

testant population has been over five per cent—63,910 out of 1,271,876; and the former represent one tenth per cent more of the population than they did in 1871.

The organ of the English people and its devotees will find no ground upon these figures to base hopes and prayers and great expectations.

No; the truth is they are all departing Catholic and Protestants alike—driven from their homes by that kind of short-sighted suicidal policy significant of an empire tottering to its fall—an empire going through that period of inflamed madness which is said to precede destruction.

But if they must leave the old land, its revered ties and its sacred memories; let them come across the seas to these Western shores where they will find open arms of welcome from kindred who have come before, and a virgin soil that invites cultivation and promises, without landlordism and rack rents, a fecundity of reward in a country that is destined to inherit the greatness, power and glory (but untarnished we hope) which are slipping away from Britain no longer great.

We regret, however, that the clause of the emigration scheme favoring Canada as a field for the Irish Emigrant—the only one that had any reconciliatory features for us—has been abandoned.

Nevertheless, the Irish exile will find a free and fair field for his exertions in our Canadian Dominion, and he need not fear the very slight "golden link of of the crown" binding us to the mother country that has been such a cruel step-mother to him, as he can take his part with us, when the proper time comes, in quietly cutting it away, with or without the parent's consent, to start on our new national career.

There is no help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

Neglect no woman merely because she is plain looking; for beauty is to woman but what salt-petre is to beef—it gives it an appearance, but imparts to it no relish.

"REFORMATION" EXILES.

IRISH HOSPITALITY TO THE PROSCRIBED
ENGLISH MONKS.

"S. H. B.," in *London Lamp*.

THE question has often been asked—"What became of the English Monks after the confiscation of the religious houses?" I answer: many were hanged—hundreds perished in prison, or died from hunger; but I find by research in the Cathedral archives of France, and in contemporary State papers of Spain, that in a space of fourteen years nearly nine hundred English Monks landed at different parts of Ireland in various disguises. In Connaught a large number found a reception worthy the proverbial hospitality of the Celt, from the O'Conors, the De Burghs, the O'Kellies, the O'Flaherties, the O'Donnellans, the O'Shaughnessies* the Lynches, the Bodkins, the Keoghs, and other ancient families of that faithfully Catholic province.

In Ulster the exiles were received with eager kindness by the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Dogherties, and Maguires. In Munster and Leinster (even with the leading Catholics of the Pale) many found refuge and generous support; and with such fidelity was their secret guarded, that the authorities never could discover the asylum of any though aware of their presence in the island. It was a tradition amongst the Irish how rapidly the Monks learned the Gaelic tongue, and how fervently they preached against Henry's sacrilegious assumption of supremacy, as they did afterwards, in peril and privations, against the inroads of the Reformation. In the reign of Elizabeth they went throughout the country instructing the people, strengthening their faith, and exposing the characters of the leading Reformers.

*Sir Denis O'Shaughnessy had inscribed on the gates of his castle, in the county Clare, these words: "Let no honest man who is dry or hungry, pass this way." With the English Abbots the same kind fraternal sentiment was represented by a Monk, standing at the gate at the hour of dinner with a white wand as a signal of welcome to the wayfarer. No Englishmen died of hunger in those days. What a contrast with the present.