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Written for the Pilot. Andremeda.

held the Wrong, and to who belied her, make femied her, Ye left her there alone!

iful, they left thee in thy peril and e' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of Across the western main.

O Ireland ! O my country ! he comes to breathy chain ! JAMES JEFFE BY ROCHE.

JIMMY SLOAN'S COURT.

Mr. Samuel Woodworth Cozzens author of "The Marvelous Country," gives the following characteristic sketch of Western life years ago, and which might even now apply to some justices whose "coorts" are not

in the country:
"Riding the Circuit"in early times in the South and West, was a favorite method of practicing law, with thoso whose services were in demand as counsel.

Generally half a dozen or more of the prominent lawyers residing in a circuit would accompany the Judge from county to county, trying the cases that had been brought and prepared by the local attorneys. These trips were generally made in company, upon horseback, and frequently gave rise to many pleasant

The practice was often enlivened by incidents that bordered upon the ludicrous, although it not unfrequently happened that they afforded either amusement nor profit for counsel or client.

To relate some of the personal experiences that occurred during a practice of the law upon the Western frontier from 1850 to 1857 is the object of the following sketches:

The incident narrated occurred twenty one years ago, more or less, when the now well-known city of Council Bluffs was "winter quarters" for a little band of Mormon emigrants, who had selected the "Great Gulch" for their encampment because it afforded them a partial protection from the rude blasts of the winter that had overtaken them on their journey to the "City of Saints."

forming a little settlement that should serve as a kind of "half-way house" to their brethren and sister in the faith, where they might tarry in their long and tedious journeying along the plains.

First among the number who determined to remain behind was one James Sloan, or as he was familiarly called, "Jimmy Sloan."

Now Jimmy was not only an Irishman and a firm believer in the Book of Mormon, but he possessed much of the native shrewdness and cunning of his race, as well as a great deal of obstinacy, an unlimited quantity of brass, and an inordinate amount of self-esteem, combined with a little learning.

him considerable prominence in the new settlement, and no one was surprised when upon the organization of Pottawattamie county, he was found to have been duly elected to the office of County Judge.

Being firmly impressed with his

own importance, he of course greatly der me" sort magnified the powers conferred upon this squelcher. him by his office, nor did he ever lose an opportunity to impress upon others the fact that, in his own opinion, at least, he was of vital importance to the future welfare of the "graat State ov Iowee," and woe to the man who should presume to dare to differ from him on the subject, for Jemmy would then and there pronounce him guilty of "con-timpt" and inflict upon him a fine which in no case was he over known to abate.

Myself a young man, whom love of adventure perhaps as much as anything else had induced to "go west," in the winter of 185- found me in company with a few choice spirits domiciled in a log cabin known as "No. 6." upon the site of what is now the beautiful city of Omaha, in

It was during this winter that I one day received a most urgent request to go over to Council Bluffs and defend a poor fellow who had been arrested and was to be tried for the crime of larceny before Jimmy Sloan.

Notwithstanding my experience at the bar had been somewhat limited, and the prospect for a heavy fee was at the least extremely doubtful. the .norning of the day of trial found me mounted on a pair of snow shoes and floundering over the deep drifts on my way to the little log cabin where justice was supposed to be enshrined in the person of Judge

Upon entering the room in which the court was held I found it to be quite impossible for me to distinguish one object from another, so great was the contrast between the dingy little inside and the beautiful white of the snow-covered ground modestly my desire for a jury.

upon the outside, which was rendered painfully dezzling by the bright light of a December sun, which was shin-

ing in all its glory.

Pausing by the side of the huge box stove, over which I had nearly fallen headlong upon entering the room, I was vainly endeavoring to distinguish some of my surroundings, when I was startled at hearing the deep, sepulchral tones of a man's voice, issuing from a distant portion of the impenetrable haze that sur-rounded me, saying: "Pris'ner, are yez riddy for

thrial?

Never supposing for a single instant that the question concerned me in the slightest manner, I continued warming my feet by the stove, vaguely speculating what I should find in the room after recovering the use of my eyes, without paying the slightest attention to the question, which was immediately repeated, if possible with greater unction than before.

Just at this moment A. C. Ford,

Hsq., a prominent member of the that time, and one of the most genial of Iowa's many genial practi-tioners, touched me upon the shoul-der, at the same time informing me that it was my client the court was

addressing.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment, and still utterly unable to distinguish either court or client, I said, turning in the direction in which I supposed the court to be sitting:
"In a few moments, your Honor."

The only answer vouchsafed to this remark was the question, again repeated in an angry manner "Pris'ner, are yez reddy thrial?

I then briefly informed the court that I had but just arrived, was chilled through with the cold, was quite snow blind, and had had no opportunity to converse with my client as to his defence, but would try and be ready with my case in a

very few moments.

My eyes having by this time become accustomed to the room, I dis covered the court sitting behind an old fashioned four legged lamp stand, upon a little platform at the farther end of the room-a little wizened old man between fifty and sixty years of age, with an unmistakable Hibernian cast of features; a huge pair of iren-bowed spectacles In the spring some one of the band concluded to remain there, thus gratefully receiving the incense that was ascending from the bowl of a very short but very old and black clay pipe that seemed to have been especially intended for a nostril cen-ser, so admirably did it seem to fit under the huge protuberance that

ornamented Jimmy's face. Quite indignant that the court should have failed to recognize my appearance in the slightest manner, and noticing at the same time that the bench which I supposed to be used for the jury was vacant, I asked the money to pay the fine, for I was in rather a premptory tone of voice if a jury had been impaneled, at the same time stating that by the time the jury had been impaneled we should be ready to proceed with the you a description of the trial, or to case-mentally determining that narrate the many amusing incidents Honor, Judge Sloan. ascertain who it was that he had been so unmercifully snubbing.

For the first time since I had entered the room the court appeared to recognize the fact that I was pre sent, and turning toward me with a most decided "Shoo, fly-don't bodder me" sort of manner, delivered

"Is it a jury ye're afther axin for? You'll hev no jury in case! The coort will inform the gintilman oncet for all, that this coort knows itself sufficiently will to thry inny case that may arize before it, widout the aid ov a jury. Pris'ner, are yez riddy for thrial?"

For a moment I was astounded, utterly speechless; then recovering myself I indignantly demanded that a jury be at once impaneled, enforcing my demand by the remark that he right of trial by jury was one of the constitutional guarantees to every person, and that the statute made it the imperative duty of the court

I was interrupted by a tremend-ous blow upon the stand, and by the court's exclaiming in a loud voice :

"What the divil's the consthtitution got to do with Jimmy Sloan's coort? This coort knows how to thry inny case thet may arise before it widout insthructions from any little pittifoging lawyer that comes from the Tirritories into the Staates and duties, an yer foined tin dollars for yer contimpt ov the coort. The clark'll jist inter that foine.'

"But, your Honor-"You're in contimpt, an' the oort'll not hear another word from yez till the foine is paid. Ye understand that, noo.'

In vain did I attempt an explanation, in vain protest that I had intended no contempt; not one word would the court hear until I had paid

my fine. Fortunately, my friend Ford had

"You're foined \$5 for contimpt agin, and yo'll pay \$5 additional for ivery toime ye spake the word jury. Mr. Clark, ye'll inter that order of the coort."

What was I to do? Never before had I heard of such a proceeding; never before was I so completely at a loss for something to say; how could I extricate myself from the unfortunate position in which I so unexpectedly found myself? I looked from ne member of the bar to another for help, but the smiles and knowing looks that met my eyes on every side afforded me no relief.

In vain did I rack my brain for reported case similar to the one pre-sented, but I could recall no "preceent recorded.

Not knowing what to do, carcely aware of what I did, realizng only the fact that I had not money enough with me to pay the fine, and extremely doubtful if I should be able to borrow it, I hurriedly started toward the Judge's stand, as I did so attempting to remove my overcoat, which I had found by this time to have become incomfortably warm. In doing this was utterly oblivious to the fact that in my confusion I had also re-moved my inside coat, until I heard

the Judge say, in a tone of alarm : "Are yez about to whop

In a second my way was clear; my senses had fully returned, and I answered in a careless but determined tone of voice, as I carefully laid the coats upon a bench : "I am about to have a jury called in this case, even if I resort to unpleasant means to procure it."

This remark brought the order that I had anticipated.

"Mister Clark, ye'll call a jury. The coort wishes no unplisintness

Imagine if you can the relief with which I heard this order given. 1 felt that I had conquered; that I had won a victory that would be worth years of hard labor to me, and it was with no little feeling of pride that I took a seat by the side of my client congratulating myself that my difficulties were at an end, and that I had only to walk over the course to enable me to win.

Mistaken mortal! my troubles had but just begun. Jimmy Sloan was on the bench, and when Jimmy Sloan once made up his mind that was the By the time the jury had been im-

paneled I was ready to proceed with the defence, but before I was permitted to go on with that I encountered another obstacle in the shape of the fine which was still unpaid. Nothing that I could say, no apol-

ogy that I could offer, availed me. Jimmy ruled that "any coort was the sole judge of its own contimptible proceedings, and that the fine must be paid." I finally succeeded in borrowing

could be taken to the ruling of the court upon that point.

But I have no intention of giving

some half-dozen tallow dips, long ere | instruction upon the defendants. the case went to the jury, when we were obliged to vacate the room and

In about an hour the sheriff called

Jimmy seemed to take a conviction for granted, for, pushing his iron-browed spectacles far up upon the top of his head, and carefully laying his freshly filled pipe upon the stand before him, he carelessly remarked: "Av course ye've found the defindint guilty, Mister foreman ?

To Jimmy's great surprise, the foreman replied in terms that admitted of no misunderstanding, "We found the defendant not guilty.

For an instant the stillness of death reigned throughout the room it was first broken by that peculiar smacking sound that is sometimes heard to proceed from an Irishman's mouth, while endeavoring to procure a little comfort from the lifeless ashes of his "dudeen;" Jimmy was attimpts to insthruct the coort in its for the moment striving to draw comfort from an imaginary pipe, utterly oblivious of the fact that his own lay smoking upon the table before him, while amazement, anger, indignation and contempt seemed striving

for the mastery in Jimmy's face. Turning with a sort of dazed expression to the jury, he smiled a sickly smile as he asked:

"Gintlemin of the jury, did I hear your vardict aright? did yez say, not guilty?"

The foreman bowed as he replied We find the defendant not guilty. "Thin ye've done d—d wrong," angrily exclaimed the court; "and, pris'ner, sthand up and receive the sintince ov this coort."

an unwarranted proceeding; in vain urge the verdict of acquittal just rendered. Jimmy would listen to

ment, scarcely knowing whether he was in the body or out of the body, the prisoner finally stood up in spite his seat, while the court, in terms of illy-suppressed rage, thus addressed

jury ov yer country and found not guilty, but the coort belaves yez guilty, and the coort belaves that if ye're not guilty ov this offinse yer guilty of others aquilly as great. The coort belaves it to be his dooty to sintince yez according to tar, and the coort'll now procade to do it, widout fear ov any mon (casting

triumphant glance at me.)
"The sintince ov the coort is that ye be taken to the Cottonwoods (the jail built of cottonwood logs), where ye'll lie fer ninety days, and at the ind ov ninety days ye'll pay a foine ov two hundred dollars, and if yez don't pay it at the ind ov ninety days ye'll lie there till yez do pay it, and may God Almighty have marcy on yer sowl, for this coort wen't. Mr. Sheriff ye'll take the pris'ner, and adjourn the coort.

springing to my feet I hastily moved the immediate discharge of the prisoner, at the same time threat-ening the Sheriff with an action of false imprisonment if he presumed to detain my client.

The threat was rendered of no

avail, for Jimmy assured the Sheriff. hat such an action brought in "Jimmy Sloan's Coort wouldn't stand ez long ez he was lighting his pipe, and he might rest azy on that

score. ments that were used before I finally succeeded in securing the discharge of my client.

It was a hard fought battle, which I was obliged to win over and over again, for Jimmy was like our gal-lant old Taylor in Mexico, he didn't know when he was whipped, or how to stay whipped. Through the intervention of the prosecuting attorney, matters were finally adjusted, and the court, lawyers, prisoner, and spectators all adjourned to the grocery to part friends; but the experiences of that in "Jimmy Sloan's Coort" were never forgotten by Jimmy, who many times thereafter caused me to remember with regret the victory that I at once gained by wearing a tight overcoat and attempting to remove it in the court

Although it was my fortune to appear many times afterward Jimmy's court, I never succeeded in gaining another victory before him. I regarded this as an offset to the many disheartening defects that I sustained through the rulings, and am sure that my readers will pardor me if I relate one more case here. promising also that I shall end my experiences in practising before his

that occurred during its progress; neither do I intend to give you the "Iowee lar" as laid down by the St. Louis, to collect an account judge in the case. Suffice it to say that the day was far spent, and the court room had been "lit up" (?) by papers over to the Sheriff, with

Upon the opening of the term at which the writ was to be tried, I retire to a neighboring grocery, found my case properly entered upo (kept by Jimmy's son-in-law), to the docket, also an appearance i found my case properly entered upon allow the jury to deliberate upon the propria persone filed on the part of the defendant, together with an answer, setting up a counter-claim for us "to come over," and we once more assembled in the hall of justice to listen to the verdict.

to damages on account of the inferior quality of the liquor sold, which far exceeded the amount of indebtedness claimed in my petition.

I smilingly showed the answer to my friend Ford, who somewhat surprised me by informing me that my chance for a judgment was small, the defendant was son-in-law to the

Under this statement of the case I at once asked for leave to withdraw the suit, giving as a reason that at the time of trying it I was ignorant that the court was kith or kin to the defendant. A request that Jimmy peremptorily refused, asserting that f "I wuz ignorant I couldn't take advantage of my own ignorance and plead it as new mather, whin it was a will-ke we fact to iverybody

I immediately filed the necessary papers to entitle me to a trial by jury, and upon the trial beyond any doubt the sale and delivery of the goods; then they rested my case, strong in the faith that I had secured a verdict, and quite disposed to laugh at my friend Ford, whose only com ment was "Wait."

At this stage of the proceedings I was greatly surprised to see court leaving his seat, and, taking his place before the clerk, to hear

him say "Misther Clark, ye'll swear the

coort. As I knew that I could say or do nothing to prevent this new innovation, I possessed my soul with as much patience as possible, and listened to the testimony of the court,

In vain did I protest against such | who very briefly stated "that he wus well acquaintid wid the quality av the licker in question, that it wuz av a most infarior quality, and that the sale av it by the defindint had bin a nothing, his only remark being: sale av it by the definding has more than \$300;" then waving his hand sintince of the court."

with excite-with an air of the greatest consider—with an air of the greatest consider—with an air of the greatest consider ation, he remarked: "Yez can take

the witness now."

But I had no desire to take the witness, and so stated, when once more resuming his seat with the re-

mark, "Az yez plaze," he proceeded to address the jury as follows:
"Gintlemin of the jury, the coort belaves that good licker is a good thing; that good licker is conjucive to the gineral health, power an prosperity av any people to whom it prosperity av any people to whom it is sould; but the coort belaves, on the conthrary, that bad licker is a ban thing, an' is producthive av much want, writchidniss, misery and woe. The coort also belaves that bad licker ought not to be sould, but if it is sould it ought not to be paid for.
"Now, gintlemin av the jury, if

vez belave the witness for the defince, an' the coort tells yez yez may belave the witness, ye'll foind that the licker in question was bad licker, and under the rulings av the coort ye'll foind that bad licker ought not to be paid for if sould: ve'll therefore retire to your room, and afther deliberathing a sufficient length av toime, ye'll return into coort wid a vardict for the defindant.

It can hardly be necessary for me to say that the jury followed the in-structions given by the court, and I paid the costs, for notwithstanding every effort was made by myself to ecure a new trial, Jimmy peremptorily refused to listen to anything squinting toward an opportunity to secure a different verdict, ruling "that any motion to squash proceed ings was tindin' to subvart the powers av the coort and create gineral dissatisfaction wid it.'

To the best of my knowledge and elief, the estate of Barney Fergeson s still indebted to the firm of Thomas & Pappan for the bill of liquors sold, unless there be some method of settlement provided beyond the grave, which we know not of on this earth.

A GRACE OF THE ROSARY.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The desire of the Holy Father that the Rosary should be a special devotion of the present Jubilee, recalls to my mind a remarkable instance of the efficacy of the devotion. The fact I am about to relate has happened in our own days, and I have it from the priest himself who received in to the Church the happy favorite of the Ouen of the Rosary.

to the Church the happy favorite of the Queen of the Rosary.

This good gentleman had Catholic servant girls. One of them lost her beads, and the gentleman happened to pick them up. Without accounting for it, he felt glad at having them, but hearing the girls mention they had lost a pair of beads, he showed them, and gave them back. He felt so badly at parting with the beads, that soon after he inquired of the servants where they got those things. At once, he got a pair, and felt it was good to have them.

After some time, it occurred to him that it looked rather foolish to attach so much importance to a thing he knew nothing about. So he ventured to ask nothing about. So he ventured to ask the girls what they were doing with the beads. One answered that he would find it explained in any Catholic prayer-book better than she could do herself. The gentleman asked her to lend him her prayer-book. The poor man searched from the beginning of the book to the end, and found nothing about the beads. Sadly disappointed he returned the prayer-book. He did not like to confess his disappointment to girls, but went to the disappointment to girls, but went to the Catholic bookseller and asked for a Catholic bookseller and asked for a prayer book where he might find some explanation about the beads. He was disappointed again, and could find nothing about the beads in the book. Thinking about the beads in the book. Thinking it was a mistake of the bookseller,
he requested him to give him another
where he should find something about
the beads. The bookseller took the
book, and showed him a chapter about
the Rosary. When he understood that
the Rosary and beads were the same
thing, he took his book back home, and
began to examine the explanations about thing, he took his book back home, and began to examine the explanations about the Rosary. At once he was amazed, That connection of the Mysteries with the decades, seemed to him marvellous. "Why! those Catholics, when they say their beads, go over the whole Gospel—the whole life of our blessed Lord!" He was lost in admiration. He consistently began, to do himself what he admired so much. And he was not long begging of the heavenly Mother, in the name of the Joys, Sorrows and Glories of her Divine Son, to pray for him, without reaping the fruit of her motherly intercession. No wonder that he became a fervent Catholic, as every one will who practically appre-ciates the Rosary.

What is Needed By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells sneiler. Futuam's Corn Extractor anelis corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putuam's Paineless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of Polson & Co. on each bottle. Sold by medicing depter.

cine dealers.

Near Starvation's Door. Mear Starvation's Door.

Mrs. Nelson W. Whitehead, of Nixon, was a chronic sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint, and was scarcely able to take the most simple nourishment. Even a swallow of water caused great distress. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured her, when all else failed. She heartily recommends this remedy to all sufferers. NEMESIS. OR WHAT!

Is it indeed "the writing on the wall?"
Has England, one of the greatest powers
and political forces that the world ever and political forces that the world ever knew, been measured, weighed in God's balance, and found wanting? Is her fate presently to be that of Belshazzar and his corrupt Empire? We sincerely hope not, and our readers will not mis-take us. We wish the reform, not the destruction, of England.

and his corrupt Empire? We sincerely hope not, and our readers will not mistake us. We wish the reform, not the destruction, of England.

Great and grievous wrongs has she done to her own subject peoples. There is still left to her the power, the strength, the skill, and the means to undo, and partially, at least, atone for the past. England's past has been a long and wicked mistake of cruelty, intrigue, misgovernment of well-disposed people, and other matters that call for no mention in this article. Her hands are indeed full just now. She is called upon by calm, conservative action and by the consent of a powerful proportion of her own people, statemen and writers, to deal out fair measure of justice to Ireland. Her leading living statesman, Mr. Gladstone, is at the head of this wise movement. The Queen, judging by the speech that was put into her mouth by the Tories of a day of power, power that was given them under false promises by an Irish vote, stubbornly opposed the concession of self-legislation to Ireland, a legislation that is practically equivalent to self-sustenance and self-support on Ireland's native industries, trade, agriculture, and commerce. Who is right and wise in this matter—the worthy Queen of England, or a people subject to famine from year to year in consequence of the restriction on the care of their own business, without any thought of severance from the Empire of Great Britain? Is Queen Victoria and little politicians of the Churchill stamp wiser than the world and the self-denial of great facts? Might the woman, who is the official head of the English nation, take some counsel from a man of Mr. Gladstone's experience? She has proved herself to be of the stubborn and dull blood of the race—out of respect for a woman who in her personal character has helped to redeem the rudest and most contemplied and the rudest and most contemplied and the rudest and most contemplied are rudest and most contemplied and the rudest and most contemplied and the self-denial of redeem the rudest and most the stubborn and dull blood of the race—out of respect for a woman who in her personal character has helped to redeem the rudest and most contemptible race that ever ruled in England, we omit adjectives. But does she not realize the writing on the wall? Within a week strong hints—to use a mild word—have been hurled at the English throne and Constitution. Mr. Labouchere, himself what England regards as an aristocrat by birth, renewed his anathema against the House of Lords, the peer's privilege of ruling by right of birth, not by free election or personal merit. He came within forty votes of carrying his in forty votes of carrying his motion. Next the Established Church motion. Next the Established Church in Wales was assailed, and escaped

abolition by a vote of twelve members.
"What does this mean in an age and time that are essentially democratic?" As the English laureate, with the foresight and instinct that belong to a true sight and instinct that belong to a true poet, sang to the English people some quarter of a century ago: "The older changeth, yielding to the new." It is for the "new order" now to be wise in its generation. Patient and long-auffering its representatives, the general classes of people, have been in the past. Now is their acceptable time. Let them not become drunk with their new wine of success, but act soberly and reasonably, as "labor" is acting in this country.

as "(abor" is acting in this country,
as "(abor" is acting in this country,
The Irish question all people over
here understand pretty well by this time.
Last week we dealt with the dilatory
action of the English Government to help and relieve the starvation in the west of Ireland. From day to day the cable brings us heartrending details of what the misery and distress mean. Here comes this great, large and free-hearted country to the rescue of people who are starving under the very eyes of England, and whom England has robbed, not of their means alone, but of lives and of all that makes a nation a nation. "What has the very wealthy English Queen contributed to help the starving babes and families?" Not one cent! "Is this queenliness, or the charity of Christian womanhood?" Let the Queen

tian womanhood?" Let the Queen answer.

It is plain to all honest eyes that England is not only assailed from Ireland now, but from its own centre. The attack on the Lords means a revolution of the English land system under the changed times, thought, and conditions that have come upon us. The attack on the established Church in Wales is simply a foregunger, and one that will be ply a forerunner, and one that will be very brief in its coming, of total eccle-siastical disestablishment in the British Empire, leaving churches there as here to support themselves by the faith and action of their adherents. Landlordism is attacked by Englishmen in the House is attacked by Englishmen in the House of Lords; the Church of the minority, that has been so long false to such trust as it had, is attacked by Englishmen. Irishmen clamor for Home Rule. A perishing people emphasizes their demand, and the outer world rushes to their assistance, England and its Queen failing to do their duty. The other day London was possessed by a mass of starving artisans, who had no work, but who might have sacked the city. Lords. starving artisans, who had no work, but who might have sacked the city. Lords, land, labor, Church, Ireland—where is it all to end? It would seem that England is very near the situation of France pre-vious to the Revolution of 1798. Let its authorities wake up. Just dealing all round will allay the impending storm.

Mr. C. E. Riggins, Beamsville writes: A customer who tried a bottle of "A customer who tried a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery says it is the best thing he ever used; to quote his own words, 'It just seemed to touch the spot affected.' About a year ago he had an attack of bilious fever, and was afraid he was in for another when I recommended this for another, when I recommended this valuable medicine with such happy results." Sold by Harkness & Co, Druggists, Dundas street.

A Valuable Find. James Alex. Sproul, of Orangeville, says he has found Burdock Blood Bitters to be the best medicine he ever took for kidney complaint, with which he was long suffering. He declares B. B. B. without a rival.

FREMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury adult or infant.

The Pledge BY CARDINAL MANNING I promise Thee, sweet Lord,
That I will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my
And makes my reason bright;
Yor ever will I lose the power

> u hast set with Oh, let me drink as Adam drank Before from Thee he fell; Dh. let me drink as Thou dear Lord, When faint by Sychar's well; That from my childhood, pure from sin, Of drink and drunken strife,

MASTERLY DISCOURSE.

FULL TEXT OF ARCHBISPOP RYAN'S SERMON IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL OF NEW

The following is the full text of Archbishop Ryan's magnificent discourse in the New York Cathedral, when Arch-

"Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name whom Thou hast given to Me, that they may be one, as we also are. And not only for them do I pray, but for them also who through their words believe in Me. * * I in them, Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me."—St. John xvii., 11—20, 21.
Venerable Fathers of the Hierarchy and Clergy,

Beloved Brethren of the Laity:

The first thought that strikes one on beholding the magnificent scene of this morning, is the strange, impressive contrast it affords to another scene witnessed by most of us in this Cathedral nessed by most of us in this Cathedral a few short months ago. A great priest, who in his day pleased God and was found just; a high priest who, like the high priest Omas, was a good and virtuous man, modest in his looks, gentle in his manners, and graceful in his speech, who from a child had been exercised in all virtues, had fallen by the hand of death. His priests and people met in sorrow round his bier. This great Cathedral which he built, adorned and dedidral which he built, adorned and dedicated, clothed in mourning, seemed to grieve for him, and the grief seemed voiced in plaintive tones of the Mass of Requiem. Requiem.
TWO UNIONS TO BE COMMENTED ON, ON His a

We saw him, still clothed in full Pontificials, with the Pallium, the symbol of the plentitude of power, around his neck, descending into the "house of his eternity," into the Cathedral of Death beneath this sanctuary, where, from his darksome throne, Death rules the former rulers of the Cathedrals of the living. rulers of the Cathedrais of the living.
There he sleeps with his predecessors in this great See. Oh, how true it is that "God alone is great, and how little are individual men in presence of God, death and eternity! To some persons it may, perhaps, appear that these gloomy allusions are inopportune amidst the investment of this great accession. gloomy allusions are inopportune amidst the joyousness of this great occasion. But I do not fear that they shall seem so to the central figure in this day's ceremony. And how is it possible not to revert to him who is gone, when everything around speaks of him, when bishops and priests whom he ruled so long, so wisely, and so gently, are congregated here, when the very marble pulpit in which I stand, and from which the word of God is to day for the first time announced, was his last gift to this Cathedral, and is itself now an appropriate monument to the grace and solidity of his own eloquence. Were this a mere of his own eloquence. Were this a mere earthly pageant, and that an earthly throne, and your new Metropolitan an earthly ruler, I should be silent about the dead; but, as things are, memory adds a salutary impressiveness to this grand scene. Here, between Life and grand scene. Here, between Life and Death—Life essential within the Taber-nacle, and Death beneath the Sanctuary -here, kneeling on the very grave of his predecessor, the successor of the dead Archbishop, receives the symbol of a power which never dies, communicated by the Church of the Living God, which by the Church of the Living God, which shares his immortality. By this symbol is shown forth the unity of the Church through the supremacy of Peter and his successor. For, from the tomb of Peter and the hands of his successor, this badge of the plenitude of episcopal authority has come, and must be sent to every Metropolitan See in the Christian world. It symbolises also another union—that of the new Archbishop and his beloved flock. It is formed of the wool of lambs blessed for this purpose. It is laid upon blessed for this purpose. It is laid upon his neck, that he may bear with joy the lost sheep upon his shoulders and care for the weak lambs of his flock. To these

PRAYERS GRANTED AND PROPHECIES FUL-FILLED.

There is not, in the entire Scriptures, a chapter of greater interest than the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, which contains the prayer of Jesus Christ to His Heavenly Father for His beloved Apostles, spoken the night before He suffered. Like all the words which He spoke, time has not diminished, but increased, their significance. His words on that occasion were at once prayers and prophecies. Now they are prayers and prophecies. Now they are prayers granted and prophecies fulfilled. The chief petition of that prayer was for unity amongst His followers, and unity as a mark of His divine mission to the world: "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." Not only did He pray for this union, but in the constitution of the Church itself He provided for its accomplishment. To effect it he sel-ected twelve men out of the world, and ceted twelve men out of the world, and to perfect it He selected one man out of the twelve, in order, says St. Jerome, to render schism impossible. "The primacy was conferred on St. Peter," says St. Cyprian, "to show the unity of the Church." No one has spoken more eloquently on this point than the illustrious Bossuet. The Unity and stability of the Church are the offspring of the Primacy. "The wise man," says Christ, "is he who built his house upon a rock, and the rams fell and the floods came and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, because it was founded on a rock." Now, He Himself was about to build a house, against which the falling rain and rising

ng your kind attention.

two unions I desire to direct, this morn PRAYERS GRANTED AND PROPHECIES FUL-