

the real feelings of the Irish people; they were among them, but not of them. They kept on continually assuring the government that there was no real cause of dissatisfaction in Ireland; that the objection to this or that odious institution or measure came only from a few agitators, and not from the whole population. It will not be forgotten that down to the very outbreak of the American War of Independence there were the remnants of a British party in the Northern States, who assured the English Government that there was no real dissatisfaction among the American colonists, and no idea whatever of severing the connection with England. The same sort of counsel was given, the same fatal service was rendered, on almost all important occasions by the British party in Ireland. It was probably from observing this condition of things that Mr. Gladstone came to the conclusion that the Fenian outbreak, the Manchester rescue, and the Clerkenwell explosion furnished a proper opportunity for a new system of legislation in Ireland. One of the sad defects of our parliamentary system is that no remedy is likely to be tried for any evil until the evil has made its presence felt in some startling way. The Clerkenwell explosion was but one illustration of a common condition of things. We seldom have any political reform without a previous explosion.

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"TANTUM ERGO."

'Tis now the Vesper hour; glad sunlight streams  
In golden radiance through the casements high.  
Staining the marbles with broad opal gleams  
Brighter than drifted flushes of the sky.

Upon the altar starry tapers shine  
With happy radiance, while the lilies slight  
Hang brimming o'er with slumberous golden wine  
Poured by the sunbeams in each chalice white.

Slowly the circling mists of incense rise,  
Fading serenely 'mid the lapses dim:  
Far through the jasper gates of Paradise  
Float chords Æolian of seraphic hymn.

Adown dim aisles the long, gray shadows creep.  
The organ sigheth on the languorous air.  
Till one by one the sweet tones fall asleep.  
And silence hovers o'er us like a prayer.

The tabernacle portals open wide,  
The kneeling priest awaits his kingly Guest,  
Who cometh in the purple eventide  
Just as the day drifts down the beautiful west.

Hark! hark! Divinest music breathes around.  
And every head bows lowly at the cry;  
Earth's guardian spirits echo back the sound:  
"Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus passes by."

A silence falls like dew: the kneeling throngs  
Cast down the heart's palm branches at his feet:  
Voices celestial chant triumphant songs,  
And angel harps rain silvery echoes sweet.

We know the King hath gone upon his way.  
Lo! as we lift our dazzled eyes in prayer,  
A dreamy glory gilds the shadows gray:  
A something tells us that he hath been there.

Now gently fade, O thou divinest light!  
Veil thy rose gleamings 'neath a starry pall.  
Still thro' the solemn lapses of the night  
Our hearts shall feel God's benedictions fall.

## THE GOSPEL OF HYGIENE.

(From the "Catholic World.")

There is a large class of Protestant books which may be described as ethically "on the fence." These are written with the laudable intention of giving advice to young men, forming the character of young women, brightening the domestic hearth, advocating the "small moralities" of life, and gently leading the tottering footsteps of age to the peace of the tomb. It is much to be feared that these well-meaning books have seldom any readers, the very persons whom they are intended to benefit being the first to eschew them. There they stand, however, upon the library shelf of Young Men's Christian Associations and public lyceums. Bound in blue and gold, they are presented to young lady graduates and find their way into Christmas stockings. They pop out at you in hotel parlors, and lurk among your magazines and journals. They have often a pleading earnestness of title, such as *Young Man! whither? or Maiden! wherefore?* but their clean, uncut pages awaken a fear that they often plead in vain.

Every man believes that he can give advice, and this is the *raison d'être* of such books. But the difficulty is, there is only one way of enabling men to practise advice—i.e., by the help of supernatural grace—and it is the utter ignoring of this essential which makes such books so incongruous. Despite the appeal to "religion," their cardinal teaching is the worldly good which comes from being virtuous; or, in other words, it *pays* to be holy, and morality is a powerful factor in the completion of Number One. This is an intensification of Pelagianism, and, we blush to say, it is confined almost exclusively to the writings of the "great American moralists." Heaven knows we are sordid and selfish enough without seeking excuse in Scripture or incentives in ethical science. But the moralists know our love of money, our intense business energy, and our practical way of viewing most questions in their pecuniary relations, and thus is evolved the morality of selfishness, with its mystic symbol A1.

Although such books claim to be embodiments of moral philosophy, they are excluded from any claim to that noble title by their failure to assign any motive for the moral actions which they counsel. Dr. Holland's *Every-day Topics* and T. Starr King's *Substance and Shadow* give no reason whatever for the morality which they inculcate, except the overmastering importance of A1. We have several excellent American moralists, as Dwight, Wayland, and Hopkins, who, falsely, it is true, but generously, hold that benevolence is the highest good, in direct contradiction to the A1 ethicists. In fact, these latter gentlemen, emboldened by the full-fledged development of their system in the intense selfishness proclaimed by evolutionism, have dropped the "ideal," and represent life as a desperate struggle for bread, in which the fittest survive, mainly through physical power, which may fully claim to be "moral" in the highest sense.

This brutal muscularity is not to be viewed as synonymous with the beautiful strength which the Greeks idealized, thus taking away the gross realism attached to the sinews of a pugilist or an athlete. But young men and women must take exercise "in order to breathe to the full the bounding pulse-life of nature, and feel the royal exhilaration of the uncorrupted animals of the forest. An unhealthy man cannot quaff the fullness of life's intoxication." If this means anything it means something which a Christian would regard as the