



THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION.

"When, therefore, you shall see the abomination of desolation, which was spoken of by Daniel the Prophet, standing in the holy place: He that readeth, let him understand."—Matthew xxiv. 15.

The Lord is in His sacred tabernacle. The door is fast; the altar lamp is bright. The chains of silence the dear victim shackle. The hidden God is voiceless as the night. Alone, alone, for hours and hours forsaken, His burning heart is peevish in that cell. While in the outside world, blind, mad, mis-taken, The souls of men are rushing down to hell.

Is it an age of Christians or of vandals. When wretched worms dare mock the Deity? The wholesome air is poisonous with scandals. The days are dark with mortal misery. The world, grown old, renews its young alliance With pagan luxury. O Lord! how long Shall pride of intellect and so-called science Fill up the measure of audacious wrong?

"We are so wise, they say, we shall be able To build our tower up to Heaven's dome!" And it befalls them, as of old at Babel, Confusion on their hapless tongues have come. And since they will not serve their God in gladness, Nor worship at His feet in humble prayer, They shall the slaves of Satan be in sadness, In want and pain and infatigable despair.

We read of men besieged in mural cities. How round their king they rallied for support, Till strengthened by the One who rules and rules. They faced their foes a conquering cohort; And here are we whom many foes besiege. We shun our King, we shun our private hates, We grasp thro' the streets unarmed and eager, While Satan's engines batter at the gates.

Faith! the victory that overcometh A wicked world and all the wiles thereof, Pierce with thy lance the vapour that benumbeth Our Christian hope, our warmth of Christian love! For it behoves us to be ever-careful And doubly vigilant in time of war: In humble self-denial firm and prayerful, Perfecting our salvation more and more.

The mole within our neighbour's eye displeases Our jaundiced sight; the beam is in our own; Come, let us seek the Sacred Heart of Jesus, And cast our sorrows in its depths alone. The passions of the world may rule and riot, The devil, roaring lion, roams the land; And man's iniquity, its daring flat, May launch at all that's pure, and good, and grand.

But Thou, O Lord! are mighty, and Thy pity Hath made Thy Church an Ark amid the flood; A shrine of refuge, a celestial city. Generated by the Spirit precious Blood, And Thou hast need of no one, great Creator! But we, poor wretches, all have need of Thee— And they who to Thy sacred trust are traitor, The losers are—You, O Lord, are true.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

LETTER FROM LACHINE.

THE OPINIONS OF MR. MYLES O'REGAN, ESQUIRE.

Mr. Editor,—I have received your request to make my communications shorter in the future, but respectfully beg leave to decline. I consider them just as valuable as your editorials, and infinitely more instructive, for I tell nothing but the candid truth, whereas you are liable to be prejudiced and angry. However, if you don't like them as they are, just say so and I shall send them to the Wiggins.

I was reading the Rev. Mr. Webster's interview with the angelic spirit to some of my chums yesterday evening, and they thought it all very strange, but true. The fact of the rev. gentleman taking the spirit's speech down in Greek, they consider strong corroborative testimony, and the halo around the head of the visitor as conclusive proof, although one irreverent ignoramus of the name of Mike Dunn pretended to treat the whole story as a good joke. Mike is about the last person on the works who should speak of joking, for he himself cannot see the point of a witicism till twenty-four hours have elapsed, when he bursts into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, sometimes in his sleep, which is annoying to the boarders. It was only yesterday, for instance, while he was bandaging up his leg, which has been fractured above the ankle, that he laughed at the fate of my unfortunate uncle in Labrador (which he thought an invention), and perhaps it may be next week that he will cry at the pain in his wounded limb. Mike would make an excellent Conservative if he did not persist in being a bad radical. He is of the opinion that all men are born equal, and that the intellect of a duke (or duck, as he will pronounce it) is not superior to that of a canal man. He says he could find thirteen men in Lachine, who, with a little training and experience, could run the Government just as well as Sir John and his colleagues, political heroes, which I have done all in my power to combat, especially since my return from Ottawa. Since Mike began his heretical doctrines he has made many converts, and we have therefore a surprising number of orators, poets, statesmen and philosophers among us, who intend forming themselves into literary and debating societies next Monday. One of our new sect says that a beautiful statue lies concealed in every block of marble, and only needs the chisel of the sculptor to bring it forth in all its splendor. This is what education does for a man, though it would certainly take a great many sculptors, or schoolmasters, innumerable, to make anything of our poets, either mentally or physically. This point, I regret to say, from the same part of the old country's myself, and simply a disgrace to it. I offered him a dollar and a quarter last week if he said he came from Sligo instead, but he refused with scorn, saying that genius was not to be purchased with filthy lucre, but, nevertheless, if I made it double the amount, he would give the matter consideration! He has composed a poem on Napoleon Bonaparte of interminable length, which he intends having printed in Scribner's Magazine. The great Corsican is represented walking in silent anguish along

MARCH OF THE FAMINE.

Terrible Destitution in County Galway—Life on the Western Islands—Strong Men, Women and Children Wasting Away—Shocking Misadministration—More Statistics Showing the Increase of the Distress.

The Herald Dublin correspondent telegraphs:—Galway now heads the list of distressed counties, and countless are the unhappy stories that come from within its borders.

A correspondent on H. M. gunboat Gosawk, which is distributing meal among the Western Islands, writes from Inishnar, off Galway:—"It is a terrible state of affairs. Fifty families here eke out a miserable existence. Their houses are rock and soft bog. Hunger and want are every place visible. The people go naked and without food. Many are slowly starving to death. Such scenes of appalling destitution I never before witnessed. Every step we took brought before our view new and more fearful pictures of destitution and suffering. The more we saw, the more certain did death from starvation appear the inevitable fate of nearly every man, woman and child on the island. Gaunt, thin and pale were the faces of men, naturally of herculean build. The features of the women and children were overcast by the ghastly pallor of hunger. In many cabins children crouched shivering and almost naked around the fire. When I entered they sprang behind their mother, whose single garment, or thin dress, was but the slightest protection against the wind which blew through the broken roof. On the fire was the dinner, a pot of brown green seaweed. It is certain that unless they are well cared for dozens will die of starvation."

The same correspondent writes from Innisboffin concerning the shocking misadministration on the part of the officials there. The Government dispensary officer had no drugs, the relieving officers no food. One woman at least had died in consequence. The poor law inspector had not visited the island for three years.

LARGE SUMS YET NEEDED. The Mansion House Committee to-day distributed £4,000. If the distress last till August, a distribution at the same rate would require £184,000.

MARCH OF THE FAMINE. The following is a tabulated statement of the progress of the distress in county Galway. It is compiled to-day from the books of the Mansion House Committee, and represents the situation up to the present hour. Many new parishes and districts are introduced with the table and many others consolidated; and it is, therefore, impossible in most cases to make a stated comparison between the districts of to-day and that of three weeks ago. It will readily be seen that the total of destitute persons in the entire country is very much greater than it was. Indeed, the march of the famine has left the worse foreboding far behind:

Place. Number of persons. Increase in weeks.

Table with 3 columns: Place, Number of persons, Increase in weeks. Lists various parishes in Galway and their corresponding statistics.

St. Peter's Church, February 24.—A rumor now distinctly implicates the Grand Duke Nicholas in the late explosion and plot against the Czar's life. Many additional arrests have been made, including a number of students. It is said the Czar will close the University of St. Petersburg. There is much excitement over the frequent acts of incendiarism, and the people are in constant alarm. Numerous minor explosions, fires and outrages are reported throughout the city.

THE IRISH LAND AGITATION.

Parnell in Chicago—The Greatest Demonstration of the Age—50,000 People Wanting Admission—Governors of States Present.

Chicago takes first place again. Her reception of Grant satisfied all competitors, but that was a free show. Her reception of Parnell and Dillon, the Irish agitators, at the Exposition Building on last night, eclipsed anything of the kind ever seen on this continent. This is particularly significant when the price of admission was \$1 for reserved seats and 50 cents for standing-room and the galleries.

It is safe to say that had the entrance been free to all, last evening, there would have been such a rush as would have made ingress impossible to all delicately constituted people. As it was, the jam was simply indescribable.

The ladies formed a very important and charming part of the demonstration, for all turned out in their "very best," and their shining silks and waving plumes invested the monster gathering with a courtly grace.

As a matter of course, the main body of the audience was essentially Irish, but the native American element, male and female, mustered there with a strength that left no doubt on the mind of the observer as to how the people of the Northwest felt on the Irish question.

AS FOR THE CELTS, too, had their full share of sympathizers present, and not a few of our English-born citizens ranked themselves on the platform with the men who agitated against the laws of their native government. The utter absence of the British flag from the decorations did not appear to have a depressing effect upon them. In fact a few of them that might be named— notably a well-known wholesale man on South Water street—looked "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

THE DECORATIONS of the hall were simple but stirring. The flag of the United States occupied the place of honor, and, side by side with it, flashed the golden harp on the Irish banner of green and seaweed the eagle on the shield of the broad standard of Illinois—the bird holding in its beak the motto: "State sovereignty—national union."

There was also the Irish tricolor—green, white and orange—representing the blending of all creeds and factions for the sake of one grand cause—the message of the Catholic of Munster to the Protestant of Ulster:

Then let the orange fly be The badge, my patriot brother, The everlasting green for me, And we for one another!

The flags of Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Hungary, and other nations, were also pressed into service to illustrate the occasion.

THE PLATFORM presented a most imposing sight, being thronged with vice-presidents and visitors from abroad. Looking from it down into the body of the gigantic hall and up in to the thronged galleries, it seemed as if all Chicago must have been compressed into that fiery ocean of humanity, whose eyes, for the most part, shot lightning bolts of wrath when the conduct of Great Britain toward Ireland was the subject of some eloquent and dashing period. It might be said, indeed, that there, although impotent for warlike work, because of international circumstances, growled the thunders of the breach of Limerick and blazed the red lightnings that avenged upon England's splendid column centuries of wrong on the immortal field of Fontenoy.

When Gov. Cullom, accompanied by other distinguished Americans, entered the hall and took his seat on the platform as chairman of the great meeting.

VIENNA, February 26.—The Czar, of course, publishes addresses from the Poles to be presented to the Czar on the 25th anniversary of his accession. The signers declare they are emboldened to present the petition so that the Emperor, by restoring the confidence of the Poles, may afford them the opportunity of devoting their powers of peaceful nationality to the development of the welfare of the kingdom.

THE STORM.

The tempest rages wild and high. The waves lift up their voices and cry. Pierce answers to the angry sky— Miserere Domine!

Through the black night and driving rain, A ship is struggling all in vain— To live upon the stormy main— Miserere Domine!

The thunders roar, the lightning glare Vain is it now to strive or dare; A cry goes up of a great despair— Miserere Domine!

The stormy voices of the main, The moaning wind, and pelting rain, Beat on the nursery window-pane— Miserere Domine!

Warm curtains'd was the little bed, Soft pillow'd was the little head; "The storm will wake the child," they said, Miserere Domine!

Covering among his pillows white, He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright, "Father, save those that are in night!" Miserere Domine!

The morning shone all clear and gay, 'Tis a ship at anchor in the bay, And on a little child at play, Gloria Tibi, Domine!

—ADOLPHUS A. PROCTOR.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

—The Vatican is now the scene of unusual activity, in view of the celebration on March 7 of the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which Leo XIII., when a student, sustained a public disputation in theology.

Edmund Yates says:—"In the case of Cardinal Manning exemplary blamelessness of life is united with indefatigable public activity. That impressive and acetic presence, with the face whose sharp outlines take us back into the Middle Ages, is well known on every platform on which social improvements are advocated, and is a power with the English public."

In 1876 the Irish Catholics in the United States were 4,000,000 and the Germans 1,000,000, and all other Catholic races put together at only 1,000,000. The Germans are mostly centred in Ohio, Missouri, New York, Wisconsin, Illinois and Pennsylvania. The German Catholics," says Rev. Dr. White, "have shown great zeal and energy in our large cities and particularly in the region of the northwest." The French are now chiefly confined to Louisiana, that state having been a French colony which was purchased by the United States only in 1803. The Spanish element is to be found principally in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California. There are 150,000 Canadian Catholics in the New England States. Both they and the Irish are very numerous in the old stronghold of Puritanism.

An inquisitive Yankee journalist thought he would go amongst the French Canadians and ascertain what sort of people they are. Of course he was prepared, knowing them to be Catholic to the back-bone, to find them primitive, unprogressive, backward in civilization, and generally without that sharpness and "go" so characteristic of those of continental who owe no allegiance to the Church. Somehow he was disappointed. They are quiet, reserved, polite and industrious, toiling late and early to wring plenty out of an inhospitable soil and climate. Their agricultural implements are not the best— not such an easy-loving Yankee would care to use—but they have steady frames and make no complaint of the hardness of their work. Above all, they are religious. The cross can be seen everywhere. They pray devoutly, and thank God for what they get. Although their families are generally large beyond the highest European standard, all the children get education sufficient to give a zest to life. And these children, moreover, are constantly respectful to their parents, which is not the rule in non-Catholic countries, and is quite a phenomenon in the United States. Altogether those Normans of Canada are a superior people to their kin this side of the sea. When Normandy sent its colonists to Canada there was religion in France. The exiles, grown from 25,000 to about 1,000,000, have treasured it as their most sacred possession, while their brethren at home have permitted it to pass from them as it were incompatible with progress. We know which have done best.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

LONDON, February 28.—Urgent petitions for relief have been received from over 40 villages and towns in Donegal. The increase of destitution during the past three weeks is alarming.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND Purgative Pills, have been given up on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES and any one using them, at especially this season of the year, will find in them the best spring medicine obtainable.

COLDS AND COUGHS.—SUDDEN changes of climate are sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Take at once "Brown's Bronchial Troches," let the Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.

PALE CHEEKS IN CHILDREN OFTEN result from the presence of worms in the stomach, but a few of BROWN'S VERMIFUGES, COMETS or Worm Lozenges, will expel the intruders, and restore the bloom of health to the countenance. Mothers with pale face children should try these Comets.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of children, such as the whooping cough, &c., is a reliable remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system; gives rest to the mother, and health to the child.

SPINAL DIFFICULTIES RESULT from imperfect circulation of blood through the spinal column. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment rubbed in well, invigorates the blood vessels, strengthens the back, and effects a cure. Resisting from colds, pains in the back, will be relieved by one application.