THE IRISH MOTHER.

TOM'S MESSAGE.

The old mother, you say, she was berrid before you came over,
An' with her last sighin' she called down God's blessin's on me,
An' you p[illegible] 'fore you came on her grave th[illegible] daisies now cover,—
Oh, M[illegible] of God, that this black lonesome [illegible] should see.

An' [illegible] as the sorrowful end of me plans an' [illegible] dreamin',
Su[illegible] thought that so soon I would steal up [illegible] the little boreen
An' old mother would meet me just there, her poor face all a-beamin',
While I'd tell all the things I had done an' the places I'd seen.

An' then with her hand holdin' mine we would go up together
To the little thatched house on the hill where so happy we dwelt,
An' the hedges of woodbine would bloom an' the beautiful heather—
But now; ah, you tell me that gladness can never be felt.

An' so her last words were for me, an' she sent me her blessing',
And told you to say that we'd meet where there's weepin' no more;
That though soon on the clay of the grave her head would be pressin',
Her prayers would brighten my way till my troubles were o'er.

Oh, with longin' an' sorrow my heart's so [illegible] are swelled nigh to burstin',
To think that her welcome I never shall get as of yore,
That the light of the eyes for whose love-looks I always was thirstin'
Is quenched in the grave an' will shine at my comin' no more.

But, Tom, sure I know she is with us this minnit we're speakin',
For our soggarth once said, all the wants of the blessed are filled;
An' I know that the soul of poor mother will ever be seekin'
To stay near her son till his heart's latest throbbin' is stilled.

SELECTED.

"LEO THE GOOD."

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Eloquent Eulogy of Judge Joseph P. Daly—Orthodox Views of the Great Jurist.

It is a great thing to be the revered and respected member of a single community; it is a grand thing to be the favored citizen of a whole State; it is a mighty thing to be loved and venerated by the people of a whole nation. What is it, then, to be enshrined in the affection of the vast majority of the Christian world; of hundreds of millions of human beings dwelling in every habitable clime upon the globe; to be familiar as a household word at the sides where every tongue is spoken, and to be dear to hearts that have nothing in common with each other save humanity and faith?

It is excellent to have, here and there, one who acknowledges that we have been helper and guide; to have about us a little circle who look up to us as teacher and model, to have one only one—to call us friend. Think what it is to have the loving homage of whole nations; to have daily prayer ascending for our life and health and strength and guidance—prayer unceasing and unbroken, as the multitude of men of learning the region the world say: He is our teacher; to have a vast force of men of action say: He is our model. To have the immeasurable millions of folk say:

HE IS OUR FATHER!

It is to be he whose name is pronounced first upon the lips of [illegible] as the benefactor of our fellow citizens that when [illegible] at the [illegible] the Catholic citizens [illegible] and its politics [illegible] are solved, there is [illegible] the Holy See is the warmest.

LEO XIII. What a vision does the mention of that name [illegible] a page to be [illegible] have been the [illegible] teacher of philosophy, the [illegible] thought and reader of the [illegible] earth in the time of Leo the Wise. I have recorded the power and [illegible] Rome and treated with [illegible] power and [illegible] to vast [illegible] business relations with the governments of the world; to take [illegible] and act as [illegible] This might [illegible] Leo the Great. To have [illegible] the hearts of the humblest [illegible] with words of hope and [illegible] from there, as from its throne, its trumpet tones, of the rights of the toiler and the duty of brotherhood among all men—this will gain him

THE LOVING NAME OF LEO THE GOOD.

But to be all these—wise, great and good—and yet to suffer! To be a prisoner; to be a martyr; to be a sovereign dethroned; to be a patriot exiled; to be a priest threatened; to be a parent robbed of the patrimony it is his duty to preserve for his children! And to suffer all this, and yet to be ever gentle and forgiving; without repining for the past, without distrust of the present; without despair for the future. This is what history will record—and yet it will have more to tell. This is an age of action. Men are doing. Who does not aid in the business of life is nothing in our life. There is no toleration for incapacity and presumption. Men are valued according to their training for their work. With Leo, XIII. almost a lifetime spent in comparative seclusion was but one long preparation for the responsible business of his mighty trust. He, the teacher and patron of learning, was himself a prodigy of application and accomplishment from his earliest youth; he the profound statesman, was trained in the school of ambassadors and diplomates, and was the successful ruler of provinces. This is an age of great responsibility, and the world demands the highest fidelity from its trusted agents. Leo, the guardian of the inheritance of the Church, has never ceased to protest against its spoliation. The reproach that he clamors for the restoration of the temporalities of the Church is the proof that he is faithful to his duty; for when was it heard that the depository of a sacred trust should sit supine under robbery, and cease by night or day to appeal against it? Above all, this is an age that judges by results. Twenty years ago the adversaries of the Church cried out:

THE ROME OF THE POPES IS GONE!

The Pope of Rome is next to go, and after twenty years the Pope is the chief figure of the world, made so by the mighty Force that guides the Holy See, and is displayed in our beloved Leo, as it would seem it has never been before. Twenty years ago they cried, "We have plucked up the tree from its soil and now it must die;" and after twenty years men turn to one another and say: "What life; what vigor; its branches put forth new leaves; what fruit it bears, sweeter and richer than ever; fit for the needs of men of to-day as it was fit for the needs of men in by-gone times—this is what makes it ever young and everlasting." And all done under heaven by one man—and history will name him Leo XIII., and the readers of its pages will look up and say: "Here is the reason why the men of his time were roused to boundless enthusiasm by the mention of his name."

We are living in a great epoch. We are living with one of the greatest Popes that ever sat upon the chair of Peter; with one of the greatest men that ever figured in the mighty pages of the world's story. They have torn away his temporal sovereignty and have left him what they call only his spiritual sovereignty. They have said the latter is his proper sphere, and their hope was that they had so [illegible] him from the vital concerns of men that mankind, busy with its cares, and nations absorbed in their own pursuits, would forget him. What is the result? Rome has entered so into the very lives of men and into the very texture of national institutions that the Pope is the greatest temporal power in the world to-day. Governments call upon him, and he gives them aid that no mortal sovereign could give. Nations laboring in the birth-throes of new political life need him, and he makes their way to broader life easy and secure. And the burning shame of outrage is that this mighty power—indispensable for making—is claimed as a subject by a single nation. I care not if that nation were the greatest that ever existed; if its armies and navies, instead of dragging it down to the mire of insolvency dominated the globe—it would be too small to hold the Pope of Rome and the central power of the Catholic Church. It is an accident that we are so circumstanced.

THE WHOLE WORLD IS RIGHT.

It would be a great and glorious thing if that nation sought some better solution of what it thinks a difficult problem. The practical world does not its present provision a failure. We, as Americans, sympathize with the yearnings of every lover of national unity, but we cannot see why human wisdom should be baffled by simply exceptional circumstances. We are a nation of united independent sovereignties with a central government with [illegible] and no moment [illegible] we chose to give it one, and we gave it territory that it might perform its functions with dignity and independence, and not be subject to the capricious regulations of any State. And when [illegible] had no institution, in order to accomplish that end, to disfranchise the people of that district and to [illegible] general government absolute sovereignty over them and to cut them off from all the political rights and privileges of other freemen of the United States. And we cannot see why in the unique situation of the Papacy and Italy it should not be likewise possible to create for the government of [illegible] Church its territory and its [illegible] and its power [illegible] its dignity and independence. And Italy would be [illegible] its proper [illegible] and respected, [illegible]

But we wait. When Italy was [illegible] and among the papers was [illegible] which it was in its infancy and [illegible] Pope was [illegible] when [illegible] the papers were [illegible] [illegible] upon the House of Savoy [illegible] [illegible] Pope [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]