

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The next letter that comes to my hand is signed "Edward Murphy;" it is written on paper bearing the letter heading of "Frothingham and Workman, St. Paul street, Montreal," and is dated the 22nd April, 1881. Over "twenty golden years ago" the lines before me were traced by a hand that has times numberless shaken mine in honest friendship, and were dictated by a heart that throbbed with pulsations religiously most fervent, nationally most patriotic, socially most sincere, educationally most exalted and in the ordinary affairs of business life most honest. As my eye takes in each off-read sentence, my mind goes back in one mighty bound, to that early spring morning when first these pages were taken from their envelope—for me it was equally the spring-time of my humble life. What a vast field strewn with the debris of the aerial castles then fondly and hopefully constructed, extends between the now and the then! Ah! but that field is marked with a vast number of memorial stones; and they bear inscriptions that revive tender memories of beloved faces that I shall see no more and of familiar voices that are hushed in the universal silence that hangs over the domain of the departed. As I begin to transcribe this letter I can again see those refined and gentle features, beaming with enthusiasm and love of country, as the words fell on the paper under his glance. I recall the most memorable occasions on which I had the pleasure of conversation with the lamented author of this model letter. I see him again, as on that day after he was appointed a Senator, coming down Beaver Hall Hill, as usual, and proceeding up St. James street, stopping to glance at the newspaper bulletin and smiling his inimitable smile as he read, for a first time, his own name with the prefix "Honorable," upon the public boards I then thought to myself how very appropriate that title was. I see him, once more, on the evening of the day that brought the news of Sir John Thompson's sudden death in England. He was coming up St. Francis Xavier street; and if ever the Angel of Sorrow could paint an anguish of heart upon the mask of the human countenance, his pencil had distinctly traced such lines on the pallid face of that sympathetic man. I can imagine him also upon that fatal morning, when he left his own house for a last time, and turned from his accustomed path to visit St. Patrick's presbytery—the home of his most devoted and most beloved friends—and when he encountered the Angel of Death, suddenly appearing with the supreme summons. These and countless other scenes passed and re-passed through my mind, from the moment I took this letter from the bundle.

However, if there is any special value in these lines, to my mind, it consists in the evidence they present of the noble purposes and of the intense love of Ireland and her sons that the late Hon. Senator Murphy entertained. It is quite possible that much of what this letter contains will be as ancient history to many of the readers of to-day; but it will go a long way to show the stamp and character of the patriotism that animated that superior Irishman. Nothing is old that constitutes a link in the great historic chain which binds together the remotest period of antiquity with the most recent moment in a country's record. And, as far as we Irish Catholics in Canada are concerned, I may safely say that the life of Senator Murphy forms an important link, if not section, of that chain. I now copy the letter, with but the elimination of my personal address.

"Montreal, April 22, 1881.

"Dear Sir:— Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 15th inst., and the enclosed subscription for "O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees." You very justly remark that Mr. O'Hart is doing a gigantic work; I can assure you, that to my knowledge, the self-imposed labor of that gentleman is beyond conception, and I am sorry to say is likely to be out of all proportion to the remuneration he will get. Yet it is a grand and delightful toil, to delve in the mines of Irish lore and to ransack the mountains of Irish archives; I have done my best, in my limited sphere, to make his work known in Canada, and I hope that financial success will be added to his literary triumph.

"I might remark to you, however, that there is a great lack of enthusiasm amongst the average people

for the study of history and all the instructive relics of the past. This is exceedingly regrettable, in view of the fact that we must shape our future on the models of the bye-gone. I have been reading a series of very instructive articles in the "Harp," on coins and monuments. I wish you would secure the last half dozen numbers of that publication and glance over these articles. I am having some of them reproduced in the "Antiquarian," the organ of our Neumismatic and Antiquarian Society. There is no pastime more healthy (I mean mentally) than one afforded by some hobby, such as coins, antiquities, relics, and even old postage stamps. A man cannot possibly gather such objects together without imperceptibly learning something useful. The world may call him a "crank;" but some of the most useful machinery in the world to-day is turned by a crank.

"I will send you, in a few weeks, a published account of my lecture on "The Microscope and the Telescope." I know you will find it much to interest you. It has cost me a good deal of work, but, as I said, the pastime was very healthy. I would like to see our young Irish Catholics given to such studies. The truth is that we cannot expect a young man to spend his whole time in Church. He must and will have relaxation, or recreation. And the time occupied in the public library, in the lecture hall, at the national concert, or in his own room with his special study, or hobby, is so much snatched from the grasp of more dangerous, and often very ruinous amusements. Unfortunately, my duties in the commercial world prevent me from doing all I would like to do for the benefit and elevation of our young people. All that is left to me is to give them the example, and to encourage them whenever an occasion is afforded me. I have tried and will try to do this much for the sake of our dear old faith and our dear old fatherland.

"Please accept my thanks again, and believe me ever your sincere well-wisher and friend,

EDWARD MURPHY."

In reproducing this letter I wish to draw attention to the second last paragraph, in which the writer thereof refers to the example he wished to set for the young men of Irish Catholic origin. Any person acquainted with the life of the late Senator Murphy cannot but recall the faithful manner in which he performed that duty. In the first place, his whole career was an example of the success that an Irish Catholic boy can attain in this country. With but comparatively few advantages in his early youth, he ascended by slow and then by rapid degrees, the ladder of commercial success, until he reached the proud position of head of one of the most important mercantile firms on this continent. He gave the example of temperance, not only by the strict practice of teetotalism, but by word and precept on all appropriate occasions, and by his unremitting cooperation with the St. Patrick's Temperance Society—a member of which he had been for nearly forty years. There was not a national entertainment given, nor a patriotic or literary lecture delivered, that he was absent from the platform. In the cause of Home Rule he was foremost amongst the first; and after he had attained the high position of Senator he seemed to have only redoubled his efforts in the advancement of Irish interests in Canada and in the Old Land. He gave the example of sterling fidelity to the teachings of the Church and of humble but unflinching practice of the duties that our holy religion imposes. He had a hand in every good work that can be recorded in this city during his life-time. The Church, the school, the convent, the hospital, the orphanage, the asylums of charity, whatever their nature, all owe him a debt of gratitude, and those who enjoy yet the benefits of these institutions owe to his memory the mead of prayer that all departed souls most crave and most appreciate.

Little did he dream, on that April morning, twenty-one years ago when, in his office, he penned the foregoing letter, that, long after his days would be counted and his soul would have gone to its reward, his words would be reproduced, to his own honor and credit, in the columns of the "True Witness"—the organ of his predilection and of his greatest solicitude and practical protection.

Our Reviewer

POETRY.—"Irish Mist and Sunshine," is the title of a volume of ballads and lyrics from the pen of a genuine poet, the Rev. James Dolan, already known to fame as "Slav-na-mon." The various pieces which make up the book breathe the refined air of true poetry, and exhibit consummate literary skill. They are not disfigured by imperfect rhythm or forced and unsuitable rhyme. A spirit of patriotism pervades them. The prelude indicates the themes that the gifted author has chosen:

"Soft Mist on Irish mountain
Bright sun on field and dell
Swift tides of joy and sorrow
In Celtic hearts that swell.
Green glen and haunted woodland,
Loved homes by laughing streams,
Firm faith and matchless manhood
Lo! these my varied themes."

"Gray mist and flashing sunshine,
That fleck the gorse-land brown;
High deed and cloudy legend
Of Erin's old renown;
The saints' and martyrs' yearnings,
The patriot's rhapsodies
With timorous touch uncertain
I strike the Harp to these."

For such a collection of beautiful lyrics it is difficult to quote samples uniform in their standard of excellence. "Knock-an-Faerin" opens with this stanza:—

"Oh, tis back to Knock-an-Faerin
That my longing heart would go,
To hear the wild wind singing
And the breezes sobbing low,
I'm weary of the valleys; and the
Sunny hills aglow,
Call me back to Knock-an-Faerin,
Where the heather-blossoms
Grow."

"The Cruise of the Blue Maureer," "Cnoc-Maol-Dhoun," "Ballad of the Banshee," "Lament of Cill Ceannaigh," the "Rhyme of the Still-Hunters" and the "Ballad of the Bitter Death," are admirable lyrics. A stirring martial song is the translation from the Irish of Hy-Kinsellagh, entitled "The March of the North Cork;" which ends thus:

"The patriot flames they kindle
Then, have never since grown cold;
To-day in Bargo and Idrome
Are hearts that beat as bold;
And though the "Boys of Wexford"
Failed on fatal Vinegar Hill,
Their hearts beat true to Freedom
Yet, they love their country
Still."

From the preface of this little volume, which is written by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., we take the following extract:—

"The Irish priest who is also a poet commands a range of emotions which are inaccessible and almost inconceivable to the decadent versifiers who have made the phrase "The Minor Poets" a term of contempt. There is, as in the great days of poetry, something of the divine in his calling. He is privileged, as is no other man, to enter the Holy of Holies of the Irish Soul, which contains a virgin mine of passion, pathos, mirth and tragedy still awaiting the poet's alchemic touch. The surprising thing is that so few Irish priests have yet turned to account for the enrichment of literature the wealth of human interest and feeling which lies around the poet-priest in the wildest mountain parish. The brook that bubbles around his daily path make music, and there is no cabin whose blue peat-smoke perfumes the moors around his chapel that could not yield up its little lyric or its tale of deep and haunting pathos."

The book may be had for \$1.50 postpaid from Blake's Book store, 602 Queen street, W. Toronto. It should find a place in every Irish Catholic home.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.—The December number of the "Catholic World" is an excellent number. "Leo XIII. and His enemies and His Critics," by the Rev. D. J. MacMackin; "Unitarianism and Religion in Education," by "J. S.;" "The Saint of Lindisfarne," by Marie F. Roulet; "One Christmas Mass," by James M. Keating; "The Basis of a Catholic Novel," by Rose F. Egan; "English Life in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," by William Seton; and "A Practical Talk on Church Building," by Charles D. Maginnis, are all well worthy of perusal. In "The Basis of a Catholic Novel," the author remarks at the outset:— "The Catholic novel is of an origin slightly more recent than that of the class, and it has since pretty closely

maintained its strict independence of spirit and individuality of thought. Brought into existence in the first half of the nineteenth century, in the days when, religious reaction having set in, many noble souls were finding true peace in the Catholic faith, it caught the polemical spirit of the age, and so transmitted it with increasing vigor as the promulgation of doctrines and the spread of religion added heat to the discussions. In England, the theme was most often the trials of the high-born convert; in Ireland, the misfortunes of the evicted Catholic tenant, and in America, either the same as the first or the struggles of the emigrant to keep his faith in the New World. But always present, in whatever form the story might take, was the evident aim of the writer to glorify his church as the Protector of Truth. Discussion after discussion filled the pages most monotonously, and the adventures of impossible heroes and heroines, who possessed but two qualities, those of noble purity and intense love of faith, drew copious tears. But who, whose youth has been nourished by such literary pabulum, has not felt in later years how vital and how abiding must be the power of that faith that led many of its sons and daughters to give up all prospects of national fame and pecuniary reward, that they might teach the truth and beauty of their holy church? That this sort of novel, at present, utterly fails to satisfy our Catholic people is not surprising for many obvious reasons; but the fact that several of our most prominent literateurs are questioning whether it be worth the while to spend our energies on creating a Catholic school of fiction is, to say the least, worthy of our consideration. The production of an artistic novel, as of any other work of fiction, however, can never depend solely on the will of man, whether critic or writer; it must be the outcome of a long train of circumstances, which have inspired a genius, moulded his thought, and made ready an expectant and sympathetic world."

THE MESSENGER.—The December number of the "Messenger" sustains its high reputation as a first-class Catholic magazine. "The Religious Evolution of John Ruskin," by Rev. D. Lynch, S.J., is written in a sympathetic style, and throws a new light upon the changing moods of the great art critic of his age. "Tetzel, the Indulgence Preacher," by the Rev. John Corbett, S.J.; "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," by S.J.; "Emile Zola," by Pierre Suau, and "The Monks Again," by Rev. J. F. O'Donovan, S.J., are very well written and of more than ordinary interest. "Our Lady and England" is the title of one of the chapters of this month's instalment of the "Pilgrim Walks." Says the author:—

"Among the more precious relics preserved at St. Mary Major is one that is especially interesting to English pilgrims, viz., the dalmatic of St. Thomas of Canterbury stained with his blood. This should be a reminder to us not to leave the basilica without praying for poor England. What multitudes of English pilgrims, both in Saxon and Norman ages, have come to kneel at the foot of our Lady's altar before her picture in this church! After the visit to St. Peter's their thoughts at once turned to Mary's glorious basilica, and thither they hastened kindled with enthusiasm, for devotion to our Lady was ever a special characteristic of English Catholicism since the introduction of Christianity into the island. In no country in the world, outside Italy, were there more numerous sanctuaries, more miraculous images, more celebrated shrines of our Lady than in old Catholic England. Glastonbury, Evesham, Tewkesbury, Worcester and Coventry in Saxon times, Walsingham and Ipswich in Norman, were places of pilgrimage as well known as are now Genazzano and Loretto in Italy, Lourdes and La Salette in France. Devotion to our Lady filled the imagination of the architect, inspired the hand of the painter, guided the chisel of the sculptor, and welled up in the heart of every English Catholic, so that England became known among the nations of the earth by the beautiful title of "the Dowry of Mary." The numerous abbies that dotted the land were nearly all dedicated to her. Its saints, Thomas of Hereford, Richard of Chichester, Hugh of Lincoln, Wilfrid of Ripon, John of Beverley, Bede of Jarrow, Edmund and Thomas of Canterbury, Cuthbert of Durham, Godric of Finchale, etc., were conspicuous for their filial piety to the glorious Mother of God. Both Oxford and Cambridge Universities had their celebrated statues of our Lady. It is before that of the former that St. Edmund, still a boy, made his vow of perpetual chastity and solemnly consecrated himself to his Immaculate Mother. Alas! England has been torn away

from the Faith and is Mary's Dowry no longer; the sky is darkened with the clouds of heresy, the air is thick with the fogs of ignorance and unbelief, its shrines and sanctuaries lie desecrated, its people are distracted with conflicting doctrines, and religious-minded though they are, grasp at any shadowy or grotesque form of belief rather than the one true Faith that flourished in England for a thousand years. On the marble floor of St. Mary Major we kneel to offer a prayer for poor England."

ROSARY MAGAZINE.—"The Nativity in Art" appropriately opens the Christmas number of the "Rosary Magazine." "The Louisiana Purchase," by John A. Foote; "Revisiting Ireland," by William Ellison; "Pius VII. in Montelmart," by Antonio de Alarcon, and "The Origin of the Crib," by Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, are the principal contents. In "The Origin of the Crib" we read:—

"Is it any wonder that such a man should have been seized at once with the idea of the human beauty of the Incarnation? Is it any wonder that he should have seen in the Nativity not the coming of the King, nor the unspeakable mystery of the Redemption, but the birth of a Babe in Bethlehem? Saint Francis may not have originated the devotion of the Crib,—it is one of those beautiful herb growths by which Christianity has nourished the human soul from the beginning,—but he at least popularized it in Italy. Christmas was his spiritual holiday. It was the feast of love, and Saint Francis is the world's great preacher of the love of God. His brothers asked him one day if it was right to eat meat on Christmas when the feast fell on Friday. "Assuredly," answered Francis, he of all saints the closest to the Passion, he of the Stigmata,— "assuredly. I would even wish that princes and great ones of the earth strewed the country and the highroads with meat and cheese in order that the birds and the beasts of the field should have their share in so great a feast." And he began to consider how he should bring the Christmas-tide near to the hearts and vivid to the imagination of the peasant folk of his country. It was only a genius, one whose mind was as quick as his heart in the service of his Master, who could have hit upon an idea so universal, an appeal so irresistible, as the cradle of infancy. From a purely human point of view, the Nativity is one of the great master strokes which make Christianity, as a human system, so incomparable, so magnificent a thing. To cloak the utmost power in the most abject helplessness, to weigh down a little outcast Babe with the omnipotence of the Creator of the world—what conception of human genius could be at once so bold and so beautiful, so awful and so winning? Saint Francis saw the possibilities of increased devotion to his dear Master that would follow the emphasizing, the humanizing, of this idea."

WEDDING BELLS.

Tuesday morning, November the twenty-fifth, Saint Gabriel's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding. The contracting parties being Miss Mary Ann Buckley and Mr. John W. Dunphy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McDonald. Miss Ellen Buckley, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. James Polan, cousin of the bride, acted as groomsmen. The bride was attired in a becoming suit of blue camel's haircloth, with white satin blouse, and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white bridal roses. After the ceremony breakfast was served at the home of the bride to sixty persons. At eleven o'clock the happy couple left for a trip to New York and other eastern cities. The many presents, which were beautiful and costly, showed in what esteem the bride was held.

THE SISTERS OF PEACE.

Sister Teresa, for ten years superior of the Sisters of Peace on Beltingham Bay, Washington, has been elected Mother-General of her order at Nottingham, Eng. She is the first American sister ever chosen as head of her order. Sister Teresa was born in Philadelphia about forty-one years ago. She became a Sister in Jersey City, N.J., sixteen years ago last May, went to Washington in August, 1890, and built a temporary hospital in Fairhaven. In 1890 she built St. Joseph's Hospital at Whiteport. During the past years she built hospitals or schools in Rossland, Nelson and Greenwood, B.C., and acted as provincial superior on the coast.

The

Directory United Ir

Dublin, Nov.

MR. REDMOND'S
Wednesday evening
John Redmond, M.P.
Dublin from his tour
where he had addressed
Boston before private
the arrangements made
his departure called by
Irish Leader was rece
teary by a great cro
and addresses were pr
representative public
old seaport and of B
which Mr. Redmond
ably replied. Mr. Red
at the Westland Row
the arrival of the train
number of gentlemen
gathered on the plat
the station an enorm
people; with bands, w
for some time, and
quietly the arrival of
Mr. Redmond alighted
row station he was l
by those on the platf
appeared outside the s
welcome with tremendo
by the people, who had
the thoroughfare. It
cully Mr. Redmond an
reached the Lord May
the crush was so great
place in the carriage
with him were the Lo
P.; Mr. William O'Bri
J. P. Nannetti, M.P.; M
don, M.P. Just as th
made the whole street,
practical darkness, wa
by the glare of thousa
The Lord Mayor's carri
Westland row to Nass
the throng became so
thousands were oblig
and, walking along Gre
street, they joined th
when it reached Colleg
along the way the gre
easiness prevailed, and
the enthusiastic people, under
the torches, presented
and inspiring spectacl
Green there was a gre
Again, at O'Connell Bri
was blocked. Several l
the procession, but the
overwhelming that it w
possible in many cases
discourse any music at
bands included the L
band, St. Kevin's band
row; Irish Volunteers, E
City of Dublin, Bar
Shamrock of Erin, Lon
St. Austin, Raheny, t
others. The crowd wer
from approaching the ca
Society, whose two st
uniformed members of th
ers, carrying an Irish f
Stars and Stripes, act
cort to Mr. Redmond.
several brakes in the pr
the vehicles were so co
ted out of view by th
their occupants were ob
sert them and mingle w
in the streets. The
tion was undoubtedly a
markable one, but there
ture of it which was mo
ive than the extreme at
which the great gath
the speeches of Mr. Red
O'Brien when they re
League offices and proce
dress the crowd from th
The entire demonstrati
to say, was most orde
numbers of police, in u
multi, were in the stre
whatever occurred w
sitated their unwelcom
tion.
The Lord Mayor, spea
the balcony, introduced
who read the address fro
ed Irish League to Mr. I
The Lord Mayor then
Mr. John Redmond, M.
nouncement evoked a tou
burst of cheering, which
continued for many min
had been restored, M
said:—Fellow-citizens, I
sure, scarcely tell you ho
and how gratified I feel
nificant welcome home
have given to me to-nig
and a voice—"You are
it.") I take this great
the citizens of Dublin as
proof that they thoroug
stand and appreciate th
of the work upon which
saged in America (cheers
of mine can adequately
you my sense of the imp
that work. Up to the
Irish race throughout th