The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—*St. Pacian, 4th Century.*

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For The Catholic Record.

The Hemlocks.

I sat beneath the hemlocks, one burning summer day,
When the lands beyond their shadows in thirst and fever lay;
But on their leaves no traces of languishing were seen;
Heavenward they towered majestic, a wall of living green,
The suffering dumb creatures sought refuge from the heat
Among the solemn shadows that clustered round their feet.

I came unto the hemlocks, one mournful autumn morn;
The frost was on the nut trees, the sickle in the corn:
In golden flames the maples were burning fast away,
And earth and air were laden with tokens of decay;
But changeless stood the hemlocks, untouched by fire or frost,
In all their strength unbroken, without a leaflet lost.

Again unto the hemlocks I came when winds were high,
When sullen clouds were sweeping across a wintry sky:
The snow lay in the valleys, the hills were clothed in sheen;
Still towered the dauntless hemlocks, in robes of changeless green,
The timid rabbit 'neath them had made his winter home,
And the little chirping snowbird for shelter here had come.

Once more I sought the hemlocks; 'twas in the spring time bright,
Green were the waving maples, the orchards bloomed in white;
But though from off the hemlocks no leaf had dropped, I ween,
Tipped were their slender branches with tufts of fairer green;
When winds were blowing softly, and April skies were blue,
They woke to fallen beauty—'twas all the change they knew.

O brave unchanging hemlocks! a type ye seem to me
Of the mighty Church, the mother, the christian's sheltering tree.
In heats of persecution her broad arms shrink nor fade,
The autumn wane of nations no change in her has made;
Faith's winter cannot vanquish, nor icy breath of foes;
Greener, forever greener—'tis all the change she knows.

The weakest of God's children a shelter safe may find,
Beneath her changeless branches from earthly storm and wind;
She reaches o'er the mighty, nor knows their high estate,
Alike in all her beauty to lowly and to great;
There all may rest securely, and fear no change or loss,
In the everlasting shadow—the shadow of the cross.

Lindsay, 3 May, 1883.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

THE Boston Herald suggests sending the starving Chippewa Indians to England and turning them loose, with a silver dollar apiece in their pockets. What would be the good? The English would steal the dollar and send them back again.

THE American press, including almost every important daily paper in the country, has spoken warm commendation of the work of the Irish-American Convention. It was left for the Boston Courier to say:—"We cannot refrain from expressing the conviction that the formation and consolidation of the National League is of profound political importance, and that the carrying out of its principles would be inimical to the best interests of the United States as a nation." We agree with our timid contemporary that the League "is of profound political importance;" and if "Great Britain" is substituted for "the United States," we shall further agree. With the best interests of the United States the League can never conflict, but must work in harmony and to their large advantage. Our laws, national or international, will be faithfully adhered to. The League will in a year or two stop the drain of millions of dollars annually sent out of this country to support the aristocrats who own Irish estates.

WE need not dwell on the importance of the great Convention. The entire press of America has acknowledged its significance. Beyond question, it was the largest and ablest Irish national assembly, and represented more men and power than any convention since that of Dungannon, a century ago. It was truly representative of the whole Irish population of America. Its elements were drawn from all classes and parties. There were clergymen, Catholic and Protestant, Congressmen, judges, lawyers, physicians, engineers, business men, mechanics, laborers, and last, not least, ladies. There was every shade of Irish political opinion, Home Rulers, Separatists, Repealers, Republicans, and those who believe in the most radical measures of resisting England's power. To unite these elements that never united before; to hold three long days this extraordinary assembly surging with passionate earnestness; to draw it, point by point, from the widest divergence of view, into one focus; to bind the converged lines into one vast cable, the strands of which reach out and ramify throughout all America, this was the work of the Convention, and it was splendidly done. When the Convention adjourned, a great Idea had been crystallized. Hitherto, in all Irish movements, the plan adopted was to form a new and special organization, with one sole aim. The housands of existing Irish-American societ were left unasked, except so far as their individual members were appealed to. By this means, the real force of the Irish-American people was lost, or only slightly realized. The idea of the new National League is to unite every existing Irish-American society, no matter what its special aim, religious, temperance, beneficial, literary, military, athletic, into one grand organization, the object of which is to support with moral force and money the Irish National movement as expressed by the people in convention in Ireland.

THE Jews did not hang Judas. They paid him his blood money and let him go to perdition, in his own way. King George did not hang Benedict Arnold. He gave him a generous bounty and allowed him to seek his destiny more leisurely than Judas sought his. It remained, if we are to believe a cable despatch from London, for the present Government of England to do something more treacherous than Pilate or King George was capable of committing:—"It is announced that the Government will place Carey, the informer, on trial, not for his connection with the Phœnix Park murders, but for the old crime charged against him of having killed the foreman of the shops in which he was employed, and to whose position he succeeded. The court will, it seems, show him no more mercy than if he did not help to serve its purposes, and neither it nor the people show any sympathy." The bloodthirsty baseness of Carey cannot be exaggerated. Deliberately, in cold blood, he led his ignorant dupes to the commission of a crime, atrocious in itself, but infamous in its effect on the unhappy country disgraced by his birth. His was the head which planned the murder, his the hands which furnished the fatal weapons. Then, when detection followed, he was the one to become Queen's evidence and turn over to the hangman the wretched tools of his villany. A cold-blooded, remorseless, consistent villain throughout, equalled only in his fiendish villany by the Government agents who would use such evidence as his to convict any man. Now, if we may believe the above despatch, even his monumental treachery is excelled by that of his employers. While it is but right that he should pay the final penalty of all his crimes, we stand aghast at the spectacle of the men who used such a tool cooly proceeding to put him out of the way, perhaps, of some time betraying their conspiracies.

Catholic Examiner.

IF it be only those without sin who are to cast stone at the wicked, then Praise-God Barebones from the "land of steady habits" will in the future be debarred from a form of exercise in which he has in the past always delighted and excelled. Our puritan brethren have always taken a huge interest in the moral shortcomings of other communities, and it is not surprising that the world at large should now view with somewhat wicked delight their struggles with the mote of ungodliness that is at present obscuring their moral vision. The aroma of righteousness, which has, to all outward appearances, ever hung around the path of Puritanism, is now being strangely and rudely disturbed. The cloak of Godliness in which it has been so long masquerading has fallen off, and it stands revealed in a condition of moral decrepitude that is almost astounding. Recent developments have shown that in almost every grade of crime Massachussetts is in the lead and gaining. Culture and refinement, and public schools and their attendants, have not bettered the moral condition of the people in the least. Divorces are increasing and churchgoers are decreasing in number. The public schools are filled with—in some ways—overtaught pupils, and the jails are filled with overtaught criminals. Tewksbury Almshouse furnishes conclusive evidence of the moral depravity that is to be found in every walk of life in this sin-ridden community. Had this institution been situated in the South the Puritan press would undoubtedly have found, in the horrors revealed by the recent investigation of its management, food for much pious reflection upon the necessity of maintaining a higher order of education and culture, which would render the existence of such vulgar crimes an impossibility. But, occurring as it does in the very shadows of the walls of their meeting-houses and schools, these deductions will probably not be drawn. Catholics, of course, can draw but one conclusion, and that is that to a blind, ignorant system of education, which trains the mind at the expense of the morals, and sends forth the youth of both sexes with a perfect knowledge of crime, and with but little detestation of the same; with a knowledge of God and their Faith as small as is their reverence or love for either, is to be attributed the present state of affairs. This is a conclusion which others as well as Catholics must eventually reach.

London Universe.

LORD RIPON is about to leave India sooner than was expected, but wherever he goes he will be a good ruler. What a pity it is that such a man should be excluded from the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland because that situation was (with two others) excepted in the Emancipation Act of 1829!

Buffalo Union.

OF course, the London Times and other journals of that ilk are simply furious at the work of the Philadelphia convention. The calm, dignified deliberations of those twelve hundred delegates; the ability with which they voiced the resolve of the entire Irish race on these shores; and their logical presentation of the Irish question to the justice-loving people of America—was altogether too much. Hence this fuming and gnashing of teeth. Now why didn't those assembled delegates—largely representing the worth and intelligence of the Irish people in the United States—break up in a row and turn Horticultural Hall into another Donnybrook, just to gratify British and pro-British journals and individuals? What perverse and disobliging fellows those Irish are!

THOSE anti-Irish journals that so viciously spit forth their venom at the pauper resolution adopted by the Philadelphia Convention, should know that there is quite a difference between voluntary expatriation and the emigration that is forced by a ruthless foreign government. The chief interest to Americans upon this subject, is that alien rule and landlord greed having robbed and pauperized a large proportion of the Irish people, the paternal British Government plots and schemes how to ship them hither in wholesale cargoes, and fling them on these shores in most pitiful condition; whilst those who may have the wherewith to begin life anew are tenderly coaxed to pitch their tents in Canadian territory. We beg to supplement these remarks by the following from the New York World: Surely the British government will not be patiently listened to at Washington while by the British Minister it complains of the natural outcome in America of this enforced depopulation of Ireland! The arrival by every steamer of wretched Irish men and women expelled by British misgovernment in Ireland from Ireland is a thing to exasperate American public opinion against the government which selfishly or stupidly promotes or tolerates such a condition of things. The average dude in the average London club is much given to denouncing America, and especially New York as the haven of the homeless Irish, and to scolding Americans after the manner of dudes for permitting the Irish to influence or inflame American opinion against England. Yet these London clubs stand by the British government while it daily pours through American ports fresh fuel upon the fire. The American people have no cause to complain of the Irish who voluntarily come hither. They make good and law-abiding citizens, how good and how law-abiding the doings of the convention at Philadelphia sufficiently demonstrate! The United States can, and England cannot, get on with Irishmen, and so England nags Irishmen into emigration to America. The British people will one of these days come to see that in their race-hatred of the Irish and in their blind irritation against the American haven of that exiled people, they have allowed their government to put in peril in England itself the guarantees of civil liberty, of religious liberty, and of individual liberty. If Englishmen will only permit Sir William Vernon Harcourt to have his own sweet will and sway long enough the safeguards of Magna Charta will disappear from England to survive only in America!"

Catholic Review.

ENGLAND would do well for herself and well for Ireland if she took a lesson from the Convention of Irish-American societies of every kind and color that assembled in Philadelphia last week. It was an imposing assembly, both by its numbers, and the unquestionable power and resources that it represented. There were delegates there from every State in the Union, and each delegate represented large numbers of men leagued together to spend their forces in achieving the cause—a very rational and right cause—of Irish independence and relief from the thraldom that a foreign and oppressive power continues to exercise over her. The Convention sat for three days. The conduct of its proceedings was much more orderly than that of the English Parliament, though the majority of the delegates assembled were personally unknown to each other. But they had a common cause and a common purpose, and, in the main, a common plan of peaceful, though forceful operations against one of the most powerful and oppressive governments in the world. There is probably only one power in the world greater than England, and that power is the United States. Well, the United States assisted at the Irish-American Convention. They assisted in the persons of the representatives of all the great journals of the country. Those journals devoted columns of space each day to the proceedings of the Convention, which they styled the Irish Parliament in the United States. At the close, they one and all testified to the decorum of the proceedings, to the adroit moderation of the resolutions adopted, and to the existence of the evils that the Convention was called to assist in removing.

Baltimore Mirror.

A WESLEYAN minister in St. Louis, Mo., recently made the somewhat remarkable statement that St. Patrick was an itinerant Methodist preacher. No one was particularly surprised at it, as the Methodists are notorious for saying and doing remarkable things. We had no idea, however, that the followers of John Wesley could trace their predecessors back to the days when St. Patrick preached the Gospel to the pagan princes of Ireland, but we have been always under the impression that they inherited a good deal of the Falstaffian swagger. What a lusty "Amen" adjunct old Jack would have made had he lived till now; and how now, as then, looking about him among his mendacious brethren, he might exclaim: "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!" In support of which we reprint the following extract from a virulent article published in the last issue of the Baltimore Methodist: "There is nothing golden in Jesuitism. It is the basest imposture ever palmed off upon the credulity of poor humanity. It is all leaden. Lead, steel, iron—to crush and destroy knowledge, liberty, life and piety—are its agents. The Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution are its elder twin children." It may astonish some to know how a man, professing to be a Christian, could deliberately frame a lie, such as the above, and publish it to the world. It does not astonish us; being charitable we overlook his malignity and pity his ignorance. The intelligent world knows that to charge the Jesuits with the destruction of knowledge—if such a thing were possible—is the basest of calumny, and any school-boy that knows anything of history could inform this pitiable ignoramus that the Spanish Inquisition occurred in 1840, just eleven years before Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was born. But anachronisms are of little moment with the unlettered Methodist when the Church or her institutions are to be slandered. The idea is to keep it up, lest the people should forget the old fabrications of falsehood while contemplating the good effected by the Church of Rome in Christianizing the world. As to the other inane balderdash, we pass it over as being too puerile for comment.

BISHOP CLEARY.

Address at the Closing Exercises of Queen's College.

We take from the Kingston Whig the following report of the closing address of His Lordship Bishop Cleary on the occasion of the closing exercises of Queen's College, Kingston:—

The Bishop of Kingston, who was greeted with loud applause, said how much pleasure he felt in being present at this banquet to honour, as far as in him lay, the Chancellor of the University and to share the festive gladness of the several Faculties on occasion of decorating their students with titles of honour. He concurred in the sentiment expressed by another speaker, that no man of cultivated feeling could regard with indifference the efforts of young men for the improvement of their minds in the various departments of study and their preparation for the duties that shall hereafter devolve upon them when they take their place in society. He assured the Principal that whenever he chanced to meet one of these young men in the streets of Kingston wearing the academic cap and gown, his heart warms to him, and his mind turns with pleasant remembrance to the calm and happy days of his own college life, when he knew nothing of the solicitudes and troubles that belong to public duty. (Applause.) He represented by his presence, not his own feeling and sentiment only, but those also of his Catholic congregation in Kingston, who, he was assured, would be not a little pleased by his expression of good will and sympathy with the labors and literary triumphs of Queen's University. (Loud applause.) He would further say that, unworthy though he was to be numbered among the Bishops of the Church, he officially represented an

ANCIENT AND GLORIOUS HIERARCHY,

who throughout all ages and in the midst of gravest difficulties attending educational efforts, before the Northern hordes of barbarians who had settled upon the plains of Europe had submitted to her civilization or the art of printing had yet been invented, had planned and encouraged everywhere schools of sacred and profane learning with a measure of success that can be appreciated by none so well as by the students of mediæval history. (Applause.) Yesterday he had listened with extreme gratification to the learned address of Chancellor Fleming in which was traced the origin and progress of high education from the renowned school of Alexandria in the first four centuries, to the learned sanctuaries of Ireland in the sixth, seventh and eighth, and thence to the formal institution of Universities in the period immediately following the establishment of the Christian Empire of the West under Charlemagne. The Chancellor gave just and generous praise to the Popes and Bishops for their admirable zeal in the interests of those grand centres of intellectual activity and virtuous training of men in Christian character. He, (the Bishop) was proud to say that the historic robes he wore that night were the cynosure of learned spectators at the ceremony of blessing and laying the foundation stones of twenty Universities between the days of Charlemagne and Charles the Fifth. (Loud Applause.) Principal Grant, whose lips utter vigorous thought and emit rays of light, had specified two characteristics of this University which attracted the Bishop's attention. The first was the "catholicity of sentiment" pervading the institution. He (the Bishop,) begged to say that he was there that night because of his belief in the reality of that sentiment and to

MARK HIS RECOGNITION OF IT.

(Cheers). He thought the Principal would bear witness that on the occasion of his soliciting voluntary aid from the public to erect this noble pile of building, the Catholic people of Kingston extended to him cordial encouragement and gave substantial proof of their sincerity by liberal grants.

Principal Grant—"Not one of them refused me." (Enthusiastic applause.)

This they did on the strength of their conviction that catholicity of sentiment would govern the working of the University, and he (the Bishop) would take the liberty of adding that herein was a social compact. In the next place, the distinguished Principal declared a while ago the supreme necessity of maintaining the right of religion to direct and control and sanctify the whole order of education, and that Queen's University affirms this principle as the basis of its charter. To this truly catholic declaration the Bishop heartily subscribed. It is a dogma of his faith. It is an heirloom of his office. For it his Church has fought against the powers of this world, and will continue to fight evermore. It is because Queen's University embodies this sacred truth he took his place, as a Catholic Bishop among the Senate, professors and graduates. Secularism is the cry of the age. It is modern Paganism. It is the war-cry of unbelief against Christ and His Kingdom. It is a preamble to the oppression of religion, the corruption of the Christian conscience and the destruction of human liberty. In illustration of his position the Bishop adduced the religious and political theories of the philosophers of the pre-Christian period and those of the Voltairian school of the last century, who were

MEN OF MIGHTY INTELLECT

indeed, the highest types of human reason, as the guiding power of society, apart from the influence of religion. Their main principle has been formulated by Plato, "The evils of States will never be remedied till philosophers become kings, or kings philosophers." The maxim is, at all times, true in the abstract, and now-a-days, more truly than at any former period of political history, it is practically realized. For now "philosophers are Kings." ("Hear, hear," from Dr. Grant.) That is, ideas now govern the world, and men of ideas determine the fate of ministries and dynasties. Hence the greater necessity of impressing upon the youthful mind in our Universities true and just and lofty ideas, lest the false and glittering philosophy of ancient Paganism or modern Free Thought should usurp the functions of Royal wisdom. See how fatally it acts upon the life of mankind when philosophy divorces the wisdom that comes from above, from Him who glories in His titles of "Lord of the sciences," and "the Father of lights." He referred to the religious and moral and political debasement of the individual man in Athens and Sparta and Rome under the legislation of philosophy. He quoted the "Divine Plato" and his pupil Aristotle, the preceptor of Alexander, who utterly ignored the dignity of man, as man, and subordinated his intellectual and moral rights, his very right of existance, to the supposed rights and utility of the State. Man was allowed no sphere of his own, no liberty to develop his own energies of mind or body, to choose his own walk in life or regulate his own family and the education of his children. He and his children were the property of the State, and from the cradle to the grave were submerged in the life and will of the State, in whose solidarity they only counted as atoms. Is it not an appalling evidence of the depths of infamy to which dialectics without religion would degrade society, that master minds, like those of Plato, revealed in his Republic, and Aristotle in his Politics, would insist upon claims of State to absolute and irresponsible power over each individual's life before his birth, at his birth, and throughout his whole course of existence; that politicians should regulate the number of his children, and should give Magistrates the choice of permitting the new-born babe to be reared for the State or casting it out upon the dunghill to die, as might appear best for purposes of State? In the days of philosophy uncontrolled by religion there was

NO DIGNITY IN INDIVIDUAL MAN,

no personal liberty or right, no sacredness in family life, nor any political freedom of thought or action. After seventeen centuries of Christian enlightenment Philosophy again raised its proud head in Europe, and has not the world witnessed the revival of those shameful theories and their deplorable results? The Bishop referred to the teachings of Voltaire and Rousseau, and the frightful ruin worked by them in France and all over the continent of Europe. What political liberty did they allow to individuals, or sacredness to religion, or decency to the order of public morals? The best blood of citizens flowed in torrents under the guillotine; thrones, altars and schools were swept away or perverted to infamous uses; and the votaries of education without religion saw the full development of their system solemnized in State rejoicing, when the obscene goddess was enthroned, under the title of Reason, upon the altar of Christ in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, and Sardanapalus slept upon the couch of St. Louis. The Bishop resumed his seat amid plaudits.

The Queen's Prosecuting Attorney.

The Prosecuting Attorney in the Phœnix Park murder case, one George Bolton, is a fair specimen of the morality that reigns among the shriekers against Irish crime. A procurer of evidence from perjured informers and Crown prosecutor at the same time, he has been a chief factor in the hanging of innocent men. This castle pet, who has been eloquent in the denunciation of crime, is scarce a step removed from the infamous informers themselves. The press is doing a noble service to the cause of justice and morality, in unmasking the hypocrisy of such fellows as this Bolton. This heartless scoundrel, marrying a rich widow—solely for her money—himself prepared a marriage settlement by which his wife was to receive nine hundred dollars a year out of a property (her own) of nearly half a million. For the space of nine years this deceived widow was innocent of the fraud and treachery, when she brought him into court and made him disgorge. He pleaded, however, with pitiable accents his inability to refund the matter of sixty-five thousand dollars, and besought her to spare him, as he might lose his position of Crown Solicitor otherwise. The English judge called the affair "apart from the question of fraud, most astonishing." Yet this is a specimen of the miscreants that are employed by the government to traduce and vilify the Irish character.—Emerald Vindicator.

A PATRIOTIC BISHOP.

A Flash From Ireland's Inmost Soul.

The successor of John McHale, the Lion of the Fold of Judah, has arisen in Ireland, and his name is Michael Logue, Bishop of Raphoe. No loftier contempt, no stronger denunciation, no more fearless defiance did patriot ever hurl against an oppressor than are contained in Bishop Logue's telegram to the Irish Chief Secretary, and read in parliament.

"I will not abandon the workhouse test and the emigration scheme," declared the Chief Secretary from his place in parliament.

From his humble home on the esplanade of the market square, Letterkenny, and surrounded by his starving people, Bishop Logue thundered his reply into the House of Commons:

"Please God we will save the people in spite of the Chief Secretary. He may give his emigration scheme to the winds."

"I appeal from him to the Irish race."

No grander declaration was ever made by an Irishman. It will live as long as the Irish race lives, and as long as history forms part of the world's literature.

Burke never rose to the sterling sublimity: Curran or Shiel never approached the fiery intensity: Grattan never volumed the sentient strength of that sentence, while O'Connell was only a babbler in comparison.

"I appeal from him to the Irish race."

There is none of the rage of despair here; no mere threat of the agitator mingled with the whine of the beggar at the gates of a brutal parliament. It is the lightning of scorn and the thunder of a grand and proud defiance.

"I appeal from him to the Irish race."

This is not merely a heated expression of indignation; it is the cool, calm strength of an exalted—a magnificent—soul, set to a noble purpose, like a fixed star, directed by an overmastering mind and upheld by a heat panoplied in courage and seated upon valor.

"I appeal from him to the Irish race."

This is not merely a telegram; it is a magnetic flash from the concentrated soul of that Irish race. The current of electricity that carried that telegram to London went around the world on the circuit of Irish souls that now encompass the globe.

But it was more than all these. It was a declaration of independence, utter and unqualified, a repudiation of English sway, and a trumpet blast to rouse and summon the Irish race.

"We throw English rule to the winds and appeal from the English Government to the Irish race!"

And this declaration of Bishop Logue will awake a responsive chord in every Irish heart it strikes, no matter in what clime.

Servare civis, major est virtus patriæ patri—to preserve the lives of citizens is the greatest virtue in the father of his country—is one of the political maxims of Seneca. But the English government's policy is to destroy the lives of the people by famine, or to deport them as paupers from their own shores. The people owe no allegiance to such a government as that.

The Irish people owe no allegiance to a government that is trying by the cruelest, the most inhuman of methods, to exterminate them.

We throw Engilsh rule to the winds, and appeal from the inhuman English government to the Irish race!

As we read the words of that telegram from a letter before us, written by Dr. Logue's own hand, the picture that presents itself is indeed a strikingly dramatic one.

From the senate chamber of England—from the very foot of the throne, surrounded by all its power and begirt by all its armies, comes the voice in tones of inhuman brutality, "let the Irish go to the workhouse, leave their country, or die."

Way up in Donegal, sitting alone, and surrounded only by a starving and helpless people, Michael Logue, with the force of truth and the dignity of justice, makes reply that there is a God who protects his creatures; that Ireland has risen above English rule, which is flung to the winds, and—mark it—that there is an Irish race that is greater than the English government.

Truly the echoes of Clan-Connal's war slogan still sleep along the mountain sides and in the glens of Donegal; and, with a heart large as Errigal, and a spirit as strong as the Atlantic billows that beat upon the cliffs of Horn Head or of desolate Tory Island, Dr. Logue has awakened and hurled one of these echoes against the doors of England's legislative chamber—a thunderbolt against the blood-built towers of tyrannic wrong and oppression.

Dr. Logue, having thus flung the government overboard, has made a beginning of what must end in the total independence of Ireland. He relies upon the Irish race to look after all Irish affairs, thus practically ignoring the English government.

In the present crisis of distress among his people, that Irish race to whom he so proudly appealed must now sustain him. Their failure to do so would be a proof of the truth of their enemy's taunt that they are not capable of taking care of themselves—are not fit to be free. Bishop Logue has thrown down the gauntlet for them. Will they not back him up and fight under his banner?

Visits are for the most part neither more nor less than inventions for discharging upon our neighbor somewhat of our own unendurable weight.