AT TIP

After the shower the transport sun,
After the storm the emerald leaves
Silver stars when the day is done
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky,
After the tempest the lull of waves
Quiet woods when the winds go by,
After the turmoil, peaceful graves

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from and farewells
After our weeping sweet repose.

After the burden, blissful meed,
After the flight the downy nest,
After the furrow, the waking seed,
After the shadowy river—rest!

The Irish University Question.

SPEECH BY THE BISHOP OF ACHONRY.

In the Agricultural Hall, Wolverhampton, the Lord Bishop of Achonry (the Most Rev. Dr John Lester) addressed a large assemblage on "The Irish University Question." The gathering was held in connection with the annual re-union of St. Patrick's Church, Wolverhampton, of which the Rev. Father Darmody is pastor. The Mayor of the Borough (Alderman S. Theodore Mander) presided, the Mayoress being also present.

The Mayor, who is a Nonconformist, in his introductory remarks, said that the occasion was the celebration of the jubilee of St. Patrick's Schools. There was no more important duty cast upon citizens or individuals than that of carrying on the work of education, no system of which could be considered complete or sound, which was not religious (applause). He was glad, with the Mayoress, to have that opportunity of showing sympathy with the earnest work of education carried on by Father Darmody and his colleagues (cheers). Alluding to the presence of the Bishop of Achonry the Mayor said the subject on which his Lordship was to address them was a matter which interested every English voter, whatever section of the community he belonged to, and one which they could not hear discussed from too many points of view.

Father Dormody then read an address of welcome which was presented to the Bishop from the priests and people of St. Patrick's Mission, as well as many friends, especially Irish residents in Wolverhampton. The address referred to his Lordship's encouragement and eloquent pronouncements on behalf of Catholic Irish claims to justice and fair treatment. It was earnestly prayed that his Lordship might be spared for many years to guide and govern his faithful flock, and to advocate the cause of their country (applause).

The Bishop of Achrouy, who was enthusiastically received, said he highly valued the honor, and keenly appreciated the privilege of addressing a meeting of such magnificent dimensions in the heart and centre of industrial South Staffordshire. It would be futile to hide the fact that the vast majority of those present, roundly speaking, were scions of Irish stock (laughter and cheers). Coming as he did from the old land, from the hills they trod in childhood, fresh from the fields where the shamrock grew, it was only natural and right that they should inquire how they stood at home, how things were with their Irish and kin in the Irish valleys across the intervening seas (applause). It was with nations, as with individuals, there were ups and downs. Life was brightened by periods of progression and dull and darkened by delays. So it had been in Ireland. But the black miasmal mist which once lay upon the land, blighting all who breathed it, and blasting all it touched, had lightened, lifted, and disappeared. There had come the dawn of a brighter day. Time was when the London Times gloated over their destruction in the exuberance of its brutal triumph, and shouted "the Celts are going with a vengeance. In another decade a Celt will be as rare in Connaught as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan." That forecast and hope had long been falsified. The Celt was in Ireland still, and there he would remain (cheers). What was more, he was becoming fixed in the land, and, better still, was getting planted in the soil. The wide acres were slowly but surely dropping from the grasp of the careless absentee. The lands were passing to the people, and they were becoming safe, satisfied, and secure (hear, hear). Then county government and the power of the District Councils was taken up by the people. It was not much, but in Ireland they must be grateful for small mercies (applause). It was a step in advance, and that advance in the right direction (hear, hear). But while he was able to point with pleasure and pride to the marked amelioration of their social condition and to a favorable forecast for the future, there still stood out a great grievance which dwarfed into insignificance much that would give hope—a huge injustice which haunted the people's life, marred their present happiness, and blasted all promise of prosperity. He alluded to the persistent refusal of the English Government to give them a University wherein the sons of Catholic people might graduate without shipwreck to their faith or danger to their religious principles (applause). The need of such a university was generally admitted. The Irish Catholic grievance was acknowledged by England's ablest statesmen of every party and shade of belief—recognized by every prominent politician of influence. Every statesman who had come into touch with Irish feeling or had seen for himself the extent of Irish needs proclaimed publicly, plainly, even plaintively, that the grievance was there, but they pleaded that they were powerless to redress it. When the recognized representatives of Catholics recently approached the Home Secretary of Ireland, requesting the appointment to vacant responsible positions of Irish Catholics in proportionate numbers, he told them he would willingly, eagerly, anxiously accede to their reasonable request and filling the foremost places Catholic gentlemen sufficiently educated to occupy these posts of discharge the duties. This was to Irish Catholics a very humiliating admission, and humiliating beyond expression to the powerful English Government, which held in it shands the bonds of redressing the grievance. It was not that Irish lads were wanting in capacity or ability. The history of the Irish race was dead against that theory (applause). Search the records of the world wide overall the annals of this expiring century, and they would find that Irishmen, wherever they had a fair field and fair favor had bravely held their own in the arena of intellectual conflict that they had run the fleetest and gained the race across talent was not handicapped and genius not barred. Search the capitals of every continent, rake and ransack the nations beyond the seas, and they would find Irish genius and talent holding the highest position and filling the foremost places (cheers). Where genius reckoned and talent counted Irishmen held the palm. Even in England their continuous had held their own in the diplomatic service, the professions, in literature, art, and war (applause). Among other instances of this his Lordship mentioned Lord Russell of Killowen, Lady Butler, T. P. O'Connor, and others. In England's army of the generals who fought her battles and won her victories, half were Irish, from Wellington to Wolseley. Even now the man on whom the eyes of Europe were riveted and the hopes of England centred—the one looked up in Lady-smith—first saw the light amidst their green Antrim hills (loud cheers). But while thousands shed a lustre on the empire, those at home were spurned and contemned. They were knocking at the gate of knowledge, only to have the door slammed in their faces by the Government of England, and must remain hewers of wood and drawers of water. Some fifteen years ago, owing to persistent appeals, the Government flung to them, as a sort of "Sop to cerberus," a thing nick-named a university—an university without powers, a university without a university's functions, a mere machine for manufacturing degrees, a dismal dummy, mockery, and sham (applause). At the recent examinations in this bogus University, Catholic boys carried away the most coveted honors, and gained the highest distinction. Their struggling, handicapped, hampered, unaided, and unendowed, had swept and shattered and smashed the Queen's Colleges—petted, pampered, nursed, and nestled at the country's cost (applause). These three colleges, provided by Government at an initial expenditure of £100,000, had during their worthless existence cost the State a million and a half, and they received an annual income of nearly £30,000. They were open to all Protestants, and closed to Catholics alone. England refused them justice because they were Catholics. They were still enthralled, and the penal laws were still enforced bitterly against them. The British Governments held the intellects of the Catholic in chains, and their representatives at Westminster who had voiced the national sentiment and asked for redress had received the time-worn answer—"You have Trinity College." Trinity College, where Irish sentiment had been shattered and the faith torn to shreds. They were refused education because they were Catholics. Even Mr. Balfour—and he had been their best friend—admitted that it was to the fact of their being Catholics that he attributed his failure. In an eloquent sentence the Lord Bishop alluded to the fact that the Dublin Fusiliers, who sturdily stormed the fire-swept hillside at Glencoe, battling for England's name, were Irishmen and Catholics, and the Empire for which they fought denied to their countrymen the God-given right which every other nation provided for its humblest citizen and lowliest child (cheers). This denial of justice to Ireland was a violation of promises made by the Unionists. While the nation was locked in deadly conflict four millions of her own subjects were gloating over her disasters, were gratified at her difficulties, and were longing for her defeat. He neither ratified their policy nor approved of their attitude. His sympathies were not with the Boers, but with their poor Dublin boys, the hardy heroes of the Rifle Brigade, and the faithful lads of the Connaught Rangers, many of whom would never see their Connaught hills again (cheers). In conclusion, his lordship thanked the audience for their warm Irish welcome and the address presented to him.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN AND THE CRITICS.

In an article in the New Century Review Cardinal Vaughan replies to some criticisms of the Church in English papers, and especially to the sweeping accusation of "Verax" that the church is responsible for the backward condition of Ireland, Spain and Italy, and has "always been inimical to the highest civilizations." Says the cardinal:

When I assert that the Catholic Church with a free hand is well able to promote the happiness of the people, and to raise them from the pagan to the Christian level of thought and action, my statement, I believe, is amply borne out by the history of Christian civilization. I need only appeal to such names as Milman, Hallam, Froude, Lecky, Farrar, Guizot and a host of other witnesses who are above suspicion. But when I claim for the Catholic and Roman Church now the same divine power and vitality she gave proof of in England during 1000 years of our history, I am confronted with the present state of Ireland, France and Spain. It would be almost as reasonable to say that the degraded condition of masses of the English poor, and the causes that have led to their misery, are attributable to the Catholic Church, as only that it is too generally realise! here that the Catholic Church lay prostrate, bleeding and dying under the harrow for two or three centuries in England, for even the staunchest Protestant to cast the blame for the state of the English poor upon the Catholic Church.

But we are bid to look at Ireland, where the people have remained Catholic. Now, the sufferings of the Catholic Church in Ireland have been second only to those of the Church in England. Archbishop Whately, accounting for his want of success, wrote that he "had to fight the battle of Protestantism in Ireland with one hand, and that his best, tied behind him."

The Catholic Church in Ireland has had to carry out her divine mission, not with one hand tied behind her, but with both hands cut off. She was stripped of her possessions, reduced to poverty, deprived of the right to educate the land taken from her children and given to Protestants, fettered and persecuted in every possible way by England for centuries. And yet, even so, she has maintained a peasantry that is singularly pure and chaste, and in ordinary times free from crime than that of England. While, in spite of every disadvantage, she has preserved a high standard of virtue, faith and piety among her keenly intelligent and sympathetic poor. Let any one contrast the intellectual, moral and religious condition of the poor of Ireland with that of the lower classes in our large towns and then say, if he please, that the cause of the irrespective conditions is to be found in the respective religions of the two countries.

But we are referred to France as further proof against the character of the Catholic Church. Has it been forgotten that the Church in France was drowned in a sea of blood 100 years ago; that religion, revelation and God himself were publicly proscribed; that the Church is not free to this day in France; that her bishops may nowhere meet in synod; that her religious orders are under a ban, and that whatever education the Church gives is under distress and disadvantages? And yet, in spite of a century of disadvantages, Catholic France produces at the present day a great multitude of as noble examples of generosity and devotedness as the world has ever seen.

Again, we are referred to Spain, but during the century Spain has also been swept by the evil principles of the French revolution, her religious orders have been again and again suppressed, her seminaries closed, her property confiscated and for years her episcopate was actually extinguished. The Church in Spain has had to fight with more than "one hand tied behind her." Yet look at the Spanish poor, and you will find in them an inbred gentility, a noble bearing, a religious sense and courtesy that you will search for in vain in England. It is only fair to remember that the Catholic Church in Spain and in South America, as in other lands, has had to fulfil her divine mission in chains, weakened on all sides by the state, if not actually enslaved by its laws.

Turning to the reproach of "Verax" that the Roman Catholic Church was to blame for the conviction of innocent Dreyfus, Cardinal Vaugn in asks if this is just. He continues:

"The Dreyfus case has been torn to pieces, and all over the country has divided members of the same Catholic family. The bishops have endeavored to voice the national sentiment, but it is not easy to allay a panic. But belief in his guilt has not been confined to the French Catholics; ministry after ministry, without a shred of Catholicity in its composition, was convinced of his guilt. If there has been passion on one side, has there been no passion on the other?

If certain fiery organs of the cheap Catholic press in France have been unfortunately carries away by partisanship, do they stand alone in partisanship in France or elsewhere? France has been distracted for generations by political turmoil, and is honeycombed by unscrupulous secret societies, pledged to despoil and destroy the Catholic Church wherever they can. Can we be surprised, then, that a single incident, that the name and fate of a single case should precipitate convictions or fears on one side or on the other? A single spark may create a conflagration. France having been living under panic for years, it is not to be wondered at if some men lose their heads in a state of national panic.

THE LATE FATHER DRUMGOOLE.

The remains of Rev. Father John C. Drumgoole, the founder of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Mount Loretto, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, were removed on Nov. 30 from a grave in the mission grounds, in which they have lain for the past eleven years, to the vault in a chapel not far away which has recently been erected to his memory. The ceremonies were in charge of Archbishop Corrigan, who was attended by Rev. James J. Dougherty, the superior of the mission; Bishop Farley of Manhattan and Bishop Brondel of Helena, Mon.

Father Drumgoole founded the mission forty years ago for the purpose of securing a home for orphans and street waifs of the city. He died in March, 1888. The new building which contains his body is of York slate and is of Grecian architecture. It is a reproduction of the Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto of Loretto, Italy. The floor is of marble, twenty-five feet square, and the vault is in the centre.

POOR "BILL" ANTHONY.

Rev. John Chidwick, the chaplain of the Maine, thus comments on "Bill" Antony's death in the New York World:

The untimely death of poor "Bill" Anthony has in it a lesson and a moral. Theatrical managers and enterprises led him to ruin. They persuaded him to resign from the service and go on the stage. "Bill" was not used to stage life, and it turned his head. Then, too, heroes cease to be heroes in the eyes of the American people when they make exhibitions of themselves in public.

Nevertheless, neither his mates nor the public would have turned from him had he sent to them in his trouble. If he had done this his life which had in it much to commend, might have been saved.

RT. REV. MGR. BONPAIN.

Father F. Hodges, S.J., formerly minister at Beaumont College and at present at Mount Sion House, has been consecrated Bishop of British Honduras. Bishop Hopkins was born in Birmingham and was educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott, and afterwards for the medical profession. His friends at Roehampton intend to present him with a testimonial and an address. Lieutenant-Colonel Haskett Smith of Alton Road, Roehampton, S.W., has consented to act as chairman of the testimonial committee. Father Goodie, S.J., is the hon. secretary.

OPPORTUNITY TO ECONOMIZE.

"No!" declared Mr Wimpling. "I shall not pay for the privilege of taking you to a theatre. I don't say that I cannot afford it, but I claim that no ordinary play is worth $1.50 a seat."

"But, John," his wife replied, "you used to take me so often! You didn't seem to think $1.50 a seat was too much then."

"Maria, don't talk nonsense! We can get just as near together at home now as it is possible to in the most cramped theatre in town."

The Queen of Portugal, who is said to have taken up medicine as a fad, became so interested in it that she completed the course and took the degree of M.D. She is now chief physician of her husband, herself and her children.

United States Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, is to hang out his shingle as an attorney in Raleigh early next year. It is said this will be the first case on record of a man beginning the practice of law after leaving the senate.

Moses Thatcher, the Salt Lake City millionaire, who has started a 40,000 acre cattle ranch in Chihuahua, Mexico, though a man of good family and education, began life as a ranch hand, and at one time was considered the best cattle expert in the West.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, says Mrs. Logan is troubled over the story that she urged her son to go to the Philippines in spite of the wishes of other members of his family, including his wife. "The fact is," says the Tribune, "Major Logan himself was anxious to go. He enlisted first for the war with Spain. When that was was over he resigned only because there seemed no prospect of more fighting. When the fighting started up in the Philippines he was anxious to see service, and finally his wife and mother both gave their consent."

Commandant Cronje, of the Transvaal army, is said to be a fatalist. In the raid combat at Doornkop, when the bullets were whistling rather too loudly around the spot where he was seated, a field coronet suggested his retiring to a more sheltered position. "No," said Cronje, "I am in the hands of God, and if I am to be shot I shall be hit just as soon in one place as in another."

The Emperor of China is never seen walking, riding or driving. When he takes an airing it is in a palanquin 8 feet long, carried by thirty-two gaily dressed servants, who advance at a swift trot. Before he goes out for this airing the roads are sprinkled with yellow sand, and after the sprinkling the penalty is death for anyone to pass along the roads until he has been whirled over the route.

The Buffalo Commercial says that when Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy was in Paris last summer he engaged in discussion with another American on Markham's much-talked-of poem, "The Man with the Hoe." An Englishman who was listening to the argument asked who the man with the hoe was. "The man with the hoe," repeated the General, "why, that is the newspaper man." Somebody had to hammer a treatise on printing presses into the Englishman's head before he saw the point.

The South Carolina Society for Patriotic Award has received a magnificent gold medal, given by the women of the State, which will be presented to Lieut. Victor Blue at an early date. As the officer is now on duty in New York City, on the battleship Massachusetts, it is probable that the presentation will be made there by Hugh S. Thompson, ex-Governor of South Carolina. The medal is two and one-quarter inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. The obverse bears the coat-of-arms of South Carolina. The inscription on the face of the medal is: "The Women of South Carolina to Lieut. Victor Blue, U.S.N., in High Appreciation of His Courage, Enterprise and Distinguished Services in the Santiago de Cuba Campaign, 1898." The reverse side of the medal presents a design of the United States Navy, the basis of the design being the great seal of the Navy Department.

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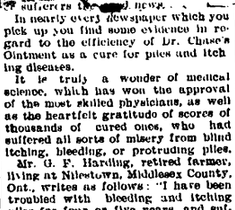
THE SUITS OF THE PENITENTS

The Lenten exercises of the New Church in the evening of the 15th instant the last visitation of St. Benedict's Monastery returned to home from her visit to the Lake Shore and Lancaster, where she spent nearly four months. The result of her mission has proved most gratifying and successful, while the courtesy, hospitality and kind attention which the Lady Abbess everywhere met with can never be forgotten by her, but will ever be cherished amongst her happiest memories. Bishops, priests, religious and laics all vied in making her welcome, and doing all in their power to forward the success and interests of her mission.

Sir Ciphchen Lo Feng Luh, the Chinese Ambassador to Great Britain, recently attended a performance of "King Richard II." and according to the English papers, was a most attentive spectator. He had a handsomely bound pocket edition of the tragedy which he diligently read, keeping pace with the utterance of the artists.

Gen. Maximo Gomez has collected a very large quantity of manuscript, treating of the warfare in Cuba from 1868 to the present time, which he regards as his greatest treasure. Of late he has been going carefully through his diaries and papers, arranging all data having upon the subject, with the view of writing a history of the revolution, as he has known it externally and internally.

In Nearly Every Newspaper



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Mr. G. F. Harding, retired farmer, living at Nilestown, Middlesex County, Ont., writes as follows: "I have been troubled with bleeding and itching piles for four or five years, and suffered intense agony at times. I had tried almost everything, but could get nothing that would give relief. On hearing of Dr. Chase's Ointment I procured a box, and it only required part of it to completely cure me. I am recommending it to all afflicted as I was."

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HOBART'S BEQUESTS TO CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

Paterson, N.J., December 1.—By the will of the late Vice-President Hobart, probated today in the office of the Surrogate of Passaic county, bequests of $5,000 each are made to five charitable institutions, two of which, St. Joseph's Hospital and St. Joseph's Girls' Orphan Asylum, Paterson, are Catholic.

Finley P. Dunn, George Ade and Will Payne, whose works have attracted attention, are Chicago newspaper men. All three began their newspaper work on the Chicago News. Mr. Ade is now on the Chicago Record. Mr. Payne is editor of the Economist, and Mr. Dunne, who scored such a success with his "Dooley" papers, is managing editor of the Chicago Evening Journal.

The general direction of the proposed British Antarctic expedition has been intrusted to a committee consisting of Prof. Ray Lankester, director of the natural history department of the Royal Society, and Admiral Sir William Wharton, hydrographer to the Admiralty. Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, and Major Leonard Darwin, its secretary, will represent that organization.

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