

Let us then love the bible and read it with care in submission to the infallible Church, for I here denounce as false the charge of those who say a Catholic may not read the bible. Then whatever noble passion of the soul we wish to awaken, whatever bright hopes we seek to enkindle, we need only turn to the Sacred Volume. There the laws of nature are explained, there man's origin is described, and his destiny evolved. There the clouds which darken the horizon of the past melt away before the living light with which the future beams. Let us read the bible with submission to the interpretation of the Church, and then indeed it will truly be unto us the Word of God, the food of mind and soul, of which all who taste shall live unto salvation. The grace I wish you all in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

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## IRISH ORATORS.

Grattan, Curran, and O'Connell.

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There is an old man with stooped shoulders, long, thin arms, the sparest figure, haggard face, lips firmly set, an eye with the search glance of a gray eagle—that is Henry Grattan!

What of him? He had a great cause, a great opportunity a great genius. The independence of Ireland the cause; the embarrassment of England with her colonies the opportunity. With the magnitude of both his genius was commensurate. He was equal to his friends—as he himself said of his rival, Henry Flood—and more than equal to his enemies.

When he spoke, the infirmities and deformities of the man disappeared in a blaze of glory. His eloquence was more than human. "It was a combination of cloud, whirlwind and flame." Nothing could resist it; Nothing could approach it. It conquered all and distanced all. Like the archangel, it was winged as well as armed.

His intellect was most noble; his heart was not less divinely moulded. Never did so much gentleness, so much