

Prescience.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.
The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the West.
And my heart and I in the churchyard passed to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over;
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

ARCHBISHOP McHALE.

A Protestant Tribute to the Great Patriarch of Connacht.

Five or six years ago the following account was published in the London World, a non-Catholic paper.
In a very little and very ancient town in the West of Ireland, where the tallest of the sculptured crosses, admired of antiquarians, lifts its circled head in the central market place, lives and rules a prelate who, even if he were not prelate, would be a notable figure in the Church of Rome and the oldest abbot of the West.

COMPEND OF POPE AND PATRIOTISM.

Amongst his countrymen, all save one or two of those distinguished coeval friends or foes in a stirring period have passed away; who was Wiseman's senior by a decade; who has seen six successive Pontiffs seated in the chair of the Fisherman, and whose birth brings one back to another century, when George III. was still a sane king, before the little Corsican artist had painted the canon at Toulon, or the guillotine was yet stained with the royal blood of Louis Capet and Marie Antoinette.

St. JARLATH'S.

It is a square-built mansion, with gardens at the rear opening on the elevated cathedral grounds, and having for its vis-a-vis across the street, not inappropriately called Bishop St., the palace of the only Protestant bishop in Connacht, the Right Rev. Dr. Bernard, brother to the late Earl of Bandon.
Probably at the introduction of Canon Burc, the president of St. Jarlath's College which is contiguous to the archiepiscopal residence and under the immediate supervision of his grace, the visitor is received by the archbishop, bearing the weight of his eighty-six years, for fifty-two years of which he has borne the crozier, with singular alertness and vigor, almost with a jaunty air, the venerable prelate advances and gives a dignified greeting. The Catholic usually kneels for a benediction and kisses the episcopal ring. And indeed, no man, whatever be his faith, need blush to kneel for the blessing of a pastor whose years are patriarchal; and whose face and form are evidences of a life of internal nobility and the faithful discharge of onerous and lofty duties.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF GERALDINE, MAYNOOTH.

His head is shapely and singularly massive, with wisely placed, aquiline nose, not disdained enough to be Roman, the high forehead of a poet, yet not wanting in breadth, all lighted up with an eagle gray eye, and crowned with a rich growth of soft, straight undivided gray hair. Placed in any position, John MacHale would have towered above his fellows head and shoulders, would have been a king of men; and it is plain that the absolute nobility of the Catholic churchman's rule over his flock in Ireland has been congenial to a spirit that would ill brook the interference of any other power, and least of all of such as would be worldly, and to the historic mind when and resting on material force. As he converses freely upon the present phase of Irish agitation, his eye has given to the sanction of a name, to quote the classic compliment of Judge Keogh, *claram et venerabile*, he recalls many incidents of O'CONNELL'S SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE FOR CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION, and their combined effort for Repeal. The fertility of a man like this, who can remember an act of Parliament and the execution of Emmet, is touching or obstinate according to the prejudice of the observer. He is very complimentary to Mr. Butt, but has little faith in the English appreciation of 'justice to Ireland'; and with a touch of asperity remembers his appeals to Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, his conflicts with the Times, and the sad and troublesome era of the famine closed with the ludicrously pathetic rebellion in the cabbage garden.

DR. MACHALE IS NOT A FLUENT.

DR. MACHALE IS NOT A FLUENT, although he is an interesting speaker. He preaches nearly every Sunday morning, often both in Irish and English, to his congregation. His efforts to keep alive his native Gaelic are sentimental in their gallantry. His learned leisure has been occupied with metrical translation of the 'Blind,' and a versal rendering of Moore's melodies into Irish, vying in sonorosity and softness with the original. Moore manifested his appreciation in a published letter characteristically warm. The tables of the well-lighted drawing-room in which one is received number among the books upon them handsomely bound volumes of the poet-prelate's dilettanteism. One notes the presence of a harp. The archbishop himself tells with richness how and

one of his continental journeys he and others, among whom was his nephew and namesake of the College, As if he had, having determined to converse with one another in Irish only, were followed by a gentleman through Paris who overheard them, and whose curiosity at length impelled him to address them and say that he thought he was familiar with most of the European languages, but, although they seemed to be Europeans he seemed to be at fault about their tongue. When told that it was Irish he expressed his surprise at the mellifluousness of a language which he had believed to be, if not entirely obsolete, differing in uncouthness from

THE JARBER OF AN AFRICAN OF THE INTERIOR.

"An early riser, the archbishop usually officiates at the high altar of his cathedral at eight o'clock, and after a simple breakfast devotes the forenoon to the administration of his large diocese. In the early afternoon he receives, and later in the day he may be met, clad in ornate sacerdotal dress worn in those countries, walking and driving, accompanied by one of his priests and escorted by a motley troop of importunate beggars, whom his beneficence maintains. An early and plain dinner is followed by an evening of seclusion, unless on those occasions when the presence of guests calls forth the geniality of the distinguished host, who enjoys nothing better than the company of that bon vivant, FATHER TOM BURKE, THE WELL-KNOWN DOMINICAN PREACHER.

Of late years his grace has rarely exchanged visits with any of the clergy of the neighborhood. The bitterness of oft renewed election strife, in which priests and parsons have been arrayed on the one side against oligarchical authority on the other, although allayed, has always been so obstinately persistent, with insufficient interval for its complete subsidence. The extraordinary Galway election, the passions inflamed by which, were in no way quelled by the petition judgment delivered by Mr. Justice Keogh, has left traces behind it which the end of the century shall see uneffaced; and among the dramatic personae, no figure was more conspicuous than that of the veteran churchman and politician, John MacHale.

IT WAS A CURIOUS PICTURE.

That crowded little court-house in Spanish looking Galway; the grand jury box thronged with the lady-rank and fashion of the poorest but the proudest of countesses; the body of the hall filled with the frizzle-clad groundlings; the archbishop in the witness chair; the silvery-tongued MacDonogh of Nisi Prius fame on the one side, and the vehement senior sergeant of the Irish bar on the other, with a judge on the bench who, it is said, piqued himself on his Napoleonic contour of countenance and in whose mind, which even then must have been contemplating his celebrated charge, thoughts could not help but come crowding of the ante-judicial days when as member from Athlone he eulogized the clergy whom he now judged. But this is history. If Dr. MacHale has often been proved to take a side in political struggle, he has NEVER FORGOTTEN THE RESPECT OF FRIEND OR FOE.

His presence, nay his name, can yet enkindle an enthusiasm amongst the hero-worshipping Irish beneath whatever sky, which O'Connell's self, in the palmiest days of his unswerving royalty, might envy. For the people he happily united the offices of a Moses and an Aaron. He was their spiritual and their temporal guide; in the eyes of the English public, never politic or practical; he cannot be denied whatever merit is to be found in fearlessness and consistent opposition.

BY IS THE LAST OF A NEW RACE.

From a Catholic point of view he has been far seeing, if foresight is to be adjudged by the subsequent adhesion of his once more complaisant brother prelates to his policy of uncompromising hostility to the Government on the education question. To the Government claim for the education of the children of the State he always returned an unvarying *non possumus*. But in his diocese he has not been unmindful of education according to his mind in that imparted by monks and nuns and in schools under the management of his priests. His annual visitations to these necessitating journeys of no little arduousness for a man of his years, are so many triumphal progresses. Fleets of boats gay with bunting convey him to stormy Achill and to distant Arran. He was their spiritual and their temporal guide; in the eyes of the English public, never politic or practical; he cannot be denied whatever merit is to be found in fearlessness and consistent opposition.

ONE OF THE LAST ACTS OF THE LATE POPE.

It was to find the selection of a confidant made by the clergy of Tuam. Dr. MacEvilly, the present Bishop of Galway, but a native of the diocese of Tuam—as, indeed, are almost all of Dr. MacHale's suffragans—has been appointed to succeed him. The archbishop is, however, still hale; and whoever shall come after him in the see shall find his lustre increased, not diminished, by a prelate from whom those disagreeing with his faith and differing from his policy *totò còro* will not withhold the compliment, *Integer vixit scelerisque purus*.

"On the Hip."

This rather elegant expression, used popularly to indicate that condition of things in which one person holds another securely by some circumstance, word or act, finds literal exemplification in the following narrative by Mr. John Rouk, of Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Rouk says: "I have been subject to hip disease for 8 or 9 years, and have tried all kinds of remedies, but found nothing to give me any relief until a friend advised me to try St. Jacob's Oil. I tried it, and after using 14 bottles I am entirely relieved of pain, and have

not been troubled since, now nearly six months. This is what people would call getting 'on the hip.'"

NOT IN BULGARIA, BUT IN BELMULLET.

The inquest has been held; the verdict we know not yet, but the evidence is before the world, and wherever a human heart beats with one pulse of human feeling, that evidence will elicit the most indignant reprobation of the cruel slaughter of Irish women by armed and pitiless men.

The scene was sad and solemn. The weird wail of the ancient rae, an heritage from the lamentations of Zion, the heart-moving Irish keening, "was loudly raised by the women at the bedside, as the coroner approached" the homestead of the slain mother, whom the mournful. What a home was hers! "The dwelling was one of the most miserable I have ever entered," says the correspondent of the Conservative Express. "It evidently consisted of one apartment for the entire family, and even of this small space, a portion of the lower end seemed cut off for pigs and cattle. The walls and low roof were almost coated with soot," and from the door issued puffs of smoke. Of furniture there was scarce any—once, however, there was a rude poor bed on which lay the dead body of the slaughtered woman. "Her three sons—fine, strong, healthy-looking young men—stood silently by her side."

"The wound which caused her death was in her throat, one grain of buckshot having lodged in the larynx, which was now black and slightly swollen."

The slain mother had lived, with her sons, in this homestead, ten miles from Belmullet, bringing them up from childhood, striving heroically against hunger and sickness, and storm and moras, but succumbed at last to the buckshot-bullet of an armed policeman. Four miles away lay, in graveyard earth, the corpse of another victim—poor Ellen McDonagh. "Whether the jury proceeded, and there, how lamentable a task! "the brothers of the deceased resisted" to exhume the body. "The coffin lid was raised, and one by one the jury viewed the poor girl's face for identification."

At the inquest Ed. McDonagh, father of the deceased, was called to prove the identification of the body. His statement was short, simple, and pathetic. He said: "His daughter was wounded on the 25th. She died on the 29th. Her age was twenty-two, unmarried."

Dr. Mullen testified that he "found a wound on the left side between the tenth and eleventh ribs. The wound at first sight appeared like a bullet wound, but on taking it out it presented that of a sabre wound. I searched for a bullet, but could not find one."

Being asked in what position the poor girl was when wounded, he gave this impressive evidence: "Her back must have been turned to the person who wounded her, for she could not say if she was standing or recumbent when wounded. There were seven or eight others wounded, nearly all by sabres. All must have had their backs to the police when wounded, except two. One of these was the ad mother, shot in the throat."

Further testimony was given to show that the "affair" began by a policeman pulling a little lad off a ditch and using him harshly; his young idiot-brother rushed to help him, and was treated in the same way; an elder brother tried to pacify matters, and was like them, "arrested and cruelly ill-used." Then the excitement arose, and the gallant officer, Strinch, gave orders to fire, and a charge was fired. But we need not trace the case entirely on the evidence as to the wounds. Every one of those, with two exceptions, were inflicted when the people were fleeing towards their homes—every one, therefore, was inflicted when there was no possibility of danger to any armed constable—every one consequently was illegal and inhuman.

WHAT SCENE FROM BULGARIA SURPASSES THIS HORROR AT BELMULLET.—IRISHMAN, Nov. 12.

"ENGLISH INFLUENCE."

For several weeks past the American papers have been publishing "Cable despatches" about the anxiety of the Pope and the Holy See to establish "direct relations with England," especially on the subject of "affairs" begun by a politician in Ireland, and which the whole thing comes out in its true shape. A miserable Whig, by the name of Errington, a thorough Englishman in his political ideas, who crawled into the representation of Longford by pretending to be a Nationalist, a non-Leaguer, and a Home Ruler, and who showed his Whig prejudices by deserting from the ranks of the Irish party at the first moment of trial, this fellow is now in Rome, and aping the role of Otto Russell, thirty years ago, he is writing letters, and sending dispatches in praise of himself and his works, to the English papers, which they publish, because, in every one of them there is an attack on Ireland. We need only take a single illustration of his system—the article in the London Morning Chronicle—the organ of the Whig aristocracy—which we quote elsewhere, and which cites the case of Sir George Bowyer. That fellow was one of the "Irish representatives" that Keogh and Sadler—under the falsest pretences of nationalism—imposed on Ireland, at a period that is too painful to go over. The estimation in which they were held by England, at that time, may be judged from the fact that they were never designated in the English press by any name than that of "the Pope's brass band!" How little they cared for the Pope was specifically shown under the Aberdeen Ministry, and by their treatment of Duffy and Lucas—almost the only men of any character in that session of the English parliament. Lucas is dead—God rest his soul!—one among the few Englishmen of our time who truly recognized the injustice his country had done to Ireland, and would have righted it, if he had the power, as he hoped to have through John Bright, that "liberal" fraud who has deceived every one who trusted him. Duffy lives,—for a general—a pensioner, and upholder of England. And this miserable upstart of the ghost of Sir George Bowyer, and would that a certain class in Ireland, within the last fifty years, forgot the lessons of the "Penal Days," of the "Veto," of '28," and were ready to sell the priceless heritage

for which their fathers fought, for a mess of pottage! Well might O'Connell exclaim as he did in the case of another of those upstart Anglo-Irish "Catholics," "I am an English first, Catholic next, and anything that may pay after that—'May the Lord forgive me!—I emancipated that fellow!'"—Irish American.

FREE POISON FOR YOUTH.

The Boston Public Library spends \$30,000 a year for novels, which constitute the majority of books called for by the reading public. Some months ago a Mr. Hubbard protested against the immoral character of many of the romances through the Boston Herald. Next he memorialized the city government, and at last has issued a pamphlet in which he quotes the denunciations of the chief literary papers in England and this country against 100 or more works of fiction which are circulated by the Public Library. He did not do this until the library managers declined to interfere, on the ground that it would be highly improper to exclude authors whose works are read in every circle, and which the public, who pay the taxes, demand. They did not consider themselves the guardians of the people.

The New York Nation, one of the papers whose adverse criticisms were quoted, says of the judgment of its English contemporaries which have never had the reputation of being over nice: "Vulgar" is the mildest epithet. "Mandarin," "unwholesome," "distasteful," "reeked with sin" are the flowers of criticism which may be gathered on every page. Unintentional bigamy, seduction, adultery, are the subjects of a large part of these hundred novels. "The great object of books like these," said the Athenaeum, "is to teach immorality by presenting it in an interesting and seductive form, and by making good people, who live according to the ordinary laws of decency, appear tame, stupid, and despicable."

The Nation, which is no more prudish than the English journals, is yet compelled to say that the novels must be read. Parents should watch what their children read or keep them from the library altogether. It is no longer surprised that the headmaster of one of the Boston schools declared that "the Public Library is a curse to the school children," and adds: "The real evil is the thoroughly unchristian, because selfish spirit that is in them all (the novels), and the idea which pervades almost all, that passion is rightly led of all." It urges the library authorities to exercise greater supervision, and to buy only good books, of which there are enough to exhaust the resources of any library. It may be difficult to draw the line in all cases, yet an attempt should be made to do so in the interest of public morals.

We have dwelt thus at length on the views of our New York contemporary because it not only makes literature a speciality, but has never pretended to any greater strictness. What is true of Boston is also true of Cincinnati or any other city, where a free library is maintained at government expense. One has only to spend an hour in the lower hall of our Public Library to see what crowds are in search of trash, and how few are in search of really good reading. The question remains to be answered, whether the public shall be taxed for the demoralization of the young, or whether the city shall, in providing free schools, aim to render them more intelligent. It would be far better to cast off the supply of novels altogether, than to mingle the good and the bad as is now done. Such an extreme may not be required, but there is urgent need of greater discrimination.—Cincinnati Gazette.

The Ladies' Land League and the Police.

The correspondent of the Irish Times, writing from Loughrea on Thursday week, says:—

This evening about one hundred and fifty children met in the Temperance Hall for the purpose of getting instructions on the subject of the Land League. Several members of the Ladies' Land League attended for the purpose of instruction and keeping the children in order. Business had scarcely begun when twelve policemen, in charge of Head constable Hickey, entered the lobby leading to the hall.

Sub-constable O'Connell entered, and, addressing the children, asked whether the ladies intended to see her. Miss M'Entee, accompanied by Miss Kennedy, then went to the door leading to the lobby.

Head-constable Hickey—Is this a Land League meeting? If it is I will disperse it. Miss Kennedy—Where is your authority?

Head-constable—Oh, I have it. I heard it was a Land League meeting. Miss M'Entee—It is not. Miss Kennedy—You heard what was wrong.

Head-constable—What, then, do you call it? Miss Kennedy—A child's historical society.

Miss M'Entee—We are instructing the children in Irish history. Head-constable to Miss M'Entee—Are you a Land Leaguer? Miss M'Entee—Yes I am.

Miss Kennedy—And every young lady in the town. Head-constable—I heard it was a Land League meeting, and such is illegal, and I cannot permit it to go on.

Miss M'Entee—We have fully explained the matter to you. Head-constable—Mr. Barry will soon be here. Miss M'Entee and Miss Kennedy then retired, and Business was resumed.

Mr. Barry, sub-inspector, arrived shortly after, but took no notice of the proceedings. After some time the children sang "Let Erin remember the days of old," and then dispersed.

Cured a 20 Year Invalid.

No. 422 Eutaw street, Baltimore, Maryland.—Dr. R. V. PRECOK, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly twenty years. Your "Favorite Prescription" has cured her. Gratefully, R. T. McCAY.

ACCOMPLISHED FACTS.

In view of the fact that the Revolutionists are evidently getting sick of their occupation of Rome, it is worth while to examine the standing argument by which it has been attempted to excuse the protests of the Sovereign Pontiff and of Catholics generally against that sacrilegious act. During the last nine or ten years the doctrine has been proclaimed that the destruction of the temporal sovereignty over Rome of the Supreme Pontiff of the Church is an accomplished fact, and as such should be accepted by him without remonstrance or protest or desire to recover the power of which he has been deprived. It is a strange process of argumentation. Because a fact is accomplished, therefore, it must be accepted as right. If a highway robber seizes a traveler's purse it is an "accomplished fact" that the one has gained possession of the other's money, but it would hardly be accepted as a legitimate argument that the plundered traveller must acquiesce in the re-possession of the money that was taken from him.

"Accomplished facts" mean nothing more than that they are facts for the time being, but furnish no answer to the question of how long they will remain facts. It was an "accomplished fact" many years ago that Alsace and Lorraine originally formed part of Germany, but that did not prevent the French annexing it to France, nor a few years ago the Germans wresting it from the French. It was an "accomplished fact" that Nice and Savoy were part of Italy, but the naked fact formed no argument against transferring it to France. It was an "accomplished fact" that Louis Napoleon was emperor of France, but that "accomplished fact" was followed in course of time by the "accomplished fact" of his deposition from the throne; by the destruction of the throne itself, and the establishment of a so-called Republic, which last "accomplished fact" a few years hence may be followed by the "accomplished fact" of a destruction of the existing Republic through its own disintegrating forces, or by one of the revolutions to which France under infidel rule is chronically subject. Accomplished facts are facts accomplished for the present moment, but how long they will endure is another and entirely different matter.

The only real enduring "accomplished fact" in the last eighteen hundred years of the world's history is the Church. When she was founded the world was filled as now with "accomplished facts," but they have all passed away. It was an "accomplished fact" that "pagan emperors ruled an empire mightier than any since established; an "accomplished fact" that Christians were persecuted as enemies of mankind, and Roman Pontiffs accepted their exalted office with the almost certain prospect of speedily exchanging the papal tiara for the crown of martyrdom. But all the "accomplished facts" of those times, except the Church, her benediction mission, her divine constitution, power and authority have long passed away. In the subsequent course of history, states, kingdoms, empires, almost countless, have existed as "accomplished facts," but all in turn have ceased to exist and ceased, indeed, to be remembered, except to "point a moral or adorn a tale." Still the Church continued. In recent times, other "accomplished facts" succeeded these, and these, too, in turn are passing away; many, indeed, have both sprung into existence and passed out of existence in the memory of those who read this.

Why then should the possession of the Sovereign Pontiff of the Church for ten years, by a usurping power, be accepted as reason for believing that it will continue permanently and should be acquiesced in by the Pope or by Catholics, any more than the fact that a thief has possession for ten days of stolen goods, constitutes a reason why the rightful owner should not reclaim and recover them? Ten years! What are they in the history of the ever-changing world or of the ever-changing but never-changing Church? She had the hour frost of a thousand years upon her brow, yet was strong with the vigor of perpetual youth, before any of the present States and Governments of the world existed. Her years are computed by centuries, where theirs are counted by decades. She has seen them rise, decay and pass utterly away, while she has continued to exist in the fulness of perpetually renewed life.—Buffalo Union.

THE TRUE OBJECTION.

In speaking of the objections made by the editors of several religious papers to the appearance in such a periodical as the North American Review of a controversy like that which was recently conducted by Judge Jeremiah Black and Mr. Robert Ingersoll, and the subject of which was the verity of the Christian religion, the Springfield Republican is right, we think, in saying that the true ground of objection is to be found in the incompetency of both men to treat the matter with adequate learning and breadth of mind. Every man may be a Christian, but not every one is able intelligently to discuss the basis of Christianity, either as a true apologist of, or a philosophical and critical objection to it. Judge Black is an able lawyer, but it is far a cry from him to Bishop Butler, or St. Augustine, or to St. Thomas Aquinas, or let us say even to Mr. Mallock, as it is from Mr. Ingersoll to David Strauss and the authors of the "Bible for learners." Mr. Ingersoll's opinion as to whether or not the Christian religion is true or false is absolutely worthless, and his books and lectures on the subject are quite as much a ragmole as a treatise on morality by Gaitan would be. He is as objectionable a person to intelligent men who are unbelievers as he is to the most pious of Christians; they do not wish to hear his voice, and he is altogether offensive to them. When the amiable Bishop of Landaff "answered" that he had his excuse for being so, and perhaps it was his proper business to undertake such a task, but it was not the proper business of Judge Black to deal in that way with Mr. Ingersoll; in the first place, because the judge has no command of his subject through special study, and thus can only, so far as he goes, weaken the positions which he means to defend from attack, and in the second place, because it is utterly out of the power of such a man as Ingersoll to at-

tack those positions with any result—for the grinning of a parcel of fly-gobbling louts in a will, or "yeees" of the applause of city "liberals," who will shake their deathblows to pieces with the trembling of their terror when they come to lie there, can hardly be called a result. If it fills the soul of Mr. Ingersoll with a great joy to know that there isn't no garden of Eden," and if then his laughing is to countervail the pain from the cracking of the ribs under a pot, who shall say him nay or who should care to reverse the Balaamic miracle? This is the true objection to such a controversy as that to which the North American Review opened its columns—it is vulgar, connected by its contentment and can result in nothing but mental and moral goose flesh in intelligent readers.—Graphic.

IRELAND—ITS CHARACTER.

From the Dublin Penny Journal, 1853. The description given of the island by almost every writer who has ever visited it, does not argue much in favor of the taste of the absentee people of wealth. Spencer, who cannot be accused of much partiality, describes it thus:—"And sure it is yet a most useful and sweet country as any under heaven, being strewed throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish abundantly, sprinkled with many sweet islands and gilly lakes, like little inland seas, that will ever afford us upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods even fit for building houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lord of all the seas, and ere long of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, inviting us to come unto them to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides the soyle itself, most fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most mild and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east."—Spencer's View of Ireland, p. 30.

This description seems to warrant that highly colored one given by the Poet:—"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame; By nature blessed and scotia 'tis her name; Enrolled in books—'tis thistles in her soil; Of velvet silver, and of golden ore; Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth; With grass her waters—and her air with health. Her vacant fields with milk and honey flow; Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow; Her waving furrows boast with yellow corn; And arms and arts her envied sons adorn. No poison bears with lawless fury rank; No fierce lions there; her peaceful groves; No poison there infects, no scaly snake; Creeps thro' the grass, nor frogs annoy the lake." An island worthy of its plains rare In war too important—and unmatched in peace!"

SCOTIA WAS THE ANCIENT NAME OF IRELAND.

Yes! well might the brutal Cromwell exclaim to his equally pious and God fearing! and equally brutal Roundhead troopers—"This is a land worth fighting for." But, also, well might Ireland in Ireland; Ireland in America; Ireland in Canada and Ireland in Australia exclaim: Yes, most assuredly, the Ireland of ours is well worth fighting for.—EL. CATHOLIC RECORD.

ANECDOTE OF YOUNG TOM SHERIDAN.

One day the junior Sheridan, who inherited a large portion of his father's wit and humor, was dining with a party of his father's constituents at the Swan in Stafford. Among the company were, of course, a number of shoemakers—one of the most prominent of them, being in the chair, in the course of the evening called on Tom for a sentiment. The call not being immediately attended to, the president in rather an angry tone repeated it. Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbors with a story, appeared displeased with this second interruption, and desiring that a bumper might be filled, he gave—"May the manufacture of Stafford be trampled upon by all the world." It is needless to say that this sally, given with apparent warmth, restored him to the favor of the president.

Origin of Sisters of Mercy.

In the year 1617, when Vincent was one day going up the pulpit at Chatillon, a lady who had come to hear him preach detained him a moment with the request to make mention in his service of a poor family living about as far leagues from the Chatillon, where there was much sickness and great need of help. Vincent was asked to recommend this family to the charity of the congregation. This he did with such effect that several of the people set out, on leaving the church, to visit the poor family, and took with them bread, meat, and other things for their relief. After vesper, Vincent went also to see many people coming. His practical eye at once perceived that the matter had been carried to excess. The poor people had received far more than they could use. Many of the provisions would be spoiled before they could be availed of, and the family for whose benefit these offerings were intended would be as badly off as before. Vincent began to think that system and organization was needed. He at once formed a parochial association, which he called the Confraternity of Charity, and out of this little streamlet of good works at Chatillon grew a vast organization for the benefit of the poor.—Detroit Commercial Advertiser.

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. Still better steps to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are especially valuable to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease, or the stomach or bowels. By drug-gist.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy, and general corrector, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, ear-ache, bruises, cuts and sores, scum to its action.