

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath;
My faithful friend, that shall be mine,
Unfailing, till my death.

Thou hast been ever at my side;
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, inform'd aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might.

Nor patron saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Has known my being, as thou has known,
And blest, as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font,
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Oh! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of hell.

And then in time, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the trile complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing 'ow;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous sleepless foe.

Where hate, nor pride, nor fear torments
The transitory guest,
But in the willing agony
He plunges, and is blest.

And as the fainting patriarch gain'd
His needful halt mid-way,
And then refresh'd pursued his path,
Where up the mount it lay.

So pray, that, rescued from the storm
Of heaven's eternal ire,
I may lie down, then rise again,
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

IRELAND'S CAUSE.

GLADSTONE EFFECTUALLY ANSWERS ARGYLL.

Extracts From a Sarcastical Analysis of
a Most Ungracious Attack.

"A Vindication of Home Rule" is the main title of "a reply to the Duke of Argyll," which the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, contributes to the North American Review for October, and which reads as follows:

A PARALLEL THAT DOES NOT HOLD.

In the North American Review for August the Duke of Argyll has contributed an article in which he proposes to show that there is a close analogy or an absolute identity in principle between the gigantic effort of the American people in 1861-5, first to limit the area of negro slavery and then to abolish it altogether, and the present struggle in which he is engaged to rivet upon the people of Ireland a form of government to which they have never constitutionally assented, which they were only compelled to obey by an armed force, in their small island, of more than one hundred and thirty thousand men ("Grattan's Life and Times," V., 31), which the Duke himself knows that they dislike or abhor, and which they declare to be totally unsuitable for the supply of their practical wants in legislation. They support these allegations by returning five-sixths or four-fifths of their Parliamentary representatives to uphold them. We acknowledge their competency as citizens by allowing them the widest household suffrage, with the protection of a most carefully constructed system of secret voting.

Even those who forced on Ireland the Act of Union loudly declared it was to give them an absolute equality of rights and laws with their fellow-citizens in the other kingdoms; whereas every Englishman and every Scotchman knows that the conditions of Irish government, as above briefly and slightly set forth, would neither be attempted by any legislature nor tolerated by either of the peoples of Great Britain.

The task the Duke took in hand was to convert the American people to the opinion that to liberate a race is the same thing as, if not to enslave them, yet to deny them all the rights of communities, historically national and independent, over their own destinies. The execution of this task, not easy in itself, was grievously hampered by the indisputable fact that the sentiments passed by the Duke across the water were in the act of being constitutionally

by his own countrymen, who, before his article could appear, were to choose a Parliament with a majority in direct opposition to his views.

A gentleman, belonging to the Republican party, and in the first rank of public distinction in America, told me before the last presidential election that thirteen million votes would be cast at it, and that, of those thirteen millions twelve and a half would be favorable to the cause of Ireland. Will the arguments of the Duke serve to diminish this enormous phalanx of opinion by the subtraction of a single man?

A TRIBUTE TO IRISH CONSTANCY.

And the argument of the passage is no better than its history. The argument is that thirteen hundred years ago the Celtic Church was divided, and fomented other divisions, therefore the Irish of today, are incompetent to manage their own Irish affairs. But if the discord of thirteen hundred years back was so bad, what are we to say of that extraordinary union in the very same body which has now been maintained for so many centuries, that union which has been proof alike against the sword and the penal laws, and, as in the Balkan Peninsula, has given in the eyes of the people a special consecration to the Church, as the nursing mother, not only of their religious life, but of all their civil hopes and aspirations?

MODERN WITCH-BURNERS.

The anti-Irish imagination feasts itself upon the horrors which an Irish Parliament is to enact, and, on the impotence of the Imperial legislature to prevent them. Let us consider the case presented to us. Thirty-five millions of Britons are to stand by with their arms folded while three millions of Irish nationalists inflict on two other millions (such is the Unionist calculation) every kind of lawless wickedness—and this, while the thirty-five millions have the entire military force of the land and of the Empire in their hands, and while the two millions who, according to the same authorities, possess the main part of the property, the intelligence, and the industry of the country, patiently allow themselves to be led like lambs to the slaughter. How reason with prophets such as these, any more than with an infuriated crowd of other days who have seized an old woman for a witch and are carrying her to the place of burning?

ABSURD AND INSOLENT SUPPOSITIONS.

The case of Ireland is analogous to that of the great self-governing colonies, which in all respects, except those of suffering and wrong, may fairly be compared with her. As to them all alike, these anticipations are preposterous in their absurdity, and cruel in their insolence. But, as it is absurd to suppose that either in the Dominion of Canada, or in any other colony, or in Ireland, a reign of terror could be established, and justice trampled under foot, so it is equally absurd to suppose (and most of all in the case of a country separated from us by only a few score miles of sea) that the Imperial power would view such a state of things with indifference, and become a party to it by a shameful acquiescence.

THE LIBERTY OF THE COLONIES.

The general upshot is that Ireland generously agrees to undergo every restraint which is imposed upon the autonomous colonies, and many other restraints. They retain legislation upon trade, they deal with the question of our defence, they contribute nothing to our charges. Ireland willingly abandons all these powers and consents to bear her equal share of Imperial burdens; and, under these circumstances, such is the astounding force of prejudice, there are to be found men of rank, character, and ability, who denounce such a guarded gift of autonomy to Ireland as a thing monstrous and unheard of in its extent.

A SUBORDINATE PARLIAMENT AND A RESPONSIBLE PARLIAMENT.

My description, however, of the Bill was perfectly accurate. The Parliament of 1782 was in itself sovereign and independent, in the very same sense as the Parliament of Great Britain. The Parliament contemplated in 1886 was at once accepted, on behalf of Irish Nationalism, by Mr. Parnell, as "a subordinate Parliament." But, according to the Duke, the sovereign Parliament had not one-tenth part of the subordinate Parliament. Let us look a little closer into the matter. The Parliament of 1782 had power to act upon peace and war,

upon army, navy, and defence in general, upon commerce, and on every description of taxation, and this power was all of its exclusive power. But the Bill of 1886 kept in imperial hands, *inter alia*, substantially, and I believe in strict legal form, the whole of those great jurisdictions. Here is, indeed, an arithmetical puzzle: Parliament A has every legislative power possessed by Parliament B, and has, in addition, the very highest matters placed within its sphere, and yet, so says the writer of the article, Parliament A has not one-tenth part of the power of Parliament B. Such are the exploits of the *currens calamus*.

It is true, indeed, that neither of the schemes gave to Ireland by law what is called responsible government; while it is also true that such government was not contemplated in 1782, and was contemplated in 1886. And what is this but a bugbear set up by the writer of the article to frighten us out of our seven senses? In 1782, responsible government, that is to say, an executive directly dependent upon the majority of the popular chamber, did not formally exist, even in England. Mr. Pitt, in 1782, did not resign, nor did he at once dissolve, when condemned by the House of Commons, but abode his time, and the majority of the House was undisputedly on the side of his opponents during the interval. Within my own personal recollection, that there was no responsible government in the British Empire, except that at Westminster. But now, wherever a local autonomy has been granted, responsible government waits upon it, and in not one of these instances, perhaps approaching a score in number, has it been found to cause the smallest strain upon the bonds of union between the United Kingdom and the colonies. It is hardly possible to imagine the degree of perverse ingenuity which alone could lead any Cabinet, of which has now led at least one statesman, to the conclusion that at this epoch, when responsible government, in conjunction with local autonomy, has (for us) become universal, and has been discovered to be harmless, the negation of it should be kept alive in the single case of Ireland, as it for no other purpose than to inflict dishonor on that country.

THE IRISH TREATED FAR WORSE THAN NEGRO SLAVES.

The article before me is as full of insults to Ireland as a plum pudding is full of plums. Americans can hardly conceive how completely ingrained in the mental habits of many who boast their support of the Union, is the practice of insulting that country. The Duke of Argyll was a gallant adversary to negro slavery. And in too many ways the negro was dishonored and oppressed. But, the negro never, I believe, met with that particular species of oppression which is termed insult, in the same manner as the Irishman. One statesman, a Prime Minister, classes Irishmen with Hottentots; still we have another, who charitably divides them between knaves and dupes. By the completeness of his excommunication of that race from the human pale, the writer of this article and his *currens calamus* have carried the practice to such a height that, as at least we may rest sure, in the future it can never be exceeded.

The Holy Trinity.

This morning, at nine o'clock, a solemn High Mass was celebrated, in the Cathedral chapel, in honor of the Holy Trinity.

Feast of St. Edward.

Next Thursday (to-morrow) being the feast of St. Edward, the patron saint of Archbishop Fabre, His Grace will say the seven o'clock Mass at the Cathedral chapel.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.—Lavater.

Doctor—Well, I'll get my money out of old Neverpay this time. Wife—You said you never expected to get a cent for treating him. Doctor—I will this time. His life was insured, and he's dead.—New York Weekly.

Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, Doctor, my husband is worse to-day. Can you give me no encouragement? Doctor—Oh, yes; you will have all his money before to-morrow. He cannot live.—Yonker's Statesman.

Have your Job Printing done at THE TRUE WITNESS, 761 Craig street.

C. M. B. A.

THE GRAND CONVENTION.

As we go to press the splendid reunion of the delegates and members of the different home branches of the C. M. B. A. is taking place. Next week's issue of THE TRUE WITNESS will contain a full report of the reception, parade, banquet, and proceedings of the Convention.

Mgr. O'Bryne.

At High Mass in St. Patrick's, Sunday morning, Mgr. O'Bryne, Household Prelate of the Pope, delivered an eloquent and forcible sermon on the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin. It will be remembered that on the occasion of Cardinal Taschereau's elevation to the rank he now holds in the hierarchy, it was Mgr. O'Bryne who was bearer of the Cardinal's hat from Rome. Mgr. O'Bryne is one of the most distinguished scholars of the present day, he is a powerful speaker, and is an ornament of the Church. His sermon of Sunday left a deep impression on his hearers and was a glowing tribute to the Mother of God.

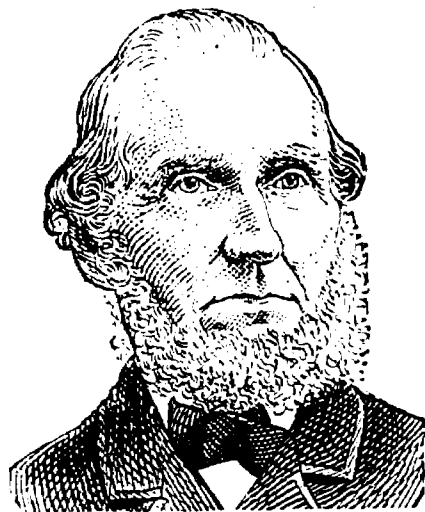
"ARCADIA."

As usual, this welcome magazine meets us at the beginning of the month, replete with interesting and entertaining matter. The musical department treats of Common-place Music, "Tannhauser" at the late Bayreuth Festival, a spicy Rolland for the Oliver of the London Musical Times, letters from London, New York, Boston and Toronto, with full accounts of what is being done in music at home, and a digest of general news under the heading of Notes and Gleanings. In Art there is a thoughtful and interesting article (to be continued) on past painters—Ruskin, Rossetti and Wm. Morris being considered at this time—a brief notice of the old paintings shown at the recent Provincial Exhibition, letters on art from London and Boston, and a column of valuable art notes. The literary portion of the magazine is especially attractive. There are articles on "Edmond Gosse," "English vs. American Spelling," a beautiful short story, "Little Dodo," and a charming essay on "A Minor of Old Salem," under a general heading, "To-day and Other Days." To these must be added a good letter from New York, several short poems—including a sonnet on "Shelley," by Mr. George Martin, of this city, and the usual Causerie and valuable literary notes, thus completing the best number we have yet seen. Undoubtedly, if excellence can win success, Mr. Gould is certain to secure it for his very delightful publication.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-13-c-o-w)

The question of the organization of the Catholics of Italy is to be taken into consideration at the approaching Italian congress which is to be held at Genoa.



Mr. David M. Jordan
of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the colic began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. When I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills. assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.