

profound policy; but connection with out an Irish Parliament in connection with its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honor that should attend it; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection.

"The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

"Identification is a solid and imperial main, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that empire; but without union of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate Parliament—identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest—not identification.

"Yet I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies, helpless and motionless, there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty—Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks. Death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind; I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

LEO XIII. AND MODERN THOUGHT.

Catholic Review.

"It is reported in Paris that the Pope is dangerously ill and that his life is in jeopardy. Leo XIII. has occupied the Papal chair a little more than eight years, having been elected to it at the ripe age of sixty-eight, after the death of Pius IX. The latter reached the age of eighty-six, and had been at the head of the Roman Catholic Church thirty-two years, the longest pontificate in history. Leo was scarcely less conservative and hostile to progress than his predecessor, and his first encyclical was a dismal jeremiad about the degeneracy of the times and the hostility of modern thought and action to the spirit of the Holy Church. If a new Pope is soon to be chosen it is probable that the College of Cardinals will go as far back into the Middle Ages for a candidate as possible, but it seems to be about time that the Catholic Church began to recognize in an official way that the progress of human thought cannot be stopped and that it might be well to become adjusted to some of its irreversible conclusions."

Thus spoke the New York Times of the report which was the opening of the week of the Holy Father's serious illness. The report in fact was intended to lead people to believe that the Pope was in imminent danger of death. The Italian Government was on the alert to make all due preparations for the new Conclave to select a successor to the Pope, and so forth. So the Times in its enterprise and omniscience hastened in advance to give the character and the course of the pontificate of Leo XIII. in a paragraph. The paragraph, as will be seen, was worthy of the Times in its palmiest days, when that journal was regarded as the distinct anti-Catholic organ of the daily press in New York.

We had fondly hoped that the days of the Eugene were far behind us, and that the course of a long time Harper's Weekly so greatly favored, had departed. And so to all intents and purposes they have, at least for the time being. But Catholics must never forget that the Protestant lump is still leavened with as strong anti-Catholic leaven, which though quiescent for a long period, must at times break out, if for no other purpose than to reveal and justify its existence. That we can understand and be prepared for, Protestants would not be Protestants if they did not mistrust us and feel inclined to stand aloof from us. What we have noticed, however, with great satisfaction and have frequently called attention to of late years, is a broadening of spirit among Protestants towards the Catholic Church. We do not believe that they, as a body, any longer regard us as a secret corporation of Guy Fawkeses, who have placed our barrels of Papist powder under the Protestant social, moral and political edifice, and stand, torch in hand, eager for the first opportunity to blow the whole thing up and into pieces. And in this regard about the better, more open and kindlier spirit between the Protestant and the Catholic world, we believe that no two individuals so largely contributed as Pius IX. and Leo XIII.

Possibly in the coming conclave, when it does come, the writer in the Times may be invited to take a seat. He is evidently himself competent to, in what would probably be his own phrase, put the College of Cardinals "up to a wrinkle or two" as to the kind of man they should elect to govern the Universal Church and be the Vicar of Christ on earth. "It seems to be about time," says the Times oracularly and authoritatively, "that the Catholic Church began to recognize in an official way that the progress of human thought cannot be stopped and that it might be well to become adjusted to some of its (query—whose or what's) irreversible conclusions."

Leaving the Times' English to explain itself, we will guess at its meaning, the spirit of which is unmistakable. We are not aware that the Catholic Church is its head, whether officially or unofficially, ever thought or dreamed of stopping "the progress of human thought." In the first place the Catholic Church never attempts the impossible or the absurd. Human thought is human thought, and no bull can touch it. What the Church can do, and does is to lead the direct human thought away from the false and into true and worthy channels. In this, with the experience of the ages and the wisdom given it from on High, it simply fulfills its mission of universal teacher to the universal pupil, man. Instead of stopping the progress of human thought, it is forever leading and encouraging human thought onwards and upwards, into and through the mysteries of all science, natural and supernatural, seeing and showing God, the Creator and Author of nature, working in and through all. The Times' human thought is evidently the thought

that would shut out God the Creator from His own creation and creatures, that teaches the progress backwards, and would lead men down into a mental hell, where intellectual darkness and chaos reign. Such is the end of the "irreversible conclusions" to which the Times would convert the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff.

It is difficult to keep patience with these flippant and foolish writers, who not knowing what they speak or to what their words, if carried to logical conclusions, lead, dismiss the gravest subjects with the flip of a pen and condense what they consider to be the wisdom of the world into a passing paragraph. Nevertheless it is as well at times to take them in hand, if for no other reason than to expose their foolishness. To open and earnest minds of whatever creed, or of no creed, the question presents itself in these of all days: In the world of religious belief, in the rule and conduct of human life, what have we outside the Catholic Church? Dimness or darkness; faintheartedness or despair. Nothing is certain; nothing fixed. Those who would believe in and cleave to God stumble and falter and fall by the way, crying out, "We cannot see Him. We cannot find Him. Lead us to Him!" And the blind leading the blind, both fall into the ditch which is indeed the slough of despond. They see as through a mist. Everything is shadowy, vague, uncertain. They hear voices calling, "Lo, here is God! Lo, there!" They follow only to grasp a shadow. They hear the clash of colliding creeds mingled with the mocking laugh of the atheist and are led to say with England's laureate: "There is more faith in honest doubt, Believe me than in half your creeds."

To this state of universal doubt, outside the one Church, have the "irreversible conclusions" of the Times' "progress of modern thought" brought those who followed it without looking for, or rejecting wholly, the light that is from above. As in the world of thought, so in the world of action. Are not men looking on in dismay at the disturbance of society over the face of the earth? We do not refer to movements which are accepted as legitimate agitation against recognized wrongs. We have reference to those movements which are the natural outcome of the mental and moral blindness characterized above and induced by the progressive thought which would fain vanish God from His creation. Nihilism, Socialism, Anarchism, all the isms that would convulse and overthrow society are begotten of atheism, and atheism is the essence, substance, crown, fruit and flower of that "progress of human thought" against which the Times protests that Pius IX. and Leo XIII. and the Catholic Church should have set their faces. If the Times would read over the "dismal jeremiad" of Leo XIII. it will find therein many warnings to monarchs and rulers, as well as to subjects also, as to what would happen unless the current train of thought were reversed into the right channel. It will find also rules of guidance for all. It will find that just as far as rulers or subjects have hearkened to and taken heed of the advice and warning of the Vicar of Christ, just so far has, approximately at least, a better order of things come about. Such rulers as the Kaiser, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, Prince Bismarck, the British and Belgian Governments seem, with varied experience of late years, to have come to the conclusion that the Holy Father's teachings and advice were after all the true line of sound policy and progress, and they have modified their attitude towards the Holy See accordingly. Let the Times take the hint.

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.

From the Presbyterian Observer.

Infidelity has nothing in common with law and order. Last week, a man advertising himself as the "Rev. C. B. Reynolds," disturbed the peace and quiet of Boonton, New Jersey, by issuing a circular announcing that he had erected a tent in which he would deliver "liberal lectures," and admit the public free. He became so bold in his denunciations of Protestant and Catholic alike that the whole town was aroused to righteous indignation, and the common council, with but one dissenting vote, ordered him to leave the place. This he refused to do and much excitement prevailed. An enforcement of the statute against blasphemy which scared Ingersoll away from Delaware might prove effective. Give him a taste of Jersey justice, and perhaps he will have a decent respect for her people and her laws.

A Singular Confession.

English journalists are ever enlarging on the pretended advantages about to accrue to Italy from the confiscation of the papal dominions. New bonds of union are expected to bring forth such wonderful results that the desert shall blossom as the rose, and Italy invigorated by new springs of life, shall become a mighty power. The Italian Liberals themselves are beginning to feel that these anticipations are too rosy to be realized under present conditions. They are, in fact, openly avowing that as modern Italy has derived the principal portion of its glory from the lure of the Papacy, so it cannot work out a great destiny without the co-operation of the Sovereign Pontiff. This is, in effect, the language of the *Corriere di Roma*, a Liberal journal, and there is little doubt that it voices Italian public opinion.

Whether or Not.

You believe that consumption is an infectious disease, transmitted by tubercular parasites, the fact that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is capable of restoring a healthy condition of the lungs however affected, is one which does not admit of question. At the very first intimation of the consumptive tendencies, whether in the form of persistent cough, general debility, loss of appetite, night-sweats or frequent and depressing chills, you should secure a bottle of the "Golden Medical Discovery." It will purify the blood, tone up the system, and remove consumptive symptoms by removing their cause.

A PROTESTANT PRAISES PRIESTLY HEROISM.

FATHER DAMIEN STRICKEN WITH LEPROSY.

Charles Warren Stoddard has made the world aware of the existence of the most exalted Christian sacrifice of modern times—the heroic devotion of Father Damien to the lepers of Molokai. His narrative is written with all the warmth of a Catholic heart. We have already quoted from it. Now we find a Protestant, in the *London Daily News*, rendering merited praise to one whom he styled a "Romish priest." His account is full of pathos. He says that "there is no later news of Father Damien, but the brief announcement that he has at length been stricken with leprosy will touch a chord of sadness and sympathy in the hearts of all who knew anything of this heroic man and his work. Father Damien is a Catholic, and, what is peculiarly regrettable to the average Protestant mind, a Jesuit."

"Now and again the world has witnessed deeds of sublime self-sacrifice in the dazzling radiance of which all modern times and ages and creeds and others have been obliterated. Such a deed did this Jesuit perform when, twelve years ago, in the early prime of his manhood, highly cultured, and with prospects of speedy promotion in his Church, he quietly turned his back upon the world and all it had to offer, and voluntarily entered on the obscure career which must now inevitably terminate in the lingering, loathsome death of a leper. Nowdays we in this country happily know nothing of this dread malady, at least in its more virulent forms, though to what we owe our immunity is a point upon which science is not yet able to speak positively. We are apt to regard leprosy as a disease of ancient times, an Old World malady, lingering here and there in odd corners of Oriental lands. In an article of painful interest in the *Nineteenth Century*, a year or two back, Miss Agnes Lambert pointed out that not only was this dreadful scourge terribly prevalent in China and throughout the East generally, but that there was hardly any part of the Sandwich Islands, which leprosy is not more or less free, while in some of our colonies—the Cape, for instance—it appears to be alarmingly on the increase."

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

"But if there are any spots on the face of the earth in which one would be disposed confidently to predict that the worst of disease would be unable to find any permanent footing, the Elysian fields of the Pacific should certainly be among them. Those who have visited the Sandwich Islands describe them as presenting scenes of the most enchanting beauty. They have exhausted all the artifices of language in depicting the bewitching combinations of coral sands and blue seas, sparkling cascades, and all the blaze and brilliancy of tropical foliage and flowers. 'Blue waters' says one of them, 'stretch to the horizon, the eye, the mountainous island of Molokai blazed like a great blue morning glory on the yet bluer sea; a sweet, soft breeze rustled through the palms; the lazy ripples played lightly on the sand; humanity basked flower clad in sunny indolence; everything was redolent, fervid, beautiful.' No where on earth is life more easy, pleasure more fairly distributed, or nature more enchanting than in some of these Pacific islands, and nowhere on earth is there a more forlorn and pitiable community than is to be found among them. 'Molokai,' continues the writer just quoted, 'is only enchanting in the distance, for its blue petals enveloped about 400 lepers doomed to eternal isolation, and then follows a quotation from an official announcement made that day—some time during 1873 it must have been—that all lepers not already consigned to the settlement appointed for them were required to report to the Government health officer. Within fourteen days for inspection and final banishment to Molokai. An attempt had been made in 1865 to carry out a system of complete isolation of those smitten with this fearful disease, but they concealed themselves in the woods and caves, or friends hid them in one way or another when Government inquiry was being made, and though it was pretty well known that there must be some 800 afflicted persons up and down the island, only about 400 had been banished. But in 1873 more stringent measures were taken. There are parts of the world in which the leper is regarded with a horror that appears to quench every natural affection and every humane feeling."

THE MONSTER IN IT.

"Children are thrust out by their parents, and parents by their children, without the slightest hesitation or remorse. In a report of Her Majesty's Commissioner in Cyprus, published so recently as 1882, we read that when a man is first suspected of leprosy the people go to the Mukhtar of the village and accuse him of the plague. A council is held, examination is made, and if the suspicion is pronounced to be well founded, 'man is immediately torn from his family, who, as a rule, at once become his reddest enemies. His goods are divided among his relatives, and he is banished from their presence forever.

His clothes and a cotton quilt are given him, and a guard conducts him to the leper farms at Nicosia, and there he is left to live or die. In the Sandwich Islands the case seems to have been very different. The utmost humanity and gentleness appear to have been exercised in the melancholy duty of thrusting these poor creatures out from their homes and kindred, but the scenes were distressing in the extreme. 'The woe of those who were taken,' says Miss Bird, in her interesting account of a six months' residence in those islands, 'the dismal wailings of those who were left, and the agonized partings when friends and relatives clung to the swollen limbs and kissed the glistening, bloated faces of those who were exiled from their forever, I shall never forget.' In the course of seven or eight years about 1,150 lepers of both sexes, of all conditions in life, and nearly all ages, were banished to Molokai.

"This island is about forty miles long, and eight or nine miles broad, and it appears to have a population of two or three thousand people, apart from the lepers. It is, however, little more than a chain of volcanic mountains, presenting tremendous precipices to the coast. At the foot of one of these

precipices, 2,000 feet high and quite isolated, from the interior of the island, is a desolate plain of some 20,000 acres in extent, and it is here that the leper colony is established, a village which, says the writer just quoted, 'may safely be said to be one of the most horrible spots on the face of the earth, a home of hideous disease and slow coming death, with which science in despair has ceased to grapple, a community of doomed beings socially dead, whose only business is to perish.' Wifeless husbands, husbandless wives, children without parents, and parents without children, men and women who have 'no more portion forever, in anything that is done under the sun'—condemned to watch the repulsive steps by which each of their doomed fellows goes down to a loathsome death, knowing that by the same way they, too, must pass.

EVEN RIGID PROTESTANTS PRAISE A JESUIT.

"It was with these hapless mortals that Father Damien cast in his lot some ten or twelve years ago. To this valley of the shadow of death he set out with the banished ones amid a burst of enthusiastic admiration, from which even those who most heartily disbelieved in the creed of his Church, and most cordially detested the Order to which he belonged, could not withhold their tribute. To quote Miss Bird's book once more: 'It was singular to hear the burst of spontaneous admiration which his act elicited. No unworthy motive was suggested; all anxious wishes were hushed; it was almost forgotten by the most rigid Protestants that Father Damien is a Romish priest, and an intuition higher than all reasoning hastened to number him with the noble army of martyrs.' From that time forth he has devoted himself entirely to ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of the poor, shut out from life in that living tomb. But as he has had no taint of leprosy himself, he has not hitherto been compelled entirely to confine himself to Molokai. He has from time to time visited Honolulu and other parts of the Sandwich Islands. Now he writes: 'It is impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu, on account of the leprosy break-out, and my microbes have settled themselves in my left leg, and my carotid one eyebrow begin to fall. I expect to have my face soon disfigured. Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people.' Devotion of this lofty type stands as far above all men's efforts as it towers above the selfish's initiation, and in the presence of it more differences of dogma dwindle to nothingness. Such deeds as these bring men together in the clearer recognition of deep, underlying truths common to all the great religions that have taken root in the world, and tend to show ecclesiastical distinctions in the light of mere surface differences. The world is better for such deeds."

"A Dangerous Man."

Paris Correspondence Liverpool Times, July 16.

"He is a dangerous man, for he would make even an atheist love religion. Such was the compliment of a noted Frenchman once paid to the diseased Cardinal Guibert. Despite his austerity of habit and appearance—he was tall and gaunt—his Eminence had an amiable and a winsome manner, which captivated all who were brought within the sphere of his influence. During the war of 1870 he turned his priestly powers into a hospital, M. Cremonax, the Minister of Public Worship, arrived in the city with his family, and was unable to find apartments at any of the hotels. He went to the Archbishop's residence. 'I am M. Cremonax,' he said, 'the Minister of Public Worship. I cannot obtain lodgings for myself and my family in the city. Will you kindly put us up for a week or two?' 'My house is a hospital,' replied the Prelate, 'and you are welcome to its shelter.' The minister found the Archbishop a gentle and attentive host. One, however, he was surprised at the dignified firmness which he could display when occasion required. The Minister received deputations and visitors daily. One day it was announced that Garibaldi, the brilliantly filibuster, had arrived in town. 'I hope you do not intend to receive that man here,' said the Archbishop to M. Cremonax. 'Why not?' asked the latter. 'Because,' replied the Archbishop, 'if he enters by one door, I will leave, with ostentation, by another.' 'I shall never receive the Pope, and I shall never receive an enemy of the Pope under my roof.' The Minister was obliged to receive Garibaldi in another house. This little incident, however, did not prevent him from entertaining feelings of respect and esteem for his ecclesiastical host. On the day of his departure he requested to be permitted to embrace the Archbishop. 'That is said gaily,' as he saluted his Grace on the cheek, 'is the union of the Old and the New Testaments.' M. Cremonax was a Jew. 'Ah,' said the Archbishop, with a smile, 'you should remember that the last testament annuls the previous one.' 'Did these words lightly spoken as they were, exert a mystic influence over the late M. Cremonax? No one will ever know; but he brought up his children as Catholics, and they are among the staunch upholders of the True Faith to day."

Can This be a Fact?

The *San Francisco Monitor* is responsible for the following story: "A newspaper man in Illinois recently brought suit against forty three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgement in each case for the full amount of the claim. Of these twenty eight made affidavit that they owned no more property than the law allowed, thus preventing attachment. Then, under decision of the supreme court, they were arrested for petty larceny, and bound over in the sum of \$300. All but six gave bail, and these went to jail. The new postal law makes it larceny to take a newspaper and then refuse to pay it."

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

THE HOLY SEE AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

Archbishop Walsh is doing more than "yeoman's service" to the Irish cause just at this juncture—the lull between two crises—in presenting in unmistakable terms the views of the leader of the Irish Episcopate on Irish questions, the actual Irish situation, and the outlook. He speaks with the full authority and responsibility of his station in the Irish hierarchy. He speaks not simply as a patriot, as a sufferer with his fellow-sufferers and countrymen, but as a wise adviser to them and to England. The more one reads and hears of the Archbishop of Dublin, the more does he impress lookers on with the idea that he is a living representative of the great ecclesiastical statesmen of old, such as Ximenes in Spain, Dunstan or Langton in England, and possessed of the higher qualities of men like Wolsey and Richelieu, without the mean subservency to the head of the State which converted those very able men into ecclesiastical courtiers and trimmers. And when it is known that Archbishop Walsh speaks with the full consent and agreement of the splendid body of his brethren in the episcopate, as also of the clergy and national people of Ireland, the force and importance of his utterances on Irish national affairs pass beyond possible doubt or cavil. He is not an ambitious prelate. Even were he ambitious, his ambition might be truly said to be already filled by his installation into the See of Dublin. It is his very position as the holder of that See which compels him to speak out as the spiritual adviser of the people of Ireland. And it is a happy thing for England as well as Ireland that he does not mince his phrases, or trim his sails to catch every passing breeze, especially if it blow fair from courtly quarters.

It is an open secret that English Governments have always, from the days of the Pale down, looked upon the See of Dublin as a sort of pet ecclesiastical borough of their own, a Government pocket to be filled at their pleasure and by an ecclesiastic upon whose fidelity they could rely. It was so in the days of Protestant ascendancy in England and Ireland. As for the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, no one is ever troubled by the succession to that creation of the British Crown. English Governments have been sometimes grievously mistaken in the Catholic prelates whom they have favored for the Dublin See, just as Henry II. was mistaken in the choice of Thomas a Becket for the See of Canterbury. It is an open secret also that the British Government used all its influence at Rome to prevent the selection of the present Archbishop, successor to the late Cardinal McCabe. It would be absurd to understate the influence of the British Government at Rome. Great Britain is one of the world's greatest Empires, and the Holy Father cannot afford, by the nature of his very position and office, to ignore the appeal or representations of so great a power, embracing, as it does, millions of Catholics. The more striking and significant, then, was the final selection by the Holy See of Archbishop Walsh as "the most worthy" to fill the foremost See in Ireland. In fact, the Pope acted precisely in the same way with Ireland as he has done with Germany. He inquired closely into every detail, into all the minutiae of the political troubles that were darkening both countries. He took the advice of counsel on all sides, ecclesiastical as well as lay, governmental as well as those opposed to the Government. And finally he concluded to let the people fight out their own political battles in their own way so long as there was no Catholic principle of faith or morals sacrificed in the struggle or its conduct. The Holy Father has certainly nothing to complain of in the result of his action in Germany; and, we believe, he will scarcely regret his action in the Anglo-Irish imbroglio when he finds England's leading statesman fighting to the death for peace on the very lines and plan indicated to the Pope by the Irish hierarchy when called to take counsel with him in Rome.

So when a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* called on Archbishop Walsh recently to obtain his views on the situation and the most points at issue, the Archbishop spoke very plainly and comprehensively. He did not disguise the fact that the outlook for the moment was gloomy in consequence of the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's measures, the poverty that afflicted the masses of the people, and the impossibility under such conditions to meet the rents. Neither did he disguise his hope of the final outcome of peace and reconciliation between the divided peoples. He pointed out the significant fact that English landlords, of their own wisdom and free will, in consequence of trying times, conceded without any legislation the demands of tenants for reasonable reduction of rents, while Irish landlords fought tooth and nail against the very mention of such reduction, calling spoliation, robbery, confiscation and so forth. As for the attitude of the Holy See, Archbishop Walsh declared in the most emphatic manner that the constitutional character of the Irish movement was thoroughly understood at Rome. One had only to read the Roman journals representing the voice of the Vatican in order to be satisfied on that score.

"In the very highest quarters our cause is safe," said the Archbishop, "but take my word for it, that victory has not been won without a long struggle."

There is a world of significance in that last sentence, which Irishmen at home and abroad will take to heart. All to be done now in order to retain not only the powerful sympathy and approval of Rome, but of the whole civilized world, is for Irishmen "to keep steadfastly on our present lines" of true but determined conservative action; not to yield to either to hostile menace or to the advice of false friends and fools or traitors within the camp. Peace and order must prevail even at the bitterest sacrifices; and now more than ever is calm to be maintained.—*Catholic Review*

For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the specific endorsed by eminent medical authorities.

THE CONVENTION.

Boston Pilot.

The Convention of the Irish National League was a magnificent success. We would not have had a feature absent. It was a splendid evidence of the power, purpose unity, intelligence and patriotism of the Irish race.

The endorsement of the policy of Mr. PARNELL was unequivocal and unanimous; the whole proceedings were temperate and considerate though there were moments of deeply earnest watchfulness. The Convention spoke well for Irish-America.

A thousand strong men, representing millions, swayed by one profound resolution, met all obstacles of personality and passion as the sea meets the drift-wood.

Oppositions full of earnest and honest sincerity faced each other, clashed, and were swallowed up. The Convention was too great, and its on-sweep too impetuous to be delayed for more than a moment by any side issue whatever.

At last, we beheld the true movement of the Irish Nation. No longer an organization or a society; no more the color of a clique or the will of an autocracy. But a great unified, instinctive organism, embracing all colors and creeds, all opinions and convictions—Rebels, Rapparees, Home Rulers, Federalists, Fenians, Catholics and Protestants.

The passionate protests of men like John Finerty of Chicago, uncalled for and improper in that place, still have full value in such a Convention. Had his will carried the meeting, it would have been a calamity; but there never was the slightest fear of any man's passion capturing such a mass of ability and judgment. Had the Convention abandoned Parnell, the Irish people in America would have abandoned the Convention.

But John Finerty represented the smouldering fire that underlies all Irish national movements, without which they would mean little and achieve less. His cry that Ireland must be free, even if she face violence and death for it, was a flame leaping from a fissure in the earth; and we are not sorry that for a minute it lit the faces of the Irish National Convention. It was suppressed; but it smoldered; and it is for England, not for Ireland, to do the stamping out.

"It is impossible any longer to bribe Ireland with gold to abandon her national demand. . . . The principle of equal local self government for the Three Kingdoms is a false principle. . . . The system of governing Ireland should be the reverse of that governing England. The Irish national sentiment must be gratified."

It was not a Radical orator at the Chicago Convention who used these words. They are the words of an English statesman, a late Cabinet Minister, Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, in the British Parliament on Friday last. They were spoken in the teeth of Tory Government resolve to drag on Ireland into submission. If an English ex Home Secretary dares to use such words in such a place, it is clear that the meaning of Irish nationalism has dawned on England at last.

Let there be no more fears of Irish discussion. Harcourt's division of opinion means the healthy opposition of patriotic elements, working for the general good, as they work in the national councils of England, America, and other nations.

Let the Irish people remember that it is desirable to have division and vigorous controversy in every Irish national convention; the health of the body demands it; but no man or set of men can wreck the Irish national movement.

Ireland may take fresh hope—she may take more assurance, full and sound, that the Irish American millions are resolved to stand by her; that Americans of all races understand and sympathize with her; that her deplorable condition with her, that her American question of vast financial and social as well as sentimental importance.

Marie of Bavaria!

London Weekly Register July 3.

The Queen Mother of Bavaria, who is one of the most pathetic figures in the history of Royalty, is now sixty one years old. At seventeen, when she was married to their Prince, she charmed the people of Munich by her beauty and by simple manners which caused them to rejoice that "there was nothing of the Prussian about her." Her defect was that she was passive and poetic, and took no interest in art or letters; and when her brilliant and eccentric sons developed "tastes," there was little sympathy between them and their mother. This was the more unfortunate as they lost their father's guidance in their first youth. The estrangement increased when the present King O. took to wild courses, for which the unhappy young man was afterwards proved to have not been responsible. In her isolation Queen Marie entered into closer relations with an old friend—Dr. Haneberg, Superior of the Benedictines at Munich, and now Bishop of Saxe. From this friendship resulted her reception into the Church, which took place in the Tyrol, in 1874. The poor Queen-Mother's special devotion, to which she wishes to devote the remainder of her days, is to the Mater Dolorosa.

Horford's Acid Phosphates.

FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. P. COWAN, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females with nervous headaches and its accompaniments."

To the Rescue.

"When all other remedies fail," for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, &c., "then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crocker, Druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "his sales are large and increasing."

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.