

Byman in Honor of the Blessed English Martyrs.

(From the Month)
Flowers of the martyrs! Oh, what joy
Transports our hearts to-day!
So long we waited ere our voice
Might sing this gladsome lay:
Flowers of the martyrs! hail, all hail!
With fire and sword well tried and found
True heroes unto death,
Sailing with suffering and with blood
Our country's ancient Faith
Flowers of the martyrs! hail, all hail!
In our green dark, mid tortures rude
To fight the noble battle
With such words we deeds of love
For Jesus and for Right:
Flowers of the martyrs! hail, all hail!
Ye die for Christ and the best Faith;
How glorious was the strife!
Yet death was but the fitting close
Of a brave martyr's life:
Flowers of the martyrs! hail, all hail!
How blissful now the paths ye bore,
Your wounds how bright they shine!
How fresh the words Mary's hands
Anciently washed your feet:
Flowers of the martyrs! hail, all hail!
O blessed martyrs! in your blood
Our country's Faith shall flower,
And England shall again be crown'd
Our Lady with the crown:
Flowers of the martyrs! hail, all hail!

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.

EDMUND CAMPION, S. J.— HIS CONVERSION, MISSIONARY WORK, AND MARTYRDOM.

That God will never allow the gates of hell to prevail against His Church is a matter of faith, and that he providentially raises up new helpers and propagators of the true faith when human and diabolical ingenuity have done their best to uproot it is a matter of history, and is exemplified in the rise and rapid development of the Society of Jesus and its "kindred societies," as Prince Bismarck would say, just at a time when the revolt in Northern Europe against everything sacred had swept away so vast a number of the religious houses of ancient days. And England, which in 1539 saw the overturning of the greater monasteries, saw in the same year the birth of one who was destined hereafter to be among the leaders of the new society which St. Ignatius of Loyola was about to found.

Born, by a happy augury, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul (January 25, 1539, old style), Edmund Campion's early life was passed amid the mixed religious surroundings of the London of those days. His life at Oxford was that of so many other young men of the day. St. John's College, founded by a Catholic and with a Catholic head, was naturally one of the strongholds of the old party, and though one after another of its principals was forced on one pretext or another to quit his post, no serious attempt seems to have been made to force the fellows and students into conformity till 1564, when Sir Thomas White died. At any rate no religious test was exacted of Campion till that year, when, with the falling common "provisional acquiescence" terms which ruined the Church of England, "he took the oath of supremacy against the Pope and against his own conscience." His vanity, too, was nearly proving fatal to him. His winning ways, his ready wit, his gifted eloquence won him a large circle of friends and followers, and the Campion of Oxford imitated the admirers of St. Jerome had copied the tone and gait of their revered master. Everyone sought his friendship; every opportunity was afforded him of displaying that eloquence which charmed whoever listened to him. At the State burial of the unfortunate Amy Robsart, at the funeral of Sir Thomas White, at the visit which the queen paid to the university in 1566, it was Edmund Campion who was chosen to deliver the customary harangue. On two other occasions, at least, he had an opportunity of displaying his powers before Queen Elizabeth—once in a formal discussion in the university, when he talked much eloquent nonsense about the moon and tides, and again at Woodstock, where he delivered an impromptu discourse on fire. With the good graces of the queen and the favor of Lord Robert Dudley to rely on, the path to preferment was open to him, but the grace of God at last delivered him from the pleasant snare that was like to have wrought his ruin.

His deliverance came about in a remarkable way. Among his friends the one who exercised most influence over him was that remarkable man, the founder of the High Church School of Anglicanism, Cheney, Bishop of Gloucester. Compromised then, as now was the distinguishing mark of that peculiar variety of insular Christianity, and in spite of the conscientious scruples which he felt, Campion was induced by his plausible and learned episcopal director to frequent the services of the young Establishment, the example of Nasman in the house of Rimmon being the slender justification of this schismatical act. Having begun his downward career, the next step of poor conscience-racked Campion was to receive the Anglican discomfit at Cheney's prompting, "not thinking that the matter had been so odious and abominable as it was." Then his mental struggles began in good earnest; he threw up his exhibition, strove to quiet his soul by hard work—he was proctor in 1568-69—but all in vain. The more he read and prayed, and studied the Fathers, the deeper became his conviction that only one course was open to him, and on August 1, 1569, the Feast of St. Peter's Chains, he threw off the bondage of the heretical servitude which had hitherto kept him at Oxford, and betook himself to Dublin, where the old university founded by John XXI and Archbishop Wigmore was about to be reopened under Catholic influences. The undertaking did not prosper, and Campion, whose Catholicity was immensely strengthened by his stay in the Island of Saints, soon found it necessary to hide himself from the persecution which was gathering round him. Turvey, Dublin and Drogheda were successively the retreats of Mr. Patrick, as he called himself, out of devotion to the apostle of the country, and it was whilst "dodging the pursuivants" who were on

his track that he wrote his history of Ireland, a work which he dedicated to his old patron Dudley, now Earl of Leicester. At length he managed to get away, and had the satisfaction of seeing every body on board the vessel which was to take him from Drogheda to England searched, while he, disguised as a servant, stood by invoking St. Patrick, and by his aid, as he believed, escaping unobserved. A very brief stay in England made it clear that if he wished for peace he must proceed to the continent as soon as possible; to after being present in London at the trial of Blessed John Storey, he made his way to the coast, and was in sight of safety when he was driven back by adverse winds to the inhospitable shores of England, and was arrested at Dover. But his time had not yet come, and again escaping he reached Douai in safety, and joined the ranks of the students in Dr. Allen's seminary. All was now well with him save for one thing; the thought of that terrible Anglican deaconship of his made him miserable; it was, as he described it, "the mark of the beast, an infamous character, a profane mark of ministry." The unanimity of those early converts, as of later ones, with regard to the mockery of sacred orders in the Establishment is really remarkable. Moved by an interior call to the religious life, Edmund Campion set out Remewards, in pilgrim fashion and on foot, greatly to the astonishment of an Oxford acquaintance who met him en route, and travel-stained and foot-sore entered the Eternal City in the autumn of 1573.

And now the hopes of many wanderlings and "one of England's diamonds," as Cecil called him, did what to most of his countrymen of to-day must seem a very strange thing for a person of his beautifully frank character and varied attainments—he became a Jesuit. For six years he was busily engaged in teaching in the college of his order, working out his own sanctification by helping his neighbor in every possible way, and taking more than his due share of the menial duties of the house, washing the dishes, making his brethren in the morning, and, generally, having a very hard time of it.

Prepared by six years of this laborious life for the perils in store for him at home, he was commanded to repair to Rome to join a party of missionaries, including Father Robert Parsons, of the society, who were about to start for England. This was indeed a welcome order, and that he knew how it would end seems clear; for years before, when he was a novice at Brunn, he had been favored with a vision of the Mother of God warning him of the martyrdom in store for him, and on the eve of his leaving Prague, one of his brethren, a saintly man, Agabus-like, painted a wreath of roses and lilies over the head of the future martyr, and another, inspired by the like prophetic spirit, inscribed "P. Edmundus Campion, Martyr," over the door of his cell, a breach of discipline which procured him a severe reprimand.

From Prague to Rome, from Rome to St. Omer, carefully avoiding Paris and Douai, the missionaries made their way towards England; Father Parsons crossed first and left Father Campion and Brother Ralph, his companion, at St. Omer's to prepare the disguises necessary for their voyage home. The feast of his patron, St. John Baptist, saw them safe in England, notwithstanding the temporary arrest which seemed likely to prevent Father Campion's missionary aspirations from ever being realized. But he reached London unharmed, having been released from his momentary arrest in a way which seems little short of miraculous.

And then began his brief but untrifling work of preaching with his unrivaled power and pathos those glorious sermons which attracted vast crowds of auditors in all parts of England, and which were talked of among the Catholics of Lancashire nearly a hundred years after his death. It was not likely that the government would let him escape; but though no man was more sought for, more than a year passed before the meshes closed around him, and he was captured at Lyford, in Berkshire. The news of his capture spread dismay. One of his old pupils, Dr. Robert Turner, writing from Munich to Abbot Winzer, of the Scotch Benedictines at Ratibon, says: "I hear that fourteen have lately been arrested, and among them Campion. I hope the news is false, for Campion was England's oracle and miracle. You who knew him will agree with me; he was a second Cicero in his Latin, and an English Demosthenes. But the news was only too true, and by the time it had reached the continent Edmund Campion, 'the Pope's champion,' was being dragged to London with every circumstance of indignity which could be devised.

Then began his martyrdom. First the Tower with all its horrors, the close confinement, the chains, the rack, the inquisitorial questionings of all sorts of officials, the constant warring of heretical preachers. When asked on the day after his first racking how he felt in his hands and feet, he answered with his wanted brightness, "Not ill, because not at all." In one of his earlier writings, the dialogue between Stratocles and Eubulus, he had written, to quote Mr. Simpson's translation:

Oh! have I seen and heard and often read
The various torments and the monstrous
Which hangmen upon felons used to spend.
And now it was his fate to have to prepare to experience them in his own person. The formal mockery of a trial was gone through, and Campion, with his fellow sufferers, was charged with some trumped-up treason which deceived nobody. He had been "brought almost to the brink of death" by the terrible racking of which he had been the victim, and when told to hold up his hand in court, as the custom is, on his arraignment, he was utterly unable to obey, so one of his companions, "kissing his hand so abused for the confession of Christ, took off his cuff, and so lifted up his arm as high as he could, and pleaded not guilty as all the rest did." Some days later he was called up to receive judgment, and to the eternal disgrace of English justice the innocent man was condemned to suffer death for his imaginary treason. Condemned to die, and sent back to the Tower in heavy chains, he passed his

remaining days in constant fast and vigil and prayer, preparing for the end.

At length the day came which was to see the first of the English martyrs of the Society of Jesus receive his crown—on December 1, 1581, a day already marked in the persecution by the execution of the Venerable John Beche, O.S.B., last abbot of Colchester. A dull, wet, wintry morning saw Blessed Edmund Campion and his fellows in trial and triumph led forth from their various prisons and dragged on hurdles through the mire streets to Tyburn. Passing under the march of Newgate, the holy man by a great effort raised himself on his hurdle to salute the image of Our Lady which the iconoclasts had not yet removed from its niche in the city gate, giving thus the last public proof of his love and veneration for her whose dowry England alone had been. The end soon came; but with more regard for Blessed Campion than was often shown at that ghastly spot, the executioner was ordered to withhold his hand from the quartering till the saintly man was dead. Not Blessed Edmund's work for souls did not end on the gallows, for as the hangman was completing his disgusting task a drop of the martyr's blood spurted on to the dress of a young Protestant gentleman standing by, who moved at the same instant by divine grace, determined then and there to become a Catholic and devote himself to God's service in the Society of Jesus. He became in time the Venerable Henry Walpole, martyr for the faith.

THE CRIMES BILL DEBATE.

BRIILLANT SPEECH OF MR. T. D. SULLIVAN.

In the course of the Crimes Bill Debate in the English House of Commons the following able speech was delivered by the Lord Mayor of Dublin:

MR. SULLIVAN said.—The previous speaker (Mr. T. W. Russell) had admitted (for he could not deny it) that outrages had greatly declined in Ireland. But they were confronted with this state of circumstances—that if crime was prevalent that was a serious accusation against the Nationalist members; if crime was not prevalent, that was worse again (laughter and cheers). They had been told that the Irish National League had subjugated the country, and that it was because of that that the country was so quiet. It was a fact that thirty years ago, before the Act of Union the National League was able to supersede the law of this Parliament in Ireland, what evidence did it give with regard to the system and the condition of government that had prevailed in that country during all that time (cheers). He maintained that these outrages and these disturbances were inevitable in any country that was misgoverned, misruled, and grievously oppressed (cheers). Could they have in any part of the world such a system as that of Irish landlordism, and have peace, happiness, or contentment among the people (cheers). Could they have such a system of rule as that of Dublin Castle and have no crime or outrage in the country. Such a thing was impossible. The law, and gallant member (Colonel Saunders) said that eighty six jawbones were the weapons of the Irish National party. When it came to a question of jaw bone the hon. and gallant member should be the last man to open his mouth, for he ventured to say that in the matter of bone and of jaw the hon. and gallant member was able to hold his own with any man on this side of Old Tatersy (Oh, and laughter). If Ireland was in a state of disorder and of disturbance and of anarchy, he asked who had the ruling of the people. It was admitted and could not be denied that the people were pretty much what circumstances and what history had made them. Who had had the making of the Irish character for so many hundreds of years? Who had had the ruling of the people, and why were they now found to be disaffected (or what the Tories called disloyal), engaging in combinations regardless of the law of the land and preferring very much the law made for themselves by themselves. The ruling of Ireland had been in the hands of the British Parliament for many a long year, for 87 years since the passing of the Act of Union, and a pretty mess indeed they had made of it. Was it not time to make a change? Had not this experiment of ruling Ireland from London, ruling Ireland by the vote and decision of a majority of people who knew nothing of the country—was it not time that that experiment which had proved an utter and a disastrous failure should be given up, and that recourse should be had to another and yet untried course which there was every reason to believe would be very different and very much better result (cheers). If Coercion bills had not been tried before by all means try them, but if 86 or 87 of them had already been tried and if at the end of them all Ireland was now, in the condition in which she was represented to be, was not that fact a condemnation of the British system of rule and of their Coercion Bills? After the new Coercion Bill was passed and after its period expired what was to be the state of things in Ireland. It was alleged that by virtue of this impending Act of Parliament the Government could put a large number of Irishmen into jail. That was no new experience with the Irish people. The very centres and leaders of Irish National opinion in Ireland—a thousand of them were formally put into jail and what was England the better for it to-day? (Hear, hear). Had the heart of the Irish people been intimidated thereby? Had the spirit of the Irish race been suppressed? Had the desire for Irish National independence been extinguished? Not a bit of it (cheers). By the Government's own showing the condition of Ireland to-day was, according to this point of view, as bad and as barren as ever it was. These circumstances showed a condemnation of the system of rule, rather of grievous misrule and hateful oppression, inflicted upon that country so long by the dominant power of Great Britain (hear, hear). He denied that there was anarchy in Ireland (cheers). He denied that the moral condition of the country was inferior to that of any other country on the face of the earth. He did not wish to go into unpleasant or invidious comparisons, but he challenged comparison between England and Ireland with regard to all crime and all offences outside the

range of political and agrarian matters (hear, hear). There was a good deal that was disturbed, unsatisfactory, and unpleasant in regard to those things, but the explanation was to be found in the state of agrarian and political legislation (cheers). He had had frequent references in that house to the Ten Commandments. Any references to the Ten Commandments were usually cheered to the echo by the virtuous Tory party (laughter), but taking the Ten Commandments all round (cheers and laughter), he asserted that they were as well observed in Ireland as they were in England (cheers and laughter). They were as well observed by the peasants, and laborers, and the farmers of Ireland as they were by the Tory aristocrats and the creme de la creme of the English aristocracy. The Tory party liked to take their Ten Commandments with a certain abatement (laughter)—with quite as large a reduction as the Irish tenant demanded off his rack-rent (cheers and renewed laughter). Evidence of that could be seen in London day after day, and night after night—evidence of which they could read in the newspapers every day of the year, and these splendid gentlemen who choose to relieve themselves of a very considerable degree of the latter half of the Ten Commandments cheered every reference to the Decalogue as if hon. gentlemen on that side of the house were to be silenced thereby (cheers). On the behalf of his countrymen, and of those who represented them, he challenged the highly moral and exceedingly virtuous Tory party with respect to the Ten Commandments in making them all round (cheers). In the eyes of the Government anarchy consisted in the non-payment of rents, and in the payment of rack-rents they found the whole Law and the Prophets. If the Irish people only paid rack-rents they might do anything else they pleased, but by not paying them they were denounced as worse than the publican and the heathen. He considered it the right and the duty of the Irish people to resist the payment of these infamous exactions (cheers). The men who tried to extort those rents from the Irish tenants ought to remember one at least of the Ten Commandments, which told them, "Thou shalt not steal" (cheers). What had they been doing in Ireland for ages but stealing and plundering from the hardworking, the laborious, and the industrious classes of the country, and living in ease and luxury upon money they had never earned, by exacting rents upon land which they were pleased to call their own? At the very best the landlords were only the part owners of the soil of Ireland. Many of them had had their few simple paid ten times over, and had rented the people upon their own improvements. They had confiscated these improvements, and he was justified in calling them thieves and robbers. What sort of persons were these Irish landlords who were perpetually appealing to the house against the tenant farmers of the country? In no country—except, perhaps, in Turkey—had there been so worthless and so vicious and so bad a class as the Irish landlords (cheers). In England the country gentlemen held a certain position and fulfilled certain duties. In Ireland they were simply an affliction and a burden upon the people (cheers)—they did the people no service, they set them no good example. The Times, writing some years ago, made use of the following memorable words:—

It is no earthly use to go on abusing the Irish landlords. Their name stinks already to the ends of the earth. We must get well on forever on the vices of tigers and wolves as to be saying every day what we think of a class who for selfishness and cruelty has no parallel, and never had a parallel, in the civilized world. (Loud cheers and laughter). Those words were not published in an Irish Nationalist paper. They did not come from the Nation. They did not come from any organ of sedition and disaffection. They came from the Times newspaper, and he hoped would be treated accordingly.

AN HON. MEMBER.—What date?
THE LORD MAYOR.—It was some time in 1852 (much laughter). But he had yet to learn that the character of these gentlemen had beneficially changed since (hear, hear). The lord mayor had changed his spot, and the character of the landlord class to-day was what it was then, save in so far as their power of cruelty and mischief had been restrained by the strong hand of the British Parliament (cheers). He would give the house a more modern quotation—it came from a not unimpeachable source, being an extract from an article published in the Contemporary Review in January, 1882, and written by Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. The allegation of the writer was that the landlords were a most worthless, idle, and uneducated class, and gave the following illustration—

An old M. P., who resides now in Dublin, revisited sometime ago the county which he had represented in Parliament, and upon going into the country club, an exceedingly Tory club, saw on the table the Pall Mall Gazette. As the paper had passed for more than six months into the hands of Mr. Morley as editor, and was producing almost daily his well known articles on the Irish Land Question, my friend asked some members present how it was that they still took in the Pall Mall Gazette? They answered, of course, why not? It is the best and ablest Conservative paper (laughter), it always expresses our views precisely (renewed laughter). He asked them had they observed anything odd about it lately? Had they read the articles on the Land Question? They said they had, but had noticed nothing strange (laughter). At last one man said, all for the sake of appearing more shrewd on the question than any of the others. I did this, now that you mention it, I find this was something odd about some of the articles I read lately, but of course as it was the Pall Mall Gazette I knew it was all right. (Cheers and laughter). The professor then stated that these people really had no idea beyond fox hunting sports and idleness, and seemed to think education a superfluous and unnecessary. He said—How often when I have been urging on parents the necessity of sending a boy to school have I heard the fatal formula "Oh, he doesn't require to go," expressed in a tone of assumed modesty, and if I had

made a social blunder by presuming that the boy was like most of us obliged to work for a living. "What does he want with education?" said an old lady to me once. The same connection "isn't he a fine handsome boy?" "and can't I keep him till he grows up? Then he will go over to England and perhaps some rich lady will thrice herself to him."

(Roars of laughter). That was the class of gentlemen for whose benefit England was helping Ireland in suffering, in misery, in discontent (cheers). These constituted the loyal minority in Ireland. By going on in the same way England might always have a loyal minority in Ireland, but she would never have a loyal majority (cheers). It would pay England better, and it would be holier for all purposes and for every righteous consideration, if the majority in Ireland should at last have a taste of freedom and of righteousness even though the loyal minority might consider themselves greatly outraged thereby. The bill that was to be brought before the house might be the result of imprisoning many a brave and honest man in Ireland who could easily be made out a criminal under the provisions of the act. But he asked the hon. gentleman to bear in mind this practical consideration—Will it pay to help them to recover their rents? (Hear, hear). He said it would not (hear, hear), but it would create exasperation and suffering; it would excite feelings of vengeance in the minds of many a cruelly wronged man, and the landlords of Ireland would be no nearer to their rack-rents in the end (hear, hear). Whenever an Irish member gave utterance to words of warning honestly spoken; whenever an Irish member said to the Government "Don't have recourse to this cruel and oppressive legislation, because the inevitable consequence will be disturbances and outrage and crime," he was immediately charged with suggesting and inciting these disturbing else they pleased, but by not paying them they were denounced as worse than the publican and the heathen. He considered it the right and the duty of the Irish people to resist the payment of these infamous exactions (cheers). The men who tried to extort those rents from the Irish tenants ought to remember one at least of the Ten Commandments, which told them, "Thou shalt not steal" (cheers). What had they been doing in Ireland for ages but stealing and plundering from the hardworking, the laborious, and the industrious classes of the country, and living in ease and luxury upon money they had never earned, by exacting rents upon land which they were pleased to call their own? At the very best the landlords were only the part owners of the soil of Ireland. Many of them had had their few simple paid ten times over, and had rented the people upon their own improvements. They had confiscated these improvements, and he was justified in calling them thieves and robbers. What sort of persons were these Irish landlords who were perpetually appealing to the house against the tenant farmers of the country? In no country—except, perhaps, in Turkey—had there been so worthless and so vicious and so bad a class as the Irish landlords (cheers). In England the country gentlemen held a certain position and fulfilled certain duties. In Ireland they were simply an affliction and a burden upon the people (cheers)—they did the people no service, they set them no good example. The Times, writing some years ago, made use of the following memorable words:—

It is no earthly use to go on abusing the Irish landlords. Their name stinks already to the ends of the earth. We must get well on forever on the vices of tigers and wolves as to be saying every day what we think of a class who for selfishness and cruelty has no parallel, and never had a parallel, in the civilized world. (Loud cheers and laughter). Those words were not published in an Irish Nationalist paper. They did not come from the Nation. They did not come from any organ of sedition and disaffection. They came from the Times newspaper, and he hoped would be treated accordingly.

AN HON. MEMBER.—What date?
THE LORD MAYOR.—It was some time in 1852 (much laughter). But he had yet to learn that the character of these gentlemen had beneficially changed since (hear, hear). The lord mayor had changed his spot, and the character of the landlord class to-day was what it was then, save in so far as their power of cruelty and mischief had been restrained by the strong hand of the British Parliament (cheers). He would give the house a more modern quotation—it came from a not unimpeachable source, being an extract from an article published in the Contemporary Review in January, 1882, and written by Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. The allegation of the writer was that the landlords were a most worthless, idle, and uneducated class, and gave the following illustration—

An old M. P., who resides now in Dublin, revisited sometime ago the county which he had represented in Parliament, and upon going into the country club, an exceedingly Tory club, saw on the table the Pall Mall Gazette. As the paper had passed for more than six months into the hands of Mr. Morley as editor, and was producing almost daily his well known articles on the Irish Land Question, my friend asked some members present how it was that they still took in the Pall Mall Gazette? They answered, of course, why not? It is the best and ablest Conservative paper (laughter), it always expresses our views precisely (renewed laughter). He asked them had they observed anything odd about it lately? Had they read the articles on the Land Question? They said they had, but had noticed nothing strange (laughter). At last one man said, all for the sake of appearing more shrewd on the question than any of the others. I did this, now that you mention it, I find this was something odd about some of the articles I read lately, but of course as it was the Pall Mall Gazette I knew it was all right. (Cheers and laughter). The professor then stated that these people really had no idea beyond fox hunting sports and idleness, and seemed to think education a superfluous and unnecessary. He said—How often when I have been urging on parents the necessity of sending a boy to school have I heard the fatal formula "Oh, he doesn't require to go," expressed in a tone of assumed modesty, and if I had

made a social blunder by presuming that the boy was like most of us obliged to work for a living. "What does he want with education?" said an old lady to me once. The same connection "isn't he a fine handsome boy?" "and can't I keep him till he grows up? Then he will go over to England and perhaps some rich lady will thrice herself to him."

(Roars of laughter). That was the class of gentlemen for whose benefit England was helping Ireland in suffering, in misery, in discontent (cheers). These constituted the loyal minority in Ireland. By going on in the same way England might always have a loyal minority in Ireland, but she would never have a loyal majority (cheers). It would pay England better, and it would be holier for all purposes and for every righteous consideration, if the majority in Ireland should at last have a taste of freedom and of righteousness even though the loyal minority might consider themselves greatly outraged thereby. The bill that was to be brought before the house might be the result of imprisoning many a brave and honest man in Ireland who could easily be made out a criminal under the provisions of the act. But he asked the hon. gentleman to bear in mind this practical consideration—Will it pay to help them to recover their rents? (Hear, hear). He said it would not (hear, hear), but it would create exasperation and suffering; it would excite feelings of vengeance in the minds of many a cruelly wronged man, and the landlords of Ireland would be no nearer to their rack-rents in the end (hear, hear). Whenever an Irish member gave utterance to words of warning honestly spoken; whenever an Irish member said to the Government "Don't have recourse to this cruel and oppressive legislation, because the inevitable consequence will be disturbances and outrage and crime," he was immediately charged with suggesting and inciting these disturbing else they pleased, but by not paying them they were denounced as worse than the publican and the heathen. He considered it the right and the duty of the Irish people to resist the payment of these infamous exactions (cheers). The men who tried to extort those rents from the Irish tenants ought to remember one at least of the Ten Commandments, which told them, "Thou shalt not steal" (cheers). What had they been doing in Ireland for ages but stealing and plundering from the hardworking, the laborious, and the industrious classes of the country, and living in ease and luxury upon money they had never earned, by exacting rents upon land which they were pleased to call their own? At the very best the landlords were only the part owners of the soil of Ireland. Many of them had had their few simple paid ten times over, and had rented the people upon their own improvements. They had confiscated these improvements, and he was justified in calling them thieves and robbers. What sort of persons were these Irish landlords who were perpetually appealing to the house against the tenant farmers of the country? In no country—except, perhaps, in Turkey—had there been so worthless and so vicious and so bad a class as the Irish landlords (cheers). In England the country gentlemen held a certain position and fulfilled certain duties. In Ireland they were simply an affliction and a burden upon the people (cheers)—they did the people no service, they set them no good example. The Times, writing some years ago, made use of the following memorable words:—

It is no earthly use to go on abusing the Irish landlords. Their name stinks already to the ends of the earth. We must get well on forever on the vices of tigers and wolves as to be saying every day what we think of a class who for selfishness and cruelty has no parallel, and never had a parallel, in the civilized world. (Loud cheers and laughter). Those words were not published in an Irish Nationalist paper. They did not come from the Nation. They did not come from any organ of sedition and disaffection. They came from the Times newspaper, and he hoped would be treated accordingly.

AN HON. MEMBER.—What date?
THE LORD MAYOR.—It was some time in 1852 (much laughter). But he had yet to learn that the character of these gentlemen had beneficially changed since (hear, hear). The lord mayor had changed his spot, and the character of the landlord class to-day was what it was then, save in so far as their power of cruelty and mischief had been restrained by the strong hand of the British Parliament (cheers). He would give the house a more modern quotation—it came from a not unimpeachable source, being an extract from an article published in the Contemporary Review in January, 1882, and written by Professor Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin. The allegation of the writer was that the landlords were a most worthless, idle, and uneducated class, and gave the following illustration—

An old M. P., who resides now in Dublin, revisited sometime ago the county which he had represented in Parliament, and upon going into the country club, an exceedingly Tory club, saw on the table the Pall Mall Gazette. As the paper had passed for more than six months into the hands of Mr. Morley as editor, and was producing almost daily his well known articles on the Irish Land Question, my friend asked some members present how it was that they still took in the Pall Mall Gazette? They answered, of course, why not? It is the best and ablest Conservative paper (laughter), it always expresses our views precisely (renewed laughter). He asked them had they observed anything odd about it lately? Had they read the articles on the Land Question? They said they had, but had noticed nothing strange (laughter). At last one man said, all for the sake of appearing more shrewd on the question than any of the others. I did this, now that you mention it, I find this was something odd about some of the articles I read lately, but of course as it was the Pall Mall Gazette I knew it was all right. (Cheers and laughter). The professor then stated that these people really had no idea beyond fox hunting sports and idleness, and seemed to think education a superfluous and unnecessary. He said—How often when I have been urging on parents the necessity of sending a boy to school have I heard the fatal formula "Oh, he doesn't require to go," expressed in a tone of assumed modesty, and if I had

made a social blunder by presuming that the boy was like most of us obliged to work for a living. "What does he want with education?" said an old lady to me once. The same connection "isn't he a fine handsome boy?" "and can't I keep him till he grows up? Then he will go over to England and perhaps some rich lady will thrice herself to him."

(Roars of laughter). That was the class of gentlemen for whose benefit England was helping Ireland in suffering, in misery, in discontent (cheers). These constituted the loyal minority in Ireland. By going on in the same way England might always have a loyal minority in Ireland, but she would never have a loyal majority (cheers). It would pay England better, and it would be holier for all purposes and for every righteous consideration, if the majority in Ireland should at last have a taste of freedom and of righteousness even though the loyal minority might consider themselves greatly outraged thereby. The bill that was to be brought before the house might be the result of imprisoning many a brave and honest man in Ireland who could easily be made out a criminal under the provisions of the act. But he asked the hon. gentleman to bear in mind this practical consideration—Will it pay to help them to recover their rents? (Hear, hear). He said it would not (hear, hear), but it would create exasperation and suffering; it would excite feelings of vengeance in the minds of many a cruelly wronged man, and the landlords of Ireland would be no nearer to their rack-rents in the end (hear, hear). Whenever an Irish member gave utterance to words of warning honestly spoken; whenever an Irish member said to the Government "Don't have recourse to this cruel and oppressive legislation, because the inevitable consequence will be disturbances and outrage and crime," he was immediately charged with suggesting and inciting these disturbing else they pleased, but by not paying them they were denounced as worse than the publican and the heathen. He considered it the right and the duty of the Irish people to resist the payment of these infamous exactions (cheers). The men who tried to extort those rents from the Irish tenants ought to remember one at least of the Ten Commandments, which told them, "Thou shalt not steal" (cheers). What had they been doing in Ireland for ages but stealing and plundering from the hardworking, the laborious, and the industrious classes of the country, and living in ease and luxury upon money they had never earned, by exacting rents upon land which they were pleased to call their own? At the very best the landlords were only the part owners of the soil of Ireland. Many of them had had their few simple paid ten times over, and had rented the people upon their own improvements. They had confiscated these improvements, and he was justified in calling them thieves and robbers. What sort of persons were these Irish landlords who were perpetually appealing to the house against the tenant farmers of the country? In no country—except, perhaps, in Turkey—had there been so worthless and so vicious and so bad a class as the Irish landlords (cheers). In England the country gentlemen held a certain position and fulfilled certain duties. In Ireland they were simply an affliction and a burden upon the people (cheers)—they did the people no service, they set them no good example. The Times, writing some years ago, made use of the following memorable words:—

It is no earthly use to go on abusing the Irish landlords. Their name stinks already to the ends of the earth. We must get well on forever on the vices of tigers and wolves as to be saying every day what we think of a class who for selfishness and cruelty has no parallel, and never had a parallel, in the civilized world. (Loud cheers and laughter). Those words were not published in an Irish Nationalist paper. They did not come from the Nation. They did not come from any organ of sedition and disaffection. They came from the Times newspaper, and he hoped would be treated accordingly.

of Campaign had been cruelly censured in that house. His own opinion was that under circumstances of so much oppression and wrong there never was in any part of the world a public movement conducted with so little crime (hear, hear from the Opposition benches). They did not deny that there had been crimes—lamentable and disgraceful crimes—arising out of this unfortunate condition of things in Ireland; but it was impossible that such a condition of things could exist in any part of the world without crime (hear, hear). His hope and his desire was that they might be near the end of that unhappy condition of things. The way to put an end to it was not by Crimes Acts—not by meddling and peddling with the land question—it was by the saving and healing measure of Home Rule (Opposition cheers). He had no doubt whatever that the mind of England was coming round to that view of the case. He believed in the words of the right hon. gentleman the member of Midlothian, that the flowing tide was with them. There might be little signs of it just now in that house, but the fact was there nevertheless; and in that connection he was reminded of the words of one of their English poets, Arthur Hugh Clough—

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem e'er no painful toil to gain,
Far off, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

(Loud Irish and Opposition cheers.) He believed that the flood was rising, and that the two nations would soon be surrounded by a sea of peace and happiness and contentment (renewed cheers).

HOW TO REACH THE MASSES AND MAKE KNOWN TO THEM CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

Church Progress.
Some time since we advocated the necessity of some practical method of reaching the masses of the American people by lectures and discourses on the principles of Catholicity. It is too soon for the authorities of our Church to settle down to mere pastoral duties, while these exist around us an extensive field for active missionary duty. Our convictions, as to the necessity of education of the minds of the people in our doctrines and of having missionaries go and preach everywhere they can command an audience, are being strengthened by the fact that we have received letters from converts who tell us, their Catholic convictions dated from the time they first heard the true explanation of Catholic doctrine from Catholic lips.

We send missionaries to far off lands, our Fathers are to be found amidst the savage hordes of Africa and the islands of the great sea; they carry the tidings of redemption to the Indian wigwam and savage desert, with much tell and tribulation, but we believe a more profitable (spiritual and temporal) mission could be engaged in, among the people around us in city and country, and whose minds are at sea on account of the deplorable condition of Protestant Christianity. There are noble religious minds in every community thirsting for religious convictions which they vainly strive for amidst the confusion of Protestant beliefs, but the more they seek, the more they are convinced of the inadequacy of Protestantism to satisfy the religious aspirations of their hearts. Every city and town throughout the land is full of men and women, made religious wrecks by reading the Bible and by their unaided reason trying to manufacture a religion for themselves. The fundamental principles of Christianity they believe, but are unable to put their belief in practice through want of a responsible authoritative teacher, which no Protestant denomination can afford, nor indeed, do any of them claim to teach with any higher authority than is due to education over the non-educated.

We are convinced if our Church authorities would delegate special missionaries for the conversion of our civilized brethren, who already believe in God but not in His religion, whose minds are capable of grasping truth when heard, great good would result and thousands of those who are now in gross ignorance of Catholic teaching would bless the day that such a movement was inaugurated.

It is not the province of new papers to advocate or inaugurate a movement of this kind, but we feel that by giving expression to our feelings in this matter we may call forth the opinions of more thoroughly informed writers and by comparison of causes for and against the utility of such a missionary field, we may be able to acknowledge our theories, either inopportune or very opportune.

In the mission opened in Chicago under the guidance of Archbishop Feehan, for the benefit of the street Arabs of the city, we see the nucleus of the theories advanced by us. If children can be benefited by going outside our Churches and preaching the gospel to them, why not also, men and women who are as destitute of religion as the children referred to.

CATHOLIC PAPERS.

Bishop Cosgrave, of Davenport, Iowa, speaking of Catholic papers, says:—
We find that about one Catholic in forty is a subscriber to one of them; we find the combined circulation of all the Catholic papers of the country to be less than that of some single issue of the Police Gazette; we find it by thousands than that of the journal published by another single establishment, the Methodist Book Concern. Protestant exchanges charge that our people are ignorant, that they lack intelligence, and usually they have decidedly the best of the argument, for the facts are very stern and hard to face.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR.—
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.