caught his ear, and, while deliberating whether he had not better slip out and see into the matter, he saw Richard Raymond reapper from the direction of the doubtful sounds and enter the house once more.

The valet returned into the room at the same moment as Richard, and just as another figure came in sight in the avenue. The hurrying footsteps alarmed him snew, and he stepped quickly on to the casement, in time to receive North in his astonished

Ned, a slightly superstitious fellow, had the instinct and impulse to drop his captive and bolt, but the startled exclamation he uttered, echoed as it was by the young girl, immediately restored him, and his recovery being accelerated by the pleasant sensation of a plump female form so close to his own, he managed to take a kiss with perfect secrecy and great presence of mind.

It was all the scene of a moment, and the salutation made him himself again. Norah did not resent the pleasant impertinence, but pushed him aside, and flushed and breathless, handed a note to Charles Raymond, who, with his guests had gazed startled and wondering at her extraordinary apparition.

The missive was from Marion. It ran thus :-"Dearest" My father has discovered all. You know how. For my sake do not blame him. I fear your liberty is in danger, and that every second now is an increase of peril to you. I can only advise you to fly without delay. Until I am assured of your safety I shall suffer as I do now. I pray for you. Forgive my father.—Yours whatever betide,

(To be continued)

## FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE IRISH RACE, AS A REPLECTION OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Church of St. Gabriel, New

My Friends,-Every nation, every race on the face of the earth, has its own peculiar characteristics, its sympathics and antipathics, its notions of things, its line of conduct, and so on : all of which go to make up what is called the national character of a people. They bear the impress of the race. We may find amongst the people a great many individual exceptions to the national character. A people,—as a race,—may be brave, and, yet, we may find a coward amongst them; a people,—as a race,—may be noted for their chastity, and, yet, we may find an impure man amongst them; a people, on the whole, as a race or a nation,—may be remarkable for their honesty, and yet we find a thief or a dishonest man amongst them; they may be remarkable for their fidelity, yet we may find a faithless man amongst them. But in this, as in everything else, the exception only strengthens the rule; and the man who is unlike his race, stands out in such relief amongst them, and makes himself so remarkhis deficiency only brings out the more strongly the virtnes or the peculiarities of the race to which he belongs.

Now, amongst the subjects that command the in-terest of the thinking man, or the philosopher, there is not one more interesting than the study of national character. How marked is the character of a people; how clearly defined are the national phenomena, the idiosyncrasies of a race or a nation. How different do we find one people from another. For instance, take an average Frenchman and an average German. They are as unlike each other as if they were not of the same species. The Frenchman is quick, impulsive, chivalious; ready to stand up and fight for an idea; lofty in his notions of things. more or less theoretical, easily aroused to anger, and as easily appeased by a word of kindness. The German, on the other hand, is cool, calm, deliberate ;-not easily roused to anger, but, if aroused, not casily appeased: not at all given to taking up ideas, but looking for realities; not at all ready to risk any important thing - not even a dollar of his means, much less his bloo l—for some great idea, that fills the minds and drives a hundred thousand Frenchmen into the field. Take, again, an Englishman and an Irishman. How different they are. The Irishman is open-mouthed, open-minded, freely speaking whatever he has in him. If he has any vice in him, out it comes on the surface. If he feels angry, he cannot hold his tongue; but out comes the expression of his anger. If you offend the Englishman, on the other hand, or insuit him, he will, perhaps, pass it over for the time; but he will remember it to you in twenty years after. If he wishes to drink he locks Limself up, takes his drink, gets drunk in his room, and nobody is the wiser for it.-If he is disappointed he knows how to keep it to himself. If he has a quarrel with a man, he will not go to meet him in open fight: but he will try to get behind him and give him a blow from behind. I say this not as if I thought well of this character or that. There is a great deal that is noble, mauly, and magnificent in the English character. It is the fashion amongst Irishmen to talk as though there is nothing good in the English. It would be bad policy for us to believe it; for if there was nothing good, or brave, or strong in them, why in the world did we let them overcome us? It is a bad thing for a man to say that his enemy is a coward, because he | told the Irish mother the tale of her maternity. And is making light of himself. It is an easy thing to i conquer a coward. No; there is much that is brave, from St. Patrick,—receiving the blessing that came strong, and magnificent in the English character; but still it is thoroughly distinct from that of the sister island, which is only sixty miles away (I wish to God it was sixty thousand!)

The thome on which I have come to address you to-night is—"The National Character of the Irish Race as a Reflection of the Catholic Religion." 1 need bardly tell you that I am not going to speak of irreligious Trishmen; of Irishmen who give up their faith and their religion, because, as far as the reflection of the Irish character is concerned, they are not Irishmen at all. Show me the Irishman that does not believe in God, and does not believe in the national religion, the Catholicity of Ireland: -show me the Irishman, that has no principle of Catholicity in him; and I will say that, as far as the not an Irishman at all. As far as regards the reflection of all that, we know he is not a fair specimen of the national character and peculiarities of the Irishman. Take an Irishman without religion, and he will be as big a rogue as any man on the face of the earth. Take an Irishman without religion,—having practically denied his creed and his God (for he may not have denied it in words);—let him go out among a strange people; and he will gather up all their vices to himself; he will make himself the very worst amongst them; because he is generally a quick-witted, keen, sharp fellow, who has more talent than the people among whom he lives; and the consequence is that he turns all his talent and shrewdness in the direction of wickedness. The cleverer a blackguard is, the greater blackguard he is. Give me, therefore, an Irishman without religion; and if he goes into a wild country, where he finds it the fashion to run away from his wife, he will run away from his, and would but marry one. Give me an Irishman without religion, and if he goes in to make money, he

come here to speak of the national character of our in the day of their oppression and their misery.

The control of the state of the control of the cont

He listened. The shooting of the lock race. Now, what does this race mean? It means a people that for fifteen hundred years have been Catholic to the heart's core. It means a people who have never renounced or changed the pure faith that they received from the lips and from the hands of their great Apostle, St. Patrick. It means a people that have never consented to see their religion outraged, or their priesthood and worship violated, without rising up and striking a quick blow in defence of their God and their altars. It means, too, a people who have their faults. Do not imagine, for an instant, that I am one of those who believe that every Irishman is perfection; or that the Irish people are perfection, and that I do not see their faults. I see them, and I know them well. It would be a strange thing if, after twenty years' of priesthood among my people, I did not know their faults. For the last twenty years they have been telling me their faults. People do not go to the confessional to tell their virtues, but to relate their miseries, their woes, their faults and shortcomings. It would be a strange thing if I did not know their faults-I, in whose veins runs nothing but pure Irish blood, and who am Irish in my body, my soul, my mind, and my heart. After my love for my God and His Church, comes my love for my country and my people. I tell you we have our faults; we are not without them. But I will assert this,that the very faults of the Irish character have been touched and ennobled by the Catholic religion.

Now, I ask you to consider the Catholic religion as reflected in the history of the Irish race in times past, and in our people of to-day;—a people that are so despised and calumniated, that if a man gets drunk, or does any brutal act, the very first cry is: Oh he is an Irishman!" But, when you come to see this so-called "Irishman," you will find he is some phleginatic German, or some other cross-breed, or that nobody knows whence he comes. The Irish race has been so calcumniated that the English Times newspaper could not get any better name for us than "bog trotters." And why? Because they, the villains, took the good land, kept it for themselves, and left only the bogs for the Irishman Put a gentleman out of his house, take his good clothes off his back, and put beggar's clothes upon him, throw him out upon the street, and take possession of his house; and you are the robber for all this. Then you can turn round and say: "Ah, you dirty beggar!" The Times newspaper called us " bog trotters; but the Times newspaper and the writers thereof may yet live to see the day when the "bog trotters" may take a fancy for something better than the bogs when Almighty God may give them strength to take back their own.

But, first let me say, there may be here to-night some friends of ours, who are not Catholics. There may be some here who are American-born citizens. I need not tell you, brothers of my blood and race; but for them it is necessary that I should speak. Our Catholic religion, my friends, puts forth prominently in her belief the magnificent figure of the Blessed Virgin, the mother of our Saviour, Christ. Our Catholic religion teaches us that, on the day when Adam fell, every child of Adam fell into the cesspool of sin with him, save and except one; and that one was the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. She was kept pure that she might be worthy to approach, and to give to the able by being se unlike his fellow-countrymen, that Eternal God His sacred humanity. She was kept pure, because it was written in the prophecies, "Nothing defiled can ever approach God." She was kept pure, because she was to give to the Eternal God, in the day of His incarnation, that blood which He shed upon Calvary, and by which He redeemed the world. That blood should be all pure which was worthy to flow in the veins of Christ. Therefore the woman who bore Him was conceived without sin. The Catholic Church, moreover holds up this woman as the very type of Christian womanhood. All that is fair and beautiful in woman may be gathered up in these two features; namely, the perfect purity of the Virgin, and the tender, magnificent, and loving heart of the mother. There is nothing grander than virginity; and next to virginity comes the magnificence of the maternity of the Christian mother;—the mother with her child in her arms, next to the virgin, consecrated to God and kneeling before Christ, is the most beautiful thing in creation. Our race depends upon her. Upon her purity and upon her sanctity the whole future of the world is built up. The English Protestant poet, Wordsworth, says there is more poetry, to say nothing of the truth, in the one idea of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as the Catholic Church preaches her, —namely, the woman who combines the infinite purity of the virgin with the love of the mother, than ever was written by the pen of man.

The Catholic Church teaches that the Virgin of virgins is the type of all Christian maidenhood, in her purity, and of all Christian motherhood, in her maternity. She alone brought forth the greatest man, the man Jesus Christ. She alone brought forth the Only One who was necessary to the world; without whom there was no salvation, and no Heaven for man. She alone brought forth the Sou of God. For the human and the divine nature joined in Him were so joined that He assumed the human nature into a divine nature; and the child that was born of Mary was God. St. Patrick came to Irgland fifteen hundred years ago. He came with the adorable Eucharist in one hand, holding it up to the people's adoration as their God. He came with the image of Mary in the other hand, holding it up for the people's veneration as their mother. He told the Irish heart and the Irish mind the beautiful story of Mary's relation to God. He told the Irish maiden the tale of her purity. He the womanhood of Ireland so learned the lesson from his lips, with the name of Mary,—and have so continued to send that blessing and lesson down to their daughters, that the Irish maiden has become the type of purity for fifteen hundred years, and the Irish mother the type of tenderness and highest love. For in Ireland, alone, of all the countries in which I have travelled, do we find the true type of womanhood. I have seen it even in the countrywoman by the road-side, with her infant folded in her arms, as she looked down with fond, maternal look upon the face of the babe, the fruit of her own The Irish mother alone is the queen of her wonib. husband's heart,—the woman that knows,—come weal come woe,-that she can never be removed from her secure position as wife and mother:-the woman who knows that come weal or woe, that man's history of our race and nation is concerned, he is heart is her's;—the woman that knows that her love for that man is consecrated by the sacramental seal of the Catholic Church-this weman alone, I must say, in all that I ever met, displays, by some supernatural grace, the virginal expression of maiden innocener, blended with the beautiful expression of a mother's love.

For this womanhood,-taking for its type the Blessed Virgin Mary,-the Irish Catholic man has been taught from his earliest infancy, to have the deepest veneration, respect, and homage. Going back into history, he finds that Ireland has produced more virgin saints than any other nation; that Ireland, for centuries, was peopled with monasteries and convents of holy nuns; that the traditions of sanctity inaugurated by St. Bridget at Kildaro passed to her daughters; and to this day it seems to be an instinct with the maidenhood of Ireland, to seek the sanctuary and the service of Christ in every land. The traditions of our race tells us of the bravery of our women; and they mention the name will marry seven other wives where another man of but one woman, in the long roll of noble Irishwomen, who brought a blush to her country's check. Our history tells us that the purity, the sanctity will be more close-fisted than a Yankee-Jew pedlar. the virtue of Irish women were the pride and the He would not give a cent to king or country.

But it is not of such Irishmen that I speak. I the consolation and sustaining power of our people

And therefore, the very Catholic religion that made the woman of Ireland what she is, has made the men of Ireland to be the most reverential, and most respectful, and the most faithful of men to her womanhood.

Look at the history of the Irish race in times gone by. Look at it to-day. What crime, oh, my countryment equals the crime of the faithless husband, who abandons the girl of his early leve? What crime is equal to that,—which (thank God) is utterly unknown in Ireland, or at least to every Irishman that deserves the name,—by which a husband is enabled to cast forth and to desert the wife of his bosom. According to English law in Ireland, any man can divorce his wife, if he only trump up an accusation against her, and support it by false witnesses. I was in Ireland some years ago when that law was passed, preaching from the pulpit in Dublin. I hurlell my defiance at the government of England. I told them that the Irish people would never accept, never obey or act upon any such infamous and anti-Christian law;—that no Irishman would ever acknowledge a law that tells him he can put away the wife of his bosom. This veneration for their womanhood is proverbial amongst the Irish race and the Irish people. Never, or scarcely ever, do we find a record of an instance of its violation. And of all the crimes that can be laid to the charge of an unfortunate sinner, there is not one for which the whole nation veils its face for shame, and for true heart-break and desolution, as when this unfortunate crime of impurity and infidelity is brought home to the Irish woman or the Irish husband. Do we not know of what class image that rises before us, of the woman with the mother, and the love of Mary for her child? Do we not all know the devotion of our womanhood and of our manhood to that type of all purity and of all gentleness, the Mother of God? It has impressed itself upon our race. And Henry VIII -when he came and called upon Ireland to separate from the See of Rome,-from the Rocks of Ages, from the Chair of Peter, from the Successor of the Apostles, and, through Peter, of Christ Himself—he came as a man to whom no Irishman would listen. He came to Ireland as a faithless husband; as the murderer of his wife. He came to ask the Irish people to spit upon the image of Mary. "No." they answered, in the voice of the nation as one man; "we would rather die,-yea ten thousand times rather die, than give up the Mother that brought forth the Son of God." For Mary and for Mary's cause Ireland drew the sword. And never was a more chivalrons sword drawn from its scabbard than the sword Ireland drew in defence of the religion that consecrated the Mother of Christ.

The third great feature of our national character, my friends, is the feature of national virtue; and I hold that that national virtue is derived from, and has been strengthened by, the national religion of Ireland. No man will deny to an Irishman,—no matter what else he denies him, - the attributes of courage. He may be a drunkard; he may be a very bad boy, indeed; he may, perhaps, have won the heart of that young woman only to break it; he may be false to a great many obligations; but put him on the battlefield, with a musket in his hand; put him in the thick of the fight, with a fixed bayonet; and, my faith upon it, whatever else may be wanting, he will do his duty there. Never in the long and disastrons history of our race, did the sun set upon the day that beheld an Irish army in the field, victorious or not, that was dishonoured. All Europe is covered with the battlefields that record the glory of our race and its courage. All Europe, in every tongue, repeats the continued story of Irish prowess. France, Spain, Austria, and Italy tell the tale on their battlefields; but never have they been able to say that an Irishman was found dishonoured upon the field of military glory. At home it has been alledged they were bad soldiers. At home, it has been alleged, the Irish never knew how to fight. Well, it is the saying of a man who denied God,the Frenchman, Voltaire. "Is it not strange," he said, " that a people who are able to sweep victorious over every battlefield abroad, should never be able to fight at home?" He lied. Who fought the Dane is that defended the banks of the "Boyne's ill-fated river," until King James of England was obliged to cry out "Oh, spare my English subjects! For God's sake don't slaughter them so!" Who was it that defended the bridge of Athlone, when they had not as much as an square inch of wall to shelter them, but stood upon the banks of the Shannon, and stemmed the whole tide of the English army, until they crossed the river and got at them behind? It was the Irish at home. Who stood three times in the breaches of Limerick and met the full brunt of the English army,—the best soldiers in the world,—repulsing them in the midst of death and glory and rictory? Who met them three times, burling them back, and sending them off like whipped hounds? It was the I rish at home. And it was the I rish women—the women of Limerick—who stood shoulder to shoulder with the men on the ramparts. and drove back the Saxon at the third and last assault upon its walls. This is all history. I am not drawing on my imagination. The English actually came with a flag of truce; and they made the treaty of Limerick, and signed upon the "Treaty Stone," because they were afmid not only of Sarsfield and his men, but they were afraid of the strong, modest, pure-minded women of Limerick, fighting in defense of their God and their country.

Now, this courage comes to us from our religion. What was it that animated the Irish during the three hundred years of the Danish invasion? It was the strength of their faith. Every man believed that, in hattling against the Danes, he was exposing himself in the best cause; and if he died he would have some claim to a martyr's crown. What thousands of Irish martyrs and missionaries there were, who strewed every battlefield in Ireland during those three hundred years? The Dane came to make war upon Christ and upon His religion. Ireland defended that religion. 'The Dane conquer-ed in England, in Scotland, in the north of France, and in every country in which he ever put his foot. In Ireland alone, when he assailed the Catholic faith or the Christian altar, he met an army of heroes because they were a nation of martyrs. And he was eventually routed, though it took three hundred years to do it.

What was it that kept up the spirit, strengthened the drooping courage of our down-trodden and persecuted forefathers, for the last three-hundred years, when to be a Catholic meant disgrace and exile, when to be a Catholic priest meant death, when for a Catholic to send his own son to school for educa-tion meant exile and confiscation. What was it that made us so strong and courageous that, in spite of England, we were Catholics, we educated priests and sent our children to school? It was our gloriour faith. It was our religion, the divine principle of supreme life that was in us. And, therefore, I lay claim to this, the great secret of that courage which has never yet failed in the hour of danger; which has never been found wanting, but true as steel, whenever the enemy had to be met, and wherever blood had to be shed in a just and noble cause.

Here, again, I grant you that, out of this very courage of our race spring certain defects; just as we see that fairies, ghosts, and superstitions of that kind may even spring out of the exaggeration of our

pugnacious. I myself have seen a fellow in Ireland trailing his coat after him through the streets of Galway, flourishing his stick, and asking everybody that passed, as a special favor, if he would only be kind enough to stand on the tail of it. But, after all, just as we see that there are some beautiful features attaching to their superstition, so there are beautiful features attaching to their courage, which often leads them to make a fight for the sake of the fight. For instance, nothing is more common in Ireland, when a row is going on at a fair, when sticks are seen in the air, and men are tumbling about on every side, than for a quiet, peaceable farmer, coming along with his scythe on his shoulder, to throw down the scythe, quietly take off his coat, roll it up and throw it on the roadside, and then taking his stick, and looking for a moment to see which side was losing, which was the weaker side, to rush into the thick of the fight and smash the first head that came in his way. At any rate it is a comfort to think that he hadn't the instinct to take the side which was winning. That is not an Irishman's way. When one side is winning, there is generally little fighting shown, as the other side want to run; but the ones I describe go in for

fighting and not running, The average Irishman, wherever he is, has a great many faults like other men, but if you look upon them with an unprejudiced eye you will agree with me that they are faults of a peculiar nature; and they are all on the surface. There are two classes of crimes that a man may commit. There are crimes that are characterised by meanness, by grasping avarice, filthy lust, and defiling impurity of women was the mother that reared us at her There are crimes that are committed in secret; and knee? Are we not familiar with that beautiful the man, all the time, wears a smiling face and a The very first man that I met I told him a lie fair exterior. There are crimes over which the silver hair and the sweet voice; the woman with cloak of hypocrisy is thrown, and which is conthe old Spanish beads in her hand; the woman that coaled from public knowledge. Then there are taught us, when we were yet unable to appreciate crimes of another character, committed from imit, the sweet tale of the love of Christ for Mary, His | pulse, on the spur of the moment, not involving a deep dishonor, although, perhaps, involving great disgrace, but which the unfortunate culprit did not from that sort of Protestant confession, which says, know how to conceal or how to throw the mantle of hypocrisy around to hide them from the eye of the world. Now, of these two classes of crime the Irishman goes in for the second,-the open ones, the things that everybody sees and knows. If he gets drunk, he does not lock himself up in his room, in order to have a quiet bout of two or three days, ending in delirium tremens. No. He goes out to the public-house, invites a few friends around him, and gets into company. If he has a grudge against a man, he will not dog his steps in the dark, with a knife or pistol, but will go and smash that man's head in open day, and in the street, in fair fight.

There are some classes of crimes utterly unknown in Ireland. Ireland produces no female criminals. That is a strong assertion. Irishwomen, at home in the old country, never commit crime of any kind. You may tell me I am saying too much for them; but I am saying what I know to be true. Look at our criminal annals. Look at the record of crime in Ireland, and where do you find a femule criminal? Where do you ever see a female in the criminal dock, under sentence of death, or a woman in Ireland accused of some dreadful, hidden sin, or of murder? Never. There is no such thing known. Nobody ever dreamed of such a thing. Again, there is another class of crimes that are not found in Ireland at all. There is a crime which is very popular in England, and it is called garoting. Let me explain it. Two or three fellows stand at a corner of a street, by which a decent man has to pass. Presently they hear him coming. They walk up softly behind him, and one puts his arm around his neck and half chokes him to death, while the others, after he is insensible, take the money out of his pockets, and tenve him more dead than alive. This is called garoting. Don't you perceive the meaning of it? They half strangle a man in order to get the few pennies he may have in his pockets, or his watch. The meanness of it is that they attack him from behind. For the last ten or twelve years this crime has been very popular in the English cities. It was never heard of in Ireland until we were told by the Irish papers, that, a short time since, two respectable gentlemen were garoted in the streets of Dublin; at which the people were much frightened. But what does it turn out to be? A lot of Englishmen came over from London to try their hands there, and were captured at their vile work. Look at the records of the criminal courts in Ireland. I for three hundred years? Who met him in every have been examining them at the various assizes. glade, in every glen, and in every valley in the land? You scarcely ever find a man placed in the dock to that I mean for an instant to say that these virtues Who shook him off, upon the plains of Clontarf into be tried for robbery, for mere plundering, for steal-the sea? It was the Itishman at home. Who was ing, or for attacking a man and taking his money. So sure as a man is tried for attacking a man in Ireland, you will find that it was for some grudge he had against him, and that he went out to fight him. You will find it was some injury he received. and he wanted to avenge it promptly and quickly. You will find it was some faction fight or other, in lie expression of purity in maid and mother! Is which there was plack; not like the dirty, sacaking robber that would knock a man down in order to take his watch.

But there are crimes. There are murders; and they are to be deplored. We preach to our people, and ask them for God's love not do it. A landlord is sometimes shot down. I remember detailing a case of an Irish tenant, and how he was treated, to an English gentleman whom I met in a railway carriage. He said to me, "You are a priest?" "Yes, sir," said I, "I am." "You are an Irish priest?"
"Most certainly." "Well-now with all the influence that the priests have in Ireland, why do you not try to keep your people from murdering each other in that dreadful way? Just fancy, you know, murdering a landlord because he is a landlord!" went on in that scrain for some time, I said, "Look here, sir; here is a case that I met with last week and I will give it to you just as it happened, and will vouch for its truth." I told him of a man who did not owe a penny of rent; who had drained a piece of bog which he held at thirty shillings. He had cultivated it at considerable labour and expense. The landlord came and told him he must give it up. He asked where he was to put his wife and children. He told him he didn't care ;—that he must leave the house and give it up. The tenant replied—"I have made this place worth a great deal. I have put my labor and capital into it. I hold it under a rem of thirty shillings: but I am willing to give you anything that any other man will give you."
"No," says the landlord, "whoever gets
it you won't have it?" To my surprise,
this gentleman said—"And didn't your friend shoot the landlord" I said: "No, sir, he didn't: he took his wife and children to the next town, and is living there in poverty. Said the gentleman-"It is a very a strange thing the didn't shoot the landlord: for, by this and by that, I'd have shot him my-

selí!" Now. God forbid that I should justify these offences. No; the very men who do these things do not justify them, or themselves either. They are heart-broken afterwards, when they see the evil they have done. On the spur of the moment, when they see their most sacred rights trampled upon, and they are not allowed to live on the land they have tilled, these crimes are committed. But, my friends, the Irishman's crimes are on the surface. One thing is certain, that if there is anything bad in the man, out it comes. You need not be a bit afraid that he will go behind the door to do it. He will go out and say anything that he has got to say. It is a bad thing, of course, to commit a sin at any time. But I may say, if we are to have sins, give me the sins above board, not the sneaking sin of the is all before God and man. At least, I am proud of garoter, not the sin of the man who locks himself up to drink, not the vile sihs of the men who are leading impure lives, endeavouring all the time to make things as nice and fair as possible.

Now, that very faculty and propensity of our nafaith. I grant you that the Irishman is a little too | tional character-to be above board, and to say, | to warrant me in congratulating you and myself

right out, whatever is to be said, -comes from the Catholic religion. The doctrine of the confessional teaches a man that he is responsible to God, and that, compared with that responsibility, the responsi bility to his fellow-men is nothing. The Catholic religion teaches a man that if he commit a sin, no matter how hidden it is, it must come out in confession; he must bring it to the surface, and lay it down there with shame and sorrow, at the foot of the Cross. The Catholic religion teaches a man that there is a far higher standard and a more dread. ful judgment than that of society;—that God sees him, even in the darkness of the night; that God watches him closely everywhere and that it is a very little matter to a man what his associates may think of him if God has reason to think highly of him. Therefore it is that this very doctrine engenders a certain kind of contempt for the world's opinion. The Protestant man has no other tribunal than society. He is afraid of his life as to what his fellowmen think of him and of the judgment they will pass upon him. He is never taught by his religion to bring himself and his sin before a higher tribunal. He never has been taught to speak his sins out. He has never been taught to give the evil that is in him shape and form in the words of confession. The most he has been taught is to go now and then to the Lord and say, "O Lord, I am a sinner! We are all sinners!" That is very easily said. But a Catholic is obliged to come and say:—"On such a day I stole ten dollars from a man; that very evening I used some of that ten dollars, and committed dreadful sins—such and such things. Also that on such and such a morning I went out without saying my prayers, or bending my knce to God. about a fellow-laborer. I told him a mean dirty lie," Now, you see it is quite a different thing when you have to shape and form each individual sin, to look it in the face, say are you ashamed of it, and then lay it down at the feet of our Lord, breathing it into the ear of your fellow-man; quite another thing "O Lord, we are all sinners!" The Catholic Church enforces this doctrine of confession, making the man guilty of sin look into himself, bring himself out and lay himself down in all his ulcerous sores and spiritual deformity and filth at the feet of Christ. It teaches a man that the opinion of the world is not to be valued, that he need not care what men think of him if he knows that he is right before God, What profit would it be to me if you thought something I had done was blameless and praiseworthy, if I knew in my heart that it was sinful and wrong? -what consolation would it be to me? I declare to you, as an Irishman and a Catholic, that if I had any such thing in my heart now, it would be a positive relief to throw it out before you all.

Such, my friends, is the Irish character; and I think in these salient traits I have not exaggerated it. I did not come here to flatter, nor did I come here to exaggerate the virtues of Irishmen; but I think that you will all recognize that there is a reality in these traits that I have put before you, You see them in the men we meet every day. This is the kind of man we have to deal with, whenever we meet a thorough Irishmac.

Now, is there not something grand and noble in all this? Is there not something magnificent in the power of mind that is able to realize the unseen things of God? I know nothing more magnificent than the Calholic man bowing down before the blessed Eucharist. I admire the man's power of mind. I say to myself, "what a magnificent intelligence is there, that is able so easily to rise above the mere evidence of the senses, and to realize the hidden God on the altar!" I admire the magnificent religion of that man, guided by faith, that is able to thrill him with fear and love. I ask you, if the Blessed Sacrament were there on the altar this evening, do you imagine that I could speak to you as I have done? Why! I would be afraid of my life to make my jokes and make you laugh. If the Blessed Sacrament were exposed there, is there one among you who would not have a feeling of reverence that you have not now, as if you saw the Saviour with His hand uplifted before you? Is not this grand? Is it not a noble trait of mind, this Irish faculty,this Catholic faculty, if you will, -of realizing things we never saw?

Again, is it not grand to have that veneration, that respect and that homage for holy purity, as reflected particularly in the chaste Irish Catholic woman and mother, wherever she is? Do not imagine everywhere; for I am willing to believe that in all beams the purity of the Virgin and Mother. But this I do say : I am sure of it in my Irish countrywomen. Is it not grand to see the homage that our race has paid for fifteen hundred years to the Cathonot this national courage of Ireland grand and magnificent !-- a courage that is invincible, that has never been crushed! This courage has kept alive the belief for eight hundred years that we are a nation, and we shall be a nation unto the end of time. I can imagine Ireland crushed to the dust; but I can never imagine this nation speaking to England, and saying: "I will be a province or anything you like; only give me leave to live, and take off this horrible persecution from me. Give me an acre of land, and I will be called anything you like—West Britain' or some such name. We will be like the Scotch (who once had such a glorious nationality, and have none now)." Crush and trample on Ireland as you will; to the last day of the world's history Ir land shall be a nation in spite of all. Is not this grand! And I say that the soul of Ireland's nationality is Ireland's religion. I say that every Irishman that does not love his nationality is not worthy of his religion. And in proportion as he loves his religion with all his heart and soul, in the same proportion will be feel the strong Irish traits of his race and his nation.

Is not also their feeling of reverence for the dead a beautiful trait? There is nothing more distasteful than to see one from whom those around him received the blessings of education, the means of support, and perhaps a handsome fortune, buried and forgotten. How grand is the memory that cherishes the dead; that makes them present in their absence; that follows them upon the wings of prayer into the tomb and beyond it, and lives

as much for them after their death as before. Finally, is it not a grand thing in our national character, that whatever vices we have-and the Lord knows we have a great many—they are all on the surface? There is no hypocrisy about it. If an Irishman is a little worse for liquor, everybody knows it. In England they take advantage of this openness of character. Everybody who has had a little something to drink is pointed out with-"There is one of them again; look at him!" And this is, perhaps, said by a fellow that locks himself up in his house, gets drunk for a week, and nobody is the wiser for it. He would drink the poor Irishman blind. Since I have been in New York I have got anonymous letters from people giving extracts from newspapers, detailing a row in a saloon where an Irishman broke another one's head; and I was asked if these were the people I was glorifying and whether they were the countrymen I was so proud of. I am free to say I am proud of them; but not in their drunkenness and sin. God forbid! But I say that their drunkenness and sin are all on the surface, which every man can see for himself. It them in this, that they do not care to hide their short comings, and put on a smiling face; like a fine-looking pear with a rotten core, that has been lying in the sun under the tree.

And now, my friends, I think I have said enough