GREAT SPEECH ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL.

The Monuments of Tipperary - Th Insult to the Ashes of Pius 1X. Dr. Croke and Cardinal Manning.

Thurles, Sunday Night Of the many demonstrations of loy and admiration of which his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel has been the subject, none have surpassed in fervour and importance that which took place to-day. ne Confraternit of SS. Peter and Paul Clonmel, under their spiritual director, the Rev. M. Flynn, had fixed this day for their annual excursion. Advantage was taken of the occasion to present to the Most ev. Dr. Croke an address embodying the sentiments of veneration and es-teem entertained by them, in common with every Irishman, towards one of the noblest and most patriotic prelates that has ever adorned the archiepiscopal office. The procession marched through the town to the college, and the mass of people ranged themselves along the avenue facing the main entrance. The Rev. Maurice Flynn read the address, was beautifully illuminated.

His Grace, who was greeted with enthusiastic and prolonged cheering, said in

Father O'Flynn and friends from Clonme!—I am very glad, indeed, that your guardian angels suggested to you the idea of visiting Thurles on this the occasion of of visiting Thurles on this the occasion of your annual outing as a confraternity. On my own part, as well as on the part of my priests and parishioners, I bid you a hearty welcome to this ancient town. Fortunately we have something here to show for ourselves (hear, hear). We have our grand cathedral church, to begin with; our ecclesiastical college, with its amule halls and widespreading uleas. one hand, fruitful mother of so many nuns and of other virtuous children, and the Presentation Convent, on the other hand, famous for its splendid free school, its useful orphanage, no less than for the number and happiness of its cloistered inmates; and, though last, not least, our Christian Brothers' establishment, where fully 400 boys are taught the sciences of two worlds as Christian Brothers alone can teach them, the science of the saints, and the science that makes scholars, and, and the science that makes scholars, and at the some time, adorns them. I hope you will visit at your convenience these different es.ablishments, and the es, ablishments, and that, in so far at least, you will have no cause to be dissatisfied with yourselves for hav-ing made Thurles the term, as you call it your address, of this year's annual excursion (hear, hear). I trust indeed that, on the contrary, WHEN YOU RETURN TO YOUR HOMES IN THE

CAPITAL OF TIPPERARY,
you will feel convinced that we of this cathedral town have not been stationery while the country round about us ha been so signally astir, but that we have earnestly striven for, and possibly have attained, a good if not a foremost place attained, a good if not a foremost place in the advancing civilization of the island. Close by what I may call the modern monuments of Ireland's faith and fidelity just indicated, and within easy approach, are the rums of the once famous monas tery of Holy Cross, where the saintly Cistercian fathers prayed a d toiled of where a large relic of the wood on which our Blessed Redeemer died was preserved and reverenced for ages; and which tell to day in language not to be mi taken of the past glory and greatness and artistic culture of our forefathers, as well as of essness and rapacity of those by whom they were either beggared or slain Many of you will, no doubt, pay a visit to this famous a d much venerated shrine. The contemplation of these various monuments, representing both the past and the present, will awaken in you, I know, as it has always done in me, commingled feelings of pride and hopefulness—reel-

a brilli nt tuture (app. ans.). All my hopes of such a future for my country are based. I own, on one thing, and on one thing o ly, and that one thing is the union—thorough, sacred and is dissoluble—

THE LEARNED AND WARM HEARTED CARwhich I carries the pray may continue to exist between the Irish priest hood and the Irish people. Thank God who have already thanked his Eaumence for Haven Palladium.

The Angelus.

The Angelus, the Angelus, how clear and sweet it rings.

Across the city's noise and din, high o'er fall in Shaded valleys, green and fair, it softly lingers round, And dies amid the pure fresh hills and waves of mellow sound.

we are not divided here. We are as one in heart and soul and spirit, and in every patriotic a-piration. We shall stand or fall in Tipperary together, and hence it would be impossible to contemplate, here or, indeed, elsewhere in holy and faithful Ireland, anything like the painful scene that was enacted little more than A WEEK AGO IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

It floats above a hundred seas, through every land and clime;
'Mid every change of dark and light, the old familiar chine;
In deep Canadian woods and glades it greets the exiles ear.

And far away 'neath gum-iree's shade it greets the exile's tear.

A WEEK AGO IN THE ETERNAL CITY itself. I refer to it here to-day only to express our horror of it, and of the fiend-ish few who were engaged in it, and at the same time to show what even good people may become when they have ceased, for one reason or another, to respect their And far away 'neath gum-tree's shade it greets the exite's tear.

Tis linked with golden memories of childhood and of youth.
When life yet promised brightest things, and every word seemed truth;
When summer days were not too long, and winter had no clouds.

And each acquaintance was a friend, till we had friends in crowds. And each acquaintance was a friend, till we had friends in crowds.

The Angelus, the Angelus, the sweetest call to prayer.

That waves in sound the angel's words, and thrills the very air.

Oh! may its tone reach further yet, till the greatly degement day—
A link' twixt home and wandering hearts on distant shores away.

A link 'twixt home and wandering hearts on distant shores away.

A link 'twixt heaven and other hearts more exiled still than all.

Not ye who weep, still weep and pray for those tired feet that roam—
Pray they may feet that saving want, that hunger which leads home.

They loved her once. Who counts them lost? though deep and dark their fall:
Though name and some and soul are stained, her Son has died for all.

Oh! may her goodness touch their hearts, their old love wake and thrill:
God is their Savior yet, not Judge—Mary their Mother still.

— Irish Monthly.

Was so long called the city of the Pontiffs, the remains of the sainly and immortal Pius IX. were extracted from the temporary tombin St. Peter's where they had lain for more than three years, and deposited in due course in a funeral car, which was to convey them to the spot in the Church of St. Laurence, outside the walls, selected by the illustrious deceased himself as his fin 1 resting-place on earth. Had the ceremony of translation taken place in other days, when Popes were kings as well as bishop, all Rome would have loyally turned out to witness the spectacle, and to pay due homage to the ashes of him to whom they owed and have some time paid a double tribute of alleginger. But, under existing circumstances, all the usual accessories of pomp or display were wisely dispensed with—

No MORIUARY BELL WAS TOLLED IN ROMAN CHURCH OR STEEPLE.—

NO MORTUARY BELL WAS TOLLED IN ROMAN CHURCH OR STEEPLE. no funeral dirge was sung; there was no lengthened procession of monks and priests and high Church dignitaries to impart a religious hue and solemnity to the scene On the contrary, everything was studious ly done in the quietest and most unob-trusive manner, so as to secure the orderly and decorous performance of the duty and decorous performance of the duty which those immediately concerned were called upon to discharge. One would, therefore, have thought that, making every possible allowance for man's ingrati-tude to man, as well as for the bitter enmity which revolutionary antagonisms are sure to engender, the modest cortege which issued from the Piazza of St. Peter's on its way to the Church of St. Laurence, consisting, as it did, of an ordinary hears drawn by four black horses, a few c rriages containing certain clerical dignitaries
and Roman nobles, together with a small
number of mourning friends and, perhaps,
relations of the illustrious deceased, would have been suffered to pass unmolested, if not honoured, through the streets of that ap tal which the great Pontiff had done much to adorn, and that

THE BONES OF THEIR DEAD PASTOR would have excited no augry passions in the breasts of even the most undutiful of his children. But alas! it was not so. At the celebrated bridge of St. Augelo, not far distant from the great Basilica of St. Peter's, a disgraceful scene commenced, which was continued nearly all the on, through the Piazza Venezia, the whole length of the Via Nazionale, and right up to the very gates of the Church of St. Laurence itself. Roman roughs of a mischievous and even murderous type besieged the bier and those that accompan-ied it, and pelted both with stones and where the representatives or guardians of public order were while this scandalous and unprovoked attack on defenceless citizens was being in de. Beyond the or-dinary night patrol they were nowhere to be seen It was no business of their's.
THE SON OF THE SACRILEGIOUS SPOILATOR

of the Holy see, if in Rome, was just then probably mak-ing high revel in the plundered palace of Onirinal, while the ashes of its rightthe Quirina, while the sales of its light-ful owner were insulted as they passed by. Like master, like man. We hate no one so thoroughly as him whom we have in-jured, and the wild genius of revolution having triumphed over, and hunted down the illustrious Pius IX. during his life, was glad to get the opportunity of further insulting his memory and outraging his remains on their last passage to the grave. Here let me ask what have they to say for themselves after the shameful occur rences just described, who are constantly prating about the freedom enjoyed by the Pope under the present Italian regime, and asserting, in the face of all evidence and asserting, in the face of all evidence of the contrary, that the successor of Pius IX., the glorious Leo XII., is really no prisoner in the Vatican; that he might show himself freely and fearlessly to his spiritual subjects in the streets of Rome, and research himself, without desired. himself without dread of molestation amongst the Sabine hills! Would the mean mis realts w o

WISHED TO CAST THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD PONTIFF INTO THE TIBER be likely to r spect his living successor? No, most assuredly not (appliause). The Pope is really a prisoner in the Vitican; the guarantees of safety that have been given to him by the Italian Government. are a mockery, and perhaps a snare; and from this spot, so sacred to us all, midst surroundings suggestive of everything that is holy, we enter our indignant pro-test against the scandalous outrage that has been recently offered in Rome to the remains of the immortal Pius, as weil as against the progracied and paintui imprisonment of his august and venerated successor. And now, after this digression, ings of pride because that successor. And now, after this discression we are sprung from a stock that was which i crust you will not deem inopport when the sprung from a stock that was neither rule now us known, and feelings of hopefulness, because a people so great as we have been in the past, a people so brave and unbending as we are in the present, must be fairly entitled to, and cannot fail to be blessed with a happy, a bright, and, perhaps, even a brilli nt tuture (appealse). All my hopes of such a future for my country are tune, let me return to your address and visit, and thank you, as I do most heart country at sarg , on a recent remarkable

thank God, substantially exchange God, substantially exchange for the substantial properties with equal trait and dignity

his kind and encouraging words, and I beg most respectfully to offer him your acknowledgments as well to-day. Small men throughout the country, especially it all offers to the country. if self-sufficient, when they cannot check, if self-sufficient, when they cannot cheek, are apt to snarl at a great popular movement like ours, but men of larger mould and clearer vision, men of brains, of sag acity, are always ready to give such movement. ments their blessing, and heartily wish ments their blessing, and hearthy wish them every legitimate success. As to the controversy which I had to engage in with certain Biblical critics over the water in reference to the now famous text of St. Paul to Timothy, I have only to say that, possessing a good library, I had no diffi-culty in finding evidence therein that my interpretation of the passage was correct, and that the authority of Holy writ is not wanting to prove that the man who toils upon the land has the first claim on its upen the land has the first claim on his fruits. In fine, it is a source of infinite pride and pleasure to me to behold so many honest Irish faces around me here to-day, especially as they come from the capital of our patriotic county, and are owned by men banded together in a holy be thereford and whose hearts are aslow brotherhood, and whose hearts are aglow with the love of creed and country. May we never prove unfaithful to those sacred instincts, and, in a special manner, may the sons of Tipperary be as faithful and good as they are gallant, generous and brave (applause).

At the conclusion of the reply three

ringing cheers, echoed again and again, were given for his Grace.

IN ROME.

On Sunday the Feast of St. Victor was celebrated in St. George's Cathedral. Before the High Mass—of which the Bis-hop of Lystra was the celebrant—a very imposing procession made the rounds of the church, the relics of the saint being borne on a bier by four of the clergy of Southwark. The Church was densely crowded, many Protestants being present. trowded, many rrotestants being present. It may be mentioned that the slab of blue Sicilian marble, which for 1500 years covered the martyr's tomb in the catacombs, is let into the wall below the

Victor was crowned with martyrdom. He washed his robes in the blood of the Lamb, he was b ptized in his own blood, too, and he was crowned in the kingdom of God. The world has forgotten him, he is clean gone out of the mind of the world; but the Church of God remembers world; but the Church of God remembers him, and you honor him in procession today. Ind he will be for ever honored as long as the Church of God shall dwell upon earth; and his name is a happy name—a name of augury—"Victor" the conqueror. This is the victory that overcometh the world, our faith. Dear brethren, your procession is a beautiful and noble testimony to is a beautiful and noble testimony to your love and faith. And the other night when the bells tolled midnight there was another procession in the Holy City—in the city that once was the city of the martyrs and the saints and the Vicar of Jesus Christ, but which is now usurped by an anti-Christian faction, who called to mind what the prophet says of "a nest of unclean birds." In the midnight—in the silence of the midnight-there went forth from the great basilica of St. Peter's the noblest funeral that the eye had ever seen. The sacred body of the Vicar of Jesus Christ—Pius IX. of holy and sacred memory—wa- borne out by his loving sons to be laid in that tomb which he had chosen gin with; our ecclesiastical college, with its ample halls and wide-spreading pleasure grounds; our religious institutions which flank us, like protecting towers, on both sides—the Ursuline Convent, on the both sides—the Ursuline Convent, on the both sides—the Ursuline Convent, on the latter of the memory, of the saintly and both sides—the Ursuline Convent, on the latter of the memory, of the saintly and illustrious dead. It would be idle to ask procession went forth into the streets there its ample halls and wide-spreading pleasure grounds; our religious institutions which flank us, like protecting towers, on the beliaid in that tomb which he had chosen for himself in the basilica of San Lorenzo of bayonet, buck-hot and rifle (groans for marty)s. And, dear brethren, when that procession went forth into the streets there beliaid in that tomb which he had chosen for himself in the basilica of San Lorenzo of bayonet, buck-hot and rifle (groans for marty)s. And, dear brethren, when that procession went forth into the streets there forth the illumination of a thousand torches—a testimony of the love and faith which filled the hearts of those who accompanied him to lay him in the tomb of his choice. Nothing sweeter, nothing more solemn, nothing more noble, nothing more innocent than that funeral processon can the heart of man conceive, and yet against it there was an outburst of nellish bate, of infernal insult-the true otcome from the mouth of that old serpent who h tes the incarnate God and the icar that reigns in His place. And along the whote pathway of that funeral procession not only insults of a kind o gross, that even among savage men hey could not be found, were they could not be found, were used against it, but language of such vileness that irrational minds would be incapable of using it, and reasonable man alone, when he is disfigured from the likeness of God into the Satan, can conceive and utter. Yet Pius IX., tho gh dead, yet speaketh. He speaks of the undying and implacable hostility between the serpent and his seed hostility between the serpent and his seed and the Incarnate Son of God and all who serve Him. And he speaks to us, in that last, lonely and sweet procession going, like our Divine Lord to the Cross, in the midst of the insults of men, of the faith, the fidelity, the courage, and the perseverance which overcome the scorn of the world. There never was an event in our particle of the perseverance which believe has manifested times which, I believe, has manifested and will manifest three things more strikingly than that procession. First, the love and faith of the true Roman people as distinguished from those who have come, like an unclean flood, into the street, of that city; next, the shame and humiliation of the anti-Christian faction which made w r for more than thirty years upon the living Pontiff, and which has not spared even execration and insult

> Woma 's Wisdom.
> "She insists that it is more importance, that her family shall be kept in fud health, able dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of any ill health, to prevent a fit of siceness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."-New

to his body as it was being borne to the

omb; and, lastly, the abhorrence and the

indignation of the whole Christian world

-not the Catholic world only, but the Christian world- and every heart-and every man that is worthy of the same of

man-will detest and abhor and denounce that most unholy and horrible sacrilege.

London Universe

MISS PARNELL ON EMIGRATION.

On Sunday Miss Anna Parnell visited On Sunday Miss Anna Parnell visited Cara to address a meeting of the ladies' branch of the Land League. She met with a very enthusiastic welcome. The number of people present was quite as large as on the occasion when Mr. Parnell made this stigning little aleas as a visite of large as on the occasion when Mr. Parnell made this stirring little place the platform from which he delivered his pronouncement on the Land Act. Miss Parnell was met at Moate station by a large crowd, and was loudly cheered. She was accompanied to Clara by several ladies. The chair was taken by Mr. A. W. Berming.

ham, landed proprietor.

Those on the platform included nearly all the prominent members of the Land League in the northern portion of the

King's County.

An address was read by Miss Moore to Miss Parneli.

Miss Parneil, who was received with great enthusiasm, then addressed the meeting. She said at that late hour of the evening she would not detain them long, particularly as they had already listened to many excellent speeches. This was a very serious moment in the history of Ireland. The next few months must decide, she thought, the fate of Ireland for one generation at least. They must not one generation at least. They must not supp se that because things were going tolerably easy with them now they had nothing worse to look forward to. What they must now look to was how they would act when Parliament had risen, and when the great struggle for the harvest, of 1881 havins, things will be THE CARDINAL ON THE OUTRAGE harvest of 1881 begins, things will be changed. There was some check while ministers were responsible to Parliament for their doings. The check was a small for their doings. The check was a small one, but still it was one. They had all heard of the Coercion Act, and she supposed also they did not care very much about it (cries of "No"). She did not think the act could do harm if they had the great still because all they could the proper spirit, because all they could do was to arrest a few leaders, and they ought to be able to do without leaders When Parliament rose this autumn they would then have to prepare themselves either to crush or be crushed (hear, hear). Now from what she saw before her, she thought they knew how to crush each other, but they must crush somebody else. The Government meant to crush them. They meant that NEXT WINTER THERE SHOULD BE 100,000 dinal, who took his text from the Apocalypse. Fourteen hundred years ago, said his Eminence, an humble man named

FAMILIES WITHOUT FOOD OR SHELTER. except what the mercy of the landlords would allow them. them over to mercenary and grasping companies, which would endeavor to make fortunes for themselves by using the money granted for emigration, and sacrificing them and their children to their greed (cheers). Nothing had been done lately more infamous than the Emigration Clauses. The ostensible reason is to assist emigration, but the real object is to get rid of the Irish poor, no matter what the consequence might be (cheers). The Irish people should prevent their doing so, and they could if they choose, as, notwithstanding that the Government can impri-sen, when it liked, man, woman, or child, it did not amount to much, nor did the power which it exercised through the magistrates in summary jurisdiction, with eir pretended trial and perversion of their pretended trial and perversion of justice, amount to much. Some of the magistrates were landlords, and if they got a hint that if they were too fond of summary jurisdiction there would be summary justice on their own rent by the tenants, it would not be a bad thing cheers). But the best way was to watch them, to make their acts public, as they cannot stand publicity, and withered away before it. Besides the Coercion Act and

of bayonet, buckshot and rifle (groans for Buckshot). They need not go near these, tance, so that they would know what the authorities were doing without going too much in their power. The people had a higher power than theirs—they had the of self-control, of determination luctantly criticize what a previous speaker and, as he said the Irish farmers were poor, and could not do much. Now, the Irish people were only poor because they chose to be poor. The country was rich, and its to be poor. The country was rich, and its wealth was in the hands of the tenant farmers. If they chose they could keep up the Land League. A short time ago they had to get Indian meal bought with fereign money, in order that they might live but now the people had learned that they could support thems lves out of the land; and the person who told them that they should look to America alone for the means of keeping up the League, did not know was talking about, for if people what he had a right to support themselves out of the land, they should also support the or ganisation which helped them to live on it. Rents must, according to the landlords, be paid, whether they were unfair or not, and as long as the rents were paid there was a fear on the part of the landlords that by exasperating the people they would lose them; so coming on to rent-paying the landlords tried soft soap, but she on to rent-paving time, advise them not to be in too big a hurry

the landloristried off soap, but she would advise them not to be in too big a harry in paying the autumn rests as DERING THE LONG, COLD DAYS OF WINTER. If it ey persisted in looking for their rents, they would have work to do. They should see the payment enforced by bayonet and riffe it the demand was unjust (cheers). She hoped the labourers question would be set bid, and trusted that the attitude of the goods of the King's county and Westmeath, as are garded rents, would make untruthful a boots made in a letter to an English newspaper that there is no discentent ethers and lett the cerean in the telegrates out of the distress of the labouring classes, for when they found the intensity and their incomes reduced they their to moke up the deficiency by dismessing them. They left off paying the goot expectation and the intensity of the deficiency by dismessing them. They left off paying the goot expectation and the intensity of the deficiency by dismessing them. They left off paying the goot expectation work and their incomes reduced they their to moke up the deficiency by dismessing them. They left off paying the goot expectation work in the process of the fishers should be considered the process of the shorters, and not could do that by employing one obtains the month and by the symmatory of the most could do that by employing one obtains the month and only the symmatory of the most could do that by employing one obtains the month and only the symmatory of the most could be the analysis and the restriction did not hard their incomes reduced they their to moke up the deficiency by dismessing them. They left off paying the goot expectation of the process of the shorters, and mention of the process of the process of the shorters and not could be the paying the goot expectation of the process of the paying the goot expectation. The paying the goot expectation of the process of the paying the goot expectation of the process of the paying the goot expectation of the process of the paying the goot expectation. The payi

conclusion that as long as the present state of things existed, and the Govern-ment threw the people into gaol as they were doing, they should be chary of giv-ing the landlord his unjust demands, but when a brighter era came, and the Gov-aryment knocked under she would say ernment knocked under, she would say pay a fair rent (loud cheers).

THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

His Brusque Manner and Sayings

The O'Gorman Mahon has a way of saying hard things, which from the lips of any other man would not be tolerated. The gallant old member for Clare bestows The gallant old member for Clare bestows his attention impartially on all sides of the House. Being somewhat hard of hearing, he has a habit of wandering from one bench to another during a debate. When Mr. Gladstone is speaking the massive head of silver hair of the honorable member is to be seen to consider the constant of the constant of the seen to constant of member is to be seen towering over the shoulders of Sir Stafford Northcote and the other occupants of the front Opposi-tion bench. When, on the contrary, some of the leaders of the Conservative party are holding forth he crosses the House and takes his seat like the most subservient of Whigs, directly behind the ministry. Wherever he goes he loudly expresses his approval or disapprova, as the case may be, of the sentiments expressed, and some-times the entire Liberal party are struck dumb with amazement, when from the midst of their own ranks they hear a prolonged groan greet some declaration from their leader. At first they attempted to resent the presence in their midst of a member who systematically groaned when they cheered and cheered when they groaned. One night some time ago this resentment found expression from the lips of one of their party, who told the intruder that he had better return to his own quarter of the House. The rash interference of the conscientious Liberal was soon resented, for the gallant colonel, flinging a card in his face, forthwith chal-lenged him to mortal combat, and threa-tened to horsewhip him for his impertinence if he refused.

Since then the member for Clare wan-

ders where he likes, and people, beginning to understand the old man and to admire his courtly airs and old-fashioned courtesy, are, as a rule, glad to find him amongs them. He is familiar with every one He may be seen deep in conversation with the premier in the lobby, or walking with one arm around the neck of Mr. Gibson. Lately fate brought the Irish members into the same division lobby as the Government on some amendment to the Land Bill. The O'Gorman Mahon meeting the ill-starred Chief-Secretary for ling the instarred Cheristerary 10 Ireland in the crowd, gave him a hearty slap on the back which resounded through the coom, and in a hearty voice exclaimed: "Look here, Forster, my boy, I h ve ever "Look here, in the cook here, for the cherister of the cook here, for the cherister of the cook here, for the cherister of the cherister of the cook here." confidence in Gladst ne; he is a king of trumps. But you are a humbug; egad, the Government will never be ectable until they throw you overboard! Loud and hearty was the peal of laughter which hailed this sally on all sides, and Mr. Forster, with rather a doleful expression of face, tried to join in the merriment. But his effort was a failure. The truth which is in every one's mind had been spoken in a jest, and he knew it.

THE "MISERERE" OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

hardihood to wait five hours. The rest were filled in half an hour, and after came another long hour of expectation.
Some study the fresco of the Judgment,

or the figures of the ceiling, and others the living beauties around, gathered from every nation. The twelve candles, in the twelve branched candlesticks, are lighted; the choir appear, in their white robes, through the grating of their little balcony The Cardinal, in their red caps and ermine, come in and take their places on the low cushioned seats within the rail. The ambassadors appear in the rese ved places, and the service commences with slow and solemn reading; the choir chant a respouse in full tones for ten minutes. Another reading, and the kneeling of the Cardinals—a silence for a moment—and then dinals—a science for a moment steal out from the obscure bacony the first sweet notes of the Miserere. is a hush in the crowd—whispering ceases, and the melodious accents flow thicker and faster, and are renewed, and die a vay into raster, and are renewed, and the angels had turned mourners. Then came other chantings, not without rich beauty, if they had not been contrasted with the richer beauties gone before. As the chant went on, the chapel became gradually obscure, the twelve lights upon the can llesticks before the altar were one by one diminishing, as the service proceeded; only three or four remained. The sun has

agony, of the darkness, of the laments of the beloved of Christ. I know not how long I had indulged thus in the reveries of thought, but as I opened my eyes, the last sad wail was finisted—the candles were all gone out—the twilight had passed, and the gray dimness of night stole in at the windows, m king the figures of Angelo's fresco seem the gaunt phantoms of a dream; the Cardinals were rising, the crowd was bustling to the door, and another day of the ceremonies of and another day of the ceremonies

THE LOVE OF THE HOLY MASS.

On Sunday evening his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop preached in St. Joseph's Church, Bunbill Row. His Em-

inence took for his text the words, "With

inence took for his text the words, "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you before I suffer" (Luke xxii.) He said the Church has laid upon us all two commandments—the one, that we should hear the Holy Mass on every Sunday and day of obligation; the other, that we should receive Holy Communion every Easter time. These two commandments are laid upon us under pain of mortal sin; so that whosoever does not comply with them whosever does not comply with them commits a mortal sin, and is out of the Church. He wished to point out some of the reasons why the Church lays these two commandments on us so strictly. There are three reasons why we ought to hear the Holy Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, and four reasons why we ought to receive the Holy Communion every Easter time; though, as he would show, that was not all that the Church desired. First of all, we are bound to hear the Holy Mass by the obligation of faith. When we know what the Holy Mass is our faith binds us to come to hear it. Next, we are bound to hear the Holy Mass out of obedience to the Church; for the authority of the Church is a Divine authority, that authority which Jesus gave to Peter, and, through Peter, to the rest of the apostles, and to the successors of Peter, and through them, to all the bis-hops of the Church; and then to the priests, is given that authority which binds all Catholics to hear the Holy Mass under pain of mortal sin. Next, we are bound to hear the Holy Mass for the love bound to hear the Holy Mass for the love of Jesus, our Lord and Master; and, if any man loves our Divine Lord, he will love the Holy Mass; and if he does not love the Holy Mass it is a sign that he does not love our Divine Lord. Why ought we to love the Holy Mass? At the Last Supper, where the sorrows of his Passion were already full upon our Blessed Lord, and when he was going to the sed Lord, and when he was going to the Garden of Gethsemane to be betrayed by Judas, our Divine Lord took bread and broke it, and said: "This is my body; do this in commemoration of me." In the hour when our Divine Friend was prepared for His death, and His sorrows were upon Him, He left a memorial of Himself. It was more than a memorial—it was His Body and Blood. How is it possible that men do not love the Holy Mass that Jesus instituted to be the commemoration of His love for them? We cannot understand that m stery of His presence by an intellectual effort, as it is supernatural and beyond the reach of our understanding; but hearts that have the light of faith can believe it. and though we cannot apprehend it, we can grasp it. What is this great mystery? He took the bread and blessed it, and by His Divine words He made it that which He called it, His Body; Afterward came the gathering for the Miserere of the Si-tine Chapel. Even stars and garters, and liveried footmen, were jammed among us in the bustle of were filled with those who had had the were filled with those who had be with the with the would be were filled with those who had be with the with the would be well as ramental way. Such was the Holy Mass, and in that land of Ireland which they loved so well there is the love of the Holy Mass, in the breasts of the people. They will get up in the morning before the break of day, and go mile after mile, weary it might be after the preceding day's work, but they will rise almost to go a

the Sacraments and hear Mass regularly —London Universe. ABOUT MARRIAGE.

great distance to hear the Holy Mass.

some who come to England do not keep up the fervour and fidelity that they and their forefathers had in the old land. He

was sorry to say it was well known to the good priests who had charge of the whole flock. They knew that there were thousand, in this

ands in this city of London who never

went near the church or approached the

Sacraments. His Eminence concluded by exhorting all who heard him to frequent

"Men should not marry," it is commonly said, "unless they can not only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their wives and children. A wom marries is entitled to be kept in the same rank and comfort in which she was reared."

My Shar One fair day in Spring
From that I sland-he
Brought a bunch of he
As a fond remembra
And to me they lood
Lying crushed and
He who loves finds ne
In the dead o'er whi
That I could but slond
And a tear fell on th

Ah! those drops, that From my love-awak Seemed to rouse the dy And new vigor to in All the tints of green When on native soi Came again to grace n And I watched with Till it bloomed as if 't Of its own pure Irisl It has now bewildering To attract the passis And it hides among the When she Summer But such memories in That on airy-plumas O'er the sea-crowned in And, absorbed in dr. Roam again old scene With the ardor of a least sea and the sea constant of the sea constant in t

Ah! my cherished bur Days will come, that When some hand will

LETTERS FROM PAT A NEW VIEW OF

IN IREL

English Workmen o ism From the New York Con

In my last letter I port on the condition try of Galway made Northumberland and I It is too valuable and publication to be cont f England. Let me

extracts from it.

In the village of ancient city of Galw miners entered a peasa thus described:-

"One of the smallest which could not in fa of more than seven a feet, we found to be to man, his wife, and sev appeared to gain a sub-ing of poultry and sel cocks, hens, and ducks will in their domicile. a plot of land, which gaunt-looking man, wrench from it a scan the family were clot man, our informant tasted a drop of stron of tea, nor a bit of f years—his sole food family having been a the Indian meal porrisame, the only liquid proistening the food, buttermilk at rare in water. The quantity of to his use had been, months, only two pen from one more fortun sessing a cow, so that deed a luxury. He h and his sons, fallen ur agent for non-payme usual result has fo

of a notice to quit, over the family when are the victims of ev the administration of the administration of and Forster. These t who are accused by I English "statesmen," spiring to defraud t though they are abund their contracts."
What did the hone

such hovels !"Such places woul exist on the face of t even for a pig to be I Mr. Bryson; "they spector of nuisances no time, and if they offence they would be to harbor disease, a swept away wholest would be called updates and a swept away wholest would be called updates. proper sanitary condiraged by the mere places existed in their I heartily agree

said Mr. Patterson, self the burst of pul would ensue on the ing that such places our North Country." The Englishmen fo West of Ireland, rack only form of oppre antry endured at the lords. They discove last year, that in ad tionate taxation by money rents, the pe in certain districts to that is to say, that sacted in Ireland, al sholished for centuri The pitmen, going and barony to baro

that the rents every that "they swept a farthing that could h even these cruel exact the lords of the soil. pelled each tenant t days' labor each yearent, and he held and select not one day of days as suited his own "Thus," says M weather equally as fi

England, a man see gathering, and is abo of the fine weather. however, require ga must go and work, own property when got in—probably to destroyed by the ad In fact, no matter w affairs are in he mus agent, and his own a hance after the de have been satisfied.