The Charlottetown Herald.

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The Charlottetown Herald

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Wednesday

—BY—

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☞ Correspondence should be addressed to the proprietors as above or to the HERALD.

B. E. MORAN J. M. SULLIVAN.

Calendar for March, 1894.

MOON'S CHANGES.

New Moon, 7th day, 10h. 6 0m. a m, N.
First Quarter, 14th day, 2h 15.6m p m. S E
Full Moon, 21st day, 9h 53.7m. a m, N.W
Last Quarter, 27th day, 4h 15 1m. a m, S.

Mo	Day of Week	Sun rises	Sun sets	The Moon's Rises	The Moon's Sets	High Water Ch'town
		h m	h m	morn	morn	after'n
1	Thur	6 43	5 42	3 44	11 24	6 21
2	Fri	41	43	4 31	aft 20	7 31
3	Sat	39	45	5 9	1 2	8 28
4	Sun	38	46	5 36	2 29	9 12
5	Mon	36	47	6 1	3 40	9 53
6	Tues	34	49	6 19	4 51	10 27
7	Wed	32	50	6 37	6 7	11 0
8	Thur	30	52	6 52	7 12	11 31
9	Fri	28	53	7 6	8 24	morn
10	Sat	26	54	7 21	9 41	0 3
11	Sun	24	56	7 44	10 56	0 37
12	Mon	22	57	8 10	morn	1 16
13	Tues	20	59	8 45	0 21	2 1
14	Wed	18	6 0	9 36	1 42	3 3
15	Thur	16	1	10 41	2 54	4 19
16	Fri	14	3	11 53	3 55	5 57
17	Sat	12	4	aft 23	4 41	7 28
18	Sun	11	5	2 47	5 13	8 31
19	Mon	9	6	4 8	5 36	9 20
20	Tues	8	7	5 25	5 56	10 2
21	Wed	6	8	6 40	6 15	10 37
22	Thur	5	11	7 54	6 31	11 11
23	Fri	1	12	9 9	6 48	11 45
24	Sat	5 59	13	10 18	7 4	aft 18
25	Sun	57	15	11 29	7 22	0 53
26	Mon	55	16	morn	7 56	1 33
27	Tues	53	17	0 36	8 31	2 29
28	Wed	51	19	1 34	8 56	3 12
29	Thur	49	20	2 25	10 6	4 22
30	Fri	47	21	3 7	11 7	5 41
31	Sat	5 45	22	3 38	aft 15	6 51

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Burns, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

mar 15,1893—1yr.

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—OF—

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1809.

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TRANSACTS every description of Fire and Life Business on the most favorable terms.

This Company has been well and favorably known for its prompt payment of losses in this Island during the past thirty years.

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Stamper's Block, Upstairs, Victoria Row, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Jan. 21, 1 893.—1y

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Branch 214, Alberton.

Meets every 1st and 3rd Thursday evening.
President—Rev. A. E. Burke.
Rec. Secy.—John A. Keeffe.

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Meets at Compton's Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.
President—Rev. D. J. G. Macdonald.
Rec. Secy.—John B. Strong.

Branch 216, Charlottetown.

Meets at the Lyceum every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock
President—J. B Macdonald.
Rec. Secy.—S. P. Paoli.

SHORT and SWEET.

CANT afford a large space. We sell at such small profits we can't squander time, space or money. But we sell the cheapest custom made clothing on P. E. I Call and see us, for Hats, Ties, Shirts and Suits overcoats or pants.

JOHN McLEOD & CO
Merchant Tailors

London House!

Sale of Remnants.

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Silks,
Ribbons,
Laces,
Embroideries,
Tweeds,

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LONDON HOUSE.

LOW PRICES!

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Shovels, Forks, Axes, Handles, Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Bar Iron, Sleigh-shoe Steel, Disston's Cross Cut Saws, Disston's Files and Rasps, Cart and Truck-wagon stock, Hubs, Spokes, Rims, Axles, Galvanized Iron Well Buckets.

GOOD GOODS CHEAP

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CHARLOTTETOWN.

Physicians, the world over, endorse it; babies and children like the taste of it. Weak mothers respond readily to its nourishing powers.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, is the life of the blood, the maker of sound flesh, solid bones and lung tissue, and the *very essence of nourishment.*

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold by public auction at the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, on Thursday, the 29th day of March instant, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot 34, bounded as follows, that is to say: commencing on the north shore of Winter River at the northwest angle of a farm now or formerly in possession of Joseph Doucette (Moses Son) thence (according to the magnetic meridian of the year 1766) running south two degrees east for the distance of 80 chains; thence north two degrees south five chains or until it meets the east boundary line of a farm now in possession of Joseph Doucette (Michael Son) thence following the course of the same north two degrees west to the said shore; thence following the course of the said shore southwardly to the place of commencement, containing 36 acres of land a little more or less. Also all that other tract, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot number 63 in King's County in the said Island, bounded as follows, that is to say: commencing on the west side of Burke's Road in the southeast angle of land formerly in possession of James B. D. Cox now in possession of Maurice Gallant; thence running west along said Maurice Gallants south boundary line 80 chains or to the division line between Lots 63 and 64 thence south along said boundary line 12½ chains; thence east and parallel to first-mentioned line to the Burke's Road aforesaid; and thence north along said Road 12½ chains to the place of commencement, containing 100 acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an indenture of Mortgage dated the 8th day of December 1885, and made between Eusebius Gallant of the one part, and Edward Bayfield of the other part, and on account of default in the payment of the interest secured thereby.

Dated this 3rd day of March, A. D. 1894.

EDWARD BAYFIELD, Mortgagee.

March 7, 4i

Mortgage Sale.

O be sold by public auction on Tuesday, the Tenth day of April, A. D. 1894, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Law Courts Building, in Charlottetown, all that piece or parcel of land situate lying or being on Lot or Township Number Sixty-one, in King's County, in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: commencing on the shore of St. Mary's Bay and at the north east angle of a freehold farm now or formerly in possession of Alexander McKenzie; thence along the east boundary line thereof southerly to the north boundary of a tract of thirty-five acres of land leased to D. Ferguson; thence east to the west boundary line of land now or formerly in the occupation of Samuel Hicken; thence northerly along the said boundary line to the aforesaid shore; thence along the same to the place of commencement, containing fifty-seven acres of land, a little more or less, and is thus described in a deed from the Commissioner of Public Lands to Andrew O'Connor, bearing date the Fifteenth day of November, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-eight.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Sixth Day of November, A. D. 1887, and made between Andrew O'Connor, of Gaspereaux, 2 Lot or Township Number Sixty-one, in King's County, farmer, and Sarah Catherine, his wife, of the one part, and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian of the other part.

For further particulars apply at the office of Angus A. Macdonald, Charlottetown Solicitor.

Dated this Six day of March, A. D. 1894.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIAN, Mortgagees.

March 7, 1894. 6i

HEART FAILURE, FAINTNESS, ACUTE DYSPEPSIA, with *Complete Nervous Prostration,* Cured by Using HAWKER'S NERVE & STOMACH TONIC.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Wm. Thompson of Musquash, N. B., says: "For 2 years past my wife has suffered with *Acute Dyspepsia* accompanied with complete *nervous prostration,* and a *smothering sensation about the heart* which frequently produced an attack of faintness. She became weak and nervous, lost all energy, and had a constant *feeling of dread.* She suffered with intense pain in the stomach after eating, which was usually followed by the smothering sensation about the heart and *fainting spells.* She tried a great many remedies and was treated by the doctors for some time, but obtained no relief. She became so *discouraged* that she gave up all hope of ever getting better, when one neighbor suggested that she try HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC and LIVER PILLS, which had *produced remarkable cures in several cases he knew of.* We did so and she obtained immediate relief from the distress after taking the second dose, and has continued to improve ever since until today she is as well as ever, and can enjoy her food without fear of suffering. I cannot speak too highly of these valuable medicines which have restored my wife to health and strength and saved much suffering and expense."

Rev. Henry M. Boike, Rector of Musquash, N. B., says: "I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Thompson's case, and am greatly pleased that the medicine which I recommended to her produced such remarkable results."

Sold by all druggists and general dealers.

TONIC 50 cts.; PILLS 25 cts.

Manufactured by the HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd, St. John, N. B.

A Cup of Bouillon Palatable, pure, Refreshing & stimulating.

can be made in three minutes, thus: take a cup of boiling hot water, stir in a quarter teaspoon (not more) of Liebig Company's Extract of Beef,

Then add an egg—and a ma sherry if liked—season carefully

CLEARING OUT SLE.

A. CURRIE, SOURIS,

having decided shortly to go out of business we will sell off our entire stock, collect all debts due us, and sell low for cash or farm produce. We would ask all our friends to call for bargains and those who owe to pay up. This is a genuine clearing out sale.

ARCH. CURRIE,

Souris, Feb. 21, 1894—6i.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Father McAulay's Eloquent Panegyric in St. Dunstan's Cathedral.

A Beautiful Tribute to Ireland's Sons for their Constancy to the Faith of Patrick.

First I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ for you all, because your faith is spoken of in the whole world. Rom. I—8.

Today, dear friends, from earnest hearts in a thousand different lands, goes up a fervent prayer to God in heaven. A great festive circle, its centre a little island in the far off Atlantic, its circumference coextensive with the bounds of the earth, glows with dazzling brilliancy, and the nations of the world stop to admire its beauty and to speak in wonder about its marvellous construction. It is formed by the sunlight of religion passing through the prism of a nation's heart and its varied colors—distinct though united—are the noblest qualities of man on earth;—faith, devotion, purity, patriotism, bravery—these are the constituents of Ireland's law of beauty, visible in every civilized land today. And like unto the promise made by God to Noah, its annual re-appearance on each St. Patrick's Day is a reminder convincing as it is beautiful, that God's law and God's love taught to the Irish people by their great Apostle, are as unchanging as the laws of light, and the prism of the Irish heart still as pure, still as translucent, as when it turned from the Druid's worship on the hill of Tare, and consecrated its energies and its forms to the eternal service of the living God.

St. Patrick's Day! How difficult it is to speak in fitting terms on such an occasion! and not from lack of matter either, but from its very abundance! What to speak of, where to begin, and what limit to place to one's words, are difficulties that beset the speaker at the outset. The life of Ireland's Patron, the story of Ireland's faith and Ireland's sufferings for her faith, these have been told so often and so beautifully, that in repeating them it were difficult not to detract from their beauty and their eloquence. But I am convinced, nevertheless, my friends, that as long as there can be found on this earth a man who loves and admires the good, the beautiful and the true in a nation's life, the story of Ireland's faith, of Ireland's hope and of Ireland's constancy, will not fail to awaken sentiments of admiration, sympathy and praise in his heart.

Faith, friends, is heaven's greatest and noblest gift to man. God whose power is infinite and whose treasures are as boundless as his infinite mercies, could not confer upon an individual or a nation a more affectionate token of his love than the gift of divine faith. He could make nations and states great and respected. He could give them boundless dominions and wealth. He could lead their their conquering hosts to glorious victories and thereby cause them to be admired and envied by the world. But all the temporal and perishable gifts that even God in his bounty could bestow, would not be a recompense for the gift of divine faith—a gift which makes us inheritors of treasures that are as eternal as God himself, and which will remain, when this world will cease to be. Divine faith reveals to us truths that are beyond all human investigation, and throws open to our admiring gaze the ineffable rewards that our heavenly Father has prepared for us in His kingdom. It begets hope—bright gladening hope—the Christian's guiding star, pointing always to the bright eternal shore, where sin and sorrow, care and trouble, shall cease, and the weary heart shall be at rest. It also rekindles in the bosom the pure, holy flame of divine charity, which consumes all carnal desires, and elevates the soul to a close and intimate union with its God.

Such, friends, are the treasures of divine faith, and now I ask, for what other purpose are you and I assembled in this church today but to celebrate the triumph of faith? We have read how victorious armies have assembled to celebrate the triumph of one nation over another, at the expense of thousands of human lives. And why should not Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen, whose motives for rejoicing are the purest, the highest, the noblest that can animate the human heart—why should not they assemble on this anniversary, to celebrate the bloodless triumph of divine grace over the hearts of men; to admire and adore one of God's most marvellous designs—a whole nation calmly and willingly submitting to the sweet yoke of Christ without a struggle—gratefully receiving the gift of divine faith on its first presentation, and heroically preserving and cherishing that faith through centuries of adversity and persecution?

Among all the nations of the world that ever received the Christian faith, there is none so remarkable as Ireland. The providence of God seems to have shaped the destiny of her people, and to have specially prepared them for the remarkable place they have occupied, and still continue to occupy, in the history of the world. No further proof of this fact is required, than to recall the almost incredible readiness with which the Irish people embraced the teachings of Christianity. Let us, then, here pause a little to consider the actual accomplishment of this great fact. The scene is laid on Tara's royal historic hill—the battle ground of Irish Catholicity and Irish nationality—and this, as the old chronicles inform us, is how the event came to pass. It was Easter Sunday morning, in the year of grace 432, and the great monarch of all Ireland, the princes, the nobles, the priests and the minstrels of the land were assembled in solemn council. Admire, friends, this royal, majestic and imposing gathering in which were collected the wisdom, the grandeur, and the culture of the nation. Suddenly a shadow flits across the threshold of the great council chamber. A stranger clad in priestly robes, and carrying on his head and in his hands; the emblems of his twofold character of Prince and Shepherd, appears upon the scene. The royal assembly to which he presents himself does not rise in its might like the Sanhedrim to stone the prophet and shut its ears against his truth. On the contrary, the ambassador of the Gospel is received with a dignity well becoming the high culture and enlightenment of the people to whom he presents himself. And standing forth in that august presence, like Paul before the Areopagus of Athens, he speaks to his hearers about a strange religion, about a crucified God in whom they must all believe. He tells them that the worship they had learned from their fathers is sinful and must be discarded, and that in its stead they must learn the pure and holy worship of Jesus Christ. And these grand, old Celtic chiefs who had grown gray in the practice of Druidism, instead of scorning the reproving voice of the stranger, listen eagerly to what he says and long to hear him speak again. Instead of piercing him with their pikes, as might naturally be expected, they oppose him only with the peaceful weapons of human wisdom. They dispute with him for a while, but it is only to solve their doubts, and when by their arguments and their logic they are unable any longer to defend their cause, and resist the force of truth, strong conviction rushes in upon the minds of all, and they humbly, meekly bow down their heads before the ambassador of the God of ages—they willingly receive the light of truth into their hearts, their souls, their very life's blood.

I say, friends, that in the conversion of the Irish people, we find a phenomenon so extraordinary, that its equal cannot be found elsewhere in the history of Christianity. What light does history throw on the introduction of the Christian faith among the other pagan nations of the world? It presents us with a tear and smile narrative—with a narrative of struggles and sacrifices, which the ministers of the gospel had to endure to establish themselves and their doctrines among the people. The contest was protracted often for many years, and frequently the missionary had to seal his teachings with his own blood. Before and after the days of Tertullian the blood of martyrs was the fruitful seed from which the young Church grew up strong and vigorous. And we know of nations at the present day that resist Christianity after centuries of labor and sacrifice, and after the country has been deluged with the life stream of the martyrs of the gospel. Of all nations, young or old, Ireland alone enjoys the singular privilege of being the only one truly and thoroughly converted by the labors of one man, and that without costing her apostle one sorrow, one sigh, one pain, one tear, or one drop of blood.

And how, friends, had the Irish people lived up to this time? Were they similar in their morality and civilization to the other pagan nations of antiquity? No, friends; even before they had felt the chastening influences of Christianity they were a remarkable people. Their ancestors, we learn from the best sources of information, had come to sweet Inisfail—their land of destiny—from the fair, sunny south land—the land of high hope and mighty promise—the sanctuary in which religion and civilization were born and nurtured. They had come before the descendants of Noah had fallen into the grosser forms of idolatory. They brought with them to their new homes high valor, mighty hope, generous aspirations, and an advanced degree of civilization. In all their wanderings they had retained many impressions of original truth, which helped to keep them always on the threshold of the invisible world, listening reverently to the voice of that unknown God whom they worshipped without knowing it. Their religion, therefore, had never been of that low, sensual kind to which the other pagan nations of antiquity had been addicted. They worshipped not the creatures of their own hands, nor did they pay homage to the rocks on which they trod, or the great blue sea on which their vessels glided to and fro in commerce or in war. There was a still, small voice within them, which convinced them that they, in the dignity of their manhood, were above these senseless things and masters of the lower creation. But their religious nature led them to worship God in some way, and lacking divine revelation, their worship took the noblest form known to paganism; they went beyond the things around them, rose above the earth and all that it contained, and offered their best prayers and sacrifices to the Sun, the grandest object within the range of their experience or their knowledge. They imagined that God held His court in that great orb of fire—they felt His goodness and His purity in the heat and light that it diffused—and when night came on, and the sun disappeared, they saw in the moon and stars that dotted the heavens, only so many sentinels watching around the couch of their sleeping Lord.

These, friends, are the people whom St. Patrick, with the help of God's Grace, converted to Christianity. These are the people in whose hearts he planted that strong, pure respectful, generous, active Irish faith which all ages and all nations have praised; a faith which for fifteen hundred years has been full of good works, and like the good seed that fell on good ground, has yielded a hundredfold—a faith which in fifteen hundred years has not produced a heresy, a schism, or I might say an infidel, an atheist, a deist or a materialist—a faith which is to-day as thoroughly Catholic and as firmly attached to the centre of Catholic unity, as it was eight, nine and ten centuries ago, when it was the wonder and admiration of the whole civilized world.

Now, friends, let me call your attention to the good fruit which this good tree produced. The work of conversion was thorough and complete from the beginning. It was no half conversion—no Catholic today and pagan to-morrow. It took possession of the hearts of all—it was interwoven with their very nature. Soon, therefore, we see thousands and ten of thousands of Erin's sons and daughters aspiring to the very summit of Christian perfection by a regular observance of the three evangelical counsels, inasmuch that the land was deservedly styled the Island of saints, before St. Patrick finished his glorious career. So numerous were the religious houses established by the great apostle and his immediate successors, that the vesper hymn and the midnight matin could be heard, as we are told, from chapel to chapel throughout the length and breadth of the land; and many of these holy retreats in which learning and piety flourished, counted their inmates by thousands. Such was the fame which Ireland had acquired during the three centuries immediately following the death of her apostle, that she was universally acknowledged to be the holiest, the most learned, the most cultured, the most glorious country in all Christendom. While pagan Gothsand Visgoths, Huns and Vandals overspread and ravaged the greater part of Europe, the youth from all parts of the continent flocked into Ireland to acquire knowledge, piety and virtue in the Irish schools. They came by thousands, and they came by tens of thousands, because Ireland was then a nursery of piety, a school of virtue and a seminary of learning, and abounded with a long train of illustrious saints who derived the streams of their sanctity from the great Apostle St. Patrick, and who like so many stars in the firmament of heaven, illumined the several parts of the European continent with the light of the Gospel and the splendor of their virtues. They were not content with singing the praises of God in their own land, but like the twelve Apostles they went forth into the whole world to preach the gospel to every creature; to break the heavenly bread of the word of God to the little ones who still sat in darkness, and to nourish their souls with the food of eternal life. Germany honors 156 of these early Irish missionary saints; 45 find a place in the calendar of France; Belgium honors 30; Italy 13; Norway and Iceland 8; to say nothing of the thousands who must have gone down into nameless graves in the land of the stranger. These, friends, are a few of the many Irish saints who labored for the faith of Europe. Their lives have been written by men of other nations in grateful remembrance of their works. Their relics are still kept in veneration, and the churches which they founded bear their names to the present day.

But some will say that it is easy to profess the faith in the day of a nation's greatness, when peace and prosperity smile upon the people, and their faith is not subjected to any severe trials. But will it be as loyally professed and cherished, when the dark day of adversity tries it in the crucible? For the whole race of men I will not venture to answer; but for the Irish I have this to say, that adversity, and persecution, and tyranny only served to draw out into greater prominence the diviner side of their faith—to show to the world how pure it was, how strong, how active, how generous, how respectful, how deeply rooted in the Irish heart. When the Irish people embraced Christianity they did so in obedience to God and to reason, and with the full conviction that they were thus embracing the most perfect worship, and the only one that met all the requirements of the human heart and the human soul. The Irish heart offered itself with all the fervor of its ardent nature to the God St. Patrick came to preach to it—it consecrated itself with all its energies and powers to the practice of the religion which St. Patrick taught it; and how earnest were these offerings, and how faithfully were kept these vows; great God! let the history of Ireland tell.

Never was faith put to a severer test than that of the Irish people. First of all the barbarous Dane came down from his icy throne in the north, and threatened to crush at one stroke and forever, the national character, the national aspirations, the national faith, and the national existence of the people. For three hundred years he waged a relentless and uncompromising war against religion, altar and fireside. What do all his abortive efforts prove? They prove that the quintessence of Irish life is Irish faith; they prove that as long as one Irishman survived, so long would the faith of St. Patrick flourish in the green Isle; they prove that as long as one Irish arm was left upon an Irish body, the bright sword of religion and national freedom would not be turned into the traditional ploughshare, but would flash over the battlefield with that high valor that is born of faith, in defense of religion, altar and fatherland. For three hundred years did the contest continue with unabated fury. But when at length a succession of glorious victories had driven the rude invaders from Irish soil, and when the noise and din of battle had ceased, and the war clouds had blown away, one grand, imposing monument still reared its tall unbroken head above the surrounding ruins. It had withstood shock on shock and age on age, and there it towered aloft in its majesty and might, bidding defiance to the spoiler's futile rage. The face of the country had undergone many changes, but Ireland's Catholic faith was still as fresh, as luxuriant and as flourishing as ever.

This was the first severe test to which the faith of the Irish people was put, but it was not the last. By some secret design of God's over-ruling providence, which we cannot know but must admire, Ireland's faith seemed destined, from that day forward, to continual persecution. Why this should be so—why God should have singled out that one generous, devoted people, to make them an example of faith, and hope, and constancy to all other peoples, we cannot tell. But that it has been so for twelve centuries—that it is so to the present day, history bears ample testimony. But the same divine providence which permitted the faith of the Irish people to be put to such a severe test, prepared the people for the ordeal by giving them a faith as unshaken, as immoveable as the rock of ages. There was something uncommon about their faith from the beginning. We have seen that it did not follow the ordinary course, usually followed in other lands, either in its foundation or its development. From the very first years of its existence it assumed the stature of a colossus and employed all a giant's strength, so that it may be truely and correctly said of it, that it had neither infancy nor old age. Well, friends, I was going to say, that no sooner did the pagan Danes cease their warfare against Ireland and its religion, than the English recommenced it, with more cruelty than their predecessors. I will not say that the Catholic Englishman directly attacked the faith of his Irish brother, although indirectly he subjected it to many severe trials. But since the day in which the so-called reformation baptized *persecution* and called it *religious zeal,* where, I ask, under the blue sky of heaven is there a land that has had to endure so much in defence of altar and religion as Ireland. Ah friends! let the cruel sufferings and wrongs of three hundred years make answer. Give tongues of speech to the sacred hills and valleys; let her rocks and caves break forth with the tales that they could tell of outlawed priest and faithful flock, seeking among the wild beasts of the wilderness the privilege no longer possible in the churches of their native land—the privilege of worshipping and offering sacrifice to the God St. Patrick preached to them, and for whose glory their fathers had lived, suffered and died. Let the streams of Irish blood and the tears of Irish woe flow again over the sacred soil of that holy island, and let them give forth answer as they flow. Let Ireland's graves give up their martyred dead, and let other lands send back to her shores the millions of her exiled sons, and let them speak the cause of their martyrdom and their exile. Ireland's faith and Ireland's sufferings for her faith! these will be sung in heroic measures by the poets of future ages, centuries after the traveller from new Zealand shall have stood on a broken pier of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Yes, friends, let the truth be told; Ireland stands out before the world pre-eminently the land of peerless faith. In spite of all the confiscations, persecutions and unjust laws, enacted directly in order to extinguish the Catholic faith of Ireland—in spite of all these—the self same Holy, Roman Catholic Religion, planted in the Irish heart by St. Patrick, and which was uniformly professed by Irishmen ever since, has been carefully handed down to the people of Ireland and their descendants, whole and entire, unchanged and uncorrupted, in all its pristine beauty and primitive purity.

The Irish may have their faults, and where in the name of heaven can you find a people that are faultless? But the true Irishman wherever you find him is a man of faith—a man of unshaken faith—a man whose faith can move mountains. His religious convictions are built on a solid rock. They have their foundations down deep in his heart. This fact alone, as somebody has remarked, proves the innate nobility of the Irish race. "Unshaken convictions," says the famous Dominican Lacordaire, "dwell only in profound minds and in hearts finely tempered by the hand of God." Yes, friends, I repeat it; the Catholic Irish may have their faults. What people have none? Their virtues, however, are seldom equalled, while their faults are often borrowed. The real or supposed faults of the Irish are a favorite subject with every whiner who dislikes the race. As a nation they have been misjudged, slandered, calumniated. Their history has been written mostly by their enemies, and to justify the systematic injustice so long practiced against them, we are asked to regard them as the most vile, the most savage men in creation. We are asked to despise them them for their poverty after their property has been confiscated for centuries. We are asked to scoff at their ignorance after education being made a crime punishable with death. Generally, however, the most unfortunate child of Erin has a much better heart than the croaking pharisee who criticises his failings and ridicules his peculiarities. It is one of the wonders of history, how the Irish race, through ages, have preserved their grand faith, more purity, mental brightness and physical superiority, despite the iron rule and matchless tyranny to which they have been subjected.

And I might further say, friends, that the faith of the Irish people never stops at mere sentiment. It is a faith that always finds its complement in good works. It is no mere sentiment that aspires to the perfection of the evangelical counsels. It is no mere national sentiment that covers a whole country with churches and monasteries, and fills them with holy bishops, devoted priests and thousands of sainted monks and nuns. It was no mere sentiment that induced the early Irish missionaries to penetrate dark Germanic forests, to attack Thor and Woden and all their unclean offspring in their native fastness, and conquer by the light of faith the conquerors of nations. It was not sentiment that laid the foundations of so many famous Irish monasteries in the land of the Frank and the Gaul, and supported the missionary in his ministrations to the people. It is not sentiment that at the present day, in Australia, in New Zealand, in the colonies of the Cape, in the several States of the American Union, in the different Provinces of Canada, induces the poor Irish exile to erect a temple to the honor and glory of God, before he has a roof to shelter his own head. No, friends, it was not—it is not mere sentiment. It was and is profound Irish faith—the gift of God. Neither be it said that the faith of the Irish people is a delicate exotic which thrives and flourishes only in land that gave it birth, but fades and dies when transplanted to strange surroundings. The faith of some people partakes largely of this character. It is fervent and active so long as it remains at home, surrounded by old associations, by old traditions, and is formulated in the old language in which it was first preached; but exile it, change it surroundings, make it speak the language of a stranger and immediately it begins to show signs of decline. But the Irish faith is not dependent on the external influences of mother tongue, national associations and traditions. The Irishmen may loose—in fact has lost—the ancient language, but his faith is not in his tongue, but away down deep in his heart; and as long as the heart remains unchanged the faith will flourish. Virgin Mother has the same signification for the good Irishmen of the present day that *Muire Mathaire* had for his pious grandmother. His faith flourishes wherever you plant it. It has been tried in the four corners of the earth with equal success. It blooms in far off Australia and New Zealand, in the Colonies of Cape Hope, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi and the Hudson, just as luxuriantly as it does amongst the shamrocks at home.

Although, friends, the subject that I proposed to treat ends here, I cannot, on this occasion, refrain from saying a few words about the past and probable future of Ireland. As I stand before you in this pulpit to-day my thoughts, no doubt like yours, take flight over earth and seas to the land where the bones of your ancestors lie; and I see, in imagination, a form rise up before me, stately as a queen, beautiful as a seraph. And I am struck with the peculiar expression portrayed on her countenance. A smile of joyful hope plays upon her lips, her eye beams with expectancy, while the rapid throbbing of her heart and the quick drawn breath tell of the anxiety that lies within her bosom, which appears to rise and fall as the current of her fortune seems to ebb and flow before her. It is the royal Virgin of Erin, and she stands upon the beautiful shore of her Island bower, and peers into the distance across the channel, as if anxious to see for herself how her loyal sons on the other side are succeeding in the holy cause. She turns a searching ear toward England anxious to hear every word that is spoken, longing to be informed of how the long contested struggle is going. And around her may be seen the emblems of other days. Her matchless limbs show scars that speak of chains of slavery, and the shadow that falls athwart the beauty of her features, tells of centuries of woe, the full extent of whose bitterness shall never be fitly told by tongue or pen, shall never be known to mortals till it be revealed in glory on God's great judgment day. Behind her, adown the vista of history, along the path of time through which she has passed, are scattered mementoes familiar to all who know aught of Irish history—ranks of nature's noblemen, giants of intellect, marvels of manhood, stand as sentinels along this *via dolorosa* of Ireland's past. Among them no son of Ireland will fail to recognize the great O'Connell and his noble band of coadjutors who fought for Catholic Emancipation, and struggled so hard for their country's welfare. The lion of the fold of Judo—the great McHale of Tuam—stands like Moses on the Holy Mount, with arms extended, with eyes uplifted, in voiceless prayer before God's holy Altar. Beside the path rises a green grave where

"A white stone flashes
Over Emmet's ashes,"

and a sculptor stands by with chisel in hand ready to strike the lifeless rock and make it speak in reverend tones the patriot's honored name. And away in the

[Continued on fourth page.]

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