

SEE WAS MADE OVER.

True Hearts Outweigh Coronets, as Simple Faith Does Norman Blood.

From the Detroit Free Press. "Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he hustled into the farm house kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No," answered his wife promptly, "what for?"

"I dunno, unless it's that high flyin' sister of yours, Juliette. What's her name. Like stuff she is tired of livin' starved up in the city—'tain't any place for real human folks, anyway—'an' so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so?"

"Lawd, no. Et warn't put in the law 'an' comm'ntments when we was married that you was to open my letters, nor no yourn. Take 'an' open it yourself."

So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and began to read.

"Yes, as I remembred," said the old man, "ain't it, Hannah?"

"No," said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter. "Et I make it out, its just the other way. Juliette wants to go on a visit her. She says she'll stan' the expense, an' its just as fer as for somebody to make over. Now, what does she mean?"

The old farmer read the letter with much care and palinastin'.

"[I]ll go a visitin' what they eat breakfast in the middle of the day and were their Sunday dose the hull week I I say her guess not. Bet, mother, if you want ter go, that's another thing. You kin har the money the old mare fetched—'nigh about raised Bet anyway. I'll gin yo thet."

"There's my new alpey," said Mrs. Hull thoughtfully. "Its as shiny as silk. Bet, law! it won't be much in the city. I've heard that the shop girls there wear real silk 'an' satin every day."

"Por things," said her husband; "it must be dretful to hev to dress to death all the time. Where's the link horn? I'm goin' to write to the children that their ma's goin' to visit."

After making preparations Mrs. Hull was ready to go. She had her stylish shawl, the rich city widow.

The first thing her sister said to her was: "Hannah Hull, you're a fright. I must make you over."

"Why, Juliette, I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "If it fifty years ago, I'd be bound 't'll give her a turn to see me."

"Don't say bunnit, for goodness sake. You have no style. You've lived down on that old farm till you look a hundred."

"I be over fifty, but then I'm only two years older."

"Hush! never say anything about your age. It ain't polite. Hannah, I must make you over. You won't be the same woman."

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The doughnuts and pears were giving out, and besides he was homesome. He wanted his Hannah home, and he didn't want her after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would go and bring his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself. "It's 'most killed her I expect by this time, sittin' 'n' so straight an' eatin' all her vittles with a fork, an' havin' a fifty-cent hanker after the city, but she'll give her a turn to see me."

It did. The sister had tried the glass of fashion and the mould of form with wonderful effect on Hannah. She had also introduced Mrs. Hull into "society."

When Mr. Hull arrived he was shirking into a darkened parlor by a snoring maid.

"Have you a card, sir?" she asked perily.

"I don't play keards," said the old man, reprovingly. "You jest tell Hannah there's a gentleman here to see her."

"Reg pardner, sir."

"You needn't 'n' on hain't done nothin'. Jest go and tell Mrs. Hull there's a gentleman here to see her."

The girl went, and the old man chuckled to himself. He wore his old-time clothes and had a baggy carpet satchel in his hand. His rag looks hung about his rugged face and made it picturesque with wrinkles.

The door opened and a strange lady entered with a very pink and white complexion. She wore a voluminous blue silk dress, and walked on shoes that were mounted on French heels. Her hair was a wicked yellow.

"Hannah didn't say anything about any other woman a visitin' here. Who kin she be?" he said to himself.

"No, he ain't an' I was a fool to think I could be made over. She's alive, but glad am I to get into my own shoes again."

When Hannah entered the parlor again she was clothed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I've got her back! It's the old gal herself this time, an' nat'ral as life an' 'n' purty as a picture! It's the children's mother. Hurry up now 'an' don't git left. I shan't take a speck of comfort till I get you safe down hum again on the old farm."

THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF ST. BONIFACE.

North West Review. We have lately had the privilege of seeing a very able and interesting report, drawn up by His Grace the Archbishop, on the progress of Catholicity in his vast Province. We think that a brief summary of this document will be not uninteresting to our readers.

The ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface comprises all that part of Canada that lies to the West of the ninety-first degree of longitude, with the exception of Vancouver's Island. It is bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the south by the United States, on the east by the ninety-first degree of longitude (West Greenwich), and on the west by the Pacific Ocean and the Territory of Alaska. In other words, it stretches northwards from the forty-ninth degree of latitude between the ninety-first and one hundred and forty degrees of western longitude. The area of this vast province covers about 2,195,848 square miles, that is to say, it is about ten times as large as France.

It was only in 1844 this territory was separated from the arch diocese of Quebec and about the same time Bishop Provencher was named Vicar Apostolic of the North-West. He received personal jurisdiction over the whole province of St. Boniface, which at that time was confined to some missionaries of Oregon. As coadjutor to the Archbishop of Quebec, he labored for many years in this part of the country, especially in the settlement of the Red River; and on his elevation to the dignity of Vicar Apostolic of the North-West, he applied to the Governor of the Imperial for priests to carry on the great work of preaching the Gospel to these poor people. In 1845, Father Aubert and another young priest just ordained were sent out as the first Oblate missionaries to the Red River, and thus the number of priests in the settlement at that time was raised to six.

His Grace Archbishop Tache, looking back over the years that have since intervened, is gratified to be able to contrast the state of religion then and now in the following instructive table:—

Table with 3 columns: Oblates, Priests, Religious, etc. Then Now.

The labours of the missionaries were thus blessed with signal success in face of difficulties and trials that might test the boldest. "To form a just idea," says Archbishop Tache, "of the position of our fathers, it must be remembered that our missions for the most part were commenced in almost inaccessible forests in the midst of poor, coarse, ignorant, pagan savages." Even the enemies of our holy religion could not withhold their admiration of these zealous missionaries carrying on the great work of God in these the most inhospitable parts of the earth. Their lives have been so full of heroic deeds that a gentleman used to all the rigours of these frozen regions once remarked "that, after the Passion of our Saviour, he knew of nothing so sad as the lot of the fathers whose dwellings he pointed out to a friend."

Things have since improved. The necessities of life can now be procured much more cheaply and in greater abundance, and travelling is not so slow as it was forty years ago. The ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface is crossed from east to west by 1,768 miles of railroad that branches off through different stations to the north; there are steamboats on the largest lakes and rivers; so that the expense and the fatigue of travelling are much less than used to be. Formerly it required six months to travel from Montreal to British Columbia, now the same distance can be covered in less than six days.

At the repeated instance of Archbishop Tache, the vast diocese of St. Boniface was some years ago divided into four distinct vicariates, namely, British Columbia, Athabaska-Mackenzie, St. Albert, and St. Boniface.

The Oblate of St. Albert, immediately first entered British Columbia in 1850. Monsignor d'Herbomez was named Vicar Apostolic in 1863, and in 1875 Bishop Durieu became his coadjutor. Many wonders of grace and zeal have since been accomplished in this beautiful country, remarkable for its picturesque scenery and delightful climate.

The fathers of the same Congregation became the pioneers of the faith on the banks of the giant river of the North-West, in 1847. Monsignor Farrand was consecrated Bishop of Ansmour and Vicar Apostolic in 1863. Two years later Monsignor Olat became his auxiliary. These two great prelates have since worked zealously in the most sterile parts of the extensive province of St. Boniface—the present vicariate of Athabaska-Mackenzie. Success has blessed their efforts and the docility of the savages has always greatly encouraged them in their labors.

It was in 1843 that the missions were first established in the district of the Saskatchewan—on the very spot where two fathers, whom the Oblates regard as

marry, lost their lives in the late atrocious rebellion of the half-breed. This vicariate was changed into an episcopal see in 1871, and Monsignor Grandin, who had been in 1860 Bishop of Satala and Coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Boniface, became Bishop of St. Albert.

His Grace, Archbishop Tache, in his report, enters more into detail regarding the last of these vicariates—that of St. Boniface—which has been confided to his care since 1863. Many missionaries had previously visited this country, but finding that the savages did not show the same good dispositions as elsewhere, they generally moved onwards towards the north-west, where the missions were very much more successful. At the time when this Archdiocese was first made over to the Oblates there were only two Catholic parishes, that of St. Boniface and that of St. Francis Xavier. In the parish of St. Boniface were then situated the Bishop's house, cathedral, and a convent; the name had charge of the school. St. Francis Xavier had its presbytery, its chapel, and its convent in which the sisters kept their school. There were then only four priests and thirteen nuns in the whole Archdiocese. The following table shows the progress made these last thirty years.

Table with 2 columns: Oblates, Priests, Religious, etc. 1868 1898.

Some idea may be formed of the success of Catholicity from the following table, showing the good work done by the Oblate Fathers alone, during one year in this vicariate:—

Table with 2 columns: Baptisms, Marriages, etc. 1897 1898.

At present the number of Oblates working in the vast province of St. Boniface is shown thus:—

Table with 2 columns: Vicariates, Oblates, etc. Total.

DU PENANCE.

Learning will not avail without virtue. A man may know many things; but if he does not know that he is in his life to do good, serve and love God, his knowledge of the most abstruse points in science or art will prove of no account. All this knowledge is good, but in subordination to that learning which finds its due expression in practical morality; to love God, a man must keep the commandments of God, and of the Church. Therefore, no acquisition in the purely mental field excuses him from going to confession and communion once a year. If he could the right ascendant of a fixed body in the heavens, and does not obey the Church in respect of her commandments, he is simply a heathen or a publican. Nor is it he who cries out Lord, Lord, that will enter the Kingdom of heaven, it is the simple, obedient soul, who does what the Church prescribes.

Many fasts and abstinences; in this they are doing what they are bound to do. Why do they not go to confession; to this they are also bound! Is the answer—because they dare not look at themselves, dare not gaze at the skeleton in the closet? But they must get out from themselves. They must be quiet but all-powerful voices of the conscience summons the sinner to the bar, and if he does not appear in the wedding garb, the judgment that will go against him is that which will attend his career in the final passage. But let him approach the tribunal of penance, and his sins, if like scum, shall become white as the snow, and the judgment that awaits the sinner will have wisely been frustrated. Now, during Lent, is the acceptable time, the time of salvation.—Colorado Catholic.

Live People

get on in the world; they look out for the good chances; they go in and win. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, need live people everywhere to work for them. \$1 per hour and upwards easily made; many make more than double that. Either sex, all ages. You can do the work and live at home. No special ability required; all can do it. Write and see. All will be put before you free; then if you conclude to get to work at once, Capital not required, Stinson & Co. start you.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD, are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of FARMER'S Vegetable Pills. These Pills act speedily on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. This is the great secret of the popularity of FARMER'S Vegetable Pills.

A VALUABLE WORK.

We have received from the celebrated publishing house of Messrs. Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard street, London, W., England, a new and valuable addition to Catholic literature, bearing the title of "A Treatise on Prayer," by the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop and Martyr. The scope of the work may be judged from the author's preface, which is as follows:—

This little work of the Blessed John Fisher was written in Latin about the year 1520; that is to say, about fifteen years before his death, and when he was sixty years of age.

The teaching of Luther had already taken hold in England; for in 1521 the holy Bishop preached at St. Paul's Cross on the occasion when the heretic's writings were publicly committed to the flames; but as yet, in spite of the abuses which were rampant around him, the future martyr had not been forced into that conflict with the last of Henry VIII, which finally won him his crown. He was still living a life of quiet retirement and fulfilment of his episcopal duties in the comparative obscurity of Rochester, wherein was nurtured and strengthened the sanctity which later enabled him to take his bold stand in England, for the defence of the Queen's marriage, and in opposition to the King's demand for divorce. His later works, with the exception of what he wrote when prisoner in the Tower in 1534, were controversial and polemical, called forth by the spread of Lutheran doctrine or the progress of the Royal divorce, so that the present book we have the last utterance of the peaceful days of—practically—the last of the old English hierarchy.

It is significant that such an utterance should treat of prayer, for prayer was soon to be the only heritage, as it was the only refuge and strength, of the faithful remnant whom he was soon to leave behind him in his native land. As he himself says (page 2): "And at this present time we have most need to pray, seeing the times be such, and so dangerous as they now be, sinners being now so multiplied upon the earth, and sin itself so daily increased as we see it is."

Moreover, the manner in which the subject is treated, giving us, as it does, an insight into the author's own habits of prayer, is a testimony to his holiness that should be peculiarly grateful to his fellow-countrymen at a time when the Holy See has so recently declared his worthiness of a contemplative soul, taught by the Holy Spirit to understand and appreciate the full depth and breadth of the simple truths and maxims of the Gospel, and finding all its energy and comfort in the presence of God.

The present publication should merit a further interest from the fact that it is a reprint of a translation made a century after the author's death by a member of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict, at a time when, among others, his own religious brethren were still suffering torture and death for the same Catholic unity to which the saintly Cardinal had so bravely and courageously stood in a complete and unflinching manner.

In all probability the initials on the title page, R. A. B., stand for the name of the Reverend Anthony Batt, the author of many similar publications. He was ordained Priest at the English College of Douai in 1604, but afterwards became a monk of the Monastery of St. Laurence's, at Amiens, in France, where he died in the year 1617.

From about that date till 1631 he was employed on the English Mission, where he must have met with, and perhaps run the same risks, as Fr. Dyer, Barlow, Row, Kemp, Hesketh, Fowler, and Cox, O. S. B., who suffered martyrdom here in the year 1618-1647. It may have been during his missionary travels that he made acquaintance of the Lady Herbert to whom the translation is dedicated. Who she was cannot be determined further than this, that she must have been an ancestor of the Earls of Powis, whose pedigree became extinct by the death of George Arthur Herbert at the close of the last century; and also of the present Earls of Powis, through the marriage in 1784 of the first Earl, Edward Olive, with the sister of the last Earl before mentioned.

The Earls of Powis were first Catholic at the time of the Jacobite rising in 1745; and seeing it well known how faithfully the Welsh people cling to their religion, we may assume that the Lady Elizabeth Herbert here spoken of had befriended Fr. Batt in his missionary labours.

This Father returned to his monastery in 1631, and in 1641 he died. Superior of a small priory called La Celle in Brittany, which had been founded in 1633, but which now has long ceased to exist. Here probably the present translation was written.

Although, in style, the text has no intrinsic merit, being somewhat involved in its manner, and, like many productions of its time, marked off for the worse by imitation of the Latin, yet out of reverence for the author and his times, and in memory of the probability that it contains the very words read and re-read by many of our venerated ancestors, confessors, and perhaps martyrs for the Faith, it has been reproduced, exactly, without interfering with its somewhat arbitrary spelling and punctuation. It is hoped that this thought may make up to the readers for any slight difficulty in the comprehension of its meaning.

The quotations have been verified, and one or two slight notes added where considered necessary or useful.

May the holy author obtain for his readers the spirit which prompted his words.

St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, June 22, 1887.

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in the spring of the year, to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore healthy tone and vigor to the whole physical mechanism. Remember that quality, not quantity, constitutes the value of medicine.

MONSIEUR DE LA VAL MONTMORENCY.

THE FIRST AMERICAN BISHOP.

BY THE REV. JEREMAS M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S., &c.

What a change has come over this continent since the appointment of its first Bishop! There was, indeed, some civilization when Mgr. De La Val arrived in Canada; but it was confined almost exclusively to the Governor and other officials who represented the French King, known in history as the "Grand Monarque." Of industrious settlers there were few indeed. The sword and the tomahawk had not yet given place to the ploughshare, wild and nomad tribes roamed over the continent, disputing with civilized man every inch of ground. In 1744-5 it would have been difficult to divine where or how the apostolic Bishop was to find a flock, or become anything more than domestic chaplain in the household of the King's representative. His aims were higher. It appeared to him that a faith was not before him, but a people, and he was the first that enjoyed the fruitful toll of Christ's Apostles, when they were sent, as it were, to the ends of the earth, as lambs among devouring wolves.

The whole continent was a waste in which the savage shared with the wolf and the bear a scant subsistence. The Church was yet to be created, and like the church of the early ages, it sprang at once into vigorous life. It needed all its power, and it is known to have related unto blood. But without alighting more at length to the heroic missionaries and martyrs of America's early church, let us consider the present state of religion with that which prevailed, or rather, did not prevail, when Mgr. De La Val first set foot upon the shores of La Nouvelle France with the title and office of Vicar Apostolic. The labors of this distinguished prelate, together with those of the zealous missionary priests who co-operated with him, wrought a mighty change. In British America there is nothing more flourishing than the religion which they preached. Its influence is felt in every province. In one particularly, Quebec, or Eastern Canada, it is the religion of the land, possessing an overwhelming majority. Its priests are numerous. The membership of the church is estimated at eight millions; and it enjoys the signal honor of beholding at the head of its hierarchy a Prince of the Universal Church.

In that portion of America known as the "United States," the days of early struggle have succeeded by unparalleled prosperity. In this year, grace, 1888, the membership of the church is estimated at eight millions; and it enjoys the signal honor of beholding at the head of its hierarchy a Prince of the Universal Church.

At the beginning, no doubt, there were powerful elements of greatness and renown, the zeal and devotedness of pastors. But who could have dared to foretell that they were destined, in a comparatively short time, to be so grandly developed? The first two centuries of the American church may be likened to the early times of Christian labor. The church, an obscure "sect" as it was called at first, in less than two centuries, had more members than were left worshippers of the gods and adherents of Imperial Caesar. It was everywhere in the Roman Empire permanently established in nations that knew not the Rule of ancient Rome.

The Church of "La Nouvelle France" had equally small and no less hard beginnings. It was a tiny flock of sheep, and the shepherd, which a great people and a powerful monarch could afford. But they could give no protection against the heathen and savage hordes that apostolic men so ardently desired to bring into the Christian fold. The state of these savages was apparently as hopeless as that of the unbelieving Gentile and the stubborn Jew. Even as these related, so did they. They set upon the meek and charitable missionaries who came to bear unto them the divine message of peace, with all the fury peculiar to their fierce and unbridled nature; but it availed not to stay the course of truth, which was almost all comprised, as it had its centre, in the Diocese of Quebec, has widely "enlarged the place of its tent," and glories in its many millions of devoted adherents. It now extends over all the continent of North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and the islands adjacent to either coast. It has many bishops and archbishops for its government, and at the head of its hierarchy a Prince of the universal Church. The dignity of Cardinal was first conferred on the Archbishop of that rich, populous and influential city, New York. Baltimore now enjoys the honor, she does also the still more ancient city of Quebec.

It has been said at Rome that there is no country where the Holy Father can exercise his office as chief pastor with such complete freedom as in the American Union (the United States of North America). What of Canada? Do they in Canada, as in London, name only the United States when they wish speak of North America? The same policy as regards religion that was inaugurated under French rule is continued under the government which has succeeded, and the children of the Church, whether of the European or the aboriginal race, enjoy such liberty of conscience which is right and which, in our day, can only be curtailed or abused by an injudicious and perverse use of the great privilege of possessing a government that truly represents the national will.

To return to Monsiegnor de La Val, what strikes us more particularly in his most interesting biography, is his truly pastoral and paternal care of the Indian people who were confided to his Episcopal solicitude. His labor in organizing

a new diocese, in forming a church where the good tidings had been so recently proclaimed, his firm and fearless attitude in presence of the petty tyrants who represented, or rather misrepresented, the will of the intended King of France, his wise rule of his own household and his success in establishing and endowing a cathedral chapter, fall in the shade when compared with his truly apostolic efforts in promoting the happiness and salvation of the Indian portion of his flock. Nothing that could be undertaken for the good was too arduous for his untiring zeal. It was not sufficient that he should entertain a sincere affection for them like that of a father for his children. He must also give them proofs of his affection, and such proofs as were best calculated to impress their untutored minds. To this end it was necessary to be frequently among them, and to receive them kindly when they came to compliment him and pay homage to him as the chief Spiritual Father. In the course of his journeys amongst them he was often subjected to severe privation and fatigue whilst it must have required saintly patience to listen to their harangues, and not only bear with, but enjoy their manners, so different from those of the courtly world to which he had been accustomed. But this was not all. He bestowed extraordinary pains in breaking the bread of instruction to the children of the woods, as much as possible by personal exertion, as well as through the devoted zeal of the clergy who shared his labors. In the fulfilment of this duty, he met with an enemy against whom it was hard to contend. But he was destined in the end to prevail. The European, in coming to the land of the red men, brought with him the vices as well as the benefits of civilization, and above all, that fertile source of vice, strong drink, which proved to be so terrible a curse to the new world. Interested and selfish dealers not only presented this evil to the uneducated Indian in the ordinary ways of trade, but even bore it to him in his forest home. This was more than such Neophytes could resist. The devouring "fire-water" threatened to destroy all the fruit of apostolic labor, and together with it, the aboriginal race. To stay this destructive torrent was work for a La Ossa, and a La Ossa was at hand—Monsiegnor de La Val Montmorency. It was to no purpose that the charitable Prelate urged the governor and other high officials of the State to interdict the pernicious traffic. As it was never thought to belong to the civil power to prescribe to the people or civilized nations what they should eat or what they should drink, so did the Prelate conceive that he would be equally out of place and ultra vires to lay down laws for the regulation of red men's stomachs. Liberty of the stomach appears to have been better known and in greater favor with the French nation of the time in question than any form or degree of civil and religious liberty. What time had come a sage. What law would it give to the members of the Prelate to behold the kindly efforts of the Canadian government of our day in restraining the greedy trader from conveying the poisonous "firewater" to the homes of the unwary Indian people!

TO BE CONTINUED.

COLLEGE MEMORIES.

Genie reader, have you ever gazed in fond memory upon the old college school grounds—on the quiet convent walks full of star-lit dreams? What philosopher will tell us why it is that only from the vantage ground of manhood and womanhood, through the aisles of the past, the heart fully warm under the now at Athens' school days? It is a few days ago a schoolmate whose life is interwoven with fervent piety and devotion, and whose anointed hands tend the flame of religion at God's Holy Altar, wrote me a letter full of tender school memories—his very heart seemed to go out in greeting to the days long since entwined—so their smiling skies, their rosy moon, their fragrant flowers of brightest hue. So our lives would appear to be made up of hope and memory. In childhood we stand on tiptoe to catch a ray from the Sun of maturity as it wheels its course thro' the heaven of life, but ere it has attained its zenith it has passed into the past—the withered flame, the morning landscape, the glad of youth, the early love of companions, the crosses that bore the ripe fruits of virtue. I shall never forget that first morn in St. M.—College, when the voice of duty rang through the chimneys of the old college hall, and the heart of boyhood pulsed in the measure of Latin declensions, Virgilian scanning and Greek increments. See yonder, is a group of Basilian Fathers—a tireless band of laborers whose warm hearts and zealous minds never weary in fitting youth for the proper citizenship of heaven and earth. They are but one in the great army of that Church whose true progress reaches beyond things intellectual. They seek not fame thro' earthly recognition. And the convents with their self-sacrifice and devotion! No wonder that women, wearied of the dull voices of the world, sigh again for the days of convent life—its holy quietude, its spirit of resignation, its teachings of virtue.

Thus it is that College Memories overtake us all. We feel their breath upon our brow—at the noontide of manhood and womanhood and as life's sun grows silent—as the shades of evening shut out light from our eyes, we would fain look back by the dear lips and kindly heart of a school friend. We can therefore understand the strength and purpose of college alumni associations, for next to the sacred memories of home, none other bud and bloom so fragrantly as the memories of school days:

O sweet tipped hours, O golden days, That lift with joy my darkling noon. O roses set with pearls bright, That dream in a softer light of June. Fill up my heart with memories thought. With kindly faces which gleam and warm. That in the over-fragrant air, May glow anew from fragrant urn.

THOMAS O'BRIEN.

One Good Point

Out of the many possessed by Burdock Blood Bitters is that it may be taken at all seasons of the year, and by either young or old. In this way the three busy years are at work and doing good.

FROM THE IRISH BEMOHE

United Ireland. House of Commons, Wednesday.

Once again amid those scenes which grieved ceilings and stained glass, dimmed and dark, a cathedral as of head, and on the floor below the glare of a host of a clock-exchange. Those scenes which the British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.

The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scenes British politics seem but to revolve in metallic capacity.