

future—I won't say that we come to the question of the choice of our successors, because I hope none of us will have any successors (laughter); but we come to the choice of our future colleagues. I suppose it will be necessary for each one of us to take a future colleague under his wing in the new Parliament. We shall each be mated—we shall each have a new member to induct into the mysteries of the alien assembly (laughter); but, gentlemen, undoubtedly upon the choice of our future colleagues and their future action will, in all human probability, depend without exaggeration the future of Ireland and the fate of the nation, at all events in our time (hear, hear). There, therefore, a great responsibility—an unprecedented responsibility now thrown upon the constituencies in regard to this question of the choice of our future colleagues, and there is a considerable responsibility thrown upon us.

THE NEW MEN. We ought not to be very modest in the present position of affairs. We shall require undoubtedly in the new men of the Irish Party the best ability, the sturdiest honesty and inflexibility, the truest judgment, and the most absolute self-negation that the country can supply (hear, hear). These are the qualities, however difficult to obtain, that are especially difficult to secure in the early-baby of a general election; and looking on the matter from every point of view, and having due regard to the undoubted right of constituents to judge, and to judge very largely, for themselves in these matters, desirous as we are to divide the responsibility, if necessary, as it is for us to divide the responsibility with the constituents of Ireland—

A VOICE IN THE SELECTION. I think we may fairly claim, in reference to this selection of candidates—I may fairly claim (loud applause)—for myself (renewed applause) and for myself the right of consultation with the constituents (cheers). That is not a matter that could be said to be trespassing upon any right which belongs to the nation at large (hear, hear). The general and the officers of an army are entitled to some voice in the choice of their colleagues and comrades (hear, hear), and they usually exercise a very much larger voice than any which we claim or ever have claimed (hear, hear). We claim, therefore, and it is a very modest claim—we claim the right of consulting with the constituencies, so as to provide a safeguard for the preservation of the party, and of the country too, (hear, hear) from men prejudicial to that united, harmonious, energetic, and upright course, without which the Party, instead of winning the national battle, would run very great risk of losing it (hear, hear). I shall now go further a little.

THE PROGRAMME. I have already spoken of the past and of the immediate future, and I shall ask you to accompany me for a moment a little beyond that to the time when Ireland, having prudently and anxiously selected her eighty or eighty-five representatives, will have sent them over to the battle, and, as we all hope and believe, the final battle, the last battle (cheers). What will be the new programme? We have had conventions and conferences, and it has been the custom to include a number of measures in addition to the great measure of all—the restoration of an Irish Parliament, the concession of legislative independence (cheers). We have had resolutions about Land Acts, Franchise Acts, Municipal Acts, Labourers Acts, and so forth, all pointing to the belief in our minds, as those who are primarily responsible for the drafting of our programme, that it would be necessary for us to pay attention as well to remedial measures in fact that there would be time to pay attention to remedial measures before winning the final and great and ultimate measure of all (cheers). Now that undoubtedly, although it cannot be described as putting the cart before the horse, yet I hope that it may not be necessary for us in the new Parliament to devote our attention to subsidiary measures (cheers), and that it may be possible for us to have a programme and a platform, and to have a plank (cheers) and that on the plank of National Independence (renewed cheers). I feel convinced, Mr. McCarthy and comrades, that our great work and our sole work in the new Parliament will be

THE RESTORATION OF OUR PARLIAMENT. (hear, hear, and loud cheering). And when we have obtained it, what will be its functions and what will be its powers? We shall require, we shall require, we shall require to do those things which we have been asking the British Parliament to do for us. We shall require them to develop the Healy Clause of the Land Act, to abolish evictions, landlord oppression, and rackrenting (hear, hear), to make every tenant-farmer the owner of his holding upon fair terms. We shall require that power to do this shall be given to our Parliament (hear, hear), we shall require our new Parliament to secure to the labourer a share in the heritage of the land and comfortable houses. We shall not then have to depend upon the halting action of *ex officio* boards of guardians. We shall require our own Parliament to build up the industries of Ireland (hear, hear), to see that not only the agricultural labourers, but that the artisans (hear, hear), the workmen, and the mechanics of the towns shall be enabled to live, and thereby we shall endeavour to keep our people at home (hear, hear), to afford profitable employment, to look after the educational interests of the youth of Ireland, and to train them up in the way they should go, both from a religious and a national point of view (hear, hear). We have, therefore, gentlemen, a great work before us, both in the English House of Commons, for a while, and also in the Irish Chamber, where it will be a single chamber (loud applause), and that we shall not have a House of Lords to cumber us (renewed applause). But undoubtedly at this time we are entering upon a most important and serious part of our mission, because it is a most critical part.

THE REINFORCED PARTY. May the next party contain, if possible, still greater elements of energy and vigour, honesty, and of courage as that which fought through the epoch which has just expired. May I find colleagues so generous to their leader and so loyal to each other (hear, hear). But it is the

people of Ireland on whom the result of this struggle finally depends (hear, hear). I believe the next body of Irish members sent to Westminster will be well chosen, that they will fight and that they will win their battle so far as they can win it, but it is undoubtedly upon our people at home that the main burden rests (hear, hear). It is they, and they alone, who can now defeat the Irish cause. If they maintain the fixity of purpose and the union of the last five years, no power on earth can resist them (applause). I confide in the judgment and in the patriotism of our people (applause), and in the new electorate (applause). I believe that they will not be wanting (applause), that the great masses now brought within the Constitution will do their duty to the fullest extent (applause), and I therefore feel assured that the next Irish Party that will be assembled shall be the last in the English and the first in the restored Irish Parliament (loud applause).

Mr. Parnell resumed his seat amid cheers. No other toasts were proposed, the rest of the evening being spent in a very pleasant social manner. The street outside was crowded with people, who could be heard singing "God Save Ireland," and cheering at intervals. At an early hour in the evening a large crowd assembled outside the Imperial Hotel and warmly cheered the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party as they arrived. At half-past seven o'clock Mr. Parnell drove over from Morrison's Hotel, and when the people recognised him they gathered around the cab and cheered him most enthusiastically. The crowd remained in the street till the dinner was over, and during the interval "God Save Ireland" was sung and cheers were given again for Parnell, Justin McCarthy, Gray, Healy, O'Brien, and others. A band also joined the crowd, and for some time played a number of national airs. After the dinner the members were again accorded hearty greetings as they left the hotel. The people gathered around Mr. E. D. Gray and escorted him to the Freeman office, cheering lustily the while. Similar scenes were enacted when other prominent members of the Parliamentary Party made their appearance. Mr. Parnell remained in the Imperial till the crowd had dispersed and then quietly drove to Morrison's Hotel.

THE SACRED HEART.

PERE MONSABRE.

The love of Jesus is immense. And what wonder! It is ineffably tender. It is not subject to that law of our weakness which reserves tenderness for concentrated affections, and which will have their intensity diminished when they are expanded. Our heart is so poor that soon its resources are exhausted; the Heart of Jesus is rich with an infinite tenderness. To express it, He uses the most ardent and touching figures. He is a Shepherd—all souls are the sheep of His flock; He knows them all, and calls them by their name; He chooses their pasture, He protects them from the enemy, He is troubled for the missing and runs to seek them, takes them upon his shoulders to spare them the fatigue of the road, and restores them trembling to the middle of the flock. He is a Father—the human race is His family. He shares His bread with His faithful children, and for the prodigal He treasures up generous pardons and joyful welcomes. He is a Mother: He is always eager to press His children to His heart as the timid hen her little chickens. He is a Spouse: He promises to watchful souls mysterious wedding feasts and eternal joys. Every weakness is amiable to Him. It is with the most delicate precautions He touches the bruised reed, that it may not be broken; the flax that still smoulders, that it may not be extinguished.

Children and the poor have a choice place in His affections. The poor, whom we are willing to succour when we have a compassionate heart, but whom we keep at a distance when to compassionate one dignity with their low condition Jesus admits into His company, permits their sweet and holy familiarity, patiently explains the mysteries of His doctrine, humiliates Himself before them, serves them, lives their life, and assures them of the possession of the Kingdom of Heaven. Still more strange and ineffable! supreme misery, shameful misery, has the power of attracting His Heart and exciting His tenderness, against which the pride of honest hearts rebels. All that we can do is, not to judge sinners too severely, and generously renounce the right they give us to despise them. Jesus loves them, seeks them, calls them near Him, besieges their guilty souls with His kind attention, fills them with His goodness, touches them, in order that He may be able to say to them: Be of good courage, your sins are forgiven. The despised and dishonoured Magdalen, all the sick and leprous in the moral order, are the objects of His charitable solicitude and His earnest care. He is merciful—*misericors et misericors*, among all His works of love, compassion and tenderness for the great misery of sin hold the first place: *Misericordia eius super omnia opera eius*.

Never was the like seen; we are astonished; we almost make it a crime. Never will the like be seen, unless His merciful tenderness has passed from His heart into the hearts of His children. And yet, this merciful tenderness appears to contradict itself. When Jesus is found before His enemies, He unmaaks their hypocrisy, reveals their hidden faults, and cries out: Woe to their culpable life! *Vae vobis Phariseis!* This is what we call severity, anger, harshness. Yes, no. When pride resists love, love has but one weapon against it; to show it; to show its crimes, and warn it of the chastisements prepared for it. The heart that is silent in such a case is a heart that no longer loves. But Jesus loves always; His severity is the last proof of a tenderness which to the end wishes to establish its rights that it may grant its benefits. This word *beneficentia* brings before us a third quality of the love of Christ: His inexhaustible generosity. It is the proper characteristic of love; that by which it is known not to be deceitful. The transports, the effusions of tenderness which are expressed only in words and ineffectual desire, may surprise for an instant innocent hearts, but at length they recognize that they are abused if love goes

no further. To love is not to please oneself with those whom we love, and to enjoy without return the sweetness of their affection: *Amare est velle bonum dicimus*. Love gives. The more it strips itself of what it has to enrich those whom it has chosen, the greater, the truer it is. On this account, all human love languishes beside the love of the Saviour, for, all His life, He wished the good of those whom He loved. And all the good that He wished, He accomplished. This mystery must be seen with the eyes of faith.

However, those who dispute the divine greatness and providential mission of Christ, cannot refrain from doing homage to His admirable goodness. He forgets Himself; He is all to those He loves; He instructs with patience, He encourages, condole, makes peace, causes His passage everywhere to be blessed by His benefits; abandoned and betrayed, He intercedes for His own; on the road of torture, He compassionates those who weep for Him; at the moment of death, the culprit who prays to Him, He makes a sweet promise, and asks of God pardon for His executioners. His love has this exceptional character, which is only remarked in the human heart after He gave the impetus to all hearts; it leaves the confined regions of intimacy, of the family, of patriotism, to extend itself to all humanity. Evidently, if Christ is the greatest of men by the elevation of His mind and His character, He is also the best by the goodness of His heart. This is what reason thinks and says at those times when passion is calm and prejudice prevents not the clear view of facts.

But faith reveals to us still other wonders. From the hidden life of our Saviour to His public life, from His public life to His suffering life, it shows us, as it were, a constant emulation of the same generosity, seeking always to surpass itself. The Apostle has resumed all in these few words: *Christus dilexit nos et tradidit semetipsum pro nobis*—Christ has loved us and delivered Himself up for us. The sole fact of the Word annihilated in human nature is a grand act of love. And we could at once, in presence of a glorious incarnation which would present Him to our trembling admiration: Christ has loved us—*Christus dilexit nos*. But He is not given, He delivers Himself: *tradidit semetipsum*. He delivers Himself by the touching weakness of an infancy which invites confidence and familiarity. He delivers Himself in the pious effusions of His hidden life, wholly employed in prayer for us to His Heavenly Father. He delivers Himself in making Himself a humble and poor laborer, to raise in the esteem of men a deplorable condition, and to show that true nobility depends neither upon rank, nor fortune, nor human power. He delivers Himself in patient and sublime teaching of His doctrine, in the revelation of the divine secrets of which He is, as the Word, the eternal witness. He delivers Himself, in placing His omnipotence at the service of our reason, which wishes for signs; at the service of our infirmity and misery, which ask for aid. He delivers Himself in scourging, by His example, as well as by His words, for the regeneration of our minds and hearts. But all these great gifts do not satisfy His love. His great gift as far as the supreme gift, the gift of His life: "No one can have greater love for his friends than to lay down his life for them." *Majorum charitatem nemo habuit ut animam suam ponat quis pro amico suo*.

In the trials, tribulations, sufferings and death of Christ, the rational sees but fatal accidents for which every extraordinary man must be prepared, whose greatness and virtues offend jealous mediocrity and restless vice; but the Christian recognizes the literal accomplishment of the words: *Tradidit semetipsum*. Christ delivered Himself.

Understand well this mystery of love, if you would understand the Heart of Jesus.

WAS IT NOT MIRACULOUS?

Philadelphia Standard.

[We have received from a highly esteemed correspondent the following statement taken from the *Cohoes Regulator*. The occurrence narrated in it has already been noticed in several of our city dailies, but the account given of it by the *Cohoes Regulator* is not only more detailed and circumstantial, but has a higher value, inasmuch as the writer had full and direct means of ascertaining the exact truth, as the correctness of the account is also confirmed by the statements personally made to our correspondent by a friend who was an eyewitness to the occurrence, and for whose veracity he is willing to vouch. We publish the account with the usual reserve as to the authenticity of the alleged miracle:]

THE MYSTERY—A SENSATION THAT HAS NO SOLUTION—IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD MADE MANIFEST—A STORY THAT IS PROVED TRUE BEYOND A DOUBT. At the small tenement house of Mrs. Mary Wood, at 14 Summit street, there occurred on Thursday (August 20th) a mysterious matter that will trouble all the scientists in the world to account for by any known human agency. The story is a strange one, and if it were not so well authenticated we would hesitate to print it. A young child of Mrs. Wood had been taken ill, and the mother, fearing it would die, was loath that her little one should pass away from life without the form of Baptism, which so many believe insures a welcome in the other world. Mrs. Wood was a Protestant, and she sent for several clergymen, Protestants, but they were out of town. As last she sent for good Father Lowry, the Pastor of St. Agnes' Church. The child was baptized according to the Catholic ritual, and a few hours later passed into the shadowy land. The body was laid out, a clean sheet thrown over the little one's face, and then there appeared to that mother a wonderful sight. She was transfixed with astonishment as she saw plainly on the sheet that covered the little one's face the figures of a lamb, cross and a lily, and an angel form watching over all.

The neighbors were told of the circumstance, and they hastened to feast their eyes on the strange sight, and the pious ones crossed themselves and said their prayers with unusual fervor as they, too, saw plainly the outlined picture. Hundreds hastened to the house, and Officer Reardon, who was on duty there, hastened to the house and saw the strange but

beautiful sight, and remained to keep the crowd in order.

Hundreds bear testimony to the matter. All saw the symbolical picture, and all who pleased walked to the side of the dead and closely inspected the figures, the sheet and surroundings, hoping that they might find some human solution to the sacred vision. Curious people closely examined the sheet to detect, if possible, anything unusual. It was a plain sheet, however, one that had often been in use, and the only difference that could be noticed was that water would not pass through the fibres of the sheet where the vision was.

For full five hours that strange vision from the land of shadows remained, and during all that time the house was crowded. It was at eleven o'clock that the mother first saw the vision, and it was four in the afternoon when it passed away.

In other places this strange matter would have created the wildest sensation, but in this plain, matter-of-fact city of mills, people act as though visits from the other world were of every day occurrence.

What was it? We hear the question asked on every side. Who can tell? From the evidence there can be but one solution as giving the matter supernatural origin, and that is that the Divine Master saw fit to make this sign as indicating to the world that the child baptized in this faith was received by Him, and that such baptism was from Him. There was no chance for trickery, neither was there time for it. The mother was of the Protestant faith, and sought first to have her child baptized by a clergyman of her faith. It was a strange, weird, uncanny sight which will never be forgotten by those who saw it. There will be doubters who will affect to disbelieve the whole story, but the evidence is too strong, and in Cohoes there has been seen a mystery that will be heralded throughout the world as a miracle.

Truly God moves in mysterious ways, and Cohoes has been the scene of one of the deepest mysteries of the present age.

Questions Answered!!!!

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They will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!!!!"

CHAPTER I. Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu!!!!'

Ask the same physicians:

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c., and they will tell you

"Mantrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

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"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

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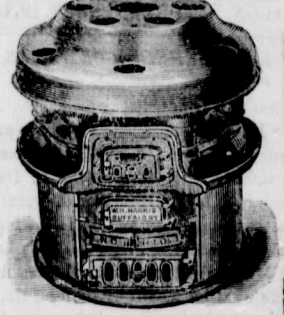
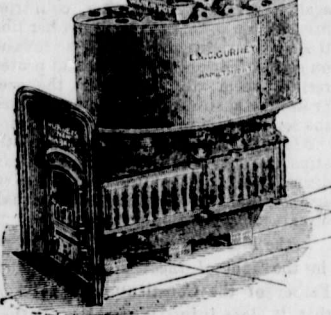
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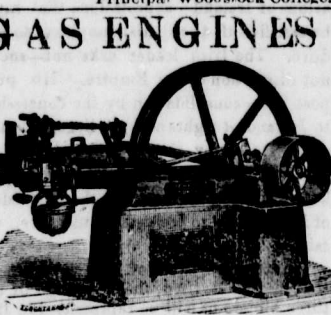
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