing them as best he can.

109

Father Ryan: A Christmas Chant.

Oh, make us brave
 and wise!

And strengthen on this Christmas Eve, our dim shortsighted
 eyes,
 That we may know Thee, Lord, whate'er Thy sad or strange
 disguise!

110

*Katharine E. Conway: A Christmas Rhyme:
 In a Dream of Lilies.*

Snow, wrap the earth in robes of white;
 Ye stars heaven's vaults adorning,
 Shed o'er the world a brighter light
 On this dear Christmas morning.

111

*James Nicoll Johnston: Christmas:
 In Donegal Memories.*

At Christmas, Christmas, in Ireland long ago,
 Without the wind might bluster, and without the wind might
 blow,
 Within was peace among us and the kind word to and fro,
 At Christmas, Christmas in Ireland long ago.

112

*Denis A. McCarthy: Christmas in Ireland Long Ago:
 In Voices from Erin*

CLOUDS:

There never was a valley without a faded flower,
 There never was a heaven without some little cloud;
 The face of day may flash with light in any morning hour,
 But evening soon shall come with her shadow-woven shroud.

113

Father Ryan: A Thought.

Clouds, clouds, they were nothing but clouds after all!
That chain of Mont Blanc, which my fancy flew o'er,
With a wonder that naught on this earth can recall,
Were but clouds of evening and now nothing more.

114

Moore: Rhymes on the Road. Ext. III.

The mariner marks when the tempest sings loud
That the rainbow is brighter the darker the cloud.

115

Lover: Never Despair.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread.
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

116

*Goldsmith: Des. Village.***COMPARISONS:**

As the soil is rich or sterile, will its yield be great or small,
But no mold can change the nature of the germ thereon let
fall.

As the seed is, so the harvest; only oaks from acorns grow;
Like produces like forever, and we reap just what we sow.

117

*Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.: A Changeless Law:
In Between Whiles.***COMPETENCE:**

Competence is a sustainer of respectability, and many a man
is steadied by the weight of the cash in his pocket.

118

*Aubrey De Vere: English Misrule and Irish Misdeed.***CONCEIT:**

Puffed up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense,
See with what consequence he stalks,
With what pomposity he talks.

119

*Dean Swift: The Upstart.***CONFIDENCE:**

Faith stands
On unsure ground where confidence is wanting.

120

*Gerald Griffin: Gisippus.***CONSTANCY:**

O Constancy!
Where thou art wanting all our gifts are naught!

121

Aubrey De Vere: Man's Mind, etc.

Give me instead of beauty's bust
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never linked with error find.

122

George Darley: True Lovliness.

CONQUEROR:

Earth shows no laureled conqueror so truly great as he
Who laid the sword and power aside when once his land was
free.

123 *Mary A. Ford: Washington's Farewell to His Army.*

Long time in that old battered castle,
Or out on the waves with his clan,
He feasted and ventured and conquered,
But ne'er struck his colors to man.
In a fight 'gainst the foe of his country
He died as a brave man should die;
And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Clena,
Where the waves sing his caoine to the sky.

124 *Robert Dwyer Joyce: Fineen the Rover.*

The green grave of the lowly, who toiled in hope and trust,
Is far more loved and honored than is the conqueror's dust.

125 *Mary A. Ford (Una): The Conqueror's Tomb.*

"Live," said the conqueror, "live and share
The trophies and the crowns I bear."

126 *Moore: Paradise and The Peri.*

CONSCIENCE:

An honest man, like the true religion, appeals to the under-
standing, or modestly confides to the eternal evidence of
his conscience.

127 *Sir Philip Francis: Junius Letters.*

The conscience of a man must be made a living tribunal with-
in him, and he must bring his own soul and his own life
before that tribunal.

128 *Father Burke: The Christian Man.*

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength
enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

129 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.*

The man that acts up to his conscience has but one master,
and that Master is God, "whom to serve is to reign."

130 *Cardinal Gibbons: Christian Manhood:
In Discourses and Sermons.*

Nay, though all men here
 Did read their conscience, seeing this thing right,
 And hold pure hands aloft to take the oath,
 There surely be fair souls in heaven today
 That shall outnumber these an hundred fold
 To stand beside me, lest alone I fall,
 And hold my heart to steadfastness. God wot
 I would not be a shurl save for His law.

131

*Mary Elizabeth Blake: In the Tower.***CONSISTENCY:**

Show the thing you contend for to be reason;
 Show it to be common sense;
 Show it to be the means of attaining some useful end;
 And then I am content to allow it what dignity you please.

132

*Edmund Burke: Speech on Concil.**With American Colonies.***CONTENT:**

Go forth, my heart, nor dream of each tomorrow
 That mocks the hopes and sunshine of today,
 For life hath joys that grow within the present,
 But ripen not if touched by future ray.
 In lowly valley peace broods sweet and holy,
 Full of the vesper-tide of thought and prayer,
 Bound by the golden clasp of love and duty—
 In lowly valley, life is void of care.

133

*Thomas O'Hagan: Lowly Valley:**In Songs of the Settlement.*

Blessed is he who learns to bound the spirits range,
 Whose joy is neither sought nor found in love of change;
 A tiller of his own right ground, this world his grange.

134

McGee: Contentment.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
 And until they can show me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

135

*Moore: They May Rail At This Life.***COUNTRY:**

Oh! 'tis a country's voice, whose claim could meet
 An echo in the soul's most deep.

136

Moore: From Fragments.

My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every
 endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life.

137

Robert Emmet: Speech in the Dock.

Beam onward O my country! ever true
 To the immortal fame thy sires upreared!
 On toward the empyrean light—insphered
 O course forever! O for aye pursue
 Thy missioned destiny of freedom's birth,
 The glorious type to all the powers of earth!

138

Richard O'Malley: Independence Day.

I bear no hate to living thing,
 But I love my country above my king.

139

William McBurney: The Croppy Boy.

COURTSHIP:

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool;
 Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

140

Matthew Concannon: A Love Song.

CREED:

If, indeed, you hold a creed,
 That conscience calls a high one,
 Then hold it for your spirit's need,
 And not a scourge for my one!

141

Francis Davis: Cast and Creed.

Your creed or shrine may not be mine,
 Yet love of land should bind us
 In freedom's holy cause to join,
 And cast distrust behind us.

142

Mary A. Ford (Una): Song for Today.

CRIME:

To answer crime for crime is worse
 Than tamely to endure;
 And even for black oppression's curse
 Dark treason is no cure.

143

Gerald Griffin: The Night Walker.

CRIMES:

Crimes are the acts of individuals and not of denominations.

144

Edmund Burke: On Catholic Rights.

It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

145

Goldsmith: Good Natured Man.

CROSS:

Shrinkest thou because his choice means pain unspoken,
 Shadows and tears, dread changes, bitter loss,
 The sword unsheathed, sweet bonds forever broken?
 Shrinkest thou because His sceptre is a cross?

146 *Katherine E. Conway: Behold Thy King Cometh:
 In a Dream of Lilies.*

The mystery of the cross is the mystery of perfection.

147 *Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Woman.*

The Master's voice was sweet:

"I gave My life for thee;
 Bear thou this cross thro' pain and loss,
 Arise and follow Me."

148 *Father Ryan: Follow Me.*

And I can pray you may never meet
 With any cross you are too weak to bear.

149 *Father Ryan: To Virginia.*

CRITIC:

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
 And be each critic the good-natured man.

150 *Goldsmith: The Good-Natured Man.*

DANGER:

The land is dead that dare not face the day
 When foreign danger threatens the common weal.

151 *John Boyle O'Reilly: At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.*

I, therefore, continued silent, satisfied with just having
 pointed out the danger; and leaving it to their own dis-
 cretion to avoid it.

152 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield, Chap. IV.*

Calm is my soul, nor apt to raise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warns.

153 *Goldsmith: The Traveler.*

Never despair! though adversity rages
 Fiercely and fall as the surges on shore,
 Firm as the rock of the ocean for ages,
 Stand the rude torrent 'till danger is o'er.

154 *William Smith O'Brien: Never Despair.*

He lent to glory's brow the charm,
 Which made even danger sweet.

155 *Moore: Oh, Soon Return. Ballads, etc.*

DEAD:

Though other feelings may possess the heart,
We keep the memory of the dead enshrined
In deep recesses, sacred and apart.

156

Denis A. McCarthy: Do We Forget.

One tear to the recollections
Of our happy young affections,
One prayer for the ancestral dead.

157

McGee: Arm and Rise.

Summer dies, and the dying flowers
Sigh, "Remember your loved and dead."

158

Mary A. Ford (Una): Pray For the Dead.

Yea, evermore the patriot dead appeal
For our devotion to the star—enwreathed,
The glorious heritage gloriously bequeathed,
That on its front still high our highest seal
And impress we may stamp, and so transiunt
The same to future time, all splendor let.

159

Richard O'Malley: Memorial Day.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

160

Theodore O'Hara: The Bivouac of the Dead.

Whether on the scaffold high, or on the battle field we die,
Oh what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

161

Timothy Daniel Sullivan: God Save Ireland.

The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.

162

Moore: Life Without Freedom.

DEATH:

Death and life, with ceaseless strife,
Beat wild on this world's shore,
And all our calm is in that balm,
"Not lost, but gone before."

163

Caroline Norton: Not Lost, But Gone Before.

When the day of death comes, we are still only the poor little
grain of wheat, ready to be buried that all the potencies
of its being may at last reach their fruition.

164

Archbishop Keane: Death and Resurrection.

It is easy to die
 When one's work is done—
 To pass from the earth
 Like a harvest-day sun,
 After opening the flowers and ripening the grain
 Round the homes and the scenes where our friends remain.
 165 *McGee: It is Easy to Die.*

There is no eloquence like that of death. There is no reconciliation like that of the grave.
 166 *John Boyle O'Reilly: From Speeches.*

Death reaps in the field of life and we cannot count the corpses.
 167 *McGee: Famine in the Land.*

DECENCY:

Immodest words admit of no defence
 For want of decency is want of sense.
 168 *Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):
 Essay on Translated Verse.*

DECEIT:

This world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
 There's nothing true but Heaven.
 169 *Moore: This World Is All a Fleeting Show.*

Eyes can with baleful ardor burn;
 Poison can breath, that erst perfumed;
 There's many a white hand holds an urn
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.
 170 *George Darley: True Lovliness.*

DEEDS:

Write not your good deeds on the sands of time, but inscribe them in the imperishable Book of Life. Commit them not to the treacherous memory of man, but confide them to the remembrance of God, by whom no good work of yours will ever be forgotten.
 171 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Discourses and Sermons:
 Hidden Life of World's Benefactors.*

But come, resound the noble deeds, and swell the chant of praise.
 In memory of the men who did the deeds of other days.
 172 *Sir Samuel Ferguson: Cougal.*

Every heroic deed is an act of the spirit, and every perception of beauty is vision with the divine eye, and not with the mortal sense.

173 *George W. Russell: From Ideals in Ireland.*

The most beautiful pages of history are those which count in deeds.

174 *Archbishop Ireland: Church and Modern Society.*

Human lives are silent teaching,
Be they earnest, mild and true—
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few.

175 *Lady Wild (Speranza): Man's Mission.*

'Tis by noble deeds alone
That a noble soul is known.

176 *Mary A. Ford (Una): Work is Worship.*

DEFEAT:

Defeat in a good contest means a cup that lacks only one or more drops of being completely filled.

177 *John Boyle O'Reilly: From Speeches.*

DEFENSE:

One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

178 *Moore: From Life Without Freedom. Balads, etc.*

DESTINY:

The hopes and fears, the plans and wishes of humanity are often as so many cobwebs that the broom of all-conquering destiny sweeps away.

179 *Anna T. Sadlier: In "The Flaw in the Title."*

Thou Isle of Destiny! thine hour draws nigh,
Thy place among the nations shall be sealed,
Thou that wert least of all shall stand on high,
Thy faith, thy love, thy chastity revealed;
Thy old deep wounds shall be laid bare and healed,
By God, thy birthright and thy destiny.

180 *Charlotte Grace O'Brien: Innisfail:
The Island of Destiny.*

There is between the destinies of mortals
A secret and mysterious coincidence,
Drawn from one mighty principle of nature
A fixed necessity, a potent "must"
That sways mortality through all its harmonies!

181 *Gerald Griffin: Gisippus. Act I Scene II.*

DISCONTENT:

When popular discontents are abroad, a wise government
should put them into a hive of glass.

182 *Philpot Curran: Farewell to the Irish Parliament.*

DISCERNMENT:

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth or short proboscis;
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagarite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull.

183 *Moore: Nature's Labels.*

DISCUSSION:

As long as truth or justice could be supposed to influence men,
as long as man was admitted under the control of reason,
so long must it be prudent and wise to procure discussions
on the sufferings and the rights of the people of Ireland.

184 *Daniel O'Connell: From Speech on Catholic Rights.*

DISSENTERS:

Dissenters are grumblers, we know;
Tho' excellent men in their way,
They never like things to be so,
Let things be however they may.

185 *Moore: Satires.*

DOUBT:

Who doubts has met defeat ere blows can fall,
Who doubts must die with no balm in hand;
Who doubts shall never be of that high band
Which clearly answers— Present! to death's call.

186 *M. F. Egan: Columbus the World-Giver:
In Songs and Sonnets.*

DREAMS:

Vailing crest on crest
Down the shadowy height,
Earth with shores and seas
Dropt, a dwindling gleam.
Dusk and bowery nest,
Dawn and dells dew-bright
What shall bide of these?
A dream.

187 *Jane Barlow: The Flitting of the Fairies.*

Ah! dreams of such a lofty reach
 With more than earthly fancies fraught,
 That not the strongest wings of speech
 Could ever touch their lowest thought.

188

Father Ryan: A Memory.

Let me dream as of old by the river,
 And be loved by the dream alway;
 For a dreamer lives forever,
 And a toiler dies in a day.

189

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Cry of the Dreamer.

Where memory's silver ripples flow
 O'er golden sands of recollection;
 Where fairy shapes in visions glow,
 Where murmuring voices sweet and low,
 Float from the realms of long ago,
 And lend the scene perfection;
 In border lands of pure delight,
 Of rainbow day and sapphire night,
 Imagination's rosy beams
 Fall on the golden gates of dreams.

190

Rowland B. Mahany: The Gates of Dreams.

DREAMER:

I am sick of showy seeming
 Of a life that is half a lie;
 Of the faces lined with scheming,
 In the throng that hurries by.
 From the sleepless thoughts endeavoring
 I would go where the children play;
 For a dreamer lives forever,
 And a toiler dies in a day.

191

John Boyle O'Reilly: Cry of the Dreamer.

I, too, have been a dreamer; I have knelt
 To truth and beauty in Arcadian meads;
 The rapture of the poet I have felt,
 And all his keen desire for noble deeds.

192

Denis A. McCarthy: A Dreamer Lives Forever.

Men call me dreamer—yet forget
 The dreamer lives a thousand years,
 While those whose hearts and hands knead clay
 Live not beyond their dusty biers.

193

Thomas O'Hagan: The Dreamer.

Human hearts are ever striving,
 Ever planning and contriving,
 Grasping at the glowing visions
 O'er which fancy's pinions wave;
 Whether joy or woe surround us,
 Still our thoughts will stray beyond us,
 For we are a race of dreamers
 From the cradle to the grave.

194

Mary A. Ford (Una): Dream-Life.

Once she stood by my side in the valley of dreams,
 And whispered her sorrows to me;
 I heard the wierd plaints of her crystalline streams
 And the sobs of her tremulous sea;
 And her groves and her hills, and her lakes and her rills,
 And her mountains and crags seemed to wail
 The pitiless fate and the burden of ills
 That shadow the lot of the Gael!

195

*Eugene Davis: The Isle of the West.***DUTY:**

Life's truest joy dwells in duty done,
 Its grief burdens those who forsake it.

196

*Arthur Barry O'Neill: The New Year's Guerdon:
 In Between Whiles.*

Fair silver lines the clouds of earnest duty
 There is a glow in all our week-day deeds;
 Through all the year there runs a string of beauty
 Like the bright chain that holds the rosary beads.

197

M. F. Egan: The String of the Rosary.

Vain are visions bright with beauty,
 If we shrink from earnest duty,
 For the thoughts that rouse not action
 Are but letters traced in the sand.

198

Mary A. Ford (Una): Dream Life.

By the path you've trod to duty,
 Blessings yet to man may flow,
 Though the proud and stately beauty
 Of your structure lieth low.

199

Lady Wild (Speranza): Ruins.

The enjoyment of rights ought not be disassociated from the
 liabilities to duties.

200

Sheil: In Speech on Irish Aliens.

The cold affection that plain duty breeds
 May see its union severed, and approve;
 But when our bond is touched, it throbs and bleeds—
 We pay no meed of duty but of love.

201 *John Boyle O'Reilly: The Empty Niche.*

They did their duty as they knew how,
 Nor feared their lives to give for you—
 We have a duty here and now,
 Dear land, and that's to live for you.

202 *Denis A. McCarthy: By-Gone Days and Now.*

The magnet of his noble mind
 Found swiftly duty's firm decree.

203 *Thomas O'Hagan: Tears of the Maple:
 In Songs of the Settlement.*

EASE:

Ease makes the sons of labor glad,
 Ease travels with the merry lad
 Who whistles by his wagon.

204 *Edward Lysight: My Ambition.*

EASTER:

Easter gilds the opening year,
 Because Christ is our joy;
 The sunset brave, the crocus coy,
 Reflect Him bright and clear.

205 *M. F. Egan: At Easter Time.*

O lovely day of Easter, thou art the dearest thing
 That comes with joy and solace to all the happy spring,
 The brightest flower and purest, the song most sweet and clear
 That stirs with buoyant promise the pulses of the year.

206 *Mary Elizabeth Blake: Easter Day:
 In Harbor of Hope.*

ELOQUENCE:

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone
 through,
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

207 *Moore: Shall the Harp Then Be Silent.*

EMPIRE:

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
 The four first acts already past;
 A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

208 *Bishop Berkely: Westward.*

ENEMIES:

The world is large, when its weary leagues two loving hearts
divide;

But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on the other
side.

209

John Boyle O'Reilly: Distance.

Your enemies cannot put you down unless you yourselves lend
them assistance.

210

*Daniel O'Connell: Justice For Ireland.***ENERGY:**

New energies, from higher source,
Must make the strong life-currents flow,
As alpine glaciers in their course
Stir the deep torrents neath the snow.

211

*Lady Wild (Speranza): To Ireland.***ENVY:**

Whoe'er among his fellows wins a name
Soon learns that envy is the price of fame.

212

Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: The Price of Fame.

O, pluck it quickly from the garden of thy heart,
Whatever specious guise at first it shows;
Uproot it quickly, for thyself shall smart
With pain incessant while unchecked it grows;
Nor peace, nor joy, nor love can flourish where
The poison ivy, envy, taints the air.

213

*Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.: In Between Whiles.***EPITAPH:**

Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my
motives dare now vindicate them, let no prejudice or ig-
norance asperce them. Let them and me repose in ob-
scurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until
other times, and other men, can do justice to my charac-
ter; when my country takes her place among the nations
of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be
written.

214

Robert Emmet: Last Speech.

Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
He loved his country and he served his kind.

215

Thomas Davis: My Grave.

But what are epitaphs engraved on stone,
Or eulogies emblazoned on a scroll?
His name and fame endures, and his alone,
Whose deeds are shrined within his country's soul.

216

Denis A. McCarthy: Memory of Emmet.

Now high in freedom's starry fane
He beams 'mid Erin's glorious train;
His epitaph, which earth debars,
Is blazoned 'mid the eternal stars,
And aye in characters of fire
It sets all Irish hearts aflame
With watch-fires that shall yet inspire
Erin to rise and grave his name.
Aye, 'neath the beacon Emmet lit
His epitaph shall yet be writ.

217

Richard O' Malley: Robert Emmet.

ERIN:

The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,
And thus Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay.

218

Moore: Erin My Country.

A land that boasts a pious race,
A land of heroes brave and bold,

219

Gerald Nugent: On Leaving Ireland.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green Island and saw it was good;
The emerald of Europe it sparkled and shone;
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.

220

William Drennan: When Erin First Rose.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever I roam.

221

Moore: Tho' The Last Glimpse, etc.

ERIN'S FLAG:

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
 Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
 Lift it out of the dust, let it wave as of yore,
 When its chiefs with its clans stood around it and swore
 That never! no, never! that banner shall yield
 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

222

*Father Ryan: Erin's Flag.***ERROR:**

Error is to the mind what poison is to the body.

223

Cardinal Gibbons: In Faith of Our Fathers.

Just as the mind the erring sense believes
 The erring mind in turn the sense deceives.

224

Moore: Satires.

Through all error and confusion,
 Till he set the clear conclusion,
 Standing like a king alone
 All things adverse overthrown.

225

*Sir Samuel Ferguson: In Cattle Spoil of Cooley.***ETERNITY:**

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities!

226 *Moore: Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

The tender, the beautiful receives its comment
 From a truth transcendent, a life divine;
 And the coin flung loose of the passing moment
 Is stamped with Eternity's sign!

227

Aubrey De Vere: Ode. The Apennines.

And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
 In the boundless deep of eternity.

228

Moore: Lalla Rookh. Par. and Peri.

Ever upon a mobile sea
 Thronged taugth, and whirled refluently,
 I have kept hungry eyes on thee.

229

*Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.***EVENTS:**

The great events of life usually come quietly, without any
 preliminary heralding of trumpets.

230

Anna T. Sadlier: In The Flaw in the Title.

EVENING:

Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
 Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave—
 But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
 Shines like a smile at friendship's grave.

231

Fitz James O'Brien: Loch Ina.

All, all is quiet, calm and rest;
 The lark has sunk into her nest
 That blithely carolled all day long,
 Poised in mid-air with jocund song.
 Hushed are the woods, and over all
 The twilight shadows softly fall.

232

William Collins: Rory The Rapparee.

EVIL:

Evil recedes from the spirit's proving as mist from the hollows
 when night is done.

233

John Boyle O'Reilly: Liberty Lighting the World.

EVIDENCE:

Whoso you find fittest, wisest, he your suzerin shall be,
 Yield him following and affection, stand like sons around his
 knee;

Make his name a word of honor, make him feel you as a fence,
 Trust not even him too blindly, build your faith on evidence.

234

McGee: A Salutation.

EXERTION:

Exertion extracts for the future the pith of the past and the
 present.

235

Mangan: Breadth and Depth. Ger. Ant.

EXILE:

O Ireland of that spring-time fairest!
 O Ireland of the murmuring streams!
 Fair clime on earth of memories rarest,
 Of early hopes and golden dreams—
 With heart-strings round thee fondly twining,
 With eyes thro' peace and time that strain
 Across that waste of waters shining,
 The exile flies to thee again.

236

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva):

Flight Across the Sea.

Exile is God's alchemy! nations he forms like metals,
 Mixing their strength and their tenderness,
 Tempering pride with shame, and victory with affliction;
 Meeting their courage, their faith and their fortitude,
 Timing their genesis to the world's needs!

237

John Boyle O'Reilly: God's Alchemy of Exile.

EXPERIENCE:

Who heeds not experience, trust him not; tell him
The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve;
The weakest who draws from the mind will excel him,
The wealth of mankind is the wisdom they leave.

238

*John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules of the Road.***FACTS:**

Facts are apt to alarm us more than the most dangerous principles.

239

Sir Philip Francis: Letter to Lord Mansfield.

Whenever a theory comes in conflict with a fact, there is but one thing to do: we cannot change the fact, as most of us would prefer, so we must change the theory.

240

*W. Bourke Cockran:**Address on Race Problems of the South.***FAITH:**

Faith is the bridge between time and eternity.

241

Mary A. Sadlier: Eleanor Preston.

Faith stands on unsure grounds when confidence is wanting.

242

Gerald Griffin: Gisippus.

If faith but stand

Among our ruins we shall conquer all.

243

M. F. Egan: Columbus the World-Giver.

Nothing is small, nothing is unimportant in the Christian life that can possibly increase our own reverence for the gift of faith and our visible joy in its possession.

244

*Katherine E. Conway:**In Questions of Honor in the Christian Life.*

'Tis not the thought of glory won,
Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone,
But one bright course from earliest youth,
Of changeless faith, unbroken truth,
This turns to gold the vapors dun,
That close on life's descending sun.

245

Gerald Griffin: When Filled With Thoughts.

Christian faith will never stunt your intellect, or warp your judgment, or check your progress in the investigation of natural truths.

246

Cardinal Gibbons: In Discourses and Sermons.

Faith, a beacon light, cautioning you to shun the shoals and quicksands, on which false science has often been shipwrecked.

247 *Cardinal Gibbons: Discourses and Sermons.*

FALSEHOOD:

A compact that is false between men is equally so between a hundred or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood.

248 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.*

FAME:

Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

249 *Theodore O'Hara: The Bivouac of the Dead.*

I dreamt of fame's bright laurels twined
Around my brow in youth's glad hours;
Now fame has come I wake to find
The laurels are but fading flowers.

250 *Henry Coyle: Love and Fame.*

If to rank or fame you soar,
Out your spirit frankly pour—
Men will serve you, and adore
Like a king.

251 *Thomas Davis: The Right Road.*

Faint echo, last and least of foolish fame;
I am a soul; nor care to have a name.

252 *Aubrey De Vere: An Epitaph Without a Name.*

Fame is as natural a follower of merit as shadow is of body.

253 *Sir Richard Steele: Scandal Bearer.*

In my hot youth I did account thee base,
Foreswore thy worship, and renounced thy name,
Defied thy touch, aye! and blasphemed thy face
For empty pleasure and still emptier fame.

254 *Richard Henry Wild: To Gold.*

Oh! worldly fame and grandeur thou vain and fleeting breath,
In life how courted, envied, how disconsolate in death!

255 *Mary A. Ford (Una): The Conqueror's Tomb*

FATE:

Why that fate upon us fell
The powers above us knew, perhaps, if only they would tell.
256 *John Martly: The Valley of Shanganagh.*

Think it is our fate which masters us
And strive against it freely.
257 *Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act II, Scene 3.*

Bravely hope, and wisely wait,
Toil, join, and educate;
Man is master of his fate.
258 *Thomas Davis: Our Own Again.*

'Tis the fates not the dangers, that wait on the brave.
259 *Michael Hogan: The Fatal Ensign.*

The hour has struck, fate holds the dice.
260 *Fannie Parnell: Hold the Harvest.*

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
261 *Moore: Farewell: But Whenever You
Welcome the Hour.*

The footsteps of fate are unheard as she approaches.
262 *Anna T. Sadlier: In "The Flaw in the Title."*

FAULTS:

The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the
offspring of guilt.
263 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield. Chapter XVII.*

The ignorant peasant without faults is greater than the
philosopher with many.
264 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield. Chapter XV.*

It were better to write on the shifting sand
The faults that a brother could not withstand,
And to chisel whatever his virtues be
On the tablets of love and memory.
265 *John S. McGroarty: The Absent Brother:
In Wander Songs.*

The mean of soul are sure their faults to gloss,
And find a secret gain in others' loss.
266 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Wheat Grains.*

FIGHT:

The fellow who fights the fight alone,
 With never a word of cheer,
 With never a friend his help to lend,
 With never a comrade near,
 'Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
 And a heart not given to moan,
 He struggles for life, and more than life—
 The fellow that fights alone.

267 *Denis A. McCarthy: The Fellow Who Fights Alone.*

God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless
 moan,

And set your faces as a flint and swear to hold your own!

268 *Fanny Parnell: Hold Your Own.*

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!
 Yet what thou dost is what God saith.
 Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
 Thou wilt have helped my soul from death.

269 *Lionel Johnston: Dark Angel.*

FLAG:

No saint or king has tomb so proud
 As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

270 *Thomas Davis: Nationality.*

And weary eyes in foreign skies still flash with fire anew,
 When some good blast by peak and mast unfolds that flag to
 view.

271 *Savage: The Munster of the North.*

The flag of freedom floats unfurled;
 And as that mighty Goel existed,
 Who giveth victory where he listeth,
 Thou yet shall wake and shake the nations of the world.

272 *Mangan: Irish National Hymn.*

Who fears for the flag that freedom blest
 'Though it wanders afar from home,
 By the winds caressed, to the east and west,
 Wherever its sons may roam?
 In the calm of peace, or the storm of wars,
 On land or the bounding sea,
 With its silver stars and its crimson bars,
 It is always the flag of the free.

273 *John S. McGroarty: In Wander Songs.*

Look across the earth's fair bosom,
 Angel of the free and brave,
 O'er what countries stainless, honored,
 Does thy flag of beauty wave.

274

Mary A. Ford (Una): Hymn to Liberty.

Glorious flag, whose radiance golden
 Shed upon the ages olden
 Light when all around was darkness,
 Fondly on thy folds we gaze;
 For no falsehood, no dishonor,
 Ever stained our dear old banner,
 Sanctified by the blood of heroes—
 God made bright its future days.

275

Mary A. Ford (Una): Flag of Erin.

There was a time o'er land and sea,
 When Erin's flag waved proud and free,
 And kings and tyrants quailed before
 The fearless flag our fathers bore.

276

*William Collins: Rory the Rapparee.***FLATTERY:**

Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you.

277

John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules On The Road.

Adulation ever follows the ambitious, for such alone receive
 the most pleasure from flattery.

278

*Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.***FLOWERS:**

The flowers culled in youth had no thorns.

279

Mary A. Sadlier: In Old and New.

Gather, while morning is shining,
 Some flower while the bright moments last,
 Which closely around the heart twining,
 Will live when the summer is past.

280

Lover: Once I Had Lovers.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
 Out of a heart all full of grace,
 Gave never forth its full perfume
 Until the cross became its vase.

281

Father Ryan: A Thought.

That we may know when storms are rife,
 And tawdry joys fade in their strife,
 The sweetest flowers of human life
 From trouble spring.

282

Rowland B. Mahany: To The Wind Flower.

'Tis where the tangled brushwood sleeps, deep in the forest glooms,
The loveliest flower of spring-time peeps, the sweet arbutus blooms.

283

Agnes Shalloe: Trailing Arbutus.

Farewell ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief.

284

Moore: Par. and Peri.

Life's loveliest sky hides the thunder
Whose bolt in a moment may fall;
And our path may be flowery, but
Under the flowers there are thorns for us all.

285

Father Ryan: Reverie.

I smell the smell of the violets,
Breathing over the wall,
The dewy delicate violets,
That blow inside the wall.

286

Eleanor C. Donnelly: Outside the Gate.

FOE:

Far better the wine-cup with ruby may flow,
To the health of a friend than the fall of a foe.

287

Lover: Meeting of Foes, etc.

From his lofty throne,
The foe from our land we tumbled,
And it gladdened each heart, save his alone,
For whom that foe was humbled.

288

Charles Wolfe: On George III.

FOOLS:

Many a fool lies down upon a bed of roses and wakes to find
himself stung by hissing adders.

289

Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.

The fool knows not that those who live when dead
Are never dead when living.

290

Savage: Dreaming By Moonlight.

FORCE:

Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect
or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself.

291

*Edmund Burke: On Conciliation
With American Colonies.*

Terror is not always the effect of force; it is an armament, is
not a victory.

292

*Edmund Burke: On Conciliation
With American Colonies.*

Make of thy silence words to shake
 The long enthroned kings of earth;
 Make of thy will the force to break
 Their towers of wantoness and mirth.

293

*George W. Russell: The Three Counselors.***FORESTS:**

These be God's fair high palaces,
 Walled with fine leafen trelleses,
 Interstarred with the warm and luminous azure;
 Sunlights run laughing through,
 And rains and honey dew
 Scatter pale pearls at every green embrazure.

294

*Alice Furlong: The Trees.***FREEDOM:**

For every thinking citizen who draws the sword knows well
 He battles for humanity—for freedom's citadel.

295

Savage: The Munster of the North.

The sword may pierce the bearer,
 Stone walls in time may sever,
 'Tis mind alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free forever.

296

Moore: Oh, The Sight Entrancing.

The freedom of Man's intelligence consists in its being perfectly free from the dangers and liabilities of believing that which is false.

297

*Rev. T. N. Burke: The Catholic Church:
The Mother of Liberty.*

Green as the laurel shall their memory be
 Who bore captivity or death for thee,
 Our trampled land. Through centuries of wrong
 Thy mighty soul unbowed has swept along
 Fierce torrents of oppression, but thy might
 Of woe must end in freedom's glorious light.

298

Mary A. Ford (Una): The Captive.

Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks
 To show that still she lives.

299

Moore: The Harp That Once, etc.

No cause can be lost forever whose cost
 Is coined from freedom's blood.

300

John Boyle O'Rielly: Resurgite.

O stalwart dreamers in the dust,
That God who took your young heart's trust,
Your pangs, the issue of your patriot cause,
Still sways the stars and souls of men
With the ancient seals and laws ;
Nor did he turn and mock your anguish when
Ye cried His password through eternity
And died in fetters so ye might be free.

301 *Thomas Walsh: The Prison Ships.*

For the noblest thought in the world today
Takes council from freedom's plan,
To snap in twain the bondman's chain,
And bid him stand forth, a man !

302 *Thomas O'Hagan: Our Deathless Dead:
In Songs of the Settlement.*

To lay your head upon the block for faith in freedom's God,
To fall in fight for freedom in the land your fathers trod ;
For freedom on the scaffold high to breathe your latest breath,
Or anywhere 'gainst tyranny is dying a noble death.

303 *J. O'Donovan Rossa: My Prison Chamber.*

Tyrants and kings with sword and flame
May fill the land with bloody graves,
'Till hope expires, and freedom's name
Lies hid in mountain glens and caves.
But sure as in the heavens bright
The sun shall rise with glorious light,
Remorse the tyrant's heart shall rend,
And freedom triumph in the end.

304 *William Collins: Rory The Rapparee.*

Free will, frank speech, an undissembling mind,
Without which freedom dies and laws are vain,
On such we found our rights, to such we cling ;
In them shall power his surest safeguard find.
Tread them not down in passion or disdain ;
Make a man a reptile, he will turn and sting.

305 *Aubrey De Vere: Liberty of the Press.*

FRIENDS:

To a strange and distant land,
With honest heart and hand ;
Strong destiny obliges us to roam ;
Yet be it weal or woe,
To whatever part we go
We won't forget the old friends at home.

306 *Hogan: The Old Friends At Home.*

QUOTATIONS.

Friends that in moments of brightness are won,
Like gossamer, only are seen—in the sun.

307

Lover: The Child and the Gossamer.

Oh! blessed be the God that dower'd
The earth with these
Our truest, firmest, noblest friends.

308

McGee: Woman's Praise.

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.

309

Moore: Oh Thou Who Dry'st The Mourner's Tears.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew where he choosed he could whistle them back.

310

Goldsmith.

A fat goose squaks on a millpond at noonday, and a rich man
exults sitting at table with his friends.

311

Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.

Oh, the love of friends! is there ought that lends
Such joy in discharge of duty?
Is there any boon 'mid God's gifts wide-strewn
That so brightens our earthly way,
As the knowledge sure that affection pure,
Like a river of strength and beauty,
From many a source bends its blessed course
To the sea of our heart each day?

312

Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: The Love of Friends.

Too late we learn, a man must hold his friend
Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

313

John Boyle O'Reilly: A Lost Friend.

The basis of true friendship is self-sacrifice, disinterestedness,
truth, virtue and constancy.

314

Cardinal Gibbons: From Sermon on Friendship.

The law of human friendship requires that you say and do
nothing which would give unnecessary pain to a friend.

315

Cardinal Gibbons: Ibid.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

316

Moore: Rhymes On The Road.

Fill your life so full of legitimate interests that you won't have time to speculate on the curtained lattice or barred door of your friend's house of life.

317 *Katherine E. Conway: The Friendship of Woman:
In Making Friends and Keeping Them.*

GENIUS:

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

318 *Dean Swift: Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

Of old the Sultan Genius reigned,
As nature meant, supreme, alone;
With mind unchecked and hands unchained,
His views, his conquests were his own.

319 *Moore: Genius and Criticism.*

No soaring of genius can ever get beyond the jurisdiction of the true, the beautiful and the good.

320 *Archbishop Keane: Education.*

Oh child of genius, oft thy fate is hard!
Neglected living, and adored when dead;
Unpaid the honor till the pall is spread!

321 *Lover: Lay of The Rapt Spirit.*

To check young genius' proud career,
The slaves who now his throne invaded,
Made criticism his prime vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

322 *Moore: Genius and Criticism.*

Common sense went on,
Many wise things saying,
While the light that shone
Soon set genius straying.

323 *Moore: Common Sense and Genius.*

GENTLEMAN:

Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

324 *Father Ryan: Better Than Gold.*

What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man.

325 *Sir Richard Steele: Definition of Fine Gentleman.*

QUOTATIONS.

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
 Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?
 Is there a family tree to be had
 Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
 Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide,
 Trust in his character felt far and wide;
 Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
 This is the gentleman nature has made.

326 *Mrs. Power O'Donohue (Nannie Lambert):
 What Is a Gentleman.*

One who knows how to put each at his ease,
 Striving instinctively always to please;
 One who can tell at a glance at your cheek
 When to be silent and when he should speak.

327 *Mrs. Power O'Donohue (Nannie Lambert): Ibid.*

True manhood and power should be
 With gentlemen bred in the bone.

328 *T. A. Daley: Ballad of Modest Heroes: In Canzoni.*

In whatever society he might find himself, the humblest citizen should therefore so order his behavior that when he left the table men would say "A gentleman was here."

329 *Mrs J. R. Green: In Town Life in Fifteenth Century.*

GIFTS:

'Tis true a gift not freely given, is none;
 And Gratitude itself is compensation.

330 *Gerald Griffin: In Gisippus. Act III, Scene I.*

Thy best of gifts are gilded chains;
 The gold wears off, the bond remains.

331 *Aubrey De Vere: The Golden Mean.*

Take gifts with a sigh—most men give to be paid.

332 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules On The Road.*

The hand that pearls to ocean gave,
 Gave other gifts to thee!

333 *Lover: The Pearl Diver.*

GLORY:

The truest glory ever comes unsought.

334 *Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.: Enduring Fame:
 In Between Whiles.*

From the far off time of my youthful prime
 A light comes evermore;
 Oh! it seems so bright in its far-off light,
 The glory I had of yore.

335 *Lady Wild (Speranza): The Past.*

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
 Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave
 He returns to Kinkora no more,
 That star of the field which so often hath poured
 Its beam on the battle is set:
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet.

336 *Moore: Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave.*

GOD:

God, by our instincts felt as infinite,
 When known becomes such to our total being,
 Mind, spirit, heart and soul.

337 *Aubrey De Vere: Death of Copernicus.*

God lives and reigns whate'er the fool may say.
 God is not mocked. He keeps His tryst with men,
 He bides His time until the appointed day.

338 *Denis A. McCarthy: The Day of The Gael:
 In Voices From Erin.*

The surest way to God
 Is up the lonely stream of tears.

339 *Father Ryan: Tears.*

There is no form of beauty raised by nature, or by art,
 That preaches not God's saving truths to man's adoring heart.

340 *Ellen Mary Patrick Downing:
 The Old Church At Lismore.*

GOODNESS:

The gem may deck the lordly vest,
 With wrought adornments richly twining,
 But brighter in the lowly breast,
 The lamp of goodness is purely shining.

341 *Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland. Part II.*

There are people whose good qualities shine brightest in the
 darkness, like the ray of a diamond; but there are others
 whose virtues are only brought out by the light, like the
 colors of silk.

342 *Justin McCarthy.*

GOVERNMENT:

Plain good intention, which is easily discovered at the first
 view as fraud is surely detected at last, is (let me say) of
 no mean force in the government of mankind.

343 *Edmund Burke: Speech On Concil. With Amer.*

QUOTATIONS.

In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

344

Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will;
 much less can one person be governed by the will of
 another.

345

Edmund Burke: At Trial of Warren Hastings.

GRACE:

In the quest of Heavenly grace
 Who lowliest seeks will surely find it.

346

Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland. Part V.

GRATITUDE:

The gratitude that must be roused from slumber
 Is never worth the waking—let it sleep!

347

Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act III, Scene 2.

I thank thee for this ecstasy of my remembered pain
 Thou liftest up
 My sorrow's cup
 To sweeten it again.

348

T. A. Daley: In Carmina.

Gratitude is a characteristic trait of an ingenious soul; its
 absence a mark of an ignoble nature.

349

Cardinal Gibbons: In Ambassador of Christ.

For our flocks still increasing
 Our harvest's rich store,
 Thy kindness unceasing
 To us evermore—
 Our land blessed of Heaven,
 With rest from the sword,
 For All Thou hast given,
 We thank Thee O Lord.

350

James Nicoll Johnston: Thanksgiving Hymn.

I thank thee, God, no drop of gall
 Ferments and curdles in my heart;
 The sweet earth's wide enough for all,
 I grudge not any man his part.

351

Julia Ditto Young: Good Will.

GRAVE:

There stands an inn we must stop at,
 An extinguisher swings for the sign;
 That house is but cold and but narrow,
 But the prospect beyond it's devine!
 And there—whence there's never returning—
 When we travel, as travel we must;
 May the gates be all free for our journey
 And the tears of our friends lay the dust!

352

Samuel Lover: The Road of Life.

From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor,
 The grave, the grave is the true liberator.

353

Mangan: The Grave, The Grave.

The grave is only dark
 For him whose spirit feels no spark
 Of christian sorrow for the sin
 He long has lived and wantoned in:
 But he who prays and hopes and fears,
 And for his life sheds bitter tears,
 In other worlds shall win more bliss
 Than he may think or dream in this.

354

John Banim: The Celt's Paradise.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to overtaxed nature,
 The darkness, the silence, the rest of the grave;
 Oh! dig it down deeply, kind fellow-creatures,
 I'm weary of living the life of a slave!

355

McGee: Ad Misericordiam.

Even the grave is a bond of union;
 Spirit and spirit best hold communion!
 Seen through, by the inward eye,
 It is after life they are truly nigh.

356

Mangan: Spirits Everywhere.

Though flowers deck not the distant grave,
 Nor tears bedew its turf,
 We hear his dirge in the solemn surge
 Of the ever sounding surf.

357

James Jeffrey Roch: The Grave of Capt. Hall.

On an Irish green hillside,
 On an opening lawn, but not too wide;
 For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
 I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
 To freshen the turf; put no tombstone there,
 But green sods decked with daises fair;
 Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
 The matted grass-roots may trickle through
 Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
 "He served his country, and loved his kind."
 Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go
 If one were sure to be buried so.

358

Thomas Davis: My Grave.

Strew flowers upon the honored graves,
 And deck the soldier's tomb;
 They rose their fair old land to save,
 And fell in manhood's noon.
 Light be the turf upon each breast,
 And fair the flowers of spring,
 And their bright spirits with the blest
 Their loud hosannas sing.

359

William Collins: Decoration Day.

The graves of the dead with the grass overgrown,
 May yet form the footsteps of liberty's throne,
 And each single wreck in the warpath of might
 Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

360

Father Ryan: A Land Without Riches.

Alas on your graves, ye true,
 Already tall weeds and wild flowers intertwine!
 Oh, how blest felt I once, while as yet I with you
 Saw the day redden at dawn, saw the starry night shine.

361

Mangan: Early Graves.

And here by the lone grave a few aged trees
 Bend, sorrowing o'er its mound, their tottering forms,
 Which, tall and straight, once looked out o'er the seas,
 Alike in summer's glory, winter's storms;
 At howling tempests rude, and lightning shock,
 Laughing full scornful from the headland rock.

362

*Seumas MacManus: A Grave:**In Ballads of a Country Boy.*

They dig him a grave in the wild wet sand,
 On the banks of the lonely river,
 And lay him to rest
 With a cross on his breast,
 Far, far away from his own sunny land:
 While the night dew falls and the sad winds sigh,
 And none but the angels and two are nigh.

363

Rev. Patrick Cronin: In Memory of Marquette.

He that could once half the kingdom bought
 In half a minute is not worth a groat,
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his interests keep him from the grave.

364

Dean Swift: On The Death Of Demar.

GREATNESS:

What is it makes a nation truly great?
 Her sons, her sons alone; not theirs, but they;
 Glory and gold are vile as wind and clay
 Unless the hand that grasp them consecrate.

365

Aubrey De Vere: National Strength.

Whate'er the land be, though all things else conceiving
 Unless it breed great men it is not great.

366

John Boyle O'Reilly: A Nation's Test.

Hearts that are great are always lone,
 They never will manifest their best;
 Their greatest greatness is unknown—
 Earth knows a little—God, the rest.

367

Father Ryan: A Thought.

The secret of his greatness, there behold!
 More truly than in th' unrivaled fence,
 The vivid wit, the reason keen and bold,
 And all the power of peerless eloquence!

368

George Sigerson: To The Memory of Isaac Butt.

The truly great is always reverent.

369

Archbishop Keane: On Home.

Man's race, like a spring-tide shall long come and go,
 Bearing great names in its ebb and its flow.

370

Hogan: Lays and Legends.

Hearts that are great never beat loud,
 They muffle their music when they come.

371

Father Ryan: A Thought.

If we may not be free, let us try to be frank,
 Let us fight life's long battle with well-order'd rank,
 If we may not be great, let us try to be good,
 And long for no laurels besprinkled with blood.

372

McGee: The Celt's Consolation.

In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
 Great always, without aiming to be great.

373

Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):

Dr. Chetwood To The Earl.

QUOTATIONS.

A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres;
One master mind is worth a million hands.

374

John Boyle O'Reilly: A Nation's Test.

GRIEF:

Only a day at a time we grieve,
How bitter soever the woes that cleave
Our hearts in twain, for a blest reprieve
Foreruneth each morrow's prime;
The sighs that echo our soul's dismay,
The scalding tears that enforce their way,
Are sighed and cried, not forever and aye,
But only a day at a time.

375

*Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: Day By Day:
In Between Whiles.*

Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equible, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

376

Aubrey De Vere: Sorrow.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
Whate'er its end, or port, or reef;
Better the voyage ne'er begun,
For all ships sail the sea of grief.

377

James Jeffrey Roche: At Sea.

GUEST:

If evening falls swiftly it lengthens the night,
While with music and legend we burnish it bright,
The sole pang of sorrow our bosoms can know,
Is how lately you came and how soon you must go.

378

McGee: Words of Welcome.

GUILT:

Conscious guilt its safety finds in dark concealment and in
flight.

379

Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act V, Scene 2.

I love not flowers plucked in guilt's dark night;
I fear the wrong, I love God's holy right.

380

M. F. Egan: A Sweedish Legend.

As shrinks the night when morning breaks
As thief in sight of gallows quakes,
So trembles guilt when justice wakes.

381

*James Jeffrey Roche: King Mab:
In Songs and Satires.*

Guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of guilt.

382 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.* Chapter XV.

HABIT:

How shall I a habit break?
 As you did a habit make.
 As you gathered, you must lose
 As you yielded now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strain we twist
 Till they bind us neck and wrist;
 Thread by thread the patient hand
 Must entwine 'ere free we stand.
 As we builded stone by stone
 We must toil unhelped, alone
 Till the wall is overthrown.

383 *John Boyle O'Reilly: A Builder's Lesson.*

HAPPINESS:

On what a trifle may the happiness
 Of a whole existence hang?

384 *Gerald Griffin: Gisippus.* Act I, Scene II.

Oh happy is the beaten bird, that from the billowy West,
 At fall of eve can still return in Erin to her nest;
 Oh, happy is the fond sea wave, that when the storms cease,
 Can fling itself at Erin's feet, and breathe at last in peace.

385 *McGee: Song of O'Donnell In Spain.*

Happy they who through life prefer rainbow colors.

386 *Anna T. Sadlier: In A Summer At Woodville.*

We seek in vain for happiness by heedlessly forgetting
 That all we sigh and struggle for on earth must pass away.

387 *Mary A. Ford (Una): To A Youthful Friend.*

If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject
 of entertainment, and distress will always want a name.

388 *Goldsmith: Happiness And Good Nature.*

Our aim is happiness, 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
 He said; 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
 Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attained.
 But they the widest wander from the mark,
 Who through the flowery path of sauntering joy
 Seeks this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
 Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

389 *Armstrong: Art Of Preserving Health.*

HARMONY:

All the works of God are made in harmony with their creator.
390 *Archbishop Keane: On Art.*

Harmonies

That sway in beauties like a crystal river
Pouring in lucent ecstasy a-quiver,
Freighted with odorous melodies;
Anon, a moaning sea and winds that sweep
Below the moon, awed at the face of storm.
391 *Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.*

HARP:

But if emblem o'er my dust should rise
Let it be this: our harp within a wreath.
Of Shamrocks twining round it lovingly,
That so, O harp! our love shall know no death.
392 *McGee: An Apology to The Harp.*

Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly my own island harp I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill:
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal o'er thee still.
393 *Moore: Harp Of My Country.*

Harp of the land I love! forgive this hand
That reverently lifts thee from the dust,
And scans thy strings with filial awe and love,
Lest by neglect the chords of song should rust.
394 *McGee: An Apology To The Harp.*

Mute harp of King Brian, what bard of these days
Shall give to thy cold chords the spirit of the songs?
Who shall win thee to gladness, or tune thee to praise,
Or rouse thee to combat with faction and wrong?
Cold, cold is the hand of the master who first
In the halls of Kincora thy melody woke,
When the peans of conquest triumphantly burst,
And the soul of the land passed from under the yoke.
395 *McGee: Harp Of King Brian.*

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul had fled.
396 *Moore: The Harp, Etc.*

HEARTS:

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

397 *Moore: Oh, Think Not My Spirits Are Always As Light.*

Poor human hearts are like the leaves that grow to fade and
perish,

But like the stream are forced to bliss as o'er the earth they
run;

In action lies their only hope of resting in the ocean
Of God's immensity and love when here their journey's done.

398 *Mary A. Ford: (Una): To A Youthful Friend.*

HEAVEN:

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming walls;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each thro' endless years
One minute of Heaven is worth them all.

399 *Moore: Lalla Rokh. Paradise And The Peri.*

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's nothing true but Heaven.

400 *Moore: The World Is All A Fleeting Show.*

Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of Heaven outblooms them all!

401 *Moore: Paradise And The Peri.*

HERO:

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and glory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone in his glory.

402 *Charles Wolfe: Burial Of Sir John Moore.*

A hero's name can conquer worlds;
The action dies not, though the body rots.

403 *Savage: Dreaming By Moonlight.*

Joy to the hero who dared and died
For his country's honor and fame and pride.

404 *Banim: Celts' Paradise.*

Like the day star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

405 *Moore: Before The Battle.*

QUOTATIONS.

O, heroes reft of fame's success,
Weigh not the world's forgetfulness!
Though with but tears on cliffs of time,
You bravely trace on thought sublime,
God will not view your labor less.

406

Rowland B. Mahany: Aux Heroes Sans Gloire

But the stars that beam out brightest
And shall burn to the last,
Are the deeds that light our fathers' graves—
The heroes of the past.

407

*Thomas O'Hagan: Heroes:
In Songs Of The Settlement.*

Him they call hero, who in one fine burst
Of splendid courage, mid the world's acclaim
Doth storm the shining heights of mighty fame,
And win his crown, though fortune do her worst.
How shall we speak his holier name, who strives
In hidden silence and with laboring breath,
Against the fearsome shapes of pain and death,
Counting his laurels in glad human lives?

* * * * *

Nay! like the Master be his memory blest,
The Good Physician's name leads all the rest.

408

Mary Elizabeth Blake: The Hero.

Oh! in the quiet haven, safe for aye,
If lost to us in port one stormy day,
Borne with a public pomp by just decree,
Heroic sailor! from that fatal sea,
A city vows this marble unto thee.

409

William Alexander: On Erection Of A Statue.

Earth reared no worthier son than he,
Nor slavery met a sterner foe,
Burned his proud breast for liberty,
And shrank not from the foeman's blow.

410

Collins: On Washington.

Oh! 'twere a shame to let his name, like other names decay,
Or let the earth forget his worth like other things of clay;
But we must see the brave and free defender of our walls
High in the light of sculptured might, among our homes and
halls.

There let him stand with sword in hand, and flashing arms of
steel,

In bright array as on the day he made the foeman reel.

411

Hogan: On Statue Of Sarsfuld.

As the forked pole
Holds the tree's weight,
So my hero's arm
Holds the battle straight.

412

*Thomas W. Rolleston:
Lament of Maer Leith-Dherg.*

But why do we gather thus proudly today—
What grand thought awakes all this brilliant display?
To honor a hero come we from afar,
Whose brow is enwreathed with laurels of war?
Or come we to kneel round a sanctified shrine,
Where angels keep watch with the stars as they shine?
Or rear the proud marble full high on this shore,
And fling to the breeze a loved name evermore?
Ah, yes! 'tis a hero, all glorious, I trow,
Whose cheeks never blanched 'mid the darts of the foe;
Whose heart was as pure as the foam on the wave
That chants his sad dirge 'round his yonder lone grave,
And throbbed but to lessen life's poor human woes
And make the dark wilderness bright as the rose.

413

Rev. Patrick Cronin: In Memory of Marquette.

'Tis not always he whose name is blazoned fair in Honor's
story,
Who most merits from his fellows glowing tributes to his
might;

Oft a higher, purer hero acts a part unknown to glory—
Acts it simply as his duty, struggling bravely in the right.

414

*Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: Life's Heroes:
In Between Whiles.*

HISTORY:

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genus of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.

415

Moore: While History's Muse, etc.

How many a doubt pursues! how oft we sigh
While histories charm to think that histories lie.

416

Moore: The Sceptic.

HOME:

A gilded palace without domestic happiness is not a home.

417

Archbishop Keane: Civilization.

The love of home, like love of heaven,
Is woven in our heart.

418

Lever: Love of Home.

Such is the Patriot's boast wher'er we roam.
His first best country, ever is at home.

419

Goldsmith: The Traveler.

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that *land*, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

420

Montgomery: The West Indies.

A poor old cottage tottering to its fall;
Some faded rose trees scattered o'er the wall;
Four wooden pillars all aslant one way;
A plot in front, bright green, amid decay,
Where wee pets, whene'er they came to tea,
Laughed, danced and played, and shouted in high glee;
A rusty paling and a broken gate
Shut out the world and bounded my estate.

421

Ellen O'Leary: My Old Home.

Look 'round thee from this wooded height,
Where, girdled in its sheltering trees,
Our home uprears its turret bright—
Our own dear home of rest and peace.

422

George Francis Savage-Armstrong: Wicklow.

O visions of home! why so fair and so fleeting—
Why break like the stars on the darkness of night,
Then fly like the mist, like the red dawn retreating,
And leave the dull day-life no beam of your light?

423

Mary A. Sadlier: Home Memories.

O! the light for the hearts that are growing old
Is the light of the lamp of home.

424

T. A. Daley: To An Old Lover: In Canzoni.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
 Where all the fireside characters come—
 The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
 Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
 However humble the home may be,
 Or tried with sorrows by heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought or sold,
 And centre there are better than gold.

425

Father Ryan: Better Than Gold.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside:
 His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

426

Montgomery: West Indies.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam;
 But high she shoots through air and light
 Above all low decay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight
 Nor shadows dim her way.

427

Moore: Oh, That I had Wings.

HONOR:

The highest honor that a man can bear in life or death is the
 scar of a chain borne in a good cause.

428

John Boyle O'Reilly: From Speech.

Fear not death, but fear dishonor;
 Yield thy country all but honor.

429

Lady Wild (Speranza): The Old Man's Blessing.

Where thou hast honours due, hard by
 Obedience stands, and Chastity.

430

Aubrey De Vere: The Golden Mean.

When honor comes to you, be ready to take it;
 But reach not to seize it before it is near.

431

John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules on the Road.

Only he who with one fixed and high standard of honor can
 make and keep that friendship and good will of his fel-
 lows, which no one can dispense with, and which it is per-
 ilous in any given instance to abuse.

432

*Katherine E. Conway: In Making Friends
 and Keeping Them.*

But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not have so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me.

433

George Croly: Cataline.

Where Humanity is, there must ever be Honor.

434

*McGee: Salutation to the Flag.***HOPE:**

Hope, unyielding to despair,
 Springs forever fresh and fair;
 Earth's serenest prospects fly,
 Hope's enchantments never die.

435

Montgomery: Hope.

Hope is not a kin to fate,
 And there's a discord when they meet and jar.

436

Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act III, Scene I.

'Tis Hope's the charm of wretchedness,
 While Mem'ry woos the blest.

437

Lover: Memory and Hope.

Hope holds the world within her heart,
 And Time and Space, like slaves, attend her.

438

Gerald Griffin: Matt. Hyland, Part IV.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers our way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

439

Goldsmith: Captivity, Act II, Song.

Hope's cable ne'er is cut, save when the knife
 Is plied by faith abandoned.

440

Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: In Between Whiles.

Long have we waited, O Watcher, for the vision
 Splendid in promise we now shall see it rise,
 Scattering the darkness, while with hero-mission
 Brave hands uplift Hope's banner to the skies.

441

Lady Wild (Speranza): The Dawn.

The rays of Hope may light us on
 Through manhood's toil and strife,
 But never can they shine as shone
 The morning star of life;
 Though bright as Summer's rosy wreath,
 Though long and fondly nursed,
 Yet still they want the fearless faith
 Of those that blessed us first.

442

Frances Browne: The First.

HOSPITALITY:

Wise were they in days of old,
 Who gave the stranger place;
 And when the joyous catch was trolled,
 And toasts were quaffed, and tales were told,
 They looked him in the face.

443

James Jeffrey Roche: The Skeleton at the Feast.

HUMILITY:

Silently—shadowly—some lives go,
 And the sound of their voices is all unheard;
 Or, if heard at all, 'tis as faint as the flow
 Of beautiful waves which no storm hath stirred.

444

Father Ryan: A Thought.

The humblest soul on earth, when mindful of
 Christ's promise, is the greatest conqueror.

445

M. F. Egan: In Songs and Sonnets.

There was a fate to humble me,
 And I am humbled.

446

Savage: Sybil, Scene II, Act V.

That, as colossal sanctity walks oft
 In humblest vales, no less a pigmy race
 May strut on mountains.

447

Aubrey De Vere: Death of Copernicus.

Humbly He came, the Prince of Truth, unhailed
 By the proud world's emblazoned pageantries;
 Nor bruit of brazen trump, nor legions mailed,
 Shook with prolonged salute the answering skies.

448

Richard O'Malley: The Prince of Peace.

Humility, that low, sweet root
 From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

449

Moore: The Loves of the Angels.

Open to me the low, low gate
Of sweet Humility,
That I may steal thro' the shadows late,
And walk alone with Thee.

450

Eleanor C. Donnelly: Outside the Gate.

Humility shall stand and win
When Pride and dust will crumble.

451

*Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: Peace:
In Between Whiles.*

A truly humble man trusts not in the arm of the flesh, but in
the justice of his cause, and in the protection of heaven.

452

Cardinal Gibbons: In Ambassador of Christ.

As patience is acquired by suffering and science by study, so is
humility learned by humiliations.

453

*Cardinal Gibbons: Ibid.***HUMANITY:**

The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the con-
scious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

454

*Goldsmith: Good Nat. Man.***HUMAN-LIKE:**

When men possess one secret or one creed,
Or love one land, or struggle for one need,
They draw together brotherly and human—
They only fly apart who love one woman.

455

*John Boyle O'Reilly.***HUMAN NATURE:**

Human nature is much the same when you come to the heart
and count its beats.

456

*John Boyle O'Reilly: The City Streets.***IDEALS:**

Whatever you want to be, keep before you, as you kept the
model in your copy book in childhood, the image of the
beautiful, completely attained Ideal.

457

*Katherine E. Conway:
Plans and Specifications in Bettering Ourselves.*

We cannot put on the ideals of another people as a garment.

458

George W. Russell: From Ideals in Ireland.

Only the Christian ideal can make the true man.

459

Archbishop Keane: On Education.

IDEAS:

One clear idea, wakened in the breast
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

460

Moore: Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet.

ILLUSIONS:

Our pride, our hopes, our fears, our ambitions are but illusions
which spur us to activity in the service of others—traces
that bind us to the car of human progress, making of all
our activities forces to move it onward and upward.

461

W. Bourke Corkran: On Race Question in South.

IMMORTALITY:

No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
Immortal things have God for architect.
And men are but the granite He lays down.

462

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Pilgrim Fathers.

IMPOSTER:

The impostor employs force instead of argument; imposes
silence when he cannot convince, and propagates his char-
acter by the sword.

463

Sir Philip Francis: Letters of Junius.

INDEPENDENCE:

Let Fortune frown and foes increase,
And life's long battle know no peace;
Give me to wear upon my breast
The object of my early quest,
Undimm'd, unbroken and unchanged,
The talisman I sought and gained,
The jewel—Independence!

464

McGee: Independence.

I know of no nation that has won its independence by accident.

465

Thomas Francis Mahar:

Speech on Policy for Ireland.

IRELAND:

My Country, wounded to the heart,
Could I but flash along thy soul
Electric power to rive apart
The thunder-clouds that round the roll,
And by my burning words uplift
Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
Till the full splendors of our age
Shone round thee for thy heritage—
As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand,
Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
Would strike thy harp,
Loved Ireland.

466

Lady Wild (Speranza): Dedicated to Ireland.

O kindly, generous Irish land,
 So fair and leal and loving!
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving.
 The alien home may have gems and gold,
 Shadows may never have gloomed it;
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land
 Where the love-light first illum'ed it.

467

John Locke: Dawn on the Irish Coast.

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
 My land, that has no peer in all the sea.
 For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf—
 If first to no man else, thou art first to me,
 New loves may come with duties, but the first
 Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles:
 Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
 Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

468

John Boyle O'Reilly: Niobe of the Isles.

O Isle of Fate! O storied isle of ancient fame!
 Old ocean wears no nobler gaud, earth has no nobler name;
 Thy mournful beauty, ever young, still wakes the poet's dream,
 Thou fairest isle that gems the wave or woos the midnight
 beam!

469

*Mary A. Sadlier: Ireland by Moonlight.***IRELAND'S FRIEND:**

We're one at heart, if you be Ireland's friend,
 Though leagues asunder our opinions tend.

470

*William Allingham: The Irish Cause.***JEALOUSY:**

Oh, who is she of dark, unsettled brow,
 That brooding drags an angel shape behind,
 And quaffs the living gore? I know her now,
 'Tis Jealousy, that monster of the mind,
 In whom are thousand contraries combined.

471

*Thomas Dermody: Jealousy.***JOKE:**

A joke breaks no bones.

472

*Goldsmith: Good Nat. Man, Act. III.***JOY:**

And e'en while fashion's arts decoy
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

473

Goldsmith: Retaliation.

With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

474

Goldsmith: The Traveler.

The memory of the brightest joys
In childhood's happy morn that found us,
Is dearer than the richest toys,
The present vainly sheds around us.

475

Gerald Griffin: Know Ye Not That Lovely River.

Joy is life's tree—grief but its leaf.

476

Father Ryan: Lines.

Joy stands, and smiles, and beckons with alluring finger,
On all the pathways Life discloses;
And ever where a crossroad bids the Pilgrim linger,
She crowns him with a wreath of roses.

477

Mangan: Song Exciting to Gladness.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love,
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from lips beside.

478

George W. Russell: The Margin of the Great Deep.

Joys have three stages—Hoping, Having and Had;
The hands of Hope are empty and the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take in the taking dies; and the joy we Had is
its ghost,
And which is better—the joy unknown or the joy we have
clasped and lost?

479

John Boyle O'Reilly: Yesterday and Tomorrow.

Earth's treasures, youth and beauty, fade;
E'en love's young dream but cheats awhile;
Beyond life's sea is the fadeless glade;
Our Aiden home, where angels smile.
Ah! when we reach that deathless shore,
Nor change, nor care can touch us more;
There to the ravished heart appears
The unfound joy of earthly years.

480

Rev. Patrick Cronin: The Unfound.

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this tonight, that oh, 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

481

Moore: Fly Not Yet.

When selfishly sinking our bosoms will mourn
 O'er joys that are gone and can never return
 And whisper in ignorance fearful and drear
 Where now are the joys that have left us?—oh where
 482 *Gerald Griffin: Past Times.*

JUNE:

A cheerful month art thou, sweet, ripe-mouthed June!
 In thee fresh youth and age mature are blent—
 A sunny friend to gild the harvest sent,
 And light up Nature with bright Summer soon.
 483 *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.:*
In a Soggarth's Last Verses.

How can we keep the past and drink its sweetness,
 How walk in love's dear ways,
 If in this winter-cold and incompleteness
 We dream not of June days.
 484 *M. F. Egan: A Duet in Winter:*
In Songs and Sonnets.

When in your heart the song seems ended
 And life and laughter no more keep tune
 With the lilt of the waters, and day seems blended
 With shadows that stray from some ghostly moon,
 Faint heart, remember the month is June.
 485 *Thomas Walsh: Matins.*

JUDGMENT:

Walk with your face toward your judgment and you will never
 wander in the dark.
 486 *Archbishop Keane: Right Living.*

The lesson strikes, when, startled, we behold
 The judge call'd from the judgment seat to judgment.
 487 *Samuel Lover: Lines on Death of Sir Talford.*

JUSTICE:

Justice—o'er all—the saving salt of earth.
 488 *McGee: To William Smith O'Brien.*

Justice lives, though judgment lingers—angels' feet are heavy
 shod—
 But a planet's years are moments in this eternal day of God!
 489 *John Boyle O'Reilly: A Nation's Test.*

There are great wrongs in the social and economic conditions,
 and wrongs must be righted not by charity alone, but by
 justice.
 490 *Archbishop Keane: Social Ideals.*

O sacred Justice! free this land
From tyranny abhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seal—
Resume—but sheathe thy sword.

491 *Robert Emmet: On Arbor Hill. Dublin, 1798.*

The law to bring justice is always decreed, and on every hand
is the warning.

492 *John Boyle O'Reilly: The City Streets.*

To hold the balance true of right and wrong,
Censure or praise swayed not thy just intent.

493 *Rowland B. Mahany: General Gordon.*

The justice done to an individual is sometimes of service to
the public.

494 *Sir Philip Francis: From Letter to Lord Mansfield.*

—Justice holds her final doom
Still o'er the reckless world suspended,
Till that appointed hour of gloom
When man's elective power is ended.

495 *Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland, Part VI.*

I shall go, I think, with a pure heart and perfect composure
to appear before a higher tribunal, where a Judge of
infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and
where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this
world will be reversed.

496 *Thomas Francis Mahar: From Speech in Dock.*

KINDNESS:

I would not, if God gave us choice,
For mine to bear the other's part,
That mine should be the silent voice,
And thine the silent, aching heart.

497 *James Jeffrey Roche: At Sea.*

The kindly word unspoken is a sin—
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

498 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Unspoken Words.*

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

499 *Stopford A. Brooke: The Earth and Man.*

To worth I would give honor,
 I'd dry the mourner's tears,
 And to the pallid lips recall
 The smile of happier years;
 And hearts that had been long estranged,
 And joys that had grown cold,
 Should meet again like parted streams
 And mingle as of old.
 Oh, thus I'd play the enchanters part,
 Thus scatter bliss around,
 Till not a tear nor aching heart
 Should in the world be found.

500

Lover: The Four-Leaved Shamrock.

Give freely of kindness from day to day,
 Let gentleness fail thee never:
 Mere gold and silver soon pass away;
 Kindly words will endure forever.

501

*Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: Generosity:
 In Between Whiles.*

There are seeds of kindness to be sown
 In hearts that never have such kindness known.

502

Denis A. McCarthy: Heroes.

Oh, blest is the heart when misfortunes assail,
 That is armed in content as a garment of mail,
 For the grief of another that treasures its zeal,
 And remembers no woe but the woe it can heal.

503

*Gerald Griffin: My Spirit Is Gay.***KNOWLEDGE:**

Again the walls of ancient knowledge
 Shall cheer the thirsty lip and dry;
 Again waste places, fame and college,
 The radiance wear of days gone by!

504

Aubrey De Vere: On First Repeal of Pen. Laws.

A man's highest being is knowing and seeing, not having and
 toiling for more;
 In the senses and soul is the joy of control, not in pride or
 luxurious store.

505

John Boyle O'Reilly: An Old Vagabond.

When knowledge will but bring us grief,
 'Tis better not to know.

506

Lover: 'Tis Better Not to Know.

Where knowledge is, her brightest boons
 Illumine less the heart than head.

507

Mangan: Light and Warmth.

Know what thou know'st! He knoweth much
Who knows not many things; and
He knows most whose knowledge hath a touch
Of God's divine simplicity.

508

Aubrey De Vere: Implicit Faith.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,
And stronger than the wind;
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,
Before the might of mind.

509

Charles Joseph Kickham: Rory of the Hills.

Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know, must love to learn.

510

John Boyle O'Reilly: Wheat Grains.

History's lessons, if thou'lt read 'em,
All proclaim this truth to thee:
Knowledge is the price of freedom;
Know thyself, and thou art free!

511

Denis Florence McCarthy: Know Thyself.

There are dark lines running all along the spectrum of our
knowledge; for how few of them can we account.

512

*Patrick Francis Mullany (Azarias):
In Essays on Philosophy.*

LANGUAGE:

Words in one language elegantly used
Will hardly in another be excused,
And some that Rome admired in Cæsar's time
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.

513

*Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):
Essay on Translated Verse.*

Irreverent Milton! bold I deem thy flight;
Unsanctified, unbidden, thou didst wing
Thy pathless way off tow'rd the secret spring
Of God's decrees, and read them not aright;
Thou sought to do what no man mortal might;
Still thence a speech majestic didst bring,
And there o'erheard some angels whispering
Of Eden's bliss, and from thy lofty height
Surveyed all starry space both far and wide,
And saw hell's deepest depths and tortures dire,
And viewed the darkling works of demon pride,
And in the glowing of poetic fire,
What time thy heart felt age's chilly hand,
Embodied all in language stately grand.

514

Patrick Francis Mullany (Brother Azarias): Milton.

LAUGHTER:

And still let us laugh—preach the world as it may—
Where the cream of the joke is the swarm will follow:
Heroics are very grand things in their way,
But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

515

Moore: Satires.

Why chide us, if we laugh today
With new friends, when hearts are cold
That once knew all our joys and cares?

516

M. F. Egan: Consolation, Part II.

A laughter in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass,
And one by one the words of light and joy-drops through my
being pass.

“I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-glow in the
mind;”

My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy tresses of the
wind.

517

George W. Russell: The Earth Spirit.

No musician can shape a melody joyous as the laughter of a
little child happy in the morning sunlight.

518

Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.

He often loudest laughs who sorrows most.

519

Charles J. O'Malley: Ibid.

All would I give, nor grieve at giving,
With hope in my heart and strength for living,
If but my soul were still beguiled by the laugh of the child.

520

Mary Elizabeth Blake: A Lament.

LAW:

There is but one law for all, namely, that law which governs
all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, jus-
tice, equity—the law of nature and of nations.

521

Edmond Burke: Impeachment of Warren Hastings.

We may bite our chains, if we will; but we shall be made to
know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be
governed by *law*; and he that will substitute *will* in place
of it is an enemy to God.

522

Edmond Burke: The Trial of Warren Hastings.

Defaced is law, and justice slain at birth;
Good men are broken—malefactors thrive;
But, when the tyrants tower o'er the earth,
Behind their wheels strong right is still alive!

523

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Patriot's Grave.

The law is coldest steel,
We live beneath its sway;
It cares not what we feel,
And so pass night and day.

524

Father Ryan: Inevitable.

There is never a mind unchained and true that class or race
allows;

There is never a law to be obeyed that reason disavows;
There is never a legal sin but grows to the law's disaster,
The master shall drop the whip and the slave enslave the
master!

525

John Boyle O'Reilly: Crispus Attucks.

In every government, though terror reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

526

Goldsmith: The Traveler.

Some laws there are too sacred for the hand
Of man to approach; recorded in the blood
Of patriots, before which, as the Rood
Of faith, devotional we take our stand;
Time-hallowed laws! Magnificently planned
When Freedom was the nurse of public good,
And Power paternal: laws that have withstood
All storms, unshaken bulwarks of the land!

527

Sir Aubrey De Vere: Liberty of the Press.

Human laws should be founded on God's laws and human
right, and not on the narrow interests of land and gold.

528

John Boyle O'Reilly: In Moondyne.

The safeguard of liberty is law, and in its defense of the com-
mon good the law must press heavily sometimes on its
transgressors.

529

*Katherine E. Conway: The Christian
Gentlewoman and the Social Apostalate.*

There is not a moral law of nature that human reason is not
competent to evolve.

530

*Patrick Francis Mullany (Azarias):
Essays Philosophical.*

LEADER:

A leader in the land he looks decked in a robe of green,
The flashing gems and yellow gold beseem the royal mien;
But gems and gold and silken sheen before his glance are dim;
From these he borrowed naught of grace, 'tis they have all
from him.

531

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): Silken Thomas.

LEADERS:

Leaders have fallen—we wept, but we triumphed, too;
Patriot blood never sinks in the sod.

532

Lady Wild (Speranza): A Lament.

LEARNING:

Wondrous his skill in verse and history,
His hymns, these thrice three hundred years sung still;
Philosophy, an open book, he reads,
Expounding Aristotle at his will.

533

Anna T. Sadlier: The Monk's Prayer.

Learning is the great lever that will move the world. Woe
to the world if it be learning without God.

534

Archbishop Keane: On Education.

LETTERS:

Time's stream would smoother flow,
Our little griefs take wing,
And greater ones their sting—
And life would gladder grow,
Could absent friends but know
What joy their letters bring.

535

*Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.:**Of Letters (In Ave Maria).*

I blush to see this letter's length—
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.

536

Moore: Fudge Family in Paria, Letter VI.

Within the letter's rustling fold
I find, once more, a glad surprise:
A little tiny cup of gold,
Two lovely violet eyes—
A cup of gold with emeralds set,
Once filled with wine from happier spheres;
Two little eyes so lately wet
With spring's delicious tears.

537

*Denis Florence McCarthy:**Spring Flowers From Ireland.*

The postman's knock? Now, Heaven send,
 He bears a letter for me!
 He does, and 'tis one from my dearest friend,
 In the hand I love best to see:
 Full eager I scan the pages bright,
 And long ere I reach the close,
 My heart grows glad and my spirits light,
 And my soul with peace o'erflows.

538

Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.:
My Letter: In Between Whiles.

Good by—my paper's nearly out;
 I've only room for—Yours sincerely.

539

Moore: Fudge Family in Paris.

LIBERTY:

It is not country, soil, or clime
 That raises man godlike, sublime;
 'Tis not the creed that bigots preach,
 That kings and queens and tyrants teach.
 No! 'tis the bright and heavenly flame
 That burns within the human heart,
 And of his being forms a part
 That makes man soar, erect and free—
 The glorious fire of Liberty.

540

William Collins: Rory the Rapparee.

Nature free
 Proclaims that man was born for liberty.

541

Montgomery: The West Indies.

I am Liberty—God's daughter!
 My symbols—a law and a torch;
 Not a sword to threaten slaughter,
 Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch;
 But a light that the world may see,
 And a truth that shall make men free.

542

John Boyle O'Reilly: Liberty Lighting the World.

Oh Liberty! Let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west.

543

Moore: Sublime Was the Warning.

The tree of liberty will never enfoliate and bear fruit unless it
 be watered from the well of justice, independence and
 fairplay in the hearts of the people.

544

John Boyle O'Reilly: A Patriot's Monument.

Her name was Liberty! Earth lay before her,
 And throbb'd unconscious fealty and truth;
 Morning and night men hasten'd to adore her,
 And from her eyes peace drew perennial youth.
 Her hair was golden as the stars of heaven;
 Her face was radiant with the kiss of Jove;
 Her form was lovelier than the sun at even;
 Death paled before her; Life was one with Love.

545

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Three Queens.

The single grain of sand reflects the light.
 True freedom makes the individual free;
 And common law for all makes Liberty!

546

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Press Evangel.

Though great men shall apostatize, yet the cause will live;
 and though the public speaker should die, yet the organ
 which convey'd it, and the breath of Liberty, like the
 work of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but
 survive him.

547

Henry Grattan: Declaration of Irish Rights.

I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our Island, in com-
 mon with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty.

548

Henry Grattan: Declaration of Irish Rights.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor;
 let no man attain't my memory by believing that I could
 have engag'd in any cause but that of my country's lib-
 erty and independence.

549

Robert Emmet: From Speech in the Dock.

I am here to regret nothing I have ever done, to retract noth-
 ing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying
 lips the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country.

550

Thomas F. Mahar: From Speech in the Dock.

Willing to serve is truly free;
 Obedience is best liberty.

551

Gerald Griffin: Lines to a Departed Friend.

Peace for the man respecting brother's right,
 Law-bound liberty for aye and all.

552

Maurice Francis Egan: In Songs and Sonnets.

The divine gift of liberty is God's recognition of man's great-
 ness and man's dignity.

553

Archbishop Ireland.

Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!

554 *Moore: Lalla Rookh: Paradise and the Peri.*

Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has
 formed to itself some favorite point which, by way of
 eminence, becomes the criterion of their happiness.

555 *Edmund Burke: Speech on Concil. with Amer.*

The world is growing darker to me day by day;
 The stars that shone on life's path are vanishing away,
 Some setting and some shifting, only one that changes never;
 'Tis the guiding star of Liberty that blazes bright forever.

556 *J. O'Donovan Rossa: In Memory of Edward Duffy.*

LIBRARY:

Just as men are bewildered and lost for want of guides in a
 large library, so are others from an equal want of direc-
 tion in the purchase of a small one.

557 *Thomas Davis: Literary and Historical Essays.*

LIFE:

The first great end of life, is to be saved;
 The next, to leave the world the better for us.
 Both are commanded, both are possible.

558 *McGee: Life a Mystery, etc.*

Our life a harp is, with unnumbered strings,
 And tones and symphonies; but our poor skill
 Some shallow notes from its great music brings.
 We know it there; but vainly wish and will.

559 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Dolores.*

Life is a mystery—might be an art!
 Old men know all its secret slights and laws,
 But when they learn to live 'tis time to die,
 And so their knowledge, age by age, goes with them;
 And the young still begin to live, as though
 A past were not, and a future could not be.

560 *McGee: Life a Mystery, etc.*

Life is joyous in proportion as we make it useful, in proportion
 as we make it add to the sum total of the true, the beau-
 tiful and the good in human existence.

561 *Archbishop Keane: Death and Resurrection.*

This life's too brief to waste its light
 In dreams of some ideal;
 The future is a phantom bright,
 The present stern and real.

562 *Mary A. Ford (Una): Song for Today.*

—Life is but short and possession unsure,
 Religion may teach us that we should endure;
 But oh! there are moments when feeling will speak,
 When nature is mighty and reason is weak;
 When selfishly sinking our bosoms will mourn
 O'er joys that are gone and can never return,
 And whisper in ignorance, fearful and drear,
 Where now are the joys that have left us?—oh where?

563

Gerald Griffin: Past Times.

When falls the curtain on the play of life,
 This play designed to entertain the gods—
 The part assigned us in our mimic strife
 (Though now we think so) will not make much odds.
 Who plays on earth the king will be as mean
 As any thrall that wearied him with prayers—
 Peasant and peer and country girl and queen,
 Behind the scenes, will all be only players.

564

Denis A. McCarthy: When Falls the Curtain.

Life is not hard, seen through the Resurrection;
 Nature, read rightly, helps us to perfection.

565

M. F. Egan: In Songs and Sonnets.

But true to life his lines some trace must bear
 Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.
 The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,
 And life would not be perfect but for pain.
 And so the poet sings of grief and strife,
 And tears and fears, for such is life.

566

Denis A. McCarthy: The Poet.

I saw the sacred crown degraded,
 Of Fame, upon a common brow—
 And, ah! 'ere yet life's summer faded
 I saw love's sweetest spring-flowers bow.
 And ever silenter, and ever
 Lonlier grew the dreary way—
 Scarce even could hope, with frail endeavor
 Shed o'er the gloom a ghastly ray.

567

Lady Wild (Speranza): The Ideal.

Rank, fortune, love, earth's highest bliss,
 All life can yield, of sweet or splendid,
 Are but a thing that scarcely is,
 When, lo! its mortal date is ended.

568

Gerald Griffin: Time and Eternity.

Life at the greatest and best is but a forward child, that must be humored and waxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

569

Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he has contracted in the former.

570

Dean Swift: Thoughts on Various Subjects.

Oh life! how strong
Thy love is in the hearts of dying men!

571

John Banim: Damon and Pythias.

O Life! I pray thee cease thy rapid flight,
Nor haste to terminate this hour supreme,
But let me, ere the fall of gloomy night,
One moment linger in the sunset's gleam.

572

Julia Ditto Young: Perfection.

I am here to crave with no lying lips the life I consecrate to my country.

573

Thomas Francis Mahar: Speech from the Dock.

Square your life with God; then it will be true.

574

Archbishop Keane: Right Living.

—Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always first to be touched by the thorns.

575

Moore: Oh Think Not My Spirits.

—All our life is made of little things,
Our chain of life is forged of little rings,
And little words and acts uplift the soul.

576

Maurice Francis Egan: On Life.

Life is combat, life is striving,
Such our destiny below;
Like a scythed chariot driving
Through an onward pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn and trial
Will but teach us self-denial;
Like the alchemists of old,
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
To be God's refined gold.

577

Lady Wild (Speranza): Man's Mission.

Why is it that our life seems full of wrong?
That even poets, who are human birds,
Set saddest music to the saddest words,
And mingle sighs and tears in all their song?

578

M. F. Egan: The After Thought.

Life is joyous in proportion as we make it useful, in proportion as we make it add to the sum total of the true, the beautiful and the good in human existence.

579

Archbishop Keane: Death and Resurrection.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

580

*Dean Swift: Thoughts on Various Subjects.***LOVE:**

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

581

Congreve: Way of the World., Act III, Sec. 12.

Love is, you say, no child of change and season—
He is our heart's desire;
Dreams will not keep him; take a woman's reason,
And make a warmer fire.

582

M. F. Egan: A Duet in Winter.

Let your commands be prompted, never by impulse or anger,
but by love.

583

Archbishop Keane: On Home.

There's not a little bell that blows in Ireland's dewy glens,
There's not a sagan waves a spear above her many fens.
There's not a tiny blade of grass on all her thousand hills,
But this fond breast with tender love to overflowing fills.

584

*Seumas MacManus: For Ireland:
In Ballads of a Country Boy.*

Love makes us strong for all that is right and noble.

585

Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Man.

When love is true and right, all is well with life; when love is
false and wrong, all is wrong.

586

Archbishop Keane: Ibid.

Love of God without love of neighbor is a pretense, is false.

587

Archbishop Keane: Ibid.

All earthly love is earthly frail,
All earthly passion doubly fleeting.

588

Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland, Part III.

It is easy to love our neighbor if he tickles our vanity.
589 *Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.*

Who loves his kind can never die;
Who serves his God, with God shall reign.
590 *Aubrey De Vere: In Mem. Earl of Dunraven.*

I love everything that's old—old friends, old times, old man-
ners, old books, old wine.
591 *Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer.*

True love never was erratic;
He hath wings—but hath not flown.
True love ne'er was democratic;
He must always reign alone.
592 *Lover: Eveleen.*

Let those love now, who never loved before;
Let those who always loved, now love the more.
593 *Thomas Parnell: Trans. of Pervigilium Veneris.*

Love's draught is sweet—the sweetest far that flows
To bathe the lips of those who fain would sup;
Love's draught is sweet, but bitter soon it grows
If reason be not mingled in the cup.
594 *Denis A. McCarthy: Love and Reason.*

Joy swiftly departeth, soon vanisheth Sorrow;
Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow;
The sun shall be ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall reign king in his glory for aye.
595 *Mangan: To the Beloved One.*

There's not a flower that decks the vale,
There's not a beam that lights the mountain,
There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain.,
There's not a hue that paints the rose,
There's not a leaf around us lying,
But in its use or beauty shows
True love to us, and love undying.
596 *Gerald Griffin: Arguments for the Love of God, etc.*

—Comrade-love is as a welding blast
Of candid flame and ardent temperature:
Glowing more fervent, it doth bind more fast;
And melting both, but makes the union sure.
The dross alone is burnt—till at the last
The steel, if cold, is one, and strong and pure.
597 *James Jeffrey Roche: My Comrade.*

What dream of delight can endure
The noise and the dust of the street?
Yet if Love only wait at the end of the day
The toil and the trouble is sweet.

598

Denis A. McCarthy: If Love Only Wait.

Joy dwelleth not for man in the external—
Pleasure cometh not to us from afar;
True love it is that makes the very desert vernal,
And lights the deepest darkness like a star.

599

McGee: Thoughts of Ireland.

True love shall trust, and selfish love must die,
For trust is peace, and self is full of pain.

600

John Boyle O'Reilly: Statues in the Block.

Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a
monarch's revenue.

601

Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer.

Love makes the woman's life
Within doors and without; but, out of doors,
Action and glory make the life of man.

602

Sir Samuel Ferguson: Congal.

The choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love or thrones without.

603

Moore: Lalla Rookh: Light of the Harem.

Not long in the gardens of pleasure
Are love's sweetest flowers possessed;
The love that hath leavening measure
Of sorrow is best.

604

*T. A. Daly: A Song for June.***LOYALTY:**

Prudent, temperate, firm and strong—
Loyalty our watchword be!

605

McGee: Freedom's Land.

Loyalty is a plant which does not spring up of itself A
healthy seed must be sown, and sown in a congenial soil.

606

James Bryce.

One virtue reigned supreme in days gone by
Familiarly beloved, with awe obeyed:
The name survives amongst us—Loyalty.

607

Aubrey De Vere: Loyalty.

LUXURY:

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill-exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy.

608

Goldsmith: The Deserted Village.

Luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.

609

Sir John Denham: Cooper's Hill.

MAN:

A man is not the slave of circumstances,
Or need not be, but builder and dictator;
He makes his own events, not time nor change;
Their logic his; not creature, but creator.

610

John Boyle O'Reilly: A Man.

Man's true empire is his deathless soul—
How capable of culture and adornment.

611

McGee: Life, a Mystery to Man.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

612

Goldsmith: "Vicar of Wakefeld."

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath—
At once the heir of heaven and earth:
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from Death to save,
These are the lowest powers of Man.

613

Montgomery: Occasional Ode.

Man's body, first, was built of earth
To lodge a living soul from birth,
And earthward home again to go
When Time and Death have spoken so.

614

Whitley Stokes: "Man Octipartite."

To say of man that he is Christ-like is the highest praise that
can be given him.

615

Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Man.

There are men upon this earth, who seem
 So mixed and molded with this earth—so like
 Mere, dull, material engines—that for all
 The purpose for which man looks to man,
 It were as well a piece of curious mechanism
 Walked in humanity's name, and wore its semblance.

616

Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act III, Scene 1.

Once in flight of ages past
 There lived a man—and who was he?
 Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembles thee.

617

Montgomery: Common Lot.

Man is the shadow of a changing world;
 As the image of a tree
 By the breeze swayed to and fro
 On the grass, so changeth he.

618

William Larminie: Fand.

I prefer to regard man as a reasonable being, pursuing by the
 light of experience an ever-ascending pathway of progress,
 proving by what he has done, his capacity for greater
 deeds, surveying from the heights which he has achieved,
 with courage, with determination, and with confidence,
 the still nobler heights which are accessible.

619

W. Bourke Cockran: On Race Problem in South.

Immortal things have God for architect,
 And men are but the granite He lays down.

620

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Pilgrim Fathers.

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
 "Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
 Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

621

Moore: Lalla Rookh: Par. and the Pri.

Oak-like in massy stature and carriage of kindly limb—
 Lo! the broad, brave grace and the fleet, fine manhood's fair
 prime in him.

Grandly brow'd as a sea-cliff with the curling waters at its
 base;

And its storm-haunted crest a tangle of deep, ripe weeds and
 grass.

622

William Wilkins: From Acteon.

MANKIND:

Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one hope,
one guard.

623

John Boyle O'Reilly: Wendell Phillips.

Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he had done.

624

John Boyle O'Reilly: A Nation's Test.

The life of home blossoms forth in the social life of nations
and of mankind.

625

Archbishop Keane: On Civilization.

MARTYR:

I'd rather be the bird that sings
Above a martyr's grave
Than fold in fortune's cage my wings
And feel my soul a slave.

626

McGee: The Exile's Devotion.

MAY:

The merry, welcome, rosy May,
The wild birds all are sweetly singing,
And every village heart today
Is joyous where thy flowers are springing.

627

Rev. Patrick Cronin: The Two-Fold May.

Sweet May! 'tis thro' thy tender, golden light,
That falls from azure skies (half exiled in mist),
On fresh young daisy buds, on lilies white,
On violets by timid zephyrs kiss'd—
'Tis thro' thy shining portal that we pass
From Spring's aurora into Summer's noon,
And glide across thy crisp and dewy grass
Into the rose fields of the fervid June.

628

Eleanor C. Donnelly: A May Carol.

Across the light and shadow comes
The vision of a perfect day—
A dream of thought in Grecian years,
When winsome April dried her tears
To kiss the mouth of May.

629

Rowland B. Mahany: Lands of the Afternoon.

As ordered flower succeeds to flower,
And May the ladder of her sweets
Ascends, advancing hour by hour,
From step to step, what heart but beats.

630

Aubrey De Vere: May Carols.

All times and seasons in the land of Erin
 Are blest with beauty's gift of grace I ween,
 Each month that passes well may claim a share in
 The bloom and brightness of that island green.
 But which one brings to meadow, mount and mireland,
 Tho' many charms of Maytime's rich array?
 Ah, well I know of all the months in Ireland
 There's none so bright or beautiful as May.

631 *Denis A. McCarthy: Maytime in Ireland.*

Awake! Arise! grey dreams and slumber scorning,
 For every dormer looking on the east
 Is portal to the banquet hall this morning—
 Where May hath called her lovers to her feast.

632 *T. A. Daly: In Carmina.*

MEASURES:

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.

633 *Goldsmith: Good-Natured Man, Act II.*

MELODY:

Harp, take my bosom's burthen on thy string,
 And, turning it to sad, sweet melody,
 Waste and disperse it on the careless air.

634 *Sir Samuel Ferguson: Deirdre's Song: Congal.*

O choir of silence, without noise of word!
 A human voice would break the mystic spell
 Of wavering shades and sounds: the lily bell
 Here at my feet sings melodies unheard.

635 *Maurice Francis Egan: A Night in June.*

Sweetly and sagely,
 In order grave, the Maker of all worlds
 Still modulates the rhythm of human progress;
 His angels, on whose song the seasons float,
 Keep measured cadence.

636 *Aubrey De Vere: Death of Copernicus.*

Anon, I heard the choral strain
 From that clime of wonder springing,
 Winds and waves harmonious ringing
 There the hallowed plain.
 'Round me, o'er me, softly stealing,
 Thrilling thro' each vein.

637 *Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): The Dream of Eden.*

MEMORY:

And Memory entered into the race
 To win, at a bound, high honor's place.

638 *Rowland B. Mahany: Memory and Hope.*

Like golden clouds of summer eve that brightly linger yet,
 Reflecting back the glories of the sun that long hath set,
 So, when we part from friends we love, whom long we may not
 see,

We hail the light of parting smiles, sweet Memory for thee.

639

Lover: Sweet Memory.

Fair hopes, forgotten 'mid the gloom
 Of Winter's murky skies,
 Sweet visions, buried in the tomb
 Of Memory's past arise.

640

M. F. Sheehan: In Smiles and Sighs.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.

641

Goldsmith: The Deserted Village.

How pensive the soul thro' life's desert looks back
 On joy's withered flowers left behind on our track;
 While the brightness they wore, and the pleasure they gave,
 On Memory's lone altar their sweet pictures leave.

642

Hogan: Night Thoughts.

Memory, angelic, makes a heaven on earth for men,
 Her rosy light recalleth bright, the dewdrops back again.

643

Lover: The Mountain Dew.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her
 When Malichi wore the collar of gold
 Which he won from the proud invader,
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
 'Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

644

Moore: Let Erin Remember, etc.

Where memory's silver ripples flow
 O'er golden sands of recollection;
 Where fairy shapes in visions glow,
 Where murmuring voices, sweet and low,
 Float from the realms of long ago,
 And lend the scene perfection;
 In border lands of pure delight,
 Of rainbow day and sapphire night,
 Imagination's rosy beams
 Falls on the golden gates of dreams.

645

Rowland B. Mahany: The Gates of Dreams:

In Tuscany.

When time, who steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures, too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew.

646

Moore: "Song."

Oh, come! thou sadly pleasing Power,
 Companion of the twilight hour—
 Come—with thy sable garments flowing,
 Thy tearful smile, all brightly glowing—
 Come with thy light and noiseless tread
 As one belonging to the dead!
 Come, with thy bright, yet clouded eye,
 Grant me thine aid, sweet memory!

647

Gerald Griffin: To Memory.

In Memory's deep are lying
 Past joys, too fast in flying,
 And many a thought too deep for tears,
 And blighted hopes of former years;
 Yet, mingled thus, of grief and joy,
 Oh, who the memory would destroy?
 Of all the bliss and pain we've met,
 Oh, where's the heart that would forget?

648

Lover: Deep Sea Shell.

O, those memories of the past,
 And the scenes of long ago!
 How they follow, thick and fast,
 Through the mind with ceaseless flow!

649

M. F. Sheehan: In Smiles and Sighs.

Oh, dear dream-pictures of my native isle
 Across the spreading seas,
 You give me grief—you give me joy the while—
 Oh, sad, sweet memories!

650

*Denis A. McCarthy: Memories of Ireland:**In a Round of Rhymes.*

On every spot of Irish ground bright memories start and throng,
 That as a golden treasure to Irish hearts belong!

651

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): Lords of the Soil.

The brightest jewel ever set in crown
 Were worthless to the glisten of one tear
 Upon thy lid—one hope-star of memory.

652

William Gorman Wills: Charles First.

To forget often means to remember
 What we had forgotten too long;
 The fragrance is not the bright flower,
 The echo is not the sweet song.

653

Father Ryan: Nocturn.

Alas, how bitter are the tears that keep the graves of Memory
 green!

654

Eleanor C. Donnelly: The Heavenly Fatherland.

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age
 He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear.

655

*Mrs. Clement Shorter (Dora Seigerson):
 To One Forgotten.*

What softened remembrance comes o'er the heart,
 In gazing on these we've been lost to so long!
 The sorrows, the joys of which once they were part,
 Still 'round them like visions of yesterday throng.

656

Moore: And Doth Not a Meeting Like This.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
 Purple are the mountains, home of my heart;
 Mother of my yearning, love of my longings,
 Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

657

Stephen Gwynn: Memory.

Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
 Disloyal treasure-keeper of the soul,
 This vision change shall never wring from thee
 Nor wasted years effacing as they will.

658

Standish James O'Grady: Lough Bray.

We'd talk of bygone blissful hours—
 And oh! what blissful hours I've known!
 It was a world of smiles and flowers,
 That little home-world of our own.
 And happy thoughts each heart would fill—
 What else but happy could we be,
 While Hope stood smiling on the hill—
 And in the valley, Memory?

659

Charles J. Kickham: St. John's Eve.

When the sunshine is lost in the mists of the gloaming,
 And night-shadows darken on mountain and lea,
 Then the lone heart takes wings and away it goes roaming
 To legions far over the billowy sea.

660

Mary A. Sadlier: Home Memories.

MENTALITY:

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
Than in the realm of books can find,
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.

661

Father Ryan: Better Than Gold.

The clothing of our minds ought certainly to be regarded
before that of our bodies.

662

Sir Richard Steele: Definition of a Fine Gentleman.

Man's mind should be of marble, not of clay;
A rock-hewn temple, large, majestic, bare;
Not decked with gewgaws, but with life-long care
And toil heroic shaped to stand for aye.

663

Aubrey De Vere: Man's Mind, etc.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind.

664

Goldsmith: The Traveler.

Of all that, to the sage's survey,
This world presents of topsy-turvy,
There's nought so much disturbs one's patience
As little mind in lofty stations.

665

Moore: Holy Alliance.

Just as the mind the erring sense believes,
The erring mind in turn the senses deceives.

666

Moore: The Skeptic.

The mind of man is a taut, curved bow,
And thought is a keen, swift arrow
Shot into the present and back to the past,
And into the dawn of tomorrow.

667

Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledown.

MIRACLE:

Miracles our champions wrought—
Who their dying deeds shall tell!
O how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

668

Montgomery: The Wanderer of Switz.

"They have no wine." The tender guest
Was grieved their feast should lack for aught;
He seemed to slight her mute request—
Not less the grace she wished He wrought.

669

Aubrey De Vere: Mater Divinæ Gratiæ.

MODESTY:

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
670 *Goldsmith: Good-Natured Man.*

There are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of
words.
671 *Goldsmith: Ibid.*

Modesty seldom rises in a breast that is not enriched with
noble virtues.
672 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.*

MOON:

And like a quiet spirit robed in white,
Full forty times the new moon walked the night,
Her patient lustre silvering the cells
Of desert-saints—the palm-trees and the wells.
673 *Eleanor C. Donnelly: Quests of the Abbot Paphnucius.*

How like a queen comes forth the lonely moon
From the low opening curtains of the clouds;
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
The stars are veiled in light; the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams, the boundless woods,
The trackless wilderness, the mountain's brow,
Where winter on eternal pinions broods.
All height, depth, wilderness, grandeur, gloom below,
Touched by thy smile, lone Moon! in one white splendor glow.
674 *George Croly: Diana.*

As o'er the ghostly landscape peers the sight,
The moonlight teaming an unbroken flood—
The stars that in their planet coteries brood
Over earth's solitude—the distant, trackless sea—
Roll to Thought's shore the ebbless tide—Eternity.
This vast, pale light.
675 *Savage: Winter Thoughts: A Frosty Night.*

—The soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strewn.
676 *Caroline Norton: Bingen on the Rhine.*

Moons uplift
The tides: remotest stars lead home the lost.
677 *Aubrey De Vere: The Death of Copernicus.*

On one side in the dark-blue sky
 Lonely and radiant was the eye
 Of Jove himself, while on the other,
 'Mong tiny stars that round her gleamed,
 The young moon, like the Roman mother,
 Among her living "jewels" beamed,

678 *Moore: Evenings in Greece (Second Evening).*

Poor Moon—thou art the type of intellect,
 And all mankind but imitate the stars.

679 *Savage: Dreaming by Moonlight.*

Pale tonight is the disk of the moon, and of azure unmixed
 Is the bonny blue sky it lies on;
 And silent the streamlet, and hushed is the zephyr, and fixed
 Is each star in the calm horizon.

680 *Francis Sylvester Mahoney (Father Prout):
 A Serenade.*

The moon was taking her highest roll,
 And the light from her regnant head,
 Enwrapped the stars, like a mighty scroll,
 With eternity's language spread.

681 *Savage: Eva, Part III.*

—The heavenly crescent grew and glowed
 With a richer and purer ray,
 Like a diadem dropp'd from the brow of God,
 While watching his angels play.

682 *Hogan: In Lays and Legends.*

Look at the Moon, so passionately pure—
 See how she knocks unpitied at their hearts,
 Like outcast virtue at a city's gates,
 Where "merchant princes" star commercial skies,
 And now—expanding in her strength of woe,
 She rises o'er the senseless myriads there,
 To shield her virgin pride from heartless gaze.

683 *Savage: Dreaming by Moonlight.*

The moonbeam rests so lovingly on wrecks of human art,
 As though the radiant queen of night throbb'd with a human
 heart;
 She spreads her mantle o'er them thro' the watches of the
 night,
 And gilds their desolation with more than earthly light.

684 *Mary A. Sadlier: Ireland By Moonlight.*

The moon-souled midnight is the Poet's love,
 Pale with reflection of the sunny world
 Of books and thought: her placid forehead bound
 With strands of lustrous stars, but brilliant less
 Than all the teeming radiance within.
 Her wavy locks in pale effulgence hang
 Around them with prophetic dreaminess,
 As does the Revelation of Saint John,
 Around the light on his enthusiast brain.

685

Savage: Dreaming by Moonlight.

MOORE:

—Wherever his footsteps may wander,
 The Irishman's bosom, be sure,
 Through time and through change, will still ponder
 On the genius and glory of Moore.

686

McGee: Charter Song of Moore Club.

MORALITY:

I find the doctors and the sages
 Have differed in all climes and ages,
 And two in fifty scarce agree
 On what is pure morality.

687

Moore: Morality.

MORNING:

The clouds in airy tumult fly;
 The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.

688

Thomas Parnell: Hermit.

Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And lighted earthward by a glance
 That just then broke from the morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er world's expanse.

689

Moore: Paradise and the Peri.

The crimson crown of morn in the yellow orient shown,
 And a heaven-flood of fulgence on the bright'ning earth was
 thrown.
 The azure-breasted mountains laid their cloudy night-ropes by,
 And the rivers danced in glory with their sounding songs of
 joy.

690

Hogan: The Battle of Monabraher.

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

691

Moore: I Saw from the Beach.

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream,
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the doctrine of those rays?
No pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to separate hue from hue.

692

*Moore: Morality.***MOTHER:**

There comes a thought of her dear hands,
All wrinkled, tanned and labor-worn—
And there the simple woman stands,
To meet her duty's hard demands,
Among the children she has borne.

693

Joseph O'Connor: Her Hands.

O happy Mother! clasping to thy breast
The babe new born,
Entranced in the deep and golden rest
Of Love's own morn.

694

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): Mater Redemptoris.

Where mother sleeps
No sunbeam glances gladly;
But the wind sadly
Through the long grasses sweeps.
The night dew weeps,
And darkly shadows fall
From the old ruined abbey wall
Where ivy creeps.

695

*Denis A. McCarthy: Where Mother Sleeps:
In a Round of Rhymes.*

She kneels at the altar of hope
When cloudlets have shrouded the day,
And her faith as a taper burns bright and clear
Thro' the love that illumines the ray.

696

*Thomas O'Hagan: An Irish Mother:
In Songs of the Settlement.*

Sometimes I sit and try to trace,
In memory's records dim and faint,
The features of my mother's face,
With the calm look of gentle grace
That marked our household's quiet saint.

697

Joseph O'Connor: Her Hands.

The mother of Incarnate God
Some prophet's mother seemed, alone:
His hour not yet was come—abroad
To noise her fame had noised His own.

698

Aubrey De Vere: Religious Poems.

O blest! O favored! thou who parent-love
May thus adore,
And feel thy deepest throbs can never prove
Than duty more.
O thou, of Mothers all the only one
Beneath the skies,
Who may, unsinning, kneel before thy Son
And idolize.

699

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): Mater Redemptoris.

'Tis the clinging clasp of a baby's hand,
Or the kiss of a new-made bride;
Or the groping wail of the last white one
Who turned to the wall and died.
Little or great, she meets them all,
With the seal of her trust upon her;
And the sobs are stilled, and the tears are dried,
In the light of the mother's corner.

700

Eleanor C. Donnelly: Mother's Corner.

O bitter day I lost for aye,
The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me
How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away,
With none to kneel in prayer,
And I, their mother, weeping here
On the head of Old Kenmare.

701

Rev. James Dollard (Slievenamon):

On Kenmare Head.

With modest pride Cornelia rose to greet
Her noble guests, her children at her feet,
And, smiling, said: "These are my jewels rare,
And Cæsar's gems with mine cannot compare."

702

Henry Coyle: The Mother of the Gacchi.

Shining clear in hearts the most depraved,
 One lovely jewel throws its gleam above
 The ruins bleak and sad it fain had saved,
 Ere Vice's blasting steps did o'er them rove—
 A virtue sweet, more potent than all other,
 An ever-glowing, fervent love of mother.

703 *Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.: In Between Whiles.*

MOTHERLAND:

Sweeter far and deeper than the love
 Of flesh for flesh, is the strong bond of hearts
 For suffering Motherland—to make her free.

704 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Statues in the Block.*

I give my heart to thee, O motherland—
 I, if none else, recall the sacred womb;
 I, if none else, beyond the loving eyes
 Bent ever on thy myriad progeny,
 Who care not nor regard thee as they go,
 O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land!
 I give my heart to thee, O mother-land.

705 *Standish James O'Grady: I Give My Heart to Thee.*

Mother Ireland! Mother Ireland! gathered here around thy
 knee,
 Thou shalt tell thy sons returned all thy glorious history—
 Not the tale of Troy and Carthage, or their hundred storied
 peers,
 But thy own dear fight for freedom, lasting twice three hun-
 dred years.
 Mother Ireland! we will crown thee, chance or change what-
 e'er may hap,
 Not with Britain's nodding helmet, not with Gallia's Phrygian
 cap—
 But a coronal of shamrocks, dewy from the fragrant sod,
 Blessed forever by Thy Saint, as a symbol of the Triune God.

706 *Very Rev. Canon Sheehan: The Return of the Gael.*

MOUNTAINS:

Oh, ye Mountains! ye sublime aspirants
 Of light and gloom! ye haunts of solitude!
 No sickly slaves, nor iron-handed tyrants
 On the dark glory of your shades intrude!
 On you the fogs encamp, the rain cloud settles
 To rest its burden 'ere it moves at large;
 On you the tempests fight their mighty battles,
 While the big thunder sounds the roaring charge!

707 *Hogan: The Mountains.*

Here all the year the mountains change
From month to month, from hour to hour;
Now rosy-flushed, now dim and strange,
Now sparkling from the sun-lit shower.

708

Armstrong: Wicklow.

MUSIC:

For locks and hearts to open, sweet music is the key.

709

Lover: The Pilgrim Harper.

Oh, native music! beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.

710

Lover: Native Music.

How sweet 'tis to listen when soft music floats
O'er the calm lake below, in some favorite notes,
Whose intervals sweet waken slumbering thoughts,
And we listen—altho' not quite sure that we ought.

711

Lover: Listen.

In holy music's golden speech
Remotest notes to notes respond:
Each octave is a world; yet each
Vibrates to worlds its own beyond.

712

Aubrey De Vere: Implicit Faith.

Make a low music: merely make
Silece a melody, no more.

713

Lionel Johnson: The Last Muse.

I've heard no music—not a note
Of such sweet native airs as float
In my own land among the throng
And speak our nation's soul for song.

714

Moore: Rhymes, on the Road, Extract XIII.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of passion and the plague.

715

Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid.

716

Collins: The Passions.

QUOTATIONS.

Music is pre-eminently the science of the soul.

717

Father Burke: Music in Catholic Worship.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
 Lanuage fades before thy spell!
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are even more false than they;
 Oh! 'tis only music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

718

Moore: On Music.

I hear the music of the singing rills,
 Tripping with silvery feet upon their way
 Adown the bronzed crags, the healthy hills,
 Until they *die in spirit* sighs away.

719

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): In the West.

The sweetest music breathes a minor strain
 And life would not be perfect but for pain.

720

Denis A. McCarthy: The Poets:

In a Round of Rhymes.

True music may be considered the highest utterance of the
 highest poetic thought.

721

Archbishop Keane: Art.

The soul of music cannot fade or rust—
 The voice within it stronger grows with age.

722

M. F. Egan: The Old Violin.

Then, oh! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,
 Like memories of home, beneath far foreign skies.

723

Martin Macdermit: The Irish Exiles.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
 I've read that things inanimate have moved,
 And, as with living souls, have been informed
 By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

724

William Congrave: From the Mourning Bride.

Music is the most spiritual of all human enjoyments. The
 pleasures of the taste are gross; the pleasures of the eye
 are dangerous; the pleasures of the ear, the delight of
 listening to sweet strains of song, is at once the most
 entrancing and least dangerous of all the pleasures of
 sense.

725

Father Burke: National Music of Ireland.

Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale stars that o'er its realm presides.

726

Moore: Melologue.

Then oh! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise.
Like memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the bellished vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine—
Oh! don't the old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles, far away!

727

Martin Macdermott: The Irish Exile.

The words of that high music no one knew;
Yet all men felt there lived a meaning there,
Immortal, marvelous, searching, strengthening, true,
The pledge of some great future, strange and fair,
When sin shall lose her might, and cleansing woe
Shall on the just some starry crown bestow.

728

Aubrey De Vere: The Children of Lir.

MYSTERY:

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on:
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

729

Father Ryan: I Often Wonder Why 'Tis So.

The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks;
Our words are idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide and discuss,
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

730

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Infinite.

Make thyself known, Sybil, or let despair
Of knowing thee be absolute: I wait
Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
Hides 'twixt the lips which smiles and still forbear?
Secret perfection! Mystery too fair!

731

Edward Dowden: Leonardo's "Mona Lisa."

When life, love, glory, beauty, wither
 Will wisdom's page or sciences' chart
 Map out for thee the region whither
 Their shades depart?

732

Mangan: The One Mystery.

God hath His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell.

733

Cecil Francis Alexander: Burial of Moses.

After all, what do I know?
 Save only this—and this is mystery.
 Like the sea, my spirit hath its ebb and flow
 In unison, and the tides of the sea
 Ever reflect the ceaseless tides of thoughts in me.

734

*Father Ryan: Sea Reverie.***NAME:**

To leave the world a name is naught;
 To leave the name for glorious deeds
 And works of love—
 A name to waken lightning thoughts,
 And fire the soul of him who reads,
 This tells above.

735

Mangan: Soul and Country.

No pomp of mourning blazoned forth to fame
 His golden record; but young hearts oppressed
 With sense of loss, in reverent silence blessed
 The holier might of his beloved name.

736

*Mary Elizabeth Blake: The Good Bishop:**In Harbor of Hope.***NATION:**

A nation's voice—
 It is a solemn thing!
 It bids the bondage sick rejoice—
 'Tis stronger than a king.

737

Thomas Davis: Nationality.

Never, never let the Irish heart give up the hope of seeing, on
 Irish soil, the fatal destiny of centuries reversed, and a
 restored nation, wisely instructed and ennobled in the
 school of sorrow, planted there.

738

Thomas Francis Mahar: From Speech in Dublin.

Oh, Brothers! be with us, our aim is high,
 The highest of man's vocation;
 With these priceless jewels that round us lie,
 To build up a noble nation.

739

Speranza (Lady Wild): The New Path.

A nation's boast is a nation's bone
As well as its mint of mind ;
And the culture of either of them alone
Is the doom of a nation signed.

740 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Bone and Sinew and Brain.*

The greatness of a nation does not depend upon its capacity to
kill, but its capacity to create.

741 *W. Bourke Cockran: Address On Race
Problems Of The South.*

NATIVE LAND:

My native land!
Live in my memory still ;
Break on my brain, ye surges grand !
Stand up! mist-covered hill.
Still in the mirror of the mind
The scenes I love I see ;
Would I could fly on the western wind,
My native land! to thee.

742 *McGee: The Exile's Devotion.*

The sunny South is glowing in the glow of Southern glory,
And the Southern Cross in waving o'er the freest of the free,
Yet in vain, in vain my weary heart would try to hide the
story.

That evermore 'tis wandering back, dear native land to thee.

743 *Andrew Orr: The Sunny South is Glowing.*

My own dear land, there's no other like you, none!
Or east or west no other land so fair beneath the sun ;
However beautiful they be, however high they stand,
They cannot rival Rosaleen, my own dear land!

744 *Denis A. McCarthy: In Voices From Erin.*

NATURE:

Come with me into the mystery of Nature's shadow and
sound,
Where the heart of the past and the dreams of today make
holy each rood of ground ;
Where the spoils of the years that have fled are heap'd on
altars of pain,
And the tears that we shed on each pillow of grief are turned
to glory and gain.

745 *Thomas O'Hagan: An Invitation.*

O Nature! what art thou that thus can'st pour
Such tides of holy feeling round the heart?
In all thy various works of every hour,
How sweet the transport which thy charms impart!

746 *James Joseph Calanan: The Recluse of Inchidon.*

Oh! Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

747 *Moore: Lines, Written on Leaving Philadelphia.*

Nature rewards a friendly eye—
 Reveals herself to sympathy
 But coldly meets the passerby.

748 *James Nicoll Johnston: Rest:
 In Donegal Memories.*

And nature is His voice; who list may hear
 His name low-murmured every-everywhere.

749 *Father Ryan: The Seen and The Unseen.*

Ah! who can look on Nature's face,
 And feel unholy passions move?
 Her forms of majesty and grace
 I cannot choose but love:
 Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
 Care and repining cease;
 Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
 My thoughts or peace.

750 *Montgomery: The Peak Mountains.*

He feels the charm and subtle power
 Contained in every wayside flower;
 He is akin to all things wild,
 For he is Nature's simple child.

751 *Henry Coyle: The Poet's Gift.*

We must study the book of nature as we study the book of
 Scriptures, not in detached portions, but each in connec-
 tion with the whole.

752 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Our Christian Heritage.*

How sweet from the frigid-eyed world retiring—
 To gaze on the beauty of nature inspiring!
 To freshen and feast, with her heaven-bright charms,
 The soul, 'till it melts into love in her arms;
 Oh! the heart that would coldly neglect or forsake her,
 Is alike dead and cold to the love of its Maker!

753 *Hogan: The Beauties of Quinsburgh.*

What nature has disjoined in one way wisdom may unite in
 another.

754 *Edmund Burke: Speech On Con. With Am.*

NEW YEAR:

O, glad New Year! we longingly look
 Into thy dim, mysterious book.

755 *James Nicoll Johnston: New Year's Day, 1909:*
In Donegal Memories.

The Old Year marches through your ranks, away
 To what has been,
 The while the pageant moves, it scarcely seems
 A part of earth;
 The Old Year dies, and heaven crowns with gleams
 The New Year's birth.

756 *Father Ryan: Mobile Majestic Societies.*

Thy hand is mighty, youthful year,
 Then use its might to bless;
 Bring cheer to hearts long desolate,
 And comfort to distress:
 Bring peace to nations writhing sore
 Neath war's red scourging rod;
 Bring peace to minds that dream of hate
 To souls that stray from God.

757 *Mary A. Ford (Una): The New Year.*

NIGHT:

Night is the time for rest;
 How sweet when labors close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,
 Stretch the tir'd limbs and lay the head
 Down to our own delightful bed.

758 *Montgomery: Night.*

And thus as the night,
 Grows more lovely and bright
 With the clustering of planet and star,
 So this darkness of mine
 Wins a radiance divine
 From the light that still lingers afar.
 Then welcome the night,
 With its soft holy light!
 In its silence my heart is more free.

759 *Lover: From Lyrics.*

When night with wings of starry gloom
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beautiful bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, art Thine.

760 *More: Thou Art, O God.*

NOBLE-MINDED:

Oh, his spirit was rich as a golden spring day,
 And no cloud ever shadow'd the calm of its ray;
 And the high noble tone of his manners and mind,
 Like a magnet drew round him the hearts of mankind.

761

Hogan: In Lays and Legends.

We can benefit our kind in no way so much as by being our-
 selves pure and upright and noble-minded.

762

Frances Power Cobbe: Contagion Of Love.

OCEAN:

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
 Intombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
 The pearls and the gems, as if valueless thrown
 To lie 'mid the sea-wreck concealed and unknown.

763

Thomas Crofton Croker: Lord of Dunkerron.

Oh! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
 Thou wilderness of waves,
 Where all the tribes of earth may sleep
 In their uncrowded graves!

764

George Croly: Island of Atlantis.

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
 That sepulchered his waves; he bounds aloft,
 In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
 Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out.

765

Montgomery: Greenland.

They heard old ocean throb his regal breast
 And call his vassals—the cascades of the mountains.

766

Savage: At Niagara.

He turns his eyes, his thoughts are gone below
 To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
 Creates the wonders which it cannot find.

767

Montgomery: Greenland.

The brave ship many leagues must tack
 As air and ocean wills.

768

Savage: Eva. Vrs. XXIII.

All hail to the ruins, the rocks and the shore!
 Thou wide-rolling ocean, all hail!
 Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
 While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
 And the silver-winged sea fowl on high,
 Like meteors bespangle the sky,
 Or dive in the gull, or triumphantly ride,
 Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide!

769

Montgomery: The Ocean.

How often have I not heard the swell
Of ocean on the farther shore!
Heard Skellig-Michael's holy bell,
Or Clena's warning off Glendore.

770

McGee: Dream Journeys.

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll,
Then—then shall the spirit,
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty, more lasting,
More chainless than thou.

771

John A. Shea: The Ocean.

OPINION:

Power's footstool is opinion, and his throne the human heart.

772

*Sir Aubrey De Vere: Sonnet:
The True Base of Power.*

To deliver an opinion is the right of all men.

773

Edmund Burke: Duties Of A Representative.

We're one at heart, if you be Ireland's friend
Though leagues asunder our opinions tend.

774

William Allingham: Poems.

In two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable the
other can't be perfectly right.

775

Goldsmith: Good Natured Man. Act IV.

OPPORTUNITY:

The doors of opportunity turn sometimes on very small hinges,
and open to a very light touch.

776

*Katherine E. Conway:
In Making Friends and Keeping Them.*

ORDER:

Duty begins at home. Give your own business the time it
needs; give your own family their due before you go
bracing up the enterprises of your friends or shining as a
public benefactor.

777

*Katherine E. Conway:
In Making Friends and Keeping Them.*

PARTING:

To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent thou voice of my heart?

778

Mrs. Julia Crawford: Kathleen Mavourneen.

PAST:

Oh! the swallow may come from her southern home,
 The spendthrift regain his gold
 The church bells ring, and the cloister sing
 Again as they did of old;
 But the hopes of youth and its trusting truth,
 And the bright sunny laughter gleams,
 Once past and o'er, can return no more,
 Except in the land of dreams.

779

Lady Wild (Speranza): The Past.

The past is o'er, and ne'er can be
 The same again, whate'er betide.

780

M. F. Sheehan: In Smiles and Sighs.

Lost science, unknown armor, massive piles,
 In which the dwarfish present stands aghast—
 Ruins of cities spread o'er mournful miles
 Tell of the heirless races of the past.

781

McGee: Address to Milesius.

There's a charm in the past which the present ne'er knows,
 For the present too plainly each fault can disclose,
 While the past through the haze of affection is seen,
 And mem'ry holds but the joys that have been
 That the twilight of mem'ry will linger so long—
 Like the soul-touching strain of some favorite song,
 Or like soft clouds of evening, that ling'ring, invite
 The glow of the sunset ere day fades to night—
 Oh, as long as a pulse of the fond heart may last,
 There's a charm in the past.

782

Lover: There's a Charm In The Past.

PASSION:

In a moment of passion fortune may be despised; but it ever
 produces a last repentance.

783

Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer.

PATIENCE:

Patience watching on the weedy shore,
 And mutely waiting till the storm be o'er
 Oft turns to hope who still directs her eye
 To some blue spot just breaking in the sky.

784

Moore: The Skeptic.

The smallest stone in Patience's sling
 Can kill the greatest giant.

785

Mary Elizabeth Blake: David and Goliath.

PATRIOT:

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumined by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

786

Moore: Forget Not The Field.

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man.

787

Michael Joseph Barry: On Robert Emmet.

Hail! all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valor's venerable bed!
Hail the memory of the brave,
Hail the spirit of the dead!

788

Montgomery: The Wanderer of Switz.

Not silenced all, their eloquent dust entombed,
Lifts secret voice that wields a potent sway;
And, though beyond the portals of the clay
Loom high their shades as once their courage loomed,
Thence from exalted seats, they still inspire
In mystic tones like permeating fire.

789

Richard O'Malley: Memorial Day.

Patriotism is purer among the industrial orders because less
modified by mercenary motives and less liable to corrupt
ing influences.

790

Michael Davitt: Leaves From A Prison Diary.

Through the ages humanity has burnt the incense of admir-
ation and reverence at the shrines of patriotism.

791

Archbishop Ireland: On Patriotism.

PEACE:

Ay, blest is he whose calm of life
Portends disquiet never;
But surer he, who braves the strife
That holds a peace forever!

792

Rowland B. Mahany: The Choice.

Sleep is sweet when you are at peace with all.

793

Archbishop Kean: Right Living.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said "if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope from it here."

794

Moore: Ballad Stanzas.

Oh! sweet the earliest glimpse of light,
To those who track a stormy ocean,
But sweeter far the dawning bright
Of peace on terror's wild emotion.

795

Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland, Part V.

I see an envied haunt of peace,
Calm and untouched; remote from roar,
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease
On a still shore.

796

Emily Lawless: A Retort.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

797

Moore: Meeting of the Waters.

The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety.

798

Edmund Burke: On Concil. With Amer.

Peace hath her victories no less than war.

799

McGee: Peace Hath Her Victories.

Peace sits on the summit of liberty's altar.

800

McGee: Harvest Hymn.

Lovely lasting peace of mind
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!

801

Thomas Parnell: A Hymn to Contentment.

Peace implies reconciliation and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply concession on the one part or on the other.

802

Edmund Burke: On Concil. With Amer. Col.

Let not the summit peak of distant glory
Shut out the peace that reigns within the plain;
Better the flowers that bloom within the valley
Than tempting heights lit up with arid gain.

803

*Thomas O'Hagan: In Lovely Valley:
In Songs of The Settlement.*

The gentle sound of dropping leaves
 Is soothing as a psalm,
 As down I stray through pleasant fields
 Replete with autumn balm.
 The fine perspective, blue with haze,
 As soft as silken fleece,
 Seen through the rainbow-tinted trees,
 Is full of golden peace.

804 *Eleanor C. Donnelly: Saint Martin's Summer.*

Lovely, lasting peace appear;
 This world itself, if thou art here
 Is once again with Eden blest,
 And man contains it in his breast.

805 *Thomas Parnell: Hymn to Contentment.*

Each thing that lives may live in peace—
 The browsing beast and bird of air;
 No tortures are trained for these,
 While man's life is a long despair.

806 *McGee: Song of the Surplus.*

PEASANTRY:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

807 *Goldsmith: Deserted Village.*

PENITENCE:

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy, that guilt can know.

808 *Moore: Lalla Rookh: Paradise and the Peri.*

PENITENCE—PLEASURE:

The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves
 Is cold, is faint to those that swell
 The heart where pure repentance grieves
 O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.

809 *Moore: Go Let Me Weep.*

PEN—VOICE:

The orator's voice is a mighty power,
 As it echoes from shore to shore,
 And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men
 Than the murderous cannon's roar!
 What burst the chain far o'er the main,
 And brighten'd the captive's den?
 'Twas the fearless pen and the voice of power.
 Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen.

810 *Dennis Florence McCarthy: The Voice and Pen.*

PERFECTION:

We approach perfection in proportion as the divine love animates and rules us.

811 *Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Man.*

PERSEVERENCE:

When the equinoctial blast
 Tears the canvas from the mast
 Does the sailor stand aghast
 To complain?
 Nay; rather through the storm
 You can mark his manly form—
 Try again.

812 *McGee: Try Again.*

The world is full of noble tasks
 And wreaths hard won:
 Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
 Till day is done.

813 *Aubrey De Vere: Song.*

PHILOSOPHY:

The best philosophy is that
 Which girds us up with resolution
 To meet what seems as unavoidable
 As though we were prepared for death.

814 *Savage: Sybil, Act III, Scene 2.*

High philosophy
 With its fine influence, has fled his nation;
 And all the mastery of mind is lost.

815 *Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act V, Scene 2.*

Philosophy results from the limited nature of man's intelligence.

816 *Patrick F. Mullany (Azarias): Essays Philosophical.*

PITY:

Oh! pity, but condemn not, those that fall—
Life's path is slippery, and the way is drear!
817 *Hogan: The Outcast.*

Whenever you find a little interested bustling bigot, do not
hate him, do not imitate him; pity him if you can.
818 *John Philpot Curran: In Speech at
Newry Election, 1812.*

Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
819 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.*

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly ye paid for your primal fall."
820 *Moore: Lalla Rookh.*

POET:

The poet does not dream—he lives with God,
Who is the essence of all right and beauty.
821 *Savage: Flowers on My Desk.*

O poet soul! companionless and sad,
Though half the daytime long a death-like shade
Athwart thy steps with constant harrow lies,
Thou art not ever in dejection clad,
But showest still, as in a glass displayed,
The limitless, unfathomable skies.
822 *George Arthur Green: Art's Laugh.*

The poet may not follow others' lead
And lightly write what some may lightly read.
823 *Denis A. McCarthy: The Poet:
In a Round of Rhymes.*

The poet's recompense is in being a poet!
The most earth can do is not to let him starve.
824 *Savage: Dreaming By Moonlight.*

The Priest of Beauty, the Anointed One,
Through the wide world passes the poet on.
All that is noble by his word is crown'd,
But on his brow th' Acanthus wreath is bound.
Eternal temples rise beneath his hand,
While his own griefs are written in the sand;
He plants the blooming gardens, trails the vine—
But others wear the flowers, drink the wine;
He plunges in the depth of life to seek
Rich joys for other hearts—his own may break.
Like the poor diver beneath Indian skies,
He flings the pearl upon the shore—and dies.
825 *Lady Wild (Speranza): The Poet's Destiny.*

The poet looks with unsealed eyes
 Upon the ever-changing skies ;
 The vale and mountain, plain and brook
 He reads like pages of a book.

826

Henry Coyle: The Poet's Gift.

I said he was a poet, yet don't mean
 He put his deep thoughts into verse or rhyme,
 Or decked the songs from nature he did glean
 In jingling trappings and in measured time—
 Barren were words t' express their vast intent,
 So, locked within him, to the tomb he went.

827

Seumas MacManus: A Grave.

This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word ;
 And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truth half so sage as he who wrote
 down for men.

828

Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander: The Burial of Moses.

The gods are gone, but the poets never die.

829

M. F. Egan: Theocritus.

The truest poet is not one
 Whose golden fancies fuse and run
 To molded phrases, crusted o'er
 With flashing gems of metaphor ;
 Whose art, responsive to his will,
 Makes voluble the thoughts that fill
 The cultured windings of his brain,
 Yet takes no sounding of the pain,
 The joy, the yearnings of the heart
 Untrammelled by the bonds of art.
 O poet truer far than he
 Is such a one as you may be,
 When in the quiet night you keep
 Mute vigil on the marge of sleep.

830

*T. A. Daley: The Poet:**Catholic Standard and Times.*

The poet makes no hidden store,
 But shares his wealth with all mankind.

831

Lover: The Poet's Home.

God makes a poet ; touches soul and sight,
 And lips and heart, and sends him forth to sing ;
 His fellows hearing, own the true birthright,
 And crown him daily with the love they bring.

832

John Boyle O'Reilly: Poet and Lord.

Poets are strange—not always understood
By many is their gift,
Which is for evil or for mighty good—
To lower or to lift.

833

Father Ryan: Poets.

The poet's heart encompasses the world,
And throbs great futures into fancied life.

834

Savage: Dreaming By Moonlight.

The poet sees the tragedy that lies
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.

835

Denis A. McCarthy: The Poet:

In A Round of Rhymes.

The king can but one nation sway—
The poet's rule is o'er the world.

836

Lover: The Poet's Home.

The poet is great nature's own high priest,
Ordained from very birth
To keep for hearts an everlasting feast—
To bless or curse the earth.

837

Father Ryan: Poets.

Poets should not reason:
Let them sing!
Argument is treason—
Bells should ring.

838

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Useless Ones.

You who would dull the poet's fire,
With learning of the schools,
Gay fancy's feet with fetters tire,
And give to genius rules,
Had bounteous Nature's council hung,
Upon your will severe,
Tom Moore had ne'er green Erin sung,
Nor Burns the banks of Ayr.

839

Gerald Griffin: The Merriest Bird, Etc.

POETRY:

But even the silvery utterances of verse would fail to give full
expression to the golden thought of poetry.

840

Archbishop Keane: Art.

True poetry, is truthful thought made plain;
Deep love of nature, man, God! that brings
To each heart's empire, humbly, howsoe'r,
The greatest good, and lifts its feelings up
To man and God with pure dependent faith!

841

Savage: Dreaming By Moonlight.

Poems, like pictures, are of different sorts,
 Some better at a distance, others near;
 Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
 And boldly challenge the most piercing eye;
 Some please for once, some will forever please.

842

*Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):**Art of Poetry.***POPULATION:**

I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and
 brought up a large family, did more service than he who
 continued single and talked of population.

843

*Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.***POLICY:**

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever
 will be so, as long as the world endures.

844

*Edmund Burke: On Concil. With Amer. Col.***POVERTY:**

They who would know the miseries of the poor must see life
 and endure it.

845

Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.

Poverty is a great feeder of enthusiasm.

846

*Aubrey De Vere: English Misrule and**Irish Misdeeds.***POWER:**

Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness, but
 they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and
 defeated violence.

847

Edmund Burke: Speech On Concil. With Amer.

What trains of real wretchedness await
 The dream of power and emptiness of state.

848

Henry Brooke: Gone to Death.

Three powers there are, that dominate the world—
 Fraud, Force and Right—and two oppress the one:
 The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled—
 Against them ever standeth Right alone.

849

John Boyle O'Reilly: The Patriot's Grave.

To suppose for power is an absurdity in ideas.

850

Edmund Burke: Trail of Warren Hastings.

O people! so richly endowed with all
The splendors of spirit-power,
With the poet's gift and the minstrel-soul,
And the orator's glorious dower;
Are hearts not among us, or lips to vow,
With patriot fervor breathing,
To crown with their lustre no alien brow
While the thorn our own is wearing?

851

Lady Wild (Speranza): The New Path.

PRAISE:

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame.

852

Goldsmith: Retaliation.

For every silly head by plaudits turned
There pine a hundred hearts for praise well-earned.

853

*Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.: The Duty of
Praise: In Between Whiles.*

Could we with understanding gaze,
But calmly view this transient being,
Our souls would shun the sound of praise,
As from the hiss of serpent's fleeing.

854

Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland, Part IV.

PRAYER:

Prayers pierce Heaven's wall;
The humblest soul on earth, when mindful of
Christ's promise, is the greatest conqueror.

855

M. F. Egan: We Conquer God.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast:
Prayer is the burthen of a sigh
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of the eye,
When but God is near.

856

Montgomery: Praying Always.

A faithful prayer! O prayer of faith,
Prayed in the abbey cloisters long ago:
O Lord! a cripple let me still remain,
But grant me grace thy saving truths to know!

857

Anna T. Sadlier: The Monk's Prayer.

His pure thoughts were born
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,
And wafted thence on angels' wings, through ways
Of light, to the bright source of all.

858

Congrieve: Mourning Bride, Act III, Sec. 3.

Take heart-wrung music chastened with strict rules
Of greatest masters: and in all thy ways
Find things that make men only pleasures' fools.
Take these; beside them lay one heart-felt prayer;
Take these; beside them lay one little deed—
One simple act done for the great Christ-Heart—
And all earth's fairest toys like graspless air
To it will be.

859

M. F. Egan: A Question.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gate of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

860

Montgomery: What is Prayer?

Millions of voices rise, yet my weak tone
Is heard by Him who is the Light, the Way,
All Life, all Truth, the centre of Love's ray;
Clamor, O Earth, the Great God hears my moan.

861

M. F. Egan: We Conquer God.

If soul so high and pure can still have need
Of earthly prayers, O God, for him I plead,
Though tears of love and grateful gladness start
As I recall his noble, manly heart.

862

*Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.:**In A Soggarth's Last Verses.***PRESS:**

When the press is free and discussion unrestrained, the mind,
by the collision of intercourse gets rid of its own asper-
tites.

863

John Philpot Curran: Liberty of the Press.

For all time to come, the freedom and purity of the press are
the test of national virtue and independence.

864

*John Boyle O'Reilly: From Speeches.***PRETENTIONS:**

Who can direct when all pretend to know?

865

Goldsmith: The Traveler.

PRIDE:

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.

866

Goldsmith: Ibid.

Pride is that bad self-esteem which ignores dependence on
God.

867

Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Man.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child
of dust even to the grave.

868

Goldsmith: The Gentleman In Black.

Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast.

869

*Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):
Essay on Translated Verse.*

Many a pearl in the dust is cast,
And spurned by the foot of ruffian pride;
Many a piece of dross for gold has passed,
While the pure ore is basely flung aside.

870

Hogan: The Outcast.

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast a splendid banquet once a year.

871

Goldsmith: The Traveler.

Puffed up with pride and insolence,
Without a grain of common sense,
See with what consequence he stalks,
With what pomposity he talks.

872

Dean Swift: The Upstart.

PRIZE:

The value of an earthly prize we may have won is enhanced in
proportion to the efforts we have made in securing it and
the sacrifice it has cost us.

873

Cardinal Gibbons: In Discourses and Sermons.

PROGRESS:

The best things are ahead; push on toward them.

874

Archbishop Keane: On Progress.

Sweetly and sagely
In order grave the Maker of all worlds
Still modulates the rhythm of human progress;

875

Aubrey De Vere: The Death of Copernicus.

PROMPTNESS:

The work that should today be wrought,
 Defer not till tomorrow ;
 The help that should within be sought,
 Scorn from without to borrow.
 Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
 They speak in trumpet tone,
 To do at once what is to do,
 And trust ourselves alone.

876

*John O'Hagan: Ourselves Alone.***PRUDENCE:**

The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured
 by that of the company he keeps.

877

*Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.***PURITY:**

Make thou the bosom, pure before,
 Through grief more solid-pure to grow ;
 The lily vase that shook of yore
 Make thou the lily filled with snow.

878

*Aubrey De Vere: When Thou Hast Set My
Heart At Liberty.*

Like art thou to a flower,
 So sweet and pure and fair ;
 I gaze on thee and sadness
 Steals o'er me unaware.

879

*Rowland B. Mahany: Like Art.***RAIN:**

Only the moan and stir
 Of little hands in the boughs I hear,
 Beckoning the rain to come
 Out of the evening, out of the gloom.

880

Katherine Tynon Hinkson: Drought.

Raining in the springtime !
 But we always know
 That the sun will shine again
 In a day or so.
 Though the eaves may drip and drip,
 Skies be overcast,
 In our hearts we feel and say
 " 'Tis not long to last."

881

Denis A. McCarthy: The Autumn Rain.

RAPTURE:

I see so much I fear to trust my vision,
I hear so much I doubt my mortal ear,
I feel so much, my soul in strong submission
Bends in a silent, death-like rapture here.

882

Savage: Niagara Falls.

READING:

The person who can "read anything" is as little to be admired
as one who can "eat anything," and who makes it evident
that quantity is always to be considered before quality.

883

*Katherine E. Conway: In the Christian
Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate.*

Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment.

884

Thomas Davis: Lit. and Hist. Essays.

REASON:

Let us from shadowy griefs arise,
Admit the sun—employ the season—
Now and forever let's be wise,
And lead to God, and led by reason.

885

McGee: Another Year.

Thought

Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns
Fooling the follower 'twixt shade and shining.

886

Congreve: Mourning Bride, Act III, Scene 1.

Reason lifts her fair face so high toward the source of light
that its radiance illumines her and makes her surpass-
ingly beautiful.

887

Archbishop Keane: Religion.

Reason! who shall say what spells renew
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Thro' what small vista o'er the darkened brain
Thy intellectual day-dream bursts again;
And how like forts to which beleaguers win
Unhoped for entrance, thro' some friend within;
One clear idea wakened in the breast
By memory's magic lets in all the rest.

888

Moore: Lalla Rookh: Veiled Prophet.

The heart forms a code of reasoning for itself.

889

Anna T. Sadlier: In Ethel Hamilton.

'Tis idle! we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All baffled reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.

890

Mangan: The One Mystery.

Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be
common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some
useful end; and then I am content to allow it what dig-
nity you please.

891

*Edmund Burke: On American Taxation.***REBELLION:**

Rebellion! foul dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Or mortal never lost or gained.

892

Moore: Lalla Rookh: Fire Worshippers.

Amid an ordered universe
Man's spirit only dares rebel.

893

*Aubrey De Vere: Festum Nativitatis***RELIGION:**

Religion had its origin in filial dutifulness and affection and
sorrow for evil doing.

894

Archbishop Keane: On Religion.

Religion does what philosophy could never do; it shows the
equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy
and levels all the human enjoyments to nearly the same
standard.

895

Goldsmith: The Vicar of Wakefield.

Let sweet religion meet each dubious guess,
God still severely tries the hearts He means to bless.

896

Gerald Griffin: Shaind Castle.

The Christian religion gave not only light to man's intellect,
but peace also to his heart. It brought him that peace of
God which surpasseth all understanding, and which
springs from the conscious possession of the truth.

897

Cardinal Gibbons: From Discourses and Sermons.

The religious sentiment of the nation is the reflex of the faith
of the units that compose it.

898

Cardinal Gibbons: In the Ambassador of Christ.

The Christian religion proclaims doctrines which satisfy the highest aspirations of the human intellect and gratify the legitimate cravings of the human heart. It solves those problems which baffle the researches of the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, and which bewilder the investigations of the thinkers of our day who are not guided by the light of revelation.

899 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Discourses and Sermons.*

Religion without fixed belief is sentimental, emotional and vapory; it evaporates at the first breeze of temptation.

900 *Cardinal Gibbons: In Our Christian Heritage.*

The monarch's crown, the conqueror's arms,
The poet's artful strains enchanting,
The sage's love, the maiden's charms,
Are shorn of praise where thou art wanting.

901 *Gerald Griffin: Matt Hyland, Part 3.*

Our need of God utters itself in every upward aspiration.
This is religion, the linking of the creature with the Creator.

902 *Archbishop Keane: On Religion.*

A right conception of God brings with it a right conception of Religion. Religion stands forth in its true light as the outcome of the infinite love of God meeting the finite love of man.

903 *Archbishop Keane: On Religion.*

REMEMBRANCE:

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest
Oh! then remember me.

904 *Moore: Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.

905 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.*

RESIGNATION:

Sweet the hour of tribulation
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

906 *Montgomery: Joy of Grief.*

Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.
907 *Mangan: Gone In The Wind.*

RESOLUTIONS:

Resolutions are well kept when they jump with the incli-
nation.
908 *Goldsmith: The Good Natured Man, Act V.*

REST:

Calm's finger resteth on the air,
Peace dwelleth on the waters there,
And rest abideth everywhere.
909 *James Nicoll Johnston: Rest: In Donegal Memories.*

There's many a rock beneath the sea,
That swells and foams its seething breast,
And faroff islets, fair to see,
Give promise of a longed for rest.
910 *Rev. Patrick Cronin: In Buffalo Cath. U. and T.*

REWARD:

Common rewards may be of gold or jewels. But the highest
prizes, like the highest services, cannot be measured; we
can only express them in symbols.
911 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Citizen Soldier.*

RIGHT:

By the right divine of the fittest, we shall have the reign of
men.
912 *McGee: Gathering of Nations.*

When falls the cause of right
The poet grasps his pen,
And in gleaming letters of living light
Transmits the truth to men.
913 *Father Ryan: Sentinal Songs.*

He on whom the light divine
Is lavished, bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.
For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.
914 *Whitley Stokes: Man Octipartite.*

Conscript fathers!

I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebean talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right.

915

George Croly: From Cataline.

Nothing survives save Right—working, nor throne;
That nation, howsoe'er its stronghold stand,
Which hath not Right for its foundation stone
Is like a house that's built upon the sand.

916

Denis A. McCarthy: The Memory of Emmet:

In A Round of Rhymes.

We should have our standards of right and wrong so firmly
fixed that no human defection could shake them.

917

*Kathernie E. Conway: Ideals and Their
Responsibilities: In Bettering Ourselves.*

Our stream's not so wide but two arches may span it—
Good neighbor and citizen; these for a code,
And this truth is slight, every man on the planet
Has just as much right as yourself to the road.

918

John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules On the Road.

RIVER:

Fed with a thousand invisible rills,
Girded round with the awe of the hills,
High in the mountain you spring to the light,
Pure as the dawn from the dark ring of night.

919

Rose Kavanaugh: The Northern Blackwater.

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without overflowing full.

920

Sir John Denham: Cooper's Hall.

Its mystic Song,
As it flows along,
Is like a whispered psalm;
From the troubled soul
It dispells all dole,
Like a breath of sweetest balm.

921

M. F. Sheehan: In Smiles and Sighs.

On thy bosom deep and wide,
 Noble river, lordly river,
 Royal navies safe might ride,
 Green Erin's lovely river!
 Proud upon thy banks to dwell,
 Let me ring ambition's knell,
 Lured by hope's illusive spell,
 Again to wander never.
 Hail our own romantic stream,
 Flowing ever, flowing ever,
 Silent in the morning beam,
 Our own majestic river!

922

Gerald Griffin: 'Tis the Shannon's Stream.

Down a broader deeper river—
 One whose wavelets we can never
 Sail but once—for never backward
 O'er its surface may we go—
 Do we float, perhaps unshrinking,
 Often heedless and unthinking,
 Where the boundless, endless ocean
 Of eternity doth flow.

923

*Mary A. Ford (Una): Drifting Down the River.***ROSE:**

The summer rose the sun has flushed with crimson, may be
 sweet;
 'Tis sweeter when its leaves are crushed
 Beneath the winds and tempests feet.

924

Father Ryan: A Thought.

Thou last pale promise of the waning year.
 Poor sickly rose!

925

Montgomery: The Wild Rose.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

926

Moore: The Last Rose of Summer.

The rose that waves upon the tree,
 In life sheds perfume all around;
 More sweet the perfume floats to me
 Of Roses trampled on the ground.

927

Father Ryan: A Thought.

Other flowers, in beauty, fleetness,
Court the sense and bloom as fair,
But the sting beneath the sweetness
Makes us touch the rose with care.

928

Lover: Flower of Natchez.

O Rose, more white than snow-wreath in December!
O Rose, more red than sunset's dying ember,
My sins forget, my penitence remember,
O mystic Rose!

929

*Denis A. McCarthy: Rosa Mystica:
In A Round Of Rhymes.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

930

Moore: Farewell! But Whenever, Etc.

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring the wood-nymph wild!
E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh;
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids.

931

Moore: Odes of Anacreon.

SACRIFICE:

There is no seed so infallible and so fruitful as the seed of
human sacrifice.

932

John Boyle O'Reilly: From Speeches.

SADNESS:

Unto the deep the deep heart goes,
It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the mighty Mother knows
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

933

George W. Russell: The Place of Rest.

SAGE:

Amid the noblest of the land we lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place, with costly marble dress.

934

*Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander:
The Burial of Moses.*

This was the truest warrior that ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet that ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher traced with his golden pen,
 On the deathless page, truth half so sage as he who wrote
 down for men.

935

*Mrs. Cecil Francis Alexander: Ibid.***SARCASM:**

Your sarcasm is winning in its fancy
 And only proves how prone you poets are
 To make mankind your debtors.

936

*Savage: Dreaming By Moonlight.***SCANDAL:**

Oh! when did rumor ever fail
 To propogate an ugly tale!

937

*Samuel Lover: Falcon Leigh.***SAINT:**

Many a one in heaven takes dinner,
 Who died a saint and lived a sinner!
 'Twer better far, and safer surely,
 To live a saint and die one purely.

938

*Michael Hogan: In Lays and Legends of Thomond.***SCIENCE:**

That science—slave of sense—which claims
 No commerce with the sky,
 Is baser thrice than that which aims
 With waxen wings to fly.

939

*Aubrey De Vere: The Golden Mean.***SCULPTOR:**

Time passed along in honest toil, the world was loud in praise,
 And fame her choicest smiles bestowed to bless the sculptor's
 days.

940

Mary A. Ford (Una): The Sculptor.

Never did his chisel trace a base ignoble line.

941

*Mary A. Ford (Una): Ibid.***SEA:**

The sea moans on the strand,
 Moans over shingle and shell.
 A moaning sea! what sorrowful story
 Do thy wild waves tell?

942

John Todhunter: The Waves' Legend, etc.

And he listed the note that lingers
 In eternal monotone,
 When the sea with his strong white fingers
 Beats on the keys of stone.

943 *James Jeffrey Roche: The Song of the Sea.*

Like the sea, my spirit hath its ebb and flow
 In unison, and the tides of the sea
 Ever reflect the ceaseless tides of thought in me.

944 *Father Ryan: Sea Reverie.*

When o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

945 *Moore: The Meeting of the Ships.*

SELF:

Self is the medium thro' which judgment's ray
 Can seldom pass without being turned astray.

946 *Moore: The Sceptic.*

SELF-DENIAL:

Some think we're surrounded by mystical powers,
 That work into shape the wild dreams of lone hours,
 And 'twould seem that such spirits were willing to test
 The forces of evil and good in the breast
 Of the deep-loving dreamer—soon doomed to a trial
 For mortals the hardest of all—self-denial.

947 *Lover: The Fisherman.*

SELF-RELIANCE:

Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possessed,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empires, haste to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

948 *Goldsmith: Deserted Village.*

Face not your foe with bosom bare,
 Nor hide your chains in pleasures garlands,
 The wise man arms to combat wrong,
 The brave man clears a den of lions,
 The true man spurns the Helot's song;
 The freeman's friend is self-reliance!

949 *Thomas Davis: Self-Reliance.*

SELF-JUDGMENT:

Try if yourselves need no repentance,
 Before you pass the bitter sentence!
 And ere you judge your brother, first
 Remember that yourselves are dust!
 But if your conscience tell you then
 That your own heart is free from sin—
 Cry, with the Pharisee, "Thank God!
 I am not like that wicked clod."

950 *Michael Hogan: In Lays and Legends of Thomond.*

SELFISHNESS:

In all distresses of our friends
 We first consult our private ends;
 While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 Points out some circumstance to please us.

951 *Dean Swift: On Death of Dr. Swift.*

SHADOWS:

Strange shadows of old times about me flit
 As sinks the midnight lamp or flickers higher.

952 *Aubrey De Vere: To His Father's Memory.*

There never was a streamlet, however crystal clear,
 Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its tide;
 Hope's brightest robes are 'broidered with the sable fringe of
 fear,
 And she lures us, but abysses girt her path on either side.

953 *Father Ryan: A Thought.*

Shadows we are that out of shadows glide
 Into the shadows present and to come;
 Yea, with dim shadowy yearnings that abide
 We conjure hopes that fleet with voices dumb.

954 *Rowland B. Mahany: On A Photograph.*

SHAMROCK:

In the folds of my heart is the shamrock—there
 It grows in my love, wide-spreading, fair
 And a thousand times dearer than rose or sedge,
 Tall-flowering, by the gray sea's edge.

955 *Mrs. Seumas MacManus (Ethna Carbery):
 The Shamrock.*

A shamrock from the sun-loved vale
Wherein my youth was spent;
A shamrock kissed by ev'ry gale
And sweet with springtime's scent;
A shamrock that at vesper bell
Has drank of dew-drops pure;
A shamrock that the heart can tell
Grew green beside the Suir!

956 *Denis A. McCarthy: A Shamrock From The Suir.*

There's a dear little plant grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labor, with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.
The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock
The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

957 *Andrew Cherry: The Dear Little Shamrock.*

Methought I saw her beautiful stand
Where day beams darken down the west;
A golden harp was in her hand,
The sun-burst sparkled on her breast,
And round about her shining hair,
Was twined a wreath of shamrock fair.

958 *Eleanor Donnelly: The Maid of Erin.*

Under the shamrocks let me lie,
Where noontide sunbeams never come,
Where gentle winds at eve shall sigh,
Near let the throstle build its home.

959 *M. F. Sheehan: From Smiles and Tears.*

When April rain makes flowers bloom
And Johny-jump-ups come to light,
And clouds of color and perfume
Float from the orchards pink and white,
I see my shamrock in the rain,
An emerald spray with raindrops set,
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,
So fair, and yet it breaths of pain.

960 *M. F. Egan: In Songs and Sonnets.*

SHIP:

Through foam and spray, a league away
The anchor stout he bore;
Till, safe at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore.

961 *James Jeffrey Roche: A Sailor's Yarn*

Bless my good ship, protecting power of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destined coast,
Breathe, benign spirit! let thy radiant host
Spread their angelic shields.

962

Charlotte Brook: Trans, Ode.

Yon bark o'er the waters, how swiftly it glides!
My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides.

963

Ellen M. P. Downing: Talk by the Blackwater.

Let us speak the ship that stands
Boldly out from sheltering lands;
Like a proud steed for the gold—
Like a space defying soul;
Comet bright and swift that hath
Entered on her chosen path.

964

McGee: Ode to the Emigrant Ship.

The white sails are filled, and the wind from the shore
Blows sad from the hills we shall visit no more;
And our ship slowly moves o'er the ocean at rest,
From the land of our hearts, in the light of the west.

965

Thomas Caufield Irwin: The Emigrant's Voyage.

Sail bravely on thou gallant bark,
Across the western sea;
And safely guard the precious freight
Thou bear'st away from me.
Sail on nor heed the frowning skies,
Nor angry waves, nor wind;
Nor reck the grief of aching hearts
Thou leavest here behind.

966

*Alexander M. Sullivan: Farewell.***SILENCE:**

When wit and reason both have failed to move
Kind looks and actions (from success) do prove
Even silence may be eloquent in love.

967

Congreve: Old Bachelor, Act II, Scene 9.

Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you.

968

John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules of the Road.

The realm of silence! seek thou in its halls
Of fairy spells, where echo never calls:
Thither have fled like winged dreams, away
The subtle treasure of our earthly day,
Beyond the reach of eye or ear of clay.

969

Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): The Silent Land.

In the hush of the valley of silence
 I dream all the songs that I sing,
 And the music floats down the dim valley
 Till each finds a word for a wing,
 That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge
 A message of peace they may bring.

970

Father Ryan: Song of the Mystic.

The fountain soonest spent
 Doth babble down the steep,
 But the stream that ever went
 Is silent, strong and deep.

971

Lover: Say Not My Heart Is Cold.

SIMILITUDE:

Our earth as it rolls throug the regions of space,
 Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny;
 And poor human life runs the same sort of race
 Being sad on one side—on the other side funny.

972

Moore: Satires.

SIMPLICITY:

Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

973

Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

SIN:

A sin of youth, atoned for and forgiven,
 Takes on a virtue if we choose to find:
 When clouds across our onward path are driven,
 We may steer by its pale light behind.

974

John Boyle O'Reilly: Peace and Pain.

O ye with secret sins that only bleed,
 And drift from God, search out, if ye are wise,
 Your unrepented infelicities:
 And pray, whate'er the punishment, decreed,
 It prove not exile from your Maker's eyes.

975

Aubrey De Vere: The "Miserere."

He deepliest feels the yoke of sin
 Who firm in virtue's mail hath bound him,
 And he whose eye is turned within,
 Will lightly heed the flattery round him.

976

Gerald Griffin: Matt. Hyland, Part IV.

Alas, the sins of youth are as a chain
Of iron, swiftly let down to the deep,
How far we feel not—till when, we'd rais't
We praise amid the weary work and weep.

977

McGee: The Penitence of Don Diago Rias.

The least of sins is infinite: it throws
A shade into the face of the Most High.

978

Aubrey De Vere: The Dying Platonist.

God sees great sin where man sees least.

979

Aubrey De Vere: The Bard Ethell.

Sin and sorrow are no part of God's plan; they have been
forced in by human folly.

980

*Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Man.***SINCERITY:**

We prove our sincerity when we refuse to make our emanci-
pation a subject of traffic or barter, and ask for relief,
only upon those grounds which, if once established, would
give to every other sect the right to the same political
immunity. All we ask is a clear stage and no favor.

981

Daniel O'Connell: On Catholic Rights.

No man is false, who, true can say
"Smiles for the new, prayers for the old."

982

M. F. Egan: Consolation, Part II.

The wise man is sincere: but he who tries
To be sincere, haphazard, is not wise.'

983

John Boyle O'Reilly: Wheat Grains.

A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

984

*Goldsmith: Good Natured man.***SLANDER:**

You would not slander me in words, I know it;
But there are ways.

985

*Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act I, Scene 2.***SMILES:**

The feeble glimmering of a forced smile is a light that makes
the cheek look paler.

986

John Philpot Curran: Farewell to the Irish Par.

In this strange and fickle world,
 In this world of woe and wiles,
 Changing ever,
 Constant never,
 Tears today, tomorrow smiles.

987

M. F. Sheehan: In Smiles and Tears.

SOCIETY:

The purpose of civil society is united action for useful ends.

988

Archbishop Keane: Civilization.

To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
 There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
 But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
 The moistureless froth of the social show.

989

John Boyle O'Reilly: In Bohemia.

SOLDIER:

The common man is not safe unless he can and will become a
 common soldier.

990

John Boyle O'Reilly: Common Citizen Soldier.

For the young warrior welcome! thou hast yet
 Some tacks to learn, some frailties to forget,
 Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave.

991

Moore: The Veiled Prophet.

I'd rather be a soldier
 In a gallant glorious cause,
 To uphold a people's honor,
 Their liberty and laws,
 Than wearily and drearily
 To pass my life away,
 Living but for living sake,
 And dying every day.

992

Savage: Soldier's Song.

Soldier-spirits has thou given
 Nations all the wide world o'er,
 Men whose valor might have driven
 Kings and tyrants from thy shore.
 Foreign fields have known the daring
 Of their cheering, charging line,
 But their swords, oh, mother Erin
 Flash for every cause but thine!

993

Denis A. McCarthy: In Voices from Erin.

SOLITUDE:

The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thoughts; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

994

Thomas Parnell: Hymn to Contentment.

SONG:

Songs! fly as eagles fly!
The bard unbars the cage;
Go, soar away, and afar and high
Wave your wings o'er every age.

995

Father Ryan: Sentinel Songs.

But not alone to song thy words incite
Thy weaker brethren of this later day—
Thy battle hymns of labor nerve with might
The shrinking soul that else would flee the fray;
Shall we not patient struggle on, nor groan
Rebellious 'neath a stifling weight, when thou—
Thou king of men, who should'st have graced a throne!
Failed never in thy humble task—to plow!

996

Julia Ditto Young: Robert Burns.

If thou wouldst have me sing and play
As once I played and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.

997

Moore: If Thou Wouldst Have Me Sing and Play.

Songs were born before the singer: like white souls awaiting
birth,
They abide the chosen bringer of their melody to earth.

998

John Boyle O'Reilly: Songs That Are Not Sung.

There's not a nightingale that thrills
These vales with song so sweet as fills
The heart that sings and breaks.

999

Thomas Walsh: Alhambra Songs.

Sing, little lark, O sing!
E'en though your heart is breaking,
Forth from your bosom fling
Music of God's own making.

1000

*Denis A. McCarthy: The Caged Songster:
In a Round of Rhymes.*

The singers, their hearts in their voices,
Had chanted the anthem of old,
And the last trembling wave of the Vespers
On the far shores of silence had rolled.

1001

Father Ryan: Last of May.

Hark, hark, that chime! The frosts are o'er!
With song the birds force on the spring:
Thus, Ireland, sang thy bards of yore;
O younger bards 'tis time to sing.

1002

Aubrey De Vere: The Music of the Future.

How the entranced ear fondly lingers
On the turns of thy thrilling song.

1003

Thomas Furlong: Bridget Cruise.

Let the simple songs of our sires be tried—
They go to the heart, and the heart is all.

1004

Thomas Furlong: The Spirit of Irish Song.

All the air is full of speech
Of God's own choir, all singing various parts.

1005

M. F. Egan: A Night in June.

A murmurous tangle of voices,
Laughter to left and to right,
We waited the curtain's rising,
In a dazing glare of light;
When down through the din came slowly,
Softly, then clear and strong,
The mournful minor cadence
Of a sweet old Gaelic song.

1006

*Mrs. Seumas MacManus (Ethna Carberry):
A Gaelic Song.*

On wings of song flew by the hastening day, and song
Led in the hooded night, soft stealing on the feast.

1007

John Todhunter: The Fate of the Sons of Usna.

Oh! glorious songs!
That rouse the brave 'gainst tyrant wrongs,
Resounding near and far;
Mingled with trumpet and with drum,
Your spirit summons trumpet come,
And urge the hero from his home,
And arm him for the war.

1008

Thomas Dermody: On Songs.

In vain would Ireland's song be the brightest of all earthly melodies, unless that song were to be perpetuated in the higher echoes and grander melodies of heaven.

1009 *Rev. T. N. Burke: The National Music of Ireland.*

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care;
It is filled with chords of pathos and it's set in notes of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,
And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure from sweet voices from above,
And is starr'd with ripest blessing thro' a mother's sacred love.
O sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings.

1010 *Thomas O'Hagan: The Song My Mother Sings:
In Songs of the Settlement.*

SORROW:

Weep on, and as thy sorrow flows,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

1011 *Moore: Anacreontic.*

Sorrow, they say, to one with true touched ear,
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere.

1012 *George Croley: Story of Ramini, Canto IV.*

Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

1013 *Moore: Come, Ye Disconsolate.*

Come, Sorrow, smooth my brow and kiss my lips,
And on my bosom pillow thy sweet head;
For in thy silent face and loving eyes
I trace the memories of long-fled years.

1014 *Rowland B. Mahany: Nephenthe:
In Tuscany and Other Poems.*

When I was young, I said to sorrow:

"Come, and I will play with thee."

He is near me now all day,

And at night returns to say:

"I will come again tomorrow—

I will come and stay with thee."

1015 *Aubrey De Vere: Song.*

A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
And hope tomorrow would end my woes;
But as in wailing there's no availing,
And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason, and for a season,
Let us be merry before we go.

1016 *John Philpot Curran: The Deserter's Meditation.*

There is a relief
In the abandonment of utter sorrow
That only sufferers know.

1017 *Gerald Griffin: Gisippus, Act II, Scene 3.*

My past, my present and my sorrow!
All else on earth is crossed,
All in the world is lost—
Lost all but the great love-gift of sorrow.

1018 *George Seigerson: Love's Despair:
Trans. from the Irish.*

SUCCESS:

Success is built up with the eternal measurements of the relative value of things ever in view; and the proof of its attainment is the readiness to cast away worldly advantage, if it cannot be had save at the expense of higher things.

1019 *Katherine E. Conway: Ideals and Their
Responsibilities: In Bettering Ourselves.*

What is success? To win a little fame?
To hear a fickle world applaud your name?
To be accounted as a genius? Yes,
And there be those who label this success.

1020 *Denis A. McCarthy: What Is Success:
In a Round of Rhymes.*

It is right to seek worldly success by every lawful means, if we do not rest in it as an end, but use it as a means to advance God's interests.

1021 *Katherine E. Conway: Plans and Specifications:
In Bettering Ourselves.*

SOUL:

Nought shall endure from pole to pole,
Nought, save th' imperishable soul;
The sea shall pass, the stars decay,
Souls only can survive that day!

1022 *McGee: Eternity.*

When the great vault of nature shall be demolished, when the stars shall fade away, and the sun grow dim with years, even then the temple of the soul shall live and move and have its being.

1023 *Card. Gibbons: The Three Temples:
From Discourses and Sermons.*

—The fragrant soul in its purity,
 To sordid life tied down,
 May bloom to Heaven, and no man know,
 Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
 How God hath seen the crown.

1024 *James Jeffrey Roche: The Water Lily.*

That soul which can immortal glory give
 To her own virtues must forever live.

1025 *Sir John Denham: Of a Future Life.*

In denying the immortality of the soul, you degrade human
 nature and confound men with the vile and perishable
 insect.

1026 *Rev. Arthur O'Leary: Controversy With an Infidel.*

SPRING:

The winter fleeteth like a dream,
 The rain is past and o'er;
 The sea is lit with sunny gleam,
 The hills are white no more.

1027 *George Arthur Green: Spring-Time.*

Oh check the biting wind of spring,
 And from before our course
 Arrest the fury of its wing,
 And terrors of its force!

1028 *Charlotte Brooke: From Translated Ode.*

Down the green glen is the primros's light,
 Soft shines the hawthorne's raiment of white,
 'Round the rough knees of the crabtree a ring
 Of daffodils dance for joy of the spring.

1029 *Rose Kavanagh: The Northern Blackwater.*

O choir of silence, without noise of word!
 A human voice would break the mystic spell
 Of wavering shades and sound; the lily bell
 Here at my feet sings melodies unheard;
 And clearer than the voice of any bird—
 Yes, even than the lark which loves so well,
 Hid in the hedges, all the world to tell
 In trill and tripple notes that May has stirred.

1030 *M. F. Egan: A Night in June.*

All ye who love the springtime—and who but loves it well,
 When the little birds do sing, and the buds begin to swell!—
 Think not ye ken its beauty, or know its face so dear,
 Till ye look upon old Ireland in the dawning o' the year!
 For 'tis green, green, green where the ruined towers are grey,
 And it's green, green, green all the happy live long day;
 Green of leaf and green of sod, green of ivy and the wall,
 And the blessed Irish shamrock with the fairest green of all.

1031 *Mary Elizabeth Blake: The Dawning o' the Year.*

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
 When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
 When the feather folk assemble and the air is all atremble
 With their singing and their wringing to and fro;
 When the queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture on
 And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
 When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

1032 *Denis A. McCarthy: Ah, Sweet Is Tipperary:
 In a Round of Rhymes.*

STAGE:

Of all the studies in these happier days,
 By which we soar ambitiously to praise,
 Of all the fine performances of art,
 Which charm the eye or capture the heart,
 None like the stage our admiration draws,
 Or gains such high and merited applause.

1033 *Hugh Kelly: Thespis.*

STAR:

'Tis thy star, oh, my friend,
 That doth shine and ascend
 On the night of our race;
 Thou art the appointed,
 By affliction annointed,
 As through grief cometh grace.

1034 *McGee: To Duffy Free.*

List, a star! a star!
 Oh, our goal of light!
 Yet the winged shades sweep,
 Yet the void looms vast.

1035 *Jane Barlow: Flitting of the Fairies.*

Shine on, thou bright beacon, unclouded and free,
 From thy high place of calmness, o'er life's troubled sea;
 Its morning of promise, its smooth waves are gone,
 And the billows roar wildly; then bright one, shine on.

1036 *James Joseph Callanan: The Star of Heaven.*

In the stillness of the night
Quick rays of intermingling light
Sparkle from star to star.

1037

Montgomery: To Cynthia.

Clear gleaming stars!
Emblem of God's protecting love,
Ye watch us from your realms above.

1038

*Caroline Norton: Oh! Distant Stars.***STATESMAN:**

It should be the aim of the statesman to impart nobler
emotions, more generous aspirations, than those which the
love of gain can inspire.

1039

*William Smith O'Brien:
Principles of Government.***STATUE:**

Opaque to you this marble; but to me,
Whose eyes the chrism of passion have anointed,
The stone is pregnant with a life of love.
Within this monolith there lives a form
Which I can see and would reveal to you,
Could hand and chisel swiftly follow sight.

1040

*John Boyle O'Reilly: Statues in the Block.***STORM:**

Flash on flash, and roll on roll,
The heavens shrunk "like parched scroll"—
Question—answer—quick and loud,
In rythmic measure, fierce and proud,
Through the vast echoing hall of cloud!

1041

*Mrs. Izod O'Dougherty (Eva): Storm in the Bush.***STREAMS:**

O the brown streams of old Ireland, how they leap
From her glens, and fill their hollows
With wild songs, till charmed to sleep
By the murmuring bees in the meadows, where the swallows
Dance and sweep!

1042

John Todhunter: Longing.

Through the valley it goes swift,
'Tis the mountain's wayward gift;
Dancing onward, laughing, leaping,
Amber eddies gaily sweeping
Round the great stones grayly white
In the sunny summer light.

1043

Mary Furlong: Glen-Na-Smoel.

Behold the rapid mountain rills that leap instead of flowing.
They rush to seek the river as the river seeks the main:
For ages have their waters been on onward motion going,
Now dancing in the rivulet, now dropping in the rain.

1044 *Mary A. Ford (Una): To A Youthful Friend.*

STRIFE:

Like a sawyer's work is life:
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

1045 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Today.*

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempests and tears of the deep.

1046 *Father Ryan: The Rosary of My Tears.*

'Tis ever thus, on river or in life:
To stem the current is the real strife.

1047 *Arthur Barry O'Neil, C. S. C.: Stemming
The Current: In Between Whiles.*

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from
now!

1048 *Mary A. Ford (Una):
A Hundred Years From Now.*

SUFFERING:

Man was born for suffering, and to bear
Even pain is better than a dull repose.

1049 *James Joseph Callanan:
The Recluse of Inchidony.*

—Man was born for suffering, and to bear
And strongest when least human aid is given.

1050 *James Joseph Callanan: Ibid.*

SUMMER:

Hail, sweet summer! once again
Thou dost new life impart
To forest, mountain, lie and plain,
And many a weary heart.

1051 *M. F. Sheehan: In Smiles and Sighs.*

The different hues that deck the earth
 All in their bosom have their birth;
 'Tis not in blue or sunny skies,
 'Tis in the heart the summer lies!

1052

Dennis Florence McCarthy:
The Seasons of the Heart.

Summer loves the green glen, the white birds love the sea,
 An' the wind must kiss the heather top, and the red bell hides
 the bee;

As the bee is dear to the honey-flower so one is dear to me.

1053

Mrs. Skrine (Moirá O'Neill):
The Song of the Glen Dunn.

SUN:

As half in shade and half in sun
 This world along its path advances,
 May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

1054

Moore: Peace Be Around Thee.

Hundreds of times the desert sun uprose:
 Hundreds of times it set amid snows
 Of distant sands that, stretching white and dim,
 Met softly the horizon's rosy rim.

1055

Eleanor C. Donnelly: Quests of Abbot Paphnucius.

The man that misses sunrise loses the sweetest part of his
 existence.

1056

Dion Boucicault: Lady Gay Spanker.

SUNSHINE:

Thou golden sunshine in the peaceful day!
 Thou livid lightning in the night of war!
 Hearing the onrush of thy battle-car,
 Who could endure to meet thee in the fray?

1057

Whitley Stokes: Lament of King Ivor.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
 What balm, what life is in thy ray!

1058

Moore: Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers.

Sunshine broken in the rill,
 Though turned astray is sunshine still.

1059

Moore: Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers.

Harvest the sunshine in your heart,
 Gather its heat and light, my boy:
 You'll want it all when the shadows fall,
 And you feel the chill of night, my boy.

1060

James Jeffrey Roche: School Keeps.

SYMPATHY:

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice;
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry, to hearts that would rejoice.

1061

John Boyle O'Reilly: Unspoken Words.

We must be willing to give sympathy to those who crave it of
us, if we would not in turn be shut out of the pale of
human sympathy ourselves.

1062

*Katherine E. Conway: The Christian
Gentlewoman and the Social Apostolate.*

Who waits and sympathizes with the pettiest life,
And loves all things, and reaches up to God
With thanks and blessing—He alone is living.

1063

John Boyle O'Reilly: Living.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

1064

Father Ryan: Better Than Gold.

TAXATION:

Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

1065

Congreve: Epis. to Sir Rich. Temple.

TEARS:

—The tears that are not wept,
The tears that never outward fall;
The tears that grief for years has kept
Within us—they are the best of all.

1066

Father Ryan: Tears.

The words that vainly struggle to the tongue,
Break from the eye in liquid eloquence.

1067

Savage: Sybil, Act III, Scene 3.

—Tears are never for those who die with their face to their
duty done.

1068

John Boyle O'Reilly: Wend. Phillips.

The heart tears burst at each surprise;
The soul's tears never reach the eyes.

1069

Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies.

1070

Moore: Erin, the Tear and the Smile.

Our tears are but streams, making deep
The ocean of love in our soul.

1071

Father Ryan: The Land We Love.

—O, into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping:
May God, then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

1072

Arthur O'Shaughnessy: The Fountain of Tears.

The world is for a moment glad,
And then 'tis full of woe,
And even while we laugh, a tear
Falls through the music that we hear.

1073

*John S. McGroarty: The Saddest Heart:**In Wander Songs.***TEMPERANCE:**

Be temperate now for the honor, the happiness, the immor-
tality of your country—act trustfully and truthfully one
to another—watch, wait, and leave the rest to God.

1074

*Father Matthew: On Temperance.***TEMPLES:**

How many different rites have these gray old temples known!
To the mind what dramas are written in these chronicles of
stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its
youth!

1075

*Denis Florence McCarthy:**The Pillar Towers of Ireland.*

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our
land!

In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These gray old pillar temples—these conquerors of time!

1076

Denis Florence McCarthy: Ibid.

THEORY:

Whenever a theory comes in conflict with a fact, there is but one thing to do: We cannot change the fact, as most of us would prefer, so we must change the theory.

1077

W. Bourke Cockran:

Address on Race Problems of the South.

THOUGHT:

And the thought will live when the oak has died,
And quicken the minds of men;
But the name of the thinker has vanished away,
And will never be here again.

1078

William H. Lecky: The Sower and His Seed.

Life is the thinker's thought—the golden land
Where love hung on the rosy lips of youth,
They who quaffed thy magic wells of truth,
Still by thy singing streams will aye sojourn.
Return Arcadian days! Arcadian hours, return!

1079

Rowland B. Mahany: In Arcady:

In Tuscany and Other Poems.

Not every thought can find its words,
Not all within is known,
For minds and hearts have many chords
That never yield their tone.

1080

William H. Lecky: Undeveloped Lives.

Our thoughts by ancient thinkers are controll'd,
And many a word in which our thoughts are told
Was coined long since in regions far away.

1081

John Kells Ingram: Social Heredity.

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.

1082

Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):

In Essay on Translated Verse.

THRIFT:

Then sow while you may,
Through the brief summer day,
A harvest of love and of hope,
That when Autumn flits by,
With a smile and a sigh,
You'll dread not with winter to cope.

1083

M. F. Sheehan: From Smiles and Tears.

THUNDER:

Thunders bring

The red life from the heart of Spring ;
 Thence summer, and the golden wane
 That comes with harvest, when each field,
 Crimsoned with weeds, like fiery rain,
 Flames like a newly forged shield.

1084

*John Francis O'Donnell:
 Tombs in Church of Montario.*

Life's loveliest sky hides the thunder
 Whose bolt in a moment may fall ;
 And our path may be flowery—but
 Under the flowers there are throns for us all.

1085

Father Ryan: Reverie.

TIME:

Time put by a myriad of fates,
 That her day might dawn in glory ;
 Death made wide a million gates,
 So to close her tragic story.

1086

George W. Russell: The Memory of Earth.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage.

1087

Thomas Parnell: Elegy: To an Old Beauty.

Time's beams are pure, but, like the snow,
 They warm not with the sun.

1088

Mangan: Life and Warmth.

Life's surface-puzzles change as years roll on,
 And questions new successive times engage.

1089

*Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.:
 An Unchanging Problem: In Between Whiles.*

Time shakes the tyranny of thrones,
 And tottering empires crush by their own weight.

1090

Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.

So swift is time, so briefly lost
 The fleeting joys of life's creation,
 What seems the present, is the past,
 Before the mind can mark its station.

1091

Gerald Griffin: Time and Eternity.

Time's defacing waves

Long have quenched the radiance of my brow.

1092

Mangan: Twenty Golden Years Ago.

Oh! golden time of youthful life!
 Can nothing, Swift One, stay thy motion?
 In vain, thy waves, with ruthless strife,
 Flow on to the eternal ocean.

1093 *Lady Wild (Speranza): The Ideal.*

Though Time's triumphant flight be shown,
 The truest index on its face
 Points to the churchyard stone.

1094 *Montgomery: The Dial.*

We are all audience in the Tower of Time.

1095 *McGee: The Three Minstrels.*

Time is ever on the wing;
 Let the present moment seize it;
 Who knows what the next may bring?

1096 *George Ogle: Banish Sorrow.*

Time is threefold—triple—three:
 First—and midst—and last
 Was—and is—and Yet to Be
 Future—Present—Past.

1097 *Mangan: The Course of Time.*

Time changeth gravely night and day,
 "God never shuts, but He makes a way."

1098 *McGee: Time's Teachings.*

O Time! how varied is thy sway
 'Twixt beauty's dawn and grim decay!

1099 *Samuel Lover: Father Roach.*

'Tis vain to say in youthful ears,
 Time flies, earth fades with all its pleasures;
 The ardent heart attentive hears,
 But naught of transient council treasures.

1100 *Gerald Griffin: Time and Eternity.*

Time's wing, were it all of one feather,
 Far slower would be in its flight;
 The storm gives a charm to fine weather,
 And day would seem dark without night.

1101 *Lover: Yield Not, etc.*

Some reckon their ages by years,
 Some measure their life by art;
 But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
 And their lives by the moan of their hearts.

1102 *Father Ryan: The Rosary of My Tears.*

How quick Time throws its rapid measure
 Along the date of worldly pleasure ;
 A beam of light, 'mid cloudy shadows,
 Flitting along the Autumn meadows ;
 A wave that glistens on the shore,
 Retires and is beheld no more.

1103

Hogan: In Lays and Legends.

And while the great and wise decay,
 And while all these trophies pass away,
 Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme
 Still floats above the wings of Time.

1104

William H. Lecky.

Time singeth gayly night and morn,
 "The longest lane must have a turn ;"
 And who knows lanes like Father Time—
 A traveling man since Adam's prime—
 In every age, through every clime,
 By moon and sun?

1105

*McGee: Time's Teachings.***TOMB:**

The breeze that at morning but plays with the plume,
 At evening may wave the red grass o'er the tomb.

1106

Lover: Meeting of Foes.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
 In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
 E'er sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
 Or earth had profaned what was born for the sky.

1107

Moore: Weep Not For Those.

Nor pride nor poverty dares come
 Within Thy refuge-house—the tomb.

1108

*George Croly: The Genius of Death.***TRAVEL:**

It is not travel makes the man, 'tis true,
 Unless a man could travel, sir, like you,
 By putting off the worst and putting on
 The best of every country where they come.

1109

*Richard Flecknoe: On Travel.***TREASURES:**

In the most unheard of places
 Richest treasures thou may'st find ;
 Forms that never knew the graces
 Have the loftiest souls enshrined.

1110

John O'Hagan: Hidden Treasures.

TRIFLES:

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

1111 *Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield: Ballad.*

TROUBLE:

Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up hill, till we get to the top.

1112 *Lover: The Road of Life.*

TRUTH:

There's no form of beauty raised by nature or by art,
That preaches not God's saving truths to man's adoring heart.

1113 *Ellen Mary Patrick Downing:
The Old Church of Lismore.*

Bring us the truth, unheeding the cost,
Though all the baubles of life be lost.

1114 *James Nicoll Johnston: New Year's Day, 1909.
In Donegal Memories.*

When truth is sown broadcast it also produces more blossoms
until the whole world is filled with rarer fragrance and
perfecter beauty.

1115 *Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.*

Let us o'ercome this world with the truth!
It may frown, but that will only roughen
Its own face, and never ruffle ours.

1116 *Savage: Act V, Scene 1.*

Truth's beams are pure, but like the moon
They warm not with the light they shed.

1117 *Mangan: Light and Warmth.*

Truth was his solitary test,
His star, his chart, his east, his west;
Nor is there aught.

In text, in ocean, or in mine,
By chemist, seaman, or divine,
More fondly sought.

1118 *McGee: The Dead Antiquary.*

Never aught but truth
Spake my noble king;
Valor all his trust
In all his warfaring.

1119 *Thomas W. Rolleston: Lament of Maev Leith-Dherg.*

Be true to the truth and faithful, though the world were arrayed for lie.

1120

John Boyle O'Reilly: Wendall Phillips.

Truth always forces its way into rational minds.

1121

Dean Swift: Gulliver's Travels.

What doth build up a nation's weal!

But courage to fight for the truths we feel!

1122

Savage: Req. for the Dead, etc.

The noblehearted sees in earth

A paradise before his eyes;

The dreams to which his soul gives birth

He fondly hopes to realize;

He dedicates his burning youth

To glorify the majesty of Truth.

1123

*Mangan: Light and Warmth.***TYRANNY:**

She has scourged the weak and lowly

And the just with an iron rod;

She is drunk with the blood of the holy,

She shall drink of the wrath of God!

1124

*James Jeffrey Roche: Babylon:**In Songs and Satires.*

Beneath the tyrant's heel we may be trod,

We may be scourged beneath the tyrant's rod,

But tyranny can never ride rough-shod

O'er the immortal spirit-work of God.

1125

J. O'Donovan Rossa: My Prison Chamber.

The coarse chain

Tyrants would bind around us may be blown

Aside, like foam that with a breath is gone;

For there's a tide within the popular vein

That despots in their pride may not restrain,

Swoll'n with a vigor that is all its own.

Ye who would steer along these doubtful seas,

Lifting your proud sails to high heaven, beware!

1126

*Sir Aubrey De Vere: Sonnet:**The True Basis of Power.***UNION:**

Our pact is made for brotherhood and union,

For equal laws to class and to communion.

Our wounds to staunch, our land to liberate.

1127

McGee: River Boyne.

Peal out, ye bells, from church and dome in rivalous communion

With the wild, upheaving masses, for the army of the Union.
1128 *Savage: The Munster of the North.*

'Tis the people's will, both great and small,
The rights of the States, the union of all.

1129 *Savage: The Starry Flag.*

VALOR:

When o'er the land the battle brand
In freedom's cause was gleaming,
And everywhere upon the air
The starry flag was streaming
The widow cried unto her pride,
"Go forth and join the muster;
Thank God, my son can bear a gun
To crown his race with lustre!
Go forth! and come again not home,
If by disgrace o'erpowered;
My heart can pray o'er a hero's clay
But never clasp a coward."

1130

Savage: Patriot Mother.

VARIETY:

Look nature round, her features trace,
Her seasons, all her changes see;
And own, upon creation's face,
The greatest charm's variety.

1131

Moore: Variety.

VENGEANCE:

Man may forgive, perhaps forget,
The wrongs which he himself has borne,
And grasp the foeman's hand, while yet
His anguished soul is torn,
But vengeance for a country's ill,
Breathes, burns, and boils like mountain flood
Within the human breast, until
The burning flame is quenched in blood.

1132

William Collins: Rory the Rapparee.

VERSE:

I'd rather turn one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With Senates list'ning near.

1133

McGee: The Exile's Devotion.

VETERANS:

Every year the day draws nearer—
 Every year this truth is clearer
 That the men who saved the nation from the severing South-
 ern sword,
 Soon must pass away forever
 From the scenes of their endeavor,
 Soon must answer to the roll call of the angel of the Lord.

1134

*Denis A. McCarthy: The Veterans:
 In A Round of Rhymes.*

VICE—VIRTUE:

There never lived a virtue unrewarded,
 Nor died a vice without its meed of woe.

1135

John Boyle O'Reilly: Peace and Pain.

Men can be gods 'mong men who act the god,
 And every dastard is himself the mark
 Showing how far below his knavish heart
 The tide of virtue flings the weeds of vice.

1136

Savage: Dreaming by Moonlight.

VICTORY:

Bright, swift, resistless as the sun,
 He scorned the track of traversed sky;
 Though throned in empire supreme,
 Still held the mighty past a dream,
 Self-emulative, storming on
 The vaster fields of victory.

1137

Thomas Cawfield Irwin: Caesar.

Faint echo of that which in slavery's ear,
 Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
 And it cries from the grave where the hero lies deep,
 Though the day of your chieftain forever hath set,
 Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,
 It hath victory's life in it yet.

1138

Moore: Lay His Sword By His Side.

Who basely shuns a glorious death
 Dishonor haunt his tomb!
 Who nobly wins a victor's wreath,
 Long may he see it bloom!

1139

Gerald Griffin: Monmouth's Address.

A scene which a king may behold with delight,
 His nation redeemed and his foeman in flight.

1140

Hogan: In Lays and Legends.

Oh how blest they sink to rest
Who close their eyes on victory's breast.

1141

Moore: Before the Battle.

For their names are treasured apart,
And their memories green and sweet,
On every hillside and every mart,
In every cabin, in every street,
Of a land, where to fail is more than to triumph,
And victory less than defeat.

1142

Stephen Gwynn: A Song of Defeat.

VICTIMS:

What rites of hate or scorn of law divine
Strikes down its victims here
With not a funeral song
Nor poor libation of a tear.

1143

Thomas Walsh: The Prison Ships.

VIGILANCE:

Perpetual vigilance must guard freedom against tyranny; but
hearty loyalty must help just government to the reali-
zation of all noble and useful ends.

1144

Archbishop Keane: Civilization.

VIRTUE:

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven; a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferred.

1145

Armstrong: Art of Preserving Health.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

1146

Collins: The Passions.

Dominion ebbs, and arts betray;
Virtue alone endures.

1147

Aubrey De Vere: National Strength.

Ere courts began,
With honors to enslave him,
The best honors won by man
Were those which virtue gave him.

1148

Moore: Oh For A Sword.

The virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely
worth the sentinel.

1149

Goldsmith: Vicar of Wakefield.

Write his merits on your mind ;
 Morals pure and manners kind ;
 In his head as on a hill,
 Virtue placed her citadel.

1150 *William Drennan: The Wake of William Orr.*

You cannot unite two men together unless the compact be
 virtue, for vice can give no sanction to compact, she can
 form no bond of affection.

1151 *Curran: Speech at Newry Election.*

Those who have most virtue in their mouths have least in
 their bosoms.

1152 *Goldsmith: She Stoops to Conquer.*

WAR:

If luck but shone on righteous blades,
 War were a game for gods to play.

1153 *Moore: Evenings in Greece.*

War was their game, and eagle-like they bore
 To their cliffs the spoils of many a shore.

1154 *McGee: Prologue to St. Patrick.*

Wave vaults wave in sportive speed,
 Like schoolboys in a summer meed ;
 While the brave ship with lofty port,
 Ambitions, spurns their idle sport,
 And holds upon her way afar,
 For higher prize and sterner war.

1155 *McGee: Ode to the Immigrant Ship.*

WEALTH:

Mere store of money is not wealth, but rather
 The proof of poverty and need of bread.
 Like men themselves is the bright gold they gather ;
 It may be living or it may be dead.

1156 *John Boyle O'Reilly: The Value of Gold.*

The wealth of mankind is the wisdom they leave.

1157 *John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules On the Road.*

WINTER:

Fast fell the snow, and soft as sleep
 The hillocks looked like frozen sheep,
 Like giants gray the hills—
 The sailing pine seemed canvas-spread
 With its white burden overhead,
 And marble hard the rills.

1158 *McGee: Our Lady of the Snow.*

These quiet winter days and nights of rest
 Are also filled with joy of living here ;
 It seems sometimes 'tis not an earthly sphere,
 But some ideal island of the blest,
 Where never comes a weary heart in quest
 Of beauty, and those charms that most endear,
 But finds them in this sunny atmosphere
 Of these majestic landscapes of the West.

1159 *James Connelly: The Jewels of King Arthur.*

WISDOM:

The philosopher who gathers wisdom and never imparts it to
 mankind, is useless as the Sphinx that has looked wise for
 ages and never answered a query put to it by man.

1160 *Charles J. O'Malley: In Thistledrift.*

—A wise race the time of fruit will bide,
 Nor pluck th' unripened apple from the tree.

1161 *Ingram: Nationality.*

The fear of God on man impress'd with force,
 Of all true wisdom is the first great source.

1162 *Teige MacDaire: Advice to a Prince.*

Wisdom that raises not her sons is folly.

1163 *Aubrey De Vere: From Lines Written Under Delphi.*

Wisdom is the knowledge, theoretical and practical, of the
 beginnings and the ends of all things.

1164 *Archbishop Keane: Education.*

Those hearts of ours how wise! how wise!
 They can lift their thoughts till they touch the skies ;
 They can sink their shafts, like a miner bold,
 Where wisdom's mines hold their pearls and gold.

1165 *Father Ryan: A Reverie.*

Blind endeavor is not wise :
 Wisdom enters through the eyes ;
 And the seer is the knower,
 Is the doer and the sower.

1166 *John Boyle O'Reilly: From the Heights.*

A wiser heard I have, I know,
 Than when I loitered there,
 But in my wisdom there is woe,
 And in my knowledge, care.

1167 *Gerald Griffin: Old Times, Old Times.*

The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

1168

Thomas Parnell: Elegy: To an Old Beauty.

What man would be wise let him drink of the river
That bears on its bosom the record of time:
A message to him every wave can deliver,
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.

1169

John Boyle O'Reilly: Rules On the Road.

WIT—WEALTH—BEAUTY:

And let the friendly lines be wit
In praise of long departed wit.

1170

Dean Swift: Lines on Receipt of Present.

At beauty's door of glass
Where wealth and wit once stood,
They asked her which might pass?
She answered "he who could."
With golden key wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do,
While wit a diamond brought
Which cut his bright way through.

1171

Moore: Drink to Her.

WOMAN:

Dipped in the instincts of heaven,
Robed in the garments of earth,
Maiden and Mother and Queen,
Wearing each crown at thy birth:

* * * * *

Three-fold thy gift to the world,
Pluck'd from God's ripening sky,
Tending the altar of life,
Kindred to angels on high.

1172

*Thomas O'Hagan: Woman:
In Songs of the Settlement.*

Woman owes much to Mary; but man's debt to her is still
greater—the Madonna has humanized his heart, purified
his life, refined his character.

1173

Archbishop Keane: The Ideal Woman.

Women have all the necessary qualities to make good men,
but they must give their time and attention to it when the
men are boys.

1174

John Boyle O'Reilly: Woman's Suffrage.

Let cynics say whate'er they may
Of woman and her wiles ;
On Irish ground I've ever found
Contentment in her smiles.

1175

M. F. Sheehan: A Woman's Frown.

Whate'er the scene, where woman's grief
And woman's sigh
Can mingle round, there bard and chief
May fitly die.

1176

McGee: Woman's Praise.

Ah, when a woman will, a woman can—
Not less a lily, though with heart of oak!

1177

M. F. Egan: Example of Portia.

I'd rather miss
Both Fame and Fortune's crown
Than be the one, 'neath stars or sun,
To earn a woman's frown.

1178

M. F. Sheehan: A Woman's Frown.

WORDS:

Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard
That last dear tone—the careless word.

1179

Caroline W. Norton: The Careless Word.

No words are needed for a kindly speech—
The loving thought will live when words have perished.

1180

John Boyle O'Reilly: Loving Cup of the Papyrus.

And the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear
upon the word and blotted it out forever.

1181

Lawrence Stern: Tristram Shandy, Chap. VIII.

Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.

1182

Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon): Art of Poetry.

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth.
Like unfound gold, their hidden beauties shine,
Which God made to bless and gild the earth.

1183

John Boyle O'Reilly: Unspoken Words.

The words of some command the world's acclaim,
And never pass away,
While others' words receive no palm for fame,
And live but for a day.

1184

Father Ryan: Poets.

WORK:

Like a tide our work should rise—
 Each latter wave the best;
 Today is a king in disguise,
 Today is the special test.

1185

John Boyle O'Reilly: Today.

Each must work as God has given
 Hero hand or poet soul;
 Work is duty while we live in
 This weird world of sin and dole.

1186

Lady Wild (Speranza): Man's Mission.

The work men do is not their test alone;
 The love they win is far the better chart.

1187

*John Boyle O'Reilly: The Empty Niche.***WORLD:**

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
 As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
 Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
 What a heaven on earth we'd make it!

1188

Moore: Oh, Could We Do, etc.

The world is large, when it's weary leagues two loving hearts
 divide,
 But the world is small, when your enemy is loose on the other
 side.

1189

*John Boyle O'Reilly: Distance.***WRITERS:**

If all have power to condemn what writer can be free.

1190

*Goldsmith: Good Natured Man.***WRITING:**

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.

1191

*Wentworth Dillon (Roscommon):**Of the Art of Poetry.***WRONGS:**

There are wrongs that man's patience could never yet bear;
 There are insults that change the slave's weakness to strength.

1192

*Justin McCarthy: To My Buried Rifle.***YEARS:**

Years, like acorns, form the branches
 Of the giant oak of time,
 Fill the earth with healthy seedlings
 For a future more sublime.

1193

Savage: Winter Thoughts: The Dead Year.

YOUTH:

Sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still ;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left us
A newer good to cure an older ill :
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but for Him who grants them or denies
them.

1194

Aubrey De Vere: Human Life.

Oh, Youth! thou magician, one hour on thy stage
Is worth all the grey-bearded wisdom of age!

1195

Hogan: Address to the Shannon.

The past though fled is never dead to him whose sunny youth
Shone bright with hope and lofty aims and noble love of
truth ;

Though life may wear a sterner mien as swift the years speed
by,

The magic haze of other days ne'er fades from out his sky.

1196

*Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.: Other Days
and Now: In Between Whiles.*

We know not the worth of its sweetness and truth,
While we bask in the beam or spring-bloom of youth ;
Till out on life's rigid sea, shipwrecked and tossed,
We look back in tears to the Eden we lost.

1197

Hogan: Address To The Shannon.

When youth and youthful dreams are fair,
And lovely blooms the tender cheek ;
When softly waves the sunny hair,
And eyes tell more than words can speak,
Why does the young heart restless sigh,
And pine beneath its native sky?
And wish for other years to come,
And long to other climes to roam?

* * * * *

Earth's treasures, youth and beauty fade ;
E'en love's young dream but cheats awhile ;
Beyond life's sea is the fadeless glade,
Our Aiden home, where angels smile.
Ah, when we reach that deathless shore,
Nor change, nor care can touch us more ;
There to the ravished heart appears
The unfounded joy of other years.

1198

*Rev. Patrick Cronin:
In Catholic Union and Times.*

It was here I dreamed in the days gone by,
When the breath of the May was blowing,
And the robin's song 'neath a sunny sky
Rang clear thro the brooklet flowing,
And I said to my heart, "Oh, the world is young
And life is the sweetest song that is sung!"
As with lissom feet I wandered along,
Where the apple-bloom was drifting.

1199

*Agnes Shalloe.***ZEAL:**

An earnest antagonism, prompted by honest, though misguided
zeal, in the cause of Christianity is far preferable to a
spirit of apathy which springs from religious indifference.

1200

Cardinal Gibbons: In Ambassador of Christ.

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