

A POWERFUL PLEA.

AN EMINENT RABBI ON HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

Rabbi Joseph Kranskopf, D. D., Lectures on "A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland," Before the Reform Congregation—Keneseth Israel in Philadelphia, Pa.

We reproduce to-day a plea on the above subject. Coming as it does from the mouth of a Jew, and a Rabbi at that, we have deemed it fit to write by way of introduction something of the learned and eloquent preacher.

Dr. Joseph Kranskopf is a graduate of the University of Cincinnati, and the Hebrew Union College, of which Rev. Dr. J. M. Wise, editor of the "American Israelite" is President. Rabbi Kranskopf, who has only been in charge of his Philadelphia Temple during the past six years, has earned for himself the appellation of the "Henry Ward Beecher" of the Jewish pulpit. Though only 35 years of age, he has recently had an associate Rabbi assigned to him. One of his last inaugurations was a plan for the bettering of the condition of the dwellings of the poor. And with this end in view Peabody dwellings are about to be erected. His synagogue is open every day of the week. We believe it is the only one that is open at all hours.

He is the author of several very interesting and instructive works. For the second time since he graduated Dr. Kranskopf will deliver the oration to the new Rabbi at their ordination by the venerable Rabbi, J. M. Wise on the 22nd inst. May Rabbi Kranskopf live long to continue preaching such truisms as those which we publish to-day, and which will put all true Catholics under an obligation to him for ever.—An address from the Rev. Dr. on "Jew and Catholic" would be very acceptable to us, and Catholics all over the world. The following are the principal arguments of the lecture on Home Rule and we regret exceedingly that our limited space will not permit of the reproduction of the entire lecture:—

"Refraine not from speaking when thou mayest save."

—Ben Sirach.

"Humani nihil alienum," (Nothing human is foreign to me.)

"The man who melts

With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsmen of more worth."

Euripides.

I have seen many vast assemblies presided over by distinguished men, and addressed by brilliant orators, but the memory of none of them will linger more fondly and more lasting in my mind than that of the Mass-Meeting at the Academy of Music, held by American citizens, for the purpose of aiding a noble party in England in their efforts to restore to a noble people in Ireland God-given rights and privileges that have been ignobly torn from them.

What sight can be grander than an assemblage of thousands of sympathizers with a righteous cause, of thousand of protesters against an unlawful autocracy of a powerful nation over a small and feeble people! What sympathy more touching than that of the free and prosperous American Irishman for the Irishman, subjected and suffering in his native Emerald Isle. What sympathy more inspiring than that, which binds the heart of the Irishman, the whole world over, to his kindred and kin in ocean-lashed Hibernia. So organic is that union, so much like a single living organism is the Irish race, that the whole body writhes in agony, if but the slightest injury is inflicted upon the least of its members. Let an outrage be committed by an oppressor's hand upon even the humblest of the Celtic race, and the wail of lamentation is borne by an invisible sympathetic chord over lands and seas, and thrills with agony, and fills with burning indignation, every true Irish heart. This union of common interests, "world-wide apart, and yet akin," this oneness of heart, this it has been, that has enabled the Irish people to present a front, which seven centuries of oppression have but tended to make all the stronger, and all the more unconquerable.

Even without this sweet dream, who can better sympathize with the people

of Ireland than the people of Israel? What two peoples are closer related to each other by ties of sufferings than they? Place the histories of Israel and Ireland side by side upon the world's stage, and you behold two of the most oppressed and most calumniated peoples that ever trod the earth, two martyr-races, deprived of the rights of their own countries, subjected to most cruel enactments, trampled under the iron-heel of pitiless brute-force. Yet, notwithstanding cruel treatment and cruel laws, you behold in them two peoples made up of heroes, the valor of the least of whom eclipses the glory of even the greatest warrior of other nations. For, what courage can equal their braving of centuries of oppression and degradation, of cruelty and contempt, and their continuing firm in their demands for their rights, and resolute to fight for them to the end! Suffering and defeat had no terrors for them, and death had no power over them. Though a thousand times cast down, though a thousand times silenced by dungeon or gibbet, by flame or sword, still a thousand times they arose again, and struggled on, unwearied and undismayed, wrestling, inch by inch, their God-given rights from their un pitying foes, struggling on, till the younger of these valiant peoples sees its right almost established, and the older begins to hope that its perseverance and sacrifices will someday meet with a similar reward.

Of such noble men and women the Academy of Music held many on last Monday evening. What their faith, and what their descent, was I do not know. But this I do know: they were Americans, descendants of heroes, who a century ago fought for rights similar to those for which the Irish fight to-day, and against the same foe. And knowing this, I also knew that their hearts went out to the oppressed across the sea, and their sympathies to the Grand Old Man at Westminster, who has made it the crowning duty of his life to see them free.

And also this I know: there were among them those, whose ancestry does not run back to the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge,—but whose memories run back to the victories of Gettysburg, of Appomattox, of the Shenandoah Valley, and to the Irishmen's share therein, and to America's indebtedness to them for the valiant services they rendered in ridding it of its debasing slavery, and for the thousands of lives they cheerfully laid down for the preservation of the Union, whose dismemberment their present, and our former, antagonist secretly sought to help to effect.

But, granted that we have a moral right to protest against England's proceedings in Ireland, how can we justly do so, living too far away to be able to judge fairly of the true internal state of affairs of both these countries? What assurance have we that we, even with our best intentions for both these peoples, are not really encouraging sedition and bloodshed, are not really hastening a state of affairs that may bring far greater calamities upon Ireland than ever she encountered in all her troubled past?

This, too, were a powerful argument, if we, on this side of the Atlantic, had not the Honorable Mr. Gladstone, and his dominant party in the English House of Commons, for our authority, if we had not carefully perused, and thoughtfully pondered over, that noblest of all his political documents, his latest Home Rule Bill, the destined *Magna Charta* of Ireland. It were a powerful argument, if we had not the knowledge, that the author and sponsor of that Bill is not an Irishman, not a follower of the Roman Church, not a rabid revolutionist nor a reckless demagogue, none other than probably the greatest of English patriots, the most zealous champion of the Established Anglican Church, the truest Englishman that ever trod British soil, the highest in the council of the Queen, the most honored in Great Britain's House of Parliament. It were a powerful argument, if the author of this Bill had not made a noble record for himself, for bitterly opposing, whether in power or out of power, nearly every war-measure ever introduced, or every Bill that involved a

likelihood of war or of vexatious complications, and for staunchly and persistently advocating every reform-measure that promised to advance the prosperity of the Queen's empire, and the content and happiness of her people. Where such a man leads, every liberty-loving man or woman may safely follow. The cause of Ireland's self-rule, which he espoused many years ago, and which he has advocated ever since, to which he has given the best years of his political life, and on which he has bestowed the best thought of his wide experience in statesmanship, the cause for which he has patiently borne defeat and abuse, and for which he possibly sacrifices now many a day of precious life of the few days yet meted out to him, such a cause is worthy of the endorsement and support of every man and woman in whose bosom throbs a human heart, in whose soul burns a spark of that celestial fire, which on earth is called Love of Right and Justice and Liberty.

What is there so terrible in Ireland's demand which England so persistently refuses to grant? What is the aim of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill? Is it to deprive England of the possession of Ireland? No! Is it to rob the Queen of Ireland's allegiance to the throne? No! Is it to exempt the Irish people from serving in the National Parliament or army, or from contributing their share towards the maintenance of the National Government? No! Is it to set up an independent government, and to establish an independent army, as a menace to the people of England? No! Such treason is foreign to the loyal Irish heart, is undreamed of by their age and honor-laden champion, would have been as bitterly denounced by the American people, in just as largely attended a mass-meeting, as their just demand was endorsed and applauded last Monday night.

Ireland desires to remain united with England loyal to the Queen, to assist in sustaining and maintaining the honor and the power of the National Government, and is ready and willing to lay down her life in its defense. But in return for her allegiance, support and sacrifice, she asks for a restoration to her of her right to local government, that was treacherously taken from her, at the beginning of the present century. She asks for her ancient, sacred right to legislate, like Canada, or Hungary, or any of our States, her own local affairs, in her own local parliament, within the capital of her own land, and for the good of her own people.

Why is the Tory party afraid to heed the advice of the Premier and of his powerful Liberal Party behind him, and to grant to Ireland her just rights? Is it the fear that the vast empire may be swallowed up by little home-ruling Ireland?

England's refusal to grant Ireland the right to Home Rule can, therefore be due to nothing but pride or avarice or rancor or stubbornness. Against reasons such as these, ours is the duty to encourage the noble men across the sea in their heroic efforts to right a long and grievous wrong. Against reasons such as these, ours is the right to appeal for the sympathy of all lovers of freedom, that with their aid the Grand Old Man may achieve the last, the greatest, the hardest fought, the most deserved triumph of his life of more than four score years, of which more than three score years have been consecrated to the best interests of his country. Ours is the obligation, as liberty loving-people, to help, in every honorable and peaceful way at our command, to root out political oppression, the arch-fiend of human progress, the enemy of national peace and of domestic happiness. Ours is the divine-given right, as a peace-loving and peace-pursuing people, to plead for the oppressed and enslaved, for the prosecuted and down-trodden, so long till our voice arouses other voices, and these awaken still other voices, until the whole world unites in one mighty shout for freedom, until every cause of discord between nations and peoples and creeds is removed, until the mighty standing armies are disbanded, and turned into useful toilers, till every sword is turned into a plowshare, and every spear into a pruning-knife, till every man sits under his own vine and under his own fig-tree, with none to hurt and none to destroy, till the earth is as full of the peace and love of God as the waters cover the sea.

CHINA.

Catholicity in Pekin.

The Catholic community in the Chinese capital has lately been increased by the addition of the British Minister, Mr. N. R. O'Connor, C.B., and his wife (nee Hope Scott). There are now four large churches in Pekin, and some 6000 Catholics in the city and surrounding districts. In addition there is a chapel at the French legation, where the Europeans usually hear Mass. Others, however, prefer to attend the native churches, where the native Chinese are very edifying and often set Europeans a good example as practical and devout Catholics. The city of Pekin, known in the days of Marco Polo as "Cambalie," received the Faith as early as the 13th century from Franciscan missionaries, the most celebrated of whom was John a Monte Carvino in 1288, who was created Archbishop of Cambalie or Pekin, by Pope Clement V. Having been destroyed by persecution, the church was restored by the Jesuit Father Rini about 1582. From about 1600 the church of Pekin has flourished through various vicissitudes under the Jesuits, and subsequent to 1784, under the Lazarists. The old See of Pekin was suppressed, early in this century, and the new Vicariate of Pe-chi-li established, with the Bishop's residence and cathedral in Pekin. This Vicariate now numbers over 36,000 Catholics, with 25 Europeans and 26 native priests; 22 churches and 156 chapels, besides small oratories; 199 schools with 1771 pupils, and a large number of institutes of charity convents, &c. The splendid new church of St. Joseph's, at Pekin, was begun in 1879, to replace the old church dedicated to the same saint, built in 1703, and destroyed by the government in 1812. St. Joseph's is the finest and handsomest in Pekin.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

The Healthfulness of Farm Life.

It is not an open question whether the time has not come to throw, as it were, a halo of sentiment about the life of the farm, and to cause this halo to permeate all departments of farm life, and so to rob the occupation of much that now seems to make it distasteful.

To be sure, farm work is hard work; but that it is harder work than trucking or bricklaying, carpenter work or a thousand and one trades of the city, it would be difficult to prove. The hours are longer, but they are spent out-of-doors, in the healthful, clear, bracing fresh air, and health and peace of mind are likely to come with them.

Once his day's work is done, the town-dweller has his club-room, headquarters, saloon or some other favorite lounging place, where he can discuss timely topics with his fellows. That this discussion is any benefit to him, there is grave reason to question. It makes him dissatisfied, uneasy and rebellious; but, all the same, he has it, and that, too, because he wants it.

The farm-dweller lacks this source of amusement; but he can, in most localities, go to the corner grocery and learn what is going on in the world, and it is safe to say that he gets a far more reasonable and healthy idea of current events than the man in the city.

As the country becomes more thickly settled and land is cut up into smaller sections, it would be the easiest thing imaginable to have a general place of meeting in every community. A reading-room, with the agricultural books, papers and general literature of the business, a weekly lecture on all the newest ideas belonging to the occupations of the farm, and an evening or so a week for purely social pleasure and amusement, would do much toward making farming communities more desirable places of residence.

There are many who contend that farming hours are too long. On this subject it may be said that men who follow it live longer and have better health than in almost any other profession. And it is but just to say that the pleasures of driving, riding, the garden, flowers, and fruit are too highly appreciated by many persons to be willingly surrendered, even though they involve a good deal of hard work and no end of care.—*New York Ledger.*

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