

The Motherland

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ASTIRIA

A very large meeting of the Belfast United '04 Centenary Association, which embraces delegates from the most influential of the '08 Clubs in this city, together with the committees of the National Federation and National League, was held in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast. The meeting was convened for the purpose of furthering the arrangements in connection with the demonstration to be addressed by Messrs. Dillon, M.P.; Harrington, M.P.; and Wm. O'Brien, on 6th October next.

COEK

A train has been running for thirty years between Cork and Youghal and Cork and Queenstown. But in accordance with the disease-patting policy pursued on jaunting cars in reply to a question by Captain Donelan, the Postmaster-General declared it would be impossible to accelerate the mail cars. But he indicated that the Department is considering the transfer of one of the mails to the trains. The trains are running for 80 years, and the Department is still considering.

On September 12, in Cork, the function took place of translating the relics of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, formerly Bishop of the diocese, to the Cathedral of St. Mary's. There has seldom been an occasion upon which a more widespread and devotional interest was manifested by the Catholic community of the southern capital. The recent celebrations at Ivrea in honor of the beatification of Blessed Thaddeus are fresh in the minds of all Catholics, and it was but meet and right that, now that his relics were transferred to Cork, and that their solemn deposition in the great cathedral of the diocese, over which he once ruled, took place, the ceremony should be honored in a manner worthy of the occasion. The body of the sainted bishop had been resting for something over four centuries in the Cathedral of Ivrea in Italy. The history of his life has become almost a part of the domestic traditions of his people. In the most recent record of his life is given a striking description of the end which came, also, to soon. Blessed Thaddeus had, but ten years, his thirty-seventh year. Those who looked upon his form in death marvelled how deeply sorrow had marked the weary pilgrim for his own. With solemn rites the body was interred at Eusebius, and since that day our Irish bishop has been venerated by the faithful of Ivrea and the surrounding country. On the 20th of August, 1742, Monsignor V. Morio caused the tomb to be opened, when the body was found not decayed, and clothed in his violet surcoat, his white beard falling on his breast and on his finger the episcopal ring. The relics were then transferred to a new sarcophagus and placed beneath the high altar of the cathedral. With his remains were found an emerald ring, his pilgrim staff and scopol shell, and a roll of parchment containing words descriptive of the dignity, sanctity, and sorrow of the great saint and confessor. In August, 1896, the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued a decree of beatification, which was confirmed by the Holy Father. The present illustrious occupant of the See of St. Finbarr, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connell, has never ceased to co-operate with the Bishop of Ivrea in doing honor to the name of Blessed Thaddeus, and to-day's celebration of the translation of the relics of the saint may be said, indeed, to have been the consummation of his wishes and those of his people. The incidents associated with the promulgation of the decree of the Holy Father last year are fresh in the memory of most Catholics—when the Irish bishops joined their venerated brother, the Bishop of Ivrea, in that solemn celebration.

It would be impossible to exaggerate a description of the impressiveness of the proceedings. The sacred relics had lain for a while at the Episcopal Palace, Farrington, and from thence they were amid a scene of surpassing solemnity, conveyed to the Cathedral. Rarely, if ever, has there been witnessed such an outcome of Catholic feeling. For upwards of a mile, in fact from the city to the college, the approaches were lined with people. Every house bore decorations and mottoes, streamers of green spanned the highways, and the bells of the cathedral rung out bright music of rejoicing. In the procession itself many thousands of people took part, and it may fairly be said that the noble cathedral, vast as is its capacity, was all too small to accommodate even a tithe of those who sought admission through its portals to the final function. Before noon the pathways leading to the college were bordered by the members of the different religious orders, forming a guard of honor, and they presented a most striking and impressive feature of the procession to the city.

DEBILIS

His numerous friends in Dublin and all over Munster regretted to hear of the departure of Mr. T. Lucey, of Queenstown, for America. Mr. Lucey, who is a past student of Blackrock

College, Dublin, has won several prizes as an orator and cricketer, while he is the possessor of some dozen Gaelic medals.

The Lord Lieutenant has received the following telegram and letter:—

To Lord Lieutenant, Dublin.—I thank you very much for your kind telegram received yesterday evening, and am greatly pleased to hear of the very loyal and kind reception my dear grandchildren have met with everywhere in Ireland, and would ask you to let this expression of mine be generally known.—V. H. I.

Mountstewart, Newtownards, County Down, Sept 28, 1897.

Dear Lord Cadogan—I cannot leave Ireland without expressing to you, on behalf of the Duchess of York and myself, our very sincere appreciation of the warm and enthusiastic welcome which has been accorded to us during our visit by all classes, and in all parts of the country.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and hospitality which have been shown to us, and the agreeable impression which we have derived from our visit can never be effaced from our memory.

I regret that the limited time at our disposal rendered it impossible for us to see many districts in a country which contains so much that is beautiful and interesting.

I hope, however, we may have further opportunities of improving our acquaintanceship with the people of Ireland, and with the country of which they are so justly proud. Believe me, very sincerely yours, GEORGE.

Captain Charles Underwood O'Connell, who took such a prominent part in the stirring times that led up to '07, has recently been staying at Lydon's Hotel, Clifton, Connemara, traversing all his old favorite haunts and walks. Mr. O'Connell was born at Tyreconnell, County Limerick, at the seat of his ancestors, which is held still by the family. During the captain's stay at Clifton some of the old people who knew his parents and himself in the days that are gone greeted him warmly.

Father John Healy, writing from Carraroe, Galway, writes: The condition of the people in this district is simply awful by reason of the failure of this year's crop has not been witnessed since '46. Preceded by another bad harvest the same as we had last year, when the potato crop rotted to the extent of one-half, people this time have nothing to fall back on, such as cattle, sheep or even pigs, the greater portion of which died of swine fever during the summer months. Deaths from starvation as a consequence are sure to follow before we are far into the winter. Nothing can tide the people of this congested district but relief works on a large scale. No amount of private charity will suffice to cope with this year's famine.

In the adjacent islands of Gorumna and Lettermulin things are no better. The fishing has failed as well as the help industry.

Kerry.

William Ryan, a tailor, residing at Coolcarig, six miles from Listowel, was murdered on the way home from Listowel. Two men named Barrett and Guinea were arrested charged with the murder.

Last week Denis Keane, Meen-youghane, Brosna, county Kerry, arrived at Abbeyfeale, on his way home from Maryborough Prison, where he had been incarcerated for moonlighting since December, 1898.

Limerick.

An immense gathering of the people of West Limerick and North Kerry was held in the village of Athesa, Co. Limerick. The meeting was held principally to consider the case of the evicted tenants and to denounce land grabbing, and for these most laudable and patriotic objects Nationalists and Parnellites, many of them travelling long distances, gathered round the platform to-day, and also mingled together on it, reminding one forcibly of the old days when the people were united.

It was expected that Mr. T. Harrington, M.P. would have been one of the speakers, but owing to illness in his family he was unable to be present, a circumstance that caused a good deal of disappointment. Mr. Wm. O'Brien travelled over from Limerick, and on his arrival at Athesa he was the recipient of a most enthusiastic ovation. The reception accorded to Mr. M. J. Flavin, M.P. for North Kerry, was also very hearty.

Mono.

William O'Brien writes concerning the case of Widow Sammon, already mentioned in this column: I have to return thanks for a number of subscriptions for the relief of Widow Sammon and her children. The letter of the Archbishop of Cashel is not only the saving of this unfortunate family, but will, I think, prove to be an event of National importance. His Grace is beyond question the greatest living personality of our race, and he has not only the patriotic but the power, whenever he sees fit, to hand together all that is worth having in the country in a new National spirit.

ing, in which voices of discord will speedily ensue. The spark kindled in Mrs. Sammon's case is already rising into a blaze which is astonishing her oppressors, "high and low." Longwater per proscripta, bravo delecto estis worth bullets of receipt. Has not this time come for extending similar comforts to the hundreds of Mrs. Sammons scattered through the country, equally wronged, equally poor, and equally neglected?

Monahan. The death has taken place of Patrick Duffy, J.P., at his residence, Drumsketh House, Co. Monaghan. Deceased was advanced in years. He was a staunch Nationalist.

ENGLAND.

Illness of Father Turner. Considerable regret is caused by the announcement that the Rev. Father Turner of the Benedictine Order, who was taken suddenly ill just prior to the celebrations at Ramsgate, is lying at St. Augustine's Abbey in a very critical condition. Father Turner is a well-known authority on ecclesiastical music.

An Ancient Catholic Family.

In the person of Robert Berkeley, of Spatchley, whose death has just taken place at the ancient family seat, Spatchley Park, Worcester, has passed away the head of one of the most distinguished of the old English Catholic families who kept the faith many generations. The Berkeleys trace their descent from Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. The deceased was nearly allied to the Earl of Donbigh and the other families of prominence.

Hospital Visitation in Isle of Man.

For some time past the Catholic community in Douglas has agitated the Catholic clergy should have free and unrestricted access to Catholic patients in the Borough Isolation Hospital, but hitherto the town council have left the discretion as to permitting visits of all ministers of religion with the medical officer. In response, however, to a memorial signed by all the Churches of England clergy in the town and the superintendents of the Wesleyan ministers the council has passed a resolution permitting visitation.

Queenland Converts.

Canon Grignon, of the Protestant Cathedral of Townsville, Queensland, who was recently received into the Catholic Church at the Redemptorist Monastery at Ballarat, is shortly about to leave for England, where he intends to place himself under tutelage of Cardinal Vaughan with a view to preparing for the priesthood. The Canon is an Englishman, graduated at Durham University, and was a curate for some time in the East End of London. Canon Grignon has stated as the ground of his conversion that, having become convinced that an entirely new Church was established at the Reformation, he was forced to doubt the validity of Anglican Orders, and the conscientious scruples on that point and on questions of dogma forbade him any longer to remain a member of the Protestant Communion.

SCOTLAND.

A Good Harvest.

The Dundee Courier to-day gives reports collected from farmers in every county of Scotland regarding the yield of the season's harvest. These reports were all of a satisfactory character. The yield of barley is described as much above the average, and the quality is excellent. Wheat and oats are also very good crops.

Requiem Service at Liberton Cemetery.

The new Catholic cemetery recently consecrated at Liberton, Edinburgh, has been the scene of a solemn Requiem service, which, we understand, was unique so far as Scotland is concerned. Two priests and a number of laymen are interred in the cemetery, and the Requiem was for the repose of their souls; it is, moreover, intended that a similar service shall be held annually. A temporary wooden chapel accommodated the clergy, who were present to the number of about twenty.

The Highland Mod.

The past week has been a sort of national carnival among our Gaelic kinsmen in the Highlands, writes a special correspondent of The Freeman's Journal. The scene of the festival celebrations was Inverness, which may be called the capital of the Scotch Highlands, and it was Inverness by the grey light of dawn, and was struck at once by the beauty of that fair northern town. In the morning twilight Inverness was cheerful. At 10 a.m. assembled the Mod Gaelic festival, the literary and musical festival of the Highlands, under the presidency of Charles Fraser Mackintosh, of Drummond, Esq., LL.D., and a right worthy president was this modern chieftain of Clan Chattan, formerly member of Parliament for his native county. The Mod, if I mistake not, was first instituted by Lord Archibald Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll. Lord Archibald continues to take a lively interest in his creation, and his name appears among the list of those who donate the prizes awarded on this occasion. Touching which it may be remarked that instead of the prizes being granted out of a general fund subscribed by the public at large, as was done in the Orreochtas of 1897, each prize is

given by a separate donor. The donors included (besides Lord Archibald Campbell) Dr. Charles Fraser Mackintosh of Drummond, Mr. John Mackay, J.P., of Inverfort, the St. Columba Gaelic Order of Inverness, the London Inverness Association, and the Town Council of Inverness. There are town councils and city corporations in Ireland that fancy themselves above the example of any Scottish town in matters of patriotism. Well, in future let us judge the tree by its fruit. This Mod is the sixth such festival held in the Highlands. It has not yet attained to anything like the proportions of the first Orreochtas and Ewes Cool. But it must be remembered that the Highland population is scant and scattered, and, like the Irish Gael, has been left the lean of the land to live on.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

A striking sermon was delivered by Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, in St. Mary's Church, Collingwood, on Sunday, 12, a report of which appears in The Entertainer. Father Ryan's subject was: "Why Catholics believe in the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the blessed Sacrament."

"Before the festival day of the pasch, Jesus, knowing that His hour was come, that He should pass out of this world to the Father; having loved His own, who were in the world, He loved them to the end." St. John, xiii, 1. (Catholic Version.)

The preacher professed his address with the above quotation. The interesting and momentous question of the Real Presence in the Sacrament was one to which all Christian hearts should turn. Two great questions had agitated the public mind of late. One was Christian Unity, in which all who believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and who hold to the Old and New Testaments, are interested. Another is what is known as Anglican Orders. They remembered the controversy in the latter question. Two leading literary men, University men, men of education, brains and religious sentiment, were discussing Anglican Orders, and asked the central question, involving the central fact, Have we a sacrifice? Have we a Sacrament? Is it a fact, as Cardinal Newman beautifully expresses it, that the Catholic priest has the power to evoke the Eternal God? A priest is a sacrificing man, and there must be the sacrifice. If there is to be a union of Catholic minds and hearts, it must be by coming together around this centre of immutable truth—with faith, hope and prayer in this union to be effected. Of the many ways of treating the subject of the Real Presence, the speaker said he would take the shorter and compendious way. There were three grand parts in the epic of God, three grand acts of the Divine drama, and the truth was in His text taken from John, the man of God's own mind and heart, who knew the Lord as God and Man, and as the Master without friends. "Having loved His own, who were in the world, He loved them to the end." That was all, and it was enough for him and for all who believed. St. John means God loves us, is ready to do anything for us, and what is there the love of God cannot do? We know what He has done. Begin with what is common belief, the first act of the Divine drama—the Creation. It was not necessary to God's eternal, inexhaustible and ineffable happiness that He should create. But He did create. He spoke and the universe was made. Here is an argument of fact. Those who do not believe say God could not do as Catholics believe in the Eucharist. Is there anything God cannot do? The Council of Three was held, and the fiat went forth, "let us make man." Why? Because God said, "I have loved you with an eternal love and therefore I have created you and called you by your name." God's own argument was that of love. Another argument against the Eucharist was—if God could He would not. He would not demean, disgrace or lower Himself, or permit Himself to be so demeaned. See another Council of the Three, when man was to be redeemed. All was darkness and confusion and pain and man offered sacrifice, but the Son said "No sacrifice and burnt offerings were not acceptable," and He came Himself. St. Thomas answers the difficulty by explaining there are two kinds of indignity—that of condescension and that of degradation. The latter God has never done. The seeming indignity of condescension was what God had done. As an illustration, supposing the Queen, during the Jubilee pageant, had gone to a lowly cellar or cot in London to see a dying man, would the world consider that degradation? Would it not rather be as the beauty of Divine condescension? The Divine Samaritan had come down, poured oil on our wounds, given us wine and taken us into His Church. Was that unworthy? St. Bernard says—"God is great, and greatly to be praised. God is little, and therefore more to be praised." God was "exalted a little for us." "Gloria in excelsis" was sung at Mass, because God was in the lowest. God knows how to respect and guard Himself.

St. Paul gives it again "He loves me and therefore He gave Himself up for me." Talk to God about what is necessary. Nothing is, outside of Himself. When He begins to exercise His love, He doesn't stop even at the impossible. It wasn't necessary that God should become a babe, suffer, sweat His blood, be spat upon, scorned and nailed to the cross. The necessary was not God's way. The Redemption was plentiful and copious. He did all He could, there is no little more with God. St. John's words contain the argument, the other evangelists tell us the details of what He did. He took bread, blessed and broke it, and gave them to eat, saying "This is my body," and He gave them to drink, saying "for this is my blood." St. John doesn't say this, because, he says, He loves, and in His sixth chapter He gives the proof. The creation is there repeated in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Christ says He is going to give Himself for the life of the world. Then He says—"I am the living bread which came down from Heaven." "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, shall have everlasting life," etc. He has promised and of course He kept His promise; kept it out of love and loyalty. It is enough to know that He said it, to know that He did it. An honest man keeps his promise, and we are speaking of the Almighty God. If you don't believe it, you say He didn't mean what He said, or He didn't do what He promised. The very night He was going to be betrayed by man He did it. What a proof of love! Do you think He would tamper with words then? He meant what he said and did it. It was a greater mystery than the Creation or the Nativity, the mystery of transubstantiation. He made His men priests by commanding them to perform that mystery in commemoration of Him to the end of time. He did it because He loved us. He created us because He loved us, and He gave up His life for us because He loved us. There are three acts of the Divine drama—the Creation, the Nativity and Redemption, and the third and completing act the Eucharist. He loves us and wants to live with us. He in the Sacrament unites us to Himself. He becomes blood relation and incorporated with us, because we receive His body and blood, says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, one of the early Fathers. "Thus the body and blood of Christ being distributed in our members, we may become Christophori, that is we carry Christ with us, and thus, as St. Peter says, 'we are made partakers of the Divine nature.'" St. Augustine also gives testimony for "this adorable sacrament." He says there is no greater good or wisdom than the Eucharist. In it God loves to the end of His wisdom and goodness. Mark the argument of St. Augustine. He challenges God to do anything greater, more wise, or more loving than this. According to the belief of brethren separated from the Catholic Church, St. Augustine talked nonsense, because God could have given us more than a figure, could have given Himself, instead of a sacrament. The argument of St. Augustine was that the Real Presence existed, a doctrine Catholics are prepared if need be to maintain with their lives. If Jesus didn't mean what He said, or was misunderstood, it was His duty not only to enlighten those who believed and those who turned their backs on Him. He foresaw it would be doubted, and He foresaw the line of bishops, priests, and people who would believe it, and had He not meant it He would have deceived them. In the Sacrament He makes Himself humble and poor, and multiplies His miracles and mysteries. God could, He would, and He had done it. "I do not believe in the Real Presence because I understand it," said Father Ryan. If he depended on reason and understanding he would believe nothing. He didn't understand the Creation. Does any Angel, even? The Real Presence was believed because God said it, and they tried to understand it, as well as they could. Once being assured that God has spoken, Catholics welcome mystery or anything else, because God has said it. Here we have the great centre and mystery of the Catholic faith. The Creation was above our reason, the Nativity partly according to and partly above reason. The Real Presence is above and actually contrary to sense. We see bread and wine and believe it is not bread and wine. After the consecrating words of the priest we believe it to be the blood and body of Jesus Christ, as he is seated at the right hand of God in Heaven. If there is to be Christian unity it will be when all believe all. The separated friends believe part of the doctrines of the Church, Catholics believe all. This is the lowest ceremony of the Church, says Cardinal Newman. Without the priest there is no sacrifice.

The speaker concluded with an earnest and eloquent appeal to his listeners to believe, and to unite in striving for a common Salvation.

Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup

stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. As soon as the cough, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Domestic Reading

Fear is not in the habit of speaking truth. When perfect security is expected, perfect freedom must be allowed; nor has any one who is apt to be angry when he hears the truth, any cause to wonder that he does not hear it.—Tacitus.

As people in a crowd find it difficult from their close contact to avoid hurting each other and being hurt, so in our close relations with one another, in business, in society, and at home, we also find it difficult to avoid the chafing of different dispositions and tempers, and views and aims against each other, producing more or less permanent discomfort, pain, and sense of wrong. This difficulty courtesy can best help us to overcome. By its gentle and gracious presence it preserves us from too close and too rough contact. It throws a protecting veil over each personality which cannot be easily rent asunder. Who can quarrel with or dispute with or contradict one who is invariably gentle and courteous in his behaviour? The disposition to do so is immediately checked and a feeling of respect takes its place. It strikes unobtrusive familiarity, sets up a barrier against altercation, and soothes irritable or angry feelings.

Short-sighted is the philosophy which counts on selfishness as the master motive of human action. It is blind to facts, of which the world is full. It sees not the present, and reads not the past aright. If you would move men to action, to what shall you appeal? Not to their pockets, but to their patriotism; not to selfishness, but to sympathy. . . . Call it religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm for humanity, or the love of God—give it what name you will; there is yet a force which ever comes and drives out selfishness, a force which is the electricity of the moral universe, a force beside which all others are weak. . . . Political economy and social sciences cannot teach any lessons that are not embraced in the simple truth that were taught to one by Abraham and Jewish messiahs by one who aught hundred years ago, was crucified—the simple truth which, beneath the wrappings of selfishness and the distortions of superstitions, seem to underlie every religion that has ever striven to formulate the spiritual yearnings of man.

The ideal for Christian men and women is the organization of society on Christian principles. Have we got to that yet, or within sight of it, do you suppose? Look round you. Will anybody tell me that the state of a hundred streets in this city is what it would be if the Christian men of this nation lived the lives that they ought to live? Could there be such rottenness and corruption if the salt had not lost its savor? Will anybody tell me that the foul aristocratic vice which our newspapers do not think themselves degraded by printing in loathsome detail, and so bringing the foulness of a common sewer on to every breakfast table in the kingdom, is in accordance with an organization of society on Christian principles? Intemperance, social impurity, wide-spread drunkenness, degradation, baseness, the awful condition of the lowest layer in our great cities, crushed like some crumbling bricks beneath the ponderous weight of the splendid superstructures; the bitter partisan spirit of politics, where the followers of each chief think themselves bound to believe that he is immaculate, and that the other side has no honor or truth belonging to it; these things testify against English society.

Whiskey and Water.

Orators in the House of Commons when they require something wherewith to moisten their palates are supposed to make use of nothing stronger than this beverage of nature's brewing; but sometimes people "have their suspicions" says T. D. Sullivan, M.P. During one of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches at the table of the House he slipped occasionally from a tumbler of liquid which was not of crystal clearness, having in fact a slightly yellowish tinge. This was referred to by the well-known and witty chronicler of Parliamentary proceedings, Mr. W. H. Lucy, in his sketch of the night's debate as "a glass of unfiltered water"—a charmingly delicate touch of quiet humor. The mixture at all events was not of a stiff quality; though it may have been better than that said to have been given by a parish priest who held strong temperance views to a car-driver who had driven him a long distance on a very imbecile day. He put a small quantity of whiskey into a tumbler, and then added to it a big douches of water. "Tell me, your reverence," said the driver, after he had taken a long pull from the tumbler, "which did you put in first, the whiskey or the water?" "I put in the whiskey first," replied the priest. "I thought so, your reverence," said he, "for begor I haven't come to it yet!"

The difference between a horse and a bicycle is that a horse always shies away from an object, while the bicycle generally shies into it.