If I Were You.

Why did he look so grave? she asked,
What might the trouble be?
"My little maid," he sighing said,
"Suppose that you were me,
And you a weighty secret owned,
Pray tell me what you'd do?"
'I think I'd tell it somebody,"
Said she, "if I were you."

But still he sighed and looked askance,
Despite her sympathy,
"Oh, tell me little maid," he said
Again, "if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
Oh, then what would you do?"
'I think I'd go and tell her so,"
Said she, "if I were you!"

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said,
"Alone are dear to me."
Ah, then she turned away her head
And ne'er a word said she.
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered, too—
Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;
I'd guess, if I were you.

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM.

LECTURE BY REV. FATHER P.S. O'RYAN, D.D.

Quebec Budget, Oct. 24.

The St. Patrick's Hall, Ann Street, was thronged on Thursday evening, the 8th of October, 1885, with a respectable and fashionable audience to listen to the Lecture on "Religion and Patriotism," delivered by the Rev. P. S. O'Ryan, D. D., under the auspices of the Quebec Branch of the Irish National League.

Mr. Gallagher introduced to the audience the lecturer of the evening, the Rev. Dr. O'Ryan, who, on advancing, was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The rev. lecturer began as follows:—

MR PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Two loves hath God planted in the heart of man: love of faith and love of fatherland. Divine Providence has laid the foundation of nations and established in their midst the empire of Heaven's power and grace. Hence, we must bow in free and glorious submission to a two-fold God-given power; hence, we owe allegiance to the City of eternity and to the City of time, to the home of the body, to the home of the soul; hence, patriotism and religion are twin sisters baptized at the same fount of a God's redeeming love, receiving the same homage of true Christian hearts and always uniting their efforts in the formation of a glorious nationhood. Bereft of faith, a nation falls a prey to the evil elements of every class and condition. It is not the loss of a battle or the annihilation of an army that begins the fall of a people; a people dies only by the relaxation of its morals, by abandoning its manly habits, by the effacement of its character through the invasion of egotism and scepticism. It dies of its own corruption. It does not die of its wounds. On the other hand, bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation is cold and sordid, scarce half does it seem to live; individual success is the cynosure of every citizen; the one true immutable almighty dollar becomes the golden calf of public worship, the guardian of peace, the instrument of war, the creed of chief and people. Liberty is but a word, the evangel of cranks or fools, an unattainable ideal, and if, instead of spreading its roots through the strata of a thousand different laws and customs, it is raised, the exotic of an hour, like the tree and dryad of ancient fable, it flourishes and withers with the single spirit that protects it.

It is the union of faith and patriotism which ennobles the individual, which magnifies the grandeur of a nation. The former elevates and sanctifies the latter, and when blended together, there is produced that holy love of country, which the Apostle thus sublimely expresses to the Romans: (Chap. ix, 1 vs.) "I speak the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost: That I have great sadness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I wish myself to be an anathema from Christ, for my brethren who are my kinsmen according to the flesh." This love of country wrings a cry of anguish from the heart of the Royal Prophet: "O, Lord, thou shalt arise and have mercy on Sion, for it is time to have mercy on it, the time is come, for the stones thereof have pleased thy servants." And Christ the Son of the living God, Christ born in a Jewish stable, Christ hunted and persecuted by the Jewish people, Christ crucified on a Jewish gibbet outside the walls of Jerusalem, weeps over the proud city and moved by sentiments of the deepest patriotic love exclaims: "Oh! if thou hadst known, and that, in this day, the things that are to thy peace" (Luke xix, 42). Mayhap these divinely wrought sentiments would jar with the feelings of the scribes and Pharisees of ruling synagogues. With them success is Right, and defeat is Wrong. The power that rules is the medium of a conquered nation's welfare and advancement—a whole Pentecost of fiery tongues could not touch their hearts or enlighten their understanding.

But let us waive our reflections and ask history what has been produced by faith and patriotism among the Irish nation. Let us look through the waves of time, which cover the unfading glories of heroes, saints and sages!

The Lord of nations in calling them to existence gave them liberty and power. They built up their own social destinies: making their own laws, establishing their own institutions, effecting conquests or suffering defeat. In the fullness then of His own appointed time, the "good tidings" were brought which consecrated civilization or reclaimed barbarism, which proclaimed that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free.

Monuments of the past indicate that Pagan Ireland possessed in a striking manner the mechanism and harmony of civilization; the pilgrims of history can witness the landmarks of her greatness. The light of Christianity had been shown and shed for more than four hundred years before its rays penetrated to the Emerald Isle of the West. How glorious was the genesis of that faith implanted by Ireland's Apostle! "O Golden hour amongst the hours"! exclaims a pious orator, when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced softly and lovingly the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good things: when Moses struck the rock and the glistening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land, when the "name which is above all names" was first heard in the old Celtic tongue, and the Lord Jesus, entering upon his new inheritance exclaimed: "This is my resting place forever and ever; here shall I dwell because I have chosen it." No opposition impeded the course of the Apostle, no persecution stayed the way of the Cross, no blood was shed to mark its triumph. Christ became king of the people; their greatness, the offspring of His religion. When God finds room in the heart of a nation, when its laws, institutions, power and morals are enlivened by the spirit of religion, then it advances in the path of true civilization and progress. Religion like the antique Orpheus tames the savage passions of men by its grandeur and harmony, and like the legendary Amphion it unites the scattered materials which form the edifice of national glory. Religion indeed was the foundation of Ireland's pristine greatness, and, perhaps, the annals of the world do not shew a more striking and glorious sight than Ireland for the three hundred years immediately following her conversion to the Catholic faith. The choicest gifts of the Holy Spirit were hers. The whole world came to her monasteries, she held intellectual supremacy, churches and cloisters filled the land. She sent forth a Columba to Iona, a Virgilius to Italy, a Romuald to Brabant, a Gallus to France; she was indeed the mother of the monks of the West. The nations of the continent, admiring the lustre of learning and sanctity which shone forth in the holy Isle, united in conferring upon Ireland the proudest title ever yet given to a land or a people: they called her "the Island of Saints and Doctors." Yet Divine Providence had decreed she should become the Island of Martyrs. The faith which had crowned her with the laurel-leaf of religion and worldly greatness, will now deck her brow with the thorn-crown of pain and defeat. At the beginning of the ninth century, the Danes invaded the land. The war was against Irish faith and nationality. With heroic courage and perseverance did the nation struggle, and after a struggle of three hundred long years, she cast the serpent from her bosom into the sea. Religion and patriotism triumphed; but the Irish Church, like the milk-white hind of Dryden's imagination, though neither dead nor dying, was covered with wounds. After the Danish invasion the crown of empire fell from Ireland's brow.

"The emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

A trumpet is heard on the eastern coast, the hills of Wexford re-echo to the shouts of the proud Norman as he sets his foot upon the soil of Erin. Chieftain is fighting against chieftain; disunion makes conquest easy, and the conquest is achieved. The Normans, says Froude, were born rulers of men, and were forced by the same necessity which has brought the decrepit kingdoms of Asia under the authority of England and Russia, to take the management, eight centuries ago, of the anarchic nations of Western Europe. Yet 400 years went by before the English monarch, not a Norman but a Tudor, assumed the title of "King of Ireland," and that monarch was Henry the Eighth. With him opened a new era of persecution. A reformation "engendered in beastly lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, cherished and fed by plunder and devastation," invaded the Eden of faith like the tempting serpent of Hell. But Irish soil could neither nourish nor harbour the dangerous reptile. Then began that terrible combat which has made Ireland a spectacle of mingled woe and admiration—"to angels and to men," which left her naked and wounded, a mother of sorrows at the foot of the cross—yet with bleeding heart filled with undying faith. Almighty God has called up martyrs to His eternal truth. He who had proclaimed Himself the way and the truth was nailed to a cross; millions from every class and country followed in His footsteps and hailed in the throes of death the sacred symbol of Redemption; but an entire nation suffering the agonies of a prolonged martyrdom, an impoverished and politically degraded people rejecting the allurements of apostacy,—this was a novel creation, a miracle in history. God decreed it. His faithful nation ever raised her chain-weighted hands in prayer for victory and that victory was accomplished. Ireland's faith received the crown of everlasting life.

What means protracted the struggle? What combination of circumstances aided her perseverance? Ireland's faith, Ireland's patriotism. The victory of the one meant the preservation of the other. During the vain struggle which two generations of Milesian princes maintained against the Tudors, religious enthusiasm and national enthusiasm became inseparably blended in the minds of the vanquished race. The new feud of Protestant and Papist inflamed the old feud of Saxon and Celt. Ireland could not abandon her religion without losing her patriotism, for the sword of the conqueror was directed against the one and the other. The gods of the enslaved nations of antiquity found room in the Roman Pantheon, these nations lost their nationality, and became provinces of the empire; but Ireland, while preserving Patrick's faith in her heart of hearts, never became a homogeneous member of the British Empire, and demands now as she has ever demanded: Ireland for the Irish from sea to sea.

"If a state submit,
At once, she may be blotted out at once,
And swallowed in the conqueror's chronicle.
Whereas, in wars of Freedom and defence
The glory and grief of battle, won or lost,
Solders a race together. Yea! though they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell are like
A banked-up fire that flashes out again
Century after century, and, at last
Will lead them on to victory."

The loyalty of the Celtic race to their altars and homes has been always as the dial to the sun, true though not shone upon. Ireland's faith has never suffered defeat, and though the efforts of her patriotism have never been crowned with complete and lasting success, they maintained its existence, and like the sacred fire of the vestal virgin, its pure flame was always bright on the altars of the nation. How often has the British chariot of conquest passed through the vanquished Isle of Destiny, the land as a garden of Eden before it, behind it a desolate wilderness? Dissension and crime paved its way, deceit and hypocrisy urged on its hellish career, greed and slaughter prolonged and quickened its course, till at last Ireland was subdued and became the Garden of Sorrows of a decimated, impoverished and martyred people. Mountjoy gave Ireland to the Virgin Queen. "Nothing but carcasses and ashes." The fires of the nation's altars, of the nation's patriotism, had been quenched. Half a century had scarcely passed away and the voice of patriotism resounds through the valley of dry bones, the spirit of heaven blew upon the slain and they lived again, the carcasses are armed men, the ashes flaming fire, the dead nation escapes from the sepulchre. Then, to quote the words of the great Bossuet, "there appeared a man possessed of an incredible depth of mind, uniting the subtlest hypocrisy with the craftiest policy, unscrupulous in his actions and designs, active and tireless in peace and war, leaving nothing to the fancies of fate which he might not command through a farseeing vigilance, in fine, one of those daring and restless spirits which are seemingly cast into existence to revolutionize the world."

Oliver Cromwell came over to smite and slay in the name of the Lord. Like a blast from hell the minions of the evangelical regicide passed over the land. Ireland was conquered literally and universally. The country was worth fighting for and so the green fields were laid waste, their rightful owners dispossessed and sent to Hell or Connaught; patriotism slept in a bloody grave.

Ireland was fast reaping the fruits of subjection to the grandest commonwealth on earth! Yet the restless nature of the Celt could suffer no longer the benign influence of the genius of British civilization. Again Ireland is up in arms. Dynasty wars against dynasty in the sister islands. Stuart against Orange Nassau, but the conflict will make Erin's freedom or rivet her chains. Again her soil is sullied by an invasion. Again dies the woe-stricken nation. On Aughrim's vanquished plain the sun of her glory is eclipsed in defeat, her heart's blood reddens the Boyne stream to the sea, her soldiers fly like wild geese from Limerick to European fields of fame. Surely this is the last conquest of Ireland. Not yet! A century freighted with gloom and misery passes by. An honourable treaty had been broken, 'ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry, and replaced by the penal laws. The penal laws were the means devised by Britain's sagacious statesmen to emasculate a religious and heroic race. They were, according to the description given by Edmund Burke, "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, full of cohesion and consistency, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." By this infamous code the Irish people were at once despoiled of civil and religious liberty in the name of civil and religious liberty.

Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name! The tyrant proclaims liberty and crushes the helot; the infidel prates of liberty and insults his God; the libertine uses his liberty by steeping his soul in vice. To the conqueror and ruler, it is the pilar of light which opens the way to fame and happiness; to the slavish and oppressed, a pillar of darkness which shadows misery and vice.

Thus then, under a constitution euphemistically styled the 'palladium' of liberty and progress, the Irish people were impoverished and debased. Learning was denied them, still they were taunted with ignorance; lands, goods and trade were they deprived of, still the robber mocked their poverty and called them the meanest beggars on earth.

What visions rise up before the mind's eye when we contemplate this dismal period of Irish history! Ireland outraged and calumniated;—Ireland a prey to the vampires of a hostile state;—Ireland on Calvary, flagellated, crowned with thorns, crucified, denied even the gall which might ease her sufferings; aye, denied even the liberty of raising her head to God to pray for her executioners.

"Poor Ireland!" her barbarian nature struggled against the generous efforts of British benevolence to ameliorate her condition and procure her welfare. "Poor Ireland!" exclaims the historian, steeped in ignorance and misery, she could not appreciate the gifts of civilization.

"Poor Ireland!" Statesmen pronounce the sentimental exclamation, while their artificial famines and brutal coercion are working the destruction of a nation's vitality. 'Poor Ireland'! the words point the constitutionally-coined moral of the slave and adorn the tale of the ruling statesman.

'Poor Ireland'! the sympathetic gush is in every ink bottle and runs freely from every pen.

'Poor Ireland'! 'tis the theme of the corrupt politician, the 'open sesame' of his greedy ambition, the whine of the coward, the *requiem* of his liberty.

Friends, Irishmen, the cry is now dying away in pulpit, press and people.

Ireland a Nation! This is the watchword of the present, the expectation of the future.

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising when others have set;
And though slavery's clouds round thy morning have hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet!"

During this eighteenth century the sun shone over the most miserable people on God's earth. Berkely, the philosopher of the ideal, puts this dismal query in 1734—"Whether there be upon earth any Christian or civilized people so beggarly, wretched and destitute as the common Irish?

Yet, fair land,
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
'Is crimson on thy lips and on thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.'

The vital spark of the heavenly flame of patriotism had not been extinguished, and before the end of the eighteenth century, the streets of Dublin beheld a wonderful spectacle: 80,000 Irish soldiers demanding the freedom of the land, wresting by intimidation what right could not command or justice obtain.

Ireland obtained legislative independence, for

"When Grattan rose,
None dare oppose
The choice he made for freedom:
They knew that swords
To back his words
Were ready did he need them."

An oasis appears in the desert. Eighteen years' independence brings life to the land. Commerce flourished, industry was rewarded, the nation prospered. But the Briarean hands of the tyrant stretched out again to conquer their prey.

They broke the swords of the Volunteers, they fanned the fires of a sublime but fruitless rebellion, they bought the souls of perjured traitors and sealed with the blood and tears of countless victims the *Act of Union*.

This time, once more, Ireland was fully conquered,—conquered, but not subdued.

In 1829, O'Connell—bright and glorious name—O'Connell obtained *Catholic Emancipation*. Like the Maccabee of old, he struck off the chains from the souls of the people and built up their altars. "Challenge your recollection," says the eloquent Lacordaire, "search history from that first and famous edict which granted to the Christians liberty of conscience, and see if there are to be found many such acts, comparable by the extent of their effects with that of Catholic Emancipation. Seven millions of souls free to serve and love God even to the end of time; and each time that this people, advancing in their existence and their liberty, shall recall to memory the aspect of the man who studied the secret of their ways, they will ever find inscribed the name of O'Connell, both on the latest pages of their servitude and on the first of their regeneration."

But though Ireland's conscience was free, the links of the British chain were still clanking to her rags. The political freedom of Ireland, this was the ultimate point of the Liberator's ambition. What were his means? "Is it by force or violence," asks he, "bloodshed or turbulence that I shall achieve this victory? No! perish the thought for ever. I will do it by legal, peaceable and constitutional means alone, by the electricity of public opinion, by the moral combination of good men, and by the enrolment of four millions of repealers. I am a disciple of that sect of politicians who believe that the greatest of all sublunary blessings is too dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of blood."

What he would not shed a drop of blood for, he did not obtain. The pomp and pride and pageant of his moral agitation were followed by the horrors of famine, described by an English orator, as "surpassing anything in the page of Thucydides,—on the canvas of Poussin,—in the dismal chant of Dante." There is no need to recount the tale of misery and death. The angels of the nation, praying God for justice, could relate how the famished children of Ireland fled away in millions to exile;—how in some hamlets by the sea, the adventurous traveller would come upon some family eating a famished ass;—how maniac mothers stowed away their dead children to be devoured at midnight:—how husband and wife fought like wolves for their last morsel in the house, how families, when all was eaten and no hope left, took their last look at the sun, built up their cottage doors that no human eye might see them die, that no human ear might hear their groans;—how the juggernaut of British civilization marched in triumph through the land; how the law was vindicated all the while; how humanity in every clime, inspired by every religion, moved by one common thought, sent along alms to Ireland which were administered by the polluted hand of the ruling power;—how Ireland during those years of sorrow gave to England food to the value of fifteen million pounds sterling, and possessed on her own soil, at each harvest, good and ample provision for double her own population. All this has history also recorded on a blood-red page, which time can never efface.

Then Young Ireland drew the abhorred and stigmatized sword of Irish liberty. The hopes of the nation had been elevated and frustrated by 'legal, peaceable and constitutional means.' They were led into another channel, to a loftier ambition. "The People's sovereignty, the land and sea and air of Ireland for the People of Ireland." This was the new gospel of Young Ireland. With them love of country was more than a sentiment—more than a principle of duty. It was their absorbing passion, the motive of every action—the foundation of every feeling. Theirs, in sooth, was the genius of the Celtic race. They infused new life into the minds and hearts of the people. They struck the chords of Erin's harp with passion and power and shed the soul of melody over the declaration of their country's disgrace and ambition. Alas! they failed. Exile, banishment, death, such was their fate. Nevertheless, they left a legacy behind which enriches and ennobles its possessors. Spirit of Davis! Spirit of Mitchell! Spirit of Meagher! your genius will prevail. Ireland was left after peaceful and revolutionary agitation, 'like a corpse on a dissecting table.'

A few years pass by. The electric strength of a mighty revolution rouses the nation from her bed of death. A powerful combination, an army of patriots, unskilled in action, unscrupulous in daring deed, tireless, restless in the prosecution of means, sometimes faulty, to attain a noble end;—soldiers of a "forlorn hope," rebels in heart and soul, the crusaders of Fenianism raised the sword and banner of independence. Their ways, some think, deviated from the broad road of honor; their maxims, some oracularly say, were not characterized by the noble wisdom of their predecessors; their efforts, many declare, were the impotent crimes of wicked folly; yet judged, not according to the standard of that rase-water morality propounded by political pharisaism, but by the eternal principles of right and justice, methinks they loved and labored mayhap unwisely but not too well. Under their inspiration, Irish nationality soared phoenix-like from its ashes.

In ages gone, the youth of Greece during the Olympian games, showed their prowess and agility in an exciting contest called the Torch-race. Several young men are placed at equal distances. Fire is burning on the altar of Prometheus, near the garden of the academy whence the course extends to the walls of the Athenian Metropolis. The torch is lighted, raised and rapidly carried from man to man. There runs a buzz through the eager multitude, sometimes in acclamations for the fleetest, and at other times in railleries when the timid runner extinguished the torch or slackened his pace; and when the flaming brand had been carried successfully to the goal the game was won, the prize awarded. Such is the theme of an allegory and that allegory is the history of Ireland's patriotism. From the blazing pyre whereon Irish Independence expired was caught the torch of Liberty. It has been raised by many hands and carried through the course of centuries. Anon it paled, vanished in gloom or went out in defeat. It shed its lurid gleam over many an Irish hill side where bristled sword and pike; it lighted up the council-room of conspirators; it cast a calmer ray into the senate hall where men pleaded their country's cause; but, whether carried by rebel or loyal statesman, whether borne with success or dropped in defeat, it moved slowly on, and if heaven be kind it will now soon reach the goal.

To-day, in the hands of Charles Stewart Parnell, its bright pure flame excites the hope of a determined and united people. Never before has such union bound together the latent energies of patriotism, never has patriotism shown such powerful action for the political amelioration of Ireland; never in our times have religion and patriotism been so closely linked by holy faith in Ireland's destiny, by holy hope in a happy future, by holy love of fatherland. Moral strength, skilful diplomacy, the combination of every class and creed—those are the agencies which will work for righteousness. Besides these here is my hope for Ireland. There is a higher power than that of man; a mightier Reformer than human agency. There is an all-wise Providence *by whom rulers reign and distribute justice*, in the balance of whose power the blood and tears and chains of a faithful nation outweigh the oppressor's sword. It is God's will to decree for us a great and abiding social good. He will do this when comes His own good time by that man whom He hath ordained. Then, weak and degraded though Ireland may be, her voice trumpet-toned shall rally the scattered friends of Truth, Justice, Liberty and Humanity under her banner; then she will dare in the face of her haughty foe to proclaim her God-given rights; then in the name of Christ the crucified, of Christ the risen, of Christ the king of nations, of Christ the Almighty, she will call the enslaved millions of her children to a happy future.

HENRY GRATTAN'S GRANDSON.

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE JOINS THE NATIONALISTS.

At the Dublin County Convention of the National League, the Parliamentary candidates selected were Mr. J. J. Clancy, of the editorial staff of the *Dublin Nation*, a brilliant journalist, and a man of the truest patriotism, and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, a grandson of Henry Grattan.

The speech of Sir Thomas Esmonde has thrilled Ireland with pleasure. He said he had no title to even a shadow of claim on their regard either for past services rendered or by the possession of abilities giving a promise of future performance. If he were a man who had fought their late battles in an alien Parliament—if he advanced the national cause by laboring and suffering for the good of their country, then, perhaps, the high position in which they had placed him would not have been so far beyond his merit. He had no qualification beyond the fact of his name (applause). In any other country such a consideration would have but little weight, but it was otherwise in Ireland (hear, hear); and he believed there was something in his name to recommend him to the electors of the County Dublin (cheers). Not very far from the spot in which they were now assembled, in the dark days of '98, his ancestor, John Esmonde, testified with his blood his devotion to his country. On that bridge which was named after the great Irish Liberator, John Esmonde was hanged like a common malefactor, simply because he acted and spoke in accordance with his national convictions (great applause). He stood to-day on historic ground—ground hallowed and consecrated by the memories attaching to the name of another illustrious ancestor—Henry Grattan (renewed cheering), whose name was inseparably connected with the brightest victories and the most sorrowful defeats recorded in the annals of our native land (hear, hear). The fact of being a descendant of these two illustrious men was the only claim he possessed to the consideration of the meeting. Now, he was not one of those who believed a man was justified in resting his reputation on the performances of his ancestors (hear, hear). The time for such ideas had passed away, never to return. They had accepted him upon trust; but it should therefore be his endeavor by his performance in the future to show them that

THEIR CONFIDENCE WAS NOT MISPLACED.

Being comparatively a stranger, he felt it due to them to make some declaration of his political convictions; and he would preface his remarks by the statement that, whatever might be his private opinions upon any matter, he would be guided in all matters of public policy by the decision, whatever it might be, of the majority of the Irish Parliamentary party (loud applause). To take the most important of all the questions exercising the public mind—namely, the land, his belief was that the days of landlordism in Ireland were at an end (applause). There would never be peace or prosperity in the country until the very last landlord had disappeared (cheers). Perhaps they might preserve one as a stuffed specimen of an extinct generation in their National Museum, but landlordism as a living institution must be definitively abolished (renewed applause).

On the question of education, and protection of native industry, he declared himself entirely as one with the Nationalists.

There was another matter on which he wished to say a word—he alluded to

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN IRELAND.

They had it on the testimony of historians of most ancient times that there were no people under the sun who loved equal and impartial justice more than the Irish (applause). They had it also on the testimony both of past historians and present statistics that Ireland, of all the nations in the world, was the freest from serious crime (cheers). Faults no doubt they had—many and great ones—but he was convinced that the faults and crimes of the Irish people were not the result of innate viciousness in their natural disposition (hear, hear). They were the outcome of circumstances (hear, hear). Yet what character did our enemies give to us! Take up any hostile newspaper and read what was said about the Irish people. He would not enter on the subject very fully, as he did not wish to detain them, but they all knew very well what was understood by the "administration of law" in Ireland (hisses). They knew it was nothing else than a by-word and reproach, a flagrant outrage perpetrated in the sacred name of justice (hear). He felt he had the people with him when he asserted they would have no more of those place-seeking judges and lawyers whose object was not the pure administration of the law they were sworn to uphold, but the furtherance of their own partisan and dishonest designs (hear, hear). They would have no more of those sectarian magistrates (loud applause), who were often the greatest violators of the law themselves (hear, and laughter). The irresponsible and unfair grand jury system, too, must be completely swept away. In fine, the whole legal structure, as at present constituted,

MUST BE ENTIRELY CHANGED,

and give place to one in which the people could have confidence (hear, hear). There was yet another matter. The long list of Government pensions and sinecures should, in his opinion, be entirely abolished. There was no reason, or justice, or expediency why the people should continue to support a horde of foreign and hostile parasites (hear, hear), even though they be nearly related to the Queen, or were members of the highest order of Freemasonry, a swarm of locusts that, instead of feeling gratitude to the country that supported and maintained them, were always to be found amongst their most bitter foes. They must all go (loud applause, and "Bravo"). In building up the new Constitution the new structure should be of pure materials—they would have none of that rottenness which flourished in the old Irish Parliament, and which, by its insidious growth, sapped the edifice to its foundation, and led to its overthrow (applause). He now approached the vital and burning question of the hour—on the satisfactory solution of which depended the settlement of all the other questions to which he had alluded—the question which for the last 85 years had been foremost in the hearts and minds of all patriotic Irishmen—the question of the restoration of Ireland's legislative independence (loud applause). For well nigh a century the Irish people had endured the greatest miseries and contumely to which a great country could be exposed. Their masters had treated them alternately with contemptuous condescension and grinding coercion, and by laws enacted by an alien legislature in a foreign land the resources of the country had been kept down with remorseless cruelty (hear, hear).

THE IRISH NATION WOULD HAVE NO MORE OF THIS.

They demanded their rights. The conditions under which they were now forced to live were unworthy of a high-spirited people (loud cheers). They would submit to that state of things no longer. What they wanted, and what, please God, they would shortly obtain, was the restoration of the Irish Parliament—by constitutional means if it might be—but at all costs the people were determined to have their native Parliament (loud applause). In conclusion he thanked the meeting for the patience with which they had listened to this somewhat full exposition of his views. He assured them that they were of no recent growth. He had grown up in an atmosphere of patriotism and patriotic aspirations, and from his earliest childhood the rights of Ireland had been a household word with him. He thanked them from the bottom of his heart for the trust they had that day reposed in him. He trusted they would never have reason to regret their confidence, and thanked them for allowing him to join in fighting the great battle of the cause of Ireland (applause). They were now approaching the crowning act of their long and bitter struggle (hear, hear). The people of Ireland were firm and steadfast in their determination to have their rights—the whole nation were banded together, presenting one harmonious front, claiming their rights with the million voices of a unanimous people; and with the resistless strength of a firm and irrepressible national will they demanded from England the restoration of their liberties, their "right divine" to live and govern themselves (applause). Firm and united in their demand, the national cause must be triumphant and Ireland must be free (loud and prolonged applause).

Mr. Michael Davitt was then loudly called on by the meeting. On ascending the platform he was enthusiastically cheered. He began by paying a splendid compliment to Mr. Clancy. He then said:—

I am glad to be able to say that I came here to oppose the candidature of Sir Thomas Esmonde, but, having heard him in his fine, manly, outspoken and impressive declaration—that he is with the people and not with his class—that he will go into our movement heart and soul to win national independence, I trust his candidature will be as successful as that of my friend, Mr. Clancy (applause).

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove all kinds of worms from children or adults.

IT IS A REMARKABLE FACT that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is as good for internal as external use. For disease of the lungs and throat, and for rheumatism, neuralgia, crick in the back, wounds and sores, it is the best known remedy, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand. Jacob Loockman, Buffalo, says he has been using it for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescenses, as many have testified who have tried it.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove worms in children or adults.

My Father's Way.

"I must look to the sheep in the fold,
See the cattle are fed and warm;
So, Jack, tell mother to wrap you well—
You may go with me over the farm.
Though the snow is deep and the weat
cold,
You are not a babe at six years old."

Two feet of snow on the hillside lay,
But the sky was as blue as June;
And father and son came laughing home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary fe
Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said
"That I feared I could scarce get throu
The mother turned with a pleasant smil
"Then what could a little lad do?"
"I trod in my father's steps," said Jack;
"Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face,
And a solemn thought was there;
The words had gone like a lightning fla
To the seat of a nobler care:
"If he tread in my steps, then day by day
How carefully I must choose my way!

"For the child will do as the father does
And the track that I leave behind,
If it be firm, and clear, and straight,
The feet of my son will find.
He will tread in his father's steps, and
"I am right, for this was my father's w

Oh, fathers, treading in life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take;
Then the sons you love, when gray-ha
men,
Will tread in them still for your sake,
When gray-haired men to their sons
say,
"We tread in our father's steps to-day,

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROU

Pastoral Letter

OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF PE
BOROUGH, PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPA
URE FOR ROME.

JOHN FRANCIS JAMOT,

By the Grace of God, and the authori the Holy See, Bishop of Peterborough

To our Beloved Clergy, the Religious Comm ities, and the Faithful of our Di Health and Blessing in our Lord.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—One the duties, assumed by every Bisho the day of his consecration, is to be fa ful to make his visit *ad limina*, at the specified by the holy canons. That has come for us; and we consider that duty is to faithfully fulfil that obligat

The visitation *ad limina* consists in visit itself which we have to make to Holy See, and in presenting to the Father an accurate statement of the af of our Diocese.

When the Holy Father, the supr Pastor of all the flock of Christ, intr to a bishop a portion of that flock, He a right to expect that that Bishop keep him posted up with his admini tion, that he will send Him from tim time detailed reports informing Hi the progress of religion in his Dio even of losses, if any are sustained, even he will at stated times go self to render an account his stewardship. Everybody will e understand that such a precautio necessary. It is necessary in the Ch as it is necessary in the State. E government expects, as it is his right, his deputies will faithfully discharge duties, those deputies not failing to regular information at stated times.

According to the rules of the Ch the Bishop has to answer a series of q tions. The report he makes is care examined by a special committee posed of learned men. And, if neces the Bishop has to supplement that re with verbal explanations.

We have prepared that report wit greatest care. We consider that i duty of conscience to reply to all tions with the fullest precision.

Thank God, we have been able to details, which, many of them, will r cheer up the heart of the Holy Father do not mean to say that everything on as well as might be expected; everything considered, we have reaso be thankful to Almighty God for all blessings to us.

The Diocese is young, and, with exception of the southern portion, is sparsely settled; such is principally case in the extensive territory includ the old Vicariate. It is very difficul the priest to go everywhere; still small settlement, I may say, every fa has from time to time a favorable o tunity to see and hear the priest, a receive the sacraments of the Church.

It will not be out of place to speak of some of the questions we have tre at some length in our report.

When we were appointed Vicar A tolic of Northern Canada, some e years ago, only five Jesuit Fathers atte to the few Catholics scattered over vast territory. At present there are teen priests in the same territory, thi Jesuits and three secular priests. much more than three years ago we appointed Bishop of the new See of P borough; there were then eleven p in charge of that portion taken fro Diocese of Kingston. Now sixteen p are employed in that same portion. have at present thirty-two priest the whole Diocese; and eight of have been ordained by us. We have ited their missions as regularly as we been able; this year we have vi twenty-eight churches. We have satisfaction to be able to say that as a our clergy work faithfully in the po of the vineyard allotted to them b vine Providence. They cheerfully into our views and do their best to h build up the Church. Everywhere thing is going on for the advancem our holy religion. We enter into de

There are at present fifty-nine chu in the Diocese: twenty-two of them been built during our administratio the northern portion of the Di which formerly formed the Vicaria Northern Canada, and five in the p taken from Kingston, in all twenty- churches. Some of those churche quite substantial; two are of stone, f brick, the others are frame buil The old St. Peter's church in our E pal City has been considerably impr it is nearly twice the size it was for when the work will be completed (we hope, will be the case next ye will not be altogether unworthy title of cathedral. Most of those ch are properly decorated, they are well and supplied with the sacred vest required.

Eight new missions with resident have been established, two in the so portion, two more in the Muskok trict, and the others in Algoma. W