

Archbishop of Dublin has taken a hearty interest in the work as have many prominent men in public life. It is proposed to endow a chair at Washington University for the promotion of the study.

Among the many reasons given for the study there are two sufficient in themselves to ensure favorable consideration for the work. One is the fact that the Irish language has an abundant and splendid literature in prose and verse. The second is that the Irish is one of the noblest and most notable languages in the world; for it is full and melodious in its sounds; it is pure and copious in its vocabulary; it is powerful, harmonious and pleasant in utterance, showing like a mirror the true mind of the race by whom it has been spoken for thousands of years.

It would be worth much to the Irish race in this country if only the glories represented by their own ancient names were understood, as they would soon come to be from a study of the old books in the old tongue.

How the Union Works.

Great Britain is on her trial before a committee of Parliament appointed to consider the financial relations existing between Ireland and the Imperial Government.

One of the most valuable, because one of the best informed witnesses who appeared before that Committee was Mr. Murrough O'Brien, Chief Land Commissioner, who has been officially engaged in valuation of Irish properties for more than a quarter of a century. In the course of Mr. O'Brien's examination some startling facts were elicited. Mr. Thomas Sexton drew the attention of the witness to the fact that Sweden, having about the same population as Ireland, pays taxes amounting to £1 per head, while in Ireland the rate is 3d. per head.

"Here we have two countries very much in the same latitude and with about the same population—Sweden, at a cost of £1 per head, paying the ordinary cost of administration, outlay on railways, insurance for workmen, paying the cost of public worship, and maintaining an army and navy for the protection of the second largest mercantile marine in Europe, and it was done at a little more than half the cost that is done in Ireland. Is there any way of accounting for this amazing disparity except that Ireland by reason of her political connection with Great Britain is in such a state of discontent that it is found necessary from the Imperial point of view to raise those taxes in order to spend them again on a system not suited to the needs of Ireland and dictated by Imperial politics?"

Mr. O'Brien's answer was:

"I think Ireland has suffered a great disadvantage by the Union, especially in regard to the expenditure she is called upon to pay in connection with foreign wars with which she has very little concern. I think, however, she might be called on to pay something for defence."

This statement by itself might not be taken as of very great weight, but the other answers of the witness give overpowering testimony to the accuracy of his judgment. He takes the ground that many of the expenditures now called Imperial are really English. Ireland is a poor country and her struggle is against immediate want. Yet she has to bear the burdens incident to protecting the foreign policy of England, a land of wealth. The police force is one item of an unjust burden. It costs annually one and a half millions of pounds, whereas by

population as compared with Great Britain it should cost about £600,000, and very much less than that really because crime in Ireland is less in proportion than in Great Britain. One million of this expenditure should be classed as Imperial and not paid by the Irish people. It is true that three millions a year are spent on the military. But the objection is made that there is no need for the troops and secondly that most of the money is spent for clothes and oven food in England, the only people who receive any benefit being a few farmers near some of the barracks.

Another complaint made is in regard to the Church fund. We give the examination as conducted by Mr. Sexton:

"Take the case of the Church Fund—now here was an Irish ecclesiastical corporation, and the first thing, as I understand, that the Imperial Legislature did when they had the opportunity was to contribute an artificial value to the assets? Yes.

That is, put a capital burden of about five millions upon persons liable to pay those church rents? Yes, I think that is so.

And having put their burden upon that class in Ireland, the next step was to relieve the Imperial purse of annual charges amounting to a capital value of a million? Yes.

Then the main bulk of the fund has been used since then for the purpose of meeting demands such as famine, distress, and political exigencies, which if this fund had not existed would have to be paid out of the Imperial purse? Yes.

And the next step was that the National Debt Commission borrowed money—at that time, I think, at about 3 per cent. now at 2½—and having advanced 11 or 12 millions they charge now on those advances 3½ per cent. interest? Yes.

Do you note the fact that this money so used is not even Imperial money, and that it comes from Ireland out of the savings banks there? I do not think any of it is Imperial money.

Is it not the fact that while the National Debt Commissioners receive this money at 2½ per cent. they charge 3½ to Ireland—that they use the savings of the poor in Ireland to make a profit? Yes; and I believe not only do they charge 3½ per cent. in the case of loans for land, but they sometimes charge 4 per cent.

Here is the British Government shouldering off its Imperial obligations upon the Irish people, and not content with that, actually making a profit of one per cent on twelve millions of the Irish people's own money. Is it any wonder that the civilized world agrees in Mr. O'Brien's conclusion that the financial results of the Union have been disastrous to Ireland, the taxation having there enormously increased whereas in Great Britain it has decreased? What will perhaps startle some people is Mr. O'Brien's declaration that the expenditure raised in Ireland is ample for all purposes, Imperial and local, and that it would be a saving to Great Britain if Irish affairs were all dealt with in Ireland.

Don't think that your sackcloth is a failure if it isn't cut in the latest style

Don't repent to-day what you are sure to do to-morrow. That leads to unhappiness.

Don't borrow trouble while it's Lent.

Don't mistake biliousness for repentance.

Don't bother too much about your neighbour's views of this life and the next. Make Lent a local issue.

Don't let your wife do the Lenten duties of the family, but try to live up to your better half.

Don't let Charity cover too many sins.

Don't forget that gossip is the recreation of the Evil One.

Don't demand more of other men than you require from yourself.

Don't forget that those who fast are happier than those who are fast.

Hamilton.

St. Patrick was honored with special services in all the city churches last Sunday. Bishop Dowling preached at two masses in the morning and again at vespers.

At St. Lawrence Church High Mass was celebrated at 9.30 o'clock by Rev. Father Coty, assisted by Rev. Father Brady. The I.C.B.U. were present, nearly every member turning out to honor their patron Saint. His Lordship Bishop Dowling preached a sermon so eloquent and touching that many an Irish heart was carried back to the Green Isle, the scene of St. Patrick's work and struggles. A full orchestra was in attendance and rendered Mercadante's Mass in B in their usual satisfactory manner.

At St. Patrick's church, 9 o'clock mass was celebrated by Rev. Father O'Reilly for the different Catholic Societies. The A. O. H., C. M. B. A., and the E. B. A. were present. The celebrant delivered an interesting sermon on the patron saint.

At 11 o'clock solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Craven, attended by Rev. Fathers Brady, Coty, and O'Reilly. Bishop Dowling was present and gave a short address reviewing Irish history from the days of St. Patrick. The choir was assisted by Mrs. Bruce-Wilkinson who sang Hauptmann's 'Ave Maria'. At vespers Rev. Father Kreidt, of Niagara Falls, gave a stirring and effective address on "St. Patrick and Irish History."

At St. Joseph's Church, the sacred concert and lecture in the evening were the events of the celebration. The music, instrumental and vocal, was faultless. The lecture was delivered by Rev. Father Coty. Taking as his subject "The fidelity of the Irish people to the faith in all ages and under all persecutions" he followed the Irish race, dwelling emphatically and patriotically on the vigor of the faith as held by the Irish against the crushing bigotry of their persecutors. Very pathetic indeed was his description of the trials pressed on the Irish people by the iron heel of the oppressor, and the misery attending their devotion to the faith. At the conclusion of the lecture, Bishop Dowling spoke for a few minutes, taking occasion to refer to the education question, in which the germ of persecution appears as it appeared and matured in Ireland.

The A.O.H. held a grand concert in Association Hall last Monday night, in honor of St. Patrick. It was a success in every way.

Sister Gertrude, of St. Joseph's Convent was given a reception last Tuesday by the sisters and the orphans under their charge, the occasion being her Silver Jubilee.

Denied by Mgr. Satolli.

A French newspaper of Quebec city, having published a letter from its correspondent in Rome, in which it was stated that Mgr. Satolli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, had expressed the opinion that the greatest blessing, both spiritual and temporal, that could befall Canada would be its annexation to the United States, a resident having the honor of a personal acquaintance with Mgr. Satolli wrote his Excellency, enclosing the story, in answer to which he had received the following emphatic denial:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6.

"MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the 4th inst. I would say that the expression of opinion attributed to me in the clipping you send is absolutely without foundation. I carefully avoid all interference in political affairs and would never dream of expressing an opinion on the matter in question. Faithfully yours.

"FR. ARCHP. SATOLLI, Del. Apost."

How Tim Power Took the Pledge.

A Tramore Yarn.

For the Register.

Moshtha! I'm tired av tellin' it, childher; besides 'tis unlucky, An' mother 'ud be as put out an' angry as if I had struck ye. Not 'till the cocks were crowin' 'ud wan av ye sleep a wink, An' it discomposes meself; I'd be feelin' th'ould gra for a drink. Wantin' a drink inagh' an' me wid the pledge for life, Pledged by the priest, begorra, as fast as I am to the wife.

Well! how 'sever, here goes, while havin' a shough o' the pipe, "Warm an' shnog?" O, yeh, an' so's a dhry bog for a snipe.

'Tis thirty year or more since I tuk an oar in the bow, When Moira, the boat, an' me, wor better lookin' than now. We're bothered an' athrained an' patched, an' heavy again a wind, "Only for fair weather use," the register says, d'ye mind.

But there was a day alannin', tho' I be sayin' it who shouldn't, Th'ould boy himself might shake us—he did—but stop us he couldn't.

We were gathered around the greesagh, an' feelin' just moggalorr, Takin' a dhrop together an' braggin' about Tramore.

We never purtind that all winther there isn't the like in the South, For it's wirraathree! wid the ship that's caught in its threacherous mouth, But from April up to October, we'd swear it livin' an' dead, No purtier Bay in this world than that inside Brownstown Head.

Love o' my heart, Tramore! where ever was sky so blue? An' who can sit it so queenly, throned on the cliffs, like you? Your feet in the waves achorra! your face in a summer veil, An' houldin' your Court av Beauty, above on the Doneraile!

Well an' good, as I said, our discoorse was about th'ould town, Singin' her praises sky-high, an' runnin' her rivals down.

When right on a rust o' the storm we heard Patey Shanahan Shoutin' a ship in distress outside o' the Metal Man.

A lather an' Ave it tuk, from Sheanacur there by the turf, To makin' the Sign o' the Cross, as Moira swept into the surf.

A new leftinnant we had from Carnsore Coast guard dhrawn, A bouchail wid laahin's av pluck, but a black an' bitter shukann, An' it athruck us then av a sudden, we all thought it mighty quare, He had never wance made the Sign, nor uttered a mouthful o' prayer.

We didn't have time to spake, our work was waitin' us then, For the lower raygions wor looser an' we had to behave like men.

Aye, from that same leftinnant to me a gorsoon in the bow, Dho raha! we'd often faced death, an' worn't afeard av it now.

Mile murther! the night was as black as th'ace o' spades.

Thunder an' lightnin' galore, like the place Father John calls "Hades."

The rain and the whistlin' spray, they whipped like a ratlin' athrand, An' down the waves wor a-rowlin', begorra from Newfoun'land

An' all the brass bands in Europe nor only a phillabean't call To the moldherin' bursts o' music that battered the Storm Wall.

Thro' the night an' the rain an' the roar, we sighted the ship at last, Poundin' an' poundin' again, an' goin' to pieces fast.

We laid the Moira 'longside, slipped undher her counter nate,

An' when we came up the lift, we jumped for her railin's athraight,

Sprang wid the lines all clear, the leftinnant, me an' McKay,

Sprang for her counter-rail, and athruck in the bilin' say!

When they dhragged us back in the boat every man av us n'athered a prayer, For divil, the sight o' a spar, or a ship or leftinnant was there!

An' aich mother's son, next mornin', was marched to the priest by his wife, An' soon as he'd "read over all, faith he gave us the pledge for life.

That ship was a ghost! no less. The leftinnant, I'm after namin', An' sweet bad luck to th' thicks, 'twas an elegant sample o' schamin'.

WILLIAM DOLLARD.

Do boats, your soul. † Flower.