

which at the time was Lord Baltimore, an Irish title, derived, I believe, from your own country. This man found himself persecuted, and finding it useless to resist, he did what was the most natural thing in the world to do in a large country, like America—he said, "I am not bound to stay here to be persecuted by those people—let us leave it all to them, and so, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, let us go somewhere else" (laughter and great applause). In that year

LORD BALTIMORE LANDED
 on the shores of the Potomac River in Maryland, and established there the only Catholic colony then established in America. It was a purely Catholic colony—the land was purchased from the Indians by Lord Baltimore, from whom the city of Baltimore derives its name. They entered into the colony by their own right—they made their own laws—they made their own Constitution, and now—to the honor and glory of the Holy Catholic Church I assert it—the very first law Lord Baltimore and his Catholic follow-colonists passed was this—"In the State of Maryland no man shall ever be persecuted for his religion" (tremendous cheering). How was this constitution accepted and received? Ah! my friends, it is worthy of your earnest attention. We are told upon the authority of Mr. Bancroft, the great American historian, that as soon as this new principle of religious toleration was once admitted and held, the people were astonished to hear of it. They flocked from every country of Europe—from every colony of America—to Maryland, that they might breathe the air of religious freedom (loud cheering). Here are the words of the historian: "Emigrants arrived from every clime to whom the Legislature of Maryland extended its free privileges. From France came the Huguenots—the Protestants who were persecuted for their religion—from Germany, from Holland, from Sweden, from Finland, the children of misfortune sought protection under the sceptre of the Roman Catholic" (great applause). More than this—the Quaker, who wanted to keep his oars (laughter)—the Quaker who did not like the application of the red hot iron to his tongue (more laughter)—came to Maryland, and under the flag of religious freedom unfurled on a Catholic standard he found peace and comfort and toleration (enthusiastic cheering). More than that—"Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance in the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland" (cheers). They came in and they lived there and they multiplied there, and small blame to them (cheers and great laughter).—But in a few years, when they got numerous enough, we have the evidence of a Protestant, the great American historian, Mr. Bancroft, and what do you think they did? They invoked the protection of the English law to disfranchise the English Catholics of Maryland (shame)! I feel my blood boil within me when I read of it, or think of it (cheers). The historian says "Lord Baltimore died, and though his sons continued his policy, the ruinous influence of Anglican institutions was now to be made more manifest. The powerful influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury was solicited to procure an establishment for the Anglican Church"—a branch of that same establishment that Gladstone pulled down here the other day (applause)—"and to seek ascendancy in a province where they had already enjoyed equality." Why were they not satisfied with equality? (loud cheers). If there are any Protestant ladies and gentlemen listening to me here to-night,

TRUE AND HIGH-MINDED PROTESTANTS,
 to you I appeal and I ask you why were they not satisfied with equality? (tremendous cheering). If they believed they had the truth what more should a true man seek than a fair field and no favor? (continued cheering). "The prelates demanded not freedom but privilege, and an Anglican establishment to be maintained at the expense of a Roman Catholic province. (Oh!) The English minister soon issued an order that the affairs of government in Maryland should be entrusted exclusively to Protestants, and the Roman Catholics were disfranchised in the colony which they themselves founded and threw open to the free franchise of all men" (indignation). I do not want upon this to create bad blood or stir up ill-feeling. I only state an historical truth, which is admitted by the greatest of American Protestant historians (cheers). Meantime, how fared it with the Catholics? My friends, the Catholics were few in the land—few and far between. Here and there a Highland man from Scotland, one of the old clans that kept the ancient faith—an Irish family driven by some persecution, by some strange impulse—perhaps some adventurous spirit of the old brigade, tired of arms and wearied of fighting in a hopeless cause, would go to America, bring his Catholic faith with him, and there would be reunion in the world, woods, and forests of America, hewing the primeval oak, and ploughing the virgin soil, hunting the elk, and destroying the wild beasts—making a little civilization flourish around him, but sighing in vain for the sign of the cross or for the visit of a priest (cheers). Bapting his own children—asssembling them to say the Rosary—teaching them as well as he might their catechism—but beyond that idea whatever, no help whatever, from that religion which he knew and believed to be the only true revelation of God, and which he believed all his hopes for time and eternity were bound up. Occasionally some Spanish priest from South America or from the Southern States might penetrate into those Northern wilds and forests. Occasionally

THE POOR IRISH EMIGRANT,
 the Catholic man might see in the early morning as he stood on the bluffs of some mighty river, a little canoe coming down the silvery bosom of the vast stream, and as he strained his eyes for a time might he see upon the very mast of the frail boat something like a cross, and hail with joy some zealous Jesuit or Franciscan, or Dominican, or some zealous secular priest going down and committing life and all to God to go down on the bosom of those mighty rivers, the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi in search of souls (great cheering). Oh! then the joy of the Catholic, when then, perhaps for the first time those twenty years, with his children around him, he was able to kneel down to the Holy Sacrifice, and to adore his God (prolonged applause). I need not tell you that in the year 1775, the American Revolution broke out (cheers). The British soldiers were defeated—the flag of England disappeared from off the forts and cities, and from the city walls of America, and the world beheld for the first time the flag which I for one honor and revere—the glorious Stars and Stripes (enthusiastic cheering). You will be surprised to hear, my friends, that when that glorious event was accomplished, in the process of which the blood of Irishmen was shed freely, the immortal Washington well knew and proudly avowed that the strongest force he had—his very right arm—was the patriotism and courage of Irishmen in the cause of American Independence (loud cheers). But in that day there

was not single priest in the whole City or in the whole State of New York.

THE FIRST PRIEST
 who settled in the city of New York was Father Francis Whelan, an Irish Franciscan, who came there in the year 1785. Now, that is not so long ago. His congregation, he tells us, amounted at that time to about two hundred Catholics in the city of New York. Further on in the year 1808, there was only one bishop and one diocese in the whole United States of America. That was the Bishop of Baltimore. It seems to us as if it was but yesterday, because our idea of antiquity takes us back as an old people to the middle ages. But in America everything is new. The very men themselves consider themselves old when they are only what we would call in Ireland simply robust men (hear, hear). I'll give you an instance of it. I myself always considered that I was not an elderly man, and still in America I've been called the "old gentleman" frequently (laughter). I don't mean the "Old Harry," you understand, but the "Old man" (renewed laughter). In the year 1808 there was only one bishop in America, and in 1815, the other day, you may say, the first cathedral was consecrated in America, in the city of Boston. Dr. Connelly was appointed Bishop of New York in 1822, a date of which, perhaps, many here assembled now have some recollection; and Dr. Connelly tells us that in that year there were only eight priests in the whole diocese of New York. Do you know, my friends, what the diocese of New York meant at that time? It meant the whole State of New York, Long Island, and New Jersey—it meant, in fact, the territories, and New York, Albany, Rochester, and Buffalo. Well, now, my friends, here are six bishops.

THERE WERE ONLY EIGHT PRIESTS
 in the year 1822. California at that time scarcely knew what christianity meant, until some Spanish Franciscans protected by the Spanish Government took charge of the poor Indians, organized them, formed them into societies, civilized and taught them, made a contented and happy people of them, and everything went on in peace, comfort, and happiness until in the year 1813, the Spanish Government—much upon the revolutionary principle which we see existing at the present day—said it would be better to take these people from under the care of the friars and put them instead under the care of the government itself. Well, my friends, what was the result. They had in a very short time from this date reduced California to such a state that the Indians were decimated—they were destroyed; the cities were destroyed, and the country was reduced to its former state of barbarism and savagery, until in a few years the people of California cried out to England and America: "Come and take us, deliver us from those Mexicans and Spaniards. Any one who wants the country can have it" (cheers). And this was the destiny of California. We now advance one step forwards. We find that in 1815, there were four dioceses constructed in America, four bishops—namely, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Galveston. We find moreover, that about that time there were but thirteen States in the Union. There were now thirty-seven church territories (cheers). As soon as the English departed from America, being defeated by the Americans, a new spirit seemed to breathe over the land, and it was the simple spirit of religious toleration (loud cheers). The significant fact is this, that whereas under the British in the State of New York it was considered a great offence for a priest to say Mass, so soon were they gone than at the building of a church which was commenced immediately afterwards, the Mayor and Alderman of the city came forward, and they were all Protestants, and assisted at the laying of the foundation-stone of that church, thereby proclaiming the glorious principle which Washington announced—that every man was religiously free in America (cheers). So far up to our own time we find that 95 years ago there were thirteen States—now there are thirty-seven (hear, hear). Eighty-one years ago there was but one Bishop in America. Now there are fifty-seven (cheers). The population of America at the time of the declaration of Independence was 2,800,000. Now the population is

UPWARDS OF 40,000,000.
 What proportions did the Catholics keep with that immense increase in the population? The increase of population is estimated at 1,433 per cent. The Catholics at that time were enumerated at 25,000 in America. To-day John Francis Maguire, whose authority on the subject I accept, declares that it is a small estimate to state that the Catholics in the United States of America foot up to 9,000,000 (loud cheers). That was to say more than 35,000 per cent, whereas the increase of the population in the main was but 1,433 per cent. Some statistics of the different dioceses will give you some idea, indeed, more than I can, of those things. In 1786, there was but one chapel in New York, with a congregation of 200 Catholics. Now, at the present day there are at least 155 churches in the State of New York, and 250 priests on the mission (cheers). In 1822, there were only eight priests in New York, and 17,000 Catholics—that is to say in the whole diocese of New York. In '47, the diocese of Albany, a mere slice of New York, was cut off; and that diocese alone has to-day 170 priests, 308 churches and chapels, and the Catholic population is 260,000 now (cheers). That is a contrast to the state of things existing in the year 1822, when there were but 17,000 Catholics and eight priests in the whole State. In the year 1847, the diocese of Buffalo was cut off from New York, and that diocese contained two years ago 110 priests, and 114 churches and chapels. The city of Brooklyn had but one priest twenty-five years ago, and the city of Brooklyn to-day contains, besides a cathedral, 25 Catholic churches, and there are 12,000 Catholic children attending daily Catholic education (hear, hear). I need not go into details for you, my friends—they are not necessary. One or two facts such as this gives you an idea of the contrast between the America of to-day and the America of so few years past (hear, hear). I wish to direct your attention to that contrast in order that I may make a few remarks as to the causes which led to it. In 1834, and I suppose there are many here who remember that year, in the State of Wisconsin, in Milwaukee, there was not one single white man—the whole country belonged to the wild, red Indian. In that year, however, a Canadian Catholic came to Milwaukee. Three years later

WITH THE INSTINCT OF A TRUE MAN,
 an Irish priest found his way there. His name was Father Kelly, and from all we hear, he had only that one man in his congregation, so that when he preached on Sunday he might have addressed him as we are told Dean Swift did—"Dearest beloved Roger" (laughter). Two years later—in 1839—there was one church in the diocese of Milwaukee. In 1840—one year later—there were 2,000 Catholics in that diocese (cheers). Four years later—in 1844—there were 20,000 Catholics in the diocese; and in the year 1868, two or three years ago, there were 322 churches, 16 chapels, 75 stations, and 490,000 Catholics (cheers). Contrast again this growth, this marvellous growth, for which I shall try and account to you presently with respect to our religious orders. Take for instance the order of Notre Dame, two members of which are at present in this country looking out for recruits amongst the maidhood of Ireland. I met one of them a few days ago in Cork, and she told me, as I expected she would, that she was reaping a regular harvest in such a sanctified field as that of denuded Ireland. Sixteen years ago there was but one convent of that order to be found in America—to-day there are 58 convents established there, and nearly 600 sisters. Dr. Tynan, the Bishop of Buffalo, was consecrated in the year 1847, and he gave a very laughable description

of the state of the diocese. He said: "There are 16 churches in the diocese, and there are 16 priests; the priests are good enough, but unfortunately the churches are only what are called 'shanties.'" Twenty years later that Bishop died, but before he died he left 165 grand churches, and 126 priests on the mission in his diocese. Those facts are, no doubt, startling.

LET US TRY AND EXPLAIN THEM.
 Whence came that wonderful growth? How came it to pass that the Catholic Church, as if it was only founded 40 years ago, and that it was only when the commission of the twelve apostles was given to it subject to the blessing of the Son of God upon them—how is it that it produced such a miraculous growth as this? We don't naturally expect such a miraculous growth from an old tree—a tree from which so many fair branches have been lopped off from time to time. It seems extraordinary that the old Church, in our own day, is able to put forth her branches and overspread that naughty continent of America; and out of a Catholic population of 25,000 to produce in an inconceivably short space of time so short that it can scarcely be remembered in the mind of man, or in the memory of man—nearly 10,000,000 of souls (cheers). It is a great problem, and one well worthy of our consideration as a human race. We have date and evidence for it that the Catholic Church has been growing up always like the palm tree planted by running waters, or like the cedar in its luxuriant foliage overspreading the summit of Lebanon. I am speaking on the evidence of Americans and Protestants. Sir C. Dilke says in one of his reports, "The growth of Popery in the New England States is simply prodigious and inconceivable. In Boston, when the Bishop was first appointed there, he had to meet a population of which there was a greater proportion of Protestants than Catholics. After a time, some of them said: 'Now we know that you are not the Devil, but when you came here first we would rather cross the street than breathe the air you did.'" In that mighty State, to-day, not to mind the Indians of America, if you were to take a poll the majority would be Catholics and mostly Irish; and when I was in Boston, some months ago, I found that, without as it seemed to me an effort,

MR. PATRICK DONAHUE,
 the Editor of the (Boston) Pilot, brought thirty-five thousand Irishmen to meet me and to hear my address (loud cheers). Viewing it humanly, it is an astounding fact—even giving a truthful and faithful account of it, it was a supernatural fact (hear, hear). He who has founded that religion has declared that His Church and His Kingdom were likened unto the little mustard seed which falls into the soil—that when it gradually grows it extends its branches, and the birds of the air can find their nests in it. It is a supernatural fact, and it proves this: that our religion demands from those who profess it such sacrifices as Catholicity. Why, Catholicity demands of you sacrifices, as well as intellectual or physical. In intellectual sacrifice Catholicity lowers down the highest intelligence before the light of faith, and bows it down before the humility of God. How often have I found during my career in America men who have said to me passionately, "Only give me something to reason the thing out until I come to a conclusion, and if I can work it out by human reason I'll accept your doctrine." I was obliged to say, in reply, that human reasoning was not Divine reasoning—that any article of Catholic faith was based on truth, and that it simply sacrificed reason just in the same manner as there are many stars in the Heavens invisible to the naked eye: but let any one take a telescope and it comes out from the firmament of Heaven before our eyes distinctly and plainly. Many truths of the Catholic faith are far removed from the mere ken of human reason, far beyond the scope of human argument—but arm it with the telescope of belief in Divine faith, put it to the eye of the soul, and then comes forth from before the eye of the intellect, the grand, startling, and glorious truths of God's revelation (applause). Catholicity imposes upon us that sacrifice; but it imposes upon us other sacrifices—I mean physical sacrifices. Breakfast is a more pleasant thing to eat at any time than a salt herring (laughter). Yet do you know at the end of the year that you have eaten fish, and that other persons have eaten beef? (Hear, hear). Catholicity imposes even greater sacrifices still—it obliges the proud man to go to confession. There are sacrifices and sacrifices, but there is the grandeur of the Catholic faith. It installs the Son of God upon the throne of His Omnipotent Mercy—and in the commission given to His priests. He tells the proudest man in the world that he must come down from his pinnacle of pride, and bow down and make a worm of himself, as it were, before the Omnipotent power of his God yielded by man (applause).

I MET A GENTLEMAN
 in America who told me, I believe, all that he could tell me of his life. He said: "I'll tell you everything; and I believe he did. He said, 'I will tell you this as a friend, but I could not demean myself to tell those things as a poor penitent, believing that you could do anything for me.' Yet Catholicity imposed that duty on a man. Is it not a strange mercy? How can you account for it, except that it is a supernatural thing—that it is religion so clearly defined, so uncompromising in the humiliation of the human mind in the acceptance of this dogma of penitent confession. How can you account for the fact in any other way that such a religion prospers and multiplies itself by hundreds of thousands, ay, by millions; especially in a land, where of all others intellectual independence and the indulgence of every faculty of enjoyment is supposed to be the very first law of God? (great applause). Yet the fact is there. How are we to explain it? First, by the reasons which I have given you; it is the work of God. Second, the United States of America, in the Providence of God, were intended to be the vast outlet for the superabundant population of the older country—the energy, physical and intellectual, which found no vent in Europe, found a place and a field for its exertions in the vast continent of America (hear, hear). America was intended by Almighty God to be the home of the hunted, the refuge of the persecuted, and that it was her destiny, for which she was created by Almighty God, to open her mighty Imperial arms and take to her heart and bosom a race the most faithful, the most kind, but the most downtrodden of any nation on the face of the earth (cheers). They turn their eyes to the West; they turn their backs upon the pauper's grave; they heard the rattling of chains which have been around the necks of their fathers for ages; they fled to the West, and they brought to glorious Columbia Irish flesh, Irish arms, Irish brains, and Irish hearts, but above all and beyond all the grand principle, which is the commonly united principle of our race for ages—they brought Irish Catholic faith. Yes. They crossed the sea in their thousands and tens of thousands—I will say in their millions. They crossed the sea, and soon the generosity of Columbia wiped away the tears from their exiled eyes. They worked for the sake of the land of their adoption, uniting her interest with their own. They consented to confine her rivers to cut down her forests, to build her cities, to lay down that wonderful net work of railways so far in advance of the whole world; they consented to fight in her armies until America is

other great element of American emigration—namely, the Germans. From the Catholic States of Southern Germany they also came in their thousands and hundreds of thousands. They brought with them their faith—a quiet faith. I have observed them keenly but lovingly—their great zeal for their own sanctification, and their great zeal for the Catholic education of their children. Everywhere, wherever the German went, you find good schools, a good church, a decent house for the priest, but when they have done this they sit down to enjoy their religion. The Irishman builds, not for himself; he will not content himself with building his church for the Irish Catholics, but will fling in his days and his day's earnings for all Catholics. The Irishman, restless in himself, and moving from place to place, will not leave the spot where he has earned a dollar until he puts half that dollar in some glorious religious edifice that, perhaps, some Irishman builds there (cheers). The German will enjoy his religion, but he will not fight for it; Paddy will stick up for his religion, and Paddy will fight for it (laughter and cheers). And it would be a strange thing, indeed, if a race which are so disposed for a fight that they will even fight for the fun of the thing—if they were not ready to fight when it was a question of God and His holy religion were at issue (cheers).

TO GIVE YOU AN INSTANCE.
 I was travelling in Kentucky, and there were four young gentlemen with more fun than good sense in them, came into the carriage. It was the only time I ever received the slightest indignity in America. They all were coming from school apparently, but at all events they took to chaffing the poor priest; but I got so much of that kind of thing in England and elsewhere I did not mind it a bit. But when I arrived at a station a man reared up at the door of the carriage, an enormous big Queen's County man. He loomed up like Fionn MacCool (laughter). He walked in, and when he came in the young gentlemen rushed up, and one whispering—I overheard him—said to another: "Yes, that's an Irish chap—I think we had better shut up" (laughter). And so well they might, for when they had departed and I told my Irish friend, he gave a groan exclamation. "Be the mortal!" said he, "and if I knew it [much laughter and cheers]—if I knew it I wouldn't leave as much clothes on the chaps as would make a mop to swab a carriage [great laughter], and I would break their necks in the bargain" [great laughter]. The third reason, my friends, to which I attribute this extraordinary spread of Catholicity is one I am anxious to speak of, as I feel deeply interested in it. Strictly speaking, we must draw a broad line between the British colonial American which ceased at the time of the revolution, and the new and glorious state of things that sprung into existence from that memorable event. The British colonists, as they were called, were legislated for by the mother country; they got their laws from London; these laws were impregnated with the spirits of religious bigotry and intolerance; these statute books were stained with American blood; but the moment America dashed to the ground that unholy banner, and raised up the banner of her own freedom, she had the generosity to cut off all the recollections of the past by her splendid legislation, and declare for the fullest religious liberty (loud cheers). The result is that that highly intellectual, that

GRANDLY LESSENERED AMERICAN MAN
 to-day, is not committed like more ancient nations to traditions of persecution (cheers). More than once gentlemen in America said to me—"Father, you must acknowledge our hands are free from blood." The consequence of this is a certain largeness of mind, a freedom from prejudice, a certain willingness to consider the great truths of revelation, a certain logical acumen to keenly and shrewdly discuss the truth. Nothing struck me more than this natural independence, and clear habit of mind which I came upon in America. I give you an instance in point; I was called during my stay in America to visit a gentleman who was very sick. He was a lawyer of eminence in one of the Southern States, a man very highly connected—the best families in America are in the Southern States. He was a man who had travelled in Europe, and read a great deal. I went to him and found him with all his senses perfectly clear. I spoke to him on religious truths. The man looked at me. After that time I felt that the moment was come. I concluded my argument—I rose from the place where I was sitting by his bedside and said, "You are dying—it is necessary in order to go to the God of truth, it is necessary to have some real fixed form of religion—you heard my arguments, I now command you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to become a Catholic, and die in the Catholic religion." The moment I put it to him he felt the command, he complied, and before I left the room the man was a Catholic (loud cheers). Now, my friends, such is the present in America—a glorious Church, united like one man. The episcopacy, the priesthood, the Catholic laity of America, are the most united of any branch of the Holy Catholic Church—they have less diversity and appearance of dissension or diversity of opinion amongst them. Obedience to the Holy Church of God—love for the Church's suffering head, by pure, logical, yet most loving obedience to every mandate of the Head of the Church, and every dogmatic precept of our Mother; and the Church in America is the most glorious in its unity of these of all the nations that have impressed the truth with the cross of Jesus Christ (cheers).

A GENUINE CHURCH
 numbering, to-day, nearly a quarter of the population of the United States, destined to grow with this mighty growing country, destined to leave the country with the truth—for in all the converts to Catholicity that I have ever met, and I met many of many nations, the most intellectual, the most fervent, the most simple-minded, were the converts that were made to Catholicity from out the worst of New England Puritans (cheers). They brought all the energy of their fathers with them to the Church of God; they brought that Anglo-Saxon determination, that, having seen the truth, they would stand by it, and, if necessary, fight for it and die for it. These converts multiply for us. That shrewd, keen intelligence of America has more insight and a clearer instinct for discovering the truth than the intellect of other nations that have been nurtured in traditions of bigotry and intolerance (hear, hear). Protestantism is rapidly disappearing out of the very heart of Puritanism, and Catholicity is making such grounds that one of the greatest statesmen in America said a short time ago, "that all the centres of their thought and intelligence of their population will be Catholic to a man" (cheers). I believe it, I believe it for two reasons. One is a supernatural—the other a natural reason. I believe it for a supernatural reason. The Church is the salvation of the world—every Catholic believes it—every Catholic must believe it (hear, hear). If I did not believe that the Catholic Church were the one necessity of the world—if I did not believe that our mission was to save the world, ay, and save society, much less divine society, from her own children, I would not remain a Catholic. The American mind, under the national element, understands this fact. They see—and they have acknowledged it, some of the highest men of America—they see clearly and distinctly that it is necessary for the salvation of American society that the sanctity of the family should be preserved—that the Christian wife should remain a wife, that there should be no power on earth whose will should be necessary to sever the sacred bond that God seals with the sacramental seal of matrimony. They see the education of the children, the future of the nation, the prosperity of the State depends on the fidelity of the husband to the wife; and they begin to see every day more clearly that that religion must only save them which

sanctifies their union, which stamps on the man and woman the sacramental seal that represents the fidelity of Jesus Christ (cheers). One of the last offerings I received before leaving America was from a distinguished Protestant clergyman. It was a book written against the legislation of divorce—against the principles of divorce, and it was written in as indignant a spirit as if it was a Catholic priest wrote it, and it was written in as fervent, impressive, and eager language as if any Irishman that ever put pen to paper were the author of it. This book laid down as a principle that until the law of divorce was utterly ignored and abolished there can be

NO SALVATION FOR SOCIETY IN AMERICA.
 The American people who love their family ties—and no people love them more dearly—the American people who are impregnated with much of what is excellent in many nations, and have gathered a great deal from the elements that form their social body—the American people who love strongly the tender relations of life—they are beginning to see more and more that between the lawlessness of the border nations, between the riotous indulgence of Mormonism, and the strange, wild, irreligious practices of this sect and that, all flowing in and inundating the family and destroying it, there is only one bulwark, one strong power to defend them capable of standing between them and all that abomination, and exorcising that demon that would destroy society—and that one power the Holy Catholic Church. Oh, America to-day groans and laments, by the voice of her statesmen—in her pulpits and in her press everywhere—over the awful corruption of official life. The dishonesty which they publicly proclaim is found in every department of commercial, social, political, and public life, nothing impressed me more than this, universally lamented as it is every day in America. Now such a man is distinguished having "made his pile"—they have a figure of speech to express it (laughter). Now, another man is discovered executing some tremendous job, and got a couple of millions. Now, another man is brought to bay, and made to disgorge sums that are eight or twelve millions. Now, some great company is burst up through the fraudulent procedure and dishonesty of some of these leading men—and so on. Now, over and over again have I preached, lectured, spoken, and written to American audiences and the American people, this great truth—"Gentlemen, there is only one religion that can save you, this religion that begins by making men honest through Sacramental grace and if it fails in its first effort, it is the only religion that knows how to punish the thief by making him make amends. Prevent a man from stealing if you can, but if you cannot the worst punishment you can inflict on the thief is to take him by the throat and say, 'Now give up your spoils, make restitution, or down to hell' (cheers). Therefore it is that the shrewd mind of America seeks for some truth and readily over the sham, for it is nothing else but a sham and mock religion that talks and talks 'law, law' (laughter), a religion that invokes the holy name with awful familiarity, that spouts texts of the Old Testament, that is always flaunting prophets and prophetesses, and flattering their souls, and laying flattering unction to their souls. 'Lean on the Lord, and it is all well,' and your friend, the commissioner, or the road contractor will lean on the Lord, but he will bring, in addition to his own weight, the weight of

A BAG OF CORN OR MILLIONS.
 Friends, one word more, and I have done. I believe that I can afford to wait. I believe that if God gives me the ordinary term of man's life, I shall live to behold America in the grandeur, the strength, and the pride of the Holy Church of God. It is said that when the Son of God was crucified his dying face was turned to the West. I know not if this tradition be true, but it would seem as if it were. The tide of sanctity and of divine faith receded many ages ago from the very hills that witnessed His crucifixion. The approaching tide of barbarism and infidelity swept on, and every vestige of the word of God there was all but effaced. We have seen the tide sweeping on from Jerusalem to Ephesus, and from Ephesus to Constantinople, receding still westward—westward still to the great strongholds of Rome. From Rome the tide of sanctity still swept westward, until by that far distant western isle—the island of saints, the island of Monks and Apostles, the glory of Christendom—the grandeur of Catholic sanctity burst out in Christian nations, as a brighter light, and all the world praise God through Ireland. The singing waves of infidelity are to-day lashing with angry roar at the very foundations of the Seven Hills of Rome. Westward still flows the tide of sanctity—westward still growth the light of divine faith, and to-day the world gazes with wonder on American Catholicity, and glorifies that in which no human wisdom can account or understand. May I promise to myself, ere my eyes close in death, to behold the glorious, the grand, the magnificent spectacle of Catholic America. On that day when the great flag of freedom—the flag unstained by blood, shed in persecution or injustice—the flag first upheld by Irish hands in the first revolution, borne by the same brave hands in a hundred battle-fields from end to end of the land—when that flag shall wave over a people, united in their faith, sanctified by Catholic sacraments, purified by Catholic agency, strengthened by Catholic unity, emboldened by Catholic hope, and enlightened by Catholic faith—when all this comes to crown the acute intellect, the strong determination, and firm purpose of the American man—where, since the world was created, was such a sight seen as Columbia would present to the nations (loud applause). I say for myself, and for every man of my blood, and of my native land, it is your wish and mine—it is the wish and desire of millions of our countrymen in America who pray day by day at a thousand altars of the land, that in return for all Columbia gave them, God may give to him a crown of Catholic faith, Catholic hope, and Catholic charity, and in the strength of Divine Grace may make him a light and a glory to the whole world.

The speaker retired amidst the wildest and most enthusiastic cheering. Most of the audience got on their feet, and for some minutes waved their hats in delightful appreciation of the eloquent discourse which they had heard.
 Mr. Murphy, M. P., then came forward and proposed a vote of thanks to the learned lecturer. Mr. Ronayne, M. P., also made a few remarks.
 The Mayor, in a well timed and appropriate speech, put the vote of thanks, which was passed with acclamation.
 The proceedings then came to a close, and the vast audience quietly dispersed, highly delighted with the grand treat they had been afforded.—Cork Herald.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

ESTABLISHMENT OF NUNS IN DOYLE.—We are glad to announce that we may at no distant date expect to have the privilege of an establishment of nuns in our town. To our good and devoted bishop and parish priest, and to all who aided them in their efforts, or facilitated the attainment of an object long and ardently yearned for by the Catholic portion of the community, heartfelt and grateful thanks are due. The blessings and benefits of an establishment of this kind, conferring a good sound education firmly based on religious principles, are too widely known to need recapitulation here. The nuns have been the pioneers of goodness, and charity, and consolation, when war, famine, pestilence and ignorance lay heavily on God's children. It is then with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we congratulate the people of Doyle and neighbour-