Our Lady of Knock.

CRAD MILLE FAILTHE, MUIRE MAITHER. Bright angels are listening with rapture To murniurs of welcome soeweet,
From the grief-laden hearts of poor Erin,
Their own Mother Mary to greet!
From heath-covered hill-top and valley,
From every green leaf on the sod,
A cead mille faithe is rising
To welcome the Mother of God!

To welcome the Balm of our sorrow;
The Mother who watched thro' our wo
And kept thy dear faith, martyr'd Erin,
As pure as thine own mountain snow
Our guiding Star upwards and onwards
Whose blessed light hallows our sod,
Oh! cead mille faithe forever
To Mary, the Mother of God!

And coad mille failthe, St. Joseph, With the Master's beloved St. John, Still near to the Empress of Heaven, As in the dark days that are gone. The great heart of Erin is throbbing, And tears of love freshen her sod, To welcome the favorites of Heaven, Who come with the mother of God!

Sweet Mother, stay with us forever, For much as we loved thee before, Since our Isle has been blessed with thy pre ence,
We love thee a thousand times more!
And, oh! when life's long dreary pathway,
Thy poor Irish children have trod,
May thy cead mille faithte, sweet mother,
Then welcome us home to our God!
M. M. In Cork Examiner.

THE KNOCK MIRACLES.

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oility yield THE PILGRIMAGE FROM LIMERICK

GREAT FERVOR AND ENTHUSIASM.

Between five and six hundred members of the Archeonfraternity of the Holy Family proceeded at twelve o'clock on Sunday night from the Limerick station by Ennis Gort, Athenry, and Athlone, to Ballyhaunis station, County Mayo. Though late the hour, there were many on the platform to see them off and bid

on the platform to see them on and bid them God-speed. They several times re-peated the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary and other prayers during the journey. Having reached Ballyhaunis very nearly within the limited time, there were about ninety cars in and about the station to meet such of them as the cars could afford accommodation to, and long cars in which there were seats for twenty each; but very many were unable to obtain seats, and they had to walk six miles to their destination at Knock as best they could, in a drenchin downpour of rain which may be said to have continued without intermission all day long, and which to a considerable day long, and which to a considerable extent married the enjoyment of the pilgrims, who, however, with cheerful hearts and determined minds, bore up blavely against the weather and other inconveniences. They were assembled at nine o'clock A. M. in Knock Church, where Mass was cele-brated by the Rev. James O'Shaughnessy, C. C., who accompanied the pilgrimage from Limerick, and who, assisted by Archdeacon Cavanagh, P. P., Knock, dis-Arendeacon cavanagh, F. F., Khock, distributed Holy Communion to five hundred and sixty-one pilgrims, all animated by the true spirit of religion. The pilgrims, after the religious services in the church, proceeded to breakfast, which, it was arranged should be provided at the hotel; but there was no expectation, we suppose, that the number would have been so great, for neither the quantity nor the quality of what had been paid for in advance was afforded to those who, hungry and thirsty after a wearisome journey and a protracte fast, now needed refreshment. It migh It might tast, now needed refreshment. It might be better, as it has been suggested to us to pass over this drawback to the satisfaction which would otherwise have been experi-enced by the pilgrims; but a lesson for future caterers and pilgrims, a severe lesson, we think, has been imparted by the cir-cumstance of the case; and in the future we would suggest that every pilgrim should go provided with sufficient cooked food for the day, and pay nothing in advance for breakfast and dinner where sufficient ar-rangements have not been made to afford them. At twelve o'clock noon the pilgrims reassembled, and on this occassion for the procession, which was carried out, notwithprocession, which was carried out, not winds standing the continued rain, in all the fervor and devotion, joy and gladness of the ages of faith. Banners and bannerets were provided for the procession. Owing to the continued rain, the bannerets only were used; bands accompanied the procesion to the church. The venerable arch who foreibly and thoroughly impressed with the magnitude of the numbers, the piety and recollection of the pilgrims, the wonderful efforts they made to come so tedious a journey in the midst of night, without rest and sleep, addressed the assem-bled congregation after Mass, and spoke of the feeling by which he was animated or that momentous occasion. He said he had not words to express the sentiments by which his heart and soul were animated; and he gave unbounded praise to Limerick for the example which its citizens had given not only now, but always. Mass over, the pilgrims formed three abreast, and moved round the chapel twice, singing hyms, repeating the Rosary, etc., which was given ut by prefects and subprefects of every Before the place of the apparition

"MAGNIFICAT" AND "LITANY OF LORETTO."
It should be stated that the gable is all sheathed over with boarding up to nearly the top, so eager were the pilgrims to po ess themselves of some memento of K Just here, in front of the gable, are troph ies of the faith of the people in the mirac ulous apparitions for which Knock habcome world-famed. Here are innumer become world-famed. Here are innumerable crutches, wooden legs, walking sticks, and other proofs that those who at one period were obliged to lean upon them for support now walk without their aid in the elasticity of strength. Their faith had made them whole; so it has been and will be as lean as the Rock of Agree wists. hade them whole, so that extends the as long as the Rock of Ages exists. At four o'clock r. M. a great number of the pilgrims repaired to the church for benediction and the closing events of the pilk grimage. Others finding that they should make their way on foot to Ballyhaunis to enable them to be in time for the return train, took the road to Ballyhaunis. Archdeacon Cavanagh officiated at four o'clock in the church at Knock, and, assisted by e Rev. James O'Saughnessy, C. C., gave the Rev. James O'Saughnessy, C. C., gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was at this time that the Rev. James O'Shaughnessy, on the part of the pilgrims, presented Archdeacon Cavanagh with an oil painting of 'Our Lady of Dolors,' and in doing so took occasion to express his own pleasure and satisfaction with the jour-yer to Knock from Limerick, of the faith nev to Knock from Limerick, of the faith and fervor by which the pilgrims were animated, of the amount of good which was effeeted, etc., etc. Archdeacon Cavanagh, in accepting the present which had come to

they sang the

it was not the first gift which they had be stowed upon the church at Knock, that they had ever been true and steadfast to the best interests of the faith and fatherland, that they had shown themselves undoubted Catholics, firm believers in the traditions of Cauntry, true followers of St. Patrick. He bestowed his blessing on the pilgrims, on every member of their families; he prayed that every blessing they stood in need of should be showered in abundance upon them. He declared that in all Ire-land there had been nothing like the mani-festation they made that day, which would be an eventful one in the annals of Knock. The pilgrims then left; and soon afterwards proceeded on their way by cars to Ballyhaunis, which they left by train at seven o'clock P. M., chanting the refrain of the song the words of which we have already given. They came home home by the route they traversed in their journey to the northwest and at half-past two A. M. they arrived at the Limerick terminus A. M. they arrived at the Limerick terminus. The wearisome journey would have been more agreeable had the commissariat been properly cared for; but, as we have already said, the lesson in that instance is of value to those who go again.—Limerick Reporter.

The following letter, which has been sent to us by the Venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, explains itself, and introduces the marvellous narrative subjoined:

Back Row, Falkirk, Scotland,
July 1, 1880.

July 1, 1880.

REVEREND FATHER: According to promise, I send you herewith a brief account of the visions which appeared to me during my visit to Knock. I trust you will kindly have the same published in the Weeldy News at your convenience. I also trust you will be good enough to make any alterations or additions to the statement which you consider necessary, as I am rather a bad hand at writing to appear in print. I thus leave the matter solely and entirely to your own judgment. You will be glad to see that I am much improved in my general health, and I trust in God to be able ere long to inform you of my complete recovery. I gladly avail myself of this opportunity of tendering you my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for your many acts of kindness towards me. The only return I can make is to pray that God may grant you many, many long years in health and hap-piness, which I shall always do, as my visit to Knock can never be forgotten. I am sorry for troubling you, as I am well aware of the amount of labor you have to attend to. In order to save you all the trouble I possibly can, I take the liberty of enclosing stamped envelope. I remain, reverend father, your grateful and obedient

CORNELIUS McGINTEY.

Cornelius McGintey, Falkirk, Scotland, who suffered from a broken leg, the result of an accident four years ago, states that he arrived in Knock on Wednesday, June 16. On the following Sunday he attended three Masses, and received Holy Communion in the forenoon. Some short time after the last Mass, and while engaged in prayer, he beheld a vision which he shall never forget. Immediately above the Blessed Virgin's altar three figures appeard quite distinct to him—the image of our Blessed Virgin in the centre, with St. Jos-eph on the right hand side, near the high altar; the third figure to the left being small, he was unable to make out whom i represented. Between the picture of the Sacred Heart hanging on the wall, and the high altar, the image of our Blessed Lord. high altar, the image of our Blessed Lord, lying on his sacred side on the cross, was clearly visible; also the image of the Blessed Virgin on the left, just beside the picture of St. Joseph in the window. Briefly, the foregoing are the facts of what appeared to me on Sunday, June 20; but on every subsequent day, up to and including Thursday June 24 (the day of my departure from Knock), various images departure from Knock), various images, including rows of angels, etc., were clearly including rows of angels, etc., were clearly observed by me. As already stated, it is now about four years since the accident happened, during which time I have consulted several local doctors. I was also in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, where I received every medical treatment which the professor and doctors considered necessary for my case, but all to no effect. I will only add that I have the most unbounded faith in the Kneck apparitions; for though not actually cured of my complaint, still, thank God! the acute pains from which I frequently suffered very severely, previous to my visit to Knock, are almost completely gone. I am at almost completely gone. I am at ent able to walk without a crutch beare alme side being wonderfully improved in my health otherwise.

THE FARMER-A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive and labors and infirmities. But Peter and labors and infirmities are recommended by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive and labors and infirmities. nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. Le feels—other thi gs being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who preceded him, as he is also with the state of the care of the action of good in modern society or that can be found in it to-day, owes its origin, its happiness, its very existence to the action of parts? successors, the popes of Rome. In him moved in its round of ditties; and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who preceded him, as he is also to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the head of that great society called Christendom. All the nations of the earth formed scenes of his daily labors. The roof which sheltered him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting do-mestic traditions is connected with every inglosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook which nn his boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through that field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, where, when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the awner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character—Frent. him from his friends at Limerick, said that | national character. — Everett.

FATHER BURKE.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT DISCOURSE IN DUB-

On Sunday, July 4, the annual Peter's Pence collection was made in the various Catholic churches throughout the metropo-litan diocese of Dublin. The Church of St. Saviour, Lower Dominick street, was thronged with the faithful at 12 o'clock Mass, or rather for close on an hour before it commenced, owing to the announce-ment that the pulpit was to be filled by the Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., who, the very key. Inomas barke, or, who, it is gratifying to be able to state, has almost regained his pristine health and strength. He looks considerably stronger and more vigorous of mind and body than he did on the last occasion upon which he addressed the people from the same place, and this is a satisfactory proof that the ef-fects of the serious illness which has so long clung to him are rapidly disappear-ing. At the conclusion of the Mass,

ing. At the conclusion of the Mass,
Father Burke, wearing the habit of his
order, which becomes him so well,
entered the pulpit, and taking for his text
the Gospel of the day, Matt. vii, 15-21—
"At that time Jesus said to His disciples,
"The prophets who come to you beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves, "&c., preached a most impressive sermon with his accustomed eloquence and oratorical power. He pointed out that the word "prophet' He pointed out that the word "prophet" has many meanings in the Scripture, but the meaning attached to it in that day's Gospel was a "teacher." It was against such as these that our Blessed Lord warned his disciples when he said "Beware of false teachers." He told his disciples to face boldly all other persecutions with which they might be confronted, but the moment it became a question of false teaching, he told them to fly from them." ing, he told them to fly from them.
"They will come to you," He said, "unde
the clothing of sheep, but inwardly the "He said, "under are ravening wolves, seeking to destroy your souls and blight your hopes for all eternity." Our Divine Lord established first the fact that He was a teacher of

truth. HE PROVED HIS TRUTHFULNESS by such miracles that the greatest of his enemies were obliged to bow down and confess—"If this Man were not the Lord God He never would do the works which He has done." He proved the fact that the first necessity of man in this world is to know the truth. We stand in need of many things, but that which is first and in-dispensable is that we should know the truth. To-day religion is reduced in the wide world outside the Catholic Church to a mere matter of opinion. Every man sets up in the temple of his own intellect and heart the idol of his own freedom and judgment, and before that he bows down and declares that he is a free judge of what is truth. Every man not judge of what is truth. Every man not only canonizes but defies himself. Yet the Divine Son of God tells us that without the knowledge of the truth human life ceases to be a blessing; that man cannot have the first attribute of his being, namely intellectual and moral freedom shall know the truth," says Jesus Christ,

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE. " But in vain would the Son of God have told His disciples to beware of false teachers unless He had set up before them a teacher of truth. He chose from amongst all men the Twelve Apostles, and these men taught every word of the truth and all that He had learned from all eternity from His Father. But lest human infirmity, lest incapacity or weakness of memory, should in the slightest degree confuse ory, should in the siightest degree confuse the clearness of their knowledge, not con-tent with His own teaching He says— "When I go to Him who sent Me, I will send the Spirit of Truth to you, who will lead you into all truths, and He will re-main, and I will remain with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." The Catholic Church is not inspired —that is to say, she cannot announce or proclaim any new thing, even though that new thing be true—but she is guided and directed by the same Holy Spirit, and therefore she cannot tell a lie r.or forbear to give her testimony to truth; and that truth becomes dogma by the very fact of being testified to by Holy Church. Notwithstanding the privileges conferred upon the Twelve, there was one amongst them whom he honored and reised above them whom he honored and raised above all the others, and whom he commanded all the others to obey and follow as sheep —Simon the Son of John, whom our Divine Lord called Peter, meaning a rock "Thou art Peter," He said, "and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The distinguished preacher then sketched the career of Peter,

piness, its very existence to the action themselves into one magnificent confedera-tion, of which they made the Pope the bead and the arbiter. During this period

the different nations paid a certain
VOLUNTARY TRIBUTE TO THE POPE, which was called Peter's Pence, knowing that the proper working of the Church required it. In Ireland there was no vestige of any law that ever enacted the pay-ment of Peter's Pence. He (Father Burke) took it that there was no necessity for any such enactment. Since the day that St. Patrick waved his last blessing over this land of ours down to this present hour, he took it that there was no necessity to force the trish people to perform an act that their own love and Catholicity establishment augment, while the parsons

splendid qualities as ruler and governor of the Church of God than that very Pontiff who in our own days was deprived of his throne and kingdom—Pius IX And

as Leo XIII. appealed to day, to help him in the government of the Church, and since his enemies prevailed against him and robbed him of all the resources which were before available for the working and government of the Church, he asked their love and faith to take the place of their ingratitude and infidelity. Therefore it was that this collection for Peter's Pence was taken up through the length and breadth of this diocese and throughout the land. The people, though famishing, were willing to famish somewhat more in order to contribute in the fullness of their fealty and faith to the maintenance of the Holy See; for never in the darkest hour of their persecution, never in the deepest night of national misery, has this people—better acquainted than any other race on the face of the earth with sorrow—never has this people forgotten their faith in Peter, well knowing that where Peter is there also is the Almighty God. He (Father Burke) made no appeal to them. This was not a charity sermon. The Pope was not begging. It would be a curious anomaly, a strange perversion, for the father to beg of the child. In this spirit he called upon the people of this great Catholic diocese to pour out their thankoffer-ings as well as the tribute of their love and faith at the feet of Peter's successor. The subsequent collection was a very

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

sub tantial one.

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

The Whitehall Review gives the following

The Whitehall Review gives the following sketch of Cardinal Newman, and embraces with it a glance at the wonderful growth of Catholicity in England.

Those who, like ourselves, remember the distinguished vicar of St. Mary's, John Henry Newman, holding spell-bound, by the simplest manner and the sweetest voice, the crowd of pale-faced, thoughtful listeners which gathered round the university pulpit—a crowd now gone divers sity pulpit—a crowd now gone divers ways, scattered hither and thither—and realize what his secession from the Estab-lished Church involved, cannot but be struck both by the contrast of the state of Catholicism then and its position now, as Catholicism then and its position how, as well as by the knowledge and remembrance of the important part which his eminence has taken in quietly bringing about that change. Forty years ago he was misunderstood, misrepresented, and maligned.

Many of his old allies, by a hideous kind of inconsistency, looked upon him as simply dead and hard. ply dead and buried. They mentioned hi ply dead and buried. They mentioned his name with bated breath; or, calling him "poor," shook their heads, closed their eyes, and sighed with sadness. They never saw him. The spires and towers of Oxford, as he sometimes passed by in the train, were, of course, seen by him; but he did not visit the city from which Establishmentarian lights and doubtiful thous had combined bigotry and shortsightedness had combined to drive him away. From that time to the present five-and-thirty years have come and gone. During that momentous period what a change has taken place! There is no public man in England more truly honored and respected than the quondam fellow of Oriel. His conscientious regard for religious truth, his remarkable literary powers, his high character, the great and good influence which his noble writings good influence which his holde withing have obtained wherever the English tongue is spoken, have all helped to produce this result. For many more persons than of old now, praising civil and religious liberty, allow the full importance of conscience, it workings, and its bearings, while their en-thusiasm for the last English cardinal is It may be—and who can wonder at it!—
THAT HIS NEW CO-RELIGIONISTS

did not for a time understand him. Their riches in proselyte- making, through Newman's example, positively embarrassed them. They owned more converts of in tellect and position than they knew wha to do with. Had Bishop Thomas Walsh's advice been originally taken, and some active and practical work of a quasi-cleriactive and practical work of a quasi-cieri-cal kind been given to the numerous mar-ried parsons who subsequently "wentover," the stream of converts might have deepen-ed and thickened still further. But though this was not done—the position of Dr. Newman silently grew grander year by year. His work in Ireland, which the feebly-forcible critics thought was labor thrown away, has turned out to be of great importance. The "Atalanta" the treatise on "Universities" and his latter works were of immense service to the cause which he of immense service to the cause which he had deliberately espoused. So was the re-publication of his earlier works, which had become a necessity. The copyrights of them would soon have run out; enterpris-ing adventurers and speculative printers would have promptly reprinted them; and so their illustrious author himself gave them anew to the world, with due amend ment and careful finishing touch. Their sale, it is no secret to state,

sale, it is no secret to state,

HAS BEEN ENORMOUS.

What a change, we repeat, from the day
when, bidding adieu to Dr. Ogle and Mr.
Manuel Johnson at the Observatory, Dr.
Newman turned his back upon the National Church, to the striking and almost dra-matic events of the last week! What a contrast between the time when he many months in retirement at the little low-ridged building by the roadside in Littlemore, and his receptions at Norfolk In House as a prince of the Church! The four doctors of Oxford, who brought out their machinery for making stage-thunder, and who condemned and silenced his colleague, Dr. Pusey, have, some while ago, gone the way of all flesh. The four tutors, who were so affectionately devoted to the "forty stripes save one," are, if we are not mistaken, still here. Bristow-Wilson, an "Essay and Reviewer," is now a kind of fossilized country parson; John Griffiths sits easily enough in the warden's chair at Walham; and Dr. Tait has long been more than comfortably provided for at Lambeth—the only man of the four who has made any mark on his age or fellows. But to con-trast these with Newman is like introducing German silver into the family plate-box. It had better not be attempted nor thought of. While, then, the differences an act that their own love and Catholicity dictated. There never was a man—and history would bear him out when he was gone and cold in his grave—there never was a man sitting upon that throne of Peter that displayed more glory, more stablishment augment, while the parsons squabble, societies prosecute each other, and no one listens to any commanding voice, for the power of jabber increases, and the feeblest are often put foremost; the man who had labored so well for that

institution and was so snubbed and chargnstitution and was so suboded and charged at for his pains by all the bishops except Howley, of Canterbury, and Bagot, of Oxford, has lived to see changes of which the most fantastic and hopeful COULD NEVER HAVE EVEN DREAMED.

Far be it from us to say that no change has taken place in the Church of England, or no change for the better. Facts here, too, tell quite a different tale; manifest im-provements have been made without a provements doubt. But everything in the "progress of modern thought"—as the phrase stands (whether the people like it or not)—speaks of a clear line of demarcation being now clearly cut between faith and no faith, between Catholicism and agnosticism. cardinal's trumpet, however, from the op-posite hill, is clear. He thinks he speak n words which cannot be misunderstood, ad certainly not a few listen. His appearance in London has marked a

The noble duke who became his host has, with perfect tact and taste, done his work well. The youthful Duchess of Norfolk. too, has won golden opinions as hostess The Catholic nobility and gentry have ralfied to the call. A fair sprinkling of High Anglicans, with Catholic sympa-

"High Anglicans, with Catholic sympathies," were present from day to day to pay their respects to the new cardinal—oxford's former outcast.

At Norfolk House he received a prolonged ovation. While, as Lord Beaconsfield so truly remarked, his secession "gave a blow to the Church of England, which a blow to the Church of England, which receled and staggered under it, and from which it has never recovered," his new co-religionists have completely realized his worth and the present Pontiff has duly recognized his merits. Neither golden salver from Australia, however, nor illuminated addresses from every diocese, no munificent gifts from individuals, nor por traits from R. A.'s, are equal in value to the profound personal homage, thorough affection and respectful regard, which have been so wonderfully and universally dis-played for one of the greatest men of the

He stood, a little bent, at one end of the stately saloon of Norfolk House, attended by Father Norris, who so efficiently made the former presentations. In a cardinal's undress cassock, with scarlet cincture and skull-cap—looking every inch a dignitary—the cardinal, one after the other, "received" as a prince, many hundreds of his fellow-countrymen, Whigs and Tories, Knights of the Garter, Peers and Privy Councillors, Monsignores of the Roman court, Anglican deans, Members of the O. C. R., and converts more plentiful than He stood, a little bent, at one end of the court, Anglican deans, Members of the O.
C. R., and converts more plentiful than
primroses in May came up in quick succession to kiss the cardinalitial ring.
Surely Mr. Beresford Hope and the dean
of St. Paul's, Mr. Matthew Arnold and
Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Cleveland
and Sir George Bowyer are all representative were But there were many more. tive men. But there were many more. Cardinal Newman's voice, if not quite so powerful (there were a few words for powerful (there were a few words for all) is as sweet and musical as ever. Here there is scarce any change. But the fundamental change—social, religious, political—which has been effected in forty years is one which the premier Duke of England has been permitted to see, and upon which his grace may well be congratulated. He has thus taken part in events of deep his-torical interest during the past ten days, and their remembrance will last. Of old sunshine and shadow have alternated.

Many dark vicissitudes have been, and black shadows have fallen; but they may now be left behind and forgotten. For the howl of bigotry, like a distempered dog baying the moon, is at length happily unnoticed, or only looked upon as an an-omaly of the age and an actual nuisance.

THE JESUITS IN CANADA.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from France and the recent arrival of a number of fugitives of the Order in this country, with the intention of remaning in it, have provoked in certain quarters a discussion relative to the history of the Jesuits in Canada, in the course of which the question has been raised whether the Jesuits were or were not expelled from Canada in times past. It may therefore be interesting for our readers to know that the members of the Order were never expelled from Canada. The famine years, £18,000,000 sterling; again, the Irish servant girls—may God forever bless them, through the proprietor of Donahoe's Magazine, sent home from the famine years, £18,000,000 sterling; again, the Irish servant girls—may God forever bless them, through the proprietor of Donahoe's Magazine, sent home of Jonahoe's Magazine, sent home of it, you who slander our glorious race, members of the Order were never expelled from this country. Their history in our from this country. Their history in our midst is briefly as follows: They began to to arrive here in 1625, at a time when the Recollets had been here about 10 years. In 1633, the Recollects withdrew, but re-turned in 1672 to remain here until the death of the last of their number towards 1800. The Jesuits, from the outset, devoted themselves to the education of the Indian, as well as of the Canadian youth, and on this account the kings of France granted them at different times large tracts of land which they held as Seigneurs, like all the other lands in New France. When the country was celed to England in 1763, the King of England in 1005, the England in 1005, the England was substituted for the King of France, but the change in no way affected the Seigneurs or their tenants. Neverthless, the Jesuits ended by being the second of the England in 1005, the Jesuits ended by being the second of the England in 1005, the Jesuits ended by being the second of the England in 1005, the England made an exception, as will be seen. Pre-cisely about this time (1762-64) the en-emies of the Jesuits had them expelled from France, Spain and Portugal. The Eng-lish crown decided that, for the future, no-members of the Order fram alread would members of the Order from abroad would be admitted into Canada. Those, how-ever, who were already in the country, were neither molested nor disturbed. In 1800 the Pere Cazot, the last of the sur 1800 the Pere Cazot, the last of the survivors, died and the Quebec House of Assembly united the property of the Jesuits to the Crown domain, the revenue thereof being set apart for educations of the control of the c tional purposes according to the intention of the French Kings in making the original grants. It will thus be seem that neither England nor Canada can be counted among the persecutors of the Order. On the contrary, its members have invariably been treated by them with kindness. It is only within 30 years that the Fathers of the Order re-established them-Wontreal, selves in Quebec and the fullest liberty. Half of they enjoy the fullest liberty. Half of their number in the country presently are native Canadians.

INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to cary off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND IN THE SCHOOLS.

LETTER FROM MARY JOSEPHINE

LONDON, July 22nd, 1880. MR. EDITOR—It has often been a mat-ter of regretful astonishment to me, when glancing over the curriculum of studies pursued in our Select Academies and Seppursued in our Select Academies and Separate Schools, especially in the historical department, to see the great absence of Irish Histories. You will find the pupils wonderfully conversant with the heroism of Greece and Rome, well up in the great deeds of those brave soldiers whose flag "has braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze," while with the single exception in many cases of the history of the land in which we live, there is no history of which they are more ignorant than that of Ireland. How is it? Is not her history rich in interesting and grand her history rich in interesting and grand events. Does Malachy of the Collar of gold and "Clontarf's bloody field" rouse no patriotic ardor in the student's breast?
The history of a country's gallant deeds proves an incentive to posterity to imitate, and whose children more worthy of imitation than Ireland's? What brighter galaxy

tion than Ireland's? What brighter galaxy of talent than the role of her statesmen and orators does the world present?

What patriot's heart can beat coldly when he thinks of her soldier's gallant daringon many a hard fought field? Does "Fontenoy" not carry with it thrilling memories and is there a heart so cold that throbs no warmer at Emmet's name?

Faithful with the grandest fidelity, viz. that to a falling cause, has she ever been, and too often, alas! that we should have to write it, have her annals been written in blood, for Ireland, indeed, has been the royal Simeon of the nations, the not unwilling but trusted-proven banner-bearer of Cal but trusted-proven banner-bearer of Cal-vary's crimsoned ensign. The nation on whose dominions the sun never sets is the proud boast of every Englishman; so, too, on our race "that sun never sets," says McGee. Ireland's children are scattered from Pole to pole, are found, as the poet

Climbing the hills, crossing o'er the expec-

Often in the sacred name of God, and the glorious Virgin Mary. Yes, from India's burning clime and far Australia's golden shore, from the hills of free America and the fertile fields of Canada, from every land that the sun shines down on, does Ireland speak to the nations through the voices of her children; and the strangers of many a foreign land pause in sympathy at the songs of her exiles. Their hands and hearts are united in one vast chain stretching far across the waters of the broad Atlantic, whose waters can-not divide them; and though "Tara's Harp" be silent, and the hand that waked its chords so often to sing of Ireland's glory, be dead, yet do the hearts of her sons and daughters live, and yet does their memory cling to the land of the shamrock and daisy still will it travel back again over ocean billows to its smiling cots and peaceful church-yards, where a tender parent, a loving sister, or perhaps one dearer yet, is calmly sleeping beneath the sod, to the graves made sacred by the blood of martyrs and patriots, who fell for their faith and in and patriots, who left for their tath and in their country's cause, whom no gold could bribe, no honors seduce from striving after the "One great pearl of Price," viz., Heaven, the Christian's eternal home. Next to the divinely abiding spirit of God in the Catholic Church, the Irish people are one of its staunchest supports; they

are one of its staunchest supports; they have propagated that faith in the face of untold difficulties. The grand cathedrals dotted all over the face of our continent prove no mean testimonial of their gener-ous hearts. Absence, that so often makes mortals forgetful, only serves to bind them more closely to the dear old cushla gal machree;" and in their exile, old friends are heroic epitome of so many acts of denial as such a contribution must have caused to those whose pleasures were al-ready few and trials many!

ready few and trials many!
Yes! for hundreds of years the spirit of self-sacrifice and sorrow, sorrow which consecrates, in a measure, all it touches, has made Ireland's name a holy name, and her children a grand and religious people.
"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of

the dead;
yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the downtroiden just.
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red
blast
Has dashed to the future the fame of the past; Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of iong-vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and

song, Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong; give me a land with a grave in each Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot.
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot; give me the land of the wreck and the

forgot,
Yes, give me the land of the warm.

tomb,—
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory
in gloom:
For out of the gloom fature brightness is For out of the gloom 1 to the sunrise of As after the night comes the sunrise of the grass As after the night comes the sunrise of morn; And the graves of the dead, with the grass overgrown,
May yet form the footstool of liberty's
throne: throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of night
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

Yes,— And in the near future when Irish unite, When victory's smiles will beam on the right. Shall the cheers of her children, undaunted and free, Hait the "Sunburst" forever, as flag of the free.

Suspect men and women who affest great softness of manner and unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural and bespeak a degree of are all unnatural and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no sinister motive cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are sharp and smooth as razers dipped in oil. They affect the innocence of the dove to hide the cunning of the serpent.