Catholic Record.

"Christianus mini nomen est, Catholicus vero cognomen."-"Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

AOLUME 8"

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY. AUG 20, 1887.

NO. 462.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO ily and friends in their bereavement and pray God to great him peace, light and refreshment. HAVE REMOVED

119 DUNDAS St. NEAR TALBOT.

THE DEMON OF THE PIRE.

An appublished poem by Edgar Alian Foe.

It is well known that the author of "The Bala" in its completed form, as new issued in the published works of the poet, a "study" of his greatest descriptive poem, and printed it in a popular magazine long before the work appeared in its but sixteen lines, while the revised version was built up to over 100. The published history of "The Raven" abould, it now seems, include the account of a juvenile poem by Foe written when he was 18 years of age, while a student of the University of Virginia. These verses, which the author then named "The Demon of the Fire," contain obvious suggestions of the alliterative word painting adopted with powerful effect in "The Raven," and both in their rhythm and in the atmosphere of the supernatural investing them are significantly suggestive of the weird and fateful pictures imped with so masterly a hand in "The Raven." The original copy of these verses was given by Foe to one of his Southern companions at the university. The poem has never been published.

THE DENOM OF THE PIRE. In the despect death of midnight,
While the med and colemn swell
Still was floating faintly echoed
From the Forest's chapel bell;
Faintly, faitering, floating,
O'es the cable waves of air,
That were through the midnight rolling,
Chafed and billowy with the tolling,
In my chamter [isy dreaming,
And my dreams were dreams toraha dowed
Of a heart foredoomed to care.

As the last long lingering echo
uf the midnight's mystic chime,
Lisping through the sable billow
Of the thither shore of time,
Leaving on the starless sinence,
Not a shadow or a trace,
In a quivering sigh departed
From my couch, in fear, I started—
Started to my feet to terror
For my dres m's phantasmal error
Painted in the fittuil.fre
A frightful, flendish. flaming face.

On the red hearth's reddest centre,
From a blasing knot of oak,
Seem to grin and gibe the phantom,
As in terror I awoke,
And my slumbering eyelide straining
As I struggled to the floor—
Still in that dread vision seeming,
Turned my gaze taward the gleaming
Hearth, and then, O God! I saw it,
And from its flaming jaws it
Spat a ceaseless, seething, hissing,
Bubbling, gurging stream of gore.

Speechies, struck with stony silence,
Frozen to the door I stood,
Till my very brain seemed hissing
With that hissing, bubbling blood,
Till I felt my life stream cozing,
Oosing from those ismbent lips,
Till the demon seemed to name me,
Then a wondrous calm o'ercame me,
And I fell back on my pillow,
In apparent soul collipse.

Thus, as in death's seeming shadows,
In the toy pail of fear,
In the toy pail of fear,
I lay stricken, came a hoarse and
Hideons murmur ito my ear.
Came a murmur like the murmur
Of assassins in their sleep,
Muttering, higher, higher,
"I am demon of the fire,
"I am demon of the fire,
And each biasting roof's my pyre.
And my aweetest incomes is
The bloud and tears my victims weep.

"How I revel on the prairie," How I roar amidst the plues, How I langh as from the village, O'er the anow the red flame shines, How I hear the shriek of tetror, With a life in every breath. How I scream with lambont laughter As I hurl each orackling ratter Down the fell abyes of fire. Until higher, sigher, bigher, Leap the high prieste of my sitar, In their merry dance of death

"I am monarch of the fire,
I am royal King of death,
World incircing with the shade
Of its doom upon my breath,
With the symbol of hereafter
Gleaming frem my fatal face
I command the eternal fire.
Righer, higher, higher, higher, leap my ministering demons,
Like phantasmagorie icmans,
Hugging universal nature
In their hideous embrace,"

Then a sombre silence shut me
In her solemu, shroused siesp.
And I slumbered like an infant.
In the eradic of the deep.
Till the belfry from the forest
Trembled with the matin stroke;
And the martins from the edge
Of their lichen hidden ledge
Phimmared through the russet arches
While the light, in torn files marrices
Like a routes army strugging
Through the serried ranks of oak.

Through my open fretted casement
Filtered in a tremulous note,
From the tall and shady linden,
Where the robin swelled his 'hroat.
Tiny wooer, brave breasted robin,
Quaintly calling for his mate
From my slumber, nightmare riden,
With the memory of that dire
Demon in my centras fire,
In my syes interior mirror
Like the shadow of a fate.

But the shadow of a late.

But the shedish fire had smoldered
To a white and formiess heap,
And no knot of oak was blesting
As it blasted upon my sleep,
But on the red hearth's reddest centre,
Where that demon's face had shown,
The shadowy lighting seemed to linger,
And to point with spectral finger
To a Bible, massive, golden,
On a table carved and olden,
And I howed and said. "All power
Is of God and God alone,"

- Mobile Register

Michael Gilessie.

Few men were as highly esteemed in the community in which he lived as the late Michael Gilessie of Kenmare, Tp. of Osgoode, who was buried on the 8th inst. Mr. Gilessie had attained his fiftieth year and might reasonably have looked forward to a much longer life. He did not, however, fear death, but met it in that spirit of Christian faith and fortitude which had marked his whole life. The deceased was a devoted Catholie, a useful and esteemed citisen. The vast concourse which assisted at his funeral testified to the regard in which he was held. We condole with his fam-

Irish Parliament measures of reform. He saw that the barbarous peasantry who were shot and dragooned down Irish Parliament measures of reform. He saw that the barbarous peasantry who were abot and dragooned down might rise some day, and he urged reform. But he was powerless, or almost so, for it was only by ruinous bribery that the English Government could induce the Irish governing class to part with any of their lucrative privileges. In 1792 he forced on the Irish Parliament measures for the admission of Roman Catholics to the electoral franchise, and as a safeguard to themselves the Irish borough-mongers founded the Orange Institution. But even the great Pitt could not undo the effects of years of bad government. The Roman Catholic peasantry, brooding over their wrongs, stirred by the French Revolution, at last rose, famine-stricken, naked, with blood-shot eyes, the whole South rose, cold terror seized the governing class and they—the Parliamentary undertakers, the nobles—rushed to the North and raised there the dread religious war cry. They had done wrong, and to defend themselves they raised the religious war cry. They said the South had risen against Protestantism. The South had not. It had only risen against "the hideous cruelties," the shameful neglect of the Irish Government. Of course Ulster was alarmed, and hast

of course Ulster was alarmed, and hast-ened to earoll itself into Orange lodges; thousands of men with no religion but the religion of the devil and of destitution were in arms in the South. But it suited were in arms in the South. But it suited the governing class to say the South had risen to re-establish Catholicism, and Uister was alarmed and fanned into relig-ious hate. The Southern peasantry, as is the manner of barbarous and desperate men, committed fearful atroctities; but the rabellion was easily appropriated and the men, committed fearful atrocities; but the rebellion was easily suppressed, and the rebels were shot down and hung in hundreds. Lord Cornwallis, the Lord Lieutenaut, a humane and wise ruler, complained of the difficulty he found in restraining the Orangemen from butchering the miserable natives. The fine liberty-loving Northern Protestants had allowed themselves to be deceived by the governing class. That same noble spirit of Puritanism which had struck the last blow at absolute monarchy now prostituted itself in the support of the worst class government that ever disgraced modern Europe. I wish I could show, how from being the noblest and bravest—from being men fired with the spirit of Hampden, Milton, Cromwell—with the spirit that manned the Mayflower, the Northern Protestants thus fell into a mere nolitical party. I wish with the spirit that manned the Mayflower, the Northern Protestants thus
fell into a mere political party. I wish
I could show what a shame it is to us
when that noble cry of dead heroes
"No Surrender" is bandled about in party
quarrels and drunken rows. I wish I
could show the sham, the everlasting
sham, of that cheap boastful oratory
that bellows itself hoarse on each 12th
of July. I wish I could show that if
the Southerns were—are murderers—
and have been wretched and steeped to
the lips in misery and crime and bigotry,
that it is to the eternal shame of the
Irish Government. I wish I could show
of all things that it is not the part of a
brave man to boast of a victory. The

Ily and friends in their bereavement and pray God to grant him peace, light and refreshment.

AN ORANGE SERMON.

AN ORANGE SERMON.

The Tyrone Constitution (Orange organ) publishes, "by request," the anniversary sermon by the Bay. G. V. Briacoo, preached in Onesgh parish church, or Sunday, July 10. The preacher first described the religious wars in England, and the end of them at the Boyne, is He continued:—

Of those who fought on King James' sides—they were brave men, too. "Change kings with us, and we will fight you again," once of the Irish officers said. But they were beaten in engagement after engagement—at Cork, at Kinsale, at Aughrim, they were beaten. After Limerick, where they made their last stand, they were allowed to go to France, and ten thousand men chose this exile rather than stay where they had lost all. "When the wild cry of the women who stood watching their departure was handed to thought of without shame by on the south of Ireland. For a hundred years the country remained departure was handed watching their departure was handed watching their departure was handed of three families alone. In fact, the Irish House was returned by a small group of nobles, who were recognised as "Parliament on their own course," The second of these families alone. In fact, the Irish House was returned by a small group of nobles, who were recognised as "Parliament on the world watching their departure was handed was the worst governed country in modern Europe. It was at the mercy of "a plundering aristocracy." The second darge and endeavored to force on the Irish Parliament measures of r there peace with my Southern fellowcountrymen. At present the Orange Institution preserves an armed neutrality;
some men even openly talk of rifles and
possible battles. Is this the way in
which we may do most for Protestantism,
the religion of the open Gospel? Of peace
and good-will to all men? Rather by
lives full of a generous purpose, lives
which all men may see are ruled by that
new commandment, "Love ye one
another, as I have loved you." And so
our Orange Institution will be a great
Brotherhood—not political, but religious;
a Brotherhood inspired by that which
alone gives eternal life and strength, the
Spirit of Christ. Love and trust
in all men. All else will pass away like
sour smoke. Come what may, hold fast
to trust. Though men should rend your
heart, let them not embitter or harden
it. Christ won by tenderness, conquered
by forgivenees. Let us try to enter into
something of that large celestial charity
which is graeter thau all things, and
which conquers the world. Learn the
new commandment of the Son of God:
to love as He loved. Let us go forth
in this spirit to our life duties and wa

to love as He loved. Let us go forth in this spirit to our life duties, and we will carry everything before us by the conquering power of a love like His.

"He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and smalt, For the dear God that made them Doth love them one and all."

London, August 13.—[Special Cable]
—The government are again in a bad
hole. After agreeing, contrary to their
own convictions, as Lord Salisbury distinctly said, that the Land bill should become a law in a certain form, they have allowed the House of Lords, in Sir william Harcourt's words, to "stab their own measure in the back," Last night they attempted to thrust its mutilated corpse upon the Commons. This was too much for everybody. Mr. Parnell declared that he was inclined to think the amended bill would not be worth having at all. While one leading Liberal having at all. While one leading Liberal-Unionist was making stump speeches for the government at Northwich, his col-Unionist was making stump speeches for the government at Northwich, his colleague in the Commons was declaring that the alteration was about the strangest and even the maddest thing that could have been permitted. The point at issue in Lord Cardogan's amendment will be remembered, as it specifically authorizes a reduction of the present rents only in proportion to the fall in prices. Even Mr. Chamberlain found himself unable to swallow this and buzzed about the house like a butterfly for some time. First he entered into an animated talk with Lord Harting ton, twice conferred earnestly with the Ministers on the Treasury Bench, visited in turn almost all his friends in the House, and finally got up and declared that he would oppose the amendment. The government, although they had already refused Mr. Parnell's request for an adjournment until Monday, now to save their own necks proposed an adjournment till Thursday. So the matter stands. Mr. Chamberlain's threat that during his visit to Ulster early in October he will expose the Irish members to their own countrymen is received with immense amusement. I learn that Sir William Harcourt will go to Ireland at the same time as Chamberlain, and after the latter has fired his machine guns at Belfast, the former will smasn him with a broadside in Dublin. brave man to boast of a victory. The Roman Catholic Church as a ruling power in England was forever crushed

An old cavalier was asked, when Cromwell coined his first money, what he thought of it. On one side was the inscription. "God with ua," and on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," he said, "that God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

THE LUGGACUBRAN ESTATE.

linited Ireland

United Ireland.

On Sunday last a great demostration was held to support the tenantry of Luggesurran. Contingents from all parts of Kidare and Queen's County were present in great force. The platform was erected mear the chapl, and was profusely decorated with flags and evergreens. A strong force of police were marched down to protect the police reporter.

A WARNING

Mr. County-Inspector Black accosted the Rey. Father Kehos, P. P., and Mr. William O'Brien just as they reached the steps of the platform, and, reading from a small notebook, said—I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Brien, but I have a message to deliver to you. It is that the Crimes Act is now in force in the Queen's County, or the Coercion Act, as I suppose you would call it.

Mr. O'Brien—As all the world calls it except yourselves.

Mr. O'Brien—As all the world calls it except yourselves.

The County-Inspector—Very well.
Under the 2nd section, sub-section 5, any person using threats or intimidation can be passecuted. Now I have delivered my message, and that is all I have to say.

Mr. O'Brien—You have delivered your message and I will deliver my message.

Mr. O'Brien —You have delivered your message, and I will deliver my message presently (loud cheers).

The interrupted progress to the platform was then resumed.

Rev. T. Kehoe, P. P., having taken the chair said he was delighted to stand before them in company with Mr. O'Brien, who had risked his life for them in Canada (cheers), and with Mr. Denis Kilbride, who had accompanied Mr. O'Brien to Canada (renewed cheers). He also wished to express his sympathy with the tenantry of Luggacurran, whose sacrifices he believed had had a great part in gaining them the new Land Bill (hear, hear). Mr. Kelly then proposed a series of resolutions approving of the building of cottages for tenants evicted, condemning the Coercion Act passed for the purpose of extracting impossible rack-rents, calling for the abolition of landlordism, for "no settlement of the land question will be accented as final that deep not "no settlement of the land question will be accepted as final that does not brace the purchase of our holdings at ices based on the market value of stock and farm produce," expressing confidence in Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party, and approval of the policy of Mr. Gladstone as tending to unite the democracies of Ireland and Great Britain in bonds of friendship and good will. Mr. Mara seconded the resolutions, which were carried by acclamation.

MR, O'BRIEN'S SPEECH. Mr. William O'Brien said—I am proud once more to be face to face with the men of Luggacuran. I am especially proud because among you here I am glad to see my friend and comrade, Denis Kilbride (loud cheers), here to day to receive the admiration and gratitude of his brother tenants and of his brother Irishmen (loud cheers). I understand that up to an advanced hour this morning they were engaged in Dublin Caetle (groans) in printing off proclamations under the Crimes Act. Well, I am surprised to observe after their night's work that the sky does not seem to have fallen, and there is not the least danger of it so far as I can see (laughter). Mr. Balfour (groans) stole over here yesterday morning.

A Voice—The Galway midwife (laughter).

MR. UBrien—Ay, I am sorry to say he was too smart for the Galway midwife on this occasion (renewed laughter).

But he took good care, like the boy in the cartoon (Lord John Russell)

—The government are again in a bad hole. After agreeing, contrary to their his orders in Dublin Castle, took care to their this contract of the cartoon (Lord John Russell) who chalked up "No Popery," and them ran away, Mr. Balfour after giving his orders in Dublin Castle, took care to their this contract of the cast of the ca put sixty miles of sea between himself and Mrs. Dillon (laughter). And the net result of his work appears to be the message which the gentleman—I believe the County Inspector—has just delivered to me as I stepped on this platform—namely, the early and exclusive intelligence that the Crimes' Act is now in force in Ireland (laughter and groans).

THE WORK CUT OUT EOR THEM.

THE WORK CUT OUT EOR THEM.
Well, he delivered his message courteously, and I hape I will very curtly deliver my message in return (cheers); and it is what I said in Cork the other lay—the Government are quite welcome to use their Crimes Act against crime if they can discover any (hear hear). Even Judge O'Brien (hearty groams) cannot discover much of it, even in Kerry, with his microscope, but the moment the Tory Government come to use the Crimes Act to suppress the combination of the people and the right of organization of the litch people, then I tell them here to day that they will have their work cut out for them (hear, hear). We will combine, and we will appeak, and we will speak, and we will appeak, and we will appeak, and we will act in spite of them (loud chears). Englishmen would only despise us, and justiy despise us, if we did otherwise, and after a couple of months of that sort of thing, I venture to say that the Tory Government will be more in to use their Crimes Act against crime if the Tory Government will be more in dread of English public opinion than we are in dread of them (cheers). For, I said are in dread of them (cheers). For, I said already, from end to end of this country, and I repeat it again here to day, that except the power of imprisoning our bodies—and they are heartly welcome to it—except that power, they have not one jot or tittle of power under this Coeroion Act to prevent a determined people from carrying out every operation (cheers) just as effectually as we managed to carry it out under Saxe-Weimar's proclamation (laughter).

steals over to make this tremendou show of vigor and to devise this ver dreadful measure, which I am sure is weighing on all our hearts to-day (applause). When we called this meeting I thoughtit would be to carry on the war in the old way; but I almost feel myself warranted in telling you that the field is practically fought and won (cheers.) We begin to day the erection of cottages for the evicted tenants, but I have my doubts whether you will want very long the cottages whose foundations we are laying.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.

we are laying.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.

I am not without some reason to believe that before long you will be going back to your own homes, the homes of your youth and the homes of your fathers, and that under those roofs and at your own firesides no man shall ever again disturb you or your children so long as God's sun shines on the valley of Luggacurran (cheers). We don't intend to take anything for granted, we are not going to lay down our arms—our arms were never in better repair (cheers), and our hearts were never stouter to use them if needs be. But undoutledly events of the very highest importance, not only in relation to this estate but in relation to the peace and to the happiness of the whole country, have taken place within the past week. I speak with reserve until we know precisely what are the views of our opponents with reference to the Land Bill and to Mr. Parnell's proposals. But if there is a good apirit abroad we ought to reciprocate it. (hear). The tenantry of Irelaud have behaved with the most splendid fidelity and courage during the whole course of this trying struggle, and you got your reward, for I tell you that if next week or the week after Mr. Parnell's Bill of last August is practically declared law by the Tory Government, as I rather think it will be, I say thanks to your own determination and thanks to the Plan of Campaign (loud cheers).

VICTORY. IMPORTANT EVENTS paign (loud cheers).

VICTORY You have never failed to answer to every call that we have made upon you, but I say that it is no less desirable now every call that we have made upon you, but I say that it is no less desirable now that you should show that you know how to be generous, and to be moderate, and to be magnanimous in the hour of victory, for I tell you that the hour of victory, for I tell you that the hour of victory, if it has not come already, has very nearly struck (cheers). This is a moment for caution, for good feeling, and it is a moment for imitating the attitude af our great leader, Charles Stewart Parnell (cheers), whose wisdom and whose guidance has never yet failed us in any critical hour of our nation's struggle (cheers). It is our duty to copy his attitude and to take care, and if the prospects of a lasting and satisfactory settlement of the land questions which are at this present moment drawing upon the horizon, if these prospects should be frustrated either by the madness of the landlords or by the niggardliness or the wretched coercion policy of the Tory Government, that at all events we must take care that it will be no fault of ours if we are driven back once more to fight for our rights and if our opponents have to accept back once more to fight for our rights and if our opponents have to accept worse and harder terms hereafter (hear,

of their own Tory Government, who were so eager to get their votes at the last general election, and who induced them to wreck and to reject the most magnifi-cent prospect that ever was opened up to a doomed and broken class of recov-ery, power, and influence in their own ery, power, and influence in their own country. Vary well, they trusted the Tory Government and fought against the Irish people. How are they rewarded today? (Hear, hear). No doubt the Tory Government are pretending very hard to coerce and to dragoon us for the sake of the landlords, but the Tory Government within the last week have flung the landlords overboard to remain in office (loud cheers), and next week the same Tory Government will reward its landlord ToryGovernment will reward its landlord friends in Ireland by asking the House of Commons to knock another million a year off the rents (laughter and applause).

I don't want to hit a man down (laughter).
A Voice—They thought to hit yourself

Mr. O'Brien—I don't want to copy a bad example, and besides they did not get me down (cheers). But I say this, that without wishing to taunt the land-lords I would submit to them even at this eleventh hour, they may have a lucid moment even on their death-beds, and I out under Saxe-Weimar's proclamation (laughter).

THE GOVERNMENT IN A FIX.

The fact of it is I rather pity the Government, and I am not going to lose my temper with them; they are between the devil and the deep sea (laughter). They are in this fix, that if they will be deeplsed in Ireland, and if they will be deeplsed in Ireland, and if they use it barbarcusly they will be detested in England; and so Mr. Balfour (groans)

moment even on their death-beds, and I tell you what it is, I would submit to they mon, and among other things he said:

"I have a presentiment of sudden death."

In the afternoon while intoning vespers he was sticken with a hemorrhage, and he died after being assisted from the altar to the vestry. He was the youngest of the trowing themselves once more accross the path of this great movement of the litin people, which is sweeping on as and the other is in Jersey City.

E NCOURAGE IRISH MANUFAC-

DANIEL O'CONNELL: "YOU EN-RIGH the manufacturers of England and Scotland, and leave your own workers idle, and then you talk about your patriot-ism!"

TRISH SHIRTS, LINEN FITTINGS, \$1.25. \$1 50, \$1 75 each. Post free. ANDREW MAGUIRE, BELFAST.

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Coloured Silk Handkerchiefs, beautiful bro-caded, exquisite designs. Shamrocks, Birds, Ferns and Flowers all in the richest colours, including cardinal, old gold, dark and light blue, morone, peacock, emerald green with shamrock border, and white brocaded center with green border (size, 25 inches square), \$1.25 each.

CENTS' SILK MUFFLERS, IN white and very rich colours, either in stripes or brocaded, \$1.12, \$1.75, \$2.25; white,

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resistless as the ocean tide to the abolition of landlordism and of alien misgovernment in Ireland (loud cheers).

A Voice—They are gone.

Mr. O'Brien—Well, I rather think they are gone, and gone without recall, but at all events let us take care that nothing will be wanting on the part of the Irish people to co operate in an honest and satisfactory settlement of this question (hear, hear). (hear, hear).

We don's throw down our arms. The first bugle note that we sound again from this bugle note that we sound again from this platform will summon every campaigner to the ranks of the people (cheers). For my own part I do believe that we are upon the eve of some such arrangement as that, and that whenever that day comes
—that day of peace and of legislative
independence for our land, for many a
year to come at your own firesides in this
valley, which will be your own for evervalley, which will be your own for ever-more, you and your children and your children's children, will tell with thank-fulness and with pride of these days and of the struggles, and of the trials, and of the triumphs of the Plan of Campaign (cheers), and the name of Luggacurran and the name of Bodyke and the name of Coolgreany (cheers), will deserve to live in letters of gold upon the walls of the senate of the restored libertles of Ireland (loud cheers).

cheers). cheers).

THE PLAN JUSTIFIED.

Really you hardly realize the impregnable strength of our position, and how utterly shaken and weebegone is the position of the landlords and of the Tory coercionists. Their Land Bill is the most triumphant justification and adoption of the Plan of Camping (Aberra) worse and harder terms hereafter (hear, hear).

THE LANDLORDS' REWARD.

Now I felt so strongly on this subject to day that I had made up my mind to postpone the laying of the toundation of our campaign cottages, and I would have done it only for the proclamation of last night in Dublin Castle, and only for the measage delivered to me to-day on the platform (hear, hear), simply because we ought to show, if anybody doubts it, that in a matter which so vitally concerns the happiness of the homes of the Irish people that we bear no malice towards those who broke their treaty with us here, or who attempted to break our heads in Canada (cheers). That is all past and gone, and we are willing to draw a wet sponge over it. The most bitter reflection that I would care to have the landlords make in their own minds at this moment is that they would have been plunged into chaos and trusted in their own countrymen as Mr. Gladatone invited them to do last summer (hear, hear). They would have been plunged into chaos and of the Tory coercionists. Their Land Bill is the most triumphant justification and adoption of the Plan of Campaign (cheers). They have and indispensable operation (loud cheers). Why, they adopted a Plen of Campaign of their own, one of the most atroclous and immoral that ever was thought of, in these bank ruptey clauses. If our object had been simply to ruin the landlords, horse, foot, and dragoons. There would have been plunged into chaos and they have had now to resort to another which I hold is simply put the provisions of the Plan of Campaign into an act of Parliament. For what will happen? Three months ago the Lansdown tenants were willing to have down tenants were willing to have down tenants were willing to have down tenants were willing to have a continued the postion of the landlords and of the Plan of Campaign of their own to resort to have the landlords and they have had now to resort to another which I hold is simply put. into an act of Parliament. For what will happen? Three months ago the Lansdowne tenants were willing to have made peace for 15 per cent on judicial rents, and now Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, acknowledges that 15 per cent is the very lowest abatement that will have to be granted to every judicial tenant in Ireland. Ay, the Plan of Campaign has been triumphantly vindicated by the Tory Government themselves, and I tell you that no Government can put down a demand that is based so thoroughly upon justice and upon honesty (hear, hear). Tenants under the Plan of Campaign can hold their ground with firm and brave hold their ground with firm and brave hearts, for I tell you that the only terms on which the Government can put down the Plan of Campaign is by giving you more than ever the Plan pretended to secure (loud cheers).

DIED IN THE VESTRY.

FATHER HANSELMAN'S TRUTHFUL PRES-ENTIMENT OF SUDDEN DEATH.

The Rev. George M. Hanselman, assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Williamsburgh, N. Y., preached at the service last Sunday morning on death. At the dinner table in conversation with the pastor he talked of the sermon, and among other things he said:

"I have a presentiment of sudden death."