next day I went to prayers at the General Theological Seminary and for the first time the service seemed flat and A screp of Arabic poetry, quoted by

Mr. Palgrave, runs thus:

"Not by chance the currents flow: Error mezed yet truth directed, to their certain goal they go."

It may seem strange to some that the currents did not bear me straight into the Catholic Church instead of by the bend of Anglicanism. Yet, strange as it is to the view of those who stand in a position to see the bend, others who are in it do not perceive the curvature. I did not regard the Anglican communion as a sect separated from the Catholic Church. Neither did I regard it as the entire Catholic Church, and therefore look on the Roman and Greek Churches as sects in separation. If I may illusing the converge to the strange said thages. Upon this the argued very strongly and conce the curvature that the same reasons which extends the commencial authority of the college of Lyons and Florence, and provide the Greeks, and a fortiori the Anglican communion as a sect separated from the Catholic Church, and therefore look on the Roman and Greek Churches as sects in separation. If I may illusing the control of Lyons and Florence, and provide the coumenical authority of the college of Lyons and Florence, and provide the Greeks, and a fortiori the Anglican communion as a sect separated from the Catholic Church. Neither did I regard it as the entire Catholic Church, and therefore look on the Roman and Greek Churches as sects in separation. If I may illusing the council of the commencial authority of the confidence of Lyons and Florence, and provide the commencial authority of the commen look on the Roman and Greek Churches as sects in separation. If I may illustrate my concept of the Church by a figure taken from a material temple, I looked on the Roman Catholic Church as the choir and nave, the Greek Church as a great transept, and the Anglican Church as a side chapel with its porch opening on another street. As I was born, bred, and then dwelling on that street it was more natural and easy to go by this side porch to the chapel than to go all the way around to the grand front entrance. If the chapel was served by priests, and one could have the sacraments and other privileges of the Church in it, he would not need to pass through into the nave or to distress himself because the passage was barred.

cause the passage was barred.
So long as one holds such a vague and imperfect conception of the essence of the Catholic Church, he can approach indefinitely near to it in his other conceptions of doctrine and discipline without per-ceiving any practical reasons for passing over to the Roman communion. The late Leonard Woods, Jr., D. D., and others have made a similar approximation, and have still remained—some for a long time, some until death—in one of the various Presbyterian churches. So long as one considers that intellectual, moral, and spiritual community in ideas, sentiments, approximation of sympathies, together with the reception of the sacraments of baptism and the Euch-arist, in what he conceives to be a lawful arist, in what he conceives to be a lawful and valid manner, make up the essential bonds of Catholic unity—i. e, that the tie which birds is invisible—he can agree with the Church of Rome very closely in faith and love her devotedly without thinking of stirring from his nock in the Protestant sect he belongs to. He may recognize the apostolic orgin of the limited primactes of Alexandria and Antich and the universal primacy of Rome, and may lament and cor demn in great part the so called Reformation. And yet he will not admit that he is a heretic or even a schismatic, as he is held to be in the foro externo of the Roman Church.

The one practical and decisive point

of the Roman Church.

The one practical and decisive point which is the pivot on which all turns is this: There is but one flock and one shepherd, the successor of Peter, and those bishops, priests, and people who are under his suprame pastoral episcopate. All who are not in this fold, whether they be genite a thought of the property and the property of the proper are not in this fold, whether they be gen-nine sheep and lambe, or wolves in sheep's clothing, are only scattered aliens and wanderers. There are bishops, priests and baptized Christians in great numbers who are cutside the fold of Peter. But although these are gathered into communities, an even though their doctrine may be in great measure in accordance with the Catholic faith, none of these communities are organic portions of the Catholic Church. Even on the supposition, therefore, that the Protestant Episcopal Church, through the Church of England, had preserved the spostolic succession and an external conthe Protestant Episcopal Church, through the Church of England, had preserved the apostolic succession and an external connection with the ancient Catholic Church in England, and had retained the essentials of the faith, this would not suffice to establish the claim which is made for it by its so called Anglo-Catholic members. It is not enough to profess the Catholic faith, to have received baptism, to be a member of a religious society whose clergy have of a religious society whose clergy have received a valid ordination. The law of Christ requires, moreover, that we should profess the faith and receive the sacraments in the one true church whose pas tors have a lawful authority under the supreme jurisdiction of the Chief Pastor of the Universal Church, the successor of St.

Peter.
As I have said, I was about three years in reaching this conclusion. At first, regarded the Anglican branch, as esteemed it to be, of the Catholic Church, ss being, in its ideal theory according to the interpretation of the most advanced High Churchmen, the most advanced High Churchmen, the nearest to the primitive standard. Next to it was the Greek Church, and the most removed by human additions and alterations the Roman. By a gradual change I came to regard, first the Greek Church as the pearest to the model of arcient Chrisnearest to the model of arcient Chriscianity, and afterwards the Roman. The Anglican "branch," of course, fell away from its high place in my estimation more and more, as the most imperfect and anomalous of all the divisions of and anomalous of all the divisions of Catholic Christendom, just barely excusable from the charge of schism and heresy. The party with which I sympathized looked back to the epoch before the separation of East and West, and looked forward to an epoch when a reunion would take place, by means of an ecumenical council, when Rome would that he preterious medify and convenients. abate her pretensions, modify and cor-rect some points of her doctrine and disrect some points of her doctrine and dis-cipline, and open the way to a universal reconciliation and reconstruction of Christendom. Briefly, and in a matter-of fact statement, this is a project of bringing Rome down to a level of Con stantinople, and all the Eastern and Western discidents up to that level. Ang-licans and other Protestants have offer licans and other Protestants have often shown a hankering after fellowship with the Greeks on account of their middle position between Rome and Canterbury. One of the schemes for attaining this fellowship was the location of a bishop with a small staff of clergy in Constanti-nople to cultivate the friendship of the Melchites and other Eastern sects. Dr. Southgate was appointed to this mission and he requested me to accompany him, which I consented to do; but my appointment was not ratified by the Missionary Committee, who distrusted my Catholic tendencies. While I was expecting to go on this mission I had a expecting to go on this mission I had a case of science of military defence and conversation on the subject with Dr. Seabury. The doctor inquired whether we expected to persuade the Greeks to change any of their doctrines and to change any of their doctrines and to contorm in any respect to those of the within the terms of three theses.

Protestant Episcopal Church. I replied that I supposed the basis of agreement must be laid on the foundation of the first six councils, and that the Greeks would have to give up the seventh, and their doctrine and practice coucerning the caltus of the Virgin Mary, the saints, and images. Upon this the doct results of the virgin Mary the saints, and images. and images. Upon this the doct r argued very strongly and conclusively that the same reasons which establish the œcumenical authority of the councils of Lyons and Florence, and proves that the Greeks, and a fortiori the Anglicans,

There were other things said by Dr. Seabury which I cannot distinctly remember, the effect of his whole conversation being to set my mind on being to set my mind on a course of onward to the last position which I rested in, so long as it seemed to be tenable. It has been, and still is, a position occupied by a certain number of the so called Orthodox Orientals and Western Protestants—viz., that certain Christian com-munities separated from the communion of the Roman Church are in an irregular and anomalous condition, a state of seces-sion and revolt which is wrong and unsion and revolt which is wrong and un-justifiable, but not destructive of the essential Catholic unity, the organic identity of what they call the universal Church in all its parts and members, which, though severely wounded, are not severed. It is argued in this plea that individuals are not responsible, and not to blame for the misfortune which was caused by the sins of their ancestors. They may, and even ought to, remain where they are, desiring, promoting, and waiting for corporate reunion.

for corporate reunion.

Surely this notion that the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal are essentially one and the same is chimerical, and needs only an exercise of common sense to vanish like a bubble. However, we who were playing an ingenuous dramatic performance as Catholics were living in a visionary, and not in the real world. It needed time and hard blows to break the spell of illusion.

In my case experience proved that our

In my case experience proved that our Catholicism was an affair of books, of the imagination, of a certain set of individuals, and not the genuine religion of the Church of Eugland and the American sect which has chosen for itself the name "Protestant has chosen for itself the name "Protestant Episcopal." These communities are Protestant, although, along with extreme rationalism, they tolerate a kind of Catholicism. They are not only estranged from the Roman Church, but engaged in an "irrepressible conflict" with it. I soon perceived in my bishop (Dr. Whittingham) an intensity of animosity sgainst the Roman Church which was really violent. He, like many others of his kind, was auxious to make proselytes, and when was anxious to make proselytes, and when one fell into his hands he would re-confirm him. This is but one instance among a multitude of facts which proved that a cordial sympathy with the actual, inform-ing spirit of the Protestant Episcopal Church is in diametrical opposition to the Catholic spirit.

I will not analyze more minutely the process which wrought my total and final severance from the Protestant connection. John Henry Newman had just been received into the Catholic Church. I had been sent to a plantation in North Carolina, with symptoms which threatened a fatal issue within a few months. During that winter I had leisure to mature the results of study and thought of the several preceding years, and with the strongest possible motive to make a decision which would endure the test of the divine truth and justice. From the last spot of sand severance from the Protestant connection

the progress of my religious convictions from Protestant Christianity pure and from Protestant Christianity pure and simple, in the form commonly called "orthodox" and "evangelical," through the middle ground of "High Church" and "Anglo-Catholic" Episcopalianism to the perfect and integral Christianity of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church. The justification of this process in a rational sense consists simply in this: that it is consequent and logical from the premises that God is; that the Godhead is in the Person of Christ: that Christ has pro-Person of Christ; that Christ has pro-claimed and established a religion of doctrines and precepts which is obliga-tory, universal, and perpetual in a manner which is certainly authenticated.

which is certainly authenticated.

In respect to these premises there was no process to be narrated, since I began with and from them as undoubted certainties. Neither does a formal justification of the process of concluding the logical result from the admission of the premises belong to a many place of premises belong to a mere piece of psychological history. I have not in view to prove the validity of the infer-ences which I draw from the assumed ences which I draw from the assumed premises any more than to prove the truth of these premises. I aim only at relating the manner in which the process went on in my own mind. And, in conclusion, I will sum up by a simple statement of my own religious convictions and beliefs as they are now, the result of nearly fifty years of study and thought, taking in the Theistic and Christian premises as well as the Catholic conclusion. I do not doubt my own ability to make a satisfactory justification of all these convictions by evidence and reason all these convictions by evide uce and reason all these convictions by evidence and reason ing, and I have heretofore written a great deal on several points of this argument of justification. But just now I merely intend to indicate the theses and order in which they are arranged in the general conspectus, which I should undertake to defend if I were writing a complete treatise of apologetics, and which I am convinced have been amply defended by many men of creatly superior intellect many men of greatly superior intellect and knowledge to my own moderate measure of these endowments. I mean this in respect to what is essential and substantial, for in respect to details and these relations which change with the varying conditions of times, there is always a new labor of progress and adaptation to be carried on, which is never act ually complete and finished; just as in the case of science of military defence and

First. Every rational and instructed nan ought to believe in God.

Second. One who believes in God the present head of the Geraldines, barricaded in his castle at Carton, composing Second. One who believes in God ought to believe in Christ and his

Third. Whosever believes in Christ and Christianity ought to believe in the Catholic Church, whose centre of unity and seat of sovereignty is the Roman See of Peter.—Augustine F. Hewit, in N. Y. Catholic World.

MR. WM. O'BRIEN'S LECTURE.

"The Lost Opportunities of the Irish

United Ireland, Sept. 7. Au immense assemblage of people gathered in the Leinster Hall, Dublin, on Thursday night week to hear Mr. O'Brien's lecture on behalf of the Sacred Heart Home, The chair was occupied by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsb, and on the platform were several Iris and English members of Parliament his Grace having opened the proceed-ings, Dr. Kenny, M. P., read a telegram from the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, "praying God to give all needful strength to the pure minded patriot who lectures this evening, so that he may come forth from his prison cell, now open to receive him, as sound in health as he is brave in heart

as sound in health as he is brave in heart and unflinching. God Save Ireland."

Mr. O'Brien as he rose was greeted with a tremendous outburst of applause, After some preliminary observations, he proceeded to say:—I remember not so very long ago "democracy" used to be thought an awful, almost a naughty word among genteel people in Ireland. Some of us had no more conception what sort of uncouth animal a democrat was than Mrs. Partington had of the attributes of of uncount animal a defluctat was than Mrs. Partington had of the attributes of the allegory on the Nile. Irishmen were supposed to be nothing if not adwere supposed to be nothing if not admirers of the old aristocracy. If you were to believe Charles Lever's novels, a man, if he were only one of ancient lineage, might, without detriment to his popularity, desolate a whole countryside he might beggar his tenants and mortage his property up to the eyes, he might get drunk every night of his life, and put a bullet through an unfortunate trade-man if he asked for payment of his bill. The Irish people were supposed rather to like that sort of thing from a gentleman of spirit, and the people put their hands to their hats for him, and voted for him and fought for him, as if it were the bes and fought for him, as if it were the best fun in the world to be evicted and swindled by one of the old stock. It is irony of fate that the very practices which the Irish gentry rebuke with a celestial grace in the Irish peasants of to-day as crimes of the blackest dye are only faint imitations of the pastimes of their own fathers and grandfathers. Tarring a batliff and making him swallow his own lattitats is a proceeding copied from the highest proceeding copied from the highest aristocratic precedents. Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald was by no means the only man who mounted cannon upon his castle to give the ministers of the law a castle to give the ministers of the law a hotter reception than they encountered at Bodyke and Coolgreany. It was the regular way of discharging honest debts in well-bred circles. The noble family of Kingston, who are at this moment so horrified by the people of Mitchels town barricading their homes and defending them, were themselves for many a day "Sunday men" and kept their castle provisioned for a siege. It is, indeed, because they did so, and left their debts unpaid—the debts they incurred to pamper their own bodies and fuddle their brains—that their noble descendant is now engaged in extermin

when we were young fellows long ago in my native town of Mallow we used to think the Clubhouse there a kind of sev-

enth heaven inhabited by beings of quit

the heavens every day that the gentry should lord it over us and look

down on us. It seemed part of the order and arrangement of the universe. Well, I think we have somewhat moderated these

fluence upon the current of affairs as th

the present head of the Geraldines, carri-caded in his castle at Carton, composing pamphiets for the I. L. P. U., and unable to return a Poor law guardian for his own electoral division? I venture to think that though the present Geraldine is a duke, and the old Geraldines used sometimes get a head chopped off, most of us would prefer to take chance with the valiant old chiefs who died with their faces to the foe and with their clans around them, fighting for their God and for their native land. If for their God and for their native land. If ever men were petted as leaders, and besought to become leaders of the Irish people it was the Irish gentry. It was one of this foibles, perhaps one of the vices of the Irish people, their fondness and yearning for leaders of birth and station. The aristoctats who led the Volunteers of '82, with the glorious ex-ception of Grattan and half dozen others. ception of Grattan and half dozen others were bigots and rack renters who had very little to recommend them except their volunteer uniform; yet their popu-larity knew no bounds. O'Connell tried to keep the Catholic lords and aristocrats in the van of the Emancipation movein the van of the Emancipation move-ment until his heart was sick of their cowardice and meanness and sycophancy

they have never to this day been emancloated in their souls. The Young Ire
land movement was very largely a movement with aristocratic aspirations.

Mitchel and Lalor, indeed, knew the stuff
the Irish gentry were made of, but most
of the generous-hearted young men who
sang and spoke in those days did not
despair of bringing the gentry into the
National ranks, and building up a nation
in which landlord and tenant would clasp
hands and blend as harmoniously as
orange and green. One of the most amazorange and green. One of the most amazing things we learn from Sir C. G. Duffy ok, "Four Years of Irish History," that up to the very eve of the revolt of '48 Smith O'Brien and some of his col-'48 Smith O'Brien and some of his col-leagues nourished the extraordinary delusion that the Irish gentry were medi-tating going over en masse to the young men who were counting their pikes and guns for an insurrection. It was O'Brien's noble fault to believe everyone to be as open-hearted and as chivalrous as himas open-hearted and as chivalrous as himself. He actually wrote letters anticipating that the gentry would be found heading the insurrection at the very moment
when these same gentry were entreating
Dublin Castle to suspend the Habeas
Corpus Act, and only a few weeks before
his own brother, Sir Lucius O'Brien, denounced and disowned him as a traitor on
the floor of the House of Commons. Every
opportunity the Irish aristocracy ever got
of identifying themselves with the people,
of winning their affections, of becoming
their leaders, they spurned with insult and
disdain. They repaid their popularity in
the Volunteer times by their murderings
and burnings and floggings in '98. Their
answers to all the melting appeals of the
orators and singers of Young Ireland was
to selze the crops for the rent while two to seize the crops for the rent while two millions of people were dying of famine, and then to exterminate a million more of them between 1848 and 1853, when all the country lay gasping and helpless at their feet. Even in our own day, in the midst of the angry rush and roar of the revolution which their own folly brought bout their ears, the Irish gentry at least three separate opportunities of harmonizing their interests with those of the country of their birth and the people defending them, were themselves for many a day "Sunday men" and kept their castle provisioned for a siege. It is, indeed, because they did so, and left their debts unpaid—the debts they incurred to pamper their own bodies and fuddle their brains—that their noble descendant is now engaged in externinating the unfortunate tenantry of Mitchelstown, not for repudiating any honest debts, but because they will not surrender the homes in which their fathers lived and died, and the lands that are watered with their sweat to pay for the claret and the dissipations of those old "Wolves of the Galtees," But undoubtedly the people did not like the Irish gentry the less for their contempt for the law and their way of dealing with bailiffs. Aristocracy was respected almost to adoration point. I remember when we were young fellows long ago in the country of the law and they founded the Land League under Mr. Parnell's signature to such an offer under date of this present month an offer under date of this present month of grace, September, 1887. I am afraid it is only an artist from the Times office who is likely to furnish them with such a document. Again, several years ago, in a remarkable paper read before the Statistical Society, Lord Montagle suggested to the landlords of Ireland the two condiquite another order from mere people who worked for a living. It seemed as much a dispensation of Providence as that the sun should rise in tions, and the only conditions, on which they could still lead lives of comfort and of honor and of usefulness to their native land—First, that they should cease to be landlords; second, that they should cease gentlemen's estimate of their own importance. I can hardly ever pars that Olubhouse now without thinking that there is not a cabin in the poor suburb of Ballydaheen whose inmates have not as much influence upon the gureant of affiliar as the landfords; second, that they should cease to act as the English garrison. That is, of course, the landlord way of putting it. What acting as the English garrison really means is using the power of England to garrison their own rent-offices and to make the name of England detestable, for I deny that the landlords of Ireland have fluence upon the current of affairs as the whole galaxy of gentlemen who assemble on the Clubhouse steps put together. Now, what is the reason of this extraordinary transformation? I often think that one of the bitterest reflections of the Irish gentry in these days of humiliation and helplessness must be that it is all their own fault—that they had the country and people for hundreds of years like potter's clay in their hands. If they had chosen to be the people's chiefs and leaders instead of being their slave drivers the Irish aristocracy might have had a great career. Unquestionably, rank and brilliancy and chivalry, and all the qualities that appertain to a privileged, teisured class, have ever been either loyal or an efficient garrison of England, when-ever their own interest or their own fears npted them to be rebels or run-ys. Well, Lord Monteagle's warning fell on heedless ears. Mr. Gladstone's great Bills of last year came. They offered the most splendid avenue to power an honor that ever opened its arms to a dethroned and fallen oligarchy. The Irish gentry might have had prices for their estates which, in a cheap country like Ireland, would have insured them effluence. might have had in the Parliament of the country the power for which they hunger and which they travel all the way from the Riviera to retain in even a local board of guardians. Farseeing men have tain to a privileged, teleured class, have always had a fascination for the Irish people. Men of that class who, instead of standing apart in cold and haughty isolation, have given their hearts that in an Irish Parliament naughty isolation, have given their hearts and lives to the rescue of their downtrodden nation are the heroes and idols of our history—men like Sarsfield, Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Davis, Smith O'Brien, and Charles Stewart Parnell. Did the Irish people ever ask what was these men's religious faith, or in what century their ancestors came over? The Garaldines when they sattled long ago in constituted according to Mr. Gladstone cheme, a wise and capable and patriotic scheme, a wise and capable and patriolic Conservative party might not only have been a potential minority, but might have found their way to an Irish Treasury Bench. And all this upon the one simple condition of fasting their interests and sympathies with those of the body of their countrymen instead of forever fevering and distance in their country like an Geraldines when they settled long ago in Mallow Castle did not shut themselves up and distempering their country like an angry pustule or like a poisoned spearpoint. Did the Irish people look surly or naggle about the price? On the contrary, they pined and yearned for peace and brotherhood in the great task of building up a happy Irish nation. And the Irish gentry? With a few noble exceptions, and head Powersenut and Lord Crein a clubhouse, and give themselves airs. They fraternised with the people, they made themselves bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh; they fought for them and died with them. And I wonder which is the nobler field of ambition—which is gentry? With a few noble exceptions, such as Lord Powerscourt and Lord Gre-ville, their answer was to smite the hand

that was extended to them. Their answer was to summon the demons of religious bigotry from their dens, and to circulate eleven millions of scurrilous libels on their fellow-country men through the printingfellow-countrymen through the printing-press of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. They complain a great deal now a-days of our setting class against class. It was they themselves, in their blind arrogance and folly, in spite of the prayers and the warnings and the entreatles of Irish Nationalists—it was they them-selves who first set class against class, or rather set up their own selfesh and year rather set up their own selfish and pam-pered class against the interests and the sympathies and the aspirations of every other class in the nation. They never, as a class, established one idea in common with the people upon whose industry they lived. They remain to this day as dis-tinctly foreigners in face and language and sympathy as when their ancestor came over throat-cutting and psalm sing ing with Cromwell. They had three hun dred years of unbroken power to make history, and the history they made was a history of famines and rack rents and penal laws and misery—a history of mil-lions plundered and degraded in their own land under the heel of a few thousand foreigners—a history during which the gentry of Ireland never did an act of justice that was not wrung from them, and never did one act of unadulterated grace never did one act of unadulterated grace so long as England gave them her bayonets to enable them to refuse it. Nemesis came at last in the shape of an Irish, democracy, and it is a singular fact that democracy is a Frankenstein of their own raising. Democracy has sprung from the two very sources which Eugland relied upon to rid her of the Irish difficulty—National education and emigration. The National system of education was founded for the express purpose of undermining the faith and destroying the nationality of the youth of Ireland. Men like Archbishop Whateley and Mr. Carlisle, who devised that system, and who composed the schoolbooks, were dead certain that they had discovered a machine for turning the books, were dead certain that they had discovered a machine for turning the youth of Ireland into soupers in faith and West Britons in politics. Things have not turned out quite to their satisfaction. Sir R. Peel relied upon two instruments to denationalise Ireland—the policemen and the schoolmaster. Whatever the constabulary system did to enchain the limbs of the Irish people his system of national education did still more to emanicate their minds and souls. The relies cipate their minds and souls. The police-man proved to be an efficient ally of England, but the school-master did not turn out so satisfactorily, and the sch master is the most potent man of the two when all is said and done. It is the young fellows whom the governing classes sent into the National schools to be turned into flunkeys and slaves—it is the young fellows who have broken the power of the privileged classes in Ireland, and pushed them from their thrones, and beared them at the Poor law boards and the municipal boards, and even on the floor of the House of Commons. In the same way the Irish gentry believed that the policy of emigration was a stroke of genius to deliver them from a troublesome population. They believed that once the Irish peasant was embarked in a cofficient peasant was embarked in a cofficient property were done with him for evermore. But there came back from America a power more fatal to aristocracy and to privileged idleness than if these Irish emigrants had come back in line of-Irish emigrants had come back in line of-battle ships and armies—there came back the principles of democracy and freedom which the emigrants embibed in the great Republic of the West. Every American letter that came home was a lesson in de-mocracy. From the time that American principles took root here in the soil that was prepared for them by education, it was all over with the ascendancy of the Irish gentry for the moment free inquiry mocracy. From the time that American principles took root here in the soil that was prepared for them by education, it was all over with the ascendancy of the Irish gentry for the moment free inquiry began to be focussed upon them their pretensions melted away like wax before a fire. People began to ask themselves who were these gods who wranned themselves that time to win an Irish Parliament, and had flooded and dominated that Parliament with the people at that time to win an Irish Parliament, and had flooded and dominated that Parliament with the people were these gods who wranned themselves the properties of their inevitable surrender when it comes. Forty years ago they might have become Nationalists without ceasing to be landlords. It is perfectly possible that if the Irish land-lords had been wise enough to band the properties of their inevitable surrender when it comes. Forty years ago they might have become Nationalists without ceasing to be landlords. It is perfectly possible that if the Irish land-lords had been wise enough to band themselves enthusiastically with the people with the properties of the were these gods who wrapped themselves up in cold and haughty majesty, and looked down upon the people whose industry gave them rents to squander, and purple and fine linen to bask in. To our surprise we found that they were not gods, but men, with blood very much the same colour as other men's, and with a by no means alarming preponderance of brains. The gods were, in fact, a squad of Cromwellian troopers a few generations removed. As somebody remarked—I think it was O'Connell—the Irish gentry have nothing ancient about them but their prejudice, and nothing modern but their pedigrees. The so-called "old familbut things of yesterday com near were but things of yesterday com-pared with the ancient race they despised and lorded it over. The real old families of the land are to be found not in the landlords' mansions, but in the cabins of their serfs. To have remained rich and flourishing during a history such as ours s the greatest reproach a native family could incur. In a history like that of the Irish race poverty is the best sign of nobil-ity, and rank is the best evidence of shame. When thoughts of this kind began to worry and burn in the minds of the young men of Ireland, their revolt against the supremacy of this alien caste was as sudden as their submissiveness had been complete. I remember even within my own time the first of the elected Poorlaw guardians who were taken from the ranks of the people—how they used to slouch into the board room in a shamefaced, apologetic kind of way, how they used to slide into a seat as far away from "the gentlemen" as possible, and sit on the edge of the chair and vote like sheep and hardly ever venture a remark. I saw the new spirit of manhood and of self-respect that came into these men until they rose and measured themselves like men with these noble lords and gentlemen, and routed them from their dignities, and told them to their faces that the day of aristo-cratic privilege was gone, and the power of the people, and the welfare of the people must benceforth be more important elements in the government of mankind than coronets or Norman blood. If you go into the Irish boardroom of an Irish Board of Guardians now you won't find the elected guardians trembling under the frown of the excilicios; it is rather the other way. If you listen to a debate in the House of Commons you won't find men of the people, like Mr. Healy or Mr. Sexton, grovelling at the feet of the King-Harmans or Saurdersons, or speaking with

bated breath because every second man who is listening to him has a title or a

million of money. I never will forget the

expression of a little old Western peasant at one of the Land League meetings, when some speaker was describing the oppression and the haughtiness of Irish land-agents and the haughtiness of Irish land-agents in the past, "Begob," says the old fellew, "we'll make them put their hands to their hats for us yet." That really only describes in a comically exaggerated way the change that has come over the face of the country; for though the Irish people are of too generous and forgiving and Chustian a character aver to desire to retent the same transfer aver to desire to retent the same transfer. character ever to desire to retort upon their opponents the indignities that were indicted upon themselves, still it was necessary to enforce the lesson—and I think the lesson is beginning to innecessary to enforce the lesson—and I think the lesson is beginning to impress itself upon the comprehension of the most forsilized old gentleman in the land—that a man's importance and his place in the esteem of his fellow countrymen will depend for the future in Ireland, not upon the length of his purse, nor the length of his pedigree, but upon his use-fulness to the community and his readiness to labour and to sacrifice himself for the benefit of his fellow countrymen. Up to the present, by an extraordinary per-version of the laws of nature, a man's consequence in Ireland was measured by the amount of misery he created; for the the amount of misery he created; for the tuture it will be measured by the smount of happiness he can confer—the smount of good he can do in protecting industry, rewarding toil, and raising up the poor and lowly. The Irish gentry tave, fortunately for human rights, left us no alternative but to be democrats and to draw our strength from the great heart alternative but to be democrats and to draw our strength from the great heart of the people. There is one thing upon which I think we may fairly congratulate ourselves in reference to the spread of democracy, and that is, that the democracy as it is rooted in Ireland to-day is almost alternative fees from the feetures. almost altogether free from the features of blood-thirstiness and rabid class hatred and irreligion which have sometimes made revolution a name of dread and horror in other lands. The Irish people have not the slightest dislike to a man merely because he has a good coat to his back, or because he comes of coat to his back, or because he comes of an ancient family. The objection to Mr., Parnell's class is that it produces only one Mr. Parnell to ten thousand aliens and enemies and oppressors of the people. If in the morning the Irish gentry proposed frankly to draw a wet sponge over the past, there is not a prominent politician in Ireland who would answer with a charlish greature. would answer with a churlish or contumelious word. Fney would be welcomed. They would be honored. The Irish nature has the softness of our own noneyed meads. "There is dew at high noontide there and springs in the yellow sands On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

Irish forgiveness is to be had to this hour for the honest asking. A single Smith O'Brien redeems a whole pedigree of Murrough the Burners and Black Inchi-Murrough the Burners and Black Inchiquins. The change which the wizardry of one great old man has wrought in the course of a single year in the feelings of the most extreme of us towards the English people is an assurance that no prejudices are too ancient, no wrongs too cruel, no grudges to deep seated, to yield to the first appeal of genius and sincerity to the infinite tenderness of the Irish heart. There shall be false gods no more in Ireland; but for good men and capable men who have a heart for the miseries of their ireland; but for good men and capable men who have a heart for the miseries of their countrymen and the will to labour for their alleviation, there is still, and there will be always, welcome, honour, and gratitude, no matter what his class or from what race he may be sprung. But the longer the Irish gentry continue at enemity with the Irish people the barder will be the terms of their inevitable surrender when it comes. Forty years ago that Parliament with their own territorial influence, their rack rents unabridged for many a day, and the enforcement of pop-ular rights might have been indefinitely retarded. At present the Irish people can dispense with them as Nationalists, and are dispense with them as Nationalists, and are determined to dispense with them as landlords. I have claimed that Irish democracy is not bloodthirsty or vengeful. If those who are so fond of magnifying the deeds of violence which have blotted our history here and there for the last few years would once examine the dark story of revolution in other lands, and think of the seas of suffering and bloodehed which engulf the beaten side—if they will only remember how their own class used their victory when they tortured and trampled to death tens of thousands of the Wexford insurgents in '98—they will have to con-fees that there never was a revolution involving the overthrow of so rooted and so detested an oligarchy which was effected at so small a cost of bloodshed and crime as ours, and they will have to confess that whatever crime lurked in the train that great and memorable peaceful revolution was not the outgrowth of democracy, but was a remnant of the barbarism their own oppression had begotten. Finally, the revolutionary spirit in Ireland is not sullied by irreligion upon one side, or by sectarian bigorry on the other. It has a heart equally large and equally warm for Protestant and for Catholic—for every man who has a heart or a hand for Ireland. It is, and at the same time, in the highest and deep-est sense religious, spiritual, and above the ignoble empire of materialism, and con-tains no taint or germ of that crazy con-tinental fanaticism which assails the Altar as ferociously as the Bastile, which breaks up the very foundations of society, de-files the sanctity of the Christian house-hold, breaks down the glorious faith and hope that surrounds this fleeting world with the wonders of eternity, and counts the very Author of the Universe among the enemies of man. From this bleak abyss we have been saved by the deep and yearning spirit which teaches the Irish

people that, even when all has been done that human devotion can do to reward industry, to alleviate suffering, and brighten human life, there still remain in this wondrous spiritual nature of ours

this wondrous spiritual nature of ours aspirations and capacities which will never be satisfied in this material works, and which will never consent to be stiffed in the grave. We have been saved, furthermore by the enlightened fortitude of some of those who have guided the religious life of Ireland, one of whom is not Continued on 7th page.