

"Behold thy Mother!"

BY EDWARD OF THE BIRTH OF MARY, FASHIONIST. "Behold thy Mother!" the Word; for She was then...

ANOTHER PRIEST IN KILMAINHAM.

FATHER RYAN DENIES JUDGE BOYD.

TREMENDOUS DEMONSTRATION IN DUBLIN.

THE "GENERAL'S" SPEECH.

At an early hour on Monday morning William Slattery, Bankruptcy Court messenger, accompanied by a considerable force of police, proceeded to Herbertstown and Hospital for the purpose of executing the warrants issued by Judge Boyd for the arrest of the Rev. Matthew Ryan, C. C.; Wm. Slattery, shopkeeper, Herbertstown; Denis Carroll, farmer; and John Ryan, farmer. As it was expected that Father Ryan would be taken into custody, the residents of the district were on the alert, and the approach of the messenger was heralded by the ringing of the chapel bells. In a short time crowds from the surrounding towns and districts wended their way towards Hospital, and by eight or nine o'clock no less than six thousand persons had congregated there. Father Ryan could not be found; nor was Mr. Slattery to the fore.

A STURDY POLICEMAN. The general groaning and hissing that prevailed was suddenly changed to roisterous cheering, the cause of which was not quite apparent, but it soon transpired that the jubilation was attributable to an unlooked-for incident that had occurred at the Kiltely station, where the constables of that barracks were told off for duty at Hospital. A policeman named Durney objected. He said he would throw down his arms and take refuge in the arrest of a Catholic priest. This he actually did. It is said that it was suggested it would be as well if he asked another constable to go in his place, but that he replied he would not ask any man to do what he declined to do himself. It soon leaked out that Father Ryan had gone to Dublin by a slow train at the very time that the bankruptcy messenger and the police were looking for him. When Seth visited Canon Scully he told him he need not give himself any further trouble in the matter, as Father Ryan would not be conveniently found. The Canon, however, guaranteed that Father Ryan, William Slattery, and two other men would be in attendance at Judge Boyd's court in the morning. After this assurance no other efforts were made to effect the arrests.

AT THE JUNCTION. The Limerick Junction was crowded when Father Ryan arrived there by car. The people raised him on their shoulders and cheered again and again. Addressing the people, he said: "Two hundred police or thereabouts thought to catch me napping this morning in Hospital, but I was too early for them (cheers). It was the wish of Judge Boyd to bundle me off like a box of lumber in a swift train, so that none of my friends could see me at the Junction, or any other station along the line. I took the liberty of selecting my own time and my own place (cheers). I have put the Government to all the trouble and all the expense of sending down something like two hundred policemen.

A Voice—Oh! the Saesaneachs (groans). Father Ryan—Do not groan the police, for on this very day or last night a constable at the station adjoining Hospital, said—"I throw off my jacket; I will never take part in the arrest of a priest (loud cheers). So there are good men amongst the police, and I think there is a majority of good men; but, unfortunately, as they are at present in the force, and do not see exactly by what other means they can earn a livelihood, they are doomed by necessity to continue obedience and to do things which they abominate in their heart (cheers). Well I selected the train by which I would travel, and I now proceed by the next train a free man until I get to Dublin. The Rev. Mr. Ryan, Galbally, and other clergymen and laymen then presented addresses. Canon Scully, in response to repeated calls, addressed a few words to the people. Addresses were presented to Father Ryan from the Latin branch of the National League, which was read by Mr. Thomas Bourke; from the priests and people of Knocklong; from the priests and people of Patrickswell, read by Rev. P. Godfrey; and from the priests and people of Kiltely. As the train was about to move, Father Ryan spoke from the carriage window, and said that if a gibbet were erected in Judge Boyd's court, and that he were sentenced to be hanged on the spot, he would willingly die rather than disclose any of the secrets and confidences entrusted to him by his people. As the train steamed away loud cheers were given.

ON PASSING THROUGH THURLES, on his way to Dublin, Father Ryan was met by thousands of people, who gave him an enthusiastic reception. Father O'Dwyer, as representative of Archbishop Crooke, delivered an address, in which he said the father had championed a sacred cause. Father Ryan said his prison would be a palace to him.

AT KILDARE. At Kildare Father Ryan was accorded a very warm reception. A large number

of people were congregated on either side of the platform with torchlights, flags and drum band of the National League, etc. The Rev. Mr. Murphy read an address on behalf of the priests and people of the parish. Father Ryan, in replying, said it was thought Judge Boyd (groans) had killed the Plan of Campaign (cheers), but he found it alive and active at every railway station as he travelled along the line (cheers). The Plan was maturing strength by these proceedings, and it would be triumphant before Judge Boyd's plan had succeeded. Though it may be said that because secrets were not confided in the tribunal of penance they were not binding, but only for the relations existing between a pastor and his people, these secrets would not be confided to him; and he (Father Ryan) should hold and regard every secret confided in him by his people as inviolate and inviolable as if it were told him in the secret tribunal of penance.

ARRIVAL IN DUBLIN. Father Ryan arrived in Dublin at half past ten o'clock. He was accompanied by the Rev. Canon Scully, P. P., of Hospital, and the Rev. J. Power, C. C. There was assembled at the entrance leading to the platform. On the platform itself were Messrs Daniel Crilly, M. P., David Sheehy, M. P., Wm. O'Brien, J. Dennehy (secretary to the Lord Mayor), several prominent local Nationalists, and about a dozen clergymen. The Lord Mayor was unable, owing to family bereavement, to join those who assembled to "welcome" Father Ryan, but he sent his carriage. Mr. Wm. O'Brien conducted Father Ryan to the Lord Mayor's carriage, which he entered, accompanied by Mr. Daniel Crilly, M. P., Mr. Sheehy, M. P., and a clergyman, and drove off, amid cheers for the Plan of Campaign, along the quays to the Imperial Hotel. The crowd followed, accompanied by several brass and flute bands. Opposite the hotel an enormous crowd assembled in O'Connell-street.

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH. Mr. Wm. O'Brien delivered an address from one of the windows of the building. He said—Fellow citizens, in the absence of our worthy Lord Mayor, through a cause which we all deplore, it is my proud privilege to introduce to you as noble-hearted an Irish priest (cheers) as ever suffered for Ireland in prison, on the scaffold, or on the battlefield (cheers). I believe the Government meant to suppress (groans)—Captain Plunkett was sent down to suppress the feeling of the Irish heart with reference to Father Matt Ryan, but they might as well have attempted to suppress the shamrock on the green hills of Ireland (cheers). It is the policy of Balfour and the Government to exasperate our people, and to drive them from a wise and open organization in open day; and they do so, not because they dread violence on the part of our people, but because it is violence and crime they want; and if there were no other reason, it is because the Tory Government want it they will not get it.

A BRAVE PRIEST. No demonstration and no speeches are necessary to-night to assure Father Ryan how the hearts of the Irish people—I will not say sympathize with him—but how they will thrill with pride and affection for him (cheers). He would receive to-night a welcome that kings might envy; but I know him rightly—and I think I do—he is not the sort of a man who requires comfort or consolation in doing his duty according to conscience, to his country, and to his God (cheers). He would not be the gallant and lion-hearted young general that his people fondly call him, he would not be worthy to be a priest of the immortal Archbishop of Cashel (cheers)—in one word, he would not be Father Matt Ryan, of Herbertstown, if his heart were not bounding with joy and delight to-night at the prospect of following where Father Keller led the way (cheers).

THE POWERLESSNESS OF COERCION. Mr. Balfour is proposing a new Coercion Bill in the House of Commons to-night (groans). What can be more appropriate than that, while the House of Commons is forging new coercion for Ireland, the citizens of Dublin are assembled in their tens, if I might not say in their hundreds of thousands, to welcome another noble priest of the Irish people whom Dublin Castle is plunging into prison (cheers). And what better proof could we have of the powerlessness and the uselessness of coercion? All that coercion can do is to enable them to fill their prisons with some of the most respected men in the land; and what does it all profit them? Is there any one—there is a man, is there a woman, or is there a child in all this land who would not regard it as an honour and no punishment to be consigned to a prison consigned and illuminated by the presence of such men as Father Keller and Father Ryan (cheers).

THE HERO OF HIS OCCASION. No coercion or no coercion, I promise you they will not take a feather out of Father Matt Ryan (cheers). They will not take a feather out of the Plan of Campaign (cheers), and they will not write a single stiver of rent from the Herbertstown tenantry until the general and his gallant soldier, Moroney (cheers), are sent back in triumph to the head of their forces, and until we break and smash for ever the infernal gang of landlords and Orange judges and Castle officials who are striving, and striving in vain, to strangle the liberties and the happiness of the Irish nation (cheers). Without one word more I will introduce to you the hero of the night—as good a priest, as good a soldier, and as good an Irishman as ever stepped (cheers).

FATHER RYAN'S SPEECH. The Rev. Matthew Ryan, who was loudly cheered, said—I feel almost ashamed to come forward to address you after the stirring and able speech which you have listened to with rapt attention from the idol of the Irish people, Mr. Wm. O'Brien (cheers). He has been pleased to say that the people of Herbertstown, amongst whom I live, fondly call me "General." If I am a general, I am only a general under the master baton wielded so ably and so skillfully by William O'Brien (cheers). My first duty is to thank you from my heart of hearts for this great ovation which you have been pleased to accord me on this visit to Dublin on the eve, as I hope, of my im-

prisonment in Kilmalham or some other spot (cheers). Yes, I hope to be in prison (cheers). All the powers in Judge Boyd's court (groans) or in any earthly court possess no terrors for me. He may threaten me with imprisonment—say, if he had the power, which he does not possess, of raising a gibbet and hanging me, he could not intimidate me (cheers).

NOT TO BE COERCED. That being so, I have no fear of the result. It has always been the cherished hope of my life since I first began at the age of eight to read the chequered history of Ireland to do something for the improvement of the social condition of my fellow-countrymen and for the achievement of national independence which would win for me a place either in prison or on the scaffold; and now that I have identified myself heart and soul with the Plan of Campaign (cheers), as I would identify myself with any other plan holding forth a just end to be attained by just means, I am sure that I cannot be coerced into disclosing secrets of "Never," and (cheers) confided to me as a priest by a loving and warm-hearted people (cheers).

HE DENIES JUDGE BOYD. No priest could think of revealing such secrets, and Judge Boyd (groans) shall not wring any such confidence from me (cheers). No; sooner shall the shamrock of which Mr. O'Brien spoke cease to grow in Ireland. The crack of doom shall be heard, and the sun shall cease to give its light, before I give any of the confidences of the Irish people to Judge Boyd (cheers). And in his court, or out of his court, I defy his power (cheers). I suppose I will be guilty of contempt of Judge Boyd's Court if I do not disclose those sacred trusts; but if I did disclose them I would be guilty of contempt of the Court of Heaven. Placed in this dilemma, I need scarcely tell you which court I will despise. I will respect the Court of Heaven, and despise Judge Boyd's Court (cheers).

THE ENEMY OF THE LANDLORDS. Now, to change the tenor of my remarks a little, I think Judge Boyd and his courts are the greatest enemies the landlords have yet made. I believe myself that that Judge must do his duty as presided by what they call the English law; but I tell you again he is the greatest enemy that ever the landlords came across. And, what is more, unknown to them, and, perhaps, up to the present unknown to you, he is the greatest campaigner in Ireland at the present moment (laughter and groans).

NO RENT FOR O'GRADY. John Dillon (cheers) and William O'Brien (cheers) you must know, never seriously thought of a greater reduction in rent than 40 per cent. We might have asked them to wipe away the rent altogether in justice, but yet we have not gone so far—that is coming, please God (cheers). But what does Judge Boyd do by means of those bankruptcy proceedings which are being enacted in his court and by terror? O'Grady and other landlords would have been paid their rents less 30 per cent. off judicial rents and 40 per cent. off non-judicial rents; but the fact is that O'Grady was driven by a knowing attorney in Limerick named Beauchamp, and another knowing attorney in Dublin named Beauchamp, to introduce proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy before Judge Boyd, with this result, that Thomas Moroney was imprisoned, and with this further result, that the other tenants vowed to pay no rent as long as Moroney was receiving the attentions of Judge Boyd in Kilmalham; and they have further vowed a fresh vow that as long as I am the recipient of similar favours they will pay no rent, just or unjust (cheers). Thus, you see, the meddling of Judge Boyd in our affairs at Herbertstown deprives the O'Grady of his rent, Judge Boyd has wiped away the rental altogether, and will not allow us to pay any at all.

AN IMPORTANT COURT. But I think the demonstrations such as I have the exhilarating pleasure of witnessing this evening, and demonstrations such as Moroney made in the Court of Bankruptcy, and here I will make to-morrow, will impart a much needed lesson to Judge Boyd, and very soon he will learn, unless he gets a terrible affliction that will drive him mad (A Voice—Like Judge Keogh), that the machinery of the Bankruptcy Court, as a modern means of gathering rack-rents, has become insignificant for the purpose; and I am afraid that before he is able to get his court he will himself with a broken heart or, growing giddy in the brain, will be incapacitated for the discharge of his judicial functions (cheers).

THE PLAN. I will only tell you now that the Plan of Campaign holds the field (cheers). It holds the field at Herbertstown. It held it at every little station I passed along to this city, and here I see it holds the field in the streets of Dublin (cheers). I have my reward this evening for all the exertions of my life, and as I hope to go to jail to-morrow evening I will carry with me a lively recollection that your hearts are full of friendship for me and my cause, and the knowledge that you congratulate me on the work I have been doing will sustain me and support me in the cell of Kilmalham. I have to have that approval of your great Archbishop of Dublin (cheers), and the approval of my own Archbishop of Cashel (cheers), who showed Dr. Walsh the right political path on which to walk (cheers). And I will have with me in the jail the sanction and approval of my own conscience (cheers). I have entered into the struggle, and I mean to continue in it as long as I enjoy liberty. I have entered into it because I believe it is a just cause, and I am ready to speak, to dare, to do, and to die—for Ireland (cheers). Mr. Daniel Cully, M. P., and other speakers followed, and the crowd separated at about one o'clock in the morning.

THE GENERAL AND THE JUDGE. On Tuesday, Father Ryan appeared in the Bankruptcy Court, surrounded by the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, the Lord

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Mayor, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, and a host of clergymen. It was near noon when the case of Thomas Moroney was called on for witnesses. Father Ryan stepped into the box, and was handed a Catholic Bible. His reverence said—My lord, before I take this oath, I must protest against taking it at all, for regard citation to court, the matter of Thomas Moroney as an insult to myself as a priest personally, and to the clergy of Ireland, inasmuch as it assumes that I would betray confidence reposed in me as a priest, by a people who confide in me.—Judge Boyd—That is no excuse for not taking the oath, and I require you to do so. When a question is asked that at all interferes with your privilege as a clergyman that is the time to raise the point.—Father Ryan—Very well, with that understanding I will take the oath. Father Ryan then kissed the book. In reply to Dr. Houston, Father Ryan said—I know Thomas Moroney, of Herbertstown, who by repute is now bankrupt.—Dr. Houston—Did Thomas Moroney hand you over before bankruptcy any money?

—Father Ryan—I decline to answer the question or to give any information which I as a priest received, and which might criminate any person or persons who have confided in me as a priest solely because I am a priest.—Judge Boyd was about to speak, when Mr. Adams interposed and addressed a long argument to the Bench, contending that in such a case as that before the court a clergyman was entitled to the privilege of withholding confidential communications.—Dr. Houston having replied contra, Judge Boyd, at the end of a long statement on the law of the point, ruled that Father Ryan should answer. Of course Father Ryan refused, and was subsequently committed to prison. William Slattery, a farmer on the same estate (The O'Grady's), was committed also for contempt of court. A second farmer named Denis Carroll was permitted to decline answering questions with regard to the removal of the bankrupt's stock on the ground that it would incriminate himself, and the court paid his expenses to Dublin.

VOICERIES CHEERS FOR THE PLAN. The Judge left the bench at twenty minutes past one, and Sleith came in with the warrants and bowed to the prisoners. They rose, and the people in court gave a tremendous cheer. Father Ryan stood up and called for three cheers for the Plan of Campaign, which were given by the entire audience in court.

TO KILMAINHAM. The streets leading to the courts were thronged with people for hours, and when Father Ryan and Mr. Slattery appeared at the door leading from the Bankruptcy Court they were received with tremendous cheering by the crowd, and they were seized upon by those nearest them and cheered and shook by the hand and clapped on the back. While the two gentlemen walked from the door to the cab the excitement in the courtyard was unbounded, and cheers were raised for the "Plan of Campaign," and there was groaning for "the judicial emergencyman." The Lord Mayor, M. P., the Archbishop of Cashel and his secretary, the Rev. Father Ryan, Mr. William O'Brien, and the Very Rev. Canon Scully, (Father Ryan's parish priest), then took their places in the Lord Mayor's carriage to accompany Father Ryan and Mr. Slattery to Kilmalham. When these two gentlemen stepped into the cab, in company with Sleith, the Bankruptcy messenger, the mounted police, with drawn swords, formed around the cab to prevent the people unyoking the horses and dragging the occupants in triumph to Kilmalham. As the cab moved off the cheers were again given for Father Ryan and the "Plan of Campaign," and these cheers were caught up by the immense mass of people in the streets outside, and re-echoed again and again. When the cab and the mounted police entered on the quay the cab horse, with gross contempt of the Bankruptcy Court, "declined" to move on, and it was only after considerable pressure that the horse could be induced to proceed on its way. Considerable confusion arose in consequence of this incident. The people closed in on the cab, and one of the mounted constables, who seemed to have lost his head, made a thrust with his sword at a man in the crowd. Another of the mounted men, who seemed to be of higher grade, pushed his horse forward and happily parried the thrust, and the man escaped injury. A number of the people in the rush that took place after the horse was got to move on came to the ground, and one man had his leg broken. The scene along the quay was an extraordinary sight. Men, women, and children rushed after the cab, though driven at a quick pace, and cheered Father Ryan and his companions, and all the available and available cars along the quay were seized upon and driven on to Kilmalham, while many carter's who happened to be about the quays at the time also joined in the procession to the jail. The windows of the houses along the quays were filled with people, and handkerchiefs were waved in honor of Father Ryan.

AT THE PRISON GATES. Arrived at Kilmalham, Father Ryan was received by another large crowd of people and by a force of police. When he stepped from the cab he was greeted with tremendous cheering, which was renewed again as, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Cashel, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, and Canon Scully, he and Mr. Slattery stepped into the portals of Kilmalham. While the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop, and Mr. O'Brien were in the prison the crowd remained outside and cheered for Father Ryan and Father Keller. The cabman who drove Father Ryan and Mr. Slattery to prison received very unpleasant attention from the crowd, and he was groaned and booed as, guarded by police, he was escorted from the place. The cabman protested that he had to do the job, but this explanation did not appear to satisfy the people assembled outside the jail. When the Lord Mayor, the Arch-

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bishop, Mr. O'Brien and Canon Scully re appeared outside the jail at two o'clock, they were again greeted with cheering, and they drove back to town in the Lord Mayor's carriage amid the plaudits of the people, who then dispersed with cheers for Father Ryan and the Plan of Campaign.—United Ireland.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

Calm as the rocks on which the wild waves are breaking, disciplined as a great army on the battlefield, ready and resolute, fearless and crimeless—that is the state of the country. They used to be very fond of this heading in Conservative newspapers. Under it was found always some excited harangue of a partisan judge or some outrage returns as long and as delusive as the endless strings of bogus sausages which the clown draws from his pocket in the pantomime. Beyond the vague generalities, the Conservatives are somewhat sensitive at present about alluding to the state of the country. They tell us generally that it is in an exceedingly dangerous condition, and they are right. In its resolute calm—a calm not to be disturbed by threats or maddened by brutality, there indeed is deadly danger—to falsehood, plunder, and oppression. Anything but that, they cry in terror. The old alternatives of craven servility or blind defiance. This calm, invulnerable discipline which hems the people round as with a wall of brass. Fraud cannot scale it, nor coercion break it. It offers no vantage point for attack. The old-fashioned excuses for vigorous regimes are wanting now. You cannot, it has been said, indict a nation. To punish a nation without indictment, without trial, without verdict—this seems to be the present policy of the Tories. It is weak to say no case is made for coercion. The argument against coercion is established on evidence that is irresistible. The witnesses of the Government break the Government case to pieces. Whenever Ireland is put in the dock the Irish judges are always the first witnesses called for the prosecution. They are willing witnesses enough, in all conscience, never over scrupulous about the moderation of their language or the accuracy of their evidence. Now, with the utmost straining of their judicial consciences, they cannot make a case on which the great jury of public opinion dare be asked to return an honest verdict. They did their best, but the facts were too hard for them. It was pitiful to note at the assizes how the blank calendar was slurred over in shameful silence by the constitutional judges; how a riot or an illegal assembly made the subject of an excited oration made the subject of a dignified and magnified into a civil war. The judges who were unfortunate enough to be donated with white gloves assumed them with the same cheerful grace with which a confirmed criminal is decorated with handcuffs. Judges, Crown Prosecutors, and County Inspectors combined in the attempt to make a case for coercion, and the result was a miserable fiasco. It would read like a lesson in geography to recite the counties in Ireland in which the judges are reluctantly compelled to offer their melancholy congratulations to the melancholy Grand Juries on the absolutely peaceful condition of their counties. We give elsewhere a rough and ready analysis of the utterances, and attempt to supply the statistics of crime, or rather, of crimelessness, in Ireland which the Coercion Government so pertinaciously, and, we must add, so judiciously refuses. There are but six assize centres in Ireland outside the law-abiding North in which even the most rabid judicial partisan could find material for the customary brood-and-thunder orations. Judges O'Brien, Kerry and Clare, and Judge Johnson in Mayo, and Judge Murphy in Galway were the six notable exceptions. In each of those cases, it is to be observed, the harangue was based not on the criminal business of the assizes, but on the secret and irresponsible returns of the Crown and the judges, gentlemen, and officials. "The calendar, gentlemen, is very light." "There are but few cases, none of any importance to go before you, but unfortunately the calendar affords no indication at all of the condition of the county." Then the returns of the impartial and intelligent police-officers are lugged out and made the text for lurid harangues. Just fancy it, an entire district is indicted, and the evidence of a policeman by a judge blindly ignorant of its condition. This is the case, the best case that the Chief Secretary can make for coercion. He does not attempt to press it further. Six Assize districts out of about forty—taking counties and cities together—are "disorganized." That is to say a county inspector told the judge, who told the Grand Jury that they are "disorganized." Grand Jury that they are "disorganized." The Chief Secretary of a fortnight's standing read their speeches in the newspapers. On this ground, and on no other, he asks the House of Commons to sanction for the whole of Ireland a savage and perpetual Coercion. These lurid statements of the judges on a close examination melt away like soap-bubbles under pressure. The strongest statement of all was made by Judge Lawson in Mayo. The county, he said, was in a complete condition of disorganization, only one step removed from civil war. This description points to riot and unlawful assembly, to open violence, to crimes in which at least there was difficulty in getting the prisoners into the dock, whatever difficulty there might be about conviction. What were the facts? The two gravest cases for the assizes was a charge against a number of peasants in the island of Achill for an alleged attack on the police at an auction of timber, in which, on the Crown's admission, no stone had been thrown and no blow struck, and no injury of any kind inflicted. Fortunately for the prisoners, an impartial witness—an artillery lieutenant who was shooting on the island—was able to give evidence as to the eye-witness of the occurrence. His evidence exonerated the prisoners, and the jury refused to convict in obedience to the judge. In the other case a resident magistrate had been injured by a stone

thrown by an unknown hand in a crowd. The jury promptly convicted the only prisoner, a man named Skeffington, against whom there was sufficient evidence, and the judge considered the ends of justice satisfied by three months' imprisonment. So much for the civil war in Mayo. In Galway Judge Murphy declared the reign of lawlessness triumphant. There was but one important agrarian case before him at the assizes—taking illegal possession of a holding. The case created much local excitement. There were, it is said, several members of the National League on the jury. The alleged ringleader in the offence was promptly convicted and, with the concurrence of the Court, was permitted by the Crown counsel to stand out on his own recognisances. Are the judges partisans who describe this condition of things as lawlessness one step removed from civil war, or are they suffering from the same nightmare which the Prime Minister confesses he is afflicted. It is impossible to acquit them of partisanship at the expense of their intelligence. These judges are precisely what the Chief Secretary, with his three days' experience of Ireland, proclaimed they are not. "They are politicians and partisans travelling about the country making up a good Parliamentary case." There is not one of them who has not been a Crown Prosecutor in his day, or who does not remember the old tricks of his trade. Their harangues chime in with singular appropriateness to the Coercion project of the Government. These inflated orations of Judge O'Brien and Judge Johnson, Judge Lawson and Judge Murphy, are the only justification of their Coercion policy which the Tories have to offer to the House of Commons. Can any one doubt that these opportune harangues were delivered to order; that the mysterious police statistics on which they purported to be based were cooked on a hint from Dublin Castle?—United Ireland.

MISSION OF THE LAITY.

THE GREAT GOOD THAT OUR CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN MAY DO IN SOCIETY. Catholic Columbian. There is no such thing as measuring the good that young men may do. They have youth and its energy; while the more aged, though possessed of experience, must feel the fatigue consequent upon growing old. Again youth seeks for companionship and is weary by the conversation of an age not its own. As youth comes into society, the aged drop out. It is hard for the two to meet on the same ground. Each plays folly for the other. For all this, we must love our youth and do. They are to take our place in the world and the world will be what they make it. Another thing about this is also true. Our youth love us, though maturity may make us, in their estimation, dull and old. They love us, yet, love us they do. We have very many of the very best of reasons for making such assertions. First is the respect they tender to us. At times they laugh at what they consider our crude ideas of the times and things; but some more rough experience in the world brings them to our confidence, and to their surprise, comfort is afforded to them from our own experience of our grey heads and wrinkled brows. They then begin to know that the world is old in its dealings with men and things, and what they thought was new out of our scope, has only changed its clothes like the serpent sloughs off its skin. It is the same world, and always deceptive. Now, young men, it is right good for us to have a plain, fair and square understanding. It helps us to be friendly with each other. Harmony dwells where friendship exists. This will benefit you, and the world in which you move, and us old fogies, too. Now let us say a few things that will bear repetition. They will not hurt. They are not like poison. Their effect is the contrary. A young man who respects his mother, will command the respect and confidence of the world. People think that this dutiful quality is accompanied by others, for virtue seldom dwells in bad company. A young man who loves the home of his father and mother, will know how to love and cherish his own, when he takes upon himself the onerous duties of a parent. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." "As a long life is promised to those who love, respect and obey their parents. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land of the living." A young man who loves and respects his sisters, will always be polite. Kind attention of brothers towards their sisters begets a control of self which is one of the first requisites for the habit of politeness. A young man, who is unkind to his sisters, will most likely, be brutal to his wife, should he have the misfortune to marry. A young man who spends his evenings and nights away from the parental hearth, will never be content in a home of his own making. A young man, who neglects his religious duties, will most likely, if he marry, be the father of children that will soon lose their faith. Like father, like child, but the perversity is inherited in the child. It is the reflection of by gone years that has brought into our memory the truth of the above. We place it before the Catholic young man of our day. He has more advantages than those of our age and older ever possessed; churches have sprung up on all sides, and the number of priests greatly multiplied; hence opportunities for instruction are above comparison in his favor. If he makes use of them the good in his power to accomplish cannot be estimated on earth. His example will influence whole communities. The good morals of society are never so well preserved and made to increase as when they are prominent from the good example of young men. Immoral youth is death to society. Virtue in youth should be the proudest flower among its companions and not a lily in a swamp. S. S. M.

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