

matter, than to many poor creatures among our parishioners who die without anyone to say Mass for them. Yet a priest who can always have *honorary*, once or oftener, is sufficient discharge of his obligations to the latter, and should be justified in acting likewise by many deceased fellow priests if diocesan law did not interpose its weight. Where it does interfere by compelling him to thrice forego a *honorarium* and celebrate Mass for another purpose, we cannot think that his obligation is anything short of grave.

The "Diocesan Statutes" just at hand are those of Cloyne and Bism, published in 1847. It may be well to subjoin what they state on this subject:—

"Sancti et salubris est cogitatio pro defunctis exorare ut a peccatis solvantur. Cum ergo omnino conveniat scopus in hac causa prosequi, praecipimus ut, mortuo episcopo, decem Missae singulis Presbyteris pro ejus animae requie celebrentur. Pro defuncto Vicario Generali, quinque Missae, et mortuo alio quocunque hujusmodi Diocesis Sacerdote, tres Missae celebrentur. Et ne tam saecrum et magnum momentum munus negligatur, mandamus in Domino, ut hae Missae celebrentur, quam primum commode fieri poterit, post mortem uniuscujusque ex clericis praedictis."

The "Dublin Diocesan Synod" does not demand so much, but uses language of still greater force—"Strictissime jubemus."

WHITE SLAVERY.

The curse of Irish landlordism has reached America in more ways than one. Some weeks ago the Chicago Tribune published a very remarkable article on alien landlordism in America, showing that an Irishman named Wm. Scully, now residing in London, is proprietor of between 75,000 and 90,000 acres of the best farming lands in Illinois. The writer of this article, after visiting the Scully estate, showed that the lands were tilled by a wretched class of tenants, from whom were exacted enormous rentals. In fact, almost the entire proceeds from the sale of their crops went to support the alien landlord.

A Chicago despatch dated the 19th inst. adds that an investigation being instituted, and a tour of Kansas and Nebraska made, "the information was reached that the title to more than 100,000 acres of choice prairie lands in those States were vested in the name of William Scully. All these vast tracts have been added to his landed estates within the last five years. Although a small portion is under cultivation, the same system of farm renting that exists in Illinois is rapidly being introduced in these States. Between 60 and 70 families have bound themselves to Scully. So long as they remain on his land they cannot throw off the yoke that holds them in slavery. Before obtaining a lease they must agree to waive all rights of exemption, and until their rent is paid everything they possess, including growing crops, belongs to Scully. As a rule they are the poorest farmers in every respect in the country, and very few of them can obtain credit from merchants. The lease that binds them to Scully is virtually a chattel mortgage, and all other claims against the tenants are shut out until Scully gets his rent."

This is a state of things that calls for aid and will, we doubt not, receive immediate attention from our American neighbors. Scully must be obliterated. He is a hard-hearted wretch, living on the sweat of toiling and oppressed freemen's bonds. Let there be, we say, an example made of him. There is no room here on this free continent for the rapacity and roscality of the Irish landlord. It were a living sin and an ever crying shame to permit the Scully inquiry to continue. If after making all due allowance for tenants' improvidence, anything is coming to him, let him be paid, and effaced from the soil of the great West, as a viler pest than the Russian thistle.

THE NEW IRISH VICEROY.

Lord Aberdeen, the new British Viceroy in Ireland, seems to have already made a good impression upon the Irish people. We do not, however, forget that when his appointment to this position was first made known Justin McCarthy, M. P., called to this side of the water his opinion of the noble Lord:

"Lord Aberdeen," said he, "the new Viceroy of Ireland, is much interested in Scotch religious societies. He has a strong antipathy to Catholics. He is a close private friend of Mr. Gladstone, who often stays with him. Mr. Gladstone is, perhaps, friendly to anti-Catholic views. It is curious that the Viceroy should be anti-Catholic and a Scotch Protestant, side by side with a Secretary (John Morley) anti-Catholic and a free-thinker."

Whereupon the *Irish World* remarked: "We see nothing curious in it. On the contrary, we should think it a very curious thing indeed if any other than an anti-Catholic were appointed Viceroy or Chief Secretary for Ireland. By British law no Catholic can hold the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and there has never been a Catholic Chief Secretary. Both offices are always given to English or Scotch Protestants, who, as a matter of course, heartily hate the religion of the Irish people."

Lord Aberdeen will meet with Irish respect and support so long as he keeps within his duties. But should he ever seek to obtrude his anti-Catholic notions upon Catholic Ireland, ever offend the religious susceptibilities of the most

tolerant, but most profoundly faithful people of Christendom, his usefulness will have that day gone forever.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CORRESPONDENCE.

We are this year simply deluged with St. Patrick's Day essays. We desire to remind our friends that while quite willing to devote all the space available to brief and succinct reports of local celebrations of the day, we are not prepared to devote our every column to productions that in nine cases out of ten are mere repetitions—at times more or less plagiaristic—of that which our readers have again and again read. There must be reason in all things. The Record is not a review, nor yet is it an advertising medium for the budding geniuses of the land, and we may further remark that we can never permit it to become a dumping ground for endless and profitless disquisitions on questions with which our readers, Irish, French, German and Scotch, are already quite familiar.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Huron Signal* speaks in high terms of Father Murphy's lecture in Goderich on St. Patrick's day, a very full report of which it gives its readers.

His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton arrived in town on Monday last on a brief visit to the Bishop of London. Dr. Carberry was during his stay in the city a guest at St. Peter's Palace.

Among the names mentioned in connection with the position made vacant by the death of the late Judge Macdonnell, are those of Hon. L. R. Church, Q. C., and J. J. Curran, M. P., of the Montreal Bar, and Messrs. Foran and Fleming of Aylmer.

We beg forbearance on the part of our numerous St. Patrick's day correspondents throughout the Province. All reports of local celebrations will appear in due time. We have devoted to them all our available space this week, just according to the order in which they have reached us.

On Ash Wednesday new stations of the cross were canonically erected in St. Peter's Cathedral, this city, Right Rev. Mgr. Brury officiating. These stations will be retained till others of special design and in full keeping with the sacred edifice are procured.

The *Ottawa Free Press* comes to us enlarged and improved. We are glad to notice such evidence of prosperity on the part of our contemporary, however largely we must differ from its view on many questions. The *Free Press* in its improved form relieves the Dominion Capital of the odious but too well founded charge of sending out the most unshapely and ill appearing sheets in the country.

France bids fair to lose her right to the title of Catholic, and of "eldest daughter of the church." The French Senate has just adopted the clause of the Primary Education Bill, which provides that all teachers for the elementary schools of France shall be selected from the laity. We are on the other hand assured that the Upper House of the Prussian Diet will pass the Ecclesiastical Bill, and that if it is thought necessary Prussia will increase the concessions made to the Vatican.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Joseph Starr, which occurred at San Antonio, Texas, some days ago. The deceased young gentleman, a son of the late Major Starr, of this city, was in his thirty-first year. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Ill health had long blighted the happy promises of his earlier years. The remains having been brought from Texas by his brother-in-law, Mr. J. A. Miller, the funeral took place on Thursday morning, Rev. Father Tierney celebrating the Requiem Mass. The pall bearers were Messrs. Ald. George C. Davis, B. C. McCann, S. Wright, J. H. Gordon, C. Ried, and William Skinner.

The bitter feeling between France and Germany suffers no diminution. The latest reports from the German capital show that all the semi-official organs at Berlin continue to discuss the prospect of a war of retaliation by France against Germany. They attribute the probability of such action by France to Orléanist schemes. The *Post* declares that Germany will wait the coming of this war proudly, resolute and ready. All hope is abandoned that a reconciliation between France and Germany can be effected by reasonable means. The Germans cannot be restrained for an hour when the war cloud bursts. The *National Zeitung*, while admitting the great progress made by the French army in recent years, says that Germany has nothing to fear while France is isolated from the other nations. Frenchmen, it declares, cannot pardon the Germans for their victories over them on the battlefield and their successful competition against French merchants in foreign markets. The introduction of the Epionage Bill in the French Chamber of Deputies has greatly embittered the feeling in Germany against France. France has nothing to gain but everything to lose by provoking Germany to war.

Specialty reported for the Catholic Record. ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT OTTAWA.

GRAND SERMON BY FATHER MARTIN CALLAGHAN.

The following is a report of the sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, Montreal, at St. Patrick's, Ottawa, on the 17th.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, the people whom He hath chosen for His inheritance."—Psalms c32, v 12.

MY LORD, DEAR BRETHREN,—The words which I have just quoted bear unquestionably the impress of eternal wisdom and challenge universal respect. In their sublime simplicity they convey their lesson, which is invested with a most paramount importance—a lesson which, if carefully studied and properly applied, will not fail to remove the manifold evils which afflict humanity, and inaugurate for society an unparalleled era of splendor. Nations, like individuals, yearn for happiness, and exert in its pursuit all the energy in their power. Many, unfortunately, know not in what it consists, mistaking, as they do, the name for the thing itself, the appearance for the reality, and the shadow for the substance. Too often they have recourse to means in no way calculated to compass, but rather to paralyze the object which they hold in contemplation.

It is not merely in the acquisition of temporal advantages, not merely in the enjoyment of commercial prosperity, military grandeur or intellectual celebrity that true national happiness should be sought. It is not in sacrificing the goods of eternity for the transitory goods of time; in trampling under foot all claims to honor, of justice and of religion; in destroying all the relations which bind us to our creator, that it can be found. It is not in reconstructing the empire of Satan upon the trembling ruins of the Gospel; in establishing the tyranny of egotism or the despotic sway of the world, that we should seek or hope to find it. It is, my dear brethren, only in the knowledge, love and service of God; only in the practical recognition of His universal sovereignty and in constant loyalty and fidelity to His laws. "Blessed," exclaims the inspired Psalmist, "the nation whose God is the Lord." Well indeed may Christian and Catholic Ireland style herself blessed in the true and full acceptance of the term. Justly may she rejoice, and proudly lift up her noble head, defiant of contradiction, and careless of all exaggeration, may the genius and eloquence of all ages proclaim her blessed because her God has always been the Lord; because since the very day she was consecrated to the Most High by the hands of her illustrious saint and apostles; since she swore allegiance to the Most High, she has never abandoned, never betrayed the sacred cause which she then espoused.

Several nations have separated from the Church that educated them in the sound principles of Christianity and civilization. They have undermined the altars which for centuries they revered and cherished. They have repudiated rights and privileges which formerly they asserted with a jealous honor and pride. What a glorious contrast is the Irish people! How deservedly may they not be styled the people whom God hath chosen for His inheritance. At all times the Catholic Church has occupied the foremost rank in all their thoughts, in all their affections and in all their deliberations. The transcendent character of the spouse of Jesus Christ and mother of all Christians they have always regarded at the sacrifice of all to which the world clings the most passionately. Upon all occasions, and for over one thousand years, they have proved loyal to all her interests, loyal to the most heroic degree. Never yet have the lovely forms of her countenance been disfigured. The treasures of wisdom and mercy which she dispenses they know how to prize most highly and to avail themselves of to the utmost advantage.

What a source of joy and glory must it not be for the saint whom we publicly honor this day to look down from his throne in the heavens upon the Irish Celtic race scattered over all the bounds of our globe, and to find this race, which he ennobled by his prayers, by his preaching and by the sanctity of his life, to find this race still undegenerated, still retaining with undiminished, with intensified splendor the sublime dignity to which he elevated it. The triple leaved shamrock, worn on the breast this day, typifies her love for the faith, her love for the priesthood and her love for the papacy.

Dear brethren, there be in the world anything which should captivate the human heart, anything which ought to claim its unreserved homage, it is most assuredly the Christian faith. Who can be conscious of its merits and refuse to yield it the tribute of his love. It cannot be dimmed by the mists of the past or destroyed by the fatal breath of error. It dates from ages long since gone by, and still blooms with all the freshness of a perennial spring. Christian faith is identical with the system of religion which our Divine Lord established on earth, whose various parts combine in the most marvellous harmony, and whose scope comprises our spiritual and eternal welfare.

Singularly grand are the features which mark Ireland's love for this faith. Its spontaneity, its generosity, furnish us with the most boundless admiration. What a success did not attend the apostolate of St. Patrick among the Irish! what a brilliant transformation did he not witness with his own eyes, and what an abundant harvest of souls did he not reap with his own hands! Little did he expect that the small grain of mustard seed which he planted in the Irish soil would produce so many fruits during his lifetime.

Little could he hope that Paganism would cede its territory or surrender the empire which for hundreds of years it had wielded. Much reason had he to fear that the gospel would meet with the most deadly antagonism, that only after the most obstinate resistance and protracted struggle, and through the virtue of martyrdom, would he be successful.

Before he closed his mortal career he beheld Christianity reigning with undisputed authority over the minds and

hearts of the Irish people. He saw the banner of the cross unfurled to the breeze over the length and breadth of their land. Countless were the conquests which he obtained for heaven. Wherever he bent his steps the cross of God brought about the most stupendous results. Who will describe the profound and lasting impressions which he produced as he dwelt upon the mystery of the blessed Trinity, as he spoke of the Son of God dying on the hill of Calvary, and of His all lovely and ever virginal Mother; as he convincingly discoursed on the divinity of the Church, the most disinterested benefactress of the human race and the unerring interpreter of truth, often must he have wondered at the cheerful readiness with which the natives of Ireland hastened to embrace his teachings.

The chiefs, at variance in all else, are united beneath the banners of the cross, and the proud meekly lay their superstitions at the foot of the cross. Now was there a single drop of blood shed on account of religion during the entire course of this Christian revolution, by which in the space of a few years all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the dominion of the gospel.

The spontaneity, my dear brethren, which our forefathers displayed in receiving the faith from the hands of St. Patrick, is equalled only by the generosity which has been manifested in its preservation by all succeeding generations. Is there anything, however dear it may be, with which his children did not part rather than renounce the legacy which he bequeathed to them? Is there any sacrifice possible which they had not realized rather than dishonor the Christian grandeur with which he endowed them, rather than abjure the religion of Jesus Christ?

Incredible, something bordering on the incredible, appears to be their devotedness to the faith. Their minds have always bowed down to its teachings with the most unfeigned submission, their hearts have always cherished them with the sincerest affection; their lips have always proclaimed them with the most fearless intrepidity and their lives have always guarded them with the most unswerving fidelity. Oh, my brethren what has it not cost the Irish people to retain the possession of the legacy of their beloved apostle! Was it liberty, life or the very land—the Emerald Isle, which they adore!

They passed through the most fearful ordeal, groaning under the yoke of tyranny, writhing under the merciless lash of persecution; yet, my brethren, still they cling as resolutely as ever to the creed of St. Patrick, and would not, even in the very agonies of death, disengage from its embrace. When heresy had deprived them of all temporal goods and placed them in a most wretched condition, she flattered herself with the prospect of a most easy conquest. She was doomed to disappointment. Apostatize, she said, and I will bestow upon you all my gifts; you are poor, apostatize and I will enrich you; you are despised, apostatize and I will see that you are honored and applauded; you are slaves, apostatize and I will restore to you your freedom. Away with all thy sins, away with all thy gold; we will never be driven to sell, as Judas did, Our Blessed Lord and Master. Away with all thy favors, never will they induce us to deny the truths of the Son of God as promulgated on earth by His divine teaching and sealed with His most precious blood. Keep us, if it suit thee, in poverty and slavery; we seek for nothing better, rather than exchange our peace and security for thy restless anxiety, drive us into exile, if thou choicest, or inflict upon us whatever form of punishment thy infernal ingenuity may devise: never shall we worship at thy shrine. Impartial history, my dear brethren, vouches for the sincerity of these dispositions as the most indisputable facts. And where has Protestantism gone further and done less than upon Irish soil? No where else has Catholicism in modern times encountered a more formidable adversary; and nowhere else did this adversary sustain a more shameful defeat. It is true Protestantism has succeeded in destroying Ireland's schools, churches, monasteries and convents, but never has it been able to boast of having accomplished the ruin of her faith. Like a rock of invincible strength, it has borne unimpaired the rudest shocks of violence, and it still stands out in all the grandeur of its ancient solidity.

The Catholic Irish, my dear brethren, have never shrunk from any sacrifice, and thus it is they have won for their country the palm of martyrdom. A divine impulsive zeal has also crowned their efforts, and with such a glory as perhaps no other nation can aspire to. Scarcely did St. Patrick give to Ireland the inestimable blessings of Christianity, when she began to diffuse them throughout the various parts of Europe. But especially during the last two hundred and fifty years has the world been given to witness a most brilliant phase in her missionary career. Under most peculiar circumstances has she been propagating the gospel and forwarding the interests of Christ's own religion. Guided by the hand of a divine Providence, thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, have left the dear old land of the faith and crossed the sea, laden not indeed with temporal riches, but with treasures of the highest supernatural excellence. God had entrusted him with a special mission, and in its realization they have proved worthy of His choice. Wherever England had extended her empire, they established or largely contributed to maintain the empire of Christian truth. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue has been introduced or still remains, there do the Catholic Irish unfurl to the winds the standard of the true faith, a standard under whose shadow have served innumerable generations of saints, virgins and confessors. In every corner of the Dominion of Canada, in Australia and all the colonies subject to the British rule, in all the states that constitute the glorious Republic of western America, there the Irish are to be found, and with the Irish, the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Without fear and without blush do they profess them, and triumphantly do they know how to vindicate them.

Ever do they reconcile their minds to the indisputable principle upon which rests Catholicism. They could not refrain from preferring God's authority to all human. They have pledged themselves once and for ever, in the person of St. Patrick, to the Spouse of Jesus Christ. Hence it is they have found it a matter of absolute impossibility to live in any form which Protestantism may assume, to sympathize with the unblushing and the blasphemous assertions of free thought. Upon whatever soil they fixed their abode they have upheld, in the face of all risks and difficulties, the creed of the apostle. Under whichever sky they lived, they showed themselves pre-eminently a missionary people, a people animated with the most ardent desire to have God known, loved and served as he ought to be, and a people who, to honor him publicly, erected temples which oftentimes bespeak an opulence which they do not possess. Justly to them may we apply the words of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto: "They built fine churches before they built fine houses. The word was with them, God's house first."

The love of Ireland, my dear brethren, for the priesthood, is not less conspicuous than her love for the Christian faith. What an exalted and what an accurate idea does she not entertain of the sacerdotal dignity. She views the priest in the real sacerdotal sense, and from the real sacerdotal standpoint. Influenced as he is by his supernatural character, as St. Paul recommends in his first epistle to the Corinthians, she considers him the minister of Jesus Christ, and the dispenser of divine mysteries. In her eyes the priest is appointed to continue and perpetuate the work in which our blessed Lord was engaged during His mortal career. When he mounts the pulpit, it is to speak as the ambassador of the master, there to make known what God wants you to believe and wants you to do. When at the baptismal font he pours the regenerating waters of supernatural life; when in the confessional he absolves the repentant sinner; when at the altar he offers the divine sacrifice of calvary; when to the dying he administers the sacrament of Extreme Unction, it is in the name and with the authority of Jesus Christ that he acts. No wonder then that the Irish people should surround him with all the reverence which characterizes them; no wonder that they should salute him when they meet him; that the hands which so often bless them, gather with so much respect the words of life which fall from his sacred lips, receive with so much gratitude the grace of the sacraments which he dispenses; welcome him into their homes with so much delight, avenge with words, sometimes with deeds, whatever insults may be aimed at his person. They think all they can do is too little for the living representative on earth of Jesus Christ their Lord and Master. Remember how in the penal days they harbored him and divided with him the last morsel of bread they had in their possession. The disciples and apostles fled when they saw their divine Master sentenced to death on the way to the place of execution. A Not so, my brethren, with the Irish Catholics in reference to his anointed vicars on earth. During those days of persecution they stood by his anointed vicar more closely than ever, and would not on any consideration whatever allow English Protestant bigotry or prejudice to torment or destroy him.

The love of the Irish for the priest is not only one of reverence, it is also one of confidence and of co-operation. Who is, if I may so speak, the idol of their hearts. Is it not, as the Irish Celtic language represents it, the *Sogarth Aroon*? Is it not to him they entrust the secrets of their souls. And whenever they stand in need of advice is it not him they consult, on not only spiritual matters, but of all matters which affect their temporal interest, when the trials of life dishearten them or when afflictions of any kind visit them, who, my dear brethren, will console them, who, I ask, will encourage them? Ah, they know well and feel most intimately that if there be in this world, on this earth of ours, high principles, enlightened, pure, generous and energetic sympathy, the heart of the *Sogarth Aroon*. Night and day he labors for their spiritual welfare, and nothing can give him greater pleasure or pride than to see the members of his flock prospering in a temporal point of view, and nothing could delight him more than to do all in his power to advance their temporal interests. They, still, my dear brethren, they do not stand by and fold their arms as idle and indifferent spectators. Like Moses, they arouse the men, and with hands uplifted towards heaven, invoke heavenly benediction on whatever measures may prove advantageous to their fellow countrymen.

What a glorious spectacle, my dear brethren, does not the Irish world present at this hour! What an admirable spirit prevails at this time! How all inspiring is not that beautiful harmony existing between the Irish laity and the Irish clergy! The destinies of Ireland seem to have been entrusted by divine authority to a triumvirate composed of a person of our own times, and of two illustrious members of the episcopacy, His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel and the Archbishop of Dublin. Under the one, my dear brethren, remarkable for his true patriotic zeal as well as for his surpassing eloquence, and the other conspicuous for his profound theological learning and for his high social ascendancy—under this triumvirate, Ireland hopes to strike for God and for country, and in doing so she is obedient to the legitimate successors of the apostles, loyal to the holy See of Peter as well as true to her united leadership. Ah, my brethren, have we not reason to hope that in a future, all her hopes may be realized and her heart's desires may be accomplished—I and Irish Catholics, my dear brethren, have always thought it as the greatest of honors to co-operate with the priest in whatever works of zeal he may undertake. Scanty, indeed, are their resources,

but how do they not multiply. They multiply a hundred fold and produce the most marvellous results when placed in the hands of the priest. See how they enable him to found schools where a solid and safe education is imparted, where all personal, domestic and social virtues are taught to be loved and esteemed. See how they enable him to create and maintain institutions where the orphans may find fathers and mothers; the aged and the infirm all the tender and vigilant care which they may require, and the homeless a shelter. See how they enable the priest to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked and to alleviate every sort of misery to which man is subject in this vale of tears. My dear brethren, wonderfully do they assist the priest in their charity, and how proud they are to procure him an honorable livelihood, and to give liberal sums for the erection of churches, and also consecrate to the service of religion a countless number of highly gifted and most promising children.

We have come, my dear brethren, to the love of Ireland for the papacy. "Patrick," says Ussher, a Protestant Archbishop of Ireland, "had an especial regard for the chair of Peter." This regard, my brethren, he communicated to his children of the Emerald Isle, and upon all occasions have they felt themselves honored and proud in proclaiming, at every period of their history. For this chair on all occasions and in a thousand forms have the Irish Catholics shown their profound attachment. No only have they hastened to accept and express all the doctrines which the Pope defined; not only have they defended his spiritual authority with all the solid learning and eloquence of their theologians, but also, my brethren, they have vindicated his temporal rights upon the field of battle with the blood of their most valiant sons.

Their faith, my brethren, has never changed, the same yesterday and to day. Like the shamrock which grows upon their soil, it is as fresh and green in this the 19th century as it has ever been in the past. Like this immortal plant, it survives the wreck of ages. But, my dear brethren, if Ireland has never lost the true faith, if she has always preserved it in all its integrity and in all its purity, it is owing principally to the papacy.

"Under Providence," says a most distinguished Irish prelate, "we are indebted to the paternal guidance and protection of the Popes that at the present time the tree of faith is found still firmly rooted in our soil and the church radiant with the sacred light of Bethlehem as in the early spring time of her golden youth." It is also to the Papacy that we should ascribe the preservation of Ireland's national existence. Superhuman efforts have been made to wipe her from the face of the earth, to blot out her name from the map of Europe. All these efforts have failed, thanks to the influence of the Papacy.

And now, my brethren, seeing her love for the faith, for the priesthood and the Papacy, what a continuous stream of glory has not issued over the whole history of her people! With what pride, my dear brethren, may we not contemplate her fidelity and her loyalty to the Most High for fourteen hundred years. With what pride may we not recall her spontaneity in accepting the faith from Patrick, her fidelity in retaining it, and her generosity in promoting a knowledge of it. In the veins of all you who hear me flows the blood of Catholic Ireland. Are we not the disciples of blessed Peter and Paul and the other apostles. Do we receive any other doctrine unless that which is apostolic and divine? Oh, my brethren, proud should you be of your faith, but if you are really proud of it, you should then guard against all the dangers to which it may be exposed. Never read books or newspapers which make it a practice to attack the religion or the morality which you profess. Shun all places of false worship; and, my brethren, never have anything to do by word or deed with the enemies of the Catholic Church, no matter what they are. Again, it is necessary that you should practice every Catholic virtue, and that you should be not only Catholics and Christians in name, but in your very lives. Here it is the place for me to recall to you the name of an illustrious Catholic Irishman. I mean Charles Carroll, of Baltimore—one of the fifty-six who in 1776 could pride themselves in voting for a new State which was to be inaugurated; one of those who signed the Declaration of American Independence. What does he say, and especially upon his death-bed? Here are his words: "I have lived," said he to his friends, who came to pay him their last visit, "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been enriched with the goods which the world could bestow, with prosperity, with riches, public admiration, esteem and applause; but, mark my words, what I now look back to with the greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practiced the duties of my religion."

God grant, my dear brethren, that all you who hear me, may, with His grace, be able to say on your death-bed, "I have practiced all the duties of my religion." Oh, my brethren, this character you should admire; but you should imitate him in your very lives.

The Irish Catholics, I have said, have always manifested the deepest attachment for their pastors and priests. You, my dear brethren, on all occasions, no matter where you may be, always uphold the honor of the Catholic priest. Never let anything escape your lips, still less never do anything that may be interpreted as derogatory to their character or as an insult to their person.

This day, my dear brethren, we have admired together the love of Ireland for the divine institution of the papacy. Justly may you rejoice at the generous response which upon all occasions the members of the Irish Catholic community have forth, as I am aware, from the members of the Irish Catholic community. You, my dear brethren, venerate the See of blessed Peter, and you will cling to the rock upon which Christ has built His indestructible church, to your last breath. Oh, my brethren, we should love him, no matter how much he may be opposed; no matter by whom he may be insulted.

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.