Con Contract Land

APRIL 17, 1889. TI TI

and Irish Sorrow.

WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE.

Eloquent Address by Mr. J. M. Walk of New York,

AT OTTAWA, ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1889

(Specially Prepared for THE TRUE WITNESS.)

When I received the invitation to visit this When I received the invitation to visit this beautiful city, and its hospitable people of Irish birth or of Irish descent, and when this invita-tion came through "The friends of William O'Brien," I did not have one moment's O'Brien," I did not have one moment's hasitation in agreeing to accept it. But when I began to consider the responsibility incurred in doing this. I became distructful, and was I began to consider the comparison of the rest of the second distribution, and was norry that I had not taken more time to consider

the subject 'Brien was here once. It is evident William O'Brien was here vieit. Nor am I afraid William UBrien was nere once. It is evident that you remember that visit. Nor am I afraid to assert that the enemies of the cause which he represented and who dwell in this city remem-ber that visit. Yes, and the distance between here and the East Indian Empire of England is here and the prevent my asserting in a man not too great to prevent my asserting in a man ner more emphatic even still, that his alleged excellency Lord Landsdowne has a memory as excellency Lora Landsdowne has a memory as bright and fresh now as it was then, touching the arrival of the lion-hearted O'Brien in this, the capital of the Ganadian Dominion.

It was the rememberance of this which made ne hesitate. I felt that I was expected to follow in his footabeps and was well aware what a poor substitute I would make. At the same poor substitute I would make. At the same time I thought it an unusual honor and knew that you would overlook my want of eloquence if you were only certain that the heart of the visitor was in the right place. I have persuaded myself to believe and hope you will not considmyself to believe and hope you with nor consid-er it presumptuous if I assert that the heart of the visitor is in the right place. Here I am then, all the way from New York city, delighted beyond the power of words to express my de-light and ready to offer the fullest acknowledgement of the warmth, the enthusiasm with which

ment of one warmen, and characteristic with which you have welcomed me. Mr. Latchford's latter, written in behalf of the Celtic Benefit Association, under whose asspices this meeting is held, contained some droll references-all the more droll insemuch as then mean not mean the way at all this is droil reierences—all one more droil inagmouch as they were not meant that way at all. This is one of them: "We can get any number of speakers, but we want a man of the stamp of the dis from which you were struck." There was such a familiar ring about these words that was such a familiar ring about these words that I thought I recognized at once what he was driving at. There can be no doubt, ladies and gentleman, as my friend Latchford says, but that I was "struck." A man, as you know, may be "struck" in many ways. For example, he may be "struck" on a pretty girl; and that would be a cold son of Ireland indeed, who, standing upon this platform and looking at all the beautiful faces I see before me, should dare deny that he had not on the moment, and before deny that he had not on the moment, and before he knew where he was fallen a victim to that most welcome of all social calamities. I know where I was struck. But I give you my word of honor that I know very well who it was that atruck me 1t happened in the town of Toron-to. The "stamp of the die," to continue the quotation from Brother Latchford's letter was, s near as I can remember, a broken bottle ; though to this day the fact remains, or seems to remain, a profound secret to the policemen of that city who ran away during this murderous assault by the Orangemen on peaceful citizens as fast as a British regiment is said to rush for

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

I recognize now, my good friends, that I stand, not upon the soil of the United States, but upon the soil of what, in all diplomatic

tween here and the great neighboring nation of which I am proud to be an adopted citizen is when I am prout to be an adopted child in almost indistinct. Had you but stopped a moment, strained your ears and listened you could have almost heard the boom of cannon as the plain American citizen Benjamin Harrison passed in beneath the dome of the national capital just fourteen days ago to take that chair in which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln sat ! There are Irishmen here, too. as there are Irishmen there ; and even the soil of many parts of this Canadian Dominion, as much as the battlefields of Vicksburg, of Gettysburg as the basiched of vicksburg, of Geolysburg or of Antietam is consecrated to the struggle for liberty. Almost within sound of my voice stands the capitol of your own country where men whom you have elected make the laws by which you are willing to be governed and which as freemen you are bound to obey. A national flag you have none, but in all other respects you are an inderendent and self-governing people. I refuse, therefore, to call this a foreign country, or you foreigners. Am I too bold, or do I merely anticipate what many Oanadiens them-selves admit is coming if I should address you to night, my friends, as fellow citizens? There are part of Ireland, in an is no prejudice, there ought to be no prejudice in the mind of any honest Canadiau-always excepting that intolerant faction of bigoted men cooped up in the late Lord Landsdowne's little orange preserve in a corner of Untario, concern-ing the merits of this great struggle which is going on between Ireland and England. I feel, therefore, that I can confidently, though im-perfectly, state the case of Ireland which is now spoken of and discussed in all civilized lands and which, by you as well as by me, is thought of by day, dreamed of by night and shall re-main cherished in our hearts forever.

The English say that we do not know what we want. It is alleged that no definition of Home Rule that the tory mind could comprehend has ever yet been vouchsafed. No, nor never will be vouchsafed; for Home Rule, like every other great reform which has been in-dorsed by the Parliament of Great Britain will become law whether the Tories like it or not. When asked the meaning of Home Rule the answer which Ireland makes to those Englishmen who are willing to be convinced is simply : "Give us back what you stole from us?" "What! Repeal the Union-restore the Pent-archy," exclaimed the London Times. "You arcuy, "exchanged the Loncon 11765. "You are always complaining, without any just cause of complaint," chime in the Tories whose mouth-piece The Times is. They have always derided, insulted and sneered. "Sneered?" yes, that has been a portion of their game ever since we can remember. Why, I read in a New York newspaper once that if the herital excisations newspaper once that if the brutal caricatures of Irishmen which have appeared in the London comic journals during the past thirty years were to be put in one volume that volume would alone contain sufficient to justify the most phlegmatic of people, not to speak at all of the Irish, in that horrible mockery which in the name of government has been persecuting to death our unfortunate country. We rebelled now and again, it is true, but we were always unfortuwhen England was fully prepared and when Ireland was not. They might abuse us, as they

sdunght? We must meet the question, and meet it boldy. I propose to meet it boldy by telling you in a straightforward way what, as it appears to me, is going on in that Castle, which holds no affiliation with Dublin Castle, but, on the contrary, looks upon that fortrees of injustice as a cancerone growth which has arrived, budy on the activation spirits in the rational capital of our native land. At this moment Treland is reason. It is the law of the hand. But is over whom the people have no control whatever. There is a supplement, is well, and affering in no way from the rest of the population acts have been pased will, clad well, and differing in no way from you snd me, ext has the people in the isofamous act of Unice. More than fifty to corcine acts have been pased since the year list to be year since the people is is and not more acts have been pased since the year list to be year of the infamous act of Unice. More than fifty not meet as a firsh to be the year is a control way from you snd me, examplement for any ever sensed in the rest of the population at the people is in reland. Then with a sight of all law, compels the people is than one out the set the year of the solid strees in the pople is in relawated well, and differing in no way from you snd me, examplement and card well, who the the people is the solid strees in the pople is in relawated refused to abide by the set who worke the people is in relawated refused to abide by and wrote them. Nor was it an inshe the their mease is a may and for the house a relation of all any comple is provider the meet and for the down were a the set is the first one were shown you that the first one of the meet you is a many and for the house of the indiced. "If is were not for the work one them. Nor was it an entities the phase is the phase is an firsh to be the year is a supplement. The set is a many and for the house is of the worke the people is the set when the set is the set well that that the set well the set is the set when the set is the set well t td-night? We must meet the question, and meet it boldiy. I propose to meet it boldly by telling you in a straightforward way what, as it appears to me, is going on in that Castle, which holds no affliation with Dublin Castle, but, on the method with the straightforward way what, as it appears to me, is going on in that Castle, but, on the method with the straightforward way what, as it holds no affliation with Dublin Castle, but, on the straightforward way what, as it holds no affliation with Dublin Castle, but, on the straightforward way what which holds no affliation with Dublin Castle, but, on the straightforward way what appears to me is going on in that Castle, but, on the straightforward way what a particular phase of the Irish case which the straightforward way what appears to me and which he can no more that as been wall presented in the following pas-A Record of British Shame of Gramative land. At this momen. Treland is overrun with at least \$5,000 English soldiers in have shown you that it is not. Then what essentials at least, is a foreign country. Yet the language is the same. The frontier line be-word of protest? Would you as the term province of Ontario smashed to the ground by battering rams and the people old and young alike hurled out into the sleet and storm and hunted like wild beasts — would you see this and say nothing? Would you view with com-placency a squad of armed policemen from Buffalo or New York bursting into this hall clubbing the men and women who are now listening to me, arresting a halt dozen and, in-cluding myself with a hand cuff, hauling us before a magistrate from Ohicago who should benchore and in the second of fuse to be silent while murder most foul is com mitted before their eyes; and on this account and on this account alone, they are arrested, im prisoned and subjected to indignities worse than what is meeted out to the common enemy of society for protection against whom laws have been primarily made. "Law is a rule of have been primarily made. "Law is a rule of reason founded on justice and administered for the common good." You may search in vain in any part of Ireland, in any part even of the North of Ireland—the "imperial province" as the Anglo-Irish faction love to call it—to find an application of this principle. A POLIOEMAN'S an application of this principle. A FOLIORMAN'S OATH will be accepted where the oath of a good citizen will not. A policeman's oath will be accepted where the oath of a dozen reputable citizens will not. In fact, a common policeman is as much an autocrat in his way as a Turkish Pasha. Take the case, for example, of Francis Hynes which most of you remember. His body is build in cubaling within the wells of a comis buried in quicklime within the walls of a com

mon jail, and fills a murder's grave although as innocent of the crime as the respected president of this organization. He was the son of a Solicitor. well educated, tall and athletic and lived in County Clare. Somebody killed a bailiff and Mr. Hynes was charged with the crime. Nobody sow the bailiff killed. The testimony was entirely circumstantial and it was largely POLICE TESTIMONY. The trial-the word trial is here used as a figure of speech-took place in speech, the city of Dublin one hundred and twenty say? miles away. The jury was composed almost altogether of Orangemen, or of persons who attogeneer of Orangemen, or of persons who were in sympathy with Orangemen. During the trial Mr. Goddard, president of the land-lord's Emergency Lesgue was exchanging notes on slips of paper with D. J. Field, the foreman of the jury. The judges took no notice of this outrage until compelled to do so by the prisoner's coursel. Towards the evening the court adjourned and the jury, given in charge of bail-iffs, were taken to the Imperial hotel. Given in charge of bailiffs means that in a case of each charge of bailiffs means unaverse in the second sec upon whether they would acquit or convict a man charged with murder i Mr. O'Brien-God as a british regiment is said to rush for plunder. Our party then was treated savagely. Wil-liam O'Brien barely escaped with his life. Ire-liam O'Brien barely escaped with his life. Ire-try duty as the representative of the leading Re-publican newspaper of the United States. And publican newspaper of the United States and publican and proprietor of The Frect publican newspaper of the United States and publican newspaper of the United States and publican and proprision and proprietor of The Frect publican ne bless him sgain |-made these facts known the Dwyer Gray, member of Parliament, Lord Mayor of Dublin and proprietor of The Free-man's Journal was summoned peremptorily be fore Judge Lawson-as unjust, as heartless, and as byrannous a man as Ireland was over afflicted with, Summonedifor what? To be rewarded? No. To be thanked by this official representative of that Queen whose goodness of heart, whose gentleness, and whose modest behaviour whose genuences, and whose models beneviour are described, with such a redundancy of ad-jectives? No. To be honored in the name of Sacred Justice for the timely exposure that he had made? No. Then for what was Mr. Gray summoned before his lordship? He was sum-moned before his lordship to be FINED \$25000 and white Richmond where first first the Richmond where the Richmond where first first first first the Richmond where first f monen before his fortably to be FINED \$2000 and sent to Richmond prison for six months. He probested. "I won't hear you,sir," snapped the scoundrel with the long wig and whose face was dotted all over with brandy blossoms as any one who ever saw him can testify. "But there are some important matters of business that are awaiting my a tention at the office, and will your locenip not allow me a few hours for that purpose?" "'You will have plenty of time to do that in jail," snapped the scoundrel with the long wig again. Then this man upon whom the people of Ireland had bestowed all the houors that were in their power to bestow ; this man, the Lord Mayor of the Capital City of Ireland, was dragged off to prison by asquad of common policemen with as little consideration as though he were the vilest criminal in the land. Francis Hynes was convicted and hang id. A man on his death had CONFESSED TO THE A man on his death hed CONFESED TO THE ARCOBBENOT that it was he who had committed the murder. An investigation was ordered, and as the Queen no more than the King can do wrong, the Queen's Judge was held equally free from the fallibility common to all mortals, and it was found that this innocent young mau had heen duly hanged according to law. All three persons are now dead. Gray and Hynes are, I hope, with God, their Father in Heaven ; while the avidence that is most partisen admirers the evidence that is most partiean admirers have been enabled to gather so far touching his conduct in this and other cases, points irresist-ibly to the conclusion that if Lawson had a chance to return once more to this mundame sphere and begin life over again, his conduct especially in the trial of murder cases, would be altogether different ! Is there any woman present who has heard the brief recital of facts in this one case and reflects that Francis Hynes had a MOTHER AND SISTER who loved him dearhad a MOTHER AND SISTER who loved him dear ly; who watched for his goings and his comings; who knew that he was innocent; who fail as the bangman's rope closed in upon him and he was atrangled like a dog within the high walls of Kilmainham jail with none but God and a few of the uniformed ruffians of English authority to witness the scene, that the light of their lives had gone out-is there any woman. I say, who has heard bhis and who will not either sigh or ory? Is there any man-I wont say an Irish-man-who hears it who will not feel his heart respond to the call alike of conscience and of duty and in tones of thunder proclaim that the cause of Ireland is the cause of our common humanity. This scene occured seven years ago,

bad lot, and had no serious cause of complaint.

That man was Hepry George. The foreigner, the cool thinker, the man who looks only for cold facts and who is in no way swayed by sentiment may here rise up and protest. He is welcome. Discussion, free speech, open and non-restricted debate is the very life of the national cause in Ireland. We invite it. We welcome it. We invite the whole world to an understanding of the merits of the great issue. Then hear this man : for I shall assume that there is at least one such man in this audience who has followed the course of my remarks thus far. I am anxious that he should be heard, for he is one who probably does not understand the question and who is anxioualy striving for the truth. He says-"What is the "use of talking about the past?" It will only "tend to embitter the feeling, already at fever heat, between the people of England and the people of Ireland. Let by gones be by gones. No man acquainted with the facts will deny that England in the past has been unjust to Ireland ; that England has been brutal, sye, Ireland ; that England has been brutal, aye, in fact, that England has been almost savage in her treatment of the peop's of that unfor-tunate country. I admit myself and have proclaimed is loudly every time that I thought it would do any good. But life is short. It is not what was, but what is. Tell us the story of the living Irish question. These days you have painted. You have told us the story of which I may call the dark ages through which I reland has passed. But this is all changed. England is now divided on the question. The people of Ireland have at length stepped forth from the gloom and expression of ages and are now lifting their heads in the full splendor of God's glorious sunlight. Tell us, I pray you, of the Ireland of to-day !"

My friend, I will. It is now three years since Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill. Despite that fact there is at this moment a regime in Ireland worse than I ever remem-ber, and I have witnessed and been a victim of the iron rule of that hoary old despot commonly called Buckshot Forster ; as bad as any that I have ever read of. There is no freedom of speech, "There is," What ! There is, you say ? Ask Mr. Cox, member of Parliament Ask Alexander Biane, member of Parliament Ask Mr. Sheeby, member of Parliament. Ask Dr. Tanner, memter of Parliament. Ask Jas, O'Kelly, member of Parliament. Ask John O'Connor, member of Parliament Ask Patrick O'Brien, member of Parliament. Ask Father McFadden of Gweedore-the man who was dragged almost as Thomas h. Beckett was dragged from the foot of the alter by the ruffianly policemen. Ask Father Coen of Wood ford, whom they tortured to death's door in prison and then let him out to die. Ask Father Alderman Mooper, member of Parliament and Editor of "The Oork Examiner 'i Ask William O'Brien, Editor of "United Ireland," Ask any one of these and their replies. too, will any one of these and their replies, too, will time. List every such person be unstant, our come from any one of the hundred or more places in Ireland nominaly called Her Ma-jesty's Prisons. They were in prison most of these men for more than one term, the gale, an old tree snaps and falls before the lifthey are not there now : and if they are not blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating they are not there now : and if they are not there now, it is because they cannot afford to go ; and being unable to afford to go they are bound to remain silent. Is that free speech, is this a free press as Americans understand it, or as Canadians understand it? Where freedom of speech and liberty of the press do not exist you are only one step removed, if even a step, from anaroby and the Cras. Think, besides, of the many petty persecutions which are inseparable adjuncts to this new form of Obristian ci-vilization thrust upon us. New for the enlight ened nation, but alas ! very old for us. A po-liceman's duty in the United States is albogether of a civil nature. Not so in Ireland. There are regular hours set apart each day for military drill, as is the case with soldiers of the army. To be a policeman there the iron of slavery must to be a ponceman there are non of slavery much have entered your very soul and rusted. There is not a spark of manly feeling in these fellows. They have been known to stab young, defence-less girls, and old, unarmed, and almost helpless men in the back and kill them. They did this at Monastereven in Sligo; at Ballyraggett in Kilkenny; at Bellmullet in Mayo; at Bodyke, in Clare. And they did it, too, these rullians at Mitchelstown where three men were shot to death in the public square of that City from be-hind the ensconcement of barrack walls. I have along the village streets on tip-toes and resting their ears against the key-holes of the doors of the humble homes of the people, hearing no-thing, perhaps but the prayerful and piteous appeal of that family touching the woes of their country : And Thou, O, Mighty Lord, whose ways Are Far above our feeble minds Are yar adve our resolution in the To understand, Sustain us in those doleful days, And render light the chain that binds Our fallen land !

that relating to fasting and abstinence. If you attend carefully to the rules that have been read you will understand this well enough. But do not confuse fasting with abstinence ; that is the most common missake. People often say, "Ot I have to work hard ; I can eau meau if I like. чOр That is a great error and a foolish one. Many are excused from fasting on one mesh and a collation ; few from abstinence on the days appointed. If you want to have a safe conscience in eating meat you should consult a confessor, unless seriously ill.

Attend to these two thing', and you will make your Lent as a Uhristian should. But, of course, you will also try to follow, to the best of your ability, the other devotional practices recom mended by the church at this time .- The Paulists.

FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.

Important Action of the Catholic Youth of Paris.

While the visit of the Queen to Biarritz, the reception of Geoeral Boulanger by the Ductiesse d'Uzes, the "krach" of the copper syndicate and the suicide of M. Deufert Rochereau, and the recall of the Duc d'Aumale, have furnished abundant and varied themes for the conversa-tion of the general public, Catholic circles have been occupied, apart from the religious duties incidental to the commencement of Lent, with the meeting held on March 7th by the Jeunessee Oatholique of Paris. A series of telegrams received from the principal provincial towns show-ed him fully the Oatholio youth of France at large approved of the action of their Paris com-rades. The object of the meeting was to pro-test in favor of restitution of the Pupe's tem-poral power. M. Lucien Brun, the eminent Catholic senator, presided, and speeches were also delivered by M. Terrat and M. Thellier de Damberille deruge of the Nerd A. Large Poncheville, deputy of the Nord. A large number of the best known Oatholics of Paris were present, among them being four senator and over half-s dozen deputies. A telegraphic address was despatched to the Pope, Cardinal Rampolla conveying by the same channel the special benediction accorded by His Holiness.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

Infection through the Hair.

There is one means by which infection may be coveyed which but few recognize; it is by the hair. A thoughtful person leaving the bed-side of a member of his family sick with in-fections disease will before leaving his home either change his clothing or fumicate or disothers. Seldom, if ever, will he think to disinfect his hair, which very readily becomes in-fected. This source of danger should not be overlooked, and those who are in contant at-tendance upon the patient should wear close caps, which can be disinfected and washed.

Simple Remedies for a Cold.

A warm woollen shawl placed closely about the neck and chest and covering the arms if put on when the first sound of a cough is heard and supplemented by a warm brick or soap stone at the feet, is a simple household remedy that has nipped in the bud many a severe cough and cold. Hot foot baths and hot hand baths are excellent in relieving congestion and equaliz ing the circulation. Mild mustard drates ap-plied to the extremities also change the circulation. In many cases flaunels wrung from hot soda water are helpful. Relief issometimes obtain ed from drinking water as hot as can comfortably be swallowed. It draws the blood to the stomao't, opens the pores and washes out the clogged sewers of the body.

More Care as We Grow Older.

A medical man compares an old man to an old waggon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break or ruin ib for ever. Many persons reach the age of fifty, sixty or seventy, measurably free from most of the in-firmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with health, rips in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reason-able prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let every such person be thankful, but

IDEAS OF HEAVEN.

Opinions in Different Lands on the Future Abode.

The ancient Chinese believed in the existence and controlling power of spirits. Confucius be-lieved in the power of heaven to decree, to reward and punish.

A cardinal point in the Mahomedan faith is the asserted existence of angels, celestial and infernal.

The New Zealanders imagine that the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the earth call-ed Reinga. The path to this region is a preci-pice close to the seashore at the North Cape. Ib is said that the natives who live in the neighborhood can at night hear sounds caused by the passing of spirits buther through the str. It is a common superstition with them that the lefs eye of every chief after his death becomes a star. Shungie, a celebrated New Zealand king, said he had on one occasion eaten the left eye of a great chief whom he had killed in battle for the eye. Sometimes, apparently, it was thought that there was a separate immortality for each of the eyes of the dead-the left ascending to heaven as a star, the right, in the form of a spirt, taking flight for Reings.

The people of the Sandwich Islands held a confused medley of notions as to another life. The current fancy was that the sculs of the The current range was that the souls of the chiefs were led by the god whose name denotes the "eyeball of the sun," to a life in the beavens, while plebeian souls went down to Akes, a lugubricus underground abode. The Kemchatkans send all the dead alike to a subterrane n elysium, where they shall find again their wives, clothes, tools, huts and where they shall fish and hunt. The Drunds' conception of the future life is that the soul, on being divested of its earthly

that the soul, on being divested of its earthly envelope, is borne aloft. The clouds are com-posed of lately deceased men. They fly over the heads of armies, inspiring courage of strikthe heads of armies, inspiring courage of strik-ing terror. Not yet freed from terrestrial affections, they mingle in the passions and affairs of men. Vainly they try to suar above the atmos-phere; an impossible wall of sapphire resists their wings.

In the moon millions of souls traverse tremendous plains of ice, losing all perception but that of simple existence, forgetting the adventures they have passed through and are about to The Scandinaviane believe that "Ligh up in

the sky is Odin's hall, the magnificent Valhalla, or temple of the sinin. No women heing ever mentioned as gaining admission to Valballa or joining in the joys of the Einherter, some writers have affirmed that according to Scandinavian faith women had no immortal souls, or at all events were excluded from heaven. The charge is baseless. . . Valballa was the exclusive abode of the most during champions,

exclusive abode of the most during champions, but Valhalla was not the whole of heaven.". The Egyptian idea of the abode of the soul is not very alluring. It is "led by the god of Shoth into Amenthe, the infernal world, the entrance to which lies in the extreme west on the further side of the sea, where the sun goes down under the earth. At the entrance sits a wide-throated monster, over whose head is the inscription, 'This is the devourer of many who go into Amenthe, the lacerator of the heart of him who comes with ains to the house of justice. The soul next kneels before the forty-two accessors of Oviris, with deprecating asseverations and intercessions. It t en comes to the final triat in the hall of the Two Truths, the approving and the condemning, or, as is differently named, the hall of the Double Justice, the rowarding and the punishing. Here the three divipities, Horus, Anubis and Shoth, proceed to weigh the soul in the balance.

The most accient Hirdoo doctrine of the future fate of man, as given in the Vedas, was simple and rude. "Emancipation from all chistence is the fullness of felicity," says one of the Orientals. And again, "A hundred thou-sand years of the highest happiness on earth are not equal to the happiness of one day in the dewalokas.

The Persiane, who had the Zorosatrian faith, believed that " all who faithfully observed the law in purity of thought, speech and action where body and soul have separated, attained paradice in the next world." As to the Greeks and Romans—"The notion

that the wrath of the gods would pursue their enemies in the future state gave rise to a belief in the punishmert of Tartarus; so the notion that the distinguishing kindness of the gods would follow their favorites gave rise to the myth of Elvaium. The Mahometan paradise is found as soon as the righteous have passed Sirat, or the bridge of the world. They obtain their first taste of their the world. They obtain their brast tasks of their approaching felicity by a reireshing draught from "Mahomet's Fond." Then comes paradise, an ecstatic dream of pleasure, filled with spark-ling streams, honeyed fountains, shady groves, precious stones, all flowers and firuits, blooming youths, circulating goblets, black eyed houris, immense, brilliant birds, delightsome music, unbroken peace. A Sheah tradition makes the prophet promise to Ali twelve palaces in par-adise, built of gold and silver bricks, laid in a cement of music and amber. The Mexican idea was that souls neither good nor bad, or whose virtues and vices balanced each other, were to onter a medium state of idleness and empty content. The wicked, or toleness and empty content. The wicked, or those dying in any of certain enumerated modes of death, went to Mietlau, a dismal hall within the earth. The souls of those struck by light-ning or dying by any of a given list of diseases, ning or dying by any of a given has of diseased, also the scals of children, were transformed to a remote elysium, Tialocan. The ultimate beaven was reserved for war-riors who bravely fell in battle, for women who died in labor, for those offered in the temples of the gods and a few others. These passed immediately to the house of the sun, their chief god, whom they accompanied for a term of years with songs, dances and revelry in his circuit around the sky. Then animating the forms of birds of plumage they lived as beautiful songsters among the flowers, now on earth, now in beaven, at their pleasure. The belief the best established smorg our American Indians is that of the immortality of the soul. There is only one well authenticated instance where all notion of a future state appears to have been entirely wanting --- a small clan, the Lower Pendal Oreilles. This people had no burial ceremonies, no notion of a life hereafter, no word for soul. Some Dakota tribes imagined four souls, with separate destinies, one to watch the body, the third to hover around the village and the highest to go to the spirit land. The seat of the soul was variously located. The Costa Ricans place to this day the powers of thought and memory in the liver. Most usually the head was regarded as the vital member. The stoicism of the Indian, especially the Northern triber, in the face of death has often been the had no burial ceremonies, no notion of a life topic of posts, and has often been interpreted to be a fearlessness of that event. This is by no means true. Savages have an awful horror of death.-New York Press.

my duby as the representative in the reacting the publican newspaper of the United States. And yet look at me now. I am not a bit frightened. I have come to invade Oanada again, and you receive me with cheers; while there does not live to night in Ottawa, or even Toronto, an Orangeman who is not ashamed, or even 100000, and orangeman who is not ashamed, or who ought not to be ashamed of the brutal acts of their political brethren during that eventful time when the whole world denounced them in

While we were still in suspense and did not know whether William O'Brien was dead or alive on that memorable evening when the Oraltre on that memorable evening when the or-augemen sought his life, I spoke to a man in the Rossin house in Toronto. An Orangeman he proclaimed himself to be. He was a little boisterons and wanted to talk to somebody. "Do you think," I asked, that it is fair or even manly to try to kill a man in the public streets of this city who has broken no law?" "No," was the prompt reply. "Do you believe in was the prompt reply. "Do you believe in free speech?" I asked. "I do, most decidely believe in free speech," said he. I was about to take him by the hand. "Hold on there " he cried. "I am an uncompromising advocate of an open bible and free speech ;- but the moment man who claims the right of free speech utters

's man who claims the right of free speech utters thoughts different from my thoughts. I draw the line there and refuse him a hearing." There you have the Orangeman's toleration in political affairs. And there, too, in that single statence, you have the toleration which the minions of English power extend to the people who have in Ireland and who claim the right to govern themselves in accordance with the will for the majority of the paople. Is it any wonder that there is an Irish question? Is it any wonder der that from the hearts of fifteen million Irish-men scattered throughout the globe there goes. up to night a thunderous chorns of protest against the Orangemen's view which is the Eng-lish gevernment's view of political toleration being accepted by the people of Ireland to long as there remains one man there who is ready to sacrifice his freedom, or even his life, in behalf

scrince his freedom, or even his file, in behalt of civil liberty. In listening to the music and the song I have thought that it was in a sense typical of the history of our country—half sunshine, half tears; half sorrow and half glory. What is going on in Ireland now—to-night, even at this very moment? Dublin Oastle is brilliantly lighted up. Landlords and landlord spice are there by the score. The rathle of spurs and the the score. The rattle of spurs and the clank of sabres are heard, fitting supports of the Cash of sabres are heard, built supports of the personator of a mock royalty, the ever hated Oashlereagh, that village Dogberry who sits on his tuppeny throne. There is music and dance, and even signs of dissipation. Mr. Balfour en-hers amid cheers. You would not hear a whisp-er about anybody but themselves. The Queen is trasted in solemn silence, so to smeak. So is is toasted, in solemn silence, so to speak. So is Lord Castlereagh. So is Mr. Balfour. A moment's parse and then somebody gets up and

toasts "The Prosperity of Ireland," a most fitting toast, for Ireland, used in this way, has reference only to the company present, and those who could not be present; and only those. In fact, the very thought of this without seeing It at all, is enough to make of a man a Republi-can. There is one incident in this feative scane that we miss, one incident that was familiar not

Level Same and Strategy and

persecute, arrest, imprison and stab to death the people whose lives and liberties they are presumed to protect. And what reason have our people to offer for this? The abstract Our geople to offer for this? The abstract Orangeman who is not ashamed, or who ought not to be ashamed of the brutal acts of their political brethren during that eventful time when the whole world demounced them in language none too severe as brazen disturbers of the public peace. Before I pass from this subject, let me relate a little incident that did not geb into the papers at the time. While we were still in suppose and did not

than five millions of persons, and at the present rate of decrease she will soon have only four millions. England, and Canada and the United States and France-all the civilized United States and France—all the civilized countries in fact—have advanced in wealth and population during that time in a way that ex-oites astonishment, especially England. Ireland has actually decreased in population; her manu-facturing industries have actually decreased. You might travel miles and miles through the You might travel miles and miles through the heart of Tipperary, over the rich fields of the county Limerick, across the storied plains of Royal Meath, through Galway, through Done-gal, through Cavan, through Kildsre and for miles these fertile spots are as destitute of hu-man life or of human habitation as the prairies of North America, as that boundless expanse of virgin soil where to quote the words of John Brichs "the Indian now roams and the foot of bright "the Indian now roams and the foot of the white man has not trod." We objected and object to the law as it is a ministered. We want justice whether it comes in the garb of law

or not. And we will have justice yet, if it should take two more generations of Irishmen, if it should take a hundred years of the life of our should uske a number years of the fife of our country-another dark century of apparent never-ending gloom-we will have it, I repeat. They may assessmate but they will not intimi-date us. We can not give up; and if the mis-fortune should be ours of not living to witness the emancipation of the people, our children cannot give up the struggle for the freedom of Ireland "so long as a link of the British chain Ireiand "so long as a link of the ortisis chain s clasking to her rays." Law is the express-ion of the will of a people. St. Thomas says : "law is a rule of reason founded on justice and administered for the common good." Is that land law founded on common justice which interferes with the prerogative of the Almighty and gives to the landlord the power of life or death over the tenant ? Is that land law found death over the tenant: Is that land land is found ed on justice one of whose scattered monu-ments is that diamal pile of stone in the suburbs of Montreal, with this inscription : "Sacred to the memory of 6000 Irish emigrants who died of ship fever in 1847 "? Justice ! Law ! Liberty ! Pahaw ; The British Government in Ireland is the hugest fabric of inquity and fraud and hypooriegito be found on this broad globe to-day ! "Law is the expression of the will of the people." Truly this is so. But what of Ireland? There, the people have no voice in making the

law; or if you like, they have a voice in making the invariably disregarded. The one juryman who pointed the finger of scorn at the other eleven pointed the finger of scorn at the other eleven jurymen who would not agree with him was not less arrogant or unreasonable than the little Orange Clique in the North of Ireland who point the figger of scorn at five-sixths of their fellow countrymen. What the representative of these sixteen Tory constituencies in Ulster demand from the English Parliament is granted. The other sixty seven members may talk in that we miss, one incident that was initial desired demand from the English Farilamout is name in and which made Irishmen redden with shame. The other eighty seven members may talk in There is to night no tooting of horns and clangand which made Irishmen redden with shame. There is to night no tooting of horns and clang-ing of cymbals and opening of back doors for the admission of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. Archbishop Walsh, thank God is to-night at his post of duty, but his post of duty is not with the enemies. of Ireland in Dublin Castle, but with the downee guard of the Irish Beight is the dyname guard of the Irish Beight is duty Guarles Diswart Farmali. But what is going on outside of Dublin Castle word concerning the merits of the subject dis; the title "Bloody Balfour" which his astroni-

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Negisi ee Lata

This scene, or something like it, occurred twenty-two years ago when they murdered Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. This scene, or something like it occurred eighty-six years ago when they MURDERED ROBERT EMMET. This scene, or something like it occurred 386 years ago when they murdered Owen Roe O'Neill. This scene, or comething like it occurred 720 years ago when first the murder policy was in-anoursed. This scene, or something like it, occurred augurated.

They have been faithful, these English to the performance of bloody deeds. And to day Arthur James Balfour, the direct representa-tive on the male side of a long line of gory

Continued on sixth page. -----

Lenten Obligations,

Lent is no time to be spent in penance al. together according to one's own devotion. Far from lt; the duties to be performed in it are clearly laid down and should be attended to very strictly. They are not many ; they make no great demand on our time and strength ; but the Christian who discharges them properly will make his Lent far better than one would who should neglect them and take any other practices, no matter how hard, in their place. It is better to keep the real rules or laws of Lent faithfully than to hear three Masses every day, and come to all the avtra marginas and give half and come to all the extra services, and give half ome's goods to the poor, and yet neglect our regular duties. What, then, are these laws? The first is the Easter duty, which should be The new is the Laster duty, which should be made before Easter, if possible, though the Church indulgently extends the time several weeks after that festival. Make this great duty, far the greatest of all the duties of a Christian, at once; it will be very easy for all of you who have just made the mission to do it now, and the longer you put it off the harder it will be. Make it then, if possible, the first day it can be made-that is, next Sunday-and ge it off your mind. Do not fancy that, as you have so lately made the mission, the Easter duty is of little consequence. If you had made twenty missions during the past year, and any number of jubiless, the law of the Easter duty would

of jubices, the law of the haster duty would bind you exactly as much as if you had neglected them all. It is like hearing Mass on Sunday; nobody is excused at all from Mass on Sunday; because they have been to it through the week. So this time, the great Sunday of the year, is set apart by the Church for the precept of Holy Communion; it must be fulfilled at this time, no matter how often one has received outside et

The second and only other real law of Lieut is are the doctors.

work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual in dul ence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fi out ence of an appende of passion, a sudden hi of anger, an improper dose of mediane—any of these or similar things may cut off avaluable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of use-fulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

Physical Effects of Alcohol.

But if the physical results of alcohol are varied, much more diverse are its effects upon the mental and moral nature of man. Indeed, they are as multiform as man himself. One they are as multiform as man himself. One general classification only is possible. Certain individuals (fortunately the small minority) are nlways pleasurably affected by stimulants. Each successive dose arouses in them increased exhibits a state of the state o with every gift-with all power and possession. As is often remarked, these are generally men of the most brilliant intellect, and of the most charming moral qualities. Once led captive by alcohol, these unfortunates seldom have sufficient power of will to refrain from renewed indulgence. No moral considerations avail to re-strain them, and, with few exceptions, they yield wholly, finally, and fatally to the tempter. For such men total abstinence is the only refuge.

. Upon the large majority of men the effects of alcohol, taken to intoxication, are effects of alcohol, taken to intoxication, are clearly and essentially different; although at first exhilarated, repeated indulgences brings drowsiness, dullness of apprehension, anwithe-sia, vertigo, nausea, and vomiting—in short, bodily and mental symptoms which are exces-sively disagreeable. Of this class very few be-come dromkards, and those are men to whom anisthesis becomes desirable as a temporary structure from headly nois or mental distances. refuge from bodily pain or mental distress. Herein lies the sole explanation of the fact that the proportion of drunkards to moderate and habitual drinkers remain so small. - Dr. W. S. Searle in North American Review for April.

Lenten Piety and the Meat Market.

Our esteemed contemporary the "Ypsilanti Sentinel" (non-Catholic) has this to say about the observance of Lenb as a fact and as a "fad :"

observance of Lent as a fact and as a "fad :" The season of Lent is present. Not many years ago nothing was said about Lent, except by the Ostholics and the few Episcopalians. Now little else is talked about, and the still Now little size is taken about, and the shift small voice of the Catholic people, who go on quictly with its practical observance, is quite unheard in the clamor of Protestants, whose observance is but little more than talk, after all. Some of the other denominations out-Rome the 'Romanists' in their professions of Lenten piety, but it is only where the population is chiefly Catholic that any difference is seen in the meat-market.

Queen Victoria's Power.

The Queen of Great Britain is now sovereign over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promotor-ies, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands. She waves her hand and 900,000 warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head and at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 and, at the signal 1,000 ships of war and 100,000 willors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth and 300,000,000 human beings feel the least pressure of her foot. The Assyrian Empire was not so populous. The Persian Empire was not so powerful. The Oarthaginian Empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanich Empire was not so widely diffused. The Roman power was weak in comparison, and Greece was a small village.

The only persons who really enjoy had health

Irish Catholic Fidelity.

In a very able letter on municipal affairs Mr. In a very able letter on municipal attairs Mr. W. F. Powell, a distinguished Irish Protestant gentlemen, pays tribute to the fidelity to princi-ple of his Irish Catholic fellowcountrymen. Without stopping to defend the Irish Roman Catholics, who are quite able to vindicate their Gatholics, who are quite able to vindicate their own honor, it may be said, that there is perhaps no body of "men in the universe," whose whole history shows more loyalty to party and to principle, or truer fidelity to their allies, then the oft-abused Irish Roman Catholic people. Of the righteounces of their cause, or the jus-tice of the principles, no opinion is here express-ed. It is to their stead fast adherence to the ed. It is to their stead-fast adherence to the cause they esponse testimony is borne. Their worship is never confined to the rising sun; their sympathy never withheld from the unfor-tunate in their hour of difficulty or distress. Their side once taken—by that side they stand through good report and evil report. Clouds may threaten, the sky darken, the storm burst, the cause be hopeless; but the Irish Catbolio holds to his faith, when hope itself has venished i nave to raturn, and no glimmering star is 1.55