

THE STORY OF IRELAND.

Eloquently told by Dr. Nunan of Guelph— A Notable Lecture.

At the St. Patrick's Day gathering in Guelph an eloquent address was delivered by Dr. Nunan, president of the St. Patrick's Society...

For upwards of fifteen centuries the Irish nation has held sacred the day on which our glorious Apostle and Patron Saint received from God the ineffable reward of his apostolic life and labors.

The Milesian or Gaelic dynasty, which ruled Ireland from Heber and Hermon, sons of the Milesians, King of Spain, the first kings, to Roderick O'Connor, the longest which history records...

The military genius of the nation has been illustrated down the ages by kings like Owen More, Conn, of the hundred battles, Niall of the Hostages, Brian Boru, Art McMurrough, Hugh O'D. O'Neill, Sarafin, Wellington, and in our own day by Roberts, MacMahon in France, Sheridan and M'Gonigle in the United States.

In Pagan times there were schools and colleges for music and poetry. Law, medicine and literature were also cultivated. The oldest treatise on grammar extant in any country is one written on Ireland's ancient Gaelic language at the beginning of the Christian era.

But it is on the day that St. Patrick appeared before the Ardriagh, or high king, chieftains, and assembled Druids at the Parliament of Tara, that the most glorious period of Irish history begins.

Christian schools and colleges were founded. Armagh, Bangor, Lisnare, Meungret and Clon-Mac-Noise became so famous as seats of learning and civility...

To mention a few of these illustrious names, St. Columella, the apostle of the Picts in Scotland, and founder of Iona off the west coast of Scotland, of Derry and many other foundations in Ireland, St. Aidan, St. Killian and Wendelin in Germany, St. Fiacre in France, St. Columbanus and his companions in France and Lombardy, St. Cuthbert in Italy, St. Gall in Switzerland, and St. Vigilius in Austria...

The ark traverses the sky; he goes and comes, he mounts and descends, with unwearied voice and a ceaseless canticle. And we, made by the hand of God, endowed with intelligence, stamped with His image, pass entire days without a word of praise or thought of gratitude.

gustine and his companions and the fish missionaries.

History, the most authentic, thus portrays the ancient Gael devoted to the service of God and man. 'Tis his a glory no other nation can claim to the same degree, a glory incomparably greater than that of the greatest conqueror.

One of our poets, referring to this period, says:— "Twas the garden of Christendom, tended with care, Ever flow'ring of Eden grew peaceful-ly by the sea."

With a warm burst of welcome, that shelter was given. Her breast opened wide to the envy of Heaven; In the depths of our glens were her secrets adored.

The Norman king of England, Henry II, came to Ireland on a friendly mission, and was trusted by some of the Irish provincial kings and chiefs. He violated his peaceful profession soon after; and let me say here that the Anglo-Saxons, while they ruled England, lived on the most amicable terms with the Celts of Ireland.

These cruel laws made it a felony to teach or to be taught or to go abroad to acquire learning.

At last there appeared through the gloom, a worthy representative of the ancient Milesian race, a descendant of her ancient kings, a man of great intellect of sympathies broad as the human race.

Since his time the Irish nation has made advances at home, under improved legislation, and also in foreign countries.

There is so little crime in Ireland that the presentation of white gloves to the judges is of common occurrence. Her native tongue is at last permitted to be taught in the national schools, thanks to the efforts of the Gaelic League.

The old devotion to learning was nobly exemplified a few years ago by a society of Irish workmen in the United States. They subscribed \$50,000 to endow a chair of Gaelic in the university at Washington.

In the various religious denominations, Irish talent and eloquence are fully represented. In the Vatican Council, held during the Pontificate of Pius IX, there were assembled from all the nations of the earth 700 archbishops, bishops and theologians.

When some statesman will, it is to be hoped, arise in Britain to emulate the great Gladstone and restore to Ireland her native parliament of which, one hundred years ago, fraud and bribery deprived her, he will do a work that will redound to the honor, glory and stability of the empire, and Ireland, enjoying the same freedom as our own great Dominion of Canada, will advance in national prosperity to a greater degree even than she did during the too short eighteen years' existence of Britain's parliament, which though it drew its talent from only a fraction of the Irish people, rivalled in oratory and ability the most brilliant period of the Greek and Roman Republics.

Ireland will then be what her sons all over the world hope and pray for—Great, glorious and free. First flower of the earth, And first gem of the sea.

The ark traverses the sky; he goes and comes, he mounts and descends, with unwearied voice and a ceaseless canticle. And we, made by the hand of God, endowed with intelligence, stamped with His image, pass entire days without a word of praise or thought of gratitude.

BACK O'WHIDDY.

F. J. Sullivan in the All Ireland Review. Off from Ballytray pier we start, Bailing—or so we are rowing—Lays and lasses, lights of heart, On to fair Glengarriff going; Oh, the harbor's smooth enough, But some heads get queerly giddy Once we dip in waters rough, Round the point and back o' Whiddy, Then there's chaffing, back o' Whiddy, Joking, laughing, back o' Whiddy, Fearful tales Of sharks and whales And huge sea serpents, back o' Whiddy.

Soon we've cause for tender care, (Thanks, oh thanks, sweet rolling ocean) And we hear delightful prayers Uttered with intense emotion; Sometimes, too, when waves and wind Would fary the temper of a "middy" Language of another kind Is freely spoken back o' Whiddy; But that's no harm—when back o' Whiddy, It has a charm—when back o' Whiddy— As best I know I judged it so Long, long ago,—when back o' Whiddy.

Sing the barbies of Gandore— They deserve such celebration; Say good things of Baltimore— A safe retreat, a pleasant station; Praise what Dairs and creeks there be From Mizen Head to Ringaskiddy, But after all, the trip for me Is that which takes me back o' Whiddy. Oh, the long waves, back o' Whiddy! Oh, the strong waves, back o' Whiddy! Oh, who joys That—girls and boys— We know when boating back o' Whiddy!

AN IMMIGRANT BANSHIEE.

We have the honor of knowing "Deacon" Cameron, the respected editor of the London (Ont.) Advertiser. He is a man who is incapable of misleading his readers. He has happened with his own eyes at the following article in this paper, and the Register republishes it for what it is worth; with this sole remark, that in these days of fast Atlantic passages, it is not surprising to hear that an Irish banshee can find time to personally attend to members of a family separated by the long swell of the ocean.

It is seldom, indeed, observes Mr. Cameron, in this skeptical, materialistic age, that one meets an apparently solid and hard-headed man of business who is willing to admit not only a belief in the supernatural things, but his own actual experiences with "spirits from the vasty deep."

"The banshee," ejaculated one of the party, evidently unfamiliar with Irish spirit lore.

"Yes," replied the business man. "Ours is an old Irish family, and we have a banshee. I have heard it many times and each time the death of a relative has followed. I heard it eight years ago when my mother died. I sat up in bed wide-awake, as I am now, with every nerve quivering, and heard it in the hall outside my door. It was a piercing scream, dying away into a wailing, doleful wail. My mother was in perfect health at the time but she died two days later.

"There was one skeptic in the family, who scoffed at the idea of the banshee. He was related to our house on his mother's side, his father being a Frenchman. He was a clergyman, with all the clergyman's contempt for belief in superstition. Spite of all he had been told of the banshee's existence, he had laughed at it, and declared he would be convinced when he heard it himself. One morning, when visiting some of our people, he told them he believed in the banshee, and he had heard it the previous night, and he knew when next he heard it he would be beyond the power of ever speaking to them again. Several days after, in the evening, half a dozen members of the household were gathered together, when the banshee's shriek rang out above the house. They turned to the clergyman, and he was lying back in his chair, white and stricken. He did not speak again, and died in two hours.

As the speaker ceased, one of the party quoted Hamlet— "There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophies."

At what expressed very well the thought that was in the mind of each one of us.

KENSIT SPOKE IN THE CEREMONY London, April 17.—The scene in Bow Church to-day during the consecration of Right Rev. A. F. W. Ingram as Bishop of London, resembled a political meeting. Mr. John Kensit, the anti-Ritualist, offered an expected protest against the appointment. He spoke for some time in a loud voice. His remarks caused an extraordinary uproar, and he was greeted with cheers, hisses and shouts of "Order!" "Shame!" "No Popery!" Mr. Kensit accused Dr. Ingram of being unfaithful to all his promises when he was consecrated Bishop of Stepney, adding that he had helped law-breakers and had encouraged clergymen who, in defiance of the masses, elevated the bomb, uttered abuses

and practised confession. He concluded with saying that he was prepared to appear in the courts and prove that Dr. Ingram was an unfit person to hold the position of a Bishop of the Protestant Church, owing to his encouragement of these illegal Roman practices.

The friends and opponents of Mr. Kensit became so uproarious that the Vicar-General tried to clear the church. Dr. Ingram appealed to his friends to listen quietly. Eventually the Vicar-General overruled the objections, and the elevation of Dr. Ingram was confirmed.

Disorderly scenes and hustling recurred outside the church, and finally Mr. Kensit was escorted home by a score of policemen, and followed by a howling mob.

THE FRIENDS OF A FATAL FIRE.

An admirable exhibition of bravery and devotion to duty in the fire of grave danger was furnished at a fire in Smith street, Brooklyn, a few days ago by Rev. Father Kehoe, of the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, who gave a splendid illustration of the self-sacrificing spirit which distinguishes the Catholic priesthood.

Such was the case when at 4 o'clock in the morning the fire alarm sounded in the vicinity of St. Mary's Church, Court and Luquece streets. A man named Moore, who proved himself a hero also, was the first on the scene and succeeded in rescuing some of the inmates of the burning building. Father Kehoe was not long behind him and began at once to help in the work of rescue.

Soon after his arrival a man named Carr jumped from a third-story window with Michael Lennon, sixty years old. The tangled bodies lay side by side on the pavement, and kneeling beside the helpless forms the priest administered the last rites of the Church, while the awe-stricken crowd of 200 men knelt reverently and laid hands on Carr's head until the priest had finished his duty.

Soon after this Father Kehoe was seen rushing again into the burning building, to emerge a few seconds later with a fireman, carrying the seemingly lifeless form of another victim named Malone, who was nearly dead from suffocation. Malone was placed in an ambulance, and Father Kehoe got in also, administering the rites of the Church on the way to the hospital. An eye witness of these stirring scenes who relates the foregoing story, says: "The impression left upon me of the devotion and self-sacrifice of our Catholic clergy to duty will certainly be lasting. No doubt others who witnessed the conduct of the priest share the same feeling."

"REV. A. FASANOTTI, D. D."

The following communication from the secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of England appears in several Catholic papers of England:— "The Catholic," which, in spite of its name, is a Dublin Protestant paper, says, "Who is the Rev. A. Fasanotti, D.D.?" and proceeds to answer its own question by quoting from the Rev. James A. O'Connor, of "Catholic's Mission," New York. This gentleman edits a paper called "The Converter of Catholics," in which he states that the career of Dr. Fasanotti's priestly life has been passed in California and in England, where he was chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, the premier of the English nobility, and the foremost Catholic layman in the world.

"In Rome Dr. Fasanotti had a parish assigned to him 'that included in its area some of the great institutions of the Church'; he also took a prominent part in the highest circles of ecclesiastical life in Rome, and distinguished himself as a writer and editor of the 'Acta Sanctae Sedis,' the Pope's official organ. The various duties must have kept him pretty busy, and it is no wonder he resigned them to be sent to England on an important mission, and became a chaplain in the household of the Duke of Norfolk.

It being so, it seems strange that the Duke should write to me as follows:— "In answer to your letter of the 25th instant, I can only say that I cannot call to mind having ever heard of anyone of the name of Fasanotti."

It is equally odd that Mr. Johnson should write from Archbishop's House, "I do not find any record here of a priest named Fasanotti, except in our parish books. From them it appears that a priest of that name received on September 28, 1893, £2 from our poor money. . . and on April 1, 1896, £10 of poor money."

"The Liberator" of January 31 says that Dr. Fasanotti "is creating a stir throughout the country (North America), and that 'God may do wonderful things through him in the future.' The above items of information may help to answer the question, 'Who is the Rev. A. Fasanotti, D. D.'"

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A CELEBRATED POEM. From the New Orleans Picayune. The following little poem has gained celebrity, apart from its merits, which are not small, from the fact that an incorrect and garbled version of it, under the title of "Parting," has from time to time appeared credited to Coventry Patmore, an English writer, who, it is proper to say, never claimed it.

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