kneel until the priest in oduction of the Gloria, all standing until the priest

oriest is seated the congrepriest kisses the altar be-all rise and remain standreading of the prayers.
epistle is sung all sit

priest begins Dominus the Gospel, all rise and during the singing of the

mon follows the Gospel

ind in 1960 the Veni Creator, ing of the Gospel, and sit a sermon. If the Bishop hful must remain stand-Bishop invites them to

priest commences the They kneel with the says Et incarnatus est made flesh.)
e priest sits down, also

choir sings Et incarnatus us est, the priest uncovers withful kneel. Afterwards ntil the priest returns to ses it. and the Oremus.
sit until the priest comer omnia secula seculorum.

these words, and not only during the Preface. Sanctus to to the Second ommunion all kneel. econd Ablution the faith-til the priest kisses the inus Vobiscum before the

during the last prayers, ntil the priest has sung then to receive the bles-

he last Gospel they all

. 40+ .

H OF INFIDELITY.

ecome fashionable among al its poison has corrupted que of so-called "liberal lief in revelation alto-aring in vast multitudes the truths and precepts law, recognized by culture. Alas, for the forerunner of that great nich the Apostle tells us oming of Antichrist, the the great enemy and Christian name! This and lawlessness which Reformation. It began l criticising the Catholic ar and ground of truth, rd it has attacked truth vill it cease to attack and truth remains for its

n by rejecting the sweet car of Christ, and it has t every law, human and know no rest till it ha the excesses of a horrible cialism. ts aspirations in the im-s of Freemasonry abroad, the Commune, and in the f religion and religious the present governand Italy, inspired and leaders of the secret socie-

e years the spirit of un-ped itself with a sudden ity. It has got on its d men of science, and has over-mastered public mazing progress made in nees has puffed up the e and carried it natural science, having of the phenomena of ls take upon themselves ut the origin of nature 's God, on which subfoundly ignorant, and of n a manner which is regreat name, and men and imitate them, and a and imitate them, and s that the public opin-ore opposed itself with y, athersm and materal-entirely swept away and nies of every description d proclaimed not only it with audacious effron-

-Catholic Herald. e, freedom from hoarse at, should use Hagyard's a safe, pleasant and cerhe throat and lungs; it p a cold and cures all laints, that so often lead imption.

The Voice of the Poor. BY SPERANZA (MPS. M. R. WILDE],

Was sorrow ever like to our sorrow?
God above!
Willow right never change into a morrow of low and love?
deadly gloom is on us, waking, sleeping,
Like the darkness at noontide
That fell upon the pallid mother, weeping
By the Crucified.

Before us die our brothers of starvation; Around are cries of famine and despair; Where is hope for us, or comfort, or salva-

tion—
Where—oh! where?
If the angels ever hearken, downward bend-

ing,
They are weeping, we are sure,
At the litanies of human groans ascending
From the crushed hearts of the poor.

When the human rests in love upon the

When the human human human, All grief is light;
But who bends one kind glance to illumine Our life long night?
The air around is ringing with their laughter—
God has only made the rich to smile;
But we, in our rags, and want, and woe—we follow after.

But we, in our rags, an follow after, Weeping the while. And the laughter seems but uttered to

deride us.
When, oh! when will fall the frozen barriers that divide us
From other men?
Will fall ignorance for ever thus enslave us?
Will ignorance for ever lay us low?
All are eager with their insults; but to save

None, none, we know. We never knew a childhood's mirth and

gladness,
Nor the proud heart of youth free and
On't deathlike dream of wretchedness and
sadness
In life's weary journey to the grave.
Day by day we lower sink and lower,
Till the godlike soul within
Falls crushed beneath the fearful demonpower

of poverty and sin. So we toil on, on, with fever burning In heart and brain, So we toil on, on through bitter mourning, Want, wee, and pain. We dare not raise our eyes to the blue

heaven, Or the toil must cease— We dare not breathe the fresh air [God has given One hour in peace.

We must toil though the light of life is burning burning
Oh !how dim !
We must toil on our sick-bed, feebly turning
Our eyes -n Him
Who alone can hear the pale lip faintly say-

ing,
With scarce-moved breath.
While the paler hands uplifted and the praying: "Lord, grant us death!"

WHY POOR TRELAND?

A BAPTIST MINISTER ON THE CLAIMS OF IRELAND.

But why poor Ireland? No country has a finer climate, none a more fertile soil. It is fittingly called the "Emerald Isle," for singular natural advantages have made it as green as its own chosen emblem, and it sparkles in its beauty. And yet its people are paupers, famine stricken, starving.
Millions of her inhabitants, by enforced
emigration, have already left for other To account for all this, some say the

To account for an this, some say the lirish people are shiftless—lazy; but in this country this very people do most of our hard work, and are getting rich. Others attribute the forlorn condition of the Irish to their religion; they are "bigoted Catholics" and "priest ridden." But the Irish are no more strongly attached to the Roman faith than other prosperous nations of Europe. No; it is English law_and not the Roman Catholic faith that depresses Ireland. The Irish do not lack industry, but only encouragement to work. They emigrate, not because they do not love their native land, but it is with were two candidates; but again, everybody them starvation or emigration. Indeed the patriotism of the Irish amounts almos to a passion, and yet they leave their country by shiploads. We once landed in New York from Ireland late at night. It New York from Ireland late at night. It was in the dark days of the war. We had not heard from home for a month. We wanted to buy a newspaper. We had only foreign money. We offered an Irish boy an English shilling for a paper, but, catching a glimpse of a pot of shanrocks in our hand, pointing to it, the boy asked: "What is that?" 'Irish shanrocks," we wanted the shanrocks," we wanted the shanrocks. "What is that?" "Itsis shallingers, we replied. He suspected it. His eyes brightened, and he said quickly: "I'll give you a newspaper for one leaf of the shalling refused, "And so, the shilling refused, we bought our paper for a single leaf of Irish shamrock. That boy loved old Ireland more than money, and so do they all—the Irish people are passionately pa-

Ireland is an agricultural country. Her people love to cultivate the soil, and are never more happy and contented than when they can own a little patch of ground But the greater part of Ireland is owned by a few great landlords, immensely by a few great landlords, immensely wealthy, generally non-residents. The mass of the people are tenants, and a lease in Ireland in not what it is in this country. It is encumbered by many and op-pressive restrictions. The very improvements put on the property by the tenant in a manner vitiate the lease and enable the landlord to exact more rent. It would seem as if the very laws of the land, were cunningly made only to impoverish and discourage the people. Thus it is that the failure of a single crop in Ireland entails famine and all its attendant evils as nowhere else upon the masses of the popula-

The present condition and wants of Ireland may be illustrated by that of the past and present of France. Before the French Revolutson the candition of France was not unlike the present of Ireland. The nobility were immensely rich and the peasantry abjectly poor. The no-bility and the Church were the landholders, and the peasants had a right to labor only at the pleasure of the lord. The laborer was condition worse than slavery-with no future prospect and fittle present comfort.
The French Revolution of 1789 overturned It did away with feudal tenures. It broke up the great landed estates into hundreds of thousands of pieces, and enabled every man who had by industry and economy saved a few hundred francs to own a bit of land. This piece of land, though so small, was to the French peasant everything. "He loved the land," as Michelet tells us, "and the land loved him: and it brought forth because it was loved. has made France to-day the richest and most prosperous nation in

Europe.

The whole of France is but an almost

Indeed, knows that unless there were two there to almost could be no contest; and had there been no contest, then in that case—as the lawyers s.y— the facts which I am about to relate had never existed, and par consequence—as our French friends say—I would not now be able to lay before the would not now be able to lay before the readers of The Irish Canadian the follow ing "true tale." But before I proceed further I am reminded that it was in the same County Mayo that what threatened to become an interminable discussion arose between His Majesty's Attorney-General (sent down specially) and the learned Counsel for the defence in the cause celebre of Rex vs. Fitzgerald, Brecknock et al, in the last century, as to whether the expression "a false statement of facts" was proper one or not, and during which, by the way, it would appear to the readers of the history of the case that the question of whether the prisoners were or wer not guilty of the shooting or the procur ing the shooting to death of Colonel Patrick Randal MacDonnell, had become a

secondary one.

This is, however, a digression, for which This is, however, a digression, for which I beg to apologise, but I have been drawn into it by a passing recollection of something I read years ago; but then, again, if the author had not written, or—to be more correct—published his interesting Legends of Connaught, I would not have offended and thus tried the patience of you, my gentle reader. But to my tale It was, as I have said, somewhere about the year of grace 1841-43 that two candithe year of grace 1841-43 that two candidates were wooing the "sweet voices" of historic Mayo. Joseph Myles MacDonnel—Joe More—of Doo Castle, was the nominee of O'Connell; need I say that "Big Joe" was the popular candidate? Mr. MacDonnell was what was known in Ireland in those days as a "Sunday-man;" set that the thest necessarily implied that he not that that necessarily implied that he was more given to the due observance of the Lord's day than the generality of his neighbours; but the fact was that the only day of the seven on wh could walk abroad without fearing that his personal liberty might possibly be in-terfered with by some of the class by no the pleasure of the lord. The laborer was to all intents a serf—in many respects in a anywhere else for that matter—known under the name of "process-server" and who were altogether too much given, for the peace of mind of its owner, to prowling around the neighborhood of "the Castle," and whose wallets generally contained one or more formidable documents with an immense seal, and known in common parlance as a lactitat. (The inimitable "Handy Andy" once innocently substituted one for a "blister" ordered from the apothe-cary's, and applied it—the lactitat, not the blister—to his master, the choleric Squire Egan.) Mr. MacDonnell's election would of course grant him immunity while serving as M. P. The other candidate had too many good qualities, as time, the prover

that there occurred an instance of individual "Arraning," or "Beycotting," to use the more modern phrase. As there may possibly be still living some whose feelings I would not wish to wound; some with whom as a happy, thoughtless school-boy I have played at marbles in the "barley field" or in the "potato-field," at hurly below the "turf-market; "at "horses" and "races" around the "bridges," or with "races" around the "bridges," or with whom I may have explored the "winding whom I may have explored the "winding stairs" of the "old Abbey," I shall refrain from mentioning names. Suffice it to say that in—street, in the same dear old town of Ballina, there were two brothers who were in the same line of business, and close neighbours. Both took a more or less active part in the politics of the times, which meant "Repeal." The time of the election came on and somehow or other the rumour—whether truly or maliciously set affoat I don't know- got circulation that one of the brothers had gone over to the enemy, or as, I will reollect having heard it termed, "sold the pass," and at once he was "Arraned." Few or none would deal with him, and his business, which had hitherto been a thriving one fell away, the current of it setting in to wards his brother, who up to that time had been doing a comparatively small one. Doubtless in those days of "Repeal"

agitation there were many hundreds of instances which might be adduced through out Ireland where individuals were thus made to suffer for their recusancy to the National cause; but of course there was Astional cause; but of course there was no such organized system as at present prevails, and I doubt if there was another such instance as that of Lord Arran. Enough has, however, been said above to show that "Boycotting is not new"—
least in the parish of Kilmore-Moy. Quebec, January, 1881.

THE CONVERSION OF LADY STAF-FORD.

Lord Stafford was a good Catholic, but Lord Statiord was a good Cathone, but his wife was a strict Protestant; he had been living several years in Abbeville, France, and one day, while conversing with Mgr. dc la Motte, Bishop of Amiens, he besought the worthy prelate to convert his wife; but the good Bishop replied: "God alone can convert the soul; you can do more good by praying for her than I can by talking to her."

Lady Stafford had, however, a great estate of the lady stafford h

teem for St. Francis de Sales. "If I could meet a Bishop like him," she said, "I might become a Catholic." Finally she obtained an interview with the Bishop of Amiens, who at first avoided the sul ject of religion, and sought to gain her confidence; he asked her one day if her conscience was entirely at rest, if she had no doubts about her religion, living thus separated from the Church. "With my

separated from the Curren. With my Bible in my hand," she answered, "I fear no one; I am quite satisfied."

- The words of the Bishop, however, had made a deep impression on her mind, and she began seriously to doubt the truth of

Cassell, Peter & Galpin, the well-known publishers, to give them his book. But about the time that he had well entered upon his preparatory work, the Land League agitation in Ireland began to claim a good part of Mr. MacCarthy's sympathy, and as his views are rather pronounced, the publishers became frightened. They said they feared he was too advanced for them, and asked him what he would take to break off the contract. He named take to break off the contract. He named a nominal sum—two or three hundred pounds—and liberated the conservative publishers. Then he took his book to Chatto & Windus, and made much better terms with them than he had succeeded in

etting from the others.

Mr. MacCarthy said that he joined the Mr. MacCarthy said that he joined the Land League just as soon as he found that they were to be made the subjects of Government prosecution. He considered that it was every Irishman's duty to do all that he could to support the movement without taking any violent measures. He seemed to think that the prosecutions were likely to fail, and that Ireland, in the measures, wall not be satisfied with the meantime, would not be satisfied with any half measures. I think he, in common with many other literary liberals, has abundant faith in Mr Gladstone's ability to do something great in this Irish matter This continual opposition of the House of Lords, he seemed to fancy, might be got over by the creation of a number of new peers, a measure which the Queen would be very unwilling to undertake unless she were assured that it were absolutely ne cessary. The creations of peers gener ally brought the House of Lords to its senses. It had done so in the reign of the last king. Mr. MacCarthy said he thought that all classes of society were agreed that this land question must be settled forthwith—that it is the great question, transcending in importance every thing else with which the British Empire is concerned. The centralization policy, of which Ireland was one of the most conspicuous victims, must be done away with. thought that he took a somewhat hopeful view of the situation, mainly because the progress of the age seemed forcing all these troublous questions forward to a

Mr. MacCarthy resided at the Westmin ster Palace Hotel, which, because of its nearness to the Houses of Parliament, is the abode of a great many writers and political men. He labers hard, yet is seen a good deal in public. He is a delicate-faced man, of medium height, with long fair beard and moustache, and with the look of a student. He is a capital talker, as modest as brilliant, and is very generally liked in society. He will probably be of much service to Ireland in Parlia-

A proof of parties of the control of

the Chapel of Knock were the grassy fields and the wild winds of heaven, save and except the hosts of angels who we may well believe kept guard around what was yet to be Queen Mary's Irish sanctuary; to-day, a cordon of fond, supplicating hearts encircle it in prayerful embrace. But yesterday, and its ornaments were But yesterday, and its ornaments were few and simple: "No storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim, religious light."

Its best and most precious ornaments were a devoted people, simple in their faith, and tender in their piety, ministered unto by a golden priest; to-day, it is the cherished repository of the grateful outpourings of generous and Catholic hearts. As the Mussulman to Mecca, as the Gheber to the Fast as the law unto Lengelow as the the East, as the Jew unto Jerusalem, so the great Catholic heart of Ireland, and of Iregreat Catholic heart of Ireland, and of Ireland's sons and daughters "all the world around," turns to Knock. The spires and turrets of Notre Dame are dear unto the Parisian heart; the hundred towers of Cologne beside the "wide and winding Rhine," and with a history unequalled, are the pride and boast of every dweller are the pride and boast of every dweller within the German Fatherland; the dome

of St. Peter's is dear unto each Catholic from pole to pole, from the rising to the setting of the sun; but quite as dear is 'the lowly parish Church of Knock' unto the sea-divided Gael. Once we were a happy, a learned and a holy people; once we were the "isle of saints and sages," once we held aloft and kept aflame the torch of faith and civilization; once our missionaries bore unto distant lands the tidings of the Gospel, and scaled with their blood the testimony of the faith that was in them. But, alas: "a change came o'er the spirit of the scene," and Ireland's light was quenched in darkness and in blood. For years the strife went on, and often was the gibbet and the block the fate of our best and noblest ones. Our lands were parcelled out; our churches were in ruins, or, worse still, in the hands of the spoilers; our altars were the ledges of the rock upon the mountain side, our canopy the sky, and our benches the green turf o the sky, and our benches the green turf of Erin; our priests were on the hills, and our teachers on the wayside. Slowly and painfully were our shackles laid aside, often to be replaced by new ones no less galling. And when we had ventured to raise our heads and freely breathe our native air, how much was to be done? Despite our poverty we were raising up both church and spire, academic hall and conventual cloister; and yet how little could be done, for had not

"An ley chill, a fatal frost, "Left us with all but honor lost--"Left us with but our trust in God, "Poor Pariahs on our native sod!

"Our temples crowning every height "Still echoed with an alien rite."

Famine again stalked abroad throughout the country, and again the destroying angel brooded over our unhappy land, waiting but to resume the work which in 47 was not completed. But no! Down from her bright throne did Queen Mary come, and how prophetic has been the legend beneth the beauteous figure of our sweet Mother which smiles upon us from the richly stained window of the eastern transept of the Chapel of Knock! There, beneath "the figure of a woman clothed "Truths with the sun, a crown of stars upon her column.

GOOD ADVICE.

Our able and esteemed contemporary the London Universe, offers the following the London Universe, offers the following four precepts for the guidance of Irishmen:
"Fristly, to Irishmen in Great Britain we say: Avoid political discussion on Ireland, above all, in public houses. We have our sound reasons for this advice. Discussion seldom convinces an enemy—it stires up angery passions. If your English or Scotch fellow-worker is really anxious for enlightenment, refer him to impartial histories, and to the incontrovertible

partial histories, and to the incontrovertible logic of statistics. But do not be drawn into an argument. Faith is not shown by esticulation, nor force by strong words.
"Secondly, to Irishmen in America and "Secondry, to Insumen in Aderica and the colonies we say: Eschew rodomontade, and recollect your kinsfolk at home. It is reckless and the courage of a braggart to babble indiscreet bluster under a free sky and incite those who are still, to an extent, in the power of an oligarchy, to outbursts of footishness. This cheap 'sunburstery,' as John Mitchel used to stigmatize it, is undignified and unworthy of sane and brave men. ____ "Thirdly, to Irishmen in Ireland we say

Act within the law, but act energetically, Do this, and your ultimate triumph is not only assured, but at hand. He who commits a crime hampers the limbs of his friends, and but plays into the hands of "Fourthly, to Irishmen everywhere we say: Help the cause. Impress upon your-selves that cordial unity, conscientious tolerance and dogged perseverance are the

watchwords of success in every great nawaterwords of detectional movement.

"The bundle of wood could not be broken when bound in a withe, but the twigs taken

when bound in a withe, but the twigs taken separately were easily snapped across. That is the beauty of unity.

"The man who is making for the hill-top may start by a different route from you, but you are certain to shake hands at the summit. Do not quarrel with him so long as the goal is the same. That is the ad-

as the goal is the same. That is the ad vantige of tolerance.
"The spider that the Bruce saw eight The spitect that the Britice saw eight times recommending to spin out his fractured web, and doing it effectively in the end, is a lesson of the value of perseverance imparted by an insect to mankind.

"Take these precepts kindly from us, men of Ireland—learn them by rote—live up to them and calmy await the issue.

Never forget your principles or strike the
flag. And, trust us, the issue will be the
peace which is coveted."

\$500 REWARD.

They cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, and \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for nything impure or injurious found in them—Hop Bitters. Test it. See "Truths" or "Proverbs" in another column.