DECEMBER 30, 1881.

CATHOLIG RECORD. THE

The Living Land.

ing, and it is

with.

them

everything.

to be plundered.

people earn above two meals of potatoes

day, they have nothing to buy goods

and stockings isn't purchasing jewelry very much, and it is a very poor country for a cabinet-maker where the occupant

of a cottage considers himself lucky if he has a three-legged stool to sit down on.

Therefore, as the only labor in the country

WILLING TO WORK

TALK OF COMMERCE IN TRELAND

back 24 hours or more at local rates, to Cork. England must have her hand upon

As to manufactures, let an Irish firm start manufactures in the South of Ire-

land, and a combination of English man-

ufactures at once crushes them out. England wants Ireland as a market for

A woman who cannot wear she

Here is a fine poem from the pen of Denis prence McCarthy. Written in 1845, it is a voice from the past that has eloquent mean-ing for the present: We have mourned and sighed for our buried

We have given what Nature giveswe have given what Nature gives— A manly tear o'er a brother's bler: But now for the Laud thet lives! He-who passed too soon in his glowing noon The hope of our ycuthful band,— From Heaven's blue wall doth seem to call-"Think think of your Living Land! I dwell serene in a happler seem en— Ye dwell in a Living Land!"

Yes! yes! dear shade, thou shalt be obeyed We must spend the hour that flies In no vain regret for the sun that's set, But in hope for another's rise. And, though it delay is guiding ray, We must, each with his little brand, Like sentinels, light through the dark, dark mathematical set.

night, The steps of our Living Land. She needeth our care, in the chilling air,-Our old dear living Land !

Yet our breasts will sob, and the tears will

To your eyes, for many a day; For the eagle strong,-though a lark in

song --was the spirit that's passed away. Though his heart be still as a frozen chill, And puiseless his glowing hand, We must struggle the more for that old "Green Shore"-*He was making* a Living Land. By him we have lost, --at whate'er the cost,--She *Shall* be a Living Land!

Living L and, such as Nature plann'd, When she hallowed our harbors deep; When she bade the grain spring o'er the

And the oak wave o'er the steep. And the oak wave o'er the steep. When she bade the tide roll deep and wide, From its source to the occan strand, Oh ! it was not to *shares* she gave these waves: But to sons of a Living Land!— Sons who have eyes and hearts to prize *The worth* of a Living Land.

Oh ! when shall we lose the hostile hues have kept us so long apart? se from the strife that is crushing the

life From out of our motner's heart? Could we lay aside our doubts-our pride-And join in a common band, One hour would see our country free, A young and a Living Land With a nation's heart, and a nation's part, A FREE AND A LIVING LAND!

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 (Nachw?), editor and preprinter of the ("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 citizen

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, of four to six rocms, mayhap two, 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 weather. The 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 a decent support in the county infimary, if he has not friends to care for him. That is a poor man in America. At the worst he has such com-forts 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 depth 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 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 Irish editor has the prospect of solution of angry waters that intervene between of angry waters that intervene between NEWSPAPER REPORTS him eyery minute of his life. He may be arrested and imprisoned for stating a fact or expressing an opinion. Consequently nothing can be obtained from that source, for a communication to jail in an country in which the phabeas corpus is permanently suspended, where a suspected person is arrested at the pleasure of a Secretary and kept in durance vile at the pleasure of man, is no very pleasant thing. All information we get from Ireland, except from correspondents on the ground, comes from the English press, and that is owned body, soul, boots and breeshes by the English Government. If you could believe the English press, Ireland is in a state of prosperity, the people are con-tented and happy, and Parnell and his associates are simply a set of demagogical actors, agitating for purely selfish pur-poses. The day I landed in Dublin the London papers had each an article stating that Ireland was contented 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 dis-turbed the island, and that Parnell had lost his hold upon the Irish people, and yet the next Sunday I saw 100,000 people yet the next Sunday I saw 100,000 peopl in procession to do honor to Parnell. counted 500 shoeless women within a dis-tance 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 most natural expression, and I found an undying determination to resist the tyranny they were groaning under, by any means the Almighty would give them. give them. These London papers, owned by the English Ministry, are full of two things: namely, that Ireland is quiet and happy, and that tenants are perpetually shooting landlords. If Ireland is contented and quiet, why are landlords shot ? But the boting 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

don't do it. Their religion forbids kill- nation on the earth. It lies in the certain only in cases such as I have justice of the good God who may, for His instanced, where the wrong is so mon-strous that it has but one explation, that landlords have gone to their just reward, "WHY DON'T THEY WORK ?" Ah! why indeed. What is there for him to do? My Lord has unroofed hun-dreds of cabins on the monutcined race in this holy crusade. Let these means be used, and, with the blessings of vert the land into sheep walks, and has swelled the roll of pauperism by just the number of families he has made homeless. England will not permit manufacturing and the green flag will float over her green fields. There is a future for Ire-iand. Ireland will yet assume the position number of families he has made homeless. England will not permit manufacturing trade or commerce in Ireland, so that source of labor is cut off. The mechanics are idle for two reasons : England floods the country with her own goods to fill what demand there is, and secondly, inas-much as the landlord takes everything the people earn above two meals of notatoes she is entitled to among the nations of the earth, and her scattered children, if

THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP.

The Last Thirty Years of Catholicity in Loudon-The Irish in England.

The Sunday within the octave of the fast of the 25th anniversary of the open-ing of the Church of SS. Mary and Joseph, Poplar, was solemnly observed. High Mass, coram cardinali, was sung in the presence of a crowded congregation that is agriculture, and as Landlordism either kills that by eviction or cripples it by starvation, the question, "Why don't you work ?" is yery easily answered. There isn't a race of people in the world who presence of a crowded congregation that included many visitors from the west end as well as from the neighboring missions. Father Lawless, the pastor of the church, was Celebrant of the Mass, Father Lloyd as the Irish in Ireland. They will work for anything in the way of wages from daylight to dark, and consider themselves being Assistant-Priest, and Fathers God-frey and Doyle, Deacon and Sub-Deacon happy if they can get anything, no matter what, to do. But there is no work. to his Eminence. It may be noted that the church is weighed with a debt of $\pounds 4$,-There is a blight upon every foot of land in the island. Every branch of trade that should afford labor at remunerative rates 000-a burden which hinders the develop-ment of the mission in many ways, but from which nothing but the generosity of should anoral above at reinductative rates to the people les par-lyzed, and that passive infamy, the Queen, who, like a sponge, silently absorbs everything she touches, and these active infamics, the Ministers and the Lords, temporal and outsiders can free it, the congregation being so poor as to be scarcely able to meet even the running expenses. The meet even the running expenses. The sermon was preached by the Cardinal-Archbishop, who said he could not help thinking of the joy of the past week. They had not only been keeping their jubilee and obtaining the spiritual bene-diction which the Holy Father had bespiritual, makes the paralysis that kills the Island. And the civilized world sees this oppression and makes no protest. Those who dare to protest at home are in jail, and a brutal soldiery stands guard over stowed on all the faithful, but they had been commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of their beau-tiful church. What a flood of recollections Why, should you ship a cargo of wheat from Toledo to Cork, that cargo would be came back to him when he thought of that beautiful church ! Their own hearts were taken past Queenstown to Liverpool, 24 hours beyond Cork, unloaded, subjected to all sorts of imposts, and all sorts of charges, and then reloaded and taken

full of the recollection of THIRTY YEARS AGO when in that spot no church stood ; and some of them could go back further still and could remember the time when two

holy priests in extreme poverty, denying themselves in everything and sparing themselves in nothing, toiled, prayed, and labored for the salvation of souls. Thirty years ago-and he could just remember the time-all the land round was a desola her goods, as a pasture field from which she may crop wealth to be taken to Engtion of souls. The Holy Mass was said indeed, but in what he must call a hozel. land and spent there. Ireland is not a country to be developed; it is a country Thirty years ago there was, he remem-bered, a church in Virginia-street, but what was there besides that and the hovel what was there besides that and the hovel they possessed in that extreme east of London, where the Holy Mass was offered up under a roof like that of Beth-lehem? And what fervor there must have been in those days! What faith ! What perseverance! What courage ! What a fearless constancy to the faith and inheritance of their fathers—in the faith WHY DON'T THEY GET AWAY TO SOME OTHER COUNTRY. For a simple reason—they cant't. A great many of the more prosperous have exiled themselves; as the presence in America of 10 million of them evidences. But these with us were of the better class, or had the good luck to be circumstanced inheritance of their fathers-to the faith in such a way as to make emigration possible. But how is the tenant in the once delivered to the saints and for which the Catholics of England and Ireland had Galtees to get away? He has not a penny between him and the next world, and his laid down their lives! And he could not help casting his eyes abroad over London. landlord takes precious good care that he shall not have. How he is to get to Thirty years ago the position in London was very different to the position they now occupied. When in 1876 they kept he shall not have. How he is to get to the seaboard i He might walk, it is true, and sleep nights, under hedges. But what is he to eat on the journey i Why, he is kept so poor that one meal is not within their anniversary of the Restoration of the Hierarchy, they laid at the feet of Pius IX. whose work it was to call them again into existence as a Church, a table which stated speaking distance of the next. He lives from hour to hour. Suppose he does existence as a Church, a table which stated exactly the number of churches, of clergy, of schools, and of convents which they had in 1851. In five and twenty years EVERYTHING WAS DOUBLED

therefore, rarely, if ever, or never to Com-munion. 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 have in the future such fervent worshippers as had filled it in the past. Many thoughts were suggested by this, and one was the great duty of fathers and mether and the suggested by this will be suggested. mothers to watch over their children and send them to school and see that they are well taught to know their religion, to see that they go to the holy sacraments, and, above all, that when at home they do not unlearn from the words and example of their parents that which they have learned in the schools. He knew how dark and corrupt was life in certain parts of Lon-don, and it had been his prayer and en-deavor during the last -ixteen, years to put down an altar and build a church in those they do not return to the old sod, will at least be proud of their origin. parts where sin was rankest and mightiest. He was thankful to God to be able to say

that in four of those places there were two churches and more were to come He hoped the day was not far distant when, in every place in London where there was now a desolation of souls, there would be found a church as ample and a beautiful as that the anniversary of which they were keeping. He rejoiced with them in their happy memory of the past and their good and strong resolutions for

AN IRISH MISSIONER OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

the future

Elizabeth Hoey, familiarly known a "Betiy the Pagan," was in early life an under servant to the late Marquis of Headfort; but having by an accide the use of one of her hands, she was dismissed with a small weekly allowance. It was about the year 1856, that she was obliged to leave the service of the Marquess, and went to live in Kells, where she chiefly depended for her support on the charity of the people. Here some of the annals of the Holy Childhood fell into her hands, and so touched was she by what she read about the destitute state of children in heathen lands, that she thence forth devoted herself with extraordinary zeal and self-sacrifice to collecting and saving money for the missions of the Holy Childhood. Betty would go through the town on market days, asking every one she met. Protestant as well as Catholic to give her a small alms for "her Pagan children," as she called them, and plead-

ing their cause in such a truly maternal manner, that she rarely failed to enlist the sympathy of those to whom she ap-pealed. She always continued to read the Annals herself, and thus was enabled to urge the wants and claims of her "Pagan children" with an eloquence pe vise plaus for increasing her little store was something truly admirable and was touching. As soon as a sufficient sum was collected, the noble hearted missioner of the Holv Childhood would buy a calf and get a farmer to keep it for a year or two. When it was sold, the profit all went to her dear "pagan children"-not a penny of it for herself who was living on the charity of others. The effect of Betty's noble example and zeal in this re-spect have not ceased with her own life; for the former whose generosity our missioner turned to so good account, still sets aside each year a calf, which he calls the (incerp calf?) to be cald for the heads sets aside each year a call, which he calls the "pagan call," to be sold for the bene-fit of the missions of the Holy Childhood. May He who has promised a reward even for a cup of cold water given in his name reward a hundredfold, here and hereafter, that generous Christian, and all who will imitate his example. Another of Betty's plans was to gather

up all the old newspapers she could find and sell them to small dealers in town and country; and with the same view she would go regularly to the convent school of Kells, and hunt up all the old copy-

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 the middt not did till after Christmas. she might not die till after Christmas. she might not die till after Christmas. "Why, Betty?" asked one of them. "Because," she replied, "I expect to get agood many presents from my friends, and I can make something by them for

and I can make something by them for my poor little pagan children." Atter a life thus spent in labouring for God and for souls, Elizabeth Hoey died on Christ-mas Eve, 1872, in the 70th year of her age, and was welcomed, oh, how gladly, how triumphantly, to the heavenly courts by hundreds of redeemed little ones whom she was instrumental in sending there. Bright and abounding for everthere. Bright and abounding for ever-more be the recompense of this devoted missioner of the Holy Childhood.

SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

How a Whole Anglican Community Became Converts to Catholicity.

An offshoot of the world-renowned Trac tarian movement in the Church of Eng land was a great desire of perfection among many disciples of that school. among many 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 im-pose on their children. The Cowley Fathers, for instance, are perhaps the best known in this country. The Ignatians, or as they style themselves, the Benedictines, are another branch. For women, are the bit are of All Saints of St. Lohn com-Sisters of All Saints, of St. John, com monly known as "East Gumsteads," th the "Clewer" Sisters and various other com-munities. In this yearning after solitude, ilence, and holiness, one cannot but feel a deep interest. Nor is there, perhaps, a mor thought-inspiring occasion than to visit one of those old church-yards, unknown to our new world, picturesquely situated on the gentle slope of a not over-high knoll, on top of which stands the sombre vew, with its heavy outspread branches, a lent sentinel of the narrow cells. There beneath

beneath "that yew-tree's shade Where heaves the turf in many a moulding heap,"

to read on a plain wooden cross the inscription telling of the gentle life sacri-ficed during youth's fervent days, and of the eager heart ceasing to beat amidst an enthusiastic devotion, which seemed to rival the aspirations of Catholic maidenhood in their devotion to the quiet of Mary or the sanctified labor of Martha. So great devotion, so noble sacrifice, we think!

At Hackney, London, nearly twenty years ago, was flourishing a very fervent and exact Anglican community of Sisters. Their inclination, like that of all those Sisterhoods, led them to follow the steps of that great order which, in its various branches, so wonderfully abounded throughout England before the Reformaabounded tion-the noble Benedictine-while during many years the ruling ægis of their house was a tender and child-like devotion to our Blessed Lady, which could not go unrewarded. But alas, these Sisters were unrewarded. outside the Church, every form and imit-ation were theirs, but no reality; the sha-dow but not the substance. They could not but feel the voil existing in their hearts, and so doubts began to arise. For a long while, every one's misgivings were hidden in her own breast; till at last one good soul, unable longer to withstand this mer turmoil, opened her whole heart to inner turmoil, opened her whole leart to her Superioress, who, in her turn, confessed to the like anxieties. By little and little, the disturbed feelings of the community eked out. On knowing the true sentinents, the Sisters seriously entered inte books and other waste paper, encouraging the children also to help her by making themselves, and after devoting much time to prayer, with a continual pleading to our Lady, their special patron, they resolved to send a request to Cardinal Wiseman, the Archbishop of Westminster, asking for help and light to brighten their obscure path. Here was a great consolation to his Eminence, and fain would he personally respond to so touching an appeal, but h respond to so touching an appear, but his great labors forbade it, and so he referred the petition to the Rev. H. E. Manning, his future successor on the Archiepiscopal throne, and now Cardinal, but at that time Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles Among the Fathers was a young English man who had studied with his Superior in Rome, where a friendship, destined to b lasting, sprung up between them. Th young priest was selected to be the Sisters e through the darkness of the conflict After some weeks, spent in instructing and removing doubts, the Rev. Herber Vaughan, the young clergyman in ques-tion, had the unspeakable happiness of receiving the whole community into the bosom of Holy Church. Through his instrumentality the Giver of every good gift imparted to these chosen souls that reality which they so anxiously but vainly sought outside the true fold. After the first outside the true fold. After the first burst of joy had subsided, naturally the thought of the future arose. As Anglicans, these women had lived faithful religious, as well and as thorough as possible. While in the Establishment, the English Governent had put under their care young female arabs from the streets of London. To save these homeless children was a noble work. Was all this good to cease? No, God be praised, for another grace was in store for these newly converted. In the Established Church, they had been Sisters, and had done their duty to their little charges; together they entered the true fold, why not then remain together, why not win these children to the right way, and why not do so as Catholic religious? After many trials and delays, the rule St. Francis was given them, and they ere affiliated to the great scraphic order Behold! the convent and the industrial school went on as before, but enjoying a happiness and peace unknown in Angli can days. For there were no doubts no stiflings of the heart; in the head of life was strength and consolation; in the Eternal Sacrifice daily offered in their chapel was atonement and reparation for the past, and an abundance of grace for the future; and, besides, innumerable other blessings, such as can only belong to the children of Christ's true Church. The Irishman ought to do what he does some personal risk to himself. But they

children had brought her, and seeking to seriously troubled with various tempta tions and forebodings, which never left him any rest, but were constantly harrass-ing his very life. From no one to whoming his very life. soever he turned could he derive any benefit, till, finally, the Venerable Father Palotti, founder of the Pious Missions, raiofil, founder of the four absolute told him that never would these anxieties depart till England had a missionary col-lege; whereupon the good Cardinal, re-vering the saintly priest's words as so many oracles, determined at the first many oracles, determined at the first opportunity to secure the establishment of such a work. Shortly did such an occasion present itself, for the Rev. Fa-ther Vaughan, feeling in his heart a de-sire to see England engaged in the work of the missions, unbosomed himself to the Cardinal, who at once realized that the time had come for the execution of his project, and so deputed this zealous priest to go everywhere throughout the whole world in an effort to gather funds for such a college. After several years spent in travelling

After several years spent in traveling through South America, California, Eng-land and Ireland, Father Vaughan re-turned 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. Con-sequently the work received fresh en-couracement. On June 29, 1869, the sequently the work received fresh en-couragement. 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 their father, as they lovingly style him, who under God led them into holy Church, so deeply interested in the missions, what wonder is it that the Fran-ciscan Sisters would feel enkindled in their hearts a longing to enter the same work. Outside the true fold had they work. Outside the true fold had they work. Outside the tride total had they been—the doubts and heart-aches in con-sequence they had experienced—what wonder, then, that, secure themselves, they would ardently long to gain for

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other stray sheep the same security? This desire, however, was destined, in the infinite wisdom of God, to undergo a long probation, during which, by fervent prayer and ever-increasing experience in heir care of the unfortunate girls committed to them, the Sisters were daily rendering themselves more and more fit nstruments for the work which Provilence might have in store for them.

work was destined to be among our colored population, and at the present moment the Allan steamer Caspian is bringing directly to our port four of these Franciscanesses, who are coming with the approval and encouragement of his Grace approval and encounterment of a baltimore to take the Archibishop of Baltimore to take charge of St. Elizabeth's Home for Colored Infants. Begun in an alley by a colored woman about five years ago, this work has gradually increased, owing to the generous patronage of the charitable ladies of this city. Some time ago, the house No. 57 St. Paul street was secured house No. 57 St. Paul street was seen in-for this work, when the Sisters were innow, after so many years of preparation, the realization of their fond hopes and the realization of ardent wishes. To many may seem strange the anxious longing which the Catholic missionary, priest or nun, has to undertake his or her labors, ungrateful and repulsive in the highest degree, as they often prove to be, to every better in-stinct of human nature, and with no earthly prospect but difficulties, disap-

pointments and hardships. But the examples 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 fair knowledge of their future labors, did four of these Sisters start from their convent home, Mill Hill, near Lon-don, on Monday, December 5.

At the ceremony of departure, Cardinal

MISSING THE LANDLORD, NOT SHOOTING HIM.

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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 alto-gether too safe. A shot-gun-properly loaded and aimed--is a great reformer. The Irishman ought to do what he does

him and God's country? He can't swim the distance, and the cheapest passage is cept that which had become four or five £5. Five pounds is more money than he ever saw, or ever expects to. And even if he manages that, he lands in New York fold.

HOMELESS, PENNILESS, AND HELPLESS. However, he would chance that could

e get there. And so he stays, like a bear chained to post-he can neither fight or run. H a post--he can helder light of run. He stays the unwilling victim of a system of tyranny that has made him a past of wretchedness, a present misery, with no future to look forward to. He simply lives in a passive sort of way, hoping with no reason to hope, for something to tarn up that will emancipate him and his children from their living death. Give them a chance to come, and English land. lords would have possession of Ireland in short metre. Give them ships enough, and the entire five millions would in America in a month. But getting away is still more impossible than stay-

ing. 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 landlonds. She can refuse to pay rent till some measure of justice is meted out to her. She can theirs. masterly inactivity, compel the land lords, in their own interest, to take their from her throat. She can compel grip by i inaction some measure of justice for

He knew from the enquiries that his good priests made, going from house to house, the Irish. Their labor is as necessary to the landords as the stolen lands are to them. and from room to room and from family For the first time Ireland is on the right o family, and writing down the names of path, a path which, if followed, will lead father, mother, son and daughter, even to the names of the fittle children—he knew her to justice, and that assured, prosperity follows as certain as the light follows the his: that the men and women who were dawn. Parnell in prison is more powerborn in Ireland and who drew in with the than Parnell at liberty. Davitt in first breath of life the traditions and bene Kilmainham is a more potent protest against English tyranny and oppression than Davitt could possibly make from the diction of their forefathers and the grace of God and the holy faith, coming over here to England, persevere as a rule in the practise of their religion, come regularly platform. The very means used by Engto Mass and Confession and Communion, and lead a good life. Many he knew,

land to complete the sul Irish will liberate her. e subjugation of the er. For now there will be no palliatives admitted, there will be no compromise, it will be all or

nothing. THERE IS HOPE FOR IRELAND.

mained true, persevering in the holy faith, and they had the benediction of God and His church. But this was not true, he was

TRUE TO PRINCIPLE.

alas! fell away, but in the main they re

fold. The number of churches was doubled all over England, the number of them little presents of toys or sweets. Once a little girl refused either to accept churches in London was doubled, the convents were multiplied four and five-Once a fittle girl feraset enger to accept the sweets or gather the papers, upon which Betty rebuked the fittle thing severely, telling her she was only a poor lukewarm Catholic. Thus did this zeal-The schools at that time-he was afraid to say how few they were, and as to the number of children, there was no account kept. There is now in this diocese alone 180 schools for the education of the ous servant of God often succeed in get ting together as much as sixteen or seven teen pounds a year—a sum which, to one in her humble position, might seem a poor children, taking no account of the middle and higher schools, and there are in her humble position, might seem a very large amount, yet which was always too little to satisfy her truly apostolic charity. No words could do justice to the ever-increasing zeal and charity of Betty Hoey. She was known to deprive herself of the few shillings allowed her for her support, to make them over to her dear pagan children, trusting to the Providence of God to supply her own wants. Nor was she ever disappointed. Often when the poor old woman had given away her last sixpence to the object for which she lived, God would reward the sacrifice by inspiring some kind neighfive-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 the infinite mercies and graces He had poured out upon them. Well, they had been rejoicing with him in the anniversary of their beautiful church. What a work of souls had gone on there during the twenty-five years that had gone by since that church was built ! How many souls had been born again in Holy which she hved, God would reward the sacrifice by inspiring some kind neigh-bour to call Betty in, as she was passing, to a hot dinner she never expected or to do some other kindly service for her. Though her labour of love, the work the full to be her suggid mission was the Baptism? How many good Contessions had been made in that church, how many worthy Communions received at that altar? How many had been brought there and laid for the Requiem Mass and the

Though her labour of love, the work she felt to be her special mission, was the Holy Childhood, yet Elizabeth Hoey never refused herself to any good work within her reach. If her charity was great towards the poor little helpless out-casts of China and Africa, it was no less towards those about her at home. last absolution before they were carried out for burial? What a work of the salof God, what a reaping of souls dying in the faith there had been in the last twenty-five years in that church! There was one thought he wished to bring before them, it arose from that anniversary of casts of China and Africa, it was no less earnest towards those about her at home. This true-hearted Christian woman was known to lend the clothes off her back to enable poor people to go to Mass on Sun-day. St. Martin's act of dividing his cloak with the mendicant he met on the way has been rightly more labeled for the co-It was one full of anxiety, and one that

way has been rightly recorded for the ex-ample and admiration of all ages; but in what is this other inferior to it? Next to her care of the pagan children was her devotion to the holy suffering

souls. Many a pound old Betty collected every November, to have Masses offered up for the souls in purgatory. In truth, she lived only to do good. Her first and she lived only to do good. Her herst and chief business, however, the cherished work of her heart and soul, was ever and always the mission of the Holy Childhood. One of the Sisters of St. Columba's wished to engage Betty's services for the Propagation of the Faith. At first she agreed to it, but after some time gave up, thinking she had best devote herse entirely to the cause of the Holy Child-hood. Even on her death-bed her favourhood. Even on her death-bed her favour-ite object continued to engross all her Manning officiated, desiring that his spiritual daughters on leaving their no. ve land should receive his final blessing s he knew that on their arrival on th shores of the United States they would be cordially welcomed by and receive their first blessing from that country's Primate, who from the first has shown a fatherly solicitude in this good work and in every other connected with the har-vesting of that portion of his vineyard, in the eyes of the world, seems which. lespicable as being but thorns and briars to be only uprooted, but in the eyes of the present zealous husbandman most precious, because, unfortunately, so hard o till. Before long, these Sisters will be among us, and at once will resume charge of St. Elizabeth'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 their efforts; while, by our zealous co-op-peration, the little mustard seed now begun might grow into 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, 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 And, our 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 sum-mary vengeance, so often exercised in some parts of the widely scattered sec-tions wherein dwell the emergine wherein dwell the emancipated tions, race.

... 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-Advance.

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