id-for a com kenness, with vils, proved a gines. It con-The m h. means to procating liquors of frequently of ingenuity

rew from the part from the no other event arrival of an to propose a en the English cronicled under egotiations thus l to no practical retirement was elf a matter of perplexities of he command of orcing of its de-of its policy, he satisfaction at-ul discharge of appy inauguran of projects of owever, his am-successor of M.

ny of the hun-ken such action irs as to lead to ration should be destined to be w Governor wa character. The almost uninter-tied with firearms lbany, no longer uselves. Attack-ts along the St. pelled the colon-heir strongholds, d Montreal. In s they killed the cated his followcover of the fort. ishing and popule Iroquois were detached bodies surrounded the mes, putting the t terror by their lacable foes. At we, Governor of ek in France the nen and supplies

put an effectual of the savages. ith one hundred al gave new heart
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ptiate the treaty.

harangued the Inhours. His disseveral presents, the treaty conatisfaction of the advent of peace to carry the light rious Iroquois na-ine, Chaumonot, nard and Fremin, eal, piety and in-s good work amid rade relations beroquois soon be-One of the nations,

preserved a bitter rench and traded at Williamstadt, a time, felt in the s adverse to the relations with the destruction of the arriors soon placed t territory of On-the five nations, la, from the very su southward, ac-vided sway. The to the French was anized attempt to ement formed the Onondagas. Onondagas. The the danger hanging uped by strategy, binted savages the of the settlers on rv. The flight of Iroquois to attack French settlements. n on to the island g a few peaceful ht a livelihood by heir very audacity or himself that he or himself that he is who had sought Quebec. This illaction on the part ught an inglorious

TINUED.

A PRIEST.

rgy is a hard one. mong poor; the among poor; the is of poverty itself: at all hours, and to . Many bear the l-health, many are ick-list, and many cessary that a conour times, and bo e. For this is needmplete in its mat-nomy, and provided s, not only sufficient ture in experience. graces of a faithful return in a multin yourselves and rdinal Manning.

s belongs to every nd except the tem-

A May Sonnet.

BY MARY E. MANNIX. Madonna Mia, turn those gentle eyes in adoration litted to the Throne, A moment downward, through the floating

A moment downward, through skies, skies, To earth, whence truth and holiness seem flown.
Thou wert His Mother, Mary, and thou art, Yet on the Cross He gave us sinners thee, And bade thee guard within thy stainless beart

heart Such ingrates vile, such lepers white as we. O Mother loved, loved spite of darkening si O Mother loved, loved spite of darkening sin, That wraps as with a pail this world of woe, Open thy tender heart and take us in. Save from the dangers footsore pilgrims know:

know; Making to bloom these withered souls of

the things that are Casar's, and never needlessly arrays itself against the civit power. Yet I found that in Ireland power. Yet I found that in Ireland wherever there was famine the Catholic

wherever there was famme the Catholic priests did not hesitate to say, both in private and in public, that the primary cause of Irish destitution were

THE EXACTIONS OF THE LANDLORDS.

The priests, who live among the people, say so; the land reformers, who spring from the ranks of the pegantry, say so: say so; the land reformers, who spring from the ranks of the peasantry, say so; and every honest enquirer, I think, will say so, if he studies without bias the history and statistics of the Irish farmers of

the present century.

I shall talk to you to-night of the twin curses of Ireland—famine and the landlords. Everybody knows there is a famine in Ireland, but I do not think there is a single person in this audience who knows have save and how widesured it is. I how severe and how widespread it is. how severe and how widespread it is. I have personally visited several of the counties blighted by the famine, and saw with my own eyes the destitution of the peasantry, and with my own ears heard the sighs of their famished wives and children. They were the saddest days I ever spent, for never befo e had I seen human misery so hopeless and universal, and so profound.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE IN LEINSTER. Let us begin with the least distressful province of Leinster. There is no finer county in the temperate zone. There is no natural reason why poverty should ever east its blighting shadows athwart the green and fertile fields of Leinster, but oven here evictions have done their person between the country of the country o green and fertile fields of Leinster, but even here evictions have done their perfect work. Instead of stalwart peasams you find herds of fat bullocks; and instead of bright-eyed maidens you find flocks of bleating sheep. After the famine of 1847 the men were turned off and the beasts were turned in. The English Government favored this poicy. Irishmen are rebels sometimes, but sheep are loyal always. (Laughter and applause.) There is less distress in the rural districts of always. (Laughter and appliadse.) There is less distress in the rural districts of Leinster, because there are fewer people there, yet the verified returns made to the Mansion House shows nearly 38,000 per-

sons in distress in its twelve countres. Dr. John Magee, a noted parish priest of Shadbally, writes so me: "Speak as we may of short and scanty harvests, the real cause is rack-rents and landlords, exactions which drain the land of money and present us periodically before the world as present us periodically before the world as mendicants and beggars. This land system of ours pays over from the sweat and toil of our inhabitants \$90,000,000 yearly to 6,000 or 7,000 landlords, who do nothing but hunt a fox, or hunt the tenantry The Government that upholds this crue system abstracts \$35,000,000 more from the land in imperial taxation, while there is left for food, clothing, and sustenance,

harvest be good, the landlord luxuriates and abstracts all; if bad or scanty, he seizes

on the food and cattle for the rack-rent.

A GLANCE AT ULSTER.

Leinster contains one-fourth of the population of Ireland, and Ulster, to which we will now proceed, contains, 480,000 persons more than Leinster. English writers and their American echoers have so con-stantly asserted that Ulster is always prosperous, and they have so constantly attributed that prosperity to the influence of Protestantism, that I must ask leave to expose the cruel and cowardly hypocristy of this pretence. In doing so let me say that I am not a Catholic. The Rev.

their landlords processes of ejectment. The victims are in no way responsible for their misfortune, as a glance at their suroundings and circumstances will plainly

The landlords are absentees. Few of them have reduced their rent at all, and none of them have reduced it in the ratio of the decreased productiveness of the land. The result is that among a peasantry as industrious as any people on earth, who live on meaner food than other civilized people, who perfer to be dragged to the precipice of starvation before they will ask for relief, there are at this hour in all Ireland at least 863,000 persons who rest their only hope of seeing the next harvest sun set as they stand at the old cabin door, on the bounty of strangers and the exiles from Erin. I have no doubt there are 1,000,000 people in hunger and rags, but I can point out, county by county, where 863,000 of them are elamoring to live.

are clamoring to live.

Last week the London Times predicted Last week the London Times predicted that the distress would diminish now, or it is said that it had decreased. Don't believe it. It rejoiced when the famine of '47 swept the Irish peasantry by thousands into their graves. It has had no change of heart. The landiords would like to see the trish expelled, even by famine or death, and the Times is the organ of the landlords. It is no longer the old cry of "Hell or Connaught." The English landlords have got Connaught, and I do lords have got Connaught, and I do believe that by and by they will get (Laughter and loud applause) I mean that now they wish to get the Irish out of Cannaught, where they once drove

DUTY OF IRELAND'S FRIENDS. What is the duty of the friends of Ireland? First, to feed the people who are starving, and after to help them to improve their condition. (Applause.) Their condition is appalling. I find that a belief prevails and is spreading among Americans that the accounts of the Irish feeling have been expressed for politic famine have been exaggerated for politi-cal purposes. I know that not one-tenth of the truth has been told. And so, as I have already in the Tribune—(applause)—told a part of what I saw, I determined told a part of what I saw, I determined to-night to try to bring witnesses to confirm my testimony, so that no man should be able to pretend to believe that the distress in Ireland has been made the excuse for raising money under false pretences. By and by I hope to review and extend my own testimony. I shall then show that the scene I have brought the political receives of the Link Land League to desenemies of the Irish Land League to describe to you are not exceptional, but common; that the Irish peasant is neither indolent nor improvident, but the victim of is left for food, clothing, and sustenance, 5,000,000 of people, not more than \$50, 600,000 or about \$10 per head yearly. If the

was a lamb, at the other side of the cross, were two moons-like (I mean the very shade), but of the purest white: I could shade), but of the purest white: I could not describe them better. I suw that vision the rest of the day. I left the church for a little time, and came back in the evening to spend the night there. About half-past eight I saw on the opposite gable of the church our Blessed Lord as if taken down from the cross. I saw all the wounds opened—with His right hand laid down His heart—the left hand stretched out rom Him, with the lamb laid on it, and turned towards the people. At first when I saw Him the crown of thorns was pressed on the forehead and raised a little from the poll. I looked at our Blessed Lord in this position for about an hour and a half. he next thing I could observe then wa light getting in through the gable of the a light getting in through the gable of the church, and immediately a star appeared at the other end of the church. Then the people get awfully excited. Every time I looked at our Blessed Lord I thought His holy eyes were fixed on myself alone, until this time when the people got excited. Then He turned away His head and looked at the people. After looking at them for about five minutes He turned to me again, and continued to do so (as far as I can recontinued to do so (as far as I can re continued to do so (as far as I can remember) about sixteen times successively When He turned to me again, after the first time He looked at the people, I could see the crown of thorns pressed down on his pell, with the blood streaming down from the wound. His Heart appeared to me then to be open in two, with the Precious Blood flowing from it. I could discern also, at the left side, a large open wound. At about a foot then over our Blessed Lor-l's head a red door appeared; it was closed when first I saw it, and then Lord's head a red door appeared; it was closed when first I saw it, and then opened. I could see nothing inside but all darkness. Then, outside was something long, but very white. This long thing moved slowly in, until it went inside the door. Then the most brilliant light shone all over His body and on the whole gable, and His sacred body appeared to me to be vanishing, by degrees, until I could see nothing but the wounds and face. His sacred face appeared then more plump and joyous looking than more plump and joyous looking than before. He smiled three times. I should smile myself in return. I then fainted,

went next day to the church I could see the wounds and shadow as plain as ever. Easter Sunday I saw our Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother, with the chalice in his hand as if administering the Blessed Sacrament. I saw that all day. Then on Easter Sunday night, nine of us got up a privilege to remain in the church all night. We all knelt round the altar of our Bless-

evitable results of the premeditated policy of England in Ireland to drive out her people. (Loud applause.) The underlying cause of the famine is landlordism. The landlords have always exacted as rent every shilling that the poor temants could pay, over and above the most meagre subsistence for their families. In the best of times the pearants can save nothing. Their cabins are meaner than the slave-cabins of the South.

Father O'Farrell, of St Peter's Church, proposed a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer, and spoke in high terms of Mr. Redpath's Tribune letters. The meeting was also addressed by John Dillon, who came to the country with Mr. Parnell.

THE IRISH LOURDES.

Section of the control of the contro

incense of heaven. To him this earth offers no pillow of rest—'tis something only to be reached beyond the threshold of mortal years; we lay our weary heads own only to final rest in his poem "Rest: My feet are weary and my hands are tired— My soul oppressed— And with desire have I longed, desired, Rest—only rest.

"Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain In barren ways: "Tis hard to sow and never garner grain In harvest days.

"The burden of my days is hard to bear— But God knows best; And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer, For rest-sweet rest.

"Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap The autumn yield; "Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep O'er fruitless fields."

My wearied little head; e'en then i prayed,
As now, for rest.

"And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er—
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest."

"Lo! you diag of freedom flashing
In the sunny southern sky!
On—to death and glory dushing,
On—where swords are clanging, clashing!
On—where balls are crushing, crashing,
On—hid perils dread appalling,
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,
On—they're growing fewer, fewer,
On—the rhearts beat all the truer,
On—though round the battle-saltar,
There were wounded victims moaning.
There were dying soldlers grow battle,
On—right on,—death grow battle,
Warring when sold grow battle,
Warring that field of death and slaughter;
On—with never and made the braver,—
On—with never a hall or waver—

But while Father Ryan appears to pour out his very blood in every line of this, it is in the description of the terrible ene after the battle that the most beautiful and tender passages of the poem oc-cur. What could excel the following

thetic picture:

"When the twilight sadly, slowly Wrapped its mantle o'er them all. Thousands—thousands lying lowly. Hushed in silence deep and holy—There was one—his blood was flowing. And his pulse faint, fainter beating. Told his hours were few and fleeting; And his brow grew white and whiter, While his eyes grew strangely brighter There he lay, like infant dreaming. With his sword beside him gleaming,

For the hand in life that grasped it.
True in death still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying.
And the sternest bent down weeping.
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping;
'Twas the midnight; stars shone round him.
And they told us how they found him,
Where the bravest love to fall.''
And this last. Note the delicacy of
thought and beauty of imagery, as well as
vividness of description which characterize it:
"Where the woods, like banners bending.

They were the pioneers of religion and settlement in North America. While the rest of the Mother Country gave itself up to the corruption of the age, the nobility of Normandy and Brittany sent their sons as soldiers or missionaries to New France, and carried the elements of New France, and carried the elements of civilization from Quebec to the Rocky Mountains, and from Lake St. John to New Orleans with intrepid, daring and unfaltering steps. Marquette penetrated the far West and discovered its secrets. DeBrebeuf and Lalement suffered martyrdom on the shores of Lake Simcoe: and the Company of the Hundred Associates opened up avenues of trade and commerce everywhere, Champlain, Montmagny, De Tracy, D'Aillebout, magny, De Tracy, D'Aillebout, Frontenac, Vanderuil, Beauharnois, Lon-"Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
"Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless fields.

"And so I ery, a weak and human ery,
So heart-oppresed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—sweet rest.

"My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares Infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot
tears
I pine for rest.

"Twas always so; when still a child, I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

"And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er—
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest."

"Lo! yon tlag of freedon flashing
In the sunny southern sky!
On—there re lating, lating, filling,
On—there re lating, failing, filling,
On—there re lating, failing, failing,
On—there re lating, failing, filling,
On—there re lating, failing, filling,
On—there re lating, failing, filling,
On—there re lating, failing, fliling,
On—they're growing fewer, rewer, and General Murray until Quebec was no longer habitable, and then loyally sided with the conqueror in his struggle with the revolted colonies. The name of Wolfe does not overshadow that of Montcalm; and if Brock was the hero in Upper Canada in the war of 1812, De Salabery was not behind him either in skill or courage. The era of peace dawned in 1815, and since then the French Canadians have prospered amazingly, albeit the Province for forty years afterwards was weighed down by the feudal system. In politics they have given Canada Papineau, Lafontaine, Monn and Cartier, Garneau, Ferland, Moin and Cartier, Garneau, Ferland, Casgrain, Gaspe, Tache, Sulte, Fabre, and Lomoine are worthy names in literature; while Hamel in art, and Lajeunesse (Albani) in song, have a world-wide reputation. It is often charged that the putation. It is often charged that the French Canadians are a degenerate race; but the mere fact that in spite of two centuries of feudalism, of Indian wars, of foreign invasion, and of association with the dominant Anglo-Saxon, they exist to-day a million and a half in number, with their ancient faith and language ever fresh, is proof of unparalleled vitality.— Post.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

PIERRE JEAN BECKX.

In connection with the unjust and op-In connection with the unjust and oppressive measures now being adopted in France against that glorious old organization, the Society of Jesus, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have presented to them the following brief sketch of the illustrious general of the order, translated from an article by Felix Ribeyre, and published in Le Monda Illustre, of April 17, 1880.

R. P. BECKX.

R. P. BECKX.
R. P. BECKX.
R. P. Beckx (Pierre Jean), General of the Society of Jesus, was born February 8, 1795, at Sickans, near Diest, in Frabant,

It may be asked: What have they to celebrate? First, a marvellous history that may be said to date from that spring morning in 1536, when Jacques Cartier and his little band attended Mass in the Cathedral of St. Malo, while their craft, the Grand Hermine, and Petite Hermine, and Petite Hermine, and Petite Hermine, and the Emerillon, waited for them with sails set in the roadstead. Three hundred and forty-five years have passed since then, and it is safe to say that no people on the face of the earth have achieved on the face of the earth have should be the emblem of her faith forevermore—of her faith and her trials, of her tears and sorrows, and of her victory, "Which conquered the world." O, golden the rish shore first embraced, softly and lovingly, the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good tidings; who preached peace and good tidings when Moses struck the rock, and the glis tening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land; when the "Name which is above all names" was first heard in the old above all names" was first heard in the old Celtic tongue, and the Lord Jesus, entering upon His new inheritance, exclaimed: "This is My resting place for ever and ever; here shall I dwell because I have chosen it. The conversion of Ireland, from the time of St. Patrick's landing to the day of his death is, in many respects, the strangest fact in the history of the Church. The saint met with no amounting his career resembles more the opposition: his career resembles more that triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a missionary.

> IMPOSING CEREMONY AT THE VATICAN, On 18th April, at the Vatican, a grand philological fete, or, as it was called by the philological fete, or, as it was called by the originators, a polyglot academy, was given in honor of the exaltation to the Pontifical Throne of His Holiness Leo XIII. The great hall of the Consistory was specially adapted for the occasion. On a throne sat his Holiness surrounded by the personages of the Pontifical Court, two cardinals, a number of Archbishops, bishops, and other prelates, the ambassadors of France, Austria, Spain and Portugal, and other members of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Holy See, the heads of the religious orders, and See, the heads of the religious orders, and a number of members of the Roman nobility. In the presence of this distinnobility. In the presence of this distinguished audience the scholors of the Propaganda recited short poems in fortynine different languages in the world, on various themes, celebrating, according to the programme, the Pope's name, his deeds, lofty purposes, the holiness of his life, his unconquerable zeal for increasing the justice of the Catholics, the well-being of human society, and the edvacement. the iustre of the Catholics, the well-being of human society, and the advancement of learning. After an introductory address by Don Michele Camilieri, the recitations, commencing with that on the theme of the Roman Pontificate, in the Hebrew tongue, were made and were interluded, as they continued, with the singing of national songs in the Chaldean, Arabian, Turkish, Cingalese, Armenian, Greek, Georgian, Bulgarian, Roumanian, and other tongues, and, in conclusion, the and other tongues, and, in conclusion, the Sixtine choir sang the Apparent of Baini.
>
> —London Times.

One-eighth of the 5,000,000 acres of vine land in France will be unproductive this year. This means a loss of \$80,000,-

Arizona has produced a quality of cotton equal to the Sea Island cotton from seed brought from China.