

Winning Us Back—The Voice of the Sacred Heart.

Written for the Catholic Record. I missed thee, from the altar rail; I missed thee, from my mother's shrine; I missed thee, when the priestly hand was lifted, in the solemn vest.

The English and Scotch members of the British Parliament, who are here the faithful representatives of their constituents, look upon Ireland as a channel, to be extended across the St. George's Channel, to be governed upon British principles, or they regard it as a conquered country in a semi-barbarous condition, to be educated into civilization after the model approved by the dominant race.

THREE THOUSAND MILES IN A HAMMOCK.

A MAN WHO RODE ACROSS THE CONTINENT UNDER A SLEEPING-CAR.

From the Virginia (New) Chronicle, March 26. Yesterday afternoon a Chronicle reporter noticed a man sitting on a lumber pile near the Con. Virginia works, basking in the sun. He was greasy and dirty to the last degree, and neither a razor nor a comb had been used on his head for a year.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMEN OF FRANCE TO THE HOLY FATHER.

In last week's issue of the Freeman's Journal reference was made to an address sent to the Holy Father by the Convention of Catholic Laymen, recently held in Paris. The address was read by M. Cheslin, and is as follows: "Most Holy Father, The Catholics of France, now assembled in Paris, cannot separate without laying at your feet the homage of their filial devotion, and without telling you that the harder the times are, the more they feel the necessity of drawing closer around the Chair of St. Peter, to find there the light and strength they are so much in need of."

ripples of laughter.

LOVE'S LIMIT. I'd swear for her, I'd tear for her, The Lord knows what I'd dare for her; I'd die for her, I'd fight for her, I'd drink Bush river dry for her; I'd kiss for her, I'd kiss for her, I'd kick up a thunder 'uss for her; I'd weep for her, I'd weep for her, I'd leap for her, I'd go without my sleep for her; I'd kiss for her, I'd kiss for her, I'd walk the street all night for her; I'd plead for her, I'd plead for her, I'd go without my 'feed' for her; I'd shoot for her, I'd shoot for her, A rival who'd come to 'sue' for her; I'd kneel for her, I'd kneel for her, I'd stand for her, I'd stand for her, Such is the love I feel for her; I'd slide for her, I'd slide for her, I'd swim against the tide for her; I'd try for her, I'd try for her, But hang me if I'd die for her.

IRISH NEWS.

FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES.

IRISH DISCONTENT.

More politics, as our readers are very well aware, are quite out of the sphere of the Tablet. We are an organ of Catholic opinion; our special concern is with Catholic interests; and the point of view from which we chiefly regard the affairs of the public order, whether in Europe generally or in this country in particular, is the Catholic point of view.

MARY LOVELLA. Mobile, Ala. Upon the darkened tide of years, I seek them when the night appears; And they that are not Mine 'mid smiles, I make them Mine, by sighs and tears.

THE IRISH CAUSE.

A mass meeting of the sturdy farmers and peasants of Cavin was held on Easter Monday, not to drink and guzzle and indulge in the pleasures of "kiss-in-the-ring," or to give themselves up to the seductions of a "swallow-pudding"—some of the popular names for the whisky, to the coast of Peckham Bay—rather to the coast of their chosen representatives, and cheer them by their support. Father Boylan was in the chair, and three members of Parliament—Messrs. Parnell, Biggar and Fay—were present, and all delivered addresses. Father Boylan's was, incontestably, a grand address. There was in it the unadulterated spirit, the candor, patriotism and earnestness of the spirit, the candor, patriotism and earnestness of the spirit, the candor, patriotism and earnestness of the spirit.

WHERE THE HOG PRODUCT GOES.

The aggregate exports of the hog product from the United States for the twelve months ending June 30, 1878, was 1,007,469,560 pounds, as follows: Bacon, 592,814,351 pounds; pork, 71,829,255 pounds; lard, 342,796,254 pounds. During this period England received 47 per cent. of the aggregate exports, and 56 per cent. in 1875-6. England received in 1877-8, 62 per cent. of the bacon, 28 per cent. of the pork, and 26 per cent. of the lard.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

A correspondent of the Washington Star, who has had a bath in the Dead Sea, describes his experience as follows: "The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Singara River below the falls, seemed to me a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt Lake, although brighter and more attractive to the eye when seen close at hand. Its supporting power struck me as a little greater, also, than that of Salt Lake, as the body floated more easily and the difficulty of swimming was greater on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution. So large a quantity of what is called, I believe, a "ropy" appearance, much like that of a plate of well mixed talcum powder. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt Lake, and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I expected, was rather being dry and sticky. Our dinner that night was seasoned only with salt made from the Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the best article of brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and though foreign substances were evidently present, in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. I was told that two quarts of the water would produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add that many of my readers may already know—that there is no living thing of any kind in it, that even the driftwood brought down by the floods in the Jordan is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width ten miles; that it is over 1,300 feet deep in the deepest place; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by evaporation, as its greatest depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean outlet."

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HOW A PHIL

HOW A PHIL... B—is a villain down upon a girl rolls majestic the place was his shoulders his patriarchal sim disposition, his his seventy years ed to the spirit effect, like the Retaining a pious old man he would smelt villagers, who wooden benches tion. His Sun had a far more congregation of courses of Boss Lad. "This yet the Legion of carried a fold tracted attention the scarlet and How this sim had attached the I asked of on told me: The cure had He was a man return from married in the farm on the yards from the to his two girls ism to detect in expansive) nothing. In Martin; the tions. On Sunday invitingly to the table of of cap pulled de mouth, cynic flower bonnet as they enter source of some "Ah," he ac Martin, "d erring credit have willing turn of the tin upon the shall see to which the of the de (the even) Loire, subd banks, and districts. S remain in his with mainm ate nature, the first of a says me a coming; a himself by morning, awakened risen consid ing the yard was rear of Mary they were tin, cursin children, a valuable v his family wards the confusion, mad career will surely They T Martin d the upper extremi themselves a vesting ne There a the space and three in its out the flow of the the villa women's whilst th and aux ature the cure mit him which a woman own per The vet the the "lock" rection up from a woman backwa draggint most p man, h engage life still us go on toward inquir you tuncat stirred vchen not le striking should ashan "Let These time agn will but hi to hi hear who Pish cure sacri you siet surp pier Pie this dis par tow int into tow