

## A REBUKE.

## An Irish Protestant Bishop's Poem.

(The Dublin Nation prints the following poem by Dr. Plunket, the Protestant Bishop of Meath. The Bishop of the poem, says the Nation, is to rebuke the miserable Bunkeya, who, though born and bred in Ireland, affects to despise everything Irish, and drive to pass themselves off as English in all but the accident of birth, while the Catholic slaves are regarded as their misfortune and not their fault. We have, unhappily, far too many of such mean-souled creatures amongst us; they are not all of one religious creed; Protestants no doubt form the numerical majority, but the Catholic slaves are the most odious of the lot. Upon all of them Lord Plunket's patriotic "Rebuke" should fall with great force.)

Ye sons of Erin: who despise  
The motherland that bore you,  
Who nothing Irish love or prize,  
Give ear, I will not spare you  
The stranger's jeer I do not fear,  
But can't I pardon ever  
Those who revile their native Isle,  
Oh! never, never, never!

That persons so refined and grand  
As you are, should belong to  
This very low and vulgar land  
Is sad, and very wrong too!  
But 'tis too late to mend your fate,  
Oh! woe that shame from off your name,  
Oh! never, never, never!

Well then, what do you hope to win  
In spite of all your labors,  
By means of cunning kith and kin  
And courtier prodder neighbors?  
Ah, no! dear sirs, he sadly errs  
Who tries to be a squire,  
Mark what I say, it will not pay—  
Oh! never, never, never!

From Irish soil you love to roam,  
But let me just remind you,  
You'll nowhere find a happier home  
Than what you leave behind you  
The world's a fairer place to roam,  
Oh! never, never, never!

Go point me out on any map  
A match for good Killybeg,  
Or Kesh, or Derry, or Ballybeg,  
Or any of the other waves,  
Ah, me! I doubt if ever  
An Isle so fair was seen elsewhere—  
Oh, never, never, never!

Where will you meet with lads more true  
And where with truer ladies?  
Those gentle hearts, those eyes of blue,  
Pray tell me what surpasses?  
You may not grieve such joys to leave  
Or care such joys to sever—  
Oh, never, never, never!

And now my friends go if you will  
And visit other nations,  
But leave your hearts to Erin still  
Among your poor relations;  
The spot of earth that gave you birth  
Reserve to me forever,  
And you'll repent that good intent  
Oh, never, never, never!

## FATHER THOMAS BURKE.

From The Month.

We are not going to attempt either a biographical sketch or a panegyric of the great Dominican who has lately passed away to his reward. His biography we leave to his religious brethren, who will perform the task with the loving zeal of familiar affection. A panegyric is not needed for one so widely known and universally loved as Father Tom Burke. No one who has listened to his voice but still has ringing in his ears at least the echo of his powerful, graceful, winning oratory. No one who has sought his spiritual guidance but reverences him as a man of singular holiness and insight into the things of God. No one who has known him in the near relations of private or monastic life but has a great recollection of his thoughtful kindness, the gentleness of his heart, his universal sympathy. No one who has encountered him in his playful moments but has now and again been compelled to cast aside dull care and distracting anxiety under the irresistible spell of his innocent, merry wit and playful, guileless humor.

Yet we cannot pass him by unnoticed. The greatest of all sacred oratory among English-speaking nations within the present century has a claim merely on this ground to a few words in memory of his eloquence. A Catholic priest who has by his genius earned for himself a world-wide fame has a right to some slight tribute to his memory in the pages of a Catholic magazine. A friar preacher who has attained to the highest success in that which is the special aim and object, the distinguishing mark and characteristic, of his great Order, deserves to have his success commemorated by those who love, as all good Catholics must love, the sons of the great St. Dominic. We cannot forget him.

Father Thomas Burke did not receive the name of Thomas at his baptism. His baptismal name was Nicholas, and he took the name of Thomas when he entered the Dominican Order, in honor of his patron in religion, the Angelic Doctor, who cast over him the shadow not of his name alone. It is needless to say that he was a sprightly, merry, mischievous child, always up to some trick or other, and often incurring well-deserved chastisement from his good, pious mother, who was not unmindful of the wisdom and advice respecting education of children. On one memorable occasion, which in after life he loved to talk of, a Franciscan friar came to his mother's house to complain of one of the boy's tricks. The misdoing was regarded as so serious (especially as it had excited the good friar's wrath) that poor Master Nic had to take off his shirt, and the whip was applied with such vigor that he was soon "clothed in rags of his own skin." But first of all (and it was the same on similar occasions) his good mother knelt down, and made her little boy do the same, and then made him repeat slowly after her the collect, "Prevent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, all our actions," etc. "I used to join with all my heart," Father Burke used afterwards to say, "but the Lord never did prevent it; down the whip always came!"

It was in 1847, when he was scarcely seventeen years old, that he went to Rome with the intention of carrying into effect the desire of his heart, to serve God under the cowl of the Black Friars. Those who knew him but externally would not believe that such a merry, mischievous, reckless youngster, who had even a wicked twinkle in his eye and could not resist the suggestion of a genuine bit of fun, could ever become a staid and serious monk. Perhaps they were right: staid and serious Tom Burke never was. The wicked twinkle never left his eye even when he was a Very Reverend Prior; and the love of innocent mischief and boyish fun persevered with him till his death, and helped him not a little in the great work he did for God. Somehow in his most noble flights of eloquence there was always that dash of fun, that humor which is a characteristic of great orators, and in-

duces into the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero the unexpected *jeu de mots*, or playful vein of wit, running athwart their magnificent appeals to the patriotism or justice of their listeners. But when we say he was never a staid or serious monk we must guard our words against being misunderstood. Among the brightest sallies of fun, in the midst of laughter and merriment, he was serious in an instant if he were consulted by those who needed his advice in matters spiritual or temporal. Every trace of the boisterous merriment was gone, and the quiet, earnest tone of heartfelt sympathy was always ready to bind up the broken heart and pour balm into the wounded soul. Those who saw him in his lighter moods could scarcely believe how grave and wise was his spiritual counsel, how he spoke as one whom God had commissioned to convey His divine message to the troubled soul. As in the pulpit, so in the confessional, his exuberant power of fun was of great advantage to him. He was at once *en rapport* with his penitents. He buoyed them up with his own wondrous buoyancy of heart; he turned their thoughts away from themselves by his flashes of well-timed humor; he filled the most diffident with confidence; he introduced thoughts of heaven and aspirations after God in such a genial and natural way that virtue became attractive to those who had before shrunk from it, and religion could not fail to seem full of cheerfulness and joy when spoken of by one who was himself so merry and joyous. The words which Cardinal Newman has written of St. Paul have already been applied most aptly to Father Burke, and we cannot do better than quote them again:

"His mind was like some instrument of music, harp or viol, the strings of which vibrated, though untouched, by the notes which other instruments gave forth; and he was ever according to the precept, 'rejoicing with them that rejoice, and weeping with them that weep'; and thus he was the least masterful of all teachers, and the gentlest and most amiable of all rulers."

As one might have safely conjectured without being informed of the fact, Father Burke was a lover of little children. His own innocent soul reflected their innocence, revelled in their childish fun. "I am always happy," he once said, "when I am with a little child." He himself had something childlike about him. He had that childlike faculty of being easily amused, that God often gives to the pure of heart, and that makes them full of simple merriment over the merest trifles, lighting it up with the joy of their own happy hearts. In the same way Father Burke was always light-hearted, always happy, always ready to throw himself into the occupation of the hour, whether it might be serious or playful, grave or gay. Nothing came amiss to him if it promoted the work to which his life was devoted. As regards his own personal predilections, he always rejoiced when he could retire into the peaceful quiet of his convent, and there be alone with his Divine Master. In his love for children, none the less did he share his love for the poor. When he sailed for America, it is recorded of him that he purposely sought out a ship where there were many steerage passengers, and spent the greater part of the voyage among them, cheering them, comforting them, encouraging them to be faithful to their holy religion in their new home across the Atlantic. Needless to say that he won the hearts of all, and many an eye was dim with tears when he bid Father Tom adieu. As he loved the poor during his life, so he showed his love for them in his death. His last effort, only a few days before his death, when he could scarcely drag himself from off his bed into the pulpit stairs, was in behalf of the poor. It was in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Dublin, only a few days before his death, that his last sermon was preached. His appeal, touching and pathetic in itself, was all the more touching and pathetic because his utter prostration was unmistakably evident to his hearers.

In fact, he could scarcely speak. It was indeed a mournful and touching sight to see this brave soldier of Christ battling on against excruciating pain in order that he might be the means of saving those poor children from starvation. It was a scene which summed up all his life, a scene of sacrifice for Jesus Christ. It was to his good mother's training that, under God, he chiefly owed his holy life and happy death. Her own piety had insured grace without number for her son. In the famine times she took a whole family of starving children into the house and fed them, with her own children, making them all kneel down and say the Rosary before each meal. In after-life, when her "Nic" had become famous, his poor old mother was dreadfully afraid that he might be injured by his success, and that vanity might lead him to dwell with satisfaction in his own gifts. She used to say her beads constantly for him, that he might not become vain and so fall away from God. Once when he was in Galway, and the papers were loud in his praise, some one read out a laudatory passage in her hearing. Instead of being pleased at the notice of him, she looked displeased, and said: "Never mind them, Nic, my son: they would say the same of any blackguard that came round."

But his remarkable humility made him proof against any such assaults of the evil one. His humility showed itself in various ways. He had a most profound sense of the vanity and emptiness of all worldly esteem and honor. God and the Church were his one thought. He had praise and adulation enough to ruin any man, but it never seemed to make any impression upon Father Burke. It somehow slipped past him unnoticed. It was the work God had given him to do which absorbed his thoughts. He had attained that high level of the religious life where self-consciousness, or rather a consciousness of self, disappears altogether. It was only when some attempt more obvious than usual to glorify him at the expense of truth attracted his notice and roused his ire that he paid any attention to such things. Once, in a large company, a man of high position, of the same name as himself, introduced Father Tom as a distant member of his family. "Not at all," said Father Burke at once, with more of the brogue than usual. "Sure,

ain't I the son of Tom Burke the baker?" Father Burke had learned humility in that best of schools, the school of suffering. Few men who continue in active work, as he did, have such intense bodily suffering to struggle against, sometimes amounting to an almost excruciating agony. A few weeks before his death, one of the Dominican Fathers who was taking him round the church at Haverstock Hill was telling him the extraordinary number of pangs of pain of the stained-glass windows, when he remarked, with a look of mingled humor and distress, "I tell you there are not nearly as many pangs in that window as in my poor body." For years his suffering had been almost continuous, owing to internal ulceration. But so far from being him down, it seemed to rouse him to greater activity, and to evoke fresh bursts of drollery. While undergoing a most agonizing operation, he was more brisk and full of fun than ever. When he was about to be literally cut open, with a view to discover the character of the ulceration, he told the doctors a most absurd story during the operation. He absolutely refused to take chloroform, preferring to endure the agony for the sake of the Cross for which he had endured the agony on his bed. While the operation was being performed, Father Burke, under stress of the pain, uttered a groan. "Poor fellow!" said a Protestant doctor who was holding his head, in kindly pity. "Don't pity me," replied Father Burke, quickly; "it is the best thing that could happen to me. If your friend Martin Luther had had a touch of this when he first began his travels, he might have been in heaven now!"

When the operators reached the seat of the ulceration, some one asked him whether he would like one of the Fathers who was his confessor to be sent for. "No," was the answer; "it is not necessary; he has known my interior for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology: *Ecce homo non judicat de interioribus*." Father Burke's love of innocent mischief accompanied him to the last. Only a short time before his death he was coming over to England, and at Holyhead happened to be alone in a second class carriage with a small dark man, who somewhat resembled the portrait of Marlow. Presently, to the disgust of his fellow-traveller, a number of laboring men came up to the carriage, deposited their luggage, and ran off for a drink before the train started. "What a nuisance!" said Father Burke, fellow-traveller. "I thought we should have the carriage to ourselves. You are a priest: cannot you make your fellow-countrymen go elsewhere?"

"Certainly," said Father Burke, "if you will leave me free to use what means I like." The man consented, and when the Irishman returned and greeted him respectfully, Father Burke made a significant grimace, and pointing over his shoulder into the carriage, whispered to them, "Marlow!" Then, turning to his fellow-traveller, he said, aloud, "Well, sir, did it all go off well at Kilmaham?" The man looked astonished, and answered doubtfully, "Yes, very well." This was quite enough. The Irishman seized their bundles and left the carriage with hot haste, as if the very devil were there. When the man heard of the trick that was played on him, he was not a little wrath with Father Tom, who had the malicious satisfaction, after he had left the carriage at Chester, of seeing a crowd of curious and inquisitive faces gather round it in order to catch a glimpse of the man and his baggage.

To say that Father Burke was an intense lover of Ireland is unnecessary. His visit to America, and the lectures he delivered there on Irish subjects did much to counteract the mischief wrought by Mr. J. H. Froude, who had come to the States with the express object of prejudicing the American mind against poor Erin. Father Burke, on the contrary, had come across the Atlantic as a visit of the Dominican Order. When urged to reply to Froude's calumnies, he objected that he had no books and no means of mastering the subject. But a friend gave him the run of a well-stocked library, and the result was the magnificent series of lectures which are still sold in a popular edition in England and Ireland, as well as in the States. The work he did in America was enough to have won him the admiration of any man. He lectured with a harmony and energy, sometimes three times on the same Sunday. In Boston on one occasion he addressed forty thousand people, and special trains were run from neighboring cities for the benefit of those who desired to listen to his eloquence.

The chief sources of his power as an orator were his splendid action, magnificent confidence, richness and rapidity of thought, and marvellous dramatic power. He wrote his sermons out and when he did he scarcely ever kept to what he had written. His eloquence was of that spontaneous character that will not brook the trammels of memory. He mapped out carefully the main divisions of what he was going to say, and prepared the substance of it, but for the form he was almost wholly left to the inspiration of the moment. He held his audience entranced by wit. His thorough acquaintance with St. Thomas, his immense theological knowledge, and his wide information on general subjects, stood him in good stead when long preparation was impossible, and his wonderful flow of language never concealed any scantiness of the ideas it expressed. On the contrary, if his language held his audience entranced, the richness of thought underlying his words gave to his sermons a solid and lasting influence over the minds of those who listened to him. In this respect he was perhaps without a rival. Most great preachers have weeks or months set apart for the preparation of their discourses. Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Segneri prepared (as was pointed out in the meeting held to inaugurate some memorial commemorative of his genius) only on certain extraordinary occasions, and at long intervals of time. But Father Burke was always ready at the beck of any struggling nun or curate or parish priest or charitable institution, while for the last ten years of his life an insidious disease was wearing him down with constant pain. But in spite of all this his power never seemed to flag. His sermon on the opening of the Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill, though he was wretchedly ill at the time, and it was not considered as all of his most successful efforts, was nevertheless full of a deep thought-

fulness which made it intensely interesting, and abounded in striking passages exactly descriptive of the moral and intellectual dangers of the present day. It has been remarked of him that his eloquence was always devoid of exaggeration, and his every statement would have stood the most critical test. At the same time there was an *elan* about it, a vigorous enthusiasm, a loving fervor which carried his audience with him irresistibly. His language was never turgid or bombastic, but simple and unstudied: it derived its force chiefly from the intense earnestness of the speaker.

One of the most touching and perhaps one of the grandest sermons he ever preached was preached in London shortly before his death. It was on the Gospel, "This Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." The way in which he painted the mercy of God and the sinner's return to Him was masterly, and strong men around the pulpit were moved to tears. A good judge of oratory, and distinguished lawyer, who had often listened to him, pronounced this the best sermon he had ever heard him preach.

If we were to point out what we believe to be the leading traits of Father Burke's character, we should sum them all up in his exceeding simplicity. True simplicity in its highest form includes all the other virtues. It is the reflex of the perfect simplicity of God, which includes and is all His other perfections. Simplicity in man, singleness of aim, abolishes self to put God and God's work in its place. Thus it includes humility, charity, zeal, obedience, fortitude. It was Father Burke's simplicity which made him the good, holy, humble religious that he was, and his simplicity perfected the wonderful natural gifts God had given him. In his oratory he was always simple: in his dealing with souls he was always simple. Even in his rollicking and almost reckless mirth he was always simple, and his raucous stories always tended, however latent the tendency, somehow or other to promote the glory of God, to point some useful moral. The inimitable song on the celebrated Mrs. Smiley poured well-merited obloquy on the shameless proselytism of Protestant bird's nests. The equally irrepressible story of Father Johny Roach and his sermon was, under the surface, eminently instructive. Father Burke, in his simplest moods, had always in view the service of his Master. He never allowed his cause he battled on bravely till the last, and the words of the wise man respecting Israel's sweet singer may be applied, with but a slight change of meaning, to Father Burke.

"With his whole heart he praised the Lord, and loved God that made him: and he gave him power over his enemies. In all his works he gave thanks to the Holy One, and to the Most High, with glorious beauty. And to the festivals he added beauty, that they should praise the holy name of the Lord, and magnify the holiness of God."

## A JESUIT'S VIEW.

## A Distinguished English Priest on Ireland and Irish-Priests.

HIS OPINION OF FARNELL AS AN IRISH LEADER.

The Rev. R. F. Clarke, editor of the London Month, the leading Catholic magazine of England, who is now on a visit to America, published in the Month a series of calm and able articles on the condition and prospects of Ireland. He has visited Ireland and examined for himself. His views deserve the attention of Englishmen, Irishmen and Americans. In his last article (the Month for September) he gives pitiful details of the chronic poverty of Ireland, and showing the difference between this and the accidental and temporary suffering in English districts, he continues:

But is not the cause too deeply rooted to afford any hope of remedy? Is there any chance of prosperous days for Ireland? of peace and prosperity where gloom and sullen discontent now prevail, breaking out here and there in crimes of violence and the curse of secret societies? What are we to look for in the future? Will there ever be harmony or love between Celt and Saxon? I must not bring these articles to a close without some attempt to solve the perplexing problem.

Professor Baldwin in his evidence before the Richmond Commission, says unhesitatingly that never was the ill-feeling towards England stronger in Ireland than at present. In America? Is far stronger still among the Irish and their descendants. It has entered on a new phase of late. It is no longer the hopeless feeling of a slave who performs servitude. It is no longer the reluctant dependence on one whom we respect for his omnipotence over us. There is a great alteration in the tone in which Irish newspapers and Irish patriots write of England. Education has done much to bring about this change. The very expression made to Ireland has done still more. But the enormous growth of the Celtic race in America and other countries is perhaps the largest contributing element. A new Ireland has sprung up beyond the Atlantic. The little Isle which lies in ominous proximity to England's shores is no longer the chief dwelling place of the Irish race. Their hearts ever remain there, it is true, but they themselves carry their country and their faith with them into other lands, and Erin breathes freely among the free institutions of the New World. Each emigrant ship which carries away the peasants, swept from the estates, where they had lived for centuries, to make room for cattle or more remunerative grazing lands, adds to the strength of new Ireland. Every act of oppression or cruelty at home has not only strengthened their hands but has added to her ever increasing and ever multiplying army of recruits. While the whole population of the United States has increased 100 per cent. within the last forty years, the Catholic population, who are for the most part Irish, have increased to the astonishing rate of 810 per cent. Since 1880 I am told the increase has been more rapid still. The close, compact organization existing among them adds not only to their numerical strength, and every year they are a more important element in the political world.

Encouraged by this consciousness of a

growing power in the States ready to support them, and emboldened moreover, by their own successes, the Irish have of late met the English face to face in a way never attempted before. They are beginning to wake to a consciousness of power. They are looking out for signs of weakness in their foes. They are furnishing their armor and preparing for the fray, and engaging in preliminary skirmishes.

Of Mr. Parnell, Father Clarke says:—He represents as no other living men do, the prevailing temper of Ireland. He is the spokesman of young Ireland, quick with growing hope and I fear I must add with growing defiance. He alone, since the days of O'Connell, has ventured to come forward and boldly throw down the gauntlet in the face of English domination. He alone has dared to browbeat the English Ministry in the great English Parliament. He alone has gathered his party around him and simply bid defiance to the files of English statesmen who glare hatred at him across the floors of the House of Commons. Educated in England and intimately acquainted with English feeling, an English gentleman in that which gives weight and influence in an English assembly, always cool, always calm, always courteous, he fights Englishmen with their own weapons and hides a fiery temper and an indomitable will under an imperturbable exterior. I am not in this estimate of the cause of Mr. Parnell's wonderful success expressing merely my opinion. I am but repeating what I have gathered from Irishmen who have watched events from a position of vantage.

Add to this that he has a claim, passing in Irish eyes the claims of justice. He has been kind to Ireland! He has identified himself with her wrongs! He has made her sorrows his own! He has bid defiance to the opposing ranks at Westminster, and battled night and day, and all for Erin's sake! The one idea of his life for the last half dozen years has been Justice to Ireland! And what is more, for Erin he has suffered. The iron-bound doors of Brixton jail have closed on him for Erin's sake! He has been counted as a criminal for Erin's sake! He has forfeited his personal freedom, his personal comforts, his personal activity, for Erin's sake! When men wonder how Ireland in her poverty can furnish so generous an acknowledgment of all that he has done for her, they forget how the warm Celtic heart goes forth with enthusiastic gratitude to all who show kindness to their country.

I have wandered a little from the question which I proposed to myself in the early part of this article—Whether there is a proximate hope of peace and prosperity for Ireland? I return to it with some reluctance, because I fear I must answer in the negative. Ultimately I am convinced that Ireland will enjoy the reward of her long sufferings and of her unbroken loyalty to truth. God rewards nations as he rewards individuals, and it seems to me such a certainty that the time will come when Erin will wear the crown to which she is entitled by her heroic devotion to the cause of God. Nor does it need any dragging in of the supernatural to foresee this. Apart from any but purely natural causes, she must in the end prevail. The Celtic race cannot fail to outrun the Anglo-Saxon race many centuries have run their course. They will do so by the very force of numbers. The average of grown children in an Irish family is five, that in an English about three. Allowing thirty years for a generation, it follows that in a hundred years the descendants of an Irish family will be three times more numerous than those who spring from the Anglo-Saxon parentage. I am not concerned with the causes of this difference; chiefly, I imagine, it is owing to race, food, and climate. But one difference there is which tends more and more to tell in favor of the Irish, and that is their superior morality. The vice so common, so almost universal in England and in Protestant America, not only tends to degenerate the Anglo-Saxon race, but actually to reduce its numbers. The dislike to large families which is prevalent at present in the upper class in England necessarily diminishes the population. Add to this that in point of quick intelligence the Celt is decidedly the superior of the Saxon, and though the intelligence has been long kept in check by the restrictions on education in Ireland, and especially by the curse of Protestant ascendancy, yet it is now under recent measures rapidly developing itself. In other moral qualities he is at least fairly his match. Ireland has therefore this security for her success in the not very distant future, that the Irish race throughout the world are rapidly gaining on the English.

Agitation in Ireland has probably only just begun. The words of the Irish members do but faintly echo the feelings of the nation when, emboldened by success, they only declare that "the sooner it is recognized the better that a state of war exists between England and Ireland," and that "the people would break out into open insurrection if they had the power." Take, for instance, Mr. Healy's speech in the House of Commons on the famous "Sunday sitting" of the 18th of August. He is a fair representative of young Ireland and as such necessarily carries weight. Englishmen would do well to remember that his words were no mere vaporing of angry declamation when he spoke as follows:—

This was a quarrel for life or death. This was the struggle of the Irish people fought out in their fathers' circumstances; and it was supposed that they could inherit into the proceedings of the House all the refinements and mildness of language which might be expected in a discussion on the details of the London Water Bill. They were fighting for men's lives, for their liberties, their homes and their families, and were they to be shaken by no emotions? The English did not understand the position in Ireland. It was as much war between the two countries as ever (Irish cheers). They were the exponents of the state of feelings which exist in Ireland. You could not expect from them in this House to do anything but give expression to the feelings which inspire hatred and contempt for the Government of the great mass of the people in Ireland.

The sooner the fact was recognized the better (Irish cheers). The sooner it was recognized the better that a state of war existed between England and Ireland (Irish cheers). It was not physical, because the people could not give their feel-

ings physical effect, but it would be physical if the people of Ireland could carry out the war (Irish cheers). If not, then, why keep thousands of armed soldiers and police garrisoning the country? (hear hear). He merely stated the state of feeling in Ireland was such that the people would break out in open insurrection if they had power, and why was it surprising that the representatives which these people sent there, in so far as language was concerned, should break out in insurrection when they find the manner in which the wrongs and grievances of their country were being dealt with? (Irish cheers).

But if we would know the true character of Irish feeling towards England, we must look across the Atlantic and listen to the words of Irishmen when free to speak of England as they please. English readers would stand aghast if they were to peruse the columns of some of the most widely-spread papers of the States. It is not the wild declaration of a few revolutionaries or demagogues, it is the expression of the calm, deliberate opinion of the great mass of Irish and Irish-born citizens of America. It is not in many of those godless newspapers, but in many of those which are distinctly religious. Side by side we find a sermon by Cardinal Manning or Father Burke, and tirades of abuse against England, breathing a bitterness of hate which I could not have believed had I not read them with my own eyes. I need not tell my readers that I read them with the utmost pain and sorrow. I record the fact of their utter alienation from England and all things English.

When the Irish Bishops protest against emigration as the chief means to be relied upon for the relief of Irish destitution, they are pleading a cause, to which, if no other reason, England should listen from mere motives of self-interest. What policy more fatal to the Empire as an Empire than to foster with the money of the Empire a hot-bed of fierce hostility to England's dominion and England's sway, to increase at the country's expense the number of her irreconcilable enemies, and to place them where they can attack her unrestrained, now indeed with the weapons of tongue and pen, but with these only as a prelude to more effective weapons which they intend to employ against her as soon as some important war leaves her less able to repel their attack, or some other circumstance strengthening their own hands or weakening those of their foe gives them a chance of success in their long-nursed projects of vengeance.

In spite of the greatest good will, it is quite impossible for any one connected with the English Government to win over or satisfy, under present circumstances, the Irish people. We cannot expect it for years to come, even if it comes at all. England has a long roll of misdeeds in the past to undo, perhaps to expiate. It is only little by little that the change can be wrought. She must continue for long years a generous policy of prudent concessions. She must, at whatever sacrifice to herself, give to the people of Ireland the possession of their own land, so that it may be to the great interest of the great mass of the nation that peace and tranquility should prevail. She must as far as possible without injustice to the owners of the soil, provide at her own expense and by a wise outlay of Imperial funds, a home for Irishmen in their own land and not beyond the Atlantic. In Ireland itself there is good land enough and to spare to furnish a sufficient inheritance for more than double the present population.

It is no sudden change, no violent measure that I advocate, it is the quiet, peaceful development and extension of what has already been inaugurated by the English Government during the present Session. The liberation of Ireland from her present miseries may in the end be brought about by means of emigration, but it will be a process of violence and force which cannot fail to carry with it a thousand evils and a long scene of civil strife. If she is to be freed peacefully and happily from the curse of emigration, it can only be by England's willing concession to her of the freedom she herself enjoys, by generous effort to wipe out the cruel injustice of the past, and to restore to poor oppressed Erin, as far as possible, the lands that were confiscated, and handed over to strangers, the religion that was persecuted to death for centuries, the liberty which has been stamped under foot by those who took possession of her soil. Not only for Ireland's sake, but for the sake of England, too, I heartily pray that the desire to do justice to Ireland, which I am sure is daily growing stronger among intelligent and educated Englishmen, may, before it is too late, become the sentiment of the whole nation.

ANSWER THIS.—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, says he has been using it for rheumatism. He had such a bad back that he could do nothing, but one bottle entirely cured him.

Why go about with that aching head? Try Ayer's Pills. They will relieve the stomach, restore the digestive organs to healthy action, remove the obstructions that depress nerves and brain, and thus cure your headache permanently.

## A Remarkable Result.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant, at Franklin, writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. After a few applications the pain left me entirely, and I have had no pains since. Do not take Electric or Eucalypti Oils, but see that you get Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

## A Great Source of Evil.

Every farmer will admit that one of the most destructive evils to good crops is that of worms or parasites that prey upon vegetable life; other species of worms infest the human system and are productive of much suffering and ill health. Freeman's Worm Powders will effectually rid the system of this trouble, are pleasant to take and contain their own cathartic.