

The Living Land.

Here is a fine poem from the pen of Denis Florence MacCarthy. Written in 1846, it is a voice from the past that has eloquent meaning for the present.

don't do it. Their religion forbids killing, and it is only in cases such as I have instanced, where the wrong is so monstrous that it has but one expiation, that landlords have gone to their just reward, in the right way.

Why don't they work? Ah! why don't they work? Here for him to do? My Lord has worked hundreds of cabins on the mountains to convert the land into sheep walks, and has swelled the roll of pauperism by just the number of families he has made homeless.

THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP.

The Last Thirty Years of Catholicity in London—The Irish in England.

The Sunday within the octave of the feast of the Fifth century, the parish of St. Mary and Joseph, Poplar, was solemnly observed. High Mass, coram cardinali, was sung in the presence of a crowded congregation that included many visitors from the west end as well as from the neighboring missions.

therefore, rarely, if ever, or never to Communion. If the rising generation—if those who were to be fathers and mothers when those he addressed would be gone to their rest—go on thus, that church would not be in the future, such fervent worshippers as had filled it in the past.

AN IRISH MISSIONER OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

Elizabeth Hoye, familiarly known as "Betty the Pagan," was in early life an under servant to the late Marquis of Headfort; but having by an accident lost the use of her hands, she was dismissed with a small weekly allowance.

children had brought her, and seeking to impart to the attentive little ones some share of her own zeal for the cause of dear "pagan children." Feeling that her end was not far off, Betty, while perfectly and calmly resigned to the Divine will, once expressed to the Sisters a wish that she might not die till after Christmas.

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

How a Whole Anglican Community Became Converts to Catholicity.

An offshoot of the world-renowned Tractarian movement in the Church of England was a great desire of perfection among many disciples of that school. Within our times, consequently, have sprung up various Anglican communities of men as well as of women, who strive in their own way to lead lives like that which the religious orders of Mother Church impose on their children.

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TRUE TO PRINCIPLE.

It was one full of anxiety, and one that ought to arouse both priest and people and urge them to be faithful. It was this:—He knew from the enquiries that his good priests made, going from house to house, and from room to room, and from family to family, and writing down the names of father, mother, son and daughter, even to the names of the little children—who knew this: that the men and women who were born in Ireland and who drew in with the first breath of life the traditions and benediction of their forefathers and the grace which God had bestowed on them, were here to England, to persevere as a rule in the practice of their religion, come regularly to Mass and Confession and Communion, and lead a good life.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system.—Adverse.

seriously troubled with various temptations and forebodings, which never left him any rest, but were constantly harassing his life. From no one to whomsoever he turned could he derive any benefit, till, finally, the Venerable Father Platten, founder of the Pious Missions, told him that never would these anxieties depart till England had a missionary college; whereupon the good Cardinal, revering the saintly priest's words as so many oracles, determined at the first opportunity to secure the establishment of such a work.

A CURE FOR CROUP.

Apply flannel saturated with Haggard's Yellow Oil and administered the Oil internally on a little sugar as directed on the bottle. Yellow Oil cures whooping-cough, Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Lameness, and all flesh wounds. All dealers supply it, price 25 cents.

After several years spent in travelling through South America, California, England and Ireland, Father Vaughan returned to London with sufficient means to begin the work. During these extended travels, Cardinal Wiseman died, but in his successor Father Vaughan found his former superior and warm friend. Consequently the work received fresh encouragement. On June 29, 1869, the Archbishop of Westminster, the present Cardinal Manning, laid the foundation of St. Joseph's Missionary College at Mill Hill. Seeing that Father, as he lovingly style him, who under God led them into Holy Church, so deeply interested in the missions, what wonder is it that the Franciscan Sisters would feel enlisted in their hearts a longing to enter the same work.

But the example of Christ, who, "having joy set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame," of His Apostles, and of saintly men and women of every age and clime, make for their successors the burden sweet and the yoke light. In a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice, and with a firm knowledge of their future labors, did four of these Sisters start from their convent home, Mill Hill, near London, on Monday, December 5.

At the ceremony of departure, Cardinal Manning officiated, desiring that his spiritual daughters on leaving their native land should receive his final blessing, as he knew that on their arrival on the shores of the United States they would be cordially welcomed by that country's Primate, who from the first has shown a fatherly solicitude in this good work and in every other connected with the vesting of the portion of his vineyard, which in the eyes of the world, seems despicable as being but thorns and briars to be only uprooted, but in the eyes of the present zealous husbandman most precious, unfortunately, so hard to till. Before long, these Sisters will be among us, and at once will resume charge of St. Joseph's Home for Colored Infants, on St. Paul street.

Every one of us feels how generous and admirable a sacrifice these devoted women are making. Surely they merit, and will receive at our hands, the best of wishes. Our constant prayer should accompany them, that, while, by our zealous cooperation, the little mustard seed now begun might grow up so large a tree, that under its outspreading branches might be sheltered all the offsprings of that unfortunate race which live in, though not of, our "Sunny South." Too long has it been a reproach to the Church of God, that she is doing very little for this people. That such a reproach is thrown at us, no Catholic will deny, but that this is done in justice and truth is more than we should like to admit. With God's blessing, it will soon be no longer heard. And, oh! how great a boon would it be for our country if its 5,000,000 freedmen were trained in the principles of Catholic faith and morality. How much less crime! How few occasions for that summary vengeance, so often exercised in some parts of the widely scattered sections, wherein dwell the emancipated race.

MISSING THE LANDLORD, NOT SHOOTING HIM.

I know whereof I speak when I say that human life, even of the oppressors, is safer in Ireland than in any other country in Europe—for these leeches it is altogether too safe. A shot-gun—properly loaded and aimed—is a great reformer. The Irishman ought to do what he does not do. He ought to make the landlord understand that he holds his stolen land at some personal risk to himself. But they

NASBY ON IRELAND.

An American Opinion of the State of Affairs.

A large audience, a goodly share of which were ladies, gathered within the Opera House, Toledo, Ohio, last week, to listen to the addresses of Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby"), editor and proprietor of the Toledo Blade, and Mr. James Redpath, on the condition of affairs in Ireland. There were seated on the stage many notable citizens.

We take the following from the address of Mr. Locke: A poor man in America is one whom fate, or his improvidence or incapacity for management compels to live in a house, weather-tight, with two or three rooms, many a day, with one or two stoves, three meals a day, with meat twice, and always with clothing enough to keep warm in any weather. He may not save anything, but he has what is absolutely necessary for life from day to day, and at the end of his career he is certain of decent support in the county infirmary, if he has not friends to care for him. That is a poor man in America. At the worst he has such comforts as may be had from daily wages of \$1 to \$1.50 per day.

A poor man in Ireland, and there are 5,000,000 of them, is quite another thing, and the death and breadth of the poverty he endures, an American, as I said, cannot understand, and cannot be made to till he has

SEEN IT WITH HIS OWN EYES.

Mr. Locke here gave a description of Irish landlordism, and the part the Irish play in enriching the plunderers. I want to warn you right here against newspaper reports about Irish affairs. The Irish press is muzzled as effectually as the Russian. An Irish editor has the prospect of jail before him every minute of his life. He may be arrested and imprisoned for something he has said or expressed an opinion. Consequently nothing can be obtained from that source, for a commitment to jail in a country in which the habeas corpus is permanently suspended, where a suspected person is arrested at the pleasure of a Secretary and kept in durance vile at the discretion of one man, is no very pleasant thing. All the information we get from Ireland, except from correspondents on the ground, comes from the English press, and that is owned body, boots and breeches by the English Government. If you could believe the English press, Ireland is in a state of prosperity, the people are contented and happy, and Parnell and his associates are simply a set of demagogical actors, agitating for purely selfish purposes. The day I landed in Dublin the London papers had each an article stating that Ireland was in a quiet and quiet, and that the Land Act was going to be accepted as a final settlement of the slight troubles that had to a trifling extent disturbed the island, and that Parnell had lost his hold upon the Irish people, and yet the next Sunday I saw 100,000 people in procession to do honor to Parnell. I counted 500 shelled women within a distance of five miles, who were anything but satisfied with their condition, and they were the most lively people for quiet ones I ever encountered. I attended scores of Land League meetings, at which the natural hatred of landlordism and English rule found its most natural expression, and I found an unyielding determination to resist the tyranny they were gnawing under, by any means the Almighty would give them.

These London papers, owned by the English Ministry, are full of two things: namely, that the English are contented and happy, and that tenants are perpetually shooting landlords. If Ireland is contented and quiet, why are landlords shot? But the shooting of landlords is a lie intended to destroy sympathy with the Irish, though in my case the shooting of a landlord would have precisely the opposite effect. I hold that MISSING THE LANDLORD, NOT SHOOTING HIM, is the crime.

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WILLING TO WORK.

as the Irish in Ireland. They will work for anything in the way of wages from daylight to dark, and consider themselves happy if they can get anything, no matter what, to do. But there is no work. There is a blight upon every foot of land in the island. Every branch of trade that should flourish remunerative rates to the people lies paralyzed, and that passive infamy, the Queen, who, like a sponge, silently absorbs everything she touches, and these active infamies, the Ministers and the Lords, temporal and spiritual, makes the paralysis that kills the land and the civilized world, worse than oppression and makes no protest. Those who dare to protest at home are in jail, and a brutal soldiery stands guard over them.

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except that which had become four or five fold. The number of churches was 25. Five pounds is more than the value of the land in London, and there are five-and-twenty thousand names of little children on the books and registers. Well might they thank God, with great humility, lying on their faces before Him for their unworthiness and blessing Him from their hearts for His infinite mercies and graces He had poured out upon them.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

To what must Ireland look for the woes she is enduring, for the miseries that are heaped upon her? To what must she look for her redemption? The Land League, and the Land League alone. There can be no appeal to arms, for she is too weak, and her oppressors are too strong. But Ireland can, with the help of the new Ireland in America, lie down and refuse her labor to the landlords. She can refuse to pay rent till some measure of justice is meted out to her. She can, by inactivity, compel the landlords, in their own interest, to take their grip from her throat. She can compel by inaction some measure of justice for the Irish.

Their labor is as necessary to the landlords as the stolen lands are to them. For the first time Ireland is on the right path, a path which, if followed, will lead her to justice, and that assured, prosperity follows as certain as the light follows the dawn. Parnell in prison is more powerful than Parnell at liberty. Davitt in Kilmineham is a more potent protest against English tyranny and oppression than Davitt could possibly make from the platform. The very means used by England to complete the subjugation of the Irish will liberate her. For now there will be no palliatives admitted, there will be no compromise, it will be all or nothing.

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