

tufts of house-leek, and the mass of its soddy...

"What are you knocking there for, honey?" asked the old man...

"It is a good thing," reasoned the grumpy, aloud...

"Trouble, honey, trouble; is anybody persecutin' you?"

"Ah, then, who, if it be a fair question, and no offence..."

"What is the matter, my child?—what is the matter?" he inquired...

"Oh, reverend father," said Angela, now ready to burst into tears...

"The power of the wicked prevails now, my child, and we are only able to contend against it by prayer and intercession..."

Angela thankfully took the little brown beads of the seven decades, and humbly and warmly thanking the venerable father, took her departure.

Old Kitty rushed out as she turned down the lane, and called out after her:

"Sassenach girl! if you came here to plot against the best priest that Ireland ever saw..."

Angela hurried on; she knew very well that the king persecuted Ireland and the Irish...

resents these outrages, putting to death many of her subjects, for the most part: however, hardened and base criminals, whose lives were a scandal to religion...

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the British Minister will hesitate before he exposes the canker that corrodes the Empire at its core, and avows that while fighting with her allies on the Continent...

Clearly it is the duty of the Irish party in the House of Commons to demand, in the first instance, that Ireland shall be permitted to organize adequate means of protecting her shores from invasion.

Refusal would expose England's real condition at home to the world—but it would do more. It would place Ireland morally before the nations in the event of the time coming—as come it will—when the people will be compelled to organize the elements of self-defence.

Should this course not be adopted—or should members of the party prove too weak to press such a vigorous policy—the people can still find means to make a national demand for protection and defence.

However it may be done the demand should be made and made without delay, Ireland, we repeat, is defenceless and should be permitted the means of defending herself.

Refusal would prove that England, in her relations to Ireland, realizes the condition in which "TYRANNY IS NOT GOVERNMENT," and set the people still more seriously to study the philosophy implied in the Principle—that "ALLEGIANCE IS DUE ONLY TO PROTECTION."—United Irishman.

HOME RULE IN CANADA AND IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the United Irishman. Sir—Canada and its relations to the British Crown are frequently made a shuttlecock by the friends and foes of a Federal Union between Great Britain and Ireland.

By others it is declared that the Government of the Dominion and its relations to the Crown, is more akin to Federalism than to Dualism—in fact more like what Ireland now demands to be than like what Ireland was. Then, too, we hear some people say that Home Rule for Ireland means something like the Home Rule the Canadians now possess;

while others assert that Home Rule for Ireland means precisely such a system of Government as Ireland has been a continuous tyranny. It is a tyranny to-day, as being in direct antagonism to the will of the great majority of the people, and only maintained by coercive force.

England governs Ireland by tyranny. In case of foreign war she would be incapable of protecting the people, and yet she refuses to let them protect themselves. Not only is this tyranny, but it is a tyranny that denies protection, and it is therefore destructive of safety.

Denying to the Irish people, therefore, the right and privilege of protecting their own shores against foreign invasion, is a renunciation of the duty of Government, and a direct incentive to laxity of allegiance.

There is no gainsaying the patriotic Bishop's words. "Allegiance is due only to protection," and the Irish people are neither protected nor allowed to protect themselves.

1.—The Amendment from time to time, notwithstanding anything in this Act of the Constitution of the province, except as regards the office of Lieutenant Governor.

2.—Direct taxation within the province in order to the raising of a revenue for provincial purposes.

3.—The borrowing of money on the sole credit of the province.

4.—The establishment and tenure of provincial offices and the appointment and payment of provincial officers.

5.—The management and sale of the public lands belonging to the province and of the timber and wood thereon.

6.—The establishment, maintenance, and management of public and reformatory prisons in and for the province.

7.—The establishment, maintenance, and management of hospitals, asylums, charities, and eleemosynary institutions, in and for the province, other than marine hospitals.

8.—Municipal institutions in the province.

9.—Shop, saloon, tavern, auctioneer, and other licences, in order to the raising of a revenue for provincial, local, or municipal purposes.

10.—Local works and undertakings other than the following, class—Lines of steam or other ships, railways, canals, telegraphs, and other works and undertakings, connecting the province with any other province, or extending beyond the limits of the province; lines of steamships between the province and any British or foreign country; or such works as, although wholly situate within the province, are before or after their execution declared by the Parliament of Canada, to be for the general advantages of Canada or for the advantages of two or more of the provinces.

11.—The incorporation of companies with provincial objects.

12.—The solemnization of marriage in the province.

TIME. Time flows from instants, and of these, each one should be esteemed, as if it were alone.

The shortest space which we so highly prize, when it is coming, and before our eyes, let it be all added to the eternal main.

No realms, no worlds can purchase it again. Remembrance only makes the footsteps last. When winged time, which fixed the prints, is past, Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings, And seems to creep decrepit with his age.

Behold him when past: what then is seen? But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds? And all mankind in contradiction strong, Rueful, aghast, cry out in his career.

Time hurries on, With a restless, unremitting stream, Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief, That slides his hand under the miser's pillow, And carries off his prize.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore, Who danced our infancy upon their knee, And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store, Of their strange ventures happy'd by land and sea, How are they blotted from the things that be? How few, all weak and withered of their force, Wait on the verge of dark eternity, Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse, To sweep them from our sight.

"Where is the world," cries Young, "at eighty? Where The world, in which a man was born?" Alas! Where is the world of eighty years past? 'Twas there— I looked for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass! Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gaz'd on e'er! A silent change dissolves the glittering mass, Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, Kings, And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

And our hearts, though stout and brave, Still like muffled drums are beating Funeral marches to the grave.

What does not fade? The tower, that long had stood The crash of thunder and the warring winds, Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, time, Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base, And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk; Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down, Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones, And lottering empires crush by their own weight.

There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, nor a mere antique, but full of youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth, to the furthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

The Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see to the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St Paul's!