

HOME RULE.

The Burning Question of the Hour and Near to Settlement.

THE LAND LEAGUE'S GOOD WORK.

Rev. Father Sheehy, the celebrated priest, who has been known for many years as a renowned Irish patriot, delivered recently a lecture on Ireland. After reviewing the state of the country in penitential times he dealt with the Land League and Home Rule:

Down to the year 1879, fifteen years ago, the English garrison of landlordism was the bulwark of British power in Ireland.

Michael Davitt (cheers) appeared on the scene. He (Father Sheehy) unhesitating said from that platform that night that Michael Davitt was the Providence of Ireland, and what now was practically the charter of her rights, that social masterpiece, the Land League, was launched by him. (Cheers.) What Elizabeth sought to filch from the Irish people, but failed, and what Cromwell would also have filched from them if he could, the Land League had practically given back to the tenant farmers and the agricultural laborers of Ireland. He knew it was charged against himself and others that they had ideals for Ireland. Aye, they had ideals, and wide and high ideals, too. He belonged to the ideal school, but they in Ireland had learned that it was needful to restrict themselves. Especially was this so with priests living in Ireland and moving about among the poor, struggling tenant farmers and the agricultural laborers in their poorly-lit, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated cabins. Had their fancies toned down to the hard and pitiless reality of Irish social life, they would have been dorect in every sense of duty if they did not go into line with Michael Davitt and strive with him for the social elevation of the people, taking down the pride and power and pomp of their enemies, the landlords. (Cheers.)

The reverend speaker then gave a vivid picture of scenes that he had witnessed and mentioned "en passant" some cases that had come under his notice in Limerick on the estate over which Mr. U. Townsend was the agent, and in which a young man, McCarthy, was evicted before his honeymoon was out, simply because the young woman married him against the landlord's wish. This was an estate in which the agent claimed priority in selection of husbands for young women, and because this was denied him he put the law into force. If he did not like the young man, the young woman should rest satisfied or pay the awful penalty. Father Sheehy said he did not believe up to then that as bad as landlords were they would exact such a price from a young man, much less from a young woman, but McCarthy came upon the platform and avowed for the truth of the statement that they were evicted before the honeymoon was over.

The burning question of the hour was Home Rule. He found in this country two classes of people. One said to him: "You will never get it," while another said: "Well, Father Sheehy, you ought not to take it." Now, ought the Irish people take Home Rule? He believed that they in Ireland knew a good thing when they saw it, and though Home Rule did not quite fill all his expectations, it was quite better to dine off half a loaf from the table than to try to get one's dinner off the street. No man could get to the top of a mountain in one step; you must walk up there step by step; and with Home Rule it was much the same. They would get there. Then there was another class

of persons who said to him: "If you get it you must acknowledge British authority," and in reply to them he would say that he would take Home Rule and keep his mind to himself. (Laughter.) He heard most significant words from Mr. Campbell Bannerman in the House of Commons during the passage of the last land measure through various stages of committee. That gentleman admitted that the measure was not all that the Irish party might reasonably expect, it was the best thing just then that they could give. And he said to the representatives of Ireland: "If you make a good use of the law when it is passed, the party that gave this will give you more. (Cheers.) And in closing Mr. Campbell Bannerman used the expression, "Solvatur ambulando"—"It will be solved as we go marching on." ("Hear, hear!") He remembered being in the Opera House, Cork, one evening, and sitting side by side with Mr. Parnell (cheers), who spoke then on this very subject of Home Rule, and of putting a strait-jacket upon the souls of Irishmen. He said it was not given to him or to any man to place the *no plus ultra* to the onward march of the nation. Home Rule meant for the Irish people, when they get it, concrete power and certain prosperity; it means for them a condition of things—an altered condition, under which the young men and women of Ireland will be content to remain there—"Hear, hear", and under which condition of complete prosperity many of the race in this country will be tempted back once more to their friends. (Cheers.) The Irish party gave forth ideas, and it took only pith and reason to see their applicability. The Irish blood was not so terribly heated up at present, either in Ireland or here, with material prosperity or success. Why had the Irish race come over to America? Was it not for an altered condition of things; was it not for material reasons? Were the Irish people at home to be the only people who were to stand at a distance from prosperity? Now the race of young people educated to-day in the schools of Ireland were a level-headed people, hard thinkers, they read, they reflected. (Cheers.) The days of tall talk, rhapsody and eloquence had gone by forever!

The fact was that Home Rule to-day had the good will and approval of the civilized people throughout the whole world. They had morally conquered, so far as Home Rule was concerned; they had carried conviction into the minds of the Anglo-Saxon, and had held him down to consider the question. They had made England's statesmen feel that Ireland blocked the way, and that she also had the field. (Cheers.) When the day came for them to get Home Rule, that day would see them possessing increased power and a superabundant flow of prosperity. Rejecting Home Rule, whether they liked it or not, they were still united to England. Would it not be better to place in the Senate House in Dublin Irish intellect and Irish sympathy, and foster Irish industry, to create new hopes, to fire new heads and quicken them? John Morley, while down in Cork some little time ago, said he was glad to be among them, and he assured them that he was as good an Irishman as they could possibly make out of an Englishman.

The Irish people to-day understood the lesson of freedom, for no people had ever panted with a more impassioned spirit for the highest and weightiest measure of it than had the Irish race. They knew that it gave the sweet fruit of life its lustre and profusion, and that men were weeds without it. And they who were struggling for social emancipation had succeeded and were now as eager in the struggle to emancipate their national life. (Cheers.)

Hero of the Confessional.

The Glasgow Observer announces the death of Rev. Patrick McLoughlin at Rothsay, Bute. Father McLoughlin's long life as a priest was marked by one incident which, by no means rare in the Catholic Church, was for a time the cause of arousing very strong feelings amongst the Catholic community of Glasgow. While in charge of the mission at Shettleston he was approached in the confessional by a penitent thief, who, desiring to make restitution of the money he had stolen, and wishing at the same time to avoid detection, asked Father McLoughlin to address the envelope wherein the money was returned. Father McLoughlin did so and the money reached its destination in due course. Inquiries were set on foot to trace its source with a view to prosecuting the purloiner, and there was but slight trouble in getting to know that the envelope was addressed by the Catholic priest of Shettleston. When Father McLoughlin was asked if this were so he made no denial of the fact.

In the trial he refused to give any evidence or make any statement which could be at all construed into the breaking of the seal of confessional, and rather than take this course he submitted to a sentence of thirty days imprisonment for contempt of Court. The presiding Magistrate was a man called Mr. Kidston, of Ferniegair, a trusted bigot of the Newdegate type, and was reputed to eat a cold dinner on Sundays for the prevention of the labor entailed in the cookery. The feelings of such a man towards a Catholic priest may well be imagined, and the fact that it was he who sentenced Father McLoughlin aroused considerable resentment in Catholic circles. Father McLoughlin went to prison, but when the sentence was half way through he was liberated through the efforts of the late Bishop Murdoch, who took the case in hand and spared no effort to obtain the release of the good priest.

Needless to say Father McLoughlin's memory was held in high esteem since by the Catholic of the city, and although the younger generation know little of the matter, the older people still speak with intense admiration and esteem of the brave priest who stood out against all the terrors in the power of a bigoted Magistrate to inflict rather than be guilty of a breach of priestly duty.

Death of Secretary Gresham.

Walter Q. Gresham, whose honorable titles were successively Major-General, Judge, Postmaster-General and Secretary of State, died at one o'clock last Tuesday morning, May 25. He was sixty-three years of age and had spent more than half of his life in the service of his country.

As a soldier Gen. Gresham early won distinction and received the highest praise for his courage and discretion, from such good judges as Grant and Sherman. He was severely wounded before Atlanta in 1893 and carried home to lie on a bed of pain for a whole year, never wholly recovering from the injury.

As a judge he was learned, careful and fearless. Not one of his decisions was ever reversed by a superior court during the twelve years of his service on the bench.

He filled the office of Postmaster-General under President Arthur, with his characteristic attention to every detail of duty, reducing the postal rates without lessening the revenues of the office, and waging successful war on the lottery swindlers.

The selection by President Cleveland for the responsible position of Secretary of State of a man who had been almost a life-long Republican, was a surprise to the nation, and it can hardly be said with justice that it was the wisest of Mr. Cleveland's appointments. The

foreign policy of the second administration has been severely criticised, even in the President's own party, but without any imputation on the integrity and patriotism of either Secretary or President.

Secretary Gresham's fame rests secure on his war record and his judicial services, either being brilliant enough to gratify the ambition of any man.—*The Pilot*

Heroic Obedience.

An incident that has occurred in the Diocese of Nashville, furnishes an illustration of heroic obedience to constituted authority that should not be permitted to pass by without a few words of comment. Rev. William Walsh has been pastor of the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, in Chattanooga, for the past seven years. In that time the old wooden edifice in which the Catholics of the locality worshiped for almost a quarter of a century has given place to one of the most magnificent temples of religion in the State of Tennessee. Prior to this and during his twenty-one years of service in the priesthood Father Walsh labored zealously in Memphis and on the mission. Twenty years ago, when the ravages of the yellow fever made a vast charnel house of the fair city of Memphis, Father Walsh was foremost in leading the brave band of priests that faced grim death itself in the performance of what they believed to be their solemn duty to God and man. He remains to-day one of the two or three loved survivors of the dreadful time that tested men's souls.

A few weeks ago the recently consecrated Bishop of Nashville, for reasons that were seemingly sufficient to himself, but which in no way reflected upon the honor, the duty or the zeal of his subordinate, issued an order transferring Father Walsh to another and a less important parish. The news came like a thunder clap and brought forth a storm of protests not only from the Catholics of Chattanooga, but from the Mayor of the city, the Judges of the Courts and nearly all of the substantial and prominent non-Catholics of the community. It came as a personal affliction upon the faithful members of the church. Father Walsh was placed in a trying position. A word or a sign from him might have caused the smothered indignation to burst into a flame that would have done irreparable injury to the Church and religion.

Built on a heroic mould, however, he arose equal to the occasion, and on last Sunday bade farewell to his sobbing congregation in an address that is a model of affection, loyalty and good judgment. Appeals through the legitimate channels of the Church being unavailing, he announced his intention of obeying his ecclesiastical superior. Such an example of moral courage under these circumstances cannot go unnoticed. The influence of such a man cannot be confined to the narrow limits of any city or town in which he may be temporarily stationed. The people of Chattanooga—Catholics and non-Catholics—are to be pitied in having suffered what is distinctly and emphatically a great loss to themselves and their city. The people of Jackson, Tenn., whence this faithful priest goes, are to be felicitated on the accession of a man intended for greater things. But above all, Father Walsh is to be congratulated on having set an exalted example of heroic obedience that shall serve as a model for all time to laymen, priests and prelates alike.—*Catholic Times*.

Those who do not give themselves to prayer, close the door upon God who gives them no spiritual contentment in this life, and justly refuses them the special assistance that would enable them to endure patiently the trials and contradictions which daily present themselves.—*Life of St. Teresa*