# For The Pilot. In the Depths.

BY MINNIE GILMORE. here are dim, dumb hours of longing— Of a longing that grows to pain, s the budding shade o'er the sunny glade, Grows to a bloom of rain.

nd whether for earth or heaven, For the shore or the soundless sea:— or the love of old, or the new love told, Or the love that yet may be.

hether for song or for silence— For a laugh of an echoed glee, a thought alone, on the chapel stone is all unknown to me!

comes in the break of morning, When the sun cools his golden feet the little stream, that folds like a dream 'he bed of the drowsy wheat.

d my soul sinks sobbing, sobbing, While my heart and my eyes grow hot, the bitter pain of a yearning vain, or something that is not.

lomes in the quiet gloaming; /hen the heart of the world is still; di the soft, gray eye of the evening st ooks wistfully on the hill.

al I grow so weary, weary the maddening, mystic pain, Lt I long to rest on the earth's still breast and never wake again.

In the young moon mounts up palely a the tide of the smooth sky-sea, A as her heart grows, like a blooming ro its circled fuigency.

Tre comes such a yearning, yearning, that the strings of my heart are stirred; At a wail upfloats like a rent harp's notes dying Love's last word.

OPain, whence art thou, and wherefore? Ills the voice of the tender God— "Ny thy answer waits, at the graveyard gates, Ad sings 'neath the silent sod!"

### THE MURDERED MORGAN.

Cleveland Leader, December 15.

N. Thomas Benjamin Forbes, of this oitydds an interesting and hitherto un-pushed chapter to the history of the abdition and possible murder of Cap-tainWilliam Morgan, of Masonic notor-iety Mr. Forbes is an old gentleman of near eighty years, of feeble health, living alterately with a son on Detroit street neathe city limits, with a daughter at Novalk, and on his small farm about eigh miles south-west of the city. He wasorn and grew up in the vicinity of oBatavia, Genesee county, New York, thome of Morgan, and at the time of Mrgan's abduction was serving as a hired nn for Colonel Mosely Stoddard, master of Masonic lodge at Batavia. Morgan on Masonic lodge at Batavia. dispeared in the fall of 1826.

MR. FORBES' STORY.

The following is Mr. Forbes' story of his nowledge of the abduction, as related in stall to a representative of this jour-

nal esterday: Wien Morgan was abducted I was working for Colonel Mosely Stoddard, who live on a large farm about four miles fron Batavia. Morgan I had known for fron Batavia. Morgan I had known for seveal years. He was a short man with red air. One night he was taken out of his led by four masked men and carried off. On the afternoon before that day was it an apple paring bee, and didn't get home to Stoddard's until after dark. Jist as I was going into the house a carringe drove up to the gate. I reckoned itwas some one to see the Colonel, who was a lawyer, and master of a Masonic lolge there. I went down to the gate and a tranger got out of the carriage and asked me if Colonel Stoddard was at home. I old him I supposed so for all I knew, as I had just got home myself. He said, Tell him I wantto see him out here quick.' I went into the house and told the Colonel, nel, who got up and went down to the front gate. I thought I wouldn't go to bed, for the Colonel might want me for something. In about five minutes he cane in and said, 'Thomas harness up

TO THE CLOSE CARRIAGE just as quick as yon can. The Colonel haû a team of black horses supposed to be about the fastest in the county. I harnessed them to the close carriage just as quick as I could and drove them around to the front of the house in no time. The Colonel got into the carriage with one of the strangers and two other men got into the other carriage. Then they drove off towards

Batavia at a rapid rate.
"When I went into the house Mrs. Stoddard, who was in bed, asked me if the Colonel had gone off. I told her he had. Then she wanted to know where he had gone, and I told her I didn't know. Well, didn't come back that night, and the next morning he didn't come back. Mrs. Stoddard got very anxious about him, so I went into town to see if I could find out anything about him, but I could not. neard then that Morgan had been carried off, and there was a good bit of excitement. We heard nothing of the Colonel for about ten days, when somebody brought word that our carriage was at Lewiston."

Lewiston is on the Niagara river, a few miles above Fort Niagara, where it is said that Morgan was for some time con-

fined. Lewiston is some fifty miles from "Mrs. Stoddard told me to take out one of the other horses and go to Lewiston. I did so. I found the Colonel's carriage at a livery stable there, and knew it once. The man who kept the stable said he did not know who left it there.

Some men and called him up. He went out with a lantern, and said they wanted a change of horses as quick as he could get them, and as good a team as he had. He fixed them out with a new rig, and the Colonel's horses and carriage were left there. Afterwards somebody had come and taken away the horses. I could not get much out of the liveryman. He said he did not know anything about the affair, and he was very careful in what he said. I think he was a Mason. I thought I had better leave the carriage just as it was, so I drove back home and told Mrs. Stoddard all I was

able to find out.

"Four or five weeks after that one of the little girls was standing at the window when she cried out: 'Oh! here comes our carriage; now I shall see papa.'
But she didn't see him. The carriage and the black team were driven up to the front gate, and a man jumped out and ran down the road towards Clarksville. Mrs. Stode road towards Clarksville. Mrs. Stod. dard said : 'Run after that man and see if you can catch him,' I ran after him, but he had a long start and got away from me around a bend in the road. There was a thick woods at one side of the road and I think he got into that. I went on to bowels and skin.

Clarksville and hunted over the town for

a man of his description, but could not find him.
"Well, Colonel Stoddard didn't come back home for two or three months, but one day he walked in, and went about his business. I never asked him where he business. I never asked mm where he had been, and Mrs. Stoddard never asked him, as far as I know. I fhink she had an idea where the Colonel had been, and didn't care to say anything about his trip, and would never

TALK ABOUT MORGAN'S DISAPPEARANCE. "Next year, you know, they found a decayed body in Lake Ontario, and brought it to Batavia. I saw it. That is, I saw some bones, some clothing, and a little red hair sticking to the skull. Mrs. Morgan thought it was the body of her husband. I never told this story to any one, not even to Mrs. Morgan. She cried bitterly whenever the subject was mentioned to her, and I didn't like to add to her troubles. I have sometimes thought I would tell it if I was satisfied that every body who had snything to do with the matter was dead, and I think they all

The reporter called Mr. Forbes' attention to an assertion that Morgan had been sent to Australia; that he conducted a newspaper at Melbourne until his death, and that his son is publishing it there now and that his son is publishing it there now.

The old gentleman said:
"That is unreasonable. When he was taken away he had three children, all very taken away he had three children, all very small, two boys and a girl. They remained at Batavia, and never knew anything more about their father and his death than their mother did."

Though Mr. Forbes is feeble bodily, he seems to have a very vivid recollection of the facts which he relates as above. He

has cherished them in his memory for over fifty years, thinking over them frequently, and tells a very connected story.

#### Dr. Johnson on Catholicism.

The opinion of the great English moralist, Johnson, a sound Tory, and ultra High Churchman, concerning the Catholic Church was a favorable one. The following passage occurs in his life, by Boswell, ol. I, page 154:
"That he (Dr. Johnson) in conformity

with the opinion of many of the most able, learned, and pious Christians in all ages, supported that there was a middle state after death, previous to the time at which departed souls are finally received to eterand felicity, appears, I think, unquestionably from his devotions. In his prayers and meditations is the following passage: 'And, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful in the Lordwood to The fay be lawful me, I commend to Thy fatherly goodess the soul of my departed wife; be-eching Thee to grant her whatever is pest in her present state, and finally to receive her to eternal happiness.'" Again, in another part of the same life,

he following dialogue occurs. Verily the ood Doctor would astonish the High-Church party of the present day : Boswell loquitur—I had hired a Bohe

mian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, l asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.

Johnson—Why, no sir: if he has no

Presbyterian religion.

Boswell—You are joking.

Johnson—No, sir: I really think so; nay, sir, of the two, I prefer the Popish.

I proceeded: What do you think, sir, of purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?

stinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and that, therefore, God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering; you see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

Boswell-But, then, sir, their Masses for the dead?

Johnson-Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this

Boswell-The idolatry of the Mass?

Johnson—Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass; they believe God to be there, and they adore Him.

Boswell—The worship of saints?

Johnson—Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them; they only ask their prayers.

their prayers. Boswell—Confession? Johnson—Why, I don't know but that is good thing; the Scripture says: "Con-sess your faults one to another"; and the

priests confess as well as the laity. Engaging Manners.—There are a thousand pretty engaging little ways which every person may put on, without run-ning the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our regards, the juquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivat-ing when united with self-possession so captivatthese will insure us the good regards, of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner that should be cultivated, and which in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they seem to those who engage in weigh-

tier matters. "Golden Medical Discovery" (words re gistered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

## A Fact.

If you suffer from Chronic Disease, and have little faith in advertised remedies and have sought vainly for a cure, consult your Druggist, or address T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, for proof positive regarding the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters, the

### CARBINAL BEAFON.

Beston, or Bethune, so called from Bethune, a town of French Flanders, is a surname which originally belonged to an illustrious house in France, from which mustrous house in France, from which sprung the Duke de Sully, the renowned minister and bosom friend of the Great Henry the Fourth. From France the Beatons passed over into England with William the Conqueror, and one of them was the trusty companion of King Rich ard Cour de Lion on his way homeward from the Hely Land, when both were made prisoners by the Duke of Austria. As early as 1165 we find the Beatons already settled in Scotland, the owners ready settled in Scotland, the owners of considerable possessions in the county of Angus under the chieftainery of the laird of Westhall; and during a long and important period of Scotlish history, no family of their rank was more honored than theirs by matrimonial connections with the noble and more powerful families of the kingdom. Conspicuous amorg those who continued faithful to the heroic Bruce was Alexander Beaton, who Britee was Alexander Deaton, who was knighted for his extraordinary valor, and afterwards slain in the battle of Dupplin Moor in 1332. In the fifth year of the reign of Robert the Second, Robert Beaton, "familiaris regis," a younger son of Sir Alexander, married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Balfour; and on lis son succeeding to the estate, Beaton of Balfour became the family name. Of this celebrated house James Beaton, Archibishon of St. Andersen bishon of St. Andersen bishon of St. bishop of St. Andrews; his neph+w, Car-dinal Beaton; and the Cardinal's rephew, James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow were most distinguished descendants.

David Beaton, Cardinal, Primate, and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, was the third son of John Beaton of Balfour Isabel, daughter of David Monyperny of Pitmilly. He was born at the mansion house of Balfour in 1494, and in October, 1511, became a student at the University of St. Andrews. Subsequently he was sent to Paris, where he studied theology, and the canon and civil laws for some years. In due time he was ordered priest, preferred to the rectory of Camppriests, preferred to the rectory of Camp-sie in Stirlingshire, and to the chancellor-ship of the church of Glasgow. His great abilities soon attracted the attention of the regent, the Duke of Albany, and the first tep in his rapid promotion to high dig-ities in Church and State was his apointment to the office of resident for cotland at the French court in 1519. In 523, his uncle, being translated from Glasgow to St. Andrews, and appointed rimate of Scotland, resigned in his favor he rich abbey of Arbroath, thus giving

him a right to sit in parliament on his 533, Beaton, who had become prothono tary public, was sent ambassador to negotiate a marriage between King James the Fifth and Princess Magdalene. His deep penetration, skilful address, and patriotic zeal enabled him, while there, to gain an insight into the mischievous designs of Henry VIII., and to transmit to signs of Henry VIII., and to transmit to his royal master such important intelli-gence as averted a serious quarrel with the English monarch. After having, January 1st, 1537, married James V. and objection, you can have none.

Boswell—So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion?

Johnson—No more, sir, than to the Presbytarian religion religion results and again sent to France to negotiate a second marriage, with Mary of Lorraine. The marriage with Mary of Lorraine, best and wisest woman of the age." turning with that admirable princess, he solemnized the marriage in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrews. On the occasion of his latter visit to France he precured the papal bull dated February 12th, 1537, Johnson—Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the enerality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to weight native-born subject of france, and gave him the bishopric of Mirepoix, in Languedoc, to which he was consecrated on the 5th of the following December. On his return home, he was made coadjutor to his now aged uncle in the see of St. Anhis now aged uncle in the see of St. Andrews, and on the 28th of December, 1538. in consideration of his rare zeal, talents, and influence, he was raised by Pope Paul III. to the dignity of cardinal under the III. to the dignity of cardman under the title of St. Stephen on the Collin Hill. The King of France, in order to prove all more clearly his exceptional goodwill still more clearly his exceptional go of naturalization on June 20th, 1539, allowing his heirs, though born in Scotland, to inherit his estate in that country.

the autumn of the same year, on the death of Archbishop James Beaton, the Cardinal succeeded to the primatial and was soon after appointed legate a latere in Scotland by the Sovereign Pontiff. He showed his due sense of the additional responsibility he had now undertaken, by praying the Pope to relieve him to some extent, by the appoinment of a coadju-tor in the person of William Gibson, dean of Restalrig, who accordingly received consecration as titular bishop of Libaria. The frequent councils of the Scottish ardinal till the eve of his death, and his wise admonitions recommending them to be zealous in instructing the people, and by their purity and boliness of life to set by their purity and somes of the to see a bright example to all men, conclusively prove that his burning patriotism was never allowed to make him neglect the

paramount interests of religion. The Cardinal Primate was deservedly King James' most trusted adviser. His genius, incorruptible patriotism, and thorough devotion to the glorious Church of his forefathers were all needed to thwart the nefarious intrigues of Henry VIII., whose tortuous policy aimed at nothing short of the utter destruction of Scotland's altars and Scotland's throne.
To accomplish his designs this lecherous wife-killer spared neither money nor men; while among the nobles of the coveted country, many were to be found whose venality made them the ready hirelings of the worst enemy of their native land. The Scottish court is soon infested with Eogland's spies; turbuflent barons premote discord, and every miscreant willing to sell his king, his country, and his Cod field a heart. his God, finds a lucrative market in don. The earls of Angus, Bothwell, Crawford and Argyle, Sir George Douglas, and others strenuously labor to destroy their countries indeed the countries in the their countries independence for English gold. Hydra headed treason at home, and repeated invasions from abroad are the order of the day. The brave and ac-

length with disgust, shame, and disappoint ment at the perfidy of his nobles with follow him acr the border to punish the English force under the duke of Norfolk aiready in fu retreat, disbands his recreant army, re-turns to his capita', and having in his last will appointed his ever faithful a d wise counsellor, Cardinal Beaton, regent and governor of the realm, as well as guard of the infant queen, assisted by a council composed of the earls of Huntiy, Argyle, and Murray, dies of a broken heart, Dec. 13, 1542.
The Cardinal, whom the English auto-

crat had long since hated and eagerly striven to disgrace, because he knew him striven to disgrace, because he knew him to be a tower of strength to Scotland's friends, no sooner produced the will of his late master, than the weak and vacilities he ating Earl of Arran, as unprincipled as he was ambitious, who had already repeatedly betrayed his disloyalty to his country and his subserviency to Henry, was led to claim the regency and to declare that the document was forged, although not a title of evidence was ever brought forth to substantiate so foul a libel, and although all admitted that, for fidelity, talents, patriotism and worth, the accustood in the estimation of James as the very first man in his kingdom, and was consequently the most likely to be appointed by him to be the guardian and protector of his infant daughter. Rath than increase divisions, and occasion civil war, the Primate, with characteristic good sense, waived his right, and allowed th Earl to become Governor of the kingdom. The wise vigilance and disinterested state manship of the wronged Cardinal soo won for him Arran's confidence, and con tirued to be more than ever a match for the daplicity, bribes, and sophistry of Henry. In vain did the earls of Glen-Henry. cairn, Cassillis, Angus, and Marshall, the Lords Maxwell, Somerville and Oliphant, Sir George Douglas, the Master of Max well, and other Protestant barons, all pensioners of England, subscribe a bond binding them to exert all their strength and influence to deliver over to the tyrant

fortresses, its orphan queen, and Car-dinal Beaton as England's greatest enemy.

TO BE CONTINUED. BANQUET TO A. M. SULLIVAN.

the government of Scotland,

To celebrate the happy return from America of the above distinguished Irish man, a dinner was given at the Westmin ster Palace Hotel on Saturday evening. Mr. Sullivan met with a very hearty re ception from his friends, and we a pleased to note a great improvement e health of that gentleman since he let

these shores for the States. The chair we occupied by Mr. Parnell, M. P.
Mr. Parnell, in proposing the health of the guest of the evening, said: I think will not often fall to the lot of any ma to propose the health of a gentleman with such a career as that of A. M. Sullivan and upon such a remarkable occasion when he has returned from a visit to that great sister country (I may say of ours) beyond the Atlantic, where he received such a remarkable welcome—he a constitutional Nationalist—from men of all political creeds and belief in that great Republic (cheers). The career of A. M. Sullivan takes us almost back to—it cer-Davis, Duffey, and Dillon started and wrote for the Nation (cheers); and A. M. Sullivan, who received from their hands the glorious traditions of that paper, faithfully maintained them until he handed them over to his respected brother (applause). We owe to Mr. Sullivan a deep debt of gratitude for the way in people, above, beyond all other things and all other interests, however great, upon the goal to which we to-day direct our people—the goal of national self-gov ernment for Ireland (loud applause).

egretted the disappearance of Mr. A. M. Sullivan from his seat in Par-liament (applause), but he has found opportunities and occasions—I will not say to be not less useful, because his plendid forensic ability gave him opporunity of usefulness and service in his clace in the House of Commons which ew men can have, but he has, since hi tunities for doing stalwart services for hi country (cheers). He has crossed the stormy Atlantic, and has carried the tale of our struggles and demands from State the American Union. welcome him back again amongst us, and trust that the day may come when A. M. Sullivan will take his place in an Irish House of Commons upon Irish soil, and may devote those splendid abilities which he possesses, and which he uses for the penefit of his country, in the cause of his native land, not in exile: but at home in reland once again (loud and prolonged

Mr. Sullivan, on rising to respond, was

eceived with enthusiastic cheering. He aid: Never until to night, since the grievous hour struck for me when, with ; dened heart, I had to turn from the head of conflict, to qui; it and to say farewell to comrades dear, whom I deeply trusted and fondly loved—never until to night had I the chance of telling them all I felt in that hour-how much of personal attachment, how much comradeship, there was between them and me, and now much of the gratitude, that my life could not repay, to that man under whom it was my to serve, and as to whom it was my fondest ambition that to my grave h might call me friend (loud applause). will not waste a precious moment in speak ing upon what is strictly the subject of the toast, for it is the one which, of all others, is to me the least welcom myself; but I shall try to be more useful, and, perhaps, more interesting to you, if, passing from A. M. Sullivan, with a profession of my grateful feelings for your reception of my name, I say a few words

THAT IRELAND BEYOND THE SEA. from which I have just returned (applause). The Irish in that greater Ireland, numbering ten or twelve millions, if you take the second or third generations into account, are now a power in the world that must be taken into account that must be taken into account by anyone who has to deal with the Irish question (applause). Within the past few years the statesmen of this country, rising to a little more of wisdom and sagacthan used to prevail, have begun to

complished King Jam s, overwhelmed at perceive that it is not with the Irish left and drudgery, and pain and physical texat home they now have to reckon (applause.) They have but removed, as it were, to the further end of the fulcrum the weight that they thought they had destroyed by displacing it, and the Irish who were thus driven forth have a much more powerful leverage on the public opinion of the world to-day than even the Lish here at home (applause). One all-dominant, all consuming anxiety, pervadid not wait for my feet to touch the soi poard a special steamer.

to the American shore (applause). Irishmen, representing different organizations, parties and sections, from the most extreme to the most moderate, were represented there, and their first question, one that for months has been deepest in the Irish heart here, was, "Is there dis-union among the men at home?" One passion has seized upon the Irish race in America-one thought pervades then They have reac aright at length the chequered history of their native land, and they have profited by the lesson which it teaches. They have now arrived which it teaches. They have now arrived at this conclusion—this deep-seated determination—they will not have dividetermination—they will not have divi-sion (loud applause). We have, they say, the most adverse views as to how to accomplish the regeneration of Ireland, but no longer are we pulling at cross purposes, and it is our earnest desire to see the Irish people at home acting unitedly under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, which leadership we mean not in the sense of hero worship, not in the sens of the old Celtic clanship of loving the man more than the principle—not so, but in the sense of recognizing that he has shown himself fit to be and that he is the captain of the Irish nation; in the sense they have made a test question at all their meetings that there shall be an unbroken rally of the Irish race from pole

to pole,
FROM THE RISING TO THE SETTING OF THE under the guidance of Charles Stewart

Parnell (loud cheers). The Americans, who are a law abiding people, because law represents for them the consent of the governed—a people who carry reverence for constituted authority to an extreme, because authority there is a sacred thing that symbolises acting for the people—(applause)-when law and authority did no appear before them in that guise they Boycotted tea chests in Boston harbour (laughter and cheers). These people, say, now at the end of 100 years, so ful reverence for law, were greatly dis traught at the news of the internal disorder which the cable telegraphs them, on the authority of that impartial London press which never tells anything but truth about Ireland (laughter), and they were grieved to think that the rational move ment should not be pushed forward, as Michael Davitt well said, unstained by crime. Now, I endeavoured to explain a fact that I may state here almost in a sentence—viz, that it is one of the great difficulties of an Irish leader, or an Irish national public man, that this case is not at all comparable with the case of the leader of a section of a nation that is in unity such as the English people, You cannot apply to the combats of a national party who fight for national existence the rules of public conduct and the amenities of action that are rightly applicable a between citizen and citizen under the same union. Things that could not be tolerated, and should not be tolerated from a party in a nation with its own legislature, may become the duty of the national representatives dragged to a foreign assembly against their will and made to work in a machine
FABRICATED UPON THE RUINS OF THEIR

COUNTRY'S LIBERTY
(applause). Since I began public life I ility and falsehood; and the one terror that age has for me is that it may cause me to fall into the habitual vice of the evening of life, of considering that the young men who rise up after us are always overween ingly wrong, and never can be wise have differed with either act or word, often I thought too passionate, often I thought too provocative, of my young compeers. I have hastened on the instant to try myself before the tribunal ughts,lestImight not discover that it wa who was falling away from the standard of strength, and not they who were going beyond it. But, gentlemen, what of those millions across the way? not know, you cannot measure the intensity of their devotion. Would to heaven to-night that the statesmen of England could see with their own eyes that element of power for good or for mischief the lies in the unchangeable devotion and clinging fidelity of that Irish race. You will pardon me if I mention an incident which occurred during one of my journeys in the West. As the train stopped at a little wayside station a man came to me and said, "Sir, I HAVE DRIVEN NINETY MILES TO SEE YOU

with you," and the tears came to his eyes "and to tell you to tell the men at home that we are all praying for their success and victory." (applause). The gaze of those millions are now daily upon you every movement. Something was s where the speak with solemnity on this subject, of what might befall if any man by defection or apathy could wreck this organization. I tell you that never again in your generation wil any Irish movement, constitutional, armed or unarmed, so largely enlist the activ sympathy and support of the millions of the Irish race in America; and realizing, as I have done, that it is not likely that the Irish millions in America would again give themselves to this extent in purse in pocket, in heart, and deed to the move-ments at home—seeing how many of them have come to nought, realizing the fact that if their hopes in this movement and this leadership be wrecked, your generation will see effort from them no more—I have felt that the man had better never been born who, by any act or word, should take from the confidence of the Irish people in the movement now leading to national independence (cheers). Every day some sneers are raised at the parliamentary party as parliamentarians, as if in our day accepting a seat in that assembly brought with it aught but toil ertion (applause). The days are done when the life of an Irish national member

when the life of an Irish national member of Parliament was that of easy enjoyment in London.

THE MEN AROUND ME KNOW that they had better be toiling on the hill-side in Ireland, as to physical endurance, than going through the duties of that assembly; and yet, never in the history of the Irish race for two hundred years, have the Irish race for two hundred years have the movements of so many men been watched with such throbbing hearts and streaming eyes as are the movements of these men by the Irish millions in America. They see the conflict passing, as it were, before them. They know the dis-parity of numbers where 50 men fought against 500. They see, as it were, the shock of the conflict; the smoke of battle hides the scene for a moment from their

view, and with palpitating hearts they wait until it has cleared away, to see if the Irish flag is still flying in the air (cheers). Passing near the fort where M'Henry was confined during the war of 1812—the American poet who wrote one of the national songs—I was strongly reminded by this attitude of the Irish race of the circumstances under which that American anthem was composed in the prison call anthem was composed in the prison cell. He had been taken captive by the invading British expedition that sailed up to capture Washington, and as he and a number of patriot Americans lay in the works of that port in the hands of their British captors, and their jailers would tell them not as to how the battle went, they had one signal to tell them whether the flag of their country was still mtact, they gazed as the sun rose, through the basements every morning to see if the flag beyond was the English red or the American stripes and stars, and the prisoner gave utterance to his and their feelings n these lines:

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and stars through the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched so gallantly

streaming,
The rocket's red glare,
The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.

(loud applause). But so does that Starspangled banner still wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave, even so on that shore ten millions of our race now nightly pray, watching the morning with streaming eyes to know how the struggle is waging upon the Irish shore (loud applause). I am one of those who (loud applause). I am one of those who believe that in this world moral sympathy counts for a great deal; that Almighty God cannot be left out of the account, and onvinced am I that that evening prayer nd that morning anxiety, representing the desperate determination of ten mil-lions of Irish hearts, will yet have their way and conduce to the establishment and restoration of the national liberties of Ireland (loud and prolonged cheers).

### THE SUPERSTITION OF DOUBT.

The man who denies the supernatual deliberately contradicts the universal sen-timent of mankind. Call it superstition, or what you will, it cannot be denied that that sentiment which leads us to look above and beyond the boundaries of material things is so ingrained in the very constitution of human nature that it is atterly impossible to cradicate it. Indeed o true is this, and it is a very curious fact. that those who deny the supernatural are oftentimes the most superstitious. And this is perfectly natural, because in their minds the supernatural exists partly as a range, mysterious craving for some imag-inary good, and partly as an undefined fear of apprehended ill; while in the minds of those who believe in the supernatural and are properly instructed, it is an intelligent belief fraught with the greatest comfort have witnessed the saddening spectacle of Irishmen who, in the ardour of youth, were brave and true, exhibiting in old age senapt to plume themselves on their freedom from its baleful influence. It cannot be denied that superstitions notions and practices do exist even in Catholic nations, in spite of the efforts of the Church to radicate them. And this shows how deep and all-pervading the sentiment of the supernatural in the human mind is. But supernatural in the human mind is. But it is a great mistake to suppose that Cath-olics are more superstitious than Protestants. On the contrary, the very reverse

is the truth.

If this be doubted, let any one take the trouble to gather the statistics of the frequenters of sooth-sayers, fortune tellers, spiritualists and second-sight professors of every kind, and he will be surprised to discover what an overwhelming predominance are non-Catholiz. It is reasonable that it should be so, because non-Catholics have, really, no reliable basis of faith lies have, really, no reliable basis of faith outside themselves, and hence, while the sentiment of the supernatural remains strong in them, they lack intelligent faith; whereas the Catholic Church takes pains to teach her shill be a superfective faith. to teach her children, even from childhood, as to what superstition consists in, and warns them to be on their guard and warns them to be on their guard against it. The Catechism, which every Catholic child is required to learn, in its instruction on the Commandments, asks, "What is forbidden by the first Commandment?" Ans. "All false religions; all dealings with the devil; and inquiring the state of the after things to come, or secret thi fortune-tellers or superstitious practices. Q. "What else?"

A. "All charms, spells and heathenish observations of omens, dreams and such like fooleries."

Children who are thus early and thor-Children who are thus early and thoroughly instructed and grounded in their Catechism, cannot easily be seduced by the numerous horde of unscrappilous divinators who take advantage of the sentiment of the supernatural to trade upon the ignorant credulity of their unsuspective dames.—Catholic Ratiow. ing dupes .- Catholic Review.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. 'ierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

Rheumatism. This painful disease that so often cripples for life, arises from poison circulating in the blood, and often from an excess of acid. Inflammation is developed in the muscles, ligaments and joints, by colds, damp clothing &c., Liniments are servicable to relieve, among many, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is preferable. To eradicate the rheumatic poison from the system, nothing can surpass Burdock Blood Bitters.