

Take one, no charge!

Pamph
H.C.B.
M

SAINTY SMITH

AND

"The School Upon the Hill."

A REMINISCENCE OF YOUTHFUL DAYS, AND OF
A (GOOD BUT ECCENTRIC) SCHOOL-MASTER
IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

"There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was and stern to view,
I knew him well and every truant knew;

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault."

—Coleridge

The reader will please preserve this number, as it is to be followed with
THREE OTHERS in connexion, entitled

THE EMIGRANT BOY,

And "the Cranks" that he met with in "the old sod" and Canada.

A Re-Visit to the Old Land,

With amusing anecdotes about the places and people.

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With some interesting notes about the early settlers, manners,
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SAINTY SMITH

AND

THE SCHOOL UPON THE HILL.

BY E. M. MORPHY.

CHAPTER I.

THE picturesque little town of Monaghan, in the north of Ireland, is situated in a valley surrounded by hills which enclose two small lakes, and adjacent is the serpentine Blackwater river, whose banks are decked with shrubbery and covered with the primrose, cowslip and wild rose in the spring and summer months. In this pretty little inland town the writer spent the "sunny hours of childhood" and youthful days till he arrived at the age of fifteen years. St. Paul was proud of his Tarsus, and said it was "no mean city." The writer can use the same words in at least one respect. If Tarsus gave to the world the scholarly and noble Paul, my little Tarsus gave to Australia a Governor-General, and to Canada a Lieutenant-Governor, a Chief Justice, a Bishop, several M.P.'s, professional men, merchants, and farmers who were a credit to the country.

Amongst the inhabitants who did not emigrate was a Mr. Richard Jackson, a leather merchant, who by industry, frugality and honorable business principles amassed a small fortune. Mr. Jackson was a prominent member of the small body of Methodists in the town, and gave liberally to every charitable institution, as well as to the support of the Church of his choice, and, like the good centurion, "he built them a synagogue," and presented it to the Conference. Nor did he stop here, but proceeded to erect for himself "a monument more lasting than brass," in the purchase of a plot of ground on which he built three substantial buildings, forming three sides of a square. The centre building was planned as a day-school for sixty boys, the right wing for forty girls, and the left a home for six poor widows of the Methodist Church, "well reported." Canada may proudly boast of her excellent free

school system, but Mr. Jackson was half a century ahead in this respect. The schools were not confined to Methodists, as persons of other denominations took advantage of the donor's liberality, and sent their children where they were sure to receive a moral and religious training.

In the selection of teachers Mr. Jackson required that they should be members of the church, "apt to teach," and class-leaders. The first female teacher came from Dublin, highly recommended. Mrs. Booker was a young widow, about thirty, of good address and prepossessing appearance. Like that of the Methodists of the day, her dress was neat and plain, especially the bonnet, which was of the Quaker style. The male teacher was a Mr. James Smith, about forty-five years of age. In personal appearance below the medium height, of slight make, handsome, sharp features, hair combed back. He wore a brown surtout coat, black knee-breeches and leggings, and carried a carved-headed walking-cane. His family consisted of a wife and five children, three boys and two girls, of whom we shall speak hereafter. The six widows, who occupied the left wing of the building, were provided with all the necessaries of life, and uniformly dressed in dark clothing, with the conventional "Methodist bonnets."

Such was the "school on the hill." At the age of ten, the writer entered it as a pupil, and soon became familiar with its usages, part of which consisted of religious exercises at the opening and closing of each session. The instruction was of the ordinary kind—reading, writing and arithmetic. Our principal lesson book was the New Testament. We soon found out that the master was very peculiar in his manner. We were exhorted to use the old Saxon or Scripture words, *Yea, Nay* and *Verily*. The church members considered Mr. Smith a little eccentric, and as he was always reproving sin and sinners, he was called by the outsiders, "Sainty Smith."

The chapel, situate in the lower part of the town, was open several evenings of the week for preaching, prayer and class-meetings, and at the appointed hour the little company, consisting of Father Smith and family, Mrs. Booker, and the six widows, might be seen wending their way to the "Jacksonite Chapel," as it was called. When the congregation entered the men filed to the right, and women to the left, and were separated in the auditorium by a sort of *picket fence*.* Cushioned pews were unknown in Methodist chapels in those days, but benches were well filled, and especially the "penitent

*The Irish received Christianity from the East, and the dividing of the sexes was an Eastern custom,

bench" at revivals. Near the front sat the leaders and Mr. Jackson, then followed the rows of earnest worshippers; at the appointed hour the preacher ascended the high, old-fashioned box pulpit, and after the candles were snuffed by the sexton, the service commenced with a good old-fashioned hymn, sung to a familiar tune in which all joined. The sermon was generally of the awakening kind, powerful and with an unction, and the "amens" were frequent and hearty. The service was closed by a rousing prayer-meeting and conversions were the frequent result.

The Irish Methodists were proverbial for their hospitality, especially to the travelling preacher. On one occasion Gideon Ouseley was being entertained by Mr. Jackson, when the leaders and prominent members of the Church were assembled. After giving a graphic account of how the work of God was progressing all over Ireland, and of the persecution he met with, Mr. Ouseley related the following anecdote:—

"Brother Graham and I visited one of the western towns on a market day where a great number of people were assembled, three-fourths of whom were Roman Catholics. When we commenced to preach, a great shout arose, 'Down with the Swaddlers,' 'Down with the Black Caps.*' Then they began to throw stones and missiles at us. We beckoned with the hand as if we had something to say, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer in the Irish tongue. The effect was like magic; all was quiet and every head was uncovered during its recital. At the conclusion, one person cried out, 'Now say the "Hail Mary."' We looked toward him and said, 'Who is that fellow who is speaking so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin?' A number of voices joined me in saying, 'Who is he? who is he?' then the crowd turned and mobbed the interrupter, and gave us a quiet hearing till we finished our sermon."

But to return to the "school on the hill." Our master was more feared than loved by the boys. Although a strictly good man, he was considered to be more of a Puritan than a Methodist; we scarcely ever saw a smile on his countenance. He could make no allowance for boyish games of any kind, as the following incident will show:.

One summer evening as he and the little company were coming to the prayer-meeting, he suddenly came upon a few of the scholars (the writer included), who were playing at marbles. He made a charge upon us, kicked the alleys, and used his walking-cane freely. I need scarcely say we made a

*Ouseley and Graham wore black skull caps and sat on horseback when preaching.

hasty retreat and left him the victor. Next morning we were lectured for "bowing down to little gods," and ordered to the penitential (not penitent) bench.

As above stated, our master had three sons—Robert, James, and Dick—very nice lads, especially Robert, the eldest. He was a tall, handsome youth of about eighteen, who occasionally assisted his father in teaching, and was intended for that profession. James was two years his junior, tall of his age, of a cheerful disposition. Dick was some years younger than James, a stout little fellow, full of mischief and frolic, a natural mechanic.

Mrs. Smith ^{was} handsome, matronly, pious, and of a sweet disposition, which atoned for her husband's eccentricity. The two daughters, Carrie and Susan, aged respectively twelve and ten, were modest and industrious. In a word the Smith family were happy and lived within their limited means.

Amongst Mrs. Booker's scholars one is deserving of a passing notice, especially as she is to bear an important part in our story. Her name was Mary Logan, the daughter of an intelligent local-preacher, who lived on a small farm at Milltown, about one mile from Monaghan. Mary was about sixteen, tall and slight, of Grecian style of countenance, fair complexion, flaxen hair and blue eyes, which won her the name of "blue-eyed Mary." She was intimate with the Smith girls, and often met them at the Sunday-school in the little chapel where Robert was a teacher. After spending the day with her companions, Robert was often deputed to "see her home"—a task which he willingly performed.

It was not "all work and no play" with Sainty Smith's scholars. In the spring and summer months our sports consisted of athletic games, fishing in the lakes, swimming in the Blackwater, gathering berries, sloes, crab-apples, mushrooms, hunting rabbits, and seeking for birds' nests. Robert did not join in our diversions, he being older and more sedate. Yet he did not always stop at home; having an attraction at Milltown, thither he involuntarily wandered for a rustic ramble with blue-eyed Mary to the stone bridge that spanned the Blackwater. For hours they stood gazing at the romantic scenery, listening to the rumbling of the old corn mill, with its ever-revolving water-wheel covered with spray and foam, while the air was redolent with the hawthorn blossom and wild flowers, which Robert collected and festooned into Mary's summer hat.

" With the songster in the grove,
Here they told their tale of love,
And sportive garlands wove."

But, alas! "Love's young dream" was of short duration; the meetings of the lovers were reported to the parents, who thought it indiscreet. Accordingly Mary was prohibited from visiting Mr. Smith's, and Robert's father gave him such a lecture that he resolved to leave home and strike out for himself.

I have a distinct recollection of the recruiting parties in the fairs and markets of my native town. The sergeant with his Waterloo and other medals suspended to his padded and close-fitting scarlet coat, was accompanied by several drummers and fifers, whose martial strains collected a crowd that followed to "headquarters," a tavern in the market-square. Here the officer in command made an oration, setting forth the glories of the army, finishing up with "Three cheers for the king," and an invitation to the boys to "Come in and have a drink."

Let us follow the party into the sitting-room where abundance of Irish whiskey was served up, followed by a popular air from the band, then another speech by the sergeant, something like the following:—

"Now, boys, I'll tell yez something about war. Ye see when our regiment (the good ould Connaught Rangers) were in the Peninsula we lived like fightin' cocks, we had the best of atin' and drinkin', and lots of divarshun. Early on the mornin' of the battle of Waterloo, I was out on picket duty near the Frinch lines, when who should come up ridin' on a horse wid a cloak round him (to disguise himself) but Bonypart himself." Here the speaker was interrupted by a voice, "What sort of a looking man was Bony?" "Well, boys, as near as I could judge, he would stand six feet three in his stockin' soles, bushy whiskers, squint in his eye, and a wart on his nose." "Did he spake to you?" "Av course he did. 'Sargint O'Gorman, sez he, 'what strength are yez?' 'Five hundred thousand, furby the Prushins,' sez I. 'That's a whopper,' sez he. 'Who are them fellows of yours wid the bare legs?' sez he. 'Thim's the 42nd Highlanders, or the Kilties, as the boys call them; like ourselves, tigers to fight,' sez I. 'Well,' sez he, 'Wellington must have been in a duce of a hurry thish mornin', when he could'nt give the boys time to put on their trousers.'"

At this point a general laugh and another drink, then the sergeant pulled out a handful of silver and said, "Now, boys, who'll take *the shillin'*; yez are a fine lookin' lot of fellows, and I'll list ye for sargints." Several came forward and took the coin, and had the ribbons pinned on their hats. Another drink, a rattle of the drum—"Turn out the whole. Fall in there; right face, quick march," roared the sergeant, and off they start to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day" or "The Girl I

Left Behind Me." The whiskey was the most objectionable part of the performance, as many enlisted under its influence, and repented when sober.

Among the boys who listened to Sergeant O'Gorman's speech was Robert Smith. "He had read of war, and longed to follow to the field some warlike lord." But he did not like the infantry, and consequently did not take "the shilling" from the sergeant. A troop of the Tenth Hussars (afterwards stationed at Toronto, then in Monaghan) were the admiration of all the lads and lasses of the town. The dark blue uniform, with a scarlet jacket slung over their left shoulder, their glistening helmets and prancing horses, gave them a dashing appearance. Robert tried to enlist in this troop, but was told that he must go to "headquarters" in Dublin, at the same time receiving a letter to the commander. His mind was made up, he kept his own counsel, except to Mary Logan, to whom he said he was going to Dublin to seek a situation, promising to write frequently. After a tender parting, he bade adieu to his lovely blue-eyed Mary.

One fine morning in June, Robert arose unusually early, packed his wardrobe, with his Bible in his handkerchief, then, peeping into his mother's chamber, saw her in a placid sleep, he was about to steal a last kiss, but prudence forbade him. Then wiping away a tear, he turned from the parental roof with a heavy heart and a light purse, and commenced his sixty mile walk to Dublin.

Robert's absence that day was attributed to a fishing excursion, which he often made to Killmore lakes. But as he had not come home at the usual time, his parents grew uneasy. Next morning the family, being alarmed at his absence, sent to Mr. Logan's. Mary said he had been there two days before, and told her he was going to Dublin in quest of a situation. This was confirmed by a trooper, who said that a young man called at the barracks a few days ago, wanting to enlist, and that the captain told him he could not join here, but at Dublin, the headquarters of the regiment. It was evident that Robert had enlisted, and then there was "weeping, lamentation, and woe, his mother refused to be comforted."

About a week after this event, a letter was received from Robert, bearing the Dublin post-mark. He asked pardon for his disobedience and rash act. He said he did not like to be a teacher, nor did he care for a mechanical trade, and the only opening he thought of, and one which would not embarrass his father, was the army, for which he had a taste, and where he hoped for promotion. To Mary he wrote a similar letter,

reassuring her of his sincere love, but releasing her from her engagement, as he knew not when he might return. Mary's reply was very affectionate, saying she could never love any one else, and she would wait for his return if it should be twenty years.

In the meanwhile, we will follow Robert to "headquarters." On the first day he walked to Drogheda, and felt tired. Next morning he arose early, to see the old-fashioned city which he had read of. On the bridge which crosses the Boyne river he met an old gentleman, who gave him all the information he wanted.

At sunset that evening, Robert reached Dublin, and on the following morning he proceeded to the cavalry barracks, and presented his letter to the commanding officer. After reading it, the Colonel eyed Robert all over, then remarked, "Captain Manson says you're a respectable young man, with a good education. It's such we want in the Tenth Hussars, who are justly termed a crack regiment. I like your appearance; you can now step into the orderly room and be enlisted."

Robert bowed, and obeyed military orders for the first time. After being tested and signing the roll, he was shown into the tailor's shop to be measured for a uniform, and thence to his quarters—a long room, with two rows of iron bedsteads; opposite each was hung on brackets the men's accoutrements. At the sound of a trumpet the men assembled to the dining or messroom in squads, Robert amongst the rest.

In the evening, while seated on his bed, his comrades were singing, jesting, and talking so loud that Robert could scarcely hear his own voice; then opening his little wardrobe, he took therefrom his mother's Bible, and read a chapter, then knelt in prayer as he was accustomed to. Scarcely had he commenced when a general laugh and a jeer came from nearly all in the room. Some said "Methodist," others said "Swaddler." Then they began to hoot and throw missiles at him, till one young man named Armstrong, from the County Fermanagh, the son of a Methodist, rose to his feet, and said, "Boys, your conduct is disgraceful to a stranger, who is evidently a good young man. I remember how you did the same thing to me, till you shamed me out of my piety, but now I'll turn the tables, and report every man of the room to the commanding officer to-morrow." He did so, and that officer, who was already impressed with Robert, gave them a sharp reprimand, saying if he ever heard of such a thing again he would punish them heavily. From that day forward Robert had no further annoyance. Robert's first duty was severe. At four o'clock, trumpet

call ; three hours' riding-school ; breakfast at seven ; riding-school in the forenoon, and so on. In a little time, by perseverance (and after many tumbles) he mastered his drill, and was present with his regiment at a review and sham-battle in Phoenix Park, where seven regiments assembled.

But to return to the school on the hill. Robert's parents had become reconciled, and the Logan and Smith families were on good terms again. Amongst the leaders in the little society was a pioneer Methodist—a shrewd, intelligent man with a superior family of young men and women. Mr. W——, with his other abilities as a leader, was a good singer, and boasted of having “raised the hymns” for John Wesley. He was on terms of intimacy with Dr. Coke, President of the Conference. On one occasion he took his eldest daughter to a public breakfast which was given to Dr. Adam Clark at Armagh, twelve miles from Monaghan. Mr. W—— had the pleasure of seeing his sons and daughters, son-in-law and grandchildren amongst the worshippers at the Methodist preaching-house. One of his grandsons he often patted on the head, calling him his “rosy-cheeked little Eddie.” That boy is the writer of this sketch, and the young woman who went with her father to the breakfast was his mother. The same little fellow was sometimes used as a bed-warmer for the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, when that good man stopped at his father's house.

The travelling preachers who visited Monaghan in turn were Gideon Ouseley, Graham, Reiley, Fehee, Averel, Deery, Walsh and others. They were “workmen who need not be ashamed,” men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, popular among all Protestant denominations, “and the common people heard them gladly.”

CHAPTER II.

“Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,
Your veterans from the war-path's track ;
You gave your boys, brave, but untried ;
You bring them men and heroes back !”

BEFORE they left Dublin, the young recruits, Robert and Armstrong, became close comrades and friends. They walked and rode together, attended the Stephens Green Methodist Chapel together ; in a word, they were like “David and Jonathan.” They had miniature likenesses of themselves

taken. Robert had two ; one he sent home, the other to Mary, with a request that she would send him one of hers in return. She procured one from H. McManus, a portrait painter of the town, and forwarded it.*

While Robert and his friend were enjoying Dublin and its beautiful surroundings, "the route" came, and the 10th was ordered to "foreign service," and in a little time they embarked for India. Scarcely had the family got over the sorrows of parting with Robert when another trouble came upon them ; sly James followed his brother's example, and enlisted in the 47th Regiment of Infantry. Dick, however, was a stay-at-home lad, and having a mechanical turn, was bound to a gun-maker, but boarded at home. In course of time the family were reconciled, and all was going on as usual, when a little commotion arose in the society. It was whispered in the chapel that "Sister Booker was conforming to the world."

The facts were, that a well-to-do farmer, a widower, who lived near the town, often visited the preaching-house, sought an introduction to Mrs. Booker, with whom he was much taken. and thought such a pious woman would make him a good wife and a conscientious stepmother for his children. He accordingly proposed, and was accepted by Mrs. B——, without consulting the Church. In the meantime the prayer and class-meetings were not regularly attended by her, and it was observed that Sister Booker had not the same fervor in prayer, and was "backsliding." A meeting of the leaders was called, and Sister Booker's case was the principal topic. All lamented her worldliness. One said, "She has got a bow on her bonnet ;" another said, "She had also a beau on her arm." At length one

*Speaking of the painter, reminds me of an incident. The boy who sat next to me in school, named Bobby Wright, was dull and half deaf, fond of making men's heads on his slate, for which he had often got the taws over his fingers. After leaving school, his parents articted him to McManus to learn his profession. In a little time it was said that "he was better than his master." Dr. Temple, who lived on the hill, lost a young and amiable wife, who died suddenly. He immediately went to the painter to know if he could paint a likeness of his deceased wife, regretting very much that he had not one taken while she was alive. The artist replied "that it was a difficult thing to do," but that he had a very clever lad, who might be able to do it. My school-fellow was deputed for the task. The doctor had the body propped up and dressed in her usual costume. Bobby made such a good sketch that when painted it was a striking likeness. The lad was sent to Italy, where he studied under celebrated masters, and afterwards became "portrait painter to Her Majesty Queen Victoria." How many more men of genius and others who received their education and first religious impressions in "the school upon the hill," eternity alone will tell.

(with the Sainty Smith zeal) said, "Brethren, we got no good of Sister Booker since the courtin' divil got into her." At the expiration of the year, Mrs. B—— got married to the farmer, and Miss Minute was appointed in her stead.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were unremitting in their attention to the institution. They often visited the schools, and were received with the greatest respect; on the entrance of the dear old couple the scholars arose from their seats, and made their best bow, and sang one of Wesley's hymns, in which we were well drilled.

But to return to our story. Letters were received from the two young soldiers. Robert spoke of his arrival at Calcutta, and of their visit to Bombay, Madras and other parts of India; of the manners and customs of the natives; their great heathen temples, etc.; that already they had had a brush with the Sikhs, who were mustering in great numbers, and that they did not know the day they might have a desperate battle with such a daring enemy. James spoke of his regiment being removed to several parts of England, then to Gibraltar, and up the Mediterranean, to Corfu, Malta, and other parts of the British possessions.

Father Smith replied to his sons' letters, exhorting his boys to be faithful to their duty as soldiers of their King, and to acquit themselves like men, but to keep in mind that they should be soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and "put on the whole armor of God, to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life." He never bowed the knee without praying for his family, and especially the absent ones; and the two Smith boys, although absent and mixing among strangers and gay comrades, were strictly moral, and total abstainers, their good conduct and education securing promotion. Nor did they forget their father's limited means, as they sent home small remittances from time to time.

As Irish Methodism runs concurrent with our story, we may be permitted to make some extracts from the "Centenary of Methodism," and "Riley's Life of Ouseley."

When John Wesley first visited the south of Ireland, he found in the counties of Limerick and Tipperary a Protestant peasantry of a superior class, differing in appearance from their neighbors. Their little farms were better tilled, their houses presented a neater and more tidy appearance. They were generally tall and of a fair complexion. The history of this people is a very interesting one. Their forefathers were natives of the Palatinate in Germany, and on account of their Protestant principles they were ruthlessly driven from their

homes, in midwinter, by that cruel bigot, Louis XIV. of France, who had already persecuted to death many thousands of the unoffending Huguenots. The Palatines fled for refuge to the Duke of Marlborough's camp in the Netherlands, and found a refuge under the British flag. Good Queen Anne was apprised of their hopeless condition, and had them brought over to England, and distributed over different parts of her dominion. One colony was sent to Ireland, and had small grants of land given to each family. They became loyal subjects to the British Crown, and won the name of "True Blues." Here Mr. Wesley found their descendants, who embraced Methodism, and from this "good old stock" came Philip Embury and Barbara Heck, the founders of Methodism in the United States and Canada, which to-day numbers over ten millions of adherents on this continent.

But as most readers prefer a narrative to a lecture, we proceed with the "School upon the Hill."

Robert and James Smith had been several years away, their sisters had grown up to be wise, intelligent and pious young women, and a great help and comfort to their parents. Dick was a journeyman, and boarded at home. Mary Logan had grown to womanhood, and retained her good looks. She had many good offers for marriage, but refused, saying her heart was in India, and she could not bestow her hand on any other than Robert Smith, her "first love." One day a paragraph appeared in the newspaper, stating that a great battle had been fought, and complete victory gained by the British troops under Lord Gough in India. In the list of the killed and wounded the names of Sergeants Robert Smith and Wm. Armstrong appeared among the latter.

I need scarcely say what effect this news had upon the Smith family, and especially Mary Logan, who with her parents hastened to town to hear the particulars. In this dreadful state of anxiety they remained for a week, when a letter in a strange hand arrived. It was from Sergeant Amstrong, giving a detailed account of the fight, and of the bravery and charge of the 10th Hussars, completely routing the enemy; that Robert and the writer were in the midst of it; that the wound he received was slight, but Robert's left arm was broken. This letter of explanation was received with devout thankfulness, and congratulations were sent to the Smith family by all their friends. After some time a letter was received from Robert confirming the above, stating that he was now out of hospital and, being unfitted for active service, was promoted to be Quartermaster-Sergeant; that he was writing in the orderly

room, and occasionally made excursions with the Quartermaster to purchase stores for the regiment ; that his position was a lucrative one, as he often received valuable presents from the loyal natives ; also that his regiment would return to England in about six months, when he would receive his discharge on account of his wound. This last news was received with rejoicing at the " School on the Hill," and especially by Mary, who received a similar one from her " wounded Hussar."

The brothers, Robert and James, kept up a correspondence. The 47th was now in Canada ; in James' last letter he said they had orders to return in the spring. One fine May morning a large transport anchored at Portsmouth. It had on board the 10th Hussars, returning from India ; amongst them were Robert and his comrade, Sergeant Armstrong. The sunburnt fellows, with medals on their breasts, received a royal welcome, the bands playing, " See the Conquering Hero Comes." After being settled in barracks, Robert applied for his discharge, which the commanding officer promised to forward to him, and adding that " in the meantime Quartermaster-Sergeant Smith might consider himself on furlough." Robert's comrades gave him a farewell demonstration and presented him with a piece of plate. In parting with his bosom friend, Armstrong, he elicited a promise from him that he would visit him in Monaghan at no distant date, and be his " best man " on an *interesting occasion*. The promise was given and the comrades separated for a time.

Robert's first piece of business was to dispose of a part of his valuable and curious presents to a museum, for which he realized quite a little sum of money. His next was to make inquiry about the 47th Regiment, which he heard had already landed, and was in Liverpool ; thither he hasted and found James. The brothers were so much altered in personal appearance that they scarcely recognized each other. In a little time their plan was arranged : James was to procure a furlough for a month, and then they would go to Monaghan and surprise the family at home. There was no difficulty about " the leave ;" then the two sergeants proceeded to Holyhead, thence to Dublin by boat, and from Dublin to Monaghan by mail coach.

One evening, as the Smith family were seated around a bright fire in the little parlor, the father reading his Bible, the mother knitting, the daughters working samplers, and Dick carving " a man's head " on a stick, a knock came to the front door, on opening which Carrie started back affrighted. There stood two tall men wrapped in military overcoats. The first speaker asked, " Is this where Mr. James Smith lives ?" Scarcely had

he spoken when Mrs. Smith recognized the voice, and said, "It is Robert," and Carrie exclaimed, "And James." In an instant the family surrounded the returned prodigals. The shock was too much for the mother, who fainted in Robert's arms; her first words, when consciousness returned, were "My son." "Yes, my dear mother, your wayward boy," said Robert, planting a kiss on her pale face; James followed suit. On removing the overcoats, the tall, manly forms of the soldiers in uniform stood before the delighted family. As for their father, he could do nothing but hold up his hands in praise and thanksgiving, for the safe return of his sons. There was scarcely any sleep in the domicile that night.

On the following morning, after breakfast and worship, Robert opened one of his large trunks, took out a canvas bag containing one hundred sovereigns (part of which James contributed) and handed it to his father as a present. Then to his mother a parcel containing a beautiful Cashmere shawl, then to each of his sisters a rich India silk dress, and to Dick a large Turkish smoking pipe. On taking out the next parcel, he handed it to Susan, saying, "Don't open this, Susie; it's for my Mary."

Dick was deputed to see Mr. Jackson forthwith, announce the arrival, and ask permission to give the boys a holiday. This he granted, and sent his congratulations.

I need scarcely say the scholars received their leave with joy. The news spread like wild-fire and before noon every person in town heard of the returned soldiers. The excitement at the Smith house was intense. Father Smith, who never saw so much money together, went upstairs and paced the vacant school-room, saying, "Lord, keep me humble; save me from being carried away by the 'deceitfulness of riches.' 'If riches increase, set not thine heart upon them.' 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter.' Oh! Lord, keep me humble."

James remained in the house that day, amusing the family with his adventures abroad. As for Robert, he started off for Milltown. It was a fine May morning, and the thousand singing birds seemed to say, "Welcome home, wanderer." On ascending the gaol hill, he looked at the old building, in which there was no change; then turning to the right, he saw "Peter's Lake," which brought up fishing remembrances, at the "Crabtree brae" he heard the familiar notes of the lark, blackbird, thrush, cuckoo, and cornrake. In a little time he was in Milltown, and stood upon the old "Blackwater Bridge," which brought up many pleasing associations. On reaching the other side he began to feel a little nervous, especially as he neared

the "Logan Farm." In the lane leading to the dwelling-house a man was clipping a hawthorn hedge, who, seeing the stranger, dropped his shears and, running toward him, said, "Is it possible that you are Robert Smith?" "Yes, sir, no other; and you are Mr. Logan?" "Yes, I am Thomas Logan, and you are welcome home, my boy." "Many thanks, Mr. Logan, but how is Mary?" "Come in and see for yourself."

They enter. Robert is shown to the parlor, while Mr. L— goes to the garden, saying, "A neighbor wants to see the ladies." Mary colored up; she was afraid it was a ruse of her father, and tremblingly followed her parent to the house. On arriving at the parlor door, a scream, a swoon, and she would have fallen but for Robert, who caught her with his right arm, and clasped her to his bosom. On recovering, she opened her soft blue eyes, and her first word was "Robert." "Yes, my darling and faithful Mary, your own Robert," at the same instant bringing his bronzed face in close proximity to hers, and kissing her pale lips.

That afternoon was spent in planning. Robert explained about James' leave, which would expire in about three weeks, also of the coming visit of his comrade, whom he wished to be his "best man;" that Mary must try to be ready within that time, as he would like to have James at their wedding. Mary thought the notice *too short*, but supposed "she must obey military orders." Mr. and Mrs. Logan were called in to the "council of war," and gave their consent; then the soldier and his bride-elect started for a walk to town. When they came to "the bridge" they paused, and had another look at the "Old Mill." "Here," said Robert, "I am reminded of the appropriate stanza—

" 'Remembrance loves to linger near
The scenes to love and friendship dear,
And memory oft brings back to view
The happy hours I spent with you.' "

Mary was delighted with the beautiful present, which consisted of a richly embroidered India silk dress, to be worn on an interesting occasion.

While preparations were being made for the approaching nuptials, Robert wrote to Sergeant Armstrong, saying "the affair" would come off in three weeks, and that he would expect him about that time. The reply was that "he would be on hand." Robert's friend arrived in good time, and was well received by the family, who were already prepossessed in his favor. As before stated, Armstrong was tall and handsome,

still unmarried. The three sergeants attended the little chapel, and were admired by all.

The eventful day having arrived, the parish church was crowded to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the rector, as Methodist preachers did not officiate in those days. At the altar stood Robert in the full uniform of a Hussar, long boots and spurs, scarlet jacket slung over his blue tunic, which was adorned with his medals. Sergeant Armstrong was similarly dressed, and James, on his right, was in full regimentals—scarlet tunic, etc. In a little time, Mr. Logan proceeded up the aisle, with Mary on his arm, followed by Carrie and Susan richly dressed in their India silks; as they formed in a semicircle, they presented a picture for an artist. The blushing bride, of course, looked lovely. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy couple were congratulated by their numerous friends, especially by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who occupied front seats with the family. Jaunting-cars were in readiness to convey the company and guests to Mr. Logan's, at Milltown, where a sumptuous repast was prepared.

Nor does this story end with one marriage. Armstrong thought Carrie beautiful, and she was charmed with the "gallant Hussar." While he remained in town they had frequent interviews, and before he left they were engaged. The furlough having expired, James and Armstrong were obliged to return to their regiments. An affectionate parting was the result, especially with Carrie and her affianced.

In a little time Robert's discharge arrived, giving him a sergeant's pension for life and an excellent character. He and Mary settled down at Milltown, and in a little time he was appointed barrack-master—a Government situation—to purchase supplies for the troops. Susan got married to a young preacher. Sergeant Armstrong received his discharge, returned to Monaghan, got married to Carrie, then removed to Enniskillen, his native town. James served his full time, got married, and emigrated to Canada West. As for poor Father Smith, he had grown feeble, and gave up his situation at the "School on the Hill." He and Mrs. Smith went to live with Dick, who was a good son. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson lived to a good old age, endowed the Methodist Institution, bequeathed largely to public charities, as they had no children. Then the saintly old couple departed this life, in the full assurance of a glorious immortality. Amongst the many tablets in the Monaghan parish church this day, a very handsome marble slab reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Richard and Margaret Jackson," then describing his many benevolent acts, and his

having given a large donation toward the erection of the church.

As above stated, Father Smith lived with his son Dick. One morning he did not come to breakfast at his usual time. Dick went to his bedchamber, and found his good old father, kneeling at his bedside, dead. Faithful unto death, no doubt but he received the crown of life. So ended my schoolmaster, poor, old "Sainty Smith." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"THE SCHOOL UPON THE HILL."

With pleasing recollections I meditate for hours
On happy days of boyhood spent in "Erin's lovely bowers,"
The swimming feats in "Blackwater," near Milltown's bridge and mill,
The fishing sports at "Hatchell's Lake" and "School upon the Hill."

At "Rossmore Park" we've spent the day gathering nuts and sloes,
And climbing prickly bushes, regardless of our clothes ;
Then seeking nests of singing birds, and drinking at the rill,
Thus filling up the holidays of "School upon the Hill."

At early morn, just as the lark and songsters of the grove
Had warbled forth in joyous song of praise to God of love,
Then would the boys of Jackson school in manly pastime drill,
And hasten home for morning meal and "School upon the Hill."

Dear "Sainty Smith" we dreaded most, yet sometimes with a look
Of love, he said "'twas for our good," and quoted from God's book ;
Thus we were taught in various ways, sometimes against our will,
To read our Bible daily at the "School upon the Hill."

Impressions then were made, which after years proved good,
Though covered for a season, yet brought us back to God ;
The fervent prayers of pious men, I think I hear them still,
In Jackson's little preaching-house and "School upon the Hill."

Although in modern temples now of architecture grand,*
With eloquent divines and choirs—a credit to our land—
Once more I'd like to see each spot, the "Milltown bridge and mill,"
The little Clonite preaching-house and "School upon the Hill."

—E. M. MORPHY.

* The "Metropolitan" and others.

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 Ladies' Alberts, 75c., \$1, \$2, \$3.
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 Pickle Stands, \$1, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.5, \$5.
 Bake Dishes, \$12, \$15, \$18.
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 Vases, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5, \$8, \$10.
 Toilet Sets, \$10, \$15, \$20.
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 Water Sets, \$1, \$2, \$2.50.
 Five o'Clock Tea Sets, \$18, \$20, \$25.
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 Napkin Rings, 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50, \$2.
 Knife R. sts. 75c., \$1.25, \$1.50.
 Children's Knife, Fork and Spoon, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.
 Berry Spoons, \$1.50 to \$3.
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Butter Knives 75c., \$1, \$1.50.
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 Dessert Knives, per doz., \$5, \$5.50.
 Table Knives, per doz., \$5.50, \$6.
 Dessert Forks, per doz., \$4.50, \$5, \$7.
 Table Forks, per doz., \$5, \$6, \$9.
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 Opera Glasses, \$2, \$3.50, \$5, \$8, \$10, \$12.
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