

master who is ready to trip up the weak, but a friend who, while he applauds the success and rewards the good intention, still is lenient to the fault and looks kindly on the mistake.

The people of other faiths will miss him, though they cannot feel towards him as we do. Yet they saw he was the good citizen who loved his country; believed that it has a great mission among the nations of the earth of diffusing a higher happiness and a larger liberty among all classes. They saw that he was a tower of strength for good order in the community, they saw that this influence was beyond that maybe of any other single man in the community, for not only was he by his position an extensive property-holder, but he had spiritual power which made for high principle, for decency in social relations, for honesty in commercial dealings, which made strong the very foundations of society. To be expected, then, was that outburst of public sorrow manifested at his obsequies a month ago. It was a spontaneous and touching tribute to the elevated character and personal worth of the deceased prelate whom we mourn to-day.

Though his days have been cut off and his spirit fled from the tenement of clay, and no more will we see his kindly presence among us, still his memory will remain green in our hearts. The remembrance of his upright Christian life will be a strong tower against the evil day. Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the word of God, whose faith follow.

Now one word and I am done. Let us not forget him at the throne of justice. Faults that may appear trivial in an ordinary Christian, the fierce white light that beats on the episcopal chair may reveal many a defect to the all-piercing eye of God. A Bishop's responsibility is very great; and though God gives him abundant graces, still He demands a strict account of his stewardship, even to the last farthing. It will be far easier for Tyre and Sidon on that great day than for him. Let us all, priests and people, pray that no evil power may stay his upward flight, and that God will grant unto him a seat of light and refreshment in the many mansions of our Father's house.

APPEALS TO THE CIVIL POWER.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

I observe that the Protestant pastors are out again in arms and on the war tramp and path, determined *a la Don Quixotte* to fight and empty certain houses, and as their burning eloquence and fiery appeals cannot change the hearts and inclinations of their congregations they have resolved to appeal to the policeman's *baton* to break heads and doors. If they confined themselves to their pulpits and meeting houses, and use whatever moral influence they may have, no one could find fault, but the idea of attempting to rehearse the foolish and cranky enterprise of their New York pastor prototype is perfectly ridiculous and absurd—they would only succeed in emptying certain houses and filling others—the evil would remain. They may wish to show to the outside world their zeal for morality, public and private, but they would only manifest how utterly powerless they are, by their very acts, to stay the overflowing immoral tide invading their territory. They are not satisfied with attempting the moral reform of their own Protestant population, but they are going it wholesale; they englobe the whole city in their incendiary zeal, Catholics, Protestants and Jews. Now, we Catholics request them to mind their own business, as we are quite able to attend to our own. As to purity and morality, we have enough to supply their deficiency in that respect. If one of our priests falls away, carried by the currents which they attempt to dam, we know very well we can always find him in the ministerial camp, with a woman *in plus*.

The recourse to the civil authority to enforce their preachings shows that the spirit of their predecessors, the so-called Reformers, but more properly styled Deformers—overshadows them, for if the fathers called in the soldiers, gendarmes and executioners to enforce and impose their new tenets, the sons are ever calling on the policemen to carry out their foolish ideas. J. A. J.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

ARRAN ISLES, CO. GALWAY.

An Appalling Condition of Affairs—Famine and Misery Abroad—A Touching Letter.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—The appalling condition of the homeless and the starving on the Arran Isles compels me to appeal to the charity of your readers for assistance. The good and kind public have often relieved Arran in the past, and a sense of gratitude for the kindness received would keep us from appealing to the same source again, but the government of the day callously denied us anything, and the pale-faced people are fainting with hunger. They are in distress through no fault of their own. The beautiful summer which produced such abundant crops in the country parched up and scorched the light sandy soil that scarcely covers the limestone bed in Arran. As a natural consequence the seed decayed in the ground and no crops grew. The potato was a complete failure—either not worth the labor of digging, or did not come above the ground at all.

Here is an instance that is typical of last year's crop on these islands: In the Middle Island a man named Patrick McDonogh, in whose house I sleep when I go there, has a garden in which he sowed seven stone of potatoes. When he dug out the crop last October the whole produce was less than nine stone. When a part of these were ready to go on the fire to be boiled, I myself put my hands into it, and such was the size of the potatoes that I took up forty-three between my hands! Yet in response to our repeated appeals for seed potatoes this spring, in order to prevent another famine next year, Mr. Morley, from whom we thought we might expect consideration, coldly replied that Her Majesty's government had no funds for such purposes, and that an inspector from the Local Government Board reported the distress not general in Arran.

Now I make the following statement, and I challenge any board or government to contradict it: That the average crops on the Middle and South Islands were no better than the crop on Mr. McDonogh's garden, and that on the North Island, up till the first of the present month, the ridges where potatoes were sown remained untouched because nothing grew in them.

Yet, on the 3rd of April, a steamer came here carrying a large force of police, the agent, the sheriff, and these cruel creatures called emergency men, to evict the starving Islanders because they could not pay rent for the land by which they lost their scanty seed and many a hard day's toil.

It was not enough that these poor people should have worked at the land from morning till night, that they should have curtailed their children's meals in order to spare the seed, that their labor and their seed should be fruitless, and their children starving; it was necessary that they should get the rent for the landlord or go out from the homes where their fathers and grandfathers lived before them.

The hungry poor had not rent to give. The cruel alternative was resorted to; and as I write 130 of the destitute poor of the Arran Isles have no roof they can call their own save the canopy of Heaven.

I followed the evictors as they went along from house to house. The scenes I saw I cannot describe, though they are graven on my heart and always before my mind. I saw the scanty furniture torn asunder; I saw the pot of nettles lifted off the fire and left out on the stones; I saw the squalid bedclothes trodden under foot; I saw the heartless evictors laugh at the rags of poverty; I saw the widow and seven orphans waiting for their home; I saw the aged couple bent with the toils and hardships of eighty-four winters assisted out the door; I saw the mother refused the use of the pigsty as a shelter for her children; I saw the old man, who is fourteen years an invalid, laid on his wisp out in the open air; I saw the boy who is stone blind cast out on the trackless hillside, and I saw the infant I baptized last January out in its cradle on the rocks. The sight was pitiful to behold, the mother and six children sobbing around the cradle while the infant smiled towards heaven. Such is the sad condition of things in these remote islands.

The crisis has not come suddenly. It

is not the growth of a week or a month or two months. The late parish priest, early in February, called the attention of Mr. Morley and his local government board to the distress then existing and every day increasing among his people.

Numerous letters passed between himself and Mr. Morley's officials; there was nothing remarkable in the replies he received except that every one of them ended by saying: "The matter is having attention." He went to Dublin Castle to press their claims for seed potatoes, but his appeals were treated with such callous indifference that he returned home broken down with grief and disappointment, and died shortly after on a mission of charity for his starving flock. After he had spent nine days asking and entreating at the Castle he telegraphed the following message to Mr. Morley to London: "Respectfully and most urgently ask if seed potatoes and work be given to relieve my poor people of the Arran Islands. I have to leave Dublin to-morrow."

A week elapsed and no reply. He then telegraphed to Mr. Morley again: "Telegraphed Wednesday from Dublin urgently asking relief; appeal unanswered; contemptuously disregarded; expected better treatment from Mr. Morley on my return to parish. I find distress steadily increasing."

To this the Chief Secretary sent the following reply: "Local Government Board have adopted all the necessary precautions for dealing with any unexpected emergency." This reply, translated into plain English, means: "The poor house is open for your poor people of Arran."

Hence it is, dear sir, when the government has spurned our petitions, when starvation is painted on the pale lank cheeks of our people, when the widow and the orphan, the sick and the blind, the feeble old and the tender young are out in the cold, that I am forced earnestly and urgently to appeal to the charitable public for relief. Fancy 12 human beings huddled together in a little cabin 88 inches wide by 138 inches in length. I have seen them to-day and have measured the cabin; they have not a morsel to eat or a penny to buy it, and yet they were evicted for non-payment of rent. Oh cruel, heartless land agent, this night is cold and rough and wet, and there is many a man, woman and child in Arran that has not a supper to eat, a fire to look at, or a bed to sleep on.

It is heartrending to see the little children sitting where a fire used to be and crying for something to eat, to see the infant carried away to be warmed at the neighbor's fire, to see the mother dying of starvation and her little ones stretched around her, to see the death chamber without a fire, without a bed except a bundle of last year's fern, dried and rotten on the damp floor, without bedclothes and without a chair, but a few stones taken in off the wall.

It is pitiful to see these sights every day and to be forced to turn away one's eyes from God's little ones, because they have not enough clothes to cover their bodies.

It is for them I appeal to the charitable public. I ask them, in charity's name, for God's sake to send me something and to send it quickly.

MICHAEL McDONALD, C. C.

April 24th, 1894.

THREE WANTS.

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Live in three words, health, peace, and competence."

So says the poet. Competence counts for little when one is sick, and peace is disturbed when health is upset, so that the poet rightly places health first. To have good health you must have pure blood. From the blood the system receives all its material of growth and repair. The best blood-purifier is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is world-famed and sold everywhere. It is a sovereign remedy for all diseases due to impoverished or impure blood, as consumption, bronchitis, weak lungs, scrofula, old sores, skin diseases, and kindred ailments.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise, sent securely sealed in plain envelope. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

IRISHMEN AND THE A. P. A.

AN APPEAL TO THEM TO DEFEAT ITS OBJECTS.

NEW YORK, May 10.—The ancient order of Hibernian's Board of Erin branch is continuing its convention here in Tammany Hall, last evening was given to a debate over the question of amalgamation with the American branch of the order at present holding a convention at Omaha, Neb. It was a heated discussion, vindictive feelings were let loose, and accusations of their rivals were cast around in Donnybrook style by a minority of the delegates. But a majority seemed in favor of amalgamation. A letter from the Parent Board of Erin in Ireland, counselling unity, was read. It advised a determined effort of all "Catholic Irishmen" to defeat the objects of the A. P. A. It was mentioned that the A. P. A. had an enrolled membership of 1,500,000, which was increasing at the rate of 10,000 a week, and that if Roman Catholic Irishmen were to have any voice in the country there must be union in the ranks. Mr. Dolan and Delegate Patrick McCann remarked that no member of any organization under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church could join the Board of Erin. They declined to say whether members of the Clan-Na-Gael or Irish revolutionary brotherhood were eligible.

LYNCH LAW STATISTICS.

The following interesting letter appeared in Saturday's Gazette; it is timely and conveys some very startling information:—

SIR,—In your paper of to-day (Friday) there are some remarks about the frequency of lynching in the United States. There is nothing that is so disgraceful to the States; it shows a weak and corrupt administration of justice. Mob law and lynch law rule only in countries where the official administration of justice is worthless. I have, during the past five years, noted the statistics on the above subject, and I give them, as they may prove interesting. They are taken latterly from the Chicago Tribune. Formerly these figures could be found in American Almanacs, but of late years they have ceased to publish them. It is to be hoped they are beginning to feel some touch of shame:

Year.	Murders.	Executions.	Lynchings.
1888.....	1,517	93	118
1889.....	3,667	98	175
1890.....	4,200	102	128
1891.....	5,906	123	195
1892.....	6,791	107	236
1893.....	6,615	126	200

The figures for 1889, '90 and '91 are published in the World Almanac.

The above shows a state of things that should rouse any decent community to action; but the Americans seem to have no sense of shame on this subject.

The main reason why I call attention to these particulars is that we may see how much better our condition is than theirs; and it is better simply because we enjoy the inestimable boon of the administration of justice after the British fashion. Where justice is administered by elected judges, sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys, elected on a basis of universal suffrage, as in the States, you have the ridiculous travesty of justice that the above figures show. Lynching is unknown in Canada, because justice is well administered. When people advise our annexation to the States we should remember these facts, and treat such advisers as either knaves or fools. G. C. C.

REMOVING.

English, American and Canadian Wall Paper of all Styles and Descriptions.

75,000 pieces directly imported from manufacturers; prices not to be compared with others; every pattern the latest, at his new "Depot de Tapisserie," on the first flat. A visit is respectfully requested by

J. G. GRATTON,

1588 St. Catherine Street.

(Formerly S. Lachance's drug store) 35 17

He will never go to heaven who is content to go alone.

How sweet it is to suffer in doing God's will.—St. Teresa.