

My Beads.

BY THE REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kindly slumber;
You know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have told you every tear,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died; but in my needs
You were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
The circled chain, and always found
In some "Hail Mary" sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of sinners lost, and of unknown
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am not alone,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

MOTHER MOST PURE.

The Flower of the Immaculate Concep-
tion Laid on Mary's Shrine.

Baltimore Mirror.
From the look in honor of the Blessed
Virgin which the Rev. Abram J. Ryan
is writing, we will take the following chap-
ter:

In the year 1849 Pius the IX. was
driven from Rome and went into exile to
Gaeta. It seemed that in our days the Vic-
ar of Christ must be a victim for truth.
Though he had given to the people a lib-
eral constitution, and had made many re-
forms in the government of the Papal
States, the liberals became revolutionists,
and clamored for what could not in honor
and principle be granted. 1848 was a
year of revolutions all over Europe. The
waves of the revolution at last reached
Rome, and swept furiously over the States
of the Church. And as in all Italian rev-
olutions the cruel knife of assassination
found many a hand ready enough to grasp
it, and many a victim to fall beneath it.
In disguise the Pope fled secretly from
Rome, and found refuge in the Kingdom
of Naples. There forgetting his own
wrongs and sufferings, and thinking only
of the glory of God and the good of the
Church, he addressed an Encyclical to
each of the high prelates of the Church in
regard to the definition of the Immaculate
Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Questions were proposed to them for an-
swer as to their own belief and the faith
of their flocks and the traditions of their
churches in regard to the conception of
Mary.

Meanwhile the revolution raged and
ruined. The world needed some gentle,
peaceful truth to calm its agitations. What
truth more serene than the sinless concep-
tion of the holy Virgin?

Meanwhile his Encyclical had been read
by the Bishops all over the earth, and with
a wonderful unanimity they desired the
definition of the dogma. But the Church,
in the world of dogmas, moves slowly, like
unto God in the works of creation. Con-
gregations of theologians of unquestion-
able piety and of learning unsurpassed
were appointed to study the subject from
every point of view—to examine authori-
ties, to inquire into ancient traditions,
and to exhaust every source where reason
could find reasons of the truth of the Im-
maculateness of Mary's conception. For
in building up the grand temple of Catho-
lic dogmas, only the stones hewn by the
hand of God from all eternity, and found
where He had placed them in time, can be
chosen; and only those consecrated with
the charm of His Love and Power and Will.
For only such stones have the right to be
built up into the Temple of Faith, resting
on Jesus Christ the Corner-stone. And it
is not authority alone, nor is it reason
alone that builds the temple by formulat-
ing truths into dogmas; but it is authority
infallibly united to highest reason that
does the sacred work.

Meanwhile, while the minds of the
learned were studying, examining and dis-
cussing the subject; the hearts of the faith-
ful were praying for the object of their
desires.

In our Holy Church, as in each of its
members' mind and heart together, not
either of them separately, form the prin-
ciple of every spiritual and Catholic ac-
tion as with the Father and Son are the one
Principal whence proceeds the Holy Spirit.
Years passed on. The Church did not
speak. As at the Council of Ephesus, the
faithful were filled with a holy impatience,
and all over the world they prayed for the
day of the definition of the truth. It came
at last.

On the 8th of December, in the Temple
of St. Peter's of the Vatican, the Mount,
which is the Thabor of truth and the
Calvary of sorrow, was filled with an im-
mense concourse of the faithful and
strangers from many lands. Two hun-
dred bishops from many nations were
there, and priests in thousands. The
Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered
with a grandeur of ceremonies unequalled.
When the Gospel had been sung in Latin
and in Greek, a Cardinal, accompanied by
Bishops and Archbishops, approached the
throne of the Arch of Christ, and thus ad-
dressed the Sovereign Pontiff:

"Most Holy Father, the Catholic Church
has ardently and long desired that your
supreme and infallible judgment will pass
upon the Immaculate Conception of the
Most Holy Virgin Mary Mother of God, a
decision which will bring her an increase
of praise, of glory and of veneration. In
the name of the Sacred College of Cardi-
nals, in the name of the bishops of the
Catholic world, and in the name of all the
faithful, we, humbly and with fervent in-
stance, ask that the universal desires of the
Church may be granted in this solemnity
of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin.
Even now while we are offering the august
Sacrifice of the altar, in this temple con-
secrated to the Prince of the Apostles, and
in the midst of this solemn reunion of the
Sacred College, the bishops and of the
people, do, Holy Father, to lift up your
apostolic voice and to proclaim the dog-
matic decree of the Immaculate Concep-
tion of Mary; and there will be joy in the
heavens and gladness on earth."

Such was the petition of the Cardinals,
priests, archbishops, bishops, priests,
and two hundred millions and more of the
faithful. Were they blind? Who will say
so? The deepest learning of the world
made the petition. Were they deceived?
The greatest wisdom on earth made the

petition. Was it a petition of wickedness?
Wickedness will surely never ask for a
dogma which means sinlessness.

But before the Supreme Pontiff accedes
to this universal petition, he and the peti-
tioners must pray to Heaven.

So the hymn of the Holy Ghost, the
Veni Creator rose in glorious melody from
the hearts and lips of all in the temple.
And tears of joy trickled down many a
face there with a soundless music of their
own. While the echoes of the hymn, ring-
ing heavenward, were still faintly sound-
ing high up in the lofty dome Pius IX.,
with great union in his voice, read the
decree in which it is proclaimed "that it
is a dogma of faith that the Blessed Virgin
Mary, from and in the first instant of her
conception, by special grace and privilege
from God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus
Christ, the Saviour of the human race,
was preserved and placed beyond the
reach of the stain of original sin."

Agas ago, in a temple at Ephesus, when
Mary's relationship towards Christ had
been assailed by Nestorius, the Fathers of
the Council vindicated the rights of her
divine maternity. On that 8th of Decem-
ber, in St. Peter's, the Pontiff and bishops
defended the honor of Mary's soul and the
integrity of her innocence. Faith kept
fast of joy in the hearts of the faithful.
The glory of the joy of Faith, like a grand
Ze Deum, swept over the world. Ten
thousand temples sounded with song—
and twice a hundred thousand altars in
lowly chapels and in Cathedrals grand,
flamed with lights and shone fair with
flowers.

That day was the Christmas Feast of
Mary's soul, as the 26th day of the self-
same month is the Christmas Festival of
her body.

And if the angelic Gloria was not heard
on earth, it surely sounded round her
throne in heaven.

And the unbelieving world laughed.
Let it laugh.

If the faithful were glad, surely God
and His angels were filled with joy.
Think you that the Immaculate Concep-
tion of Mary was the invention of a truth
that day in St. Peter's temple? Truth
cannot be invented. Divine truth is even
beyond the reach of mere human discov-
ery. But divine truth is no more beyond
the reach of infallible human announce-
ment than it is beyond the reach of human,
certain, apostles, and the Church of
Christ, receives truths of the divine order
directly and immediately from God.
Since the Ascension of Christ, God is still
He never Himself breaks His silence. The
Church has "the mind of Christ," and as
Christ, in the days of His life, only gradu-
ally gave forth His revelations, so the
Church, which is His human organ of
speech on earth, only gradually, and in
God's appointed time, gives to the world
His announcements of the revealed truths
in her possession.

The sun holds as much light on the rim
of the eastern horizon in its morning ris-
ing as when it reaches the hour of its noon;
and the brighter grows its light as it
ascends the sky.

So the Church, when it rose on the hori-
zon of Judea eighteen centuries ago, held
all the light of truth in possessing
Christ the eternal light; but only gradu-
ally, like our material sun did it shine
greater splendors as it rose over the world.
Nor will its light ever decrease. It shines
on the day of the day of Christ telling the
hours of truth forever; and so on it shines
till it reaches its noon-day here below.
And then will come the end. The sun of
Truth has no West where it will go down
into shadows. Its West is in the heavens
into whose everlasting light it will triumph-
antly rise. What then is dogma? A new
invention.

Is it a new invention of light at nine
o'clock in the morning, because there
shines more light than just after morning's
dawn? Is it not the same sun shining?
Is it not the same light coming to the earth?
Same sun? Yes. Same light? Truly so,
the very same, but to our eyes growing
brighter, and covering with its increasing
brightness, more of the heavens and more
of the earth.

What then are dogmas? They are the
One Truth whose light is shining forever
in the Church, growing brighter, as the
centuries pass, to the eyes of faith, in
varied but not contradictory manifesta-
tions, and covering with the same increas-
ing light more of the world of mind.

Look at the rainbow which spans the
heavens and arches the earth, a sign of
bright peace when the tempest has passed
away. And learn a lesson.

On the cloud shine rays of light. What
else? From each drop of water in the
cloud of each ray seven different colors
are reflected. The seven colors were hid-
den in each white ray till the rays touched
the drops of water in the cloud, and then
each ray reveals its hidden beauties to our
eyes.

So in the Church there is but one truth,
and that is all-truth; but like unto the ray
with its seven colors, but like unto the ray
with its hidden colors, truth is revealed
in each white ray till the rays touch the
drops of water in the cloud, and then
each ray reveals its hidden beauties to our
eyes.

And like the rainbow after the storm,
they come to bless the hearts of the faith-
ful often and generally after the tempests
of sins and heresies have swept over the
fold of Christ and filled His flock with un-
certainty and fear.

Music is only a sweet sound, but in
that sound, like unto the ray of the sun,
seven notes lie hidden until revealed to
our ears.

So truth has but one sound; and that is
the sound of the Voice of Christ, but in
that sound sleep countless songs of truth
unheard until the hand of authority
wakes them into the sweet words of divine
faith.

Study the Unit. All numbers and
figures are contained in it. What are
tens, hundreds, thousands, millions and
more rising above the unit but it itself
manifested in higher and fuller forms?

And what are all the fractions lying
beneath the unit, but it itself broken into
fragments?

When the unit affirms itself, it grows—
it puts on greatness and glory; but when
the unit denies itself, it decreases—it puts
off its power and breaks itself into ignom-
inious fragments.

In the unit then are countless affirma-
tions. So in the one truth there are hid-
den innumerable affirmations.

And the unit has the power of denial.
When it denies itself it descends beneath
itself and gives up its life as unity.

So, when reason, and no matter whose,

denies truth in its unity or in any of its
affirmations of faith, it descends into re-
gions of deformed fragments and of dark-
ness, and it loses the life, by losing the light
of truth.

And then reason ceases to reason
right.

Mere religious opinions are fractions of
Faith; and once reason begins to work at
this sinful sum of fractions, there is no tell-
ing when it will stop.

Dogmas are affirmations of truths going
to make up the whole sum of Faith; and
as truth is infinite, while we are finite,
not in this world shall we ever reach the
fulness of the sacred sum; not till in the
eternities where we shall behold the
truth, face to face, in the vision of the
Trinity.

Any church (we use the incommunicable
name which belongs to our Church) alone
through mere courtesy; that cannot affirm
the ancient truths, has gone beyond its
reach, and away from the light of Christ.
Any church that has said its last word and
can say no more, has exhausted its life and
must die. Its very silence proves that it
has possessed only dead fragments. When
any church ceases to affirm, it begins to
deny.

When once it has begun to deny, by a
force which it cannot resist, it will continue
to deny and will lean on denials for its
very existence. When it ceases to say Yes
before the throne of truth it will begin to
say No behind the throne.

And sometimes the first low-muttered
No leads to the loud, "or a blas-
phemous, into No. Then dies the very
light of truth, and the night of darkness
comes.

Oh, beautiful Church! Bride of the
crucified Christ, bearing the heart as well
as the mind of Christ, possessing His
divine Person as well as His powers, thou
didst come down from the upper chamber
in Jerusalem, when Mary was praying with
the Apostles, filled as were they with the
Paraclete; and while thou didst preach
Christ and Him crucified and risen from the
grave, thou never didst forget the mother of
the Christ; the mother of the God of the
world; Friday, the mother of the Pente-
cost.

Oh, living Church of the ever-living
God! Queen of truth, bearing the sceptre
of divine authority, wearing the triple
crown of Faith and Hope and Charity,
with the mercy-clasped sandals of Salva-
tion on thy feet, when thou didst stand
in Ephesus of old and didst speak in
honor of the name of Mary thy mother,
strong and sweet; but in the temple of St.
Peter's thy voice didst rise to triumph-
ant notes, when thou didst defend against
unbelievers the honor of Mary's sinless
soul!

Ah! the olden words of Genesis in
God's malediction of Satan: "I will put
enmities between thee and the woman, and
between thy seed and her seed," never
before received such triumphant confirma-
tion; and the malediction of Satan never
before put on such dark and mighty
meaning! Out of her glorious Magnificat
and into the glorious dogma rang with
her crowning meaning—"All generations
will call thee blessed. Blessed the lips
that announced the great truth, and
blessed, in these days, the heart that
hailed with the welcome of Faith and joy
the glorious dogma! Was it all or only
the work of men? No. It was the act of
the Son of Mary through His chosen re-
presentatives. Listen!

Had Christ Himself stood in the midst
of that assembly, which represented eight-
een centuries of doctrine, and had He
been asked the question: "Tell us, the
conception of your Mother Immaculate?"
What would have been His answer?
Would He have said No? Would He
have replied: "Pontiff and Priests! you
are troubling yourselves too much about
my Mother's honor?" No, no; a thousand
times No. Listen. He would have said:
"Pontiff and Priests"—and let the whole
world hear—"my mother was conceived
as pure and stainless in time as she was
conceived in the divine thought and de-
creed of her and my predestination in the
bosom of the Divinity."

Pontiff and Priests! I was my Mother,
Mary of Nazareth, conceived in sin!
Who here, will dare say it? No, no, I
do so! Will I not bear every humiliation
for you and for all? But I, as the Son of
God, could not degrade myself. Had my
Mother been conceived in sin, she would
have been the slave of sin, and I, as the
Son of God, could not become the slave of
Satan. My divinity must be inviolate in
my humanity, and therefore the Mother
who is to clothe my divinity with the
clothing of humanity must be immaculate
in soul and body, for out of her flesh and
blood she is to weave the robes which my
divinity must wear. The great truth, and
stainless, if she were stained by sin, could
I, as the Son of God, wear robes with sin's
stain on them? Pure as the heavens I
came from, and purest of the pure to the
touch of my divinity and humanity must
she be whose Son I myself predestined
myself to be. Did I not, from all eternity,
choose Mary of Nazareth to become my
Mother? Have I not all power? Would
I be true to my infinite power if I had not
preserved my Mother from the contamination
of Satan's touch, and from the ignominy
of his slavery?

"Am I not infinite love? Have I not
proven my love for the world, even unto
death? If I gave you a law to love and
honor your mother, must I not myself
give you the most perfect example of keep-
ing the law? Must I not love my Mother
with perfect love, and honor my Mother
with highest honor—the perfect love and
highest honor of God and man? Would I
be true to the perfect and infinite love
wherein I must as God and man love
my Mother, would I not be false to the
highest honor of any mother, if, hav-
ing all power to which nothing is impos-
sible, and an infinite will which nothing
can resist, and an infinite love for her
which your thoughts cannot comprehend
nor your speech describe, I would permit
the fallen angel to glory in my Mother's
fall?"

"And when I stand before the world
with my Mother, and with my love for her

as her own and only child, proclaim that
she is mine; could I leave it in the power
of Satan to cry out in defiance: 'Yes,
Christ, she is your Mother, but she was
my slave?' In heaven that Lucifer would
fain become equal to God. Hence he was
cast out. No wonder he strives, in hate,
to drag my Mother down into the mire of
sin! No, no; it would be an infamy that
would degrade my divinity; it would be
an ignominy that would disgrace my hu-
manity; and before the angels in Heaven
and men on earth and demons in hell it
would be the everlasting opprobrium of
my Mother. And the infinite honor of
my Eternal Father, whose chosen daughter
my Mother is, would be shamed that I,
His Son, would have a sin-stained Mother;
and the infinite sanctity of our own Holy
Spirit, whose spouse my Mother is, would
suffer detriment, if, for an instant, my
Mother's purity had been tarnished by
guilt.

Pontiff and priests! ye have worshipped
Me with highest worship to-day, My
mother's feast on earth, in that you have
crowned My mother with an honor than
which none can be greater—an honor
which has been hers from all eternity—
and which you proclaim to earth to-day.
Pontiff and priests! this day was foreseen
from all eternity, and your proclamation
on earth was written in letters as pure as
My mother in the mind of the Father and
of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Thus would Christ give His own divine
testimony to the eternal honor of His
mother. "This would the Father and the
Holy Spirit testify."

And thus the dogma proclaimed that
blessed day in the grandest temple of
Faith on earth, is based not only on Scrip-
ture's inspired words, not only on the
teachings of the holy Fathers, not only on
the mystical illuminations of countless
saints, not only on the traditions handed
down from the beginning, not only on the
divine properties of things, not only on the
clearest, unanswerable reasonings of
the minds of men, but it rests on the
very Reason of God, and on the infinite
will that decreed from the beginning,
and on the infinite Power that guarded
the decree, and on the glorious love,
which could not be more glorious, that
made the eternal decree a reality in time,
—in the home of Joachim and Anna. And
now listen. Do not they who deny
Mary's sinless conception, deny consciously
or unconsciously, her full blessedness. Do
they not, knowingly or unknowingly, lift
up their hands against her prophecy
"All generations shall call me blessed."
Do they not, let us hope in ignorance,
stand by Satan in the garden, and where
they read the curse uttered against Satan
"I will put enmities between thee and the
woman, and between thy seed and her
seed" (the words are absolute), do they
not think, in fact, if not say, in words,
"No, the will will not be absolute and
everlasting enmity. There will be an inst-
ant or more when the enmity will be sus-
pended or cease. She will be conceived in
sin and fall under the power of Satan." The
attribution of such power to Satan involves
the withdrawal from Christ's Mother of
her soul's pure honor, and from God the
power to prevent the will to resist such an
indignity. To the principle of denial
enmity between the woman and Satan for
one instant, how will the enmity be re-
sumed? To honor the power of Satan so
as to make it prevail over Mary,—is it not
a sort of diabolic worship? And to deny
Christ—is it not a sort of diabolic blas-
phemy?

Oh, Mary! Virgin, Mother, Queen, we
are the generations who rejoice to call
thee blessed—blessed in thy Predestination,
blessed in the Promise, and thrice blessed
in thy holy and Immaculate Conception.
To-day we twine the Flower of thy sinless
conception in thy crown. But, ah! it is
too faint a Flower to lend its beauty to but
only one day.

To-morrow, oh Queen of spotless purity
we will look on the beauty of the spotless
Flower that we may fill our hearts with
its mystical fragrance. We who have been
conceived in sin and brought forth in sor-
row, lift up our souls in praise to God for
having by His preventing grace preserved
at least one of our race—these, oh Mary,
from stain of sin. And we glorify and
who hath done this thing for thee. And
we worship God because He hath placed
thee outside of the darkness of sin, and
hath established thee in the full sunshine
of His infinite grace!

Oh! though sinless, thou wilt have
Pierced us sinners.
Pray for us sinners "now and at the
hour of our death," that we may be en-
riched by the treasure of thy prayers and
thy privilege—that like unto thee, there
shall be enmities between our souls and
Satan forever and forever.

A "CHILD OF MARY."

An old general was once asked by a
friend how it was that, after so many
years spent in the camp, he had come to
be so frequent a communicant, receiving
several times a week. "My friend,"
answered the old soldier, "the strangest
part of it is, that my change of life was
brought about before I ever listened to the
word of a priest and even before I had set
my foot in the church. After my cam-
paign God bestowed on me a pious wife,
whose faith I respected though I did not
share it. Before I married her she was a
member of all the pious confraternities of
her parish and she never failed to add to
her signature, *Child of Mary*. She never
took it upon herself to lecture me about
God, but I could read her thoughts in her
countenance. When she prayed, every
morning and night, her countenance
beamed with faith and charity; when she
returned from the church, where she had
received, with a calmness, a sweetness, and
patience, which had in them something of
the serenity of heaven, she seemed an
angel. When she dressed my wounds I
found her like Sister of Charity."

"Suddenly I myself was taken with the
desire to love the God whom my wife
loved so well, and who inspired her with
those virtues which found the joy of my
life. One day I, who hitherto was with-
out faith, who was such a complete stran-
ger to the practices of religion, so far
from the Sacraments, said to her: "Take
me to your confessor."

"Through the ministry of this man of
God, and by the divine grace, I have be-
come what I am, and what I rejoice to
be."

Behold what power a truly good Chris-
tian woman wields in her family!

THE DUBLIN MURDER.

Mass Meeting in Boston.

Condensed from the Pilot.

The mass meeting of Irish-Americans
held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Tuesday
evening last, was a demonstration im-
mense in numbers and enthusiasm. The
expressions of the speakers were unquali-
fied in their condemnation and denuncia-
tion of the hideous crime committed
late in Dublin, which was assuredly in-
tended to be a deadly blow to Irish
progress and prosperity. The resolu-
tions were downright utterances of Irish
horror and dismay at the crime. The
vote of five thousand dollars for the ap-
prehension of the assassins was enthusias-
tically adopted. In every respect the
great meeting was an imposing and most
successful demonstration, worthy of the
chief city of New England.

We give below the speeches of two
prominent Irishmen of the city, John
Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Pilot, and
Mr. H. Miller, a Protestant, as well as a
letter received from the Grand Master of
the Orange Lodge of Boston.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens and Fellow-country-
men.—There is no more of sorrow in
this meeting than of indignation—sorrow
and grief for the innocent hearts that are
afflicted by the murderous blows of these
assassins, and these include every Irish
heart that throbs in Ireland to-day (ap-
plause). The hearts and hands of the
Irish people are innocent of this crime.

There is not a Irish mark upon it.
There is no indication here of hot Irish
blood—of the sudden, unpremeditated
blow of passion—of the hasty vengeance
which ever marks the awful presence of
bloodshed in Ireland. No Irishman ever
killed his enemy with a dagger (applause).

In all the history of the Irish people you
cannot find an instance in which Irishmen
premeditatedly killed each other with
knives or daggers. The dagger never
was and never shall be an Irishman's
weapon (applause and cheers). This
assassination was coolly planned and was
carried out with intellectual precaution
and cruelty. It was perpetrated within
the shadow of the Lord Lieutenant's house,
the Vice-regal Lodge, and within a few
hundred yards of the Chief Constabulary
barracks in Ireland. I declare here to-
night, and confidently appeal to the
future for the verification of the
assertion, that the deed was not com-
mitted by the Irish people (applause). I
say that it was committed by the class
known as gentlemen (applause). It was
perpetrated by the class whose power and
livelihood were threatened by the death
of coercion (applause). Who were these
men? An office-holders in Dublin
Castle, the paid magistrates who com-
manded the military power, the officers
of the brutal constabulary, the virulent
"emergency men." These were the peo-
ple to whom Lord Castletown brought the
message of doom. To these men his mes-
sage said, "Back! hold off your whips and
bayonets from the people! Back with
your constabulary bludgeons and swords!
Your occupation, if not forever gone, is
to be held in abeyance." (applause) This
was the meaning of the new policy of the
office-holders and the Dublin Castle crowd.

These men, hereditary office-holders,
thriftless, largely profligate, in danger of
absolute beggary and arrest if dismissed
from office—these men, I say, were the
only men in Ireland whose direct interest
it was to retain coercion, to destroy the
new order of conciliation (applause and
cheers) and continued cheering). How could
this be done? How could they achieve
this purpose? By the commission of an
outrage that would be laid at the door of
the people. By the murder of a high official.
I say, here is a powerful motive for
this awful crime—the only motive to be
found in all the complex elements of Irish
life (applause). I say there is a charge
against this class—a charge that must
be investigated and settled—and we
are ready to abide by the settlement
(great applause). And now for a word
of indignation—not as an Irishman so
much as an American. The infamous
charge has been made by a portion of the
English press and the coercion agents in
Ireland that this assassination was trace-
able to the Irish people in America. I
read in the papers this morning that the
English Minister at Washington and the
English Consul in Boston and other
American cities had publicly offered re-
wards in this country for information
relative to this fearful crime. As a citi-
zen against this infamous implication that
some of the Irish people in this country
have a guilty knowledge of this horrible
thing (immense applause). I indignantly
protest against the shameful implication.
It is for us Irishmen to offer rewards not
in this country, but among the English
coercion agents in Ireland (cheers and ap-
plause). Depend on it that the Irish
people will have to pay justice in this
matter. The constabulary will make no
arrests among the official class, unless
urged to do so by enormous rewards. Why
should they arrest men and destroy their
own power and prestige? They see that
this crime has served their own purpose.
It is for us to offer rewards, and resolve,
as we do to-night, never to rest until
we have hunted down these assassins, and
cleared the stain from the name of Ire-
land (immense applause and cheers, sev-
eral times repeated).

ORANGE AND GREEN.

President Collins requested Secretary
Curran to read the following letter from
the Orange Lodge of Boston. The
announcement was received with immense
applause and continued cheers.

453 WASHINGTON STREET, May 9, 1882.

To the Chairman of the Indignation
Meeting at Faneuil Hall.—Honorable Sir:—
We, the representatives of the Orange-
men in Boston, desire to express our cor-
dial sympathy with your meeting of this
evening. We denounce the act as most
unbecoming and are perfectly persuaded that
no member of the Land League or Na-
tionalist party had any hand in this most
deplorable outrage. Allow us, through
our representative, Mr. H. Miller, to con-
vey to you our cordial endorsement of
whatever resolutions you may propose
and adopt.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. MCINTYRE,

Grand Master Boston Lodge of Orange-
men.

GEORGE V. ALLEN, Secretary.

Mr. H. Miller, of the Boston Lodge of

Orangemen, was introduced and delivered
an eloquent address. Mr. Miller was en-
thusiastically cheered, and his remarks
were continually interrupted by hearty
and generous outbursts of applause. Mr.
Miller said:—

Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentle-
men.—As has been stated, I came here to-
night as a delegate from the Orange
Lodge to offer to you in this hour of sor-
row an Irish heart and its fellow sympathy
and to stretch to you an Irish hand, loyal
and true. (great applause and cheers).
In the past the orange and the green have
been apart, there has been discord be-
tween the North and South, but under
the shadow of this calamity of a nation
has not the time now come when, like
true sons of Erin, we should stand abreast
as brothers, and uphold her fair fame
(cheers). In making this overture of the
orange, please understand that I am
come not speaking myself alone, but
representing the Orangemen of Boston,
and I trust of the country. (A
voice, "Thank God"). Let us bury
now and here the discord which has been
the curse of our land and stained our
country's record with the blood of noble
men. Can we not unite ourselves like a
phalanx, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder,
for the redemption of our native land and
the resurrection of a nation's hope? (ap-
plause) I tell you that with the orange
and green blending far moniously on our
standard, there is no English power on
earth that can separate us in the struggle
for liberty (applause) No; nor can the
knife of the assassin divide us, for equally
we abhor and condemn its foul use (ap-
plause). I have no doubt but what the
majority of those before me belong to an
organization, the might and extent of
which, though I have been in this country
but ten months, I recognize and appreciate.
I refer to the Land League of America,
whose noble efforts in the cause of justice
claim my admiration and sympathy. With
you, the wearers of the green, I may join
the voice of the orange in the declaration
of the belief that it was not Irishmen who
committed that ghastly murder (loud and
continued applause). I say that act was
done by an enemy of Ireland