

not have a  
to make this  
of merit of  
of the world.

At Sunset.

We stood upon the rugged rocks,  
When the long day was nearly done;  
The waves had ceased their sultry shocks,  
And hushed our feet with murmuring tone,  
And o'er the bay in streaming locks  
Blow the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars  
Still to a deeper glory glow;  
Above our heads the faint, few stars  
Look out from the misthatched blue;  
And the fair city's church spires  
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky! O purple tide!  
O friends to friends that closer pressed!  
These glories fade in darkness hid,  
And ye have left my longing breast,  
I could not keep you by my side,  
Nor fix that radiance in W. B. GLAZIER.

FATHER BURKE'S ORATORY.

"The Genius and Character of the Irish People."

HIS GREAT ADDRESS IN BOSTON.

[Lecture delivered in the Coliseum, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, September 22, 1872, before the largest paying audience ever assembled to listen to one man, amounting to over 40,000 people. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Catholic children.]

There are two elements that constitute the character and the genius of every people. These two elements are: The religion of the people and their government. I need not tell you that of all the influences that can be brought to bear upon any nation the most powerful is the influence of their religion. The form or system of government under which they live. If that government be fair, just, mild and beneficent, it will make an able people. If that government be a government of the people—governing themselves as glorious America does to-day—it will make every man in the land a lover of his government, a lover of his country, a lover of his institutions under which he lives. But if that government be a foreign government—the government of a foreign race—it will make an alienated people. If that government be an unjust and tyrannical government, it will make a rebellious and a revolutionary people. If that government be a mere travesty or caricature of law, it will make a false-hearted and a lying people.

Now, when I come to speak of the genius and the character of my fellow-countrymen, I am reminded that in the character of every people on the face of the earth there is light and shade. There is the bright side and the dark side; there is the sunshine and the shadow. There is the side which we love to contemplate; the side in which the virtues of the people shine out; the side which is the better part of their nature governs. And there is also the bad side; the side that we are ashamed to look upon; the side, the contemplation of which makes a blush rise to the cheek of every lover of the land. And so there are lights and shades in the character and in the genius of our Irish people. As it is in nature, this world in all its beauty is made up of light and shade.

I have said that in the order of nature and in the beauty of God's creation here below there is light and shade. But there is this distinction to be made: the light comes from Heaven—from the sun, rolling in its splendor over the clouds above; the shadow comes from the earth—from the deep forest gaps, from the world from the hanging mountains—from these comes the shadow, but the light comes from Heaven. So, in like manner, in the character and in the genius of our Irish people there are both light and shade. There is the bright side, the beautiful side, the glorious side, to contemplate; and there is also the dark side, but with this difference, that the lightsome and beautiful side of our people—the character is derived from Heaven, from God—from the high source of Irish faith; whilst the dark side of our character, the dark and the gloomy shade, comes from below—from the misgovernment of those who ruled—from the treachery, the depravity, and the wickedness of man.

GENIUS OF THE PEOPLE.

And now, so much being said, let us approach the great subject of the genius and the character of the Irish people.

In speaking to you, my friends, on this subject, I am forcibly reminded that the character and genius of every people are formed by their history. In going back to the history of Ireland I am obliged to travel nearly two thousand years in order to come to the cradle of my race. I am obliged to go back to the day when Patrick, Ireland's apostle, preached to the Irish race, and in the Irish language, the name and the glory of Jesus Christ and His Virgin mother. And coming down through that mournful and checkered history, I find that our people have been formed in their national character and genius, first of all, by the faith which Patrick taught them, and secondly, by the form of government under which they live.

What is the first grand feature of the Irish genius and the Irish character? It is this: that, having once received the Catholic faith from St. Patrick, Ireland has clung to it with a fidelity surpassing that of all other peoples. She is a Catholic to-day as in the day when she bowed her virgin head before St. Patrick to receive from him the regenerating waters of baptism.

This, I say, is the first beautiful light in the character and the genius of the people of Ireland. Every other nation of whom we read received that faith slowly and reluctantly. Every other nation of whom we read demanded of their apostle the seal of his blood to ratify the truth which he taught them. Ireland alone, amongst all the nations of the earth, received that faith willingly; took it joyfully; put it into the hearts and into the blood of her children; and never ceased her apostle one tear of sorrow nor one drop of his blood.

WOMAN'S BRIGHTEST ORNAMENT.

Another light that shines upon the bright side of the history, the character, the genius of my people, is the light of divine purity; the purity that makes the Irish maiden as chaste as the nun in her cloister; the purity that makes the Irishman as faithful to his wife as the priest is to the altar which he serves; the purity that makes Mormonism and defile-

ment of every kind utter strangers to our race and to our people. I say, the Irish woman is the glory of Ireland; she is the glory of her country. How beautiful is she in the integrity of virgin purity! She had been taught it by St. Patrick, who held up the Mother of God—the Virgin Mother—as the very type of Ireland's womanhood, and of Ireland's consecrated virgins, as illustrated in the lives and the characters of our Irish virgin saints. The Irishman knows that, whatever else he may be false to—whatever other obligations he may violate and break—there is one bond, tied by the hand of God Himself, before the altar; sealed with the sacramental seal of matrimony; signed with the sign of the cross, that no power upon earth, or in hell, or in heaven, can ever break; and that is the sacred bond that binds him to the wife of his bosom.

What follows from this? I know that there are men here who do not believe in the Catholic religion—that do not believe in the integrity of our Irish race—yet I ask these men to explain to me this simple fact: How is it, how comes it to pass, that whilst the Mormons are recruiting from every nation in Europe, and from every people in America, they have only had five Irish people from amongst them? And amongst these five, four arrived in New York last week. A reporter of a newspaper met them, and said to them: "In the name of God, are you become Mormons?" They said, "Yes, we are." "Why! don't you come from Ireland?" The answer he got was this: "Aweel, we can't fra' the North of Ireland, ye ken; but we're a Scotch bodies." Men and women of Ireland, to the honor and glory of our race, there was only one Irishman among the Mormons. What brought him across them? I don't know. I would like to meet him and have half an hour's conversation with him. Maybe he was like the man who joined the "Shakers" in Kentucky. He put on the white hat and the dress and was a most sanctimonious fellow. He came to the priest with his hands folded and eyes turned upwards, quoting texts of Scripture. When the priest saw him, not knowing who he was, he thought he was a Quaker. But the fellow turned up his sleeve and showed the sign of the Cross, and the Blessed Virgin, and St. John tattooed on his arm. "Look at that, your reverence," said he. "My God," said the priest to him, "aren't you a Quaker?" "Well, your reverence," said he, "I am—for the time being." "And what made you join them?" said the priest. "Oh, to tell you the truth, I went among them to see if they were in earnest. Your reverence," said he, "it is bacon and cabbage we get every day, and it agrees with me."

NO DIVORCE FOR IRELAND.

Five years ago the English Parliament made a law, the most infamous, the most unchristian that could be passed—a law that a married man could be separated from the wife that he married; and the man that was separated from his wife could go and marry another woman; and the woman could go and marry another man. The English people asked for that law and acted upon it. They acted upon it so freely and so willingly that the Judge of the Divorce Court was actually killed in a few months by the large amount of business that was thrown on his hands. The Scotch people took that law. But what did the Irish do? Every man, woman, and child in Ireland burst into a loud fit of unextinguishable laughter. The women said: "The Lord be between us and harm!" And the men said: "They've gone blind mad in England! They've gone and made a law that a fellow that marries a woman and she leaves him free and marry some one else."

The Irish character and the genius of Ireland is vindicated in the care that the Irish parent has for the education of his children. He will not abandon them to the streets, to ignorance, and sin; he will not allow them to go into the schools where they may be taught to blaspheme the purity of Mary and the divinity of Mary's Child. No matter what it costs him he will insure to his children the blessing of a pure and a high Catholic education. Look back upon the history of our people as taught to us by the genius of history. The worst law that ever England made—the most infamous, the most unchristian—was the law that was enacted during the penal times, by which it was declared that if an Irish Catholic father sent his son or his daughter to an Irish Catholic school that man was guilty of felony and liable to transportation. Their soldiers and their policemen went through the whole country, and the schoolmaster had to fly like the priest. But in the midst of the danger, at the cost of liberty and of life, the Irish people, the parents of Ireland, the fathers and mothers of Ireland, still had their children educated; and England failed in her diabolical attempt to brutalize and degrade the Irish people by ignorance.

AMOR PATRIE.

The next great light thrown upon our history and upon the genius of our national character is the love that Irishmen all the world over preserve for the land that bore them. The emigrant comes from Ireland at a mature age; he leaves his native soil after he has had time enough, years enough, to weep over her miseries, and perhaps to strike a blow in her ancient and time-honored cause. The child comes from Ireland in his mother's arms. The son of the Irish father, far away from the native soil of his parents. But whether it be the full grown man, or whether it be the infant in arms, or whether it be the native-born American Irishman—all unite in the one grand sentiment that bound together the bards, the sages, the saints and the soldiers of Ireland—namely, the love, pure and strong, for that ancient land that bore them.

Such was the love for Ireland the great saint, the blessed Columbkille, felt, that he died exclaiming: "Oh, now I die in the hope of seeing my God, because I have shut my eyes to the place that I love most on earth—green, verdant, and sweet Ireland." An Irish soldier fell dying on the plain of London. When the bullet had pierced his heart and his blood was gushing forth, Sarsfield, the noble Irish soldier, took a handful of his heart's blood, and lifting it up, cried: "O God! that this blood was shed for Ireland!" The love that filled the heart of Columbkille in Iona, the love that throbbled in the last movement of that dying heart of Sarsfield is the love that to-day binds the

Irishman in America, in Australia, and all the world over to the cherished land of his birth, and makes him hope for high things and do daring and valiant deeds for the ancient land of Ireland.

The last of Ireland's saints was the holy and canonized St. Laurence O'Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin when Ireland was first invaded by the Anglo-Norman. If we believe Leland, the ancient historian, the man who was ordained as a monk in Glendalough, the man who was the model bishop, and Archbishop of Dublin, came forth and guided on his sword in front of the Irish army before the English invaders. In the name of the Blessed Trinity, he drew his sword in the sacred cause of Ireland. In his patriotism—the love of fatherland—is canonized, as well as the monk and the archbishop.

One more light in the bright side of our character, and I have done with this portion of my address. The Irish people, in their genius, in their national character, have kept up under the direst persecution. Never did a people suffer so much and keep up their natural humor, splendid temper and height of spirit. If any other nation on the face of the earth had gone through three hundred years of incessant war, four hundred years of national invasion, three hundred years, again, of religious persecution, the heart and the spirit of the people would have been broken, and no smile would have been seen on the face of the nation. What do we find? In spite of all he has suffered, in spite of all the persecution that has been heaped upon him, the Irishman of to-day has as light a heart, as bright an eye, and as nimble of heel in the dance, as any man on the face of God's earth. Give him an opportunity, and he will give you a stroke of wit such as you never heard before. There was a poor fellow down in my native town of Galway—I dare say some of you know the place—he was standing in his corduroy breeches and gray stockings, and the brogues that he wore were not worth mentioning, because they had neither soles nor uppers. As he stood in the door of his little cabin, the pig was playing with the children. An Englishman was passing, and saw the pig in the man's house; and he said to him, "Now my good man, why do you allow that pig in your house? It does not look quite right." "Why," said the Irishman, "has not the house every accommodation that any reasonable pig would require?" Oh! the light heart of the Irish race! On this platform there were two Irish pigs, or Irish piglets, and he struck up an Irish jig, do you imagine, priest and friar, as I am, that he did not feel the heels going under me!

STRENGTH OF FAITH.

Whence comes the light foot, the bright eye, the brave heart? Ah! it comes from the religion that taught them that, no matter how hard the world went with them, the hand of God was with them, and Jesus Christ and His Virgin Mother who loved them; no matter how drear their lot in this world was, their religion opened before them a vista of a magnificent and eternal future of happiness in the next world. Hence it is that these, amongst many other traits and characteristics in the genius of the Irish people are revealed to us with the light that always shines from the Catholic religion. The Catholic never changed his religion in Ireland, because he was a Catholic, and the Catholic religion does not change. The Catholic Irishman always knew how to die upon the field of honor, because his religion taught him that the noblest death that man can die is to die for his God, and for a noble and just cause. The Catholic Irishman is light-hearted because he says: "I may be hungry to-day; I may be tired to-day; I may be cold to-day; but my God is preparing for me a kingdom where neither hunger shall pinch, nor labor weary, nor cold be numb." Now, my friends, with this light and beauty in our national character, what are the shades and the shadows and defects of our people? You may ask me what they are. What are the shadows of the Irish people? I think I know my people as well as any man alive.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

I remember a time in my life when not one word of the English I now speak to you was on these lips, but only the sweet old rolling Celtic tongue that my father and my mother spoke before me. I have lived for years in Ireland. I have studied the character of my people, not with eyes blinded by the prejudice of an amateur critic, but with the skilled eyes of a Catholic priest. I have seen the dark side as well as the bright side of our national character. I will not give to you my own experience, for I have learned so to love my people and my race that I cannot find it in my heart to speak ill of them. I will let the press of England do it. I will let our enemies tell you and me what our national faults are. And what are they? The first thing of all that the English press accuses us of as Irishmen is that we are an imprudent, reckless lot. They say: "Look at the German; he is not a year in America before he has a couple of houses and a couple of lots; but look at the Irishman; he settles down in a decent house, and earns, perhaps, five dollars a week; he gives one dollar to the priest, three more for whiskey, and one to the wife." They say we have no prudence; we don't know how to make nineteen pence out of eighteen soon enough. I grant it. We Irishmen are a spendthrift and reckless race. I ask you, men of Ireland, who made us so imprudent? Who made us so imprudent and reckless? Ah! was it not the cruel, blood-stained Government of England, that robbed us of every penny of our possessions? What makes a man reckless and imprudent so soon as to deprive him of that which is his own and shut out every hope for the future? What hope had the Irishman at

home? He tilled his field and drained it, he made a piece of bog which was arable land; but the moment it was worth twice its former value the landlord turned him out with his wife and children, to die like dogs in the ditch, and gave his farm to some other person. What wonder that we spend our money lavishly and recklessly, when we have not, for seven hundred years, had anything left by the Government worth an Irishman's while to live, to save, to be prudent for, in the land of his birth! The English press says:— "THE STANDER ABOVE IRISH DRUNKENNESS. 'The Irish race are drunkards, too fond of drink; they spend all their money in drink. Nothing but whiskey!' Now I answer, with my experience of Irishmen, that any man who accuses our Irish race and our Irish people of being greater drunkards than any other people tells a lie, if any man said to me here such a thing, I would say—'You lie and I will prove it.' Take, for instance, the Scotch. What does their own poet tell us of their drinking? He says:—

"While brewed a peck of malt,  
And Rob and Alick drank to meet."

They sat down at nine o'clock, and they drank raw whiskey until six o'clock in the morning; and then they were not drunk, for he goes on to say:—

"We are na fur, we're na that fur;  
The cock may crow, the day may daw,  
But say we'll taste the barley bree."

I would like to know if any of you know an Irishman who was able to drink raw whiskey from nine o'clock at night till six in the morning and not fall under the table. No enemy of ours ever yet alleged that we were gluttons. Thanks be to God for that! The charge of eating too much, whatever comes of our drinking too much, was never made against the Irish people. The Irishman is a small eater, my friends. There was an Irish gentleman by the name of Col. Martin, of Ballinalinch. He was over in England, and made a bet with an Englishman about this. The Englishman said to him—'You are a member of Parliament also—'You are not able to eat as well as our people.' The Irish gentleman foolishly said—'I will bet you five hundred pounds that I can bring you a man from my estate who can eat more than any Englishman you bring.' The Englishman took the bet willingly. The Irishman was brought over; the Englishman also appeared—a fine, big, strapping man, with a mouth full of teeth, and a great long body with short legs—plenty of room; and he did not eat anything for two days; to put himself in trim. The poor Irishman was brought in—a ploughman, with a fine bloom of health upon his face—as well able to give an account of a *scotch* of potatoes, with "griskin," or a bit of bacon, as the best of you; but he was no match for the Englishman. They sat down to the table, and the Englishman took to roast beef to eat. The Englishman stood behind his man's chair, and the Irish gentleman stood behind his man's chair, looking at their eating. After a while, the Irishman had got his fill, while the Englishman was only beginning to eat in earnest. There was a turkey on the spit roasting for the gentlemen's dinner. The Irish gentleman saw that his man was falling, and he spoke to him in Irish, "Michael," he said, "what do you think?" And the man replied, in the same tongue: "Oh, master, I'm full to the windpipe!" As he spoke in Irish, the Englishman did not understand him, and he asked Martin, "What does the fellow say?" He says, replied Martin, "that he is just beginning to get an appetite, and he wants you to give him that turkey there for his dinner after he is done." "Confound the black-guard," says the Englishman, "he shall never get a bit of it. I give up the bet!" But if Irishmen are fond of a glass of whiskey, who is to blame for it? God forbid that should excuse it. I hold up my hand against it, at home and abroad. I say to every Irishman that comes before me, "Prudent, be sober and you will be a prosperous man." I admire your city of Boston. I say it here publicly, I admire the legislation that puts it out of the power of a man to be a drunkard, because drunkenness is the worst degradation of man, and the worst crime we can commit against God. But if we find an Irishman here and there taking, as they say, a "thimbleful" of whiskey, it is to blame for it? Why did England persecute him? Why did England persecute him? Why did England leave him without a foot of land to stand upon and call his own in the land that bore him? Why did England cut off every hope from him? Do that to most men and you will find that they will turn for comfort in the bottle.

IF THERE, WHO IS TO BLAME?

Finally, my friends, let me say a very revere and decent people. The critics of the English press say: "Oh, you cannot trust the word of an Irishman; he will tell you a lie when he says he is telling you the truth." I answer again, Who is to blame for the lying and deceit, if it exists in the Irish character? Is it a heavy crime for a heart-broken, persecuted man to tell a lie to the man who is making a master over them, from whom they expect no mercy? The man that will consent to cover his fault with a lie is the man that knows there is no allowance made for him or his faults. Therefore, I deny that we are a lying people; and even if we were true, I say that the seven hundred years of English rule ought to have made us the most deceitful people on the face of the earth.

They say we are revengeful. If you travel in England you will hear in the railway carriage from the Englishman, that Ireland is a most awful country; the Irish are a most dreadful people; that if you go out there to take an evening walk, suddenly a man will come out of the bushes, present a blunderbuss point-blank at you and blow you to blazes. There has been a great deal of crime in the way of "out-rages" in Ireland. But, my friends, I lay down, firstly, the undisputed fact, that there are more murders committed in London in one month than there are in Ireland in three years. Secondly, again I say, if the people take "the wild justice of revenge," if they go out and take the law into their own hands, who is to blame, when that Government has allowed a "crowd of brigades" to uproot the honest men of our people, to hunt them from their dwellings like wild beasts, and leave them to perish on the roadside, or in the workhouse, or else to continue to the

hard fate of the moneyless emigrant coming to a foreign shore.

The Irish landlord comes to the door of an Irish tenant and says to the man, "Go out!" His family have, under heaven, lived for three hundred years under that roof; and they have to go out. He says to the woman lying, perhaps in her confinement, or her fever, "Go out!" He says to the little children, "Go out!" with not a morsel of food, or an article of clothing, from under their roof, in the midst of bitter winter. And the Irish father dubs his gun, and dashes the tyrant's brains out. I say again—God forbid that I should encourage them; but, as a priest, as a theologian, as an Irishman, I stand here and say if ever there was a people who were guiltless of bloodshed in murder, it is the people of Ireland.

Now, my friends, one word and I am done, because you can easily perceive I am beginning to be a little tired. You have seen the lights, you have seen the shadows of the Irish character. The lights I have endeavored to prove to you come from above, the shadows from below. Twenty years ago, Ireland, persecuted, starving, "the Niobe of the nations," turned her eyes westward, and with that vivid Irish imagination which has never failed to realize the beautiful and the true, beheld the magnificent shores of Columbia. She sent her people here. Eight millions of them are on American soil, the bone and sinew; the brain and intellect, and the energy of this land. The light that came to them they have brought with them, because it shone from above, and no man could take it from them. The shadows in their character—the despondency, the drunkenness, the imprudence, the revenge, if such there be—they came from misgovernment under which they lived; the cause of them is removed, England has no longer any claim upon any Irishman here, except myself. You are all having the glory of being free men on a free soil.

HAIL COLUMBIA!

If there be any traditions or traces of providence they should not be here. We were imprudent at home, because we had nothing to hope for, nothing to live for. But oh! I behold the glorious future, as America's imperial hand opens for every citizen her liberties. No trace of slavery is on this soil; no penal law condemn you to ignorance or to slavery; no sceptre monarch to tell you, at the peril of your life, to think as he does, or to die; no Harry the Eighth to tell you, if you are Catholic, he will destroy you; and that in order to live, you will have to forego the faith you have held for more than a thousand years. No! America hears no tyrant footstep on her soil, and hearken to the voice of no man who is oppressing and enslaving his fellow-men. Long may she wave the emblems of hope and of freedom over a country vast in its proportions, terrible in its power, strong in its genius, glorious in its magnificence, and in the liberty and freedom which she grants to all men.

The Irishman in America has what he never had at home; he has the genius of freedom around him. He is able to expand his glorious Celtic bosom, to breathe an air unstained with any tyranny. I am a "loyal" British subject because I am a patriot, and the church teaches loyalty and peace; but I confess to you that never, never, for twenty years, have I spoken in Ireland, as I feel I can speak in America. I can't tell you what it is; I only know that it is so. I feel like a blind man when his eyes are first opened and he beholds the light; I feel like the manacled man when his chains first fall from his limbs, and he knows that he may use his hands.

Why, then, should not the confusion that sprang from these shadows and this misgovernment be gone? Why should the Irishman in America be provident, prudent, thrifty, industrious? Thanks be to God! here he has something to live for; something to hope for, for himself and for his children after him. Why should not the Irishman in America be sober, and not a teetotaler in the consolations of the bottle? He has a glorious land before him, bright skies above him, a splendid liberty around him, a high scope for the intelligence with which God has so largely endowed our people.

I lift up, as it were, the veil of the future, I look with an anxious, longing eye. What do I behold? I may be in my grave, yet it will come! It will come! What do I behold? I may be sleeping beneath the shrouds, yet it will come! All hail, Irish Columbia! All hail the great and mighty power I see advancing over the ocean's waves, in an unconquerable flotilla! Genius is there; bravery is there; power is there; the fair figure of Mary the Virgin is hanging at the mast-head! They come! they come to save Ireland, our ancient Ireland; and she no longer shall be enslaved. A great and mighty race have risen to elevate her, and to place her upon a high throne among the nations of the earth.

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ECHOES OF THE HEART.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ANNE J. COURVOISIER.—BY TRUVA.

VI.

Shall I cite here, among so many monumental examples, that generous mother who, seeing that her son was about to expire in spite of the science of the most celebrated doctors of European medical faculties, threw herself courageously on her knees, at the foot of the cradle, and, choked with sobs, appealed to Heaven in these touching accents:

"O my God, to save humanity You accepted the life of Your Son, and accept my life to save that of my child. If some day mine expires, let it be myself; and if the sacrifice of my life does not suffice, take all my happiness during the remainder of my life; yes, take everything, but save my child; take all I possess; take even that which I hold most dear—the love of my husband; let me be poor, disgraced, but let my child live."—*Mme. Schenckel.*

A few days later, through the great streets of the capital, a child in the arms of its father silently followed a coffin; it was that of the poor mother. God had accepted her sacrifice in favor of the orphan.

This authentic fact has in truth nothing strange, it is but another application of the Catholic dogma, always so soothing, of the Communion of Saints.

Oh! how many sick, suffering, dying ones, how many travelers and prisoners have been relieved, strengthened, protected, saved, by the prayer and sacrifice of a weeping family stricken by misfortune. Who does not remember what happened to St. Peter in the prison, and what a glorious daughter of St. Dominic did for Pius IX?

After having lived to misfortune an illuminating and expiating omnipotence, God has granted it something more beautiful still. I hear the poet cry:

"Thou makest man, O Sorrow!  
And I applaud. Yes, it is sorrow that makes souls. In the same manner that you elicit sparks of fire by striking a stone thus sorrow strikes souls, and light, grandeur, heroism, devotedness, love, gush forth.

We touch gold with the touchstone, we test the diamond with chemical agents, to know whether it be real or false. Well, the soul is like the diamond; it must be tested also to know whether it be great or vile, and the touchstone of souls is sorrow.

He that passes in the street covered with rags, says Abbe Bougaud, may be a hero, but that will only be seen when sorrow touches his soul. He that passes in gorgeous equipage and decked in costly raiment may be but a coward and a worthless wretch, but that will only be proved when he is tried by sorrow. For this reason Socrates and Plato were greater than the most glorious moments of their life. Nothing makes us greater than a great sorrow. Misfortune is always the portion of genius. Search history; you cannot point out an immortal name that it has spared. Sorrow is the aureole of true greatness. It is the insignia of royalty in the moral kingdom! Our theatres cannot do without it. It is not always the most happy personage that is applauded! In literature sorrow makes poets. Despair's most doleful chants are always grand; I've heard immortal songs that were but sob.

If Louis XVI. had died in his bed, what would the world have said of him? That he was a good man, an honest man; but he had within him the soul of a martyr; misfortune proved it. And, in like manner, if Robespierre had died in his bed, what would have been said? He would have been thought that he was a bold, fearless man—a man of iron will; but when he had suffered so many heads; but when the avenging rod of misfortune struck him, and he had to be carried to the scaffold, every one knew that he had the soul of a coward.

Misfortune is a subtle, keen-edged probe; it sinks deep into the mystic cells of human hearts, and, with like unerring skill, probes both the purity of the living genius and the false glitter of Passion's foaming metal. Hence, when God wants to bring forward some great soul, He keeps it in sorrow. That is why all saints have known sorrow. That is why all Catholic Church; sorrow, and why all through its sieve, it is unceasingly passing stricken to bring forth our salvation and great lights, and for our salvation our hope, and our liberty. This is why the Christ, coming on earth, found that only one thing could save us—sorrow; and He clothed Himself with its mantle.

O Sorrow! my guide, my queen, thou wert formed for me by the justice and love of God. Thy chants and mournful dirges bring back to my heart memories of home, Thou hast sung over my cradle, weep not over my grave. Thou hast guided my first steps, take thou my hand, lead me to the end, and be always to my parched soul, thirsting for happiness and truth, the voice of God that calls—and never deceives.

It is true, my dear, thou wilt say, gentle reader, sorrow makes us lift our eyes towards heaven, and, as in the day of O my God! Yes, but that God that is everywhere, I do not see. He is His presence wherever I go, but I cannot address Him. The child is scarcely born, that already its mother speaks to it; it cannot yet hear, and already she leans over its cradle. And God, who has created me—God, whose child I am, should never speak to me, neither in my cradle nor in my youth, neither when I am sad nor when I say to all creatures: Hush! you no longer satisfy me. Will never a word fall upon humanity that is His daughter! . . . Give me a God that speaks; humanity rejects a God that is deaf and dumb to her sorrows. Give me a God that I can see! I should wish to love the metaphysical God of whom you speak—that hidden, invisible God that is pure spirit touched me not; it is too high. Give me a God that I can touch. In times past, when my ingratitude caused a slight shadow to overcast my mother's brow, I kissed her; and when she let my tears of repentance on her cheek, she and I were unspeakably happy. Oh! give me a God that I may embrace, sorrows; otherwise He can be nothing to my heart, nothing to the poor and to them who bear a cross, nothing to man, for all humanity suffers.