

TO LECTURE ON IRELAND.

Gifted Timothy D. Sullivan Coming Here This Month.

The end of the month will see a distinguished Irishman in this country, an ex-mayor of Dublin and a member of Parliament. He is Timothy D. Sullivan, and the people of this country know him well, for he was here with other prominent Irish Nationalists a few years ago in behalf of the Home Rule movement.

During his coming visit, however, he will appear on the lecture platform. The subjects he will speak upon, will be, of course, Irish National interest and importance. William D. Kelly recently wrote an interesting article about Mr. Sullivan for the Catholic Columbian.

Timothy Daniel Sullivan, who has often and by no means undeservedly been called the poet laureate of the Irish National League and the Home Rule cause, was born in 1827 in one of the most picturesque places in the south of Ireland, where the town of Bantry stands at the head of the bay that bears the same name.

His father, though but in moderate circumstances, was a man of culture and refinement; and his mother before her marriage had been a national school teacher. Her education was mainly attained in the school of Mr. Healy, the grandfather of Mr. Timothy Healy, M. P., taught in Bantry, and his mother had the reputation of being one of the best scholars in the south of Ireland.

Mr. Sullivan afterwards married the daughter of his teacher; and finding but a scanty opening for his talents in his native town, he moved to Dublin and became attached in a fashion to the staff of the Nation, to whose columns he contributed a number of poems and ballads that soon attracted wide attention.

Of his earlier verse the one that won the greatest popularity was unquestionably his "Song From the Backwoods," which appeared in the Nation in 1857, and opened as follows:

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met, From one bright island down; Great is the land we tread, but yet Our hearts are with our own. And ere we leave this shammy small, Which fades like the autumnal day, We'll toast old Ireland! Dear old Ireland! Irish boys, hurrah!"

The popularity of this stirring song was not confined to Ireland alone. The melody found its way early to this country, a copy of the song being brought hither by Captain D. J. Downing in 1858, and the following story is told of it a few years later, when Virginia beheld conflicting armies encamped on her soil: "Every man in the Irish Brigade knew the song and it was often sung at the bivouac fire after a hard day's fighting. An extraordinary instance of its popularity was the following: On the night of the bloody battle of Fredericksburg the Federal army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits damped by the loss of so many comrades. To cheer his brood of officers, Captain Downing sang his favorite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his dashing regiment, next by the brigade, next by the division, then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the captain ceased it was but to listen with indefinite feelings to the chant that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore of the river."

Mr. Sullivan continued to contribute his graceful verses to the Nation until he became famous throughout all Ireland, and his initials, his favorite signature, appended to any verses sufficed to win for them a universal reading. He made his next great hit on the occasion of the execution of the Manchester martyrs when he seized upon the words with which those devoted spirits went to the scaffold, "God Save Ireland" and wrote a song to the tune of a well-known American air, which may be truly said to have become since, the national anthem of the Emerald Isle and which is so well-known that it would be superfluous to quote from it here.

The beginning of the land agitation furnished him with many a fertile theme for his poetic gifts; and during the years that followed there was scarcely an event of any importance that happened in Ireland that he did not embody in verse. When the British Government sent him to Tullamore jail for some offense against the law, he utilized the days of his captivity to write his famous "Lays of Tullamore," with their abundance of quaint humor and keen satire. It should not be concluded, however, that Mr. Sullivan has written no verse save his national lays. He is the author of several beautiful pieces of descriptive poetry and more than one of his productions breathe a deeply religious spirit and are full of devotional inspiration.

Mr. Sullivan's work on the Nation was not any means of the poetic sort by any means. He is also a forcible writer of prose, and in the palmy days of the Nation many of its best editorials and paragraphs came from his facile pen. When his brother, A. M. Sullivan, went to London, in 1874, to take his seat as the representative of Louth, the poet took the entire management of the paper into his own hands, and conducted it in so able a manner that its reputation as a scholarly and conservative journal steadily grew and increased. He succeeded to the ownership of the Nation on the death of his brother, and then his editorial responsibilities became larger, but found him fully equal to all demands. It was in 1880 that he made his entrance into political life by standing, at the general election of that year, for one of the Westmeath

seats, which he won without any difficulty. Five years later he was returned to Westminster from the College Green division of Dublin, securing the largest vote given to any Nationalist candidate in the Irish capital; and the following year he was again handsomely returned by the same constituency. A few years subsequently he was chosen the Mayor of Dublin; so that he may be said to enjoy the highest political honors which it was in the power of the Irish people to bestow upon him; and it is needless to add that in whatever position he was placed, he has always acquitted himself well and honorably of the duties that devolved upon him.

Mr. Sullivan will appear in a new role to Americans as a lecturer. True, he has been heard here from the platform before; but it was more as an agitator and pleader of the Home Rule cause that he spoke there, than as a lecturer in the true sense of the term. He is not without his gifts as a public speaker; and T. P. O'Connor has said of him in this respect, after alluding to his journalistic work: "He has been perhaps still more prominent on the platform; and it is at large Irish popular gatherings that his speech is the most effective. He is Irish of the Irish, and expresses the deep and simple gospel of the people in language that goes home; and then his keen sense of humor enables him to supply that element of amusement which is always looked forward to with eagerness by the crowd." Of course, the lecture platform demands a different style of oratory than the hustings or political stump; but those who know Timothy D. Sullivan have no misgivings in regard to his capabilities to occupy the former stage as well and effectively as he has often held the latter. Personally, he is the most genial of men, and he is said to be at his best among a gathering of sympathetic friends; while it has been said of him that no one ever fully appreciates his songs until he has heard their author sing them himself, a statement that was often made of that other Irish bard, the immortal Tom Moore.

Approximately Mr. Sullivan's coming here to lecture, it may be interesting to mention the fact that eight years ago Mr. T. P. O'Connor predicted success for him should he ever assume that role. In his history of the Parnell movement, Mr. O'Connor wrote: "There is scarcely an Irishman living who could give an evening's entertainment so complete as T. D. Sullivan; and if he ever were to assume the profession of a public lecturer his success would be unquestioned. A series of lectures in which he would give recitations from his own poems and sing his own songs, would draw overflowing houses in New York, or Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago. He certainly would spare his manager any expense of advertising, for there is scarcely an Irish home among all the millions of Irish homes in America in which his verses are not as familiar as household words."

Mr. Sullivan is not the only member of his family to visit this country as a lecturer. His younger brother, the lamented A. M. Sullivan, who enjoyed the friendship of Cardinal Manning in a singular manner, and who wooed and won his wife in the Crescent city, was here in 1882, principally in quest of health, and he then lectured extensively throughout the country, attracting to his platform the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the cities in which he spoke. The subjects upon which Mr. T. D. Sullivan is to lecture are all interesting ones; but probably his largest audiences will gather to hear him when he speaks of "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland"; for that is a theme which always has a charm of its own, and there are few men living better qualified to treat it than the Laureate of the Irish National movement.

Irishmen to Rally. A special meeting of the Philadelphia Council, I. N. F., was held on Sunday afternoon in Philopatric Hall. The object of this meeting was to make additional arrangements for the reception to Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., on October 25. Hugh McCaffrey presided, and the hall was well filled with delegates and others. Mr. McCaffrey reported what had been done so far to make this reception a grand success and announced that His Grace Archbishop Ryan was heartily in favor of the project and would be delighted to see a grand demonstration in honor of Canada's distinguished statesman who is now a most worthy and active member of the Irish Parliamentary party.

Rev. Father Gough delivered a spirited and eloquent address. He said there should be an outpouring of the friends of Ireland on this occasion that would give renewed hope and courage to the Irish people.

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THE SHAMROCK.

OSCAR WILDE'S LATEST POEM.

[Oscar Wilde, son of Speranza, who furnished some of the most inspiring lyrics of the "Young Ireland" movement, cannot, on a rainy day, resist the temptation to pen a poem in Irish. This poem is from the last issue of the London Weekly Sun (T. P. O'Connor's paper).]

The spreading rose is fair to view, And rich the modest violet's hue, Or queenly tulip filled with dew, But there's a flower more dear to me, That grows not on branch or tree, But in the grass plays merrily, And its leaves there are three, 'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well, For every leaf a world to tell, And teach the minstrel's heart to swell In praise of Ireland's shamrock; The emblem of our faith divine, Which blest St. Patrick, made to shine, To teach eternal truth sublime, And which shall last as long as time, And long as blooms the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native Isle, May heaven's love upon you smile, Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leaves! And calm the banners of our chiefs, And calm the Irish exile's griefs, Our country's cherished shamrock; And muse inspired with words of praise The poets of our early days, To write in many a glowing phrase, And sing in powerful, thrilling lays The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home, Beneath a foreign sky to roam, And in a foreign clime unknown, How dear he loves the shamrock. When on the feast of Patrick's day He kneels within the church to pray For holy Ireland, far away, He feels again youth's genial ray, While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gems of the rarest flowers, That ever bloomed in eastern bowers Possesses for him not half the powers, Sweet memories, like refreshing dew, The past, with all its charms, renew, The church, the spot, whose flowers grew, He left to cool the shamrock.

And vanish foes that may beguile The vanities of the shamrock; May God forever cherish thee, In peace and love and harmony, And rank these proud 'mid nations free, Thus faithful children fervently For Ireland and the shamrock.

THE DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

What is the use of saying the Rosary? Many ask this question. Outsiders, of course who know nothing of the devotion except as they suppose it is a counting of a certain number of beads, cannot be expected to understand, or appreciate the beauty and edification of the devotion. Would to God that all Catholics understood it better and entered more fully into its spirit!

To many the devotion of the Rosary seems to be a frivolous and childish devotion. It is so simple, they say, and there is so much repetition. Its simplicity is one of its greatest recommendations, for it is adapted to every, even the humblest, capacity. Nor is repetition an objection, provided the prayer be a good one.

The prayer of the Rosary consists of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary, which is the salutation of the angel to the Blessed Virgin on the occasion of the annunciation, with the petition, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of death. Amen," closing with the doxology — Glory be to the Father, etc.

The repetition is not necessarily "vain repetition"—that depends upon the spirit with which the devotion is used. The litanies, which are considered objectionable, may become a vain repetition if the heart and the intention do not go along with them. So with the canticle of the three children, in the third chapter of Daniel, we notice that "Bless the Lord" is repeated thirty-five times, and some of the Psalms of David furnish similar examples of repetition.

The devotion of the Rosary has several advantages. In the first place it is a good test of humility. We do not, of course, mean to say that every one who says the Rosary is necessarily humble. But we believe it holds good as a general rule that the regular recitation of that true Christian spirit of which humility is an essential part. Proud, worldly-minded Catholics do not care to say the Rosary—they have no taste for it. It may also be said with truth that the more faithfully and devoutly the devotion is practiced the more humble will one become.

The Rosary is also an admirable educator. It is an epitome of the whole gospel. It brings in review the leading facts in the life of our Lord, the meditation of which tends to keep alive in our minds and hearts those great, important and precious truths upon which our eternal salvation depends. It is divided into three groups of five "Mysteries" each.

The first group is called the Joyful Mysteries, in which we meditate on the annunciation of the Angel to the Blessed Virgin; her visitation to her cousin Elizabeth when she gave utterance to that sublime hymn the Magnificat; the birth of our Saviour; the presentation in the temple and the finding of our Lord in the temple, instructing the doctors in the mysteries of His mission.

The second group are called the Sorrowful Mysteries, which recall the agony in the garden; the scourging at the pillar; the crowning of thorns; the carrying of the cross and the crucifixion.

useful or better calculated to keep alive in the hearts of Christians a lively sense of the great, fundamental truths of the Gospel—those truths upon which their eternal salvation depends—than the daily review and meditation upon them which is involved in the recitation of the Rosary.

One of the best evidences of the influence of this important and delightful devotion is found in the fact that it is, and has been, a favorite devotion of all the great saints of the Church and is practiced by all truly pious and devoted Catholics throughout the world.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., is so devoted to the Rosary and esteems the devotion so of great importance that he has prescribed the month of October for his special practice, and calls upon the whole Church to use it, both publicly and privately with the hope that the practice may thus be fostered and encouraged by all Catholics and become their habitual daily devotion. God grant that this may be the happy result of the coming month of October! —Catholic Review.

THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT.

The first thing you are to do when you awake is to open the eyes of your soul, and consider yourself as in the field of battle, facing your enemy and under an absolute necessity of engaging or perishing forever. Imagine you see before you the enemy, that particular vice, or disorderly passion, you are endeavoring to subdue; imagine, I say, that this hideous monster is coming to devour you. At the same time represent to yourself on your right hand Jesus Christ your invincible leader, attended by the blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and whole legions of Angels and Saints, and particularly by the glorious Archangel Michael—on your left hand behold Lucifer and his troops ready to support that passion or vice you contend with, and resolved to leave nothing undone to accomplish your overthrow.

Imagine you hear your guardian angel thus exhorting you: This day you must exert yourself in order to subdue your enemy, and all who seek your ruin. Take courage—let no fears or apprehensions seize you, since Christ your Captain is near at hand with all the power of Heaven to protect you against all enemies and to prevent their ever reducing you, either by force or treachery, under their subjection. Maintain your ground, use violence with yourself, whatever pain it may occasion—call aloud on Jesus and Mary—beg the assistance of all the saints, and this being done depend upon gaining the victory.

However weak you may be—however formidable your enemies may seem either by their numbers or strength, still be not daunted; the succors you have from Heaven are more powerful than all that hell can send to destroy the grace of God in your soul. God, who created and redeemed, is not less than almighty, and more destitute of your salvation than the devil can be of your destruction.

Fight therefore valiantly; do not spare to mortify yourself; for it is by making continual war on your disorderly affections and vicious habits that you will gain the victory, acquire the kingdom of Heaven, and unite your soul to God for all eternity. Begin to fight from this moment in the name of the Lord, armed with a diffidence of yourself, and confidence in God, prayer, and a right use of the several faculties of your soul.

With these arms attack your enemy that predominant passion you design to subdue, either by a noble disdain, a courageous resistance, repeated acts of the contrary virtue, or whatever means Heaven furnishes you with for exterminating it out of your heart. Never rest till you are crowned by your perseverance with the witness of the sovereign triumph, who with the whole Church triumphant is a witness of your behavior.

I repeat it once more, you must not grow weary of this war. Consider that all are obliged to serve and please God, that there is an unavoidable necessity of fighting since whoever flies exposes himself to be wounded and even destroyed; that after all, by revolting against God, and taking part with the world in a life of sensuality, the difficulties are not diminished; for both body and soul must suffer extremely when devoted to luxury and ambition. And what greater meanness can there be than not to dread much trouble in this life, succeeded by endless torments in the next—and yet shrink at small difficulties which must soon terminate in an eternity of bliss, and the never-ending enjoyment of God.

Just How it Stands.

A cablegram from Rome to the Associated Press: "Premier Crispi is ready to make any concession to the Church compatible with the maintenance of Italy's sovereignty over every foot of the soil, but Italy will never concede the temporal power of the Pope." Then let the talk of reconciliation stop—there can be no reconciliation with a thief until he has done his best to restore his ill-gotten goods to their rightful owner. Crispi's idea of concession to the Church is in the principle of heads-I-win-tails-you-lose. He will "concede" anything but the only thing possible to "concede." The Pope must not forever be subject to "concessions" from Italy.—Catholic Review.

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CRISPI'S DILEMMA.

It now appears that Signor Crispi's dramatic appeal to religion was not the cry of the repentant sinner, but rather the cunning device of the scheming politician. He saw a tendency towards friendly relations between France and Germany and the possible disruption of the Triple Alliance and consequent isolation of Italy.

To provide for the danger that might arise from this isolation on the one hand and the advancing tide of Italian socialism under the direction of secret societies on the other, Signor Crispi turns suddenly, at least in appearance, from his long career of atheistic politics and appeals to religion. If this appeal were sincere it would be well enough, but the Italian statesman is not master of the situation. Obeying as he has been the rule and guidance of Signor Lemmi, the Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, his proposed new departure falls under the dark shadow of suspicion, first that his overtures are not sincere; and, secondly, that he could not, dare not, make an alliance with religion if he could. The Italian Government which he would save by the help of religion is built upon secret society atheism as a foundation. As long as he wars against Christianity its power is at bay, independently of it and make a compromise with religion he is in danger of a great fall—a fall even into the grave. Organized atheism will no longer have use for him and will remove him out of its way. It will insist on the compact or—That is Signor Crispi's difficulty, and no one knows it better than he. A late despatch says: "Signor Crispi has resumed his old attitude toward the Vatican."

Some who dream of a compromise have suggested that the Government should cede to the Pope the Leonine City—that small part of Rome situated on the west bank of the Tiber—together with a narrow strip of land running down a distance of sixteen miles to Ostia, on the Mediterranean coast. But the Cathedral of the Bishop of Rome is on the other side of the Tiber, and it is probable that the Pope would consent to any arrangement that would put his episcopal church, *Omnium Urbis orbis Ecclesiarum Mater ac Caput*, under the control of the Italian Government.

A despatch says that Signor Crispi has been given to understand that the first condition of a reconciliation will be the restitution of Rome to the Pope, and that the Vatican can have no dealings with the Quirinal until the day when the court and government shall vacate Rome. —Philadelphia Catholic Times.

In England.

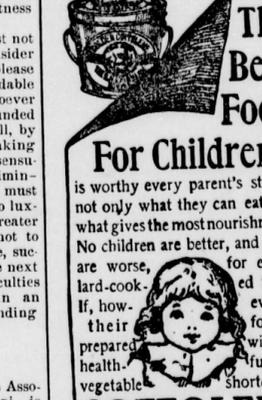
Cardinal Vaughan is out with a declaration that Catholicity is still making a wonderful progress in England and winning adherents almost daily in all parts of that country. The Cardinal says that it is difficult in many places to distinguish between Catholic and Ritualistic services, so completely have Anglican High Churchmen copied Catholic ceremonies. Some day there is apt to be a wholesale return of the Anglican Ritualists to the faith and the Church of their fathers.

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