

sir; but I give you every night my prayers to God and His Blessed Mother to bring you success!"

Such a spirit could not be defeated. In the teeth of a confederacy such as has been described—in despite of loud threats and curses and vengeance—in the face of Dr. Moriarty's utmost exertions—on the morning of the poll the voters of Kerry, in many instances headed by their parochial clergy, marched to the booths with defiant enthusiasm, and before two o'clock in the afternoon the telegraph wires flashed the news that there was victory for Home Rule all along the line." In truth North Kerry alone proved itself able to settle the whole battle.

Such were the events that lend such interest to the quiet and thoughtful young man sitting so silently in his chair next Mr. Ronayne throughout the second day of the Conference.

Roland Ponsonby Blennerhassett is the only child of the late Richard Blennerhassett, Esq., of Cahirciveen, county Kerry, who died while the former was an infant. The Kerry election was his first entrance into public life, he having, in fact, only on that occasion quitted his University. He is a polished speaker, a man of great culture and of deep thought. In the *London Times*, soon after his election, a correspondent says of his family:—

"Members of this family were twenty-six times elected to represent Kerry or its boroughs, between 1613 and 1795. Two of them sat in the parliament of 1661, two in 1727, three in 1743, and two in 1760. Others of them represented the county in the imperial parliament, and sixteen of them were high sheriffs between 1622 and 1857. Colonel J. Blennerhassett, being elected "in his infancy," survived to be termed the Father of the House of Commons—having sat there for sixty years, to 1769, including the reigns of four sovereigns. Thomas Blennerhassett, was M.P. for Kerry, from 1775 to 1781."

Mr. Blennerhassett is cousin to Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart., member of Parliament for Galway city.

WHO LOVES THE DRUNKARD.

Rev. Father Damen, the great Jesuit Missionary preacher, in the course of a sermon recently delivered by him, thus depicts the drunkard.

You, drunkard, who, for the sake of the gratification of an unnatural appetite for intoxicating drinks, for that little exhilaration which lasts only for a moment, will sacrifice your

character, your reputation, your fortune, your wife, your children, your own life, and constitution, and your name, besides your God, and your heaven, and your eternity! Oh! what will you gain by your intoxication, by your drunkenness? What do you gain? A hell upon earth, and a hell hereafter. A hell upon earth, for is not the house of a drunkard—is not it a hell? Is there in the house of a drunkard aught but wretchedness—that misery, that disgrace, that quarrelling and fighting, and poverty, and shame,—every one of the catalogue of evils and miseries of this life are all, all assembled in the house of the drunkard.

The drunkard is in reality in hell here upon earth. A life of misery, a life of wretchedness, a life of disgrace, a life of remorse, a life of poverty, a life of sickness, a life of quarrels, a life of disunion in a living soul, and that life is a drunkard's. A man that has no one to love is a wretched and miserable man; a man that feels that he is disowned by all and every one of his friends, even by his own blood relations—is disowned by all and every one—is a wretched and miserable man. For, my friends, man has been created to love and to be loved, and without love or being loved there is no real happiness. Now, who loves the drunkard? Is it his neighbors? Why, they look upon him as the pest of the neighborhood; as the curse of society. Who loves the drunkard? Is it his wife? Ah! she curses the day when she first got acquainted with that brutal man. Who loves the drunkard? Is it his offspring—his own flesh and blood? Why, his children are ashamed of him; his children disown him, his children dread the hour when the drunken father will come home to the family. Who loves the drunkard? Is it the parish priest of God? Why, the priest of God, the parish priest would be a happy man if only every drunkard would move out of the parish and go to Jerico. Who loves the drunkard? Is it the liquor seller?—Is it the whiskey dealer? No, he does not love him. "But" you say, "see how he shakes hands with him; how he says 'Welcome, welcome, my friend, how are you this fine morning?'" He shakes hands with him; he has a smile for him; he has a kind word for him. Does not the liquor seller love the drunkard? No, he loves his money, but he does not love the man. And the moment the whiskey seller sees that his pocket book is flat, it is enough, and he turns him out of his house, and he sends for a policeman and he says unto him, "Take care of that unfortunate man." That