

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

A strong family resemblance exists between Genevieve and her father, but there is a careworn, anxious expression in his eyes, also about the firm set of the mouth—a look which his friends have only detected within the last few months—a harassed look which is becoming daily more and more visible. Genevieve alone guesses its cause.

Mr. Vaughan is one of those earnest, simple, straightforward men of whom there are, thank God, many in the English Establishment. He has taken a prominent part in the great Oxford movement towards Rome. He has always cherished a strong hope that he may live to see the union of what he, with many others, considers to be two equally genuine branches of the Church Catholic. In this, his dearest aspiration, he has been doomed to disappointment. One after the other his most valued friends have gone over to Rome; over each fresh accession he has sorrowed with that bitter sorrow into which only those can enter who have known by experience what is the nature of the love entertained by an honest Anglican for his ideal Church.

I say "ideal," for that which the High Church Anglican so devoutly worships, so intensely venerates, so lovingly clings to, is a very different Church from the actually existing English Establishment. By virtue of the Catholic spirit infused into his heart in baptism (if indeed, he has had the good fortune to have received that sacramental grace), his mind naturally turns with horror from the miserable wreck of Catholicism as displayed in the religion of his country. His soul craves after that nourishment which he has a right to expect from his Mother Church—that nourishment which is denied to him—and in his state of starvation an instinct assures him that he is being deprived unlawfully of spiritual food and comfort. So he cannot, will not, rest, to see dishonor cast upon his Mother's name; his will have her beautiful, in spite of herself. He adorns her with all the borrowed ornaments he has taken from Rome, and he calls her the Sister of Rome.

Alas for his delusion! for Rome will have none of her. He invests her with powers she neither desires nor lays claim to possess; he tries to give her back what he believes the Reformers stole from her; he will not see that she is but a step-mother—a usurper of his own dear Mother's rights. He does it all in good faith, and worships his ideal with the loyal devotion of his Catholic instinct. In his mind, that ideal Church is a living Church. He strives to identify her with the Church of his country; he sees her, not as she is but as he knows she ought to be—as he yearns, prays, hopes she will yet become. His sorrow is very real for those whom he has held to be her staunchest adherents forsake her; and while he belongs himself but to a creation of his own imagination, he is, if he is honest before God, drawing near to the great light of undivided truth, to the attainment of which he already unconsciously urges those who lean upon him for guidance and support.

Such a one is Mr. Vaughan, the Vicar of Elvanlee; he has held the living for the last seven years, and has led his parishioners on little by little to the utmost limit of High Churchism. He is most beloved in the parish, but there are many who think he is going too far; complaints have been made to the Bishop. The Bishop has remonstrated in a quiet way, but Mr. Vaughan has not attended to his remonstrances. He thinks his Bishop is mistaken, and considers it his duty to keep up what he calls the Catholic spirit among his people, in spite of his Superior's Low Church tendencies. He is making a final, desperate struggle to reconcile his own ideal with the very matter-of-fact reality of the Thirty-nine Articles. He has been carrying on this struggle for upwards of twelve years, but it is beginning to weary him at last! He is growing thoroughly puzzled between Church authority and the consequences of submitting to it; he sees more clearly every day that the time has come when he must openly defy authority, or relinquish what he firmly believes to be pure Catholicism. His Bishop entirely repudiates this view of Catholicism. Unfortunately most of the Bishops are of the same opinion. Can he continue to set their authority at naught? If so, what becomes of his pet doctrine? The one of all others he has striven to impress upon the minds of his people, namely—the duty of submission to Church authority. Very weary is Mr. Vaughan, thus torn beneath conflicting feelings. Weary, too, is his daughter Genevieve, whose clever, logical mind, less imaginative, more matter-of-fact, has grasped the difficulty of their position before her father has been able to do so. But as yet they do not make it a subject of conversation. Genevieve once tried the experiment; so great, however, was her father's distress that she never repeated it.

"Well, child," he is saying now, as he walks slowly along in the calm stillness of that bright May evening by Mabel's side, "what is it you have to say to me?"

"Oh! Mr. Vaughan," begins Mabel, but tears choke her further utterance. The Vicar heaves a deep sigh. "I suppose Genevieve has told you,

child. But why so much sorrow? It is but a small cross, is it not?"

Very indignantly Mabel answers, "A small cross, Mr. Vaughan! Oh, why need you go?—is it really necessary?"

"I am neither as young nor as strong as I once was," replies the Vicar evasively. "I did not know you were ill, Mr. Vaughan; that alters the case."

"Oh! I am not ill; there are other things besides bodily weakness, the make a man long for rest, sometimes, Mabel; it is a heavy wear and tear—this care of souls!"

The dissatisfied look which rests upon the Vicar's countenance does not escape Mabel's notice; her heart aches with a nameless dread, but she makes no immediate reply, and after a few moments' silence Mr. Vaughan says quietly,

"You have much to console you, Mabel, even if this cross should prove a heavier one than we at present expect."

"I know, Mr. Vaughan; but if all is altered here, if Hugh takes from us all that is such comfort now—the daily lessons, the early celebrations, the help you give, the absolution for our sins!" (She uttered the last words timidly.)

"Mabel, no priest of the Church of England can deny you that which she permits," said Mr. Vaughan impressively, "but I would have you remember that, though the Church allows you confession for your comfort, it is by no means absolutely indispensable for the remission of sins."

"Ah! there it is again; it is so difficult to know what the Church does allow. Here, at our own Elvanlee, all is beautiful; but in some churches it is very different: where Aunt Helen goes in Edinburgh, for example, I can't bear it! It is like an ice-house; and if Hugh turns Elvanlee church into such an ice-house, I shall hate it! I shall be sad-wicked! I can't be good without religion to help me."

"No one can take religion from you, Mabel. You cling too much to the outward beauty; the real beauty of the king's daughter is within."

"That is what Veve says; but, Mr. Vaughan, the Low Church principles are opposed to all you have taught us. I know Hugh is Low Church; he will undo all you have done. There is no life in those evangelical doctrines; they may suit some very, very good people who can be good, with nothing to help them, but I feel they will never keep me good. Oh, how I wish I could see Mabel break off suddenly and bites her lips."

"Well," says the Vicar gravely, "what is it you wish, Mabel?"

"That there was such a thing as undivided revealed Truth," she answers earnestly. "I suppose there is no such thing on earth."

"No, child. There are fragments of truth in every Church. Put them together, and they will make up the All Truth."

"Ah, yes. Well, I suppose that must be it. But it is unsatisfactory," says Mabel, hesitating. "Somehow it clashes with—I believe in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church; and then we never seem to know what to believe. Do you know any Roman Catholics, Mr. Vaughan? I wonder what they believe?"

"Here we are at the gate. I am afraid I can't enter into that subject to-night. God bless you! Pray much to be guided into all truth. Never sacrifice the smallest light of conscience to your own gratification. Be brave, and if God sends you sorrow, take it meekly, patiently. Believe me, there is more true religion in self-sacrifice than in all controversies under the sun. Good night."

The Vicar breaks off abruptly, and walks hurriedly away. Mabel feels sad—she knows not why—an unusual oppression is upon her spirits, as if the horizon of her happy life were already overcast with clouds; as if she were standing upon the borders of a dark forest, looking back yearningly upon a sunlit valley through which she had passed, but might never pass again.

CHAPTER V. THE WREATH OF ROSES. "She wore a wreath of roses That night when first we met." English Ballad.

"Auntie, what relative is Hugh to me?"

"Only a Scotch cousin, dearie; and then he married your mother's first cousin, which made him a little nearer."

"Then Blanche was not really my aunt?"

"No, but you called her so as a child."

"And is this Hugh's home, Auntie?"

"Yes, Mabel; he never had any other, for his parents died when he was very young, and your father adopted him and brought him up entirely."

down in England; but he went abroad, leaving the living in the Bishop's hands. He has been a sad loss to us all."

"What was Aunt Blanche like, Auntie? I do not remember her."

"Naturally enough, Mabel; you were very young when she died. Well, do you know you have a strange look of her at times, though she was dark and tall, and you are the very reverse; but you remind me in many ways of her. I wonder much if Hugh will see it."

"During Miss Mackenzie's and Mabel's *à la table* luncheon on the day of Hugh's expected arrival, they talked thus in the dining-room of The Hermitage. Some hours later in the afternoon, Mabel, having just returned from a long ride, asks the butler—

"Has Mr. Fortescue arrived?"

"Yes, Miss Mabel, and Miss Mackenzie wished you to go into the sitting-room."

"Say I am afraid of being late for dinner. I must go and dress at once," answers Mabel, hurrying upstairs, glad of any excuse to defer a little longer the dreaded meeting with Hugh.

A latent jealousy about him is lurking in the remote corners of her heart. She has been for so long the spoiled darling of her family that it is quite new to her not to be the person of first importance.

Mabel, however, is unconscious of the existence of any such feeling; did she recognise it, she would instantly and contemptuously cast it from her. She dresses hastily, perhaps with a little more care than usual, adding to her simple white toilet a single pink rose which she has gathered on her way upstairs from her aunt's conservatory, where wild eggplants have been forced into bloom nearly a month in advance.

"Let me get you a piece for your hair, miss," suggests Mabel's maid; and Mabel, who is already half-way down the passage, comes back to have a long streaming spray of the wild roses fastened in her shining hair; after which she stands a few minutes in front of her glass, wondering if Hugh will be struck with the likeness referred to by her aunt. At length she descends to the drawing-room, where to her consternation she finds Hugh alone, Miss Mackenzie having not yet left her room.

Hugh is standing, his back to the door, with folded arms, gazing out of the window; but hearing the light footfall on the carpet behind him, he turns quickly, and sees a little figure in white muslin, with wild pink roses wreathed amidst golden hair, looking shyly up at him out of deep, violet blue eyes, while a pair of small, soft hands stretch themselves forth to welcome him.

"How do you do? Is it Hugh?" asks the little lady in white muslin.

"Mabel!—can it be Mabel? replies the tall, grave, elderly man, leaving his position by the window and going forward to meet her, thinking meanwhile, "How strangely like, and yet unlike, my poor Blanche!"

Mabel's thought is—"Oh how changed he is! But I like his face."

"I left a little Mabel," says the grave man aloud, "but she, like all else, is changed!"

Mabel laughs a sunny laugh. "Fourteen years, you know, make great changes, Hugh."

"Fourteen years! Is it really! I suppose it is," answers Hugh, sighing; and Mabel, too, grows serious, for she remembers the far-off vision of Hugh's wedding day, when she herself had followed, a tiny bridesmaid, in the train of his bride.

"Does Hugh think of that now? I fear he does. I wish I had not reminded him of it," thinks Mabel, as she notices a peculiarly sad expression her words had called forth.

Hugh is a tall, strongly built man; in his youth his figure was magnificent, but his shoulders have of late years acquired a decided stoop, which takes off somewhat from his great height.

His countenance is fine, open, and intellectual, bearing, however, traces of mental suffering. His eyes are dark, deep, and honest, melancholy in their expression, and singularly penetrating. His general appearance is that of a man who has had great aspirations, and who has often been doomed to disappointment.

Are there many who admit of "love at first sight?" I believe not. It is the fashion, too, among a great number of people to ridicule it. But I confess to being one of those who do not do so; and I look upon the sentiment as a most likely possibility.

After all, why should it be strange that the hearts of two people, whose lives are intended, by an over-ruling Providence, to be linked together in a peculiar way, should be attracted towards each other, even at first sight, by a mysterious communication of instantaneous sympathy?

The "mighty love" that is to be hereafter to Mabel Forester.

"Her life, her soul, her breath, With no alternative but death, finds in this impromptu manner its first entrance into her heart. Not as a sudden revelation—not at once bursting into a powerful flame,—but in the deep recesses of her inmost being a tiny spark has been kindled. There, hidden away, it will smoulder on in secret, gaining every hour in force and magnitude, until at last it shall have acquired sufficient strength to break forth and burn—a fire that will know no quenching.

Strangely, too, does Hugh respond to the magnetic influence. If he only knew it! But he does not know it!

Milner's Liniment cures Distemper.

nothing can be farther from his thoughts. If people were able at once to detect the "new-born spark," love at first sight would often end in smoke, for in many cases it would be judged expedient to trample upon the little spark—it would never be allowed to spread.

Hugh would be indeed surprised—nay, and indignant too—if a voice rising from the grave could reveal to him now that the first glance of those sweet blue eyes has called forth into sound a long silent chord whose music had passed into dumbness in the hidden depths of his soul.

"Fourteen years," he repeats slowly, still holding Mabel's hand in his—he has evidently forgotten he is doing so. "I wish he would let my hands go," thinks Mabel, feeling rather uncomfortable, but not liking to draw them away.

But he has no idea of doing so; on the contrary, he must be thinking of the little bridesmaid he left in England, for he pulls her towards him, lays the two imprisoned hands upon his breast, and keeps them firmly pressed there, while he looks with a wistful, loving gaze into the bright, still childlike face.

"Dear little Mabel!—how you remind me of her!"

Then he bends his tall figure and gravely kisses her unarméd brow; after which he drops her hands, and walks away abruptly to the window.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DID BEACONSFIELD DIE A CATHOLIC?

About a year after the death of this distinguished statesman the *Porcupine*, a radical weekly published in Liverpool, England, startled the whole country by the announcement that he died a Catholic. It asserted that Father Clare, a famous Jesuit orator and scholar, at that time rector of St. Francis Xavier's in Liverpool, baptized him a few days before he died.

It was well known throughout England that for years Beaconsfield and the Jesuit Father were on very familiar terms. From a cordial acquaintance which first marked their association came brought about an intimate friendship, and Father Clare was frequently guest of the Earl after the latter's last political overthrow, which brought Gladstone again to power. Beaconsfield avowed that his political life had ended, and that he would retire to his beautiful Hughenden domain and pass the remainder of his days among his books. But his hope was dissipated by a serious attack of illness, which prevented his removal from London. His disease grew alarming, and his death was looked for daily.

At this juncture a dispatch from Beaconsfield's town house reached Father Clare, and he promptly journeyed to London, and was seen to enter and leave the Earl's home. Three days after Beaconsfield died.

At the time of his death the State Church defenders were shocked that no minister was present to console his dying hours. But they had not to wait long to learn that he did not die without the consolations of religion.

But what was their chagrin when the *Porcupine* asserted that a priest of the Roman Catholic Church—a Jesuit—had ministered to him! When this news was published a host of indignant denials were set on foot. The *Porcupine*, however, met these denials by asserting that it had no Catholic leaning, nor had it consulted or derived its information from Catholic sources. The news came from the Earl's house. One of the servants, an eye-witness of the baptism, revealed the story, which was subsequently corroborated. Lord Rowton, Beaconsfield's secretary and confidential friend, in a letter to the *Times*, pleaded ignorance of the fact, but would not give it a flat denial when called on to do so.

Father Clare, when asked to affirm or deny his part in the proceedings, maintained a studied silence, and has done so ever since. Beaconsfield, though born a Jew, was brought up a strict Episcopalian. But during his long and eventful career he often revealed Catholic tendencies. On one occasion he referred to the ritualistic communion service as "the Mass in masquerade." The peroration of his great speech at the Oxford Church Convention was a magnificent eulogy on Catholicity. In his writings, and especially in *Lothaire*, he displays a generous, almost a Catholic spirit. His description of Manning as Cardinal Grandison will ever remain a classic and Catholic portrayal of England's great churchman. — *Philadelphia Catholic Times*.

Warm weather makes a demand upon the vitality which you should be prepared to meet. In order to overcome its debilitating effects, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies and invigorates the blood, sharpens the appetite, and makes the weak strong.

Mr. H. B. McKinnon, painter, Mount Albert, says: "Last summer my system got impregnated with the lead and turpentine in painting. My body was covered with scarlet spots as large as a 25 cent piece, and I was in such a state that I could scarcely walk. I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and all summer complaints. It is a cure to be proud of."

For nearly forty years Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been the leading and surest cure for cholera, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all summer complaints. It is a cure to be proud of.

GENTLEMEN—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

Mrs. DAVIDSON, Winnipeg, Man. Milburn's Deaf, Iron and Wine is recommended by Physicians as the best.

Milner's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

BATTLE FOR HOME RULE.

Major Byrne Paints a Truthful Picture of Balfour.

No man in the United States has displayed more earnestness in the cause of Ireland than Major John Byrne, of New York, and his addresses and letters are heard or read with avidity by many on both sides of the Atlantic. Writing to the *New York Tribune* of Sunday last he says: A spectacle is presented to us to-day in Ireland to which, through the courtesy of your columns, I would ask the privilege of calling the attention of reading America.

But a very few years have elapsed since the jails and dungeons of Ireland were filled with the legally elected representatives of the people of Ireland for discussing before their constituents the political questions of the hour in a manner distasteful to the Government.

"Treason felony," proven before packed juries, by procured witnesses, and trained for the purpose, under the authority and patronage of Castle government, was the charge, and but two short years since Mr. John Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien returned from America and under Balfour's reign spent six months each in jail for "words spoken," which after a tremendous strain of legal prostitution was decided to be "against the law" calculated to prevent the people from paying unjust rentals to absentee landlords.

ULSTER'S "REBELLION." To-day in Belfast we witness the leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons, a member of the late Government, the trusted ex-agent of the Crown in Ireland, who conducted and enforced the later persecutions, engaged in inciting Ulster to open revolt against the law and authority of the Government, and promising the support of England in this rebellion, appealing to religious passion and arousing religious hate in his attempt to induce the people to violation and within the British realm in the nineteenth century, and in a land and age that boasts of liberty and fair play.

When the character and antecedents, together with the singular mental and moral construction of the people to whom this wicked appeal is made are considered, the gravity and heinousness of his criminal act in this day and age is simply monstrous. Balfour evidently knows the force he is endeavoring to call into action to help save falling fortune, and he should be taught that his effort to stir up religious strife for political ends, however desperate the necessity, is a crime among all civilized people of to-day.

WORTHY OF THE MAN. But the act is entirely worthy of Balfour. He is dealing with his kind. He falsely and impudently, for political effect in England and America, in appealing to the "Protestant minority," assumes that the Orange element represents Protestantism in Ireland. This is false in toto—the truth is, there are no Protestants, as we understand and recognize the denomination as religionists, among the Orangemen of Ireland. The Orangeman is not, and cannot be, a Protestant, designed from the standpoint of a churchman from religious conviction, no more than he can be, or is, a Catholic. The Orangeman has no religious convictions; his oath prevents him from enjoying it. Protestant ascendancy included in his oath is simply a political plank through which he has enjoyed revenue and special privilege for political support of the State and Church.

MISGUIDED ZEAL. Were the Government and Crown of England to-morrow to embrace Buddhism as a State religion, the Irish Orangeman in his zeal for the new faith would sack the place where he now ostentatiously worships to prove the depth of his conviction and sincerity of conversion if the charge brought to him amounted to anything over his fellow-citizen, and license to prey upon his neighbor. Such was his origin, such has been his existence; such is his creed and purpose in life. He would even join the Catholic Church on the above conditions provided they not be otherwise ejected. The product of criminal seed, he finds no hardship of conscience in fitting himself to advantageous conditions and is ready to-day to follow in the footsteps of his sires and sack Ireland in the name of God and religion provided it will pay—would sack even Ulster if the remuneration were made sufficient.

CELEBRITY LEADERSHIP. Balfour, I repeat, knows what he is doing. He knows the history of the Ulster plant. He knows as well as we do that you may cross and culture the breed as you will. The poison of criminal blood when encouraged will assert itself still. The origin of the Orange faction of Ireland, which has cursed that land so long; the crew that through the bloody years of persecution and extermination manned the gibbet, the rack, the thumb-screw and the fagot, in the name of God and the Established Church of England, now (falsely though cunningly assuming "Irish Protestantism," is in itself a contradiction of the claim, did none other exist. I will not offend your readers' ears with the biography of the ancestors of the great bulk of the Orange faction, the present vicious class which Salisbury, Balfour and Sanderson are attempting for political ends under the denomination of the "Protestant Minority in Ireland." The "Loyal Protestant Minority" to excite rebellion against the law of the land.

AN INFAMOUS MISSION. Orangemen was a plantation made on Irish soil in hatred of Christian religion, Catholic and Protestant, to vitiate the moral atmosphere and poison the soil, using the name and power of one in attack upon the other as a means of exterminating the legitimate inhabitants. The only bar to the success of this infamous criminal mission has been the noble spirit of respectable Protestantism, leading and encouraging the Catholic population to defence as best it could, legalized and armed for political ends of a ruling class in England, licensed by governmental authority to prey, even unto death, on the hapless victims whose property they coveted, or whose spirit of resistance to robbery and torment necessitated their removal. Right royally did they fulfill their mission to Ireland and the purpose of their organization, as the history of "Houses" and families like my own cruelly tells. "To hell or Connaught," quietly, quickly, without a vestige of property—or the gibbet, the ruling order of the day—and all in the name of God, just as their progeny under Balfour's lead are to-day preparing to repeat the past, so far as civilization and religious spirit and conscience, Protestant and Catholic, will permit.

ATTRACTIVE UTILITY. Their craven, cowardly souls to-day find an incentive to repetition of their fathers' crimes, which the influence of religious surroundings and advanced civilization has not been able to remove, in knowing what their past deserves of the present in retributive justice—that the blood of the innocent millions murdered by them calls to heaven for vengeance—but to heaven will I leave vengeance—and I speak for both Catholic and Protestant Ireland, for the latter has suffered in proportion to its number from this heinous "Orange" plant. As the son of a house with a bitter account against the Orangeman, and the head of a branch of the family with an Irish Protestant as well as Catholic membership, I assure even the Orangeman immunity against punishment. They may keep the ill-gotten spoils of rapine and murder. Ireland a peaceful, happy, prosperous country is what the martyrs to Orange greed and rapacity want, rather than revenge, and to day their blood stands ready in behalf of Ireland to protect equally with every other citizen of Ireland the Orange faction in "peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness," provided it can adopt the creed so long unknown to it of equality, justice, right, and obey the law.

NOBLE PROTESTANTS. And to this I pledge as strongly as I have supported Irish aspiration, my voice, my pen, my pocket. As to Protestantism in Ireland it needs no defence; but did it require either protection or defence, I would go as far for it as I have and am willing to go for Ireland—my fortune and my life in good faith to the noble Protestant Irishman who stood for my Catholic blood when it could not speak for itself. In striking contrast to the Orange faction which sacrilegious hands planted on Irish soil is the Protestant population of Ireland. Never has been, and never can be, a truer, nobler manhood in any country than the Protestant people of Ireland. In all times since the Conquest they have constituted largely the hope and stay of Ireland, and are found to-day among her truest souls, representing almost exclusively Catholic convictions; his oath prevents him from enjoying it. Protestant ascendancy included in his oath is simply a political plank through which he has enjoyed revenue and special privilege for political support of the State and Church.

IRISH SOIL. Ireland had then none to speak for her but her Protestant sons—not one an Orangeman. The FitzGeralds, Emmets, McCrackens, Tones, Davises, Mitchells and Smith O'Briens, Buttes and our own Parnell, with other great and noble houses—all Protestant—not one an Orangeman—and they all suffered equal to their fellow-countrymen from Orange despotism and cowardly rapine. Intolerance is not an Irish but an Orange plant.

ORANGE RULE IN IRELAND. I review thus plainly the facts of history involved in the cruel, inhumane experiences incident to "Orange" rule in Ireland, because in Tory desperation it is evident, through such unscrupulous agencies as Balfour, an attempt will be made to arouse religious prejudices and passion, both in England and America, by falsely attempting to identify Orangemen in Ireland with "Protestantism"—a base, cowardly act, entirely consistent, however, with Tory political method against which I would warn honest, respectable American Protestantism.

IRISHMEN of the Protestant faith by conviction, of course, know the difference. Family pride and purity of descent, a conspicuous Irish principle, protects them against contaminating contact with Orangemen, either in blood relation or sympathy. Respectable Irish instinct, irrespective of religious tenet, is against it. An Orangeman cannot become a citizen in the full and higher sense of the relation to duty, law and patriotic devotion—his Church of England, now (falsely though cunningly assuming "Irish Protestantism," is in itself a contradiction of the claim, did none other exist. I will not offend your readers' ears with the biography of the ancestors of the great bulk of the Orange faction, the present vicious class which Salisbury, Balfour and Sanderson are attempting for political ends under the denomination of the "Protestant Minority in Ireland." The "Loyal Protestant Minority" to excite rebellion against the law of the land.

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CELEBRITY LEADERSHIP. Balfour, I repeat, knows what he is doing. He knows the history of the Ulster plant. He knows as well as we do that you may cross and culture the breed as you will. The poison of criminal blood when encouraged will assert itself still. The origin of the Orange faction of Ireland, which has cursed that land so long; the crew that through the bloody years of persecution and extermination manned the gibbet, the rack, the thumb-screw and the fagot, in the name of God and the Established Church of England, now (falsely though cunningly assuming "Irish Protestantism," is in itself a contradiction of the claim, did none other exist. I will not offend your readers' ears with the biography of the ancestors of the great bulk of the Orange faction, the present vicious class which Salisbury, Balfour and Sanderson are attempting for political ends under the denomination of the "Protestant Minority in Ireland." The "Loyal Protestant Minority" to excite rebellion against the law of the land.

AN INFAMOUS MISSION. Orangemen was a plantation made on Irish soil in hatred of Christian religion, Catholic and Protestant, to vitiate the moral atmosphere and poison the soil, using the name and power of one in attack upon the other as a means of exterminating the legitimate inhabitants. The only bar to the success of this infamous criminal mission has been the noble spirit of respectable Protestantism, leading and encouraging the Catholic population to defence as best it could, legalized and armed for political ends of a ruling class in England, licensed by governmental authority to prey, even unto death, on the hapless victims whose property they coveted, or whose spirit of resistance to robbery and torment necessitated their removal. Right royally did they fulfill their mission to Ireland and the purpose of their organization, as the history of "Houses" and families like my own cruelly tells. "To hell or Connaught," quietly, quickly, without a vestige of property—or the gibbet, the ruling order of the day—and all in the name of God, just as their progeny under Balfour's lead are to-day preparing to repeat the past, so far as civilization and religious spirit and conscience, Protestant and Catholic, will permit.

ATTRACTIVE UTILITY. Their craven, cowardly souls to-day find an incentive to repetition of their fathers' crimes, which the influence of religious surroundings and advanced civilization has not been able to remove, in knowing what their past deserves of the present in retributive justice—that the blood of the innocent millions murdered by them calls to heaven for vengeance—but to heaven will I leave vengeance—and I speak for both Catholic and Protestant Ireland, for the latter has suffered in proportion to its number from this heinous "Orange" plant. As the son of a house with a bitter account against the Orangeman, and the head of a branch of the family with an Irish Protestant as well as Catholic membership, I assure even the Orangeman immunity against punishment. They may keep the ill-gotten spoils of rapine and murder. Ireland a peaceful, happy, prosperous country is what the martyrs to Orange greed and rapacity want, rather than revenge, and to day their blood stands ready in behalf of Ireland to protect equally with every other citizen of Ireland the Orange faction in "peace, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness," provided it can adopt the creed so long unknown to it of equality, justice, right, and obey the law.

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