Pastor Bonus.

Thrice happy man! no care disturbs his home:
His study is to make souls bright and gay.
His word, his life, his very act doth come
From love divinie; and virtue's cheerful ray
Shines on his placid brow; and through his
to the ground. His grace-encircled soul speaks mysteries.

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'Twas always so—tike priest and people be;'
Each household, glory is the holy rood,
Each proudly boasts the faith which makes
man free,
Hope sentinels their hearts—dispels all care
And gentle charity reigns everywhere.

His stately church shows all the marks of

guides,
His Home where friendship reigns and peace
abides.
Rutland, Vermont, Sept. 9, 1881.

on every one of his tenants. In November, 1860, his agent, Mr. Murray, a Scotchman, was murdered. There was no evidence to show that this murder was an agrarian one, and there was, and still is, a belief in the neighborhood that it was the belief in the heighborhood that it was the tragic culmination of a social scandal. On the night of the inquest, the parsonage in which Mr. Adair ledged was set on fire. Mr. Adair regarded the crime as an attempt to assas inste him. He vowed vengeance on his Derryveagh tenants. To quote the words of a friendly chronicler at the time, "he resolved to clear the whole district, and thus mark his determination to put and thus match his determination to put an end to the outrages which were taking place." He obtained writs of 'habere facias possessionem," and placed them in the hands of the sub-Sheriff. A body of 200 constabulary were drafted into the district to protect this officer. This force commanded by sub-inspectors and a resident magistrate, began operations at the extreme boundary of the Derryveagh es-It is a mountain side, about sixtee tate. It is a mountain side, about sixteen miles from Letterkenny. The scenery there is picturesque—with its mountain and loughs; and these people had lived in that charming country from time out in that charming country from time out of mind. Mr. Adair had only seen it for the first time a few years before. Neither he nor his ancestors had ever lived on it. Yet, although he had never spent a shilling in improving it, and although the tenants or their forefathers had reclaimed it from absolute sterility, the English law recog-nized the right of the new lord to wrest their homes and fields from them, and the English Government loaned him the force to enable him to commit this agrarian crime. Now the world has heard so much of agrarian outrages alleged to have been committed by the Irish peasantry, that I shall describe this typical agrarian out-rage by an Irish landlord without abridgment and without pity, from unpublished legal documents in my possession, and the testimony of living men with whom I

have spoken.

The English force were halted at the cabin of a widow named McAward, in the townland of Loughdarragh. She was sixty years of age. Six daughters and a son lived with her. The Sheriff, with a small escort, entered the cabin, and "delivered escort, entered the caoin, and derivered possession" to the steward of Adair. "Long before the house was reached," wrote a spectator at the time, "loud cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figures of the poor widow and her daughwere observed outside the house,

where they gave vent to their grief in

spectator whom I have already

quoted states:
"The scene then became indescribable. resounded along the mountain side for miles. They had been deprived of their only snelter—the little spot made dear to love:
And holy pride and reverence profound,
For Him by whom we live and have our
being and move.
Who dwells within in prayerful silence
bound:
In calm or storm its Cross gleams in the sky,
Beck'ning each spirit on to victory!

all lost all hope. These who witnessed

as a drizzling rain poured upon them, they found no cover and were entirely exposed to it, but they only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent.'

These poor people lay out all night behind hedges and in a little wood that skirts the lake. Why did not the neighors of these persecuted people in the djacent townlands offer them a night's nelter? Because they had been ordered be Boycott them by a power they did not lare to resist;—because this brutal tyrant, Adair, had warned them not to harbor there homeless people? Adair still lives —and I rejoice that I still live "Iso to spread abroad the story of his infamy. The sick and the old were taken to the

they lingered until, one by one, they died. The rest of the evicted tenants remained in the neighborhood—in adjoining townands or parishes—until November, when the Government of New South Wales, at the instigation of Irish colonists there, ent an agent to offer them a free passag to Australia. Seventy of them accepted t by the influence of Rev. James McFad den, the Catholic priest, and Rev. Mr. Maturin, the Protestant rector of the par-It is gratifying to know that sing they arrived in a country where the wicked landlords cease from troubling, and the weary peasants are at rest-these evicted tenants have done credit equally to their old country and their old race.

Rev. Father McFadden, speaking of his visit, said to me that he was "painfully struck by the altered condition of affairs there—the ruined homesteads, the levelled houses, the wailing of the and infirm, beseeching to be taken to where their sons and daughters were gobe taken to ing, but whom I was compelled to refuse. The homeless condition of these once happy people, conspired to make this day the most sadd and sorrowful of my

Just one glimpse more of that agrarian outrage. Some of these poor people re-mained a few days around the ruins of their old homes. Did Adair relent? No —he impounded their cattle for trespass! JAMES REDPATH.

"If thou didst know the whole Bible

THE "ESTHETIC" FOLLY.

where they 'gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony." But the landlord had no pity. As soon as the sheriff "delivered possession," the "crowbar bigade" of six men levelled the house that the grief in the grand. "Culture" has become rarefied, sublimated, subtilized, made consummate and utterly refined. "a ulture," without the new element known as the "easthetic," is new element known as the "easthetic," is to longer sufficient eyen for Boston. Esthetic, 'like "conservative' and other His procedure for the property of the horizontal control of the beautiful beautiful by the process and people and for the proudly boasts the faith which makes man free.

Hope sentinels their hearts—dispels all care Hope sentinels their hearts—dispels all care the old Irish wail—then heard by many the old Irish wail—then heard by many then sent the procedure of the first time—their terifying cries to the meanings of the meanings.

Words the meanings revised from time to time by eminent linguists like Dr. Bliss, holds many things in the American language it never meant almost insensible, and bursting out into the old Irish wail—then heard by many would have used it to express the perception of the beautiful by the senses; a modular transfer of the first time—their terifying cries to the first time—their terifying cries to the first time and the first time and the first time. ern Athenian regards this meaning as "un-cultured" and not "esthetic." "Our new life," the "Rev." Joseph Cook might say, has broadened the infinite possibilities of

MORE LIGHT ON "DARK DONE. GAL."

Landlord Agrarian Outrages.

GLENA, COUNTY DONE GAL, August 26th, 1881.

I explained, if I remember/rightly, in a recent letter, why, as a rule, the landlords of Donegal had never evicted their tenants. The landlords of Mayo and other Western counties evicted their tenants during the famine of 1847. The chief exceptions to the Donegal landlord policy were the late Lord Leitrin who was shot, and John George Adair who is still unshot.

Mile her people are entitled to respect, her Government aiways acts toward races of other people than the English as if she world has acknowledged—to find object for contemplation in all that Christianity has rejected as vile. The obscene rites of the Bona Dea are exqui ite to the disciples of this new cult, and worthy of imitation if they gratify those longings of the high-relation of they gratify those longings of the high-relation of the results might be, was of more sterling the world has acknowledged—to find object for contemplation in all that Christianity has rejected as vile. The obscene rites of the Bona Dea are exqui ite to the disaples of this new cult, and worly of disciplined dulness could achieve. The second day's session heard, also, some the highly-cultured soul which the stern bounds of Christianity and conventional all the impassioned tenderness of an emiliation if they gratify those longings of the highly-cultured soul which the stern bounds of Christianity and conventional and then counted was practical and substantial; and only a reasonable divide of the programme the results might be, was of more string the world has acknowledged—to find object to the disaples of this new cult, and world of the freunts the world has acknowledged—to find object to the world has

confines himself to the admiration of the beauty of decay as seen in an over ripe watermelon, or she contents lerself in working "intense" sunflowers and stocks in crewel-work, or in abhorning, "with a fourteenth-century, Italian hate," the conventional hub-cloth in her father's house, he or she may be apprenticed to inconventi-nal hair-cloth in her father's house, he or she may be permitted to indulge their folly. If the disciple of the new cult chooses to spend leisure hours in practicing attitudes after the figures in old stained-glass windows, or in "fliving up" to Queen Anne teapot, it is amusing, but not criminal. But when youth accepts the froth and foam of modern Paganism—which, since it rejects the risen Lord, is worse than the old Paganism—this "æsthetic" bubble, breaking, casts out poisoned drops.

poisoned drops.

Protestantism made life so dreary in English speaking countries, that a reaction against conventionality was inevit able. In America Puritanism had much effect in binishing out of daily life every-thing graceful or beautiful. Bare, white-walled meeting-houses, made hideous by walled meeting-houses, made hideous by drawling singers of dismal hymn-tunes; homes, with furniture modelled after the designs of instruments of torture in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," an occasional engraving of an eminent but ugly divine, or of the immortal Washington, obtained. Everything stiff, straight and aggressively Protestant. But the first wave of the "esthetic" flood swept away much of this. Friezes and dados, color and Japanese conglomerations in every house, make the visitor of simple tastes long for that smooth, old-fashioned hair-cloth covering of chairs which caused him such exercise of chairs which caused him such exercise muscle to keep from "coasting" upon the floor.

the floor.

Now, turn the horoscope: Catholics do not need any modern light to help them to see the beautiful in Nature or art. The Church has always held a dazzling torch, pressing all that is bright, sweet, pure, beautiful, into the service of Our Lord, she strives to make His House worthy of this cather was the result of the of Him; so the most ignorant child of the Church has become familiar with fine forms, colors and sounds which the modern "esthetes" imagine that they have discovered. The window, with glowing combination of sunset and fire, the chaste lines of the draped statue, the wonderful ex-pression which Da Vinci gave to the Dis-ciples, the moan of the sea and earth after by heart and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it all profit thee without the love of God and His the Death on Calvary—sounds repeated in the sublime cadence of the Gregorian chant-all these, seen and heard, lived in

by Catholics, cause them to look on

'aesthetic' raptures with amusement. An epileptic fit would fill them with less amazement, but more concern. The church consecrates the Beautiful. The flattery, Mother Church owes acknowledgroses have a deeper meaning now than when the legend ran that they had been reddened by the blood of Adonis. They reflect the color of the Sacred Heart. Protestantism created a pale abstraction, undefinable, almost impersonal-like vague figure cast from a magic lanternand called it God. It was not God or even a reflection of Him. Against this abstrac-tion the modern world has turned; and this "resthetic" craze, at its soul, is a de-nial of everything but beauty as perceived by the senses—a recreation against the gloom of Protestantism, which dimmed all earthly, as well as Heavenly, beauty in men's eyes. Ritualism is the "asthetic" worship with a timid acknowledgment of

"Quisquis amat dictis absentum rodere vitam Harc mensam inndignam roverit esse sibl."

MORE LIGHT ON "DARK DONE.

Tanaly of them bade adieu to their old cabins in terms of endearment, as if they were living friends!

England calls herself a "Christian" and "civilized" Nation—and yet, somehow, while her people are entitled to respect, her Government aiways acts toward races of other people than the English as if she were a barker.

Tanallow of them bade adieu to their old cabins in terms of endearment, as if they were living friends!

England calls herself a "Christian" and "civilized" Nation—and yet, somehow, while her people are entitled to respect, her Government aiways acts toward races of other people than the English as if she were a barker. iff's formal warning it was found difficult to tear the women and the children from their homes. Many of them bade adieu hear the shameless vices of old Greece and the shameless vices of old Greece and must be admitted by all who watch and

definite resolution to that effect was unanimously adopted. We take it, too, that other moneys—the home moneys—will be used, if such be needed, in the cases of the sales referred to by Mr. Parnell when he announced that every man who got notice of the approaching sale of his farm should of the approaching sale of his farm should forward such notice and the particulars of his case to the Land League Executive, who will advise him as to, and assist him in, the course which he shall adopt, so that he may incur no loss or injury. We are, indeed, rejoicing that the Land League Executive are taking steps to meet a danger which gravely imperilled not alone the property of many deserving farmers, but the very existence of an organization which depends in the long run upon the substantial character of its deeds. upon the substantial character of its deeds—the only solid basis of lasting prestige.

Rejoiced are we, too, that both at the beginning and the end of yesterday's session Afr. Parnell referred in feeling and sympathetic words to the laborers. If a Parliament of farmers' delegates separated without giving tangible proof of its desire to act fairly to the laborers as the farmers would be done by themselves at the hands of their landlords, it might not be easy for it to seems the appropriate of east. easy for it to escape the aspersion of self-ishness. Neither the Convention nor its Chairman are so shortsighted and narrow-minded. The first business of to-day will be the case of the laborers. The country expects that not only from amongst the nests, who know from the cradle to the eath-bed-side the privations of these splendid poor people—the laborers of Ireland and their families—but from among the yeomen of Ireland, too, will be found just and generous advocates. Nor will they stop with some barren sympathy, but it is their duty to advise, determine, but it is their duty to advise, determine, and resolve, that every farmer in Ireland shall, at once, and without hedging stipu-lation or minimising condition, give freely and with one accord all that the Land Act empowers one to give to his laborers, that so they, too, may have whatever grain of wheat there is in the new for them, just as the farmers have de cided to extract out of it whatever of good there is in it for themselves .- Dublin Free

Very Rev. Father Le Vavasseur, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, well known through his learned work on the ceremonies of the Church, has been chosen to succeed the late saintly Father Schwindanhammer as Superior-General of the Congregation.

AN ŒCUMENICAL TRAVESTY. If imitation be the sincerest form of

ment of such a compliment having been paid to her by the followers of Methodism. Those sour sectarians have been holding what they are pleased to term an (Ecu-menical Conference in London. The Methodists cannot claim antiquity for their herees springing from a heavy, but what heresy springing from a heresy; but what they lack in years they compensate for in ignorance, noise, and self-assertion. T e man Wesley instituted this curious creed. stantaneousness of conversion and christ ian profession—a sort of religious legerde-main, in fact—towards the middle of the last century. Even in his own life-time he had foretokening of the many germs who where we were reasonably strictly and the complete in the part of the part we decline to say when the next divisio will take place, and by what novel titl the fresh apostacy may choose to be dis-tinguished; but of this we are certain, from the proceedings of the conference,

that schisms are not remote.

It can be discovered from the addresse of the various speakers that things are not going on satisfactorily. Want of learning and zeal in the Methodist ministers is the great complaint. There are too many "kid glove and rose-water" young men, persons who "parrot" what is written down for them and cannot speak for themselves and on the strength of their own convictions. We quote the textual words delivered from the rostrum. Perhaps these young men may have an excuse

they may be deficient in brains and may have no convictions to be strong upon higher education is demanded by their egitions to the Donegal landlord policy eare the late Lord Lettriu who was shot, and John George Adair who is still unshot.

Auther the Apartis adjoining the scene of one of the most fanous evertoinness.—It makes every cabin there were peoples with the birthylace of the carby John Korge Adair. It was in the parish of Gartin, in the townland of Derryveagh, to birthylace of the carby Irisal kind, Columbkille, the successor of St. Patrick, Time, April, 1:61. The property had been purchased a short time before by Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and the Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who is a resident of the Quarter and Mr. Adair, who "Church," another questions the propriety of trusting Methodist neophytes at the

wen satisfied. Mr. Wenn affirmed that their magazines were open to improvement, and might be made more entertaining; Mr. Jenkins sadly granted that they could not put down novel-reading, but they should preach against it, the novels of Scott, which he liked, being exempted from his ban; Mr. Marshall suggested that they should have a good endowed news they should have a good endowed newspaper, while Mr. George pooh-poohed the idea; Mr. Gibson said the daily papers abetted infidelity, and Mr. Crooks averred New York was profoundly respectful to religion. Who shall decide when sound-est casuists doubt?

But it is tiresome, and would be waste

of time to go over all the minor conten-tions of these white-chokered debaters, point out the one instructive confession and the one practical suggestion to which their volumes of dry, dreary, self-sufficient verbosity reduced itself. Many of the from the place of meeting they were mis taken for members of Haverley's colossa carnival company of real niggers. It is hard, nowadays, it would appear, to tell a coloured doctor of divinity of the Methodist persuasion from a gentleman of the Christy Minstrel breed.

The one instructive confession made at Conference is that the wealthy classe in this country, id est, those of culture and in the country, wes, those or conservations social position, cannot be reached from the Methodist pulpits, or through the medium of Methodist literature. Methodism appeals particularly to the rabble.

The one practical suggestion is that the tactics of the Salvation Army should be employed to hunt up proselytes. Fancy the apprentice apostle of Wesleyanism borrowing peppermint lozenges from Mrs General Booth!—London Universe. . 40+ .

The annual pilgrimage to Lourdes has been signalized this year by an unusual number of miraculous cures, authorized accounts of which have already been drawn up. It was a wondrous display of faith and fervor. The Bishop of Poitiers was among the pilgrims, and preached.

A young woman applying for a situation as teacher in a village school, being questioned by the trustees as to her qualifications, replied: "I ain't much of an arithmeticker, but I'm an elegant grammarist."

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

LORD WATERFORD AND HIS TENANTRY, The Marquis of Waterford is the first great Irish landlord (says the Spectator) who has acted upon the provisions of the Land Act. He did not like the bill which he criticised in the House, and he does not like it now; but he accepts it since it is law in a frank and cordial way. He has, we believe, 70,000 acres, and he has writ-ten to his tenantry that he intends upon his property "to carry out not only the letter, but the spirit of the act." He circulates, therefore, the official summary of the act, reduces all reuts which are higher than the average, and concedes voluntarily to two evicted tenants "all the same advantages which would have accrued to them if they had been evicted after, instead of before, the passing of the Land Act." We do not know whether Lord Water-ford's average rental is high, but undoubtedly this is the kind of spirit which will avoid litigation, make the act a reality, and soothe away the bitterness which has and soothe away the bitterness which has sprang up during the long contest. If the two or three hundred families which own half Ireland will act in the temper of Lord Waterford the act will do its work at once.

Waterford the act will do its work at once. LABOR MEETINGS.

There have been some labor meetings this week past, and so far we observe a resolve to move onward. But we would like to see more heartiness on the part of those whose duty it is to help the day-workers—duty which they owe as an obligation. The gathering of a labor party at Clogheen Cross on zunday was fairly attended, though the farmers were conspicuously absent. In the words of Mr. Thos. McLean, who proposed a resolution, the time has come for the people to speak out for the labor movement. Let the laborers use all the means within their reach to press their claims upon public atreach to press their claims upon public at tention, and in time they must succeed.
"The patient dint" is a slow but sure
worker of social reform.—Irishman, Sep-A RESPECTABLE EMERGENCY MAN

An Emergency man named Buchanan was found rolling drunk in Lismore on Sunday night by Subconstable Fitzgib-He was amusing himself by presenting a revolver at every object that his eye, "in fine frenzy rolling," could distinguish, and a policeman thought he might venture to "run him in." On searching the loyal Scot—who was too pious to whistle on the Sabbath—the poceman drew forth several silver spoons from the Emergency pockets. The owner was soon at hand. Mr. Mayne, who had previously been evicted, proved that they were his property, and Mrs. Mayne corroborated the evidence, which, indeed, there was no doubting, as the owner's name was at the spaces. on the spoons. Major Gyles was (naturally) lenient to the thief. He was re manded on bail.

manded on ball.

TARRING A PROCESS-SERVER.

Colonel Forbes, R. M., and two J.P.'s were on the Carbery (County Kildare) bench on Monday, when fifteen respectable farmers were charged with tarring a process-server named Mill. The latter had disprogred and was arrested and foreibly disappeared, and was arrested and forcibly put in the box as a witness. But all the plain hints of the Hon. W. Forbes, stip-endiary, could not induce Mills to swear that he could recognize any of the men charged. All the cases were consequently dismi sed, and the magisterial trio were grievously disappointed.—Irishman.

CONNAUGHT.

Cannaught has in its five counties, according to the Census of 1881, only 817,197 inhabitants, or15, 85 per cent. being less than one-sixth of the popu-lation of Ireland. But, contrary to general belief, its population since 1841 has declined less than that of the richer has declined less than that of the richer province of Munster, while in the decade 1871 81 the decline has been least of any of the four provinces. Mayo, Galway, and Sligo are amongst the counties that exhibit least decrease in the last decade. The relative poverty of a large portion of the soil of Connaught and the absence of towns is seen in the fact that, while its population is somewhat under one-sixth of that of Ireland, the aggregate valuation (Griffith's) of the province is little over one-tenth, showing clearly the density of population compared with provision for their support. The whole mass of the people are Catholics, the most Catholic of the four provinces, the census of 1881 showing that 95 42 percent, are of the national faith. Almost every are of the national faith. Almost every name of a native sept is to be found in Comaught, owing to the barbarous Cromwellian transplantation, which banished them from the other provinces; while nearly all the great landed proprietors are aliens in blood and in faith. Passing between Ballinasloe and Woodlawn, on the Great Midland Railway, en route to Galway, the tourist sees, overlooking the Galway, the tourist sees, overlooking the field of Aughrim, the beautiful Franciscan monastery of Kilconnel, creeted in 1460, which contains a simple headstone of touching historical interest, bearing the inscription, "Here lies Lord Taaffe, one of the transplanted." This is only a typical, not an exceptional case. Historians of the Froude school, and agricultural economists of the Argyll school must rake up the embers of Irish tradition to comprehend the land question. Backward in education, but keen in intelligence and in memory of wrongs, the Irish peasantry understand that question with a clearness that would puzzle a philosopher. And in none of the provinces is it better under-stood than in Connaught; hence our desire to test popular feeling there in relation to the Act. - London Tablet.

The dole which was distributed to the poor of Exten after the funeral of the late Earl of Gainsborough, will be continued annually in commemoration of his death. It was participated in by sixty-three old people (the number of the Earl's years). each receiving from the hands of the new Countess a loaf of bread, and from the Earl a florin, accompanied by a few kindly words. Father Van Dale briefly addressed the recipients of this charity, reminding them that the dole was in accordance with an old Catholic tradition, and exhorting them to pray for the repose of the soul of the departed peer.

An article in an agricultural paper is called, "How to eat strawberries." A man who doesn't know how to eat strawberries should be compelled to live on dried apples and salt mackerel.