Special correspondence of the Pilot.

IRELAND AT ROME.

Great Sermon by Archbishop Ryan.

EXTRAORDINARY CORNER STONE LAYING OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Rome, Feb. 1st.

To-day has been in several respects a unique occasion. The event which occurred has, so far as the Irish race is concerned, a character of its own. It can never be repeated, as the laying of the first stone of the Irish National Church of St. Patrick, once done is done forever. As is well known, other nations have had for centuries the churches of their special national saints in this centre of Catholicity. To day Ireland, in the full consciousness and strength of her nationhood, places the foundation stone of a church to be dedicated to her national saint in this Eternal City, the source from which her great Apostle received his commission and consecration.

The events of the day opened with the Pontifical audience granted to the Irish pilgrims and residents. Many persons had come from Ireland especially for this occasion. Others coming from America, the Indies, and Australia had so timed their journey that they should be in Rome on this day, so important in the eyes of every Irishman throughout the world.

THE POPE'S ADDRESS.

"I am greatly pleased," His Holiness said, "at your presence here, and with the address I have just heard. We hear with particular satisfaction of your rejoicing and your good wishes and those of your people on the occasion of Our Jubilee, and you may be sure We heartily reciprocate them Indeed since the beginning of Our Pontificate We have looked with paternal care on the Irish people, who are specially dear to Us for many reasons, but especially for having kept safely that faith which was sown through the labors and efforts of St Patrick, and which your ancestors, having strenuously maintained, transmitted to you to be kept in holiness.

"And justly indeed have We a firm trust in you; We always had such love as was just to the Irish people, and it has been Our constant care to think of their peace and prosperity, so that We deem that We have never failed in the hope you placed in Us. Of this Our good will, even on a recent occasion, We have given an important testimony: namely, in having sent to you with a special mission Our Veneral Brother, the Archbishop of Damietta (that is to say, Mgr. Persico, who bears that title), through whom you might make known to Us what was the condition and what were the wants of your people. To the difficulties which have arisen, a sure and valid rule of action may be derived from the letters We have sent during the past years to the Archbishop of Dublin. This is required not only by religion, which is the chief boast of the Irish race, but also by the common welfare; because, it will never be of any utility to a people to break down justice, which is the foundation of order and of all well being. And even lately in Germany you have seen that the Catholics have come forth happily from fearful difficulties acting according to law and moderation, and through Our persuasion and efforts. Why should not the same mode of action bring about, by the help of God, the same results in Ireland?

"Therefore We repose great confidence in the authority and wisdom of the Bishops of Ireland; we also trust much in the virtue of the people, whose submission to the Holy See and obedience to their Bishops have always been highly praised. In this hope We invoke upon you the abundance of the mercies of God, and as a foretaste of heavenly gifts and as a pledge of Our special benevolence towards you all who are here present and to the whole Irish race, We most affectionately impart Our Apostolic Benediction."

The Pope spoke with remarkable vigor and emphasis. It was evident to many that the speech was carefully prepared and written out before being delivered. Then came the offerings of gifts on occasion of his Jubilee. From the four archdioceses and the fifteen other dioceses in Ireland, the sum presented to the Pope on occasion of his Jubilee, chiefly, if not entirely, by Mgr. Tobias Kirby, the venerable rector of the Irish College, amounts to £15 813 13s. 10d. sterling. Of this sum £4 000 were contributed by the archdiocese of Dublin and £1,000 by the diocese of Cork.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

Shortly after 3 p. m. the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Church of St. Patrick, began in the grounds of the Villa Ludovisi, in the beautifully decorated enclosure prepared for this solemn occasion. In the centre of this enclosure was the deep well in which the stone was placed. Over the entrance on the inside was a large inscription painted on canvas to represent marble, flanked with the emblems of Ireland: the shamrock, the round tower and wolf dog, the harp and the sunburst.

When the Litany of the Saints had been sung by the clergy and people, the stone was lowered to its place, the Archbishop of Dublin casting the first trowel-full of lime upon it, and blessing it.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S GREAT SERMON.

The text was chosen from the 16th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, the 13th to the 18th verses, concluding in the words of Christ: "And I say to thee: That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

In this extract two great fundamental truths are revealed to us. The first is the divinity of Jesus Christ and the second the fact that the Church which He was to establish upon this earth should be founded on the Apostle Peter as on a rock, and that because of this foundation "the gates of hell should not prevail against it." These great questions, notwithstanding the clearness of this revelation, still agitate the world. Now, as then, different replies are given to the question, "Who is the Son of Man?" A wonderful prophet, a great ethical philosopher soaring above the sages of antiquity—a model man—all but a God. Though men differ as to his nature yet all praise him Even the modern sect of reformed Jews join the universal chorus, and glory in the fact that he was a son of Israel.

But the true reply to the question who is the Son of Man is that given by Peter: "Thou art Christ the Son of the living God"—a reply which confessed His divinity, and not merely as an opinion or personal conviction of Peter, but as a revelation of the Eternal Father to him and through him to the world. "Blessed art thou Simon Bar Jona," said Christ to him, "for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven." Then Jesus Christ thus declared divine, revealed the second great truth to which I have alluded—namely, that Peter was to be the rock on which His church was to be built and because of which it was to stand forever.

In another part of the Sacred Scriptures Our Divine Lord spoke of the wise man as he "who built his house upon a rock," and "the rains fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house and it fell not because it was founded on a rock" Infinite Wisdom is now about to build a house against which the falling rain and rising floods and pelting storms of all time shall beat in vain, and looks for a rocky foundation deep, and strong, and wide enough.

Seeing one of His disciples named Simon, He said to him, thou shalt be called Peter, which means a rock; and subsequently He said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Hence was Peter constituted the great cause at once of the unity and stability of the entire edifice. The Church of God, with all its characteristics, was to rest on Peter as on its foundation. Now, brethren, this was to be true, not only of the great Church of God in general, but also of the national churches that form integral parts of it If they adhere to this rock they shall stand. If they build on any other foundation they shall certainly fall into a thousand fragments. From this centre went forth the great Apostles that evangelized the nations, and the churches which they founded should remain in holy close communion with this centre of life and unity. To use another figure, it is the heart from which the blood should flow in healthy streams through the members of the mystic body of Christ.

To render this union the more close it has been the custom to erect here representative national churches, bearing the names of the Apostles or other prominent saints of the different countries On the present occasion we are assembled to witness the ceremony of laying the first stone of such a sacred edifice. Fourteen hundred and fifty years ago a missionary bishop was sent from this city by the then reigning Pope, St. Celestine, to the island of Ireland with the Apostolic mission and benediction, in order to convert that people to Christianity. How truly wonderful has been the success of his mission no one can question. In every portion of the civilized world the name of St. Patrick, the Apostle of the Irish nation and race, is mentioned. To-day the eyes and hearts of that race are turned towards this sacred spot. An Irish Archbishop and Primate blesses the foundation stone of this edifice, on this the festival of St. Bridget, the second patron of the island. The church itself shall be in charge of a religious Order which worked much and suffered much in the past for religion in Ireland. Children of Ireland and their descendants are here from the island itself, from England, from distant Australia, and India, and I, with many others, come from the new world—a world undiscovered for centuries after the conversion of Ireland but which now numbers more of Irish blood than the cradle island itself. I come to speak to you of the thoughts and sentiments which this occasion suggests, first as a Catholic ceremony which should interest all no matter of what nationality, and then as especially interesting to the race evangelized by St. Patrick.

In looking down from one of the eminences of this seven hilled city, we behold at once the ruins of classic paganism and the many churches whose cross crowned domes proclaim the triumph of Christianity. Again we behold towering in majesty and grace above all these, the dome of Peter, symbolizing the supremacy of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. In contemplating the various national churches under the shadow of that dome, we can not but be struck with the evidence they furnish of the divine origin of the Catholic Church itself. The perfect unity of all these churches between themselves and with the See of Peter is a marvel. This unity is intellectual, sacramental and governmental. The intellectual unity of every tribe and tongue and people—differing in everything but in this one faith, has no parallel in the history of our race. Add to this the union in the same sacramental system and in the same form of government under the one head, and your wonder must increase. This phenomenon is still magnified when we contemplate the Catholicity of the Church. Unity in Catholicity—Catholicity in unity, is a direct unanswerable argument that the Church is a divine institution. Paganism attempted such a combination. When the Romans conquered a nation they adopted its gods and had them enshrined in Rome as a great religious as well as political centre, and the Emperor was not only the temporal ruler but also bore the title of Supreme Pontiff. This was an attempt at Catholicity in unity, and unity in Catholicity, an effort to have Pagan national temples or shrines. But we know that the Romans adopted these deities without believing in them, we know that at one time they enshrined as many as 30,000 gods; but all these deities and religious systems were in contradiction. There was a kind of catholicity without unity, without a supreme central authority to teach with unerring certainty what is the truth of God.

In the Jewish Church there was unity because such an authority as the high priest's decision was final, and it was death to contradict it. But in the Jewish Church, which was national, there was no Catholicity. In the Christian Church unity and Catholicity are both united, for it extends to all the nations of the earth, and there is yet the greatest central authority in the Sovereign Pontiff, the successor of Peter. Hence the immense importance of the office of the Pope. The Church is not unfrequently reproached with making too much of the Sovereign Pontiff, and to those who have not the key of faith and do not distinguish between the office and the man, this complaint may not seem groundless. They feel that no one but the man God can be secure on the pinnacle of the temple, and the dizzy height is fatal to human weakness. To this we reply that officially he is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and in that sublime vicarious capacity is worthy of all honor, because it is honor given to Christ in His representative, and the Power that exalted him protects him. You beheld the Pope on the day of his sacerdotal Jubilee borne aloft on the shoulders of men through the glorious temple of the universe, amidst the admiration and acclamations of thousands of every nation under heaven, whilst Architecture, Sculpture and glorious Music seemed to pay tribute to him. He seemed almost a god as he scattered his benedictions from on high—all eyes seemed to hope in him as he opened his hand to fill every creature with his blessing, whilst the great pillars and arches almost trembled with the mighty anthem: "Behold a great priest who in his day pleased God and was found just." At length, at the tomb of Peter, he descends and receives the homage of that speludid senate of the Church—that congregation of men of great learning and sanctity, the College of Cardinals, Patriarchs, bishops and priests bow in reverence before him, and "on earth there is none like to him in glory." But behold in another place another scene on the next day. One of those poor monks who passed by you in the great procession unobserved and unknown to you, sits on a chair in a lonely room, with a purple stole upon his shoulders An aged feeble man approaches the chair, and falling on his knees at the feet of the poor ecclesiastic, he exclaims in accents of humiliation and sorrow: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned:" and he tells the sins of his life and begs that priest to pray to God for him and to forgive him in His name. That priest is, for the time being, the superior, the judge and the spiritual physician of that old man; and the old man is no other than the great Pontiff himself whose praises re echoed through the nave and aisles, and dome of St. Peter's but yesterday! Thus, whilst the Church exalts the office, she humbles and protects the man, who has to tremble for his own salvation in so perilous and responsible a position; and we are guilty of no man-worship, but honor Jesus Christ in His representative, as the Pope honors Him in the priest to whom he confesses his sins and through whom God forgives him.

Another thought that must strike us in contemplating the national churches of Rome, extending as they do from the Apostolic Ages until the present time, is the wonderful fruitfulness of the Spouse of Jesus Christ.

How many nations has she not brought forth to God! How barren have heresy and schism been in comparison to her! Why? Because the old Apostolic blood courses in her veins—the blood blessed with fecundity. Though others have claimed Apostolic session, no other can claim Apostolic mission and success. The blood of Abraham warmed the veins of Ishmael, the outcast son of the bondwoman; but not to the son of the bondwoman, but of the free woman was the promise of a mighty generation pledged. From Rome went forth the national Apostles to various countries, which furnished so many millions of converts. The promulgation of Christianity and its sustained success for nearly nineteen centuries is a striking proof that it is of higher than human origin—a proof to which I think we ought to more frequently advert, as it is a philosophic one, depending on the principle that an effect must have an adequate cause.

I am aware that causes other than that of its divine origin have been assigned for this wonderful propagation of Christianity at first, and its sustained existence since. But a little impartial examination must show the entire want of proportion between cause and effect and the confusion of these terms, so that what are called causes are evidently effects of one highest cause. The celebrated five causes assigned by Gibbon for the conquests of Christianity,—namely: that the Church taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul—that her first children were conspicuous for the great sanctity of their lives—that miracles were said to have been performed by them, and that thousands of martyrs freely shed their blood rather then deny their faith, and that, above all, the wonderful unity of faith and charity which they exhibited to the world, influenced the progress of Christianity and effected the wonders which Catholics attribute to a divine influence. These causes, no doubt, aided, and still aid, the progress of the Church in every nation. They are as rivers flowing down the mountain side and feeding the great lake at its base. But what feeds the fine rivers? Whence comes the water? What is the cause of the five causes? Follow the rivers up the mountain sides and you find them spring from one source—the pierced heart of Jesus Christ—the fountain of living waters, and the five tides gush from His five wounds on the Mount of Crucifixion. The doctrine of the immortality of the human soul had been taught by great philosophers before and was generally believed; yet it produced no such results as when taught by the Church. How could she have so wonderfully sanctified her children as to have made them the wonder of the pagan world, without a new divine principle of sanctification, and how could she have continued that process of sanctification for nearly nineteen centuries? Fanaticism is of brief existence, and a few fanatics might be produced by temporary excitement, but no such results as nineteen centuries of sanctity. How could she perform miracles without a divine power to do so, and if these miracles were not real, there stands, as St. Augustine observes, the great living miracle of her own progress without the aid of miracles? Besides, the fact of occasional false miracles by deception only proves that some true ones must have existed, as men do not counterfeit counterfeits but realities, and without realities we should have no counterfeits. How could she have produced millions of martyrs, not martyrs to theories and opinions, but, as the term means, witnesses to facts which they had seen or heard—dying with the declaration of the Apostles on their lips: "We cannot but say the things which we have seen and heard!" Above all, how could she have effected that unity of faith, and sacraments, and government, and maintained it for so many centuries? How unphilosophic is it then to account for the fecundity of the Church by secondary causes, ignoring the primary one, which can be no other than the fact that she is a divine institution bearing the benediction which fructifies.

Thus we learn, brethren, from the contemplation of these national churches of Rome the great characteristics of the Church of God in general—her fruitfulness, her combined catholicity and unity, and how vital is the connection between these and the Primacy of Peter and his successor, the Roman Pontiff, and how, in one word, she is a divine institution. These lessons are confirmed by the ceremony for which we are assembled to day. In no country of the world was the hand of God more visible in the propagation of Christianity than in Ireland. The people received the faith without the shedding of a drop of martyrs' blood. At once they recognized the truth and beauty and sanctity of the new doctrines, embraced them and became their zealous and most faithful propagators. It has been some times asserted that Irish love for the Church arises rather from national feeling, which has been identified with religious enthusiasm; and that, in reality, they are Irish first and Catholics afterwards, and only as a consequence. If so, why did they abandon so easily their national pagan faith, practices and traditions, at the preaching of an alien—a former fugitive slave? If so, why did the proud kings and fierce soldiers and zealous priests and national bards yield so soon and so easily to the foreign yoke? How could churches and monasteries spring up as if by magic throughout the land? How could all this be done but because the religious element was deep and strong in these Irish natures, and because Christianity had the divine power to act upon, purify and intensify it. The island was known as Holy Ireland and the Island of Saints and Doctors. The Venerable Bede, the English historian, tells us that when Europe was desolated by war, "all who sought instruction in the sciences or stricter discipline in religion, leaving their homes and country fled to Ireland, and were gratuitously supported by its people." But there was wanting one glory to complete the perfection of Ireland's fidelity. In the chorus of apostles, confessors and Virgins she had her representative saints—in all choirs but one. The Saint that she had not was the martyr, and the flower that appeared not the passion flower. I will not harrow your souls by relating the anguish she endured in the days when her faith was tried; in the days of the penal laws and the famines, when her children preferred death on the scaffold or by starvation in their cabins sooner than abandon the faith brought by St. Patrick from Rome, and were as really martyrs as ever fell in Roman Colisseum or were buried in Roman Catacombe. Never was a nation's faith and nationality so perfectly united. In other land individuals and families suffered for their fidelity to faith, and all honor to them; but here was a whole nation of martyrs suffering as a nation. Had Ireland become Protestant with England and Scotland she might, like them, be prosperous to-day; but because she would not, and clung to the old cross and the old faith, she is not prosperous but poor like the Lord for whom she suffered.

It is true that she is no longer persecuted for her faith; but we must remember that it is little over half a century since Catholic Emancipation was obtained—and half a century is a short time in a nation's life—and that she suffers still from the old wounds and from the religious prejudices that still remain. Not only was she faithful to the Church at home, but when her children had to leave that island of fidelity and sorrow, when her enemies trampled in the dust her national banner wet with her blood, she grasped the napkin of Veronica, waved it above the heads of her children, bore it in triumph to America and Australia and India, and planted it wherever a church could be built in honor of Him whose image it bore. The names of the old faith and the old country were whispered together in the gloom of the mine, in the glare of the furnace, in the mire of the new canal or railroad, in the rush of the cities, in the solitude of the plains—everywhere were creed and country hallowed in the hearts of these exiles of Erin. It is simply impossible to account for Irish faith and fidelity except the Church be a divine institution. May we not hope that on this auspicious day—the festival of Bridget, the second patron of Ireland—on this day and on this occasion, when this representative Church is inaugurated—on this day when here, near to the spot where rest the remains of Pope St. Celestine, who sent St. Patrick—here amid the hallowed shrines and memories of so many martyrs—here with special blessing of the Pope, who received this morning the Irish pilgrims, and feeling that the heart of Celestine palpitates in the breast of Leo, and that he will never sacrifice what Celestine sanctified, but will preserve it inviolate;—here to-day with St. Patrick and St. Bridget and the other Irish saints looking down from the sanctuary of Heaven, may we not pause to hear from afar the deep, pathetic hopeful words which God once said to weeping Israel, now addressed to a land more loving and faithful to Him than was even Israel: "Poor little one, tossed with tempest and without all comfort, behold I will lay thy stones in order and thy foundations with sapphires."

Now, may we not hope that this, though a real, is also a symbolic ceremony, and that it symbolizes the inauguration of peace and prosperity for that poor little one of God "tossed with tempest and without all comfort." Without all comfort, but not without all hope. In the faith that she has preserved and the morality it must produce, in the rigorous chastity of her sons and daughters, in all the elements of Christian civilization she rejoices in hope. Here is a chaste generation that shall have glory. There is a civilization above that of successful commerce and education—the civilization which could sacrifice both for God and conscience, and that is her civilization and the grounds of her hope. To all who would speak to her of despair, and ask why she continues loyal to a Church on account of which she has suffered so much, she answers as did the holy and hopeful Tobias when similarly reproached by his degenerate fellow-countrymen: "Where is thy hope?" they said to him, "for which thou gavest alms and buried the dead?" But Tobias rebuked them, saying: "Speak not so, for we are the children of saints and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from him."

On the conclusion of the sermon the students burst into unusual applause which was echoed by the people in the tribunes.

P. L. CONNELLAN.

MEANING OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

The world is a mystery. Life, time, death, doubt, good and evil, and the uncertainty which hangs about our eternal lot, are all mysteries. They lie burning on the heart at times. But the Crucifix is the meaning of them, the solution of them all. It puts the question, and answers it as well. It is the reading of the riddles, the certainty of all doubts, and the centre of all faiths, the fountain of all hopes, the symbol of all loves. It reveals man to himself, and God to man. It holds a light to time that it may look into eternity and be reassured. It is a sight to look upon in our times of joy: for it makes the joy tender without reproving it, and elevates without straining it. In sorrow there is no sight like it. It draws forth our tears and makes them fall faster, and so softly that they become sweeter than very smiles. It gives light in the darkness, and the silence of its preaching is always eloquent, and death is life in the face of that grave earnest of eternal life. The Crucifix is always the same, yet ever varying its expression so as to be to us in all our moods just what we most want and it is best for us to have. No wonder saints have hung over their crucifixes in such trances of contented love. But Mary is a part of this reality of this symbol. The Mother and the Apostle stand, as it were, through all the ages at the foot of the Crucifix, symbols themselves of the great mystery, of the sole true religion, of what God has done for the world, which He created. As we cannot think of the Child at Bethlehem without His Mother, so neither will the Gospel let us picture to ourselves the Man on Calvary without His Mother also. Jesus and Mary were always one; but there was a peculiar union between them on Calvary. It is to this union we now come, Mary's fifth dolor, the Crucifixion.

The way of the Cross was ended, and the summit of the mount has been attained a little before the hour of noon. If tradition speaks truly, it was a memorial place even then, fit to be a world's sanctuary; for it was said to be the site of Adam's grave, the spot where he rested when the mercy of God accepted and closed his nine hundred years of penance. Close by was the City of David, which was rather the City of God, the centre of so much wonderful history, the object of so much pathetic divine love. The scene which was now to be enacted there would uncrown the queenly city; but only to crown, with a far more glorious crown of light, and hope, and truth, and beauty, every city of the world where Christ Crucified should be preached and the Blessed Sacrament should dwell. It was but a little while, an hour perhaps, since the last dolor; so that only four hours have elapsed between the fourth dolor and the consummation of the fifth. Yet in sorrow and in sanctification it is a longer epoch than the eighteen years of Nazareth. In nothing is it more true than in our sanctification, that with God a thousand years are but one day. Those hours were filled with mysteries so divine, with realities so thrilling, that lapse of time is hardly an element in the agony of Mary's soul. She comes to the Crucifixion a greater marvel of grace, a greater miracle of suffering, than when an hour ago she had met the Cross laden Jesus at the corner of the street.

They have stripped Him of His garments from the shame of which stripping His Human Nature shrank inexpressibly. To His Mother the indignity was a torture in itself, and the unveiled sight of her Son's Heart the while was a horror and a woe words cannot tell. They have laid Him on the Cross, a harder bed than the crib at Bethlehem in which He first was laid. He gives Himself into their hands with as much docility as a weary child whom his mother is gently preparing for his rest. It seems, and it was really so, as if it was His own will, rather than theirs, which was being fulfilled. Beautiful in His disfigurement, venerable in His shame, the Everlasting God lay upon the Cross, with His eyes gently fixed on heaven. Never, Mary thought, had He looked more worshipful, more manifestly God, than now when He lay outstretched there, a powerless but willing victim; and she worshipped Him with profound adoration. The executioners now lay His right arm and hand out upon the Cross. They apply the rough nail to the palm of His Hand, the Hand out of which the world's graces flow and the first dull knock of the hammer is heard in the silence. The trembling of excessive pain passes over His limbs, but does not dislodge the sweet expression from His eyes. Now, blow follows blow, and is echoed faintly from somewhere. The Magdalene and John hold their ears; for the sound is unendurable, it is worse than if the iron hammer were falling on their living hearts. Mary hears it all. The hammer is falling upon her living heart; for her love had long since been dead to self, and only lived in Him. She looked upward to heaven. She could not speak. Words would have said nothing. The Father alone understood the offering of that heart, now broken so many times. To her the nailing was not one action. Each knock was a separate martyrdom The hammer played upon her heart as the hand of the musician changefully presses the keys of his instrument.

FABER.

An excess of animal food and a partial closing of the pores of the skin, during the winter months, cause the system to become filled with impurities. These can be removed and the blood purified and invigorated by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1.

Jos. Beaudin, M. D., Hull, P. Q., writes: Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil commands a large and increasing sale which it richly merits. I have always found it exceedingly helpful; I use it in all cases of rheumatism, as well as fractures and dislocations. I made use of it myself to calm the pains of a broken leg with dislocation of the foot, and in two days I was entirely relieved of the pain."

The Time to Act.

If you are threatened with Headache, Constipation, Biliousness or weakness, procure at once a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and use it according to instructions. Prompt action is necessary in order that your trouble may be cured before it becomes chronic.

THE "ANGELUS."

The bell, at the appointed hour, gives the signal, and upon it every occupation, be it of study or recreation, is suspended. The solitary student in his cell puts down his pen and turns to his little domestic memorials of piety, picture or crucifix, and joins his absent brethren in prayer. The professor pauses in his lecture, and kneeling at the head of his class, leads the way to their response. The little knot engaged in cheerful talk or learned disputation drop their cunning instruments of fence and contend more pleasantly in the verses of that angelic prayer. Nay, even the sport and play of youth and childhood are interrupted to give a few moments to more serious thoughts. Well might the "Angelus" bell have inscribed upon it: "At evening, morn, and noon I will call out, and give the angelic annunciation," for this truly is the order of the ecclesiastical day, and in the southern countries of more Catholic atmosphere of the civil. With first Vespers comes in the festival; and the *Ave Maria*, with its clattering peal, rings in the new day. We own we like it. We love not the old day to slip away from us and the new one to steal in "like a thief in the night" upon our unconscious being at the hour when ghosts walk, and when nature, abroad and within us, most awfully personates death.

We like the day even as a good Christian would wish, with a heaven of mild splendor above, enriched in hues as its close approaches, with golden visions and loved shapes, however fantastically, fleeting in clouds around, with whispered prayer and a cheering, passing bell, and the comfort that when gloom has overspread all a new though unseen day has risen to the spirit; that the vigil only has expired, so that the festival day may break. Then, when we awake once more to sense and consciousness, let the joyful peal arouse us with the first dawn of day and reason to commemorate that mystery which alone has made the day worth living; and greet with the natural, the spiritual sun, the day spring from on high that rose on benighted man and chased away the darkness and the shadow of death wherein he sat.

Who does not see and feel the clear analogy? And who will neglect, if it be brought thus to his memory, to shield himself behind the ample measure of this grace against "the arrow flying in the day," in its sharp and well aimed temptations? All these eventful periods will the "Angelus" bell call out to us aloud, and make the joyful annunciation, speaking in angels' words and angels' tones to the gladsome, to the anxious, and to the weary heart—gladsome at morn, anxious at noon, weary at eve. Truly it was a heavenly thought that suggested the appointment of both time and thing. For what can chime so well with the first of those feelings and its season as the glorious news that the Lord's angel" hath brought to the earth such tidings as this? What can suit the second better than to speak resignation in Mary's words—"Behold thy servant or handmaid," "Be it done unto me according to thy word?" What can refresh the third, and cast forward bright rays into the gloom of approaching night more than the thought that God's own Eternal Word dwelleth ever amongst us, our comforter and help?

A PENITENT'S RIDE IN OLD WEST VIRGINIA.

It was the September of the year 1856. The only priest in all Southwestern Virginia had his home at Wytheville, in the Great Valley, where for months he was detained sick. His territory was mountainous, and his flock scattered and few in number; and some of them, despite his zeal and peregrinations, were still to be heard from.

At the date in question the Wytheville priest was in Tazewell country, trying the virtue of the White Sulphur Springs, then a place of resort for the local gentry and invalids. Around the hotel, amid the native forest, was grouped a semicircle of log cabins, cozy and furnished with timely wood fires. In one of these sat musing that autumnal night, the convalescing priest, when he heard a loud, sharp rap, as if for a sick call, and the opened door revealed the figure of a tall, commanding, mild-manner stranger, drabbed to the shoulders.

"Pardon me, reverend sir," said the stranger; "I am just arrived—one hundred and ten miles on horseback—from Abingdon, my home, and I must be on my return by starlight in the early morning, after a brief rest for man and beast. When I reached Wytheville—sixty miles—I hoped to find you there to make a request. But you had crossed the mountains fifty miles over here, and something still urged me to follow you My name is Fitzgerald, a Marylander and a Catholic. I know my duties, but for years, among strangers, I have been remiss. Will you, reverend sir, do me the favor to receive my confession? My health is not over stout."

"But you will wait and receive Communion at my early Mass?" said the priest.

"Impossible, this trip," replied the stranger. "My business is suffering already because of this additional fifty miles' ride from Wytheville here. By taking another and shorter route, I hope to reach home to-morrow night."

He did, with a light heart, reach his home safely. But, without knowing it, the invitation given and thus heeded by him was the penitent's last. A few weeks later, swiftly and without alarming symptoms, he passed from earth to his eternal reward.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

For Children and Pulmonary Troubles.

Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled." Put up in 50c. and $1 size.

A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh Postmaster of Umfraville, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, colds, burns, etc., I find nothing equal to it"

FROM THE IRISH BENCHES.

FACE TO FACE.

United Ireland.

House of Commons, Wednesday.

Face to face at last, with a few yard of floor between them and all the worl looking on! Mr. Balfour did not com in until his opponent was actually on hi feet, receiving with bent head that wor derful tribute from the whole Oppositio which proclaimed him victor before th final contest had begun. Yes. This w the man Mr. Balfour had vowed degrade, and there was Mr. Gladsto cheering him, and John Morley and S George Trevelyan, a bench of Pri Councillors and ex Cabinet Minister and behind them, rank on rank, h Majesty's Opposition. A prolonge whole-hearted cheer which express everything—welcome, admiration, i dignation, triumph. Mr. Balfour as moved to his place found his "crimin the hero of an apotheosis. Not degrade Not slinking in a corner, shunned a cowed! But erect, the cynosure of eve eye, face to face with him across floor of the House of Commons. . . . must have been a moment of bitter Elusion for Mr. Balfour. Infatuated you man, whom people call a statesm because he belongs to the stupid party that ever engineered the g machinery of Government, he really these notions about degrading and gloaming away the Irish difficulty, thought himself a mighty brilliant low for having them.

Mr. Balfour came in with a despatch-box under his arms, bul with papers. These were the mate of the speech with which he announced to follow Mr. O'Brien. took his seat with careless aplomp, deposited the despatch-box on ground before him. He had arrang gold pince-nez smile, which, with th of a sheet of notepaper and a penc jot down an occasional note, was to him jauntily through the onslaug his enemy. Earl Spencer, pressin ample beard against the railing o Peers' Gallery, surveyed him curi from his perch above the clock. other ex-Viceroy of Ireland, Lord deen, locked over the Red Earl's a der. This *loggia* of patricians crowded. So was every gallery, in ing the long side galleries of the bers. As for the ladies' cage, tha tered with unwonted excitement. prize fight which the men alone privileged to witness could eq interest this intellectual priz between champions thus drama brought together? The combat duly announced. The prisoner of more had got the adjournment debate the previous evening, a jailer, the clothes-stealer, the h "the brave Mr. Balfour," in a wor taken up the challenge and publis intention of following him in So a great audience had assembl audience which went up tier on the ceiling, and was animated by thing of the same spirit as an au of Romans gathered to witness a to the death between two famous ters in the arena of the Colise was in such a scene William rose to deliver his memorable sp

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Most people, those at any r did not know William O'Brien expected something very fierce an from him. There in front of his enemy, who had done h against him, and done it meanly a coward. Now to let forth a l of pent-up feelings—now to wre measure of vengeance for the wr tortures of the past three month little those who looked for th the man they dealt with; and wh prise, what a revelation it mu been to them when Mr. O'Bri to speak? The magnanimity opening sentences captivated th House. I saw Mr. Gladstone br a tear as he listened to this man from the prison-house and face with his torturer, speaking deep accents of profound emo in anger or bitterness, but in and hope—gratitude and hop of the friends by whom the Ishmaels of that House were rounded, and because of the man who in the evening of hi wrought a miracle of reconcil mutual understanding betwee estranged and long-warring The Tory benches did not jeer They listened shamefaced a And never did I witness such to the dignity and goodness nature as when William O'Bri Lord Salisbury's witticism "small clothes," which evoke laughter" at Oxford, and w Tory benches angrily hush faint tittler of a few thoug near the gangway, which alon silence of the House. William O'Brien is a believer nature. He has the secret ing and going straight for vein that lies somewhere am of every human heart.

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This magnanimity did him vindicating himself an his enemies in the pro Salisbury, in order to justify barbarities before the Eng had not scrupled while Mr. in prison to assert that th which he was punished wa tenants to a violent resist payment of just debts, and sequence of that resistan the Crown, engaged in col debts, were scalded with and some of them brought door. Mr. O'Brien told th Mitchelstown estate, and Lord Salisbury's assertio rageously false and mis beginning to end, showe hair of a single head was quence of his advice, that the effect of stopping which were actually bein and of keeping in their ho day to this, tenants whom by these evictions intende of the benefits of a Land on the point of becoming no doubt," said Mr. O' figure of startling power,