

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Mr. T. Harrington speaks in Belfast on July 1st...

On June 7, Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., addressed a crowded meeting of all sections of the Nationalists of Belfast...

On June 7 began the Solemn Trilogium appointed by his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. O'Driscoll in memory of St. Columba...

Most Rev. Dr. Foley, the Bishop of Kildare and Limerick, has returned from Rome. The people of Carlow were anxious to give his Lordship an enthusiastic welcome home...

A most daring robbery was committed on June 9 at the Limerick Junction. It appears an official of the National Bank named White left Limerick at midday in charge of a bag containing a sum of £5,000...

Above eleven years ago a Lurgan man, named James Darragh, who had amassed a vast fortune in America and India, returned to his native town...

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The second annual conference of the heads of Catholic colleges upon secondary education took place at Stonyhurst College, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 1st and 2nd of June...

A good deal of attention has been attracted by an Academy picture (289), "Peace be with you," the work of Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, a young Catholic artist...

The death is announced of Mr. Edward Dreslin, J. P., ex chairman of Bray Township Commissioners, after a tedious illness.

On June 5 a fire, originating in the explosion of an oil stove, occurred in the upper rooms of the house 182 St. Stephen's green, near the top of Grafton street...

Mr. Daniel Tallon, T. C., the selection of the Nationalists for the Lord Mayoralty for next year, has for many years filled a prominent place in the business and public life of the city...

The Right Rev. Mgr. Campbell, D.D., who has resigned the rectorship of the Scots' College, Rome, has during his long tenure of that office, done much for the progress of the institution...

On June 9, shortly after ten o'clock, a large crowd was attracted to Neilson's Pillar, as it was observed that a man on the top was endeavoring to get over the railings...

THE POPE AS A POET.

English Version of the Ballad Poem on the Pope's Death by Andrew Lang.

The London Daily News says the Pope's poem is a wonderful piece of work for a man nearing his ninetieth year. It helps to show how he attained to length of days...

The Pope is the Heroic of temperance. The prospect of content and the quietude may be supposed to be a main aim to both writers, but the Pope parts company with his great original in regard to the amount of the ration of wine...

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THE PRINCE PRIEST.

One of the recent London papers contained a short paragraph to the effect that the health of the young Prince Maximilian of Saxony had broken down...

It marks the culmination of one of the strangest sacrifices of royalty in modern times. A year ago the prince became a priest. He foregoes the pleasures of a continental court life to devote himself to the interests of Whitechapel...

Back in the medieval times it was a common occurrence for kings and princes to ease sorrow for long and painful positions to suffer and Latin for nations sake, but the minds of those monarchs were not so peculiarly tinged with Christianity as that of the young Prince Maximilian...

For these reasons there is a small scope to parallel the motives of Prince Maximilian and the royal leaders of the Crusades. No glory of a worldly kind could be won by his sacrifice.

Of riches there are none in Whitechapel. The Crusaders gloried under the wild enthusiasm of leading a vast host in battle. The prince walked alone into the abode of sorrow, shame and poverty.

It was less than a year ago that the prince made the Whitechapel district his home. He had searched the wide world for the place most in need of Christian teaching and help, but instead of finding it among the savages of Africa, the fanatics of the Sudan or the ignorant millions of Asia, he saw what he was searching for in the very heart of the greatest and richest city in the world...

Prince Maximilian, or Father Max, as he has been known for the past year, will be 27 years old on Nov. 17 next. His full name is Maximilian William Augustus Albert Charles Gregory Olo. His uncle is King Albert of Saxony. His father and heir presumptive of the throne is Prince George, field marshal of the military forces of Saxony. Prince Max has two elder brothers, one of whom has children. In event of a few deaths in the line of succession the Whitechapel priest would become King of Saxony.

Strange things since his possible success has happened in royal families, and in view of this, his determination to engage in the Whitechapel work caused many solemn counsels among the ministers of the kingdom. The king was opposed to it, and so was the father for a time, but he, knowing the singular disposition of the young man, was finally won over, and then the king gave reluctant consent.

It was necessary, however, to go through certain formalities, and on Aug. 1, 1896, a legal document was signed by the prince-priest in the royal palace at Dresden, by which he renounced all rights as prince royal of the house of Saxony, but it is expressly stated that, should the throne be vacant by reason of the death of the intervening heirs, he will accept the kingdom. This peculiar document read as follows:

"We, Max, Duke of Saxony, having been consecrated to the holy priesthood, do hereby renounce for ever, with the restrictions hereafter mentioned, all rights appertaining to us as a prince of the royal house of Saxony, under the aegis of Sept. 4, 1881, relating to the succession to the throne, to the administration of the kingdom, to participation in the royal family council, and to membership in the upper house of the legislature, and also, under the royal house decree of Dec. 30, 1897, relating to money allowances, suits and the succession in the collateral line. This renunciation shall be ineffective if at any time, the Saxony royal throne being vacant, we shall be the only surviving prince of the royal house of Saxony."

"Max, Duke of Saxony. Dresden, Aug. 1, 1896." Five days before the signing of the above the young man was received into the priesthood by Dr. Wahl, vicar apostolic of Saxony, and on the same day that he affixed his signature to the document he celebrated his first mass in Dresden, with all the members of the Saxony royal family in the congregation. Immediately arrangements were made for his entering upon the work at Whitechapel, and inside of a fortnight Father Max had become one of the regular features of the notorious district. By special decree of the Pope he was attached to the church of St. Boniface, Union street, in the very centre of Whitechapel, and there he labored with extraordinary zeal until illness forced him to desist.

In the population of Whitechapel there are thousands of the poorest Germans, and to these the ministrations of Father Max were a godsend. But he did not confine his work to the

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Strange things since his possible success has happened in royal families, and in view of this, his determination to engage in the Whitechapel work caused many solemn counsels among the ministers of the kingdom. The king was opposed to it, and so was the father for a time, but he, knowing the singular disposition of the young man, was finally won over, and then the king gave reluctant consent.

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people of his own race. He speaks English as if it were his own tongue and thus made it an easy matter for him to extend his work to the native population of the district.

The fact that he was a prince of blood did not influence feeling one way or another in his parish. The people are too desperately poor, their misery is too deep-rooted and absolute for them to judge men by any other standard than by the unsullied purity of their actual results. And Father Max was not long in proving that he was an agent for their good. There was nothing of the prince about him; he was simply a priest of the highest type.

There was nothing to it if so be it that in the course of his work he should find a condition that confronted him, which he would not find in any other part of the world. He studied the people and gathered up the things which they could not do for themselves.

But with the outbreak of the war he should have been a man when no one human agency could handle. In the east end of London there are 250,000 and 350,000 of these are all soldiers for every charity that was ever devised. It is said that the rearward of less than 100,000 starve people in this east end. Tens of thousands are always sick. The whole district reeks with the germs of contagion and the death rate is enormous.

All stripes of criminal and abandoned classes flourish there, making its social complexion as hideous as its physical deformities. To contend against this veritable ocean of want, misery and death, or a hundred men.

The prince made a brave fight for almost a year, although when he first started in many predicted that he would sicken of the work in a week. Now he is back in Dresden, but when he regains his strength, which is a doubtful matter, he promises to return to the Whitechapel battlefield.

Father Dollard's Ballads. A number of fine Irish ballads have been appearing in The Boston Pilot and Dublin's Magazine from the pen of the gifted young singer, Father James Dollard, S. Mary's, Toronto. We append one which is typical of the poet's muse and his strong love of native land, especially Old Kilkenny:

THE GREEN GLEN OF ULSTER ARE FAIR TO THE VIEW, The mountains of Munster majestic and blue, But my heart's in Kilkenny, My own love Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

There's Orla and broad Suir glide down to the sea, All married with flowers that float the wild bee, Tho' the glens of Kilkenny, My Kilkenny's Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

To see the soft moonlight fall over the hill, When the Keel-Sheel sounds, and the waltz is still, Summer nights in Kilkenny, Dream-haunted Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

Alas! for the raptures in boyhood were mine, To list the wild linnets in lone Craigavon, In the glens of Kilkenny, My sylvan Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

The old city walls whisper tales of the past, Thy chancel, sad Jerpoint, moans drear to the blast— Past glories Kilkenny! Historic Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

Oh, warm are the hearts that in Osceola dwell, There's friendship and love in the peasant's soul swell, In the homes of Kilkenny, My matchless Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

They are fond; but in battle ur as rock, Their rage, like a tempest, a Corryshock, On the hills of Kilkenny, Unconquered Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

Mo-nur! 'tis my woe that the v-rolling sea, Its black depths is stroking belwit thee and me, My home in Kilkenny, Green-valleyed Kilkenny, Gilt-Cannaigh go brag!

Speak not evil of the absent; 't is unjust, It is in patience that we possess our souls—patience, a delicious fruit worn gathered ripe, whose root only is bitter.

Duty has the virtue of making us feel the reality of a positive world, while at the same time detaching us from it. I began "I am a self-made man, sir, I began life as a bare-footed boy." Jenkins: "Indeed! I well, I was a' born with my slippers on either."

Ayer's Pills promote the natural motion of the bowels, without which there can be no regular, healthy operations. For the cure of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, constipation, jaundice, and liver complaint, these pills have no equal. Every dose effective.