Heart-Longings.

BY AGNES MONROE. If the treasures of city and country
And the gems of earth and sea
Were mine, they could fill—no, never,
This awfur and lowers would wither,
For blossoms are the flowers would wither,
And palse crumble to dust;
The glare of the jewels weary me,
And the silver and gold would rust.

And the street and the street and the street which this world contains Was mine, it would bring me nothing But heartaches and bitter pain, and I at this shrine, might worship Foryears, in one single day To find all my bright hopes vanished and fallen my idols to clay.

Take the shell from the sea, and listen!
Do you hear it moan and sigh?
Pluck the flower from the field: tho' tended,
'Twill droop,' and die.
As the shell belongs to the ocean,
And each little flower to the sod.
So the soul belongs to Heaven,
And the heart to its maker—God.

So, my soul may be filled with longings
And yearnings for things to be;
But God, and His dear love, only,
Can fill this void in me.
Yes, safe from the world and its turmoil,
I, and my heart, may be,
Forever, and ever, in Jesus,
And Jesus forever in me.

From the Catholic World. A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIII. A BAND OF REVELLERS

The evening mentioned in the note sent by Mr. Quip to his faminar Juniper, was ushered in gusty and wild. The day had been one of severe cold and high winds, and the night threatened to be even more and the night threatened to be each more tempestuous and disagreeable. The snow lay deep in the streets, and the wind caughtit up in powdery masses, and flung it against the buildings and in the faces of se who had ventured to brave the fury of the storm. It was piled high on the roadways, and left the unfrequented lanes open to the travellers that never thought of passing through. The plate-glass win-dows of the rich gleamed cheery defiance dows of the rich gleamed cheery denance at the storm, which fretted its snowy pinions against them. The rags and paper of the poor offered only the show of resistance to the enemy. Where it was not ance to the enemy Where it was not wanted it came with a rush and a roar, as if sure of a welcome, creeping through chinks and crevices with noiseless feet, staring in its ghostly silence at the misery which alone perforce it would greet. The wealthy looked at its deadly beautiful face from the protection of a luxurious fireside. The pauper shook it with a dreary smile from his pillow and his coverlet, and laughed to see how boldly it lay in the cold fingers which would have melted its treacherous life away. Around the lamps at the corners the flakes sported like white-winged beetles, and the light falling on the crystals seemed to create for itself a new medium and shone with weird splendor. Where the great buildings formed a barrier against the wind, and with their lights opened a pathway through the darkness, it was pleasant enough to walk and to watch the hurry-ing and listen to the voices of the tempest; in the more retired streets it severe labor to make headway against the drifts, the wind, and the blinding snow. The blackness was Egyptian, and the eyes

were of little service.

Mr. Quip and Mr. Juniper, who had responded promptly to his friend's invitawere breasting the wind and the night in one of the streets of the West End. It was close on eleven o'clock. The violence of the storm did not seem to abate with the advancing hours, and for-ward movement was such desperate work that neither gentlemen was in the humor for talking. Mr. Juniper was, moreover, in a mood. He was displeased with the situation, with his companions for bring-ing him into it, with the wretched inclinations which were strong enough to force him from warmth and comfort and safety into the misery and actual danger of the night. He was very superstitious and imaginative, and every moan of the tempest struck a new terror into his heart. Every unaccountable noise startled him. He was glad to walk with his and his hand on Quip's arm, and he grum-bled for mere sake of the companionship which Quip, stalking along gravely and silently as a crane, seemed disinclined to

"And only for what's coming," said he, stopping with his back to the wind, that he might breathe easily for a few minutes before tarting out again, "only that I wish to see how the men who helped to spend my money can spend their own, I wouldn't think twice about getting back to the asylum. Your taste for whiskey has more to do

with your coming than anything else, observed Quip sneeringly.
"I learned that from you," retorted the

But as yet I haven't the nose for smelling it out which you have, nor your impudence for drinking it at the expense of my neighbor. Hold on! Don't start yet. Let us rest alongside this railing, for I can't stand this wind-choking any

"Don't forget the anecdotes, Billy. Cheer up, my lad, and forward. There is but one block more."
"Hold on, I say! I'm going to rest if I were at the very door," yelled Juniper sullenly. "You can face the wind, for you're not even breathing hard."
"There's a reason for it. Juniper, as

"There's a reason for it, Juniper, as there is, I suppose, for the existence of a great many things in this world. I haven't said one word to your twenty in the last hour.'

Juniper did not at once reply. They had braced themselves against the railing, had braced themselves against the railing, and, freed from the persecution of the wind, could talk more freely and hear more distinctly. A dull roar from the lower end of the street had struck upon Juniper's ear. It was a solemn, steady sound, sometimes lower, sometimes higher than the crash of the storm, and it him unpleasantly. He was

silent with awe. "What noise is that?" he asked after a

"The devil of the storm shouting his orders, I suppose," Quip answered in a tone purposely serious and broken. "If purposely serious and broken. "If anywhere in the city, he is in this halt for a time and dose him with a moral It is a terrible place, Billy."

"In what way, Jack?"

His voice was become tremulous. The mysterious sounds of the night, the darkness, the neighborhood, which Mr. Quip's solemn manner and words had suddenly invested with a painful interest, had set him shivering. Before replying Mr. Quip looked impressively up and down the what I began. Continue the revels."

The symposiarch, waving his hand authoritatively, sat down, and on the strength of his permission the Babel commenced with renewed vigor. Mr. Juniper, who was admitted into the assembly because of his former standing as a medical student—for such each gentleman pro-

street. Very little of its real character was visible, but what could be seen was most ill favored. The houses were of the most part low rookeries inclined at every possible angle, and threatening the lives of possible angle, and threatening the lives of the dwellers and passers-by. Shutters, when they hung anywhere, were never closed, but rattled and screaked and banged incessantly. So little of glass was in the windows, and so many opaque substances had supplied its place, that lights could be seen only at long intervals, the feeble glimmer of a poor fire or poorer candle indicating the poverty of those within.

"In the wickedest way, Billy," said Mr. Quip, after a pause sufficiently long to allow of his former remark making a due impression on Juniper's heated imagina-"If a mark were put upon every in this street where a murder had house in this street where a murder had been done, not one would escape save this we are standing by. Crime lurks every-where. The houses opposite is a shelter for every criminal in the city while the house in this street whe officers are after him. Look at the fellow stealing out now. Night, and such a night as this, is the only time he would dare to venture forth. Perhaps he is stained with blood or with a lesser crime. The lake is below us, and an old wharf lies there. It below us, and an old whar hes there. It has not been used for years except by the unfortunate who look for rest in the waters under it. Sometimes a girl is found floating there with her hair twisted around the rotten beams; sometimes a poor fellow with his head battered in. I was there myself one morning after a meeting. It was four o'clock, and there was a heavy fog out. I saw the harbor police busy about something, and I went down to look a heavy about something, and I went down to look to be a second or the same and the same are t on. They were dragging out a poor devil, stiff and water-soaked. I can see him yet with his fingers clutching at nothing and his eyes full of the slime of the lake. It beat the dissection you. There! do you hear that yell? It was a woman, and one that won't be alive to-morrow, I'll warrant. Ah! look, there

he yet spoke a door not far distant opened. A woman came flying out on the pavement as though hurled there by an iron hand within. A few muttered curses were heard as the door closed. There was a painful silence, the woman remaining where she had fallen. Juniper would have gone forward to assist the unfortunate to rise, but his cooler companion held him back.

she comes

"She is not the kind," he whispered, "to understand or appreciate gallantry or pity. Lie close and watch her. I could wager any money on her next move."

The woman at last rose slowly and with

evident pain. She did not see the two men almost at her side, and they in turn made no effort to attract her attention. Supporting herself on the same railing against which they leaned, she looked signify which they feated, so to solve the signify of a long time at the house from which she had been so summarily ejected.
"At last," they heard her say, and her voice, broken and harsh though it was, spoke eloquently of her wretchedness and

misery—"at last my time has come. It was not so very long in arriving, and now was not so to morrow—no to-morrow for me! O God! what an ending. Oh!"
"There was a sigh," whispered Quip, touched with a little pity, "that broke her

Juniper was in agony. He was young, and still blessed with a sensitive, kindly heart, and it required a vigorous pinching from his friend to restrain him from rush-

ing at once to her aid. "It will take all the poetry out of the thing, if you do," argued Quip. "She doesn't want to be interfered with, and you'll get a smart bit of a very smart tongue for your trouble. Cry, if you feel inclined, but be practical and stop where

you are."

The woman remained but a short time in her present position. Moaning in a piteous way, she staggered down the street, and in the light of a lamp at the corner they saw her stand for a moment, throw her arms in anguish towards the sky, and with a mad laugh of despair run

They resumed their way in silence, and arrived before a building which by daylight must have presented a more respectable though not less neglected appearance other on this famous street. stood far back from the road, had high, dilapidated fence running close to sidewalk, and presented the general appearance of an old, decayed family mansion. The gate was cunningly fixed in the high fence and opened inwardly. Mr. Quip opened it, and they entered at once upon a snow-hidden pathway, thickly covered over with trees and vines, which led up to a side entrance. Another key admitted them into the lower halls, where a few lamps burned with light sufficient to enable them to find their way in safety. A new stairway to the upper story had replaced the old, and they mounted replaced the old, and they mounted quickly, passing along the hall until they reached a door at the extreme end. From the moment of their entrance the sound the moment of their entrance the sound of voices, mingled with uproarous bursts of laughter, singing, and the clinking of glasses, had reached their ears. From the room before which they now stood these noises came. They had an animating effect on Mr. Juniper. His cheeks glowed, his breath labored as if he were still buffeting the wind. As with every forward step ing the wind. As with every forward step the uproar became more distinct and more musical, his excitement became more uncontrollable, and at last he burst into the room with a shout that silenced the revel

in an instant. Before it could be resumed a voice cried

"The symposiarch." And the assembly, numbering twenty young men of various ages, rose respect-fully, and, with a clinking of glasses and

a rattling of bottles, cried out "The symposiarch."

Mr. Quip moved majestically to a seat at the head of the table around which the company were gathered.
"I am late this evening, gentlemen, "It is not my intention to make said. excuses, but our friend Juniper became so

conscience-stricken on the way by a few

philosophy. It belongs to you to finish what I began. Continue the revels." philo

fessed himself to be-was surrounded at once by a fun-loving crowd, and severely cross-examined as to his scruples of conscience and his life at the asylum.

The room was filled with smoke, and the outlines of objects could be seen but dimly. The apartment was large, and in

dimly. The apartment was large, and in its glory might have had about it considerable magnificence. The walls were panelled, and carved with great taste and skill. The ceiling, darkened by time, neglect, and ill-usage, was of valuable wood, and the floor and old-fashioned furniture seemed to be of similar material. The students, who had rented the place as a society-room for the carryings-on of their orgies undisturbed by the police or by exacting boarding house mistresses, had dis-turbed nothing that was fit for use; and when the air was clear and the sun let shine through the windows a suspicion of

shine through the windows a suspicion of old-time refinement, and grace, and mystery hung about its faded walls.

Mr. Quip enjoyed a distinction among the company that was quite enviable. He owed it to his unsurpassed impudence and his interested but apparently open-hearted generosity. For Mr. Quip spent money with the freedom of a millionaire, and never dreamed of a return. We have seen how he recompensed himself in a few instances. His real character was unknown to the individuals over whom he presided. It might not have mattered much if they It might not have mattered much if they had known. Many of them could not lay had known. Many of them could not lay claim to better deeds or dispositions, and were secretly indebted to the symposiarch for advice, useful sympathy, and trifling money loans. Mr. Quip might be trusted to make good use of the influence which he had thus obtained. He was politic but not backward in using it. Relentless as a recognition of the state of t money-lender, pitiless as a tiger, he yet understood the peculiarities of his own understood the peculiarities of his own position sufficiently never to attempt the high hand with his victims. He was always the friend, the consoler, the injured party—a new-world Pecksniff in all the outlines of that famous but overdraan character. Juniper was perhaps the only individual besides Dr. Killany who had a clear insight into the man's character. But Juniper was looked upon as a fool, and the book was never closed for him. He had not sense enough, in Quip's sarcasti opinion, to make anything out of the printed page. If he had, thought the symposiarch, sipping his punch lazily, he would not be here to-night; or, being here, he would drink less whiskey and

keep himself ready for danger.
"Roseleigh," he said suddenly to a pleasant young fellow who sat beside him, "come to the other side of the room. I

want to talk with you.'

"You must keep an eye on Juniper," he said when they were out of hearing of the others, "and not let him drink too much. See that he drinks enough to much. See that he drinks enough to loosen his tongue, for I must get some information out of him, which is my reason for bringing him here to-night. He's so close a foot that if he suspects what I am after, drunk or not, he wont't open his lips to-night. You understand?" "Perfectly," replied the genial Roseleigh, whose readiness to obey the chief arose from the fact of his slight indebted-

arose from the fact of his slight indebted ness to Quip. "Trust me to manage

A whisper in Juniper's ear brought the gentleman, after a short struggle with the gentleman, after a shot strugger with side.

"You are drinking too much," said Roseleigh. "The boys are filling you purposely, and wish to lay you out along with themselves. I heard them plotting the thing."

"They are a little too late," laughed Juniper, with his eyes fixed rather curiously on Quip. "You saved me in the nick of time, for I would have gone on until the jug had been finished.

Mr. Quip paid no attention to his friend. He resumed the conversation which seemed to have been interrupted by Juniper's appearance. He was giving a detailed account of his adventures in other climes than Canada, with a view to excite them by the relation of his own. It was hat took easily. The symposiarc deeds of old were brilliant in themselves and excellent in the telling, but they were of a kind which might happen to any Bohemian. There was no mystery about them, nothing of the indefinable charm which leaves the listener so many ques-tions to be asked with no possibility of a satisfactory answer. In this respect Mr Juniper had the advantage. He was reputed a fine story-teller, and never lost an occasion of adding to his laurels. His faculties were now misty with unlimited punch, and he was nettled with a certain air of conceit which the volatile Mr. Quip

osely displayed.

know a tale worth twenty such as you have been telling," he said after Quip

The bird like eyes snapped with delight. "The old thing you always drag out on big occasions," said he contemptuously. "It's like fire-crackers on the Queen's "It's like her-crackers on the Queen's birthday, and as old as R seleigh's hat. Couldn't you vary it, Juniper, in some unexpected way? Bring the children to life; have them discover the man that chested them: let the girl fall in love with him, marry him, and so keep the fortun in the family and one man out of jail couldn't you do that, Juniper ?"

could and shall, if I choose, "Yes, answered the other sulkily.
"Then I command you to begin," said Quip, with the air of one who expected to laugh heartily for the next ten mi utes.

Juniper was more nettled than ever.
"Let the boys gather round," he said;

but Quip objected:
"I had no such audience, and they are too tipsy to listen.'

The story, therefore, went on without the boys. Roseleigh and one or two more the boys. sober boys formed the group of listeners, and displayed an attention as flattering to Mr. Juniper's vain soul as the assumed indifference of Quip was galling. By degrees, however, the symposiarch's manner awaken d into interest. His eyes began to glisten. He moved himself into easier position and nearer Juniper, the an easier position and neare-better to hear every word. better to hear every word. Not a move-ment was lost on Juniper. He drank in slowly the triumph that seemed so insensibly offered him, and exerted himself to throw all the charm of a stirring romance about the adventures of two children who had fallen with their fortune into the hands of a faithless guardian. When the narrator arrived at the point where he usually descr bed the death of the wronged orphans, Quip cried out with a snarl of triumph:

"And the children died." "No, they didn't" answered the victori-ous Juniper, with an expression of coun-tenance quite indescribable. "They

lived, they grew up to be man and woman, and they will yet meet with the man who injured them and give him his

"Not dead!" growled the symposiarch profanely. "The devil!"
"You hold the chief place in this In-"Answer your ferno," replied Juniper. own provocation." Mr. Quip remembered himself immedi-

ately and became silent. But later when the whole party had turned their attention to the jug, he drew Juniper aside. "Were you in earnest," he asked, "when you said that those children were

What does it matter to you, Quip, you infe nal schemer? Have you another "Take care, my boy," cried the sympo-siarch, with a fierce intensity of tone that made the other tremble. "I wouldn't made the other tremble. "I wouldn't think twice of spilling you over the old wharf to-night on our way home. You know too many secrets for your own

good."
"I beg your pardon," meekly replied the offender. "It was unintentional."
"I can understand that it was," sneered Quip. "But it may not always be so harmless. Were you in earnest, I say, when you asserted those children to be living ?" living?

"I was, and be hanged to you! You get no more information out o me."
"It isn't wanted. I only wish to inform you that by this new ending to an old story you have lost a cool hundred dollars

Mr. Juniper stared. Mr. Juniper stared.
"The explanation is," continued Quip,
"that not long ago I was commissioned to
find a man who would swear to the death
of any two children, provided that they
were a boy and girl, orphans, whose parentage could not be easily traced, and were of such an age as to have been twenty-nine and twenty-two respectively had they lived to this day. It was to be a perfectly fair and honest transaction. No perjury, everything legal. There was nothing to be done but declare before a lady, or per haps before a court, the death of these two children, and for so simple a service you would have received any sum from one to ten hundred dollars. I had heard this story of yours before, and thought to benefit you and save myself trouble by giving you the chance. I suspected that you lied in your former version. I brought you here to muddle your head and nettle you into telling the truth. have done so. You have lost a great opportunity and I have earned additional labor. So much for not sticking to a good

There was too much sincerity in the symposiarch's manner for Juniper to doubt the truth of his words, and the resulting grief at his ill-fortune found comical expression in the gentleman's face.
"One to ten hundred," he muttered

"We can always make asses of ourselves."

"You are a shining illustration of your own remark," snapped Quip, who was really annoyed.

"Suppose," ve tured Juniper, after a long and thoughtful silence, "I would be willing to swear to the death of these two children, no matter what the facts might

"Simply impossible," answered Quip, with a grim smile. "It is probable that if the case came before a court—which does not seem likely-the career of those children would be traced up to the ast degree of certainty. Jail for very respectable people would result. No, no. We want facts; and as ou haven't got them, the

opportunity is forever lost to you."

Mr. Juniper's avarice once excited, he was not to be put off by decision of manner or emphatic language. He began, therefore, a maudin assault on Mr. Quip's heart, with a view to weakening his res in Mr. Juniper's breast a desire to excel lution. The symposiarch remained inexorable, and at last pretended to dismiss the matter altogether

"I am sorry to see you so cut over it." he said, "and I won't object to doing you this much of a favor: If I fail to find any one who has the requisite knowledge of facts, and if we must come down to perjury, I shall call upon you. I know I am running a risk, but I have run risks before. It will be worth more than your life to you to dream of ever going back on me. Juniper's protestations of undying ecreey and reckless faithfulness fell un-

heeded on Quip's ears.
"I never thought your foolish soul could be bought so cheaply," was his inward and sneering comment as he walked to his seat

The hilarity at the early part of the evening had yielded to a council table. A few had surrendered themselves to the

demon of sleep, and were musically engaged under the table. The others, staring with watery and uncertain eyes through the smoky atmosphere, babbled staring with watery and uncertain and laughed to their companions, and sang snatches of drinking songs with funereal Solemnity. 't was near four o'clock, and Quip made preparations for immediate departure. Some prescribed ceremonies were gone through while Roseleigh, stand-'t was near four o'clock, and

"The symposiarch."

The effort of assuming a standing po tion was more successful for many than the attempt to sit in the same seat again, and as the symposiarch and his henchman

left the room most of the convives found their way to the chorus under the table. The night had grown calmer. The winds were silent, and a ragged rent in the clouds had given liberty to a few sta s to twinkle coldly in the frosty air. Juni-per shivered when the unceasing roar of

the lake reached his ears. It would have a disagreeable association for him in the future. He could not help thinking of a white face and clinging hair down among the rotten beams of the old wharf. TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Housewife.

A good housewife, when she is giving er house its spring renovating, should her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly

UNION.

In the House of Commons on Wednes-

Mr. Smyth wished to invite the attention of the House to a subject of tran-scendent magnitude, namely, the political relations established between Great Britain relations established between Great Britain and Ireland by an Act passed by the Legislature in 1800. He deemed it right in this year, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Grattan, to proclaim the fact that every prediction of Grattan with regard to the consequence of the Union had been verified. On the 9th of April, 1782, Mr. Fox communicated to the British Parliament a message from the King stating that his Majesty, being concerned to find discontent and jealousy prevailing among his loyal subjects in Ireland on matters of great weight and importance, earnestly great weight and importance, earnestly recommended the House to take them into its most serious consideration with a view to a final adjustment that would give mutual satisfaction. A similar com-munication was made to the Irish Parlia-ment by the Duke of Portland, the Lord Lieutenant. On the motion for adopting the address, Grattan moved the celebrated declaration maintaining the right of Ireland, as a distinct kingdom in connection land, as a distinct kingdom in connection with England, to a Parliament of her own, and asserting that Irishmen could not yield up the liberties which were their birthright but with their lives. The amendment was carried unanimously in both Houses of the Irish Parliament, and subsequently approved of by both Houses subsequently approved of by both Houses of the British Parliament. Then followed important legislation by the British and Irish Parliaments, and the final adjustment was complete. It was a treaty perfect in all its | arts. As such it was universally regarded in Ireland, and after a long period of slavery Ireland assumed her legitimate position. The conspicuous part taken in that epoch by the Irish Volunteers was acknowledged by the Parliaments of both kingdoms. Ireland now had no Volunteers; yet she was the first of European countries to set the example of a citizen army clothed, equipped and drilled without the cost of a shilling and drilled without the cost of a siming to the State. The Irish Volunteers saved the island from foreign invasion, pre-served domestic peace, upheld the law, and established on the basis of free trade a free constitution. When the gentry of Ireland were addressed as land thieves

reland were addressed as land thieves, robbers, tyrants, usurpers by the English garrison, even as they had been addressed within the precincts of the House, he should have expected that some member of that order, some representative at least of the province of Ulster, the cradle of that Volunteer force, would have risen and reminded them of its loyal and patriotic character. He would not defend in every particular the use made by the Irish Parliament of its recovered liberty; but this he did say, that during its brief but brilliant career it conferred more benefits on Ireland than any Parliament then existing conferred in th same period on any other country. His authority was Lord Clare, who said that no nation in the habitable globe advanced in cultivation, commerce, agriculture and manufac-tures with the same rapidity as Ireland did in the same period. In the space of fifteen years it passed four different statutes of relief in favor of the Catholics. The Union retarded Catholic Emancipation. He would not shock the House the recital of how the Union was carried Let a select committee be appointed, and he would undertake to prove that it was carried by force, fraud, and the most open and profligate corruption that ever disgraced the annals of any country. £1,500,000 was paid in direct bribes. The peerage, the episcopal bench, the judicial bench were brought into the market, and in every department of the public service bribery and corruption were reduced to a regular system. In spite of all that, the Union was rejected by the Irish Parlia-ment in 1799, but it was carried in that of 1880, chiefly through the introduction 1880, chiefly through the introduction into the nomination boroughs of Englishmen and Scotchmen who were unconnected, either by birth or by property with the country. It was impossible to destroy the desire for a Parliament held by Irishmen, for it was enshrined in the hearts of that people, and established in the sanctuary of their constitution. The Union might be made binding as a law, but it was impossible to make it obligatory on the conscience (Irish cheers). It on the conscience (Irish cheers). would be obeyed so long as England strong; that obedience would be an abstract duty, the exhibition of which would be merely dependent on the potency of this country. It would not be long before this country. It would not be long before the sound of the trumpet-note announcing the judgment day would be heard.

Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign ye Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks, And death's pale flag is not advanced there (cheers). Ever since the Union the public life of that country has declined. would judge of the condition of a country we must regard public opinion, and the we must regard public opinion, and the spirit of the press, of its platform and pulpit (hear, hear). O'Connell was the champion in that country of civil and religious liberty for nearly half a century. O'Connell was, in fact, Ireland, and Ireland was, politically, O'Connell. By his marvellous influence he compelled a respect for property and life in Ireland. He raised around him a band of followers who were actuated by the most generous and were actuated by the most generous and ennobling passions. Many of these, after O'Connell's decease, departed for distant O'Connell's decease, departed for distant shores, and there laid the foundations of our empire in those quarters of the globe. With the exception of the period of O'Conneil's public life, Ireland had been for whole eighty years tending downward with an ever-increasing velocity. Public life—if life it can be called—of to day is lower than it has ever been at any time in her history. The Prime Minister in a remarkable speech, reproached the masses in Ireland with selfishness and apathy in markable the face of social disorder. That reproach was only too well deserved; but what did that condition of things show? It showed that the Parliament of this country was unable to administer the government of Ireland properly (Irish cheers). No one could appreciate more than he the noble and generous efforts of the right hon-gentleman—in fact, all true Irishmen must appreciate such efforts (Ministerial But he could tell the right hon. cheers). gentleman that the ameliorative force of Church Acts and Land Acts must prove

though helpless, Ireland was not dead-

P. J. SMYTH ON REPEAL OF THE fruitless, unless he could nerve himself to fruitless, unless he could herve himself to deal with grappling with the great problem—namely, how Irish legislative independence could be reconciled with the security of the throne and the integrity of the empire (hear, hear). It was a difficult problem, no doubt; but a similar one had been successfully solved in other countries, and this one ought not to be incapable of solution here. He begged to move, as an amendment to the address, to add, "And humbly to assure her Ma-jesty that, in the opinion of this House, the only efficacious remedy for the deplor-able condition of Ireland is a readjustment of the political relations established be-tween Great Britain and Ireland by the Act of Legislative Union of 1800.

BISHOP O'FARRELL ON O'CONNELL.

Lessons From the Life and Teachings of the Irish Patriot.

St. Peter's Church, in New York was thronged last Sunday evening with ladies and gentlemen to listen to a lecture ladies and gentiemen to listen to a fecture by Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, and formerly pastor of the church, in aid of the parochial school of St. Peter's. The aisles were filled as well as the pews. His subject was "Ireland and O'Connell," and he treated it in a mas-terly and elegant way.

terly and eloquent way.
"How shall I speak," said he, "dear brethren, on a subject so vast and comprehensive? Ireland, with its long history of sorrow and glory, with its pages filled with heroic deeds written in drops of pages filled blood, with all its memories and traditions surging about it; and of O'Connell that glorious son of Ireland, who represented the wants and the feelings of the people, on whom were concentrated their hopes and their longings. In love for Ire-land I know that your hearts beat in uni son with mine and in admiration for the name of O'Connell, who raised Ireland, as it were, from a sleep of death. The patriots who to-day are struggling in her cause are no truer to her than was Dan of

'In this year we celebrate the centennial of Irish independence under Grattan in 1782. O'Connell was then about seven years of age. The spirit that Grattan and the volunteers then aroused struck the keynote, which has never died since, and which we never will let die—namely, that the king, Lords, and Commons of Ireland should make the laws for Ireland. Thank God that the same hopes of 1782 are still alive to-day, and with better hopes of success, and that they will be realized before long. If in 1782 the volunteers under Grattan had only emancipated the Irish Catholics, then 1798 would have been im-possible, and the legislative union with

England would never have occurred.

"The eighteen years of glory, when Dublin was the capital of the nation, fol lowed, and the eloquence of Burke, Grat-tan, Curran, and other brilliant sons of Ireland resounded in the Irish Parliament and astonished the world. But the volunteers were disbanded, the enemy fostered dissensions, and a country once dis banded is easily crushed. A rebellion was banded is easily crushed. A rebellion was fostered, and 50,000 Irish people were slaughtered. All that has taken place since O'Connell's time has been the result of his policy. He began his career with a speech for the repeal of the union, and although he closed his life in suffering he proves any any treatment of his youth. never gave up the aspirations of his youth. He had seen the noblest sons of Ireland redden the scaffold with their blood. O'Connell found a nation crushed and cowed and 'hating each for the love of God,' as it was said. For twenty years he fought, despite all obstacles, the hatred of the English and indifference of some Irish, for Catholic emancipation. He at last aroused the people and emancipation followed in 1829. He has been accused of being insincere in his efforts for the repeal of the union, but no charge was ever more unjust or unfounded. Ireland was isolated then, and there was no new Ireland in America to help old Ireland at home. The Irish were traduced ar lies. In 1847 came the awful famine, followed by the plague, and the people died by the roadside in thousands from starvaby the roadside in thousands from starva-tion and sickness in a land capable of sup-porting four times its population. When O'Connell saw these things it broke his great heart, and he went to die in exile. "Take him all in all, his patriotism, his

energy and eloquence and power, and Ire-land never saw a grander son than Daniel O'Connell. He has died, but his principles never will die. The Land League to-day could not do what it has done but for O'Connell's teaching, and they will yet shake the portals of the British Constitution unless they are opened for Irish legis-

"Out of the famine of 1878 rose the Land League, which is doing such grand work for Ireland. It is foolish to precipitate an unarmed people on a soldiery thirsting for their blood. By patience and waiting for the proper time the present battle is to be won. Let the principles of O'Connell, Parnell, and Davitt prevail. I speak not as a bishop or a priest, but as an Irishman. It is not by such men as Captain Moonshine, nor by such principles, that Ireland's freedom will be achieved. Parnell and his associates have pursued the tactics and doctrines of O'Connell and announce that the man who commits a crime is an enemy to his country.

The speaker then reviewed the Land Act and showed the tyranny and double-dealing of Gladstone in its true light. In alluding to the "no-rent" manifesto, said that it only meant no rent while the Land League leaders were kept in prison, and until the courts had decided on the tenants' cases. He regretted that communistic persons had taken it up literally and argued that it meant no rent under any circumstances. Such a doctrine would be criminal. The Irish pepole will pay what they justly owe and no more. What we want is home rule and Irish independence, and then we will

have—
"Ireland, great, glorious, and free,
"Ireland, great gem of
First flower of the earth, and first gem of
the sea."

The World's Dispensary and Invalids', Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., destroyed by fire a year ago, is rebuilt and full of patients. For "Invalid's Guide Books," giving particulars and terms of treatment, address, with two stamps, World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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