But bring the crimson-tinted flowers, And lay them low before His Heart, They seem to speak of that dread stre That flowed beneath the cruei dart, On Calvary's Mount

I see the royal, thorn crowned head, The blood stains on the face Divine, The trickling drops from nail-pier All shadowed in these hues of thine O, roses red!

TALBOT.

THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY

CHAPTER VIII. Who can account for the thousand charms of an Irish home? Who can explain the mysterious influences that make the humblest fireside in Ireland a spot sacred to peace and joy, the lasting har-vest of wit and song! We shall read the riddle by saying that it is all the effect of God's special blessing. The Irish heart has been made by a kind Providence the source of countless delights altogether unknown to the rest of men. We fear no contradiction when we say that God's richness has abundantly flowed on the Irish nature and made it a well of living joy. The Irish homes are the natural con-

equences of the Irish dispositions.
The cottage of the O'Connells ornamen ted the green banks of the Suir about half a mile from the town. Its white roof of thatch, its tastefully painted doors and windows, its robe of ivy and creep-ing flowers made it a thing of beauty for all, and a joy for its fortunate inmates. Like a village queen it stood in the midst of a circle of spreading beeches and broadarmed sycamores that seemed never weary of admiring it. The ceaseless cooing of the wild pigeon, and the occasional caw

the wild pigeon, and the occasional caw of a hoarse crow, gave a solemness to the gay seene that increased its spell.

The family, as we have already intimated, consisted of Mr. O'Connell, Mrs. O'Connell, Richard, Maurice, and Ellie. Mr. O'Connell belonged to that highly respectable and worthy body of Irishmen styled "gentlemen farmers." His social position, therefore, was higher than that of the middle class, but lower than that of the aristocracy. We may add here that his note among the butchers, bakers and his note among the butchers, bakers and tradesmen of Carrick was worth more than the note of many who had the honor to be looked upon as "real gentlemen."

Often was it whispered that he had lent money to more than one of those who expected to be called—"Your Honor." Mr. O'Connell, now far advanced in life, enjoyed a reputation for energy of will, generosity of soul, truthfulness in word, charity towards the poor, and genuine love for the Faith and land of his fathers. In his youth he had thought that the sword should cleave the shackles off Erin, but years of experience had shown him that there was not "union and strength enough in Ireland" for a single handed

combat with her oppressor.
"The dear Mrs. O'Connell," as she was universally called, was of a gentle, happy character. The delicacy of her health of late years had refined and sweetened her late years had refined and sweetenea her nature to a wonderful degree. Nothing could break the golden caim of her soul. When anything went wrong her first words were: "Thank God it is no worse."

Maurice had not vet completed his fourteenth year; he was a compound of his father's firmness and his mother's sweetness. He possessed all the good qualities of both in a high degree. Hence he was a puzzle to many who wished to study his a puzzle to many who wished to study his character. He was impulsive, yet firm; he was gentle, yet daring. In the evening he was a quiet, thoughtful student; the next morning the crack of his whip and the hoof of his pony made the sleeping lark start into air and song.

special love for the Suir. She could never look upon it without feeling brighter and happier. It was her delight, on a soft summer's evening, to take her gaily-coated boat and glide along its glassy surface. The light that ever played on her gentle mouth, and shone in her deep blue eyes, more than banished the awe her haughty little carriage inspired. "Miss Ellie" was loved and cherished by all the poor for miles around. All acknowledged that she was as virtuous as she was lovely. Ellie

was a patriot, too. When Richard entered the front room of the cottage he found to his great delight that Katie O'Donohue was there before him. Richard had never made a study of the passions, hence he did not understand why he felt so sweet a joy, so great a peace in the presence of Miss O'Donohue. It never came into his mind that she had already stolen his affection.

"Oh, Miss O'Donohue, how glad I am

to see you here," he exclaimed with much You see, now, Mr. O'Connell, that I

have not broken my promise to you," she said with an air of triumph.
"You are always a dear, good girl, Katie, and you are more welcome the flowers of May," he said while a

played on his lips, and something like a tear filled his eye.

"I have brought you a little flower, too, Richard," said Katie, as she handed him a tender rose-bud. "Let me have that rose-bud, Richard,"

exclaimed Ellie, with an arch smile, "I would like to sketch it."
"I would not part with that delicate little flower, sister Ellie, for the whole world. How kind and thoughtful you

are, Katie. If you really want some buds, Ellie, I will bring you some in a moment.
Please excuse my absence for a second,
Miss O'Donohue," he said as he left the In a few minutes he returned with a

handful of buds, sweet, fair, and fresh.
"This is for you, Katie," he said as he handed that young lady the fairest of all.
"And these are for you, Sister Ellie.
Ellie took the flowers and began immediately to sketch them. Katia too took diately to sketch them. Katie, too, took

the bud in her lily hands while she repaid Richard with her brightest smiles and

"I will always treasure this sweet little bud, Richard. I will put it in my prayer book, so that I may not forget you in my

prayers."

At this point Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, and our old acquaintance, Mr. Power, entered the apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell warmly welcom-

some remarks about his joy at seeing that Katie and Richard were so fond of rosebuds. He himself was once very fond of flowers. Ellie O'Conneil complained that Mr. Power would not come oftener, and that she feared that he did not care for her any more. At this the old gentleman laughed heartily, and said with seeming fervor that Ellie was far dearer to him

"All the wine of the Rhine land,
Or the art of Italy."
When all had been comfortably seated,
Mr. Power opened a serious conversation
by asking young O'Connell whether he
had heard of the re-arrest of Hall.
"Oh, yes," said Richard; "I saw him
when the police seized him. He ought to
be shut up for life, He will prove a
placue to society."

plague to society."

"Why, what has he done to you, Richard, that you speak so-hard against him? I thought that you and he were fast friends," said Richard's father.

"So we were, sir, until some few hours ago, when he began to speak ill of our poor country and of the priests, and then and them he got what he deserved."

"What, he spoke ill of the deserved."

"What, he spoke ill of the devoted clergy of Ireland!" said Mr. O'Connell with a sigh. "This is the great misfortune of many of the so-called friends of Ireland now, that they bear an intense and foolish hatred against the priests, and against all who will not yield to their false views and wrong principles. Just read their organ, the '---'? Why, it teems with lying charges and foul stories about an immaculate and noble priesthood. I fear that much evil will come from all this crime and mad folly.'

and mad folly."

"Evil certainly will come from it,"
here put in Mr. Power. "What the priests
will not bless, God will not bless. Besides, who ever went against a priest of God and had a day's luck attending him? Have we not all seen the visible curse of the Lord upon the heads of those who

the Lord upon the heads of those who wilfully wronged and insulted their spiritual guides?"

"They say," said O'Connell, senior, "that Mr. Kelley, the water-bailiff, is a great patriot; and one of the leading Fenians in Ireland, yet still he loves his faith and respects the clergy."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. O'Connell," said Katie O'Donohue, who loved all Richard's friends, "Mr. Kelley is an excellent Catholic. He frequently goes to the morning Mass. I have seen him several times at Confession and Holy Communion. I have heard that he fasts on some Satur-I have heard that he fasts on some Saturdays in honor of our Blessed Lady."
"That's a model young man!" they all

"If all were like him," said Mr. Power, "we would have solid reasons for hoping that God's blessing would be on their work. But what can we expect from men

work. But what can we expect from men who revile God's ministers, and despise the advice of the good and wise?"

"Nothing can be expected from men who are ruined by bad principles and passions," said O'Connell, senior, "and this is the reason why I do not like to see Richard take any part in their affairs. I love Ireland as truly and as deeply as any man living. I have suffered for my love of Ireland, but I do not think it a proof one's love of country to enter the of one's love of country to enter the ranks of mad revolutionists to join secret

At these words Richard might be At these words Richard might be observed to grow pale, for he began to feel the force of them. He was already given to understand that all those who cry out, "Ireland for ever!" "Liberty for the people!" "Equal rights!" etc., were not always the truest friends of his dear country. His father, who perceived the decree in his countery and who knew country. His father, who perceived the change in his countenance, and who knew what a good, noble and dutiful son he had ever been, did not wish to pain him, so he asked him to have his latest little song His sister Ellie was a fair and accomplished girl of seventeen. Her spirit was proud and wild, and overflowing with kindly feeling. She loved everything in nature from the huge, dark mountain nature from the huge, the daveing river. She had a Richard was not at all displeased. On the contrary he felt happy at the thought that Katie O'Donohue, who loved poetry and music, would have an opportunity of seeing, and even of singing a few verses com-

posed by him.

Ellie went immediately to the piano.

Katie went and stood a little to her Richard procured his song, which had

already been set to music by the accom-plished and bird-like Ellie. THE HOMES OF OLD TIPPERARY.

I will not pray for wealth or power,
For fleeting fame or glory;
I will not pray that I may live
In Ireland's sacred story.
But I will ask my patron Saint,
And my sweet mother, Mary,
To guard and bless, and ever love
The Homes of old Tipperary.

The Homes of old Tipperary.
I'll ask a blessing on the Suir,
The river of my childhood;
I'll ask a blessing on loved scenes—
On mountain, field, and wild wood;
To-night I'll ask my patron Saint,
And my sweet mother, Mary,
To gladden, with their brightest smiles,
The Homes of old Tipperary.

The Homes of old Tipperary.

I've wandered much in foreign lands,
But still my heart is swelling.

With all its love for early friends,
And for my boyhood's dwelling;
So now I'll pray my patron Saint,
And my sweet mother, Mary,

"o guard and bless, and love for me,
The Homes of old Tipperary.

That piece was well rendered.

Katie

like a lark, and Ellie, like a linnet, poured out a melody, whose chief sweetness came from nature. Both girls had received a from nature. Both girls had received a musical education, but there was nothing artificial about either. There was something in their voices like a soul—that something which makes Irish music the richest, tenderest, and most soul-touching in the world. Who that has ever listened to an Irish maiden on an Irish hill singing one of her old Celtic songs, that has not caught a melody that will live in his soul

through all time?

through all time?

Words of praise from the select audience flowed in like a river upon the sweet singers and the youthful bard.

Mrs. O'Connell, we had almost said dear Mrs. O'Connell, felt a secret thrill of pleasure as the last waves of melody sweetly died away. She loved Richard and Ellie and Katie, too, with a deep, deep love. Her's was an Irish heart—full of love. The voices of Ellie and Katie and the sentiments of Richard's song, awoke all the joy and tenderness of her nature. Still some shades of sadness nature. Still some shades of sadness

soon came to trouble her. She began to think of some plans that Ellie had been proposing to her. A secret is a heavy load on the heart of a woman; she cannot rest on the heart of a woman; sne cannot rest with it; she must tell it to others. Mrs. O'Connell was a woman, and so she wished to make known her secret, and Ellie's too, to her kind husband, and to the sage Mr. Power. "Do you know, gentlemen, what Ellie has been telling me?" asked Mrs. O'Con-nell trying to smile.

nell, trying to smile.
"It is hard to know Ellie's thoughts, or

"It is hard to know Ellie's thoughts, or what she has been telling you, my dear," said O'Connell, senior.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Power, "she assures you that she thinks a great deal about me, and that she did always say that I am a handsome, kind-hearted, excellent young gentleman."

Here all laughed freely at Mr. Power's

Here all laughed freely at Mr. Power's humor,
"No, not exactly," said Mrs. O'Connell

after the laughter had ceased, "but that she intends to imitate Richard and do something for Ireland. She says that there is a society formed in many parts of the United States and in Ireland itself, of United States and in Ireland itself, of young ladies, who are to assist the Fenian brotherhood. Now, a part of their plan I approve of. They intend to make suits of green for the soldiers, bandages for the wounded, and to give pecuniary aid to all who have to suffer from poverty on account of devotion to Ireland. This is laudable, I will make Richard's green suit myself, as I have made a green military myself, as I have made a green military dress for his father in '48. If a struggle for Irish liberty should ensue, I am ready to part with my marriage ring—though I hold it dear as my life—to help the patriots in the field. But this society has certain secret rules that must be observed by all its members. Neither the parents of those young ladies who belong to it, nor even their spiritual guides, can be told what these secret rules are. This meets with my condemnation. Its youthful members are also advised to hold frequent members are also advised to hold frequent meetings in lonely places, and sometimes even in the streets. They are to entice all the young men possible to enter the ranks of Fenianism, and they are not to encourage the love of any one who is not a sworn Fenian. This, to my mind, is wrong and unwise. Many of the rules of this association seem to tend to describe the second the second to describe the second to des this association seem to tend to destroy female peace, female modesty, female

virtue."
"I fear,dear mother,"said Ellie, in a tone full of respect, "you are alarmed without much cause. The danger to modesty, peace and virtue, cannot be great when only those who are truly good, those who sincerely love Ireland, those who are burning with Christian charity, belong to

the society."
"Ah, my sweet child," said the mother, with a tone of deep sadness, "you have no idea of the weakness and wickedness of this world, and how soon all such things degenerate. What is worthy of benediction to-day is to-morrow worthy of all our Be assured, my own dear Ellie that a girl cannot be happy with a secret that she cannot reveal to her parents or onfessors.

"I am sure of that, dear mother," said Ellie, as she looked affectionately towards her pious and prudent mother.

There was a pause in the conversation.

"You are not aware, perhaps," began O'Connell, senior, "that our young Maurice has formed some secret organization for the purpose of assisting 'the boys.' He told me some days since that he and a few of his youthful companions had about a dayen piles and six or seven his. about a dozen pikes, and six or seven pistols, hidden somewhere in the woods. He says that every one must now do something for the holy cause. I do not know what to do with my family. They all seem to run wild with love for Irish free-

dom."
"That Maurice is a splendid child, a
noble boy," exclaimed Mr. Power. "The
other day he did an act that ought to be
described in letters of gold. As he was described in letters of gold. As he was going down the quay with his fishing rod in his hand, and his favorite dog, Tasso, at his side, he met some boys who were shamefully cursing. He stopped and said to them: Boys, why do you curse? Does knew and felt that the fountains of chari

Him.'
"'What would you do, Saint Maurice, if we would promise not to curse again to-day? said another boy, who seemed rather cate their cause. But he thought of the

and candy,' he answered.
"'Let us promise, boys,' cried the leader,
'and Master Maurice will gives us all a treat.

"What a noble lad," said the father, while tears of pure joy rolled down his cheeks.

The rest of the company were too deeply affected to speak. Katie O'Donohue, as soon as she could calm her emotion, arose and begged that all would excuse her de-parture, as she was obliged to return home to attend to her household duties. After she had kissed Ellie and Mrs. O'Connell, and had shaken hands with Mr. Power

and had shaken hands with Mr. Power and Mr. O'Connell, she left the cottage, accompanied by Richard, who had the pleasure of escorting her home.

We will not here reveal all that was sail by Richard and Katie on their way to Father O'Donohue's residence. Much that was pleasant, much that was serious, much that was releasant, much that was the standar but nothing that much that was tender, but nothing that was foolish, passed between them. They were both happy; they were never so happy before. Mr. Power soon left the happy before. Mr. Power soc charming home of O'Connell's.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription always becomes the favorite remedy of those who try it. It is a specific for all female "weakness" and derangements, bringing strength to the limbs and back, and color to the face. Of all druggists. Dr. W. Armstrong, Toronto, writes: "I have been using Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for Chronic Bronchitis with the best results. I believe it is the best Emulsion in the market.

Having tested the different kinds, I un-

Dublin Freeman, June 20.
On Sunday, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner street, the great pulpit orator, Father Burke, O. P., the Lacordaire of this generation, preached an eloquent and touching sermon on behalf of the destitute children of Donegal an eloquent and touching sermon on behalf of the destitute children of Donegal before an immense congregation, including the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and some of the leading Catholic citizens of Dublin. A more truly charitable and philanthropic object than the relief of those poor children it would be almost impossible to find. The sufferings endured by the hapless, but innocent little creatures, the offspring of the unfortunate Donegal peasants, whom dire poverty had compelled to subsist upon seaweed, have been revealed to the public by a nobleminded and benevolent lady by whose efforts they were saved from sheer starvation and provided with the bare necessaries of life. Indeed, for some time past these children have been entirely sustained by the funds which Mrs. Power Lalor had been able to collect. The supplies, however, have been by this time almost exhausted, and it is under such circumstances that Father Burke appealed syesterday on the children's behalf. There was something singularly touching in the fact that the distinguished procedure had was something singularly touching in the fact that the distinguished preacher had only just recovered from a severe attack

only just recovered from a severe attack of illness, and (as he forcibly put it himself) had come from his sick bed to advocate the cause of the starving children of Donegal. As Father Burke ascended the pulpit immediately after the first Gospel of the last Mass all eyes were directed towards him. He looked pale, and the traces of the severe ordeal through which his health has passed wars visible on his his health has passed were visible on his fine and expressive features. As soon, however, as he opened his lips a sympathetic thrill passed through all present. The fascination of an eloquent tongue which may be said to have moved the entire three three passed to be a single property of the property o

which may be said to have moved the entire world, was again felt, and the congregation appeared literally spell-bound. Below we give an outline of the sermon. Having read the Gospel of the day, the subject of which was the multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the preacher said we had here a wonderful miracle performed by our Divine Lord for the relief of a starving multitude. After three days and three nights, during which they had not tasted food, the multitude became faint with hunger. Our Lord's heart was touched with compassion, and having learned that a few loaves and fishes still remained, he multiplied this small quanremained, he multiplied this small quantity of food in such a wonderful manner that four thousand persons were fed leaving a large portion of the loaves and fishes unconsumed. There could not, Father Burke went on, be a more appropriate Gospel for the purpose of introducing the subject which brought him before them that day. He appeared befor them to plead the cause not of 4,000 persons, but 5,000 poor little children, who were threatened with starvation in the mountains of Donegal. They had been supported for a long time by the exertions of a zealous and benevolent Catholic lady who had been seeking relief for them for weeks and months, and had preserved them from the pangs of starvation and death. Now, however, the funds which she had by almost superhuman efforts been able to collect, were well nigh exhausted, and there remained in her hands barely sufficient means to support these poor famished children for one week and three days more. What an three days more was the contemplate that if charity did not step in to avert this impending calamity, the spectra of famine would appear in those children's midst in the short space of one week and 3 days!—one short week!—then Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pass by; and on Thursday the grave opens, and these innocent little ones must perish of hunger! Such would be the come to save them from death; but he come to save them from death; but he come to save them fountains of charithree days more. What an appalling thing it was to contemplate that if charity it do you any good? Do you feel better that you have offended a God who is so good to us all? ty would never be closed when he addressed an Irish audience. He had often appeared before in the pulpit to advocate "'What is it to you?' asked one of them, with an air of defiance.'
"It is a great deal to me. I do not like to see God offended. He is my Father, and yours too. He has given us everything we have. It is shameful to offend Him.' these poor children, and he had at first been anxious, owing to increasing infirmiwell disposed.

"I will give you all a treat of apples heads, and he could not refuse to come even from a bed of sickness to plead on their behalf. He only regretted that he could not speak at more length and with greater energy; but a cause like this re-quired neither length of time nor efforts of eloquence. Therefore, in the name of God and charity, and on the part of the thousands of poor famished children, he appealed to them to-day. He left their cause before the altar of God. He left it in their hands and in the hands of that God who had declared that whatever they did to any of His little ones, believing in Him, would be done to Himself. If they acted now in the true spirit of charity, Father Burke said in conclusion, the Giver of all good gifts would bestow upon them every blessing both in life and in

The preacher's powerful and pathetic appeal produced a visible effect upon the congregation. After Mass a meeting was held in the Vestry, and it was ascertained that no less than £112 had been collected since the conclusion of the sermon.

A Voice from the Press.

I take the opportunity to bear testi-mony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bit-ters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costive ness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now. S. GILLILAND.
July 25, 1878. People's Advocate, Pittehesitatingly give it the preference when prescribing for my consumptive patients, or for Throat and Lung affections.

FATHER LILLY ON FATHER BURKE.

Rev. Father Michael D. Lilly, Provincial of the Dominican Fathers in New York, was one of the most intimate friends of Father Burke in the United

States.
"I am indeed greatly shocked," he said "I am indeed greatly shocked," he said to a reporter, who found him in St. Vincent Ferrer's Convent, Sixty-fifth street, and Lexington avenue, "though I was in a measure prepared for the sad intelligence. I saw him last in 1873, when I spent a few months with him in Ireland. Even then he had premonitory symptoms of ulceration of the bowels and was continually suffering. He was always at Even then he had premonitory symptoms of ulceration of the bowels and was continually suffering. He was always at work, never sparing himself under any pretext. When he came here as Visitor preach, but as soon as it was rumored that he had come to America he was beset by so many requests for sermons that he could not refuse them. The finest discourses I ever heard were delivered by him in St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, and strange to say, they were never reported. His method of preparing a sermon and the same and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be worthy of the glorious destiny that is in the womb of time and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be worthy of it, if the method of preparing a sermon and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be worthy of it, if the method of preparing a sermon and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be worthy of it, if the method of preparing a sermon and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be worthy of it, if the method of preparing a sermon and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be more any to her own destinies, with the liberty that will come to her, not from earth, but from that God whom she has never for saken. And the whole question is, will Ireland, on that day, be worthy of the glorious destiny that is in the womb of time and the hand of God? I say that Ireland will be mistress on Ireland, the said:—

My friends, it looks very like as if the day of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander was rapidly approaching. On that day, my opinion is, that Ireland will be mistress will come to her, not from earth, but from that day, be worthy of the glorious destiny that is in the womb of time and the hand of God? I say the provided that Ireland will be mistress on Ireland, the day of Lord Macaulay's New Zealander was rapidly approaching. On that day, my opinion is, that Ireland will be mistress of her own destines, with the liberty that was rapidly approaching. On that day, my opinion is, that Ireland will be mistress of her own destines, with the liberty that was strange to say, they were never reported. His method of preparing a sermon was singular. He never used a manuscript and seldom spent more than a few minutes in considering how he would treat his subject. He often came to me in the morning and said this what is the gosmorning and said, 'Lily, what is the gospel of the day?' When I had read it he would explain to me in a few words the scope of his sermon, mapping out briefly the ground over which he proposed to

"He saw everything by intuition and never lost sight of a single salient point in his discourse. Give him a few leading thoughts and all else was clear. In his thoughts and all eise was clear. In his younger days he used to write out his sermons, though I, for one, could never imagine him sitting down at a table and patiently setting down his fiery thoughts on paper. He did so once here, when he was invited to deliver a eulogy on St. Patrick. But in the pulpit he found his lown imagination more notent than the own imagination more potent than the penned panegyrie which had cost him so many hours of labor and, trusting to his own ready rhetoric, he electrified the congregation by a spontaneous outburst of eloquence. He was a born orator. He had a grand, sonorous baritone voice, a fluent delivery and a splendid action. He pos-sessed a large fund of information, a store of wonderful resources and an inimitable tenderness in applying them. His dratenderness in applying them. His dra-matic power was marvellous, and as a word painter I have never seen his equal. One series of his sermons entitled "Group-ings of Calvary," delivered in Holy Week, were the most perfect specimens of un-premeditated oratorical art that I have ever heard. He was a sound theological stu-dent and was thoroughly grounded in the dectrines of St. Thomas. Thousands doctrines of St. Thomas. Thousands who came to hear him preach were enthralled by a sort of magnetic power they surrendered themselves, for the time, to the sway of his resistless oratory and kept so quiet that I assure you you could hear a pin drop in the midst of the crowded church. He appeald entirely to the heart, enforcing his doctrines by a clear delivery and a use of gestures that were as little studied, and

yet as clear and effective, as his language. HIS MEMORY.
"His memory was remarkably retentive "His memory was remarkably retentive. He knew every hymn in the Breviary by heart, and could repeat the 'Office of the Dead' from beginning to end. He did a vast amount of work during his life. At a retreat given by him in St. Joseph's Convent, Ohio, I have heard him preach three times a day for nine days, and the sermons were as finished as the best of his productions. There was nothing remarkable in the masses with a power equal to his. Monsabre and Burke were trained in the same school and resemble each other in many particulars. Both are endowed with the same fervid temperament and the same unfailing command of language.

HIS WIT.
"Burke's wit was irresistible. He would "Burke's wit was irresistible. He would kill you with laughter, as he talked away, hour after hour, in his own peculiar, droll strain. Cardinal Cullen, who had a great admitation for Burke, went to him one day and offered to do his best to get him appointed Bishop to one of the Canadian sees. Deep sorrow overspread Burke's face as he heard him. 'Your Eminence,' he said sadly, 'I don't know how I can have offended you that you should seek to humiliate me in this fashion. You would like me to go to Canada, to that wild, barbarous region, where I'll surely be frozen or starved to death before six months are over my head? Oh! Your Eminence, think better of it, and let me off this time. It is needless to say that the offer was not repeated. Burke was not suited for such a post. He was a man born with a splendid gift of oratory, and thoroughly adapted for the wandering life of a missionary. He coveted no earthly distinctions, being one of the humblest and most childlike of men. In him was no pride and no boastfulness. The last news I heard about him was that he intended to preach in London during May on the occasion of the dedication of a new church at Haverstock Hill, London. He was at that time returning to Ireland from Rome. His home was at Tallaght, where he was the prior of a convent. His father and mother are dead, but two of his sisters are living. One, who is unmarried, keeps a small store in Galway, and the other, a Mrs. Ferguson, resides a little outside the same town. Take him for all in all I doubt if we shall look upon his like again, at least during this generation. Endowed as he was with all the mental and intelle tual equipments that go to the making of a great orator and a grand preacher, he may fitly be placed among the greatest ecclesiastics of the century.

HIS REPLY TO FROUDE.

"The fashion in which he attacked Froude was singular. A committee of gentlemen insisted that he should prepare gentlemen insisted that he should prepare a reply to the charges that the lecturer made against Irishmen. But I have no books here,' said Burke, 'and no time to make up the subject.' His objections were make up the subject. His objections were

overruled; a friend gave him the run of his library. For one week Burke busied himself with dry figures and facts and then came forward, with what result is well known to every one. James Anthony Froude never got further than Philadel-phia."

FATHER BURKE ON THE FUTURE OF IRELAND.

In one of his masterly addresses in answer to Mr. Froude's attacks on Ireland, the great Dominican preacher, Father Burke

that Ireland will be worthy of it, if that day dawn upon a united people, upon people that will keep, every man, his faith in God and his holy religion, as his fathers before him kept it in the dark hour and in the terrible day of persecution. I say that Ireland will be worthy of her destiny, if on that day, when it dawns upon her, she will be found as distinctive, as individual a people and race, as she is to-day in her affliction and in her misery; if she foster her traditions, if she keep up her high hopes, if she keep the tender, strong love that her people always have had for the Green Isle that bore them—then will Ireland be worthy of her destiny. What shall that destiny be? My friends, if Mr. Froude has proved anything, I think he shall that destiny be? My friends, if Mr. Froude has proved anything, I think he has proved this general proposition, that, although Almighty God lavished upon the English people many gifts, there is one gift he never gave them: and that is the gift of knowing how to govern other people. To govern a people requires, first of all, strict justice; and, secondly, to have the interests of the people at

have the interests of the people heart—their real interests; thirdly, it requires tact and banity. The French have this, but thirdly, it requires tact and ur-banity. The French have this, but the English have not. Look at Alsace and Lorraine; look at the suffering people, the brave people, emigrating like one man, attaching themselves to France, though she is down in the dust, rather than enter into rich and triumphant Germany. And why? Because France won their hearts by her justice, by her consulting their true interests, and by her French urbanity and tact. The history of the English Government's connection with Ireland is a history of injustice; it is a history of heartlessness; and it is above all, a history of blundering want of tact; not knowing what to do with the people; never understanding them; knowing nothing at all of their genius, their prejudices, and the shape and form of their national character.

But, after all, all these things are ques

tions of the past, my friends; and we are more interested in questions of the present and of the future, than we are in things of the past. The question, after all, is—is this thing to be continued?—is all this injustice, all this coercion, all this aggravation of a nation, and keeping it down,—all these assertions that the people have no right, no title to govern themselves, of this justification of tyranny and spoli ation—is all this to continue? Well, according to Mr. Froude, it is; and he is an cording to Mr. Froude, it is; and he is an authority because he has said, in one of of his essays, "I don't see any way out of the Irish difficulty except one of two things—first, let the Irish go to America, and let us lose sight of them altogether, and have the island to ourselves, or, secondly, let them go on in their old ways and we will have to coerce them into submission." Either wile or coercion. submission." Either exile or coercion my friends, according to Mr. Froude. Well, I answer: I may tell Mr. Froude. and I think with truth—I do not like bragging or boasting; but, I am not blind to the signs of the times; and I may tell the Irish are not prepared to emigrate altogether. I am not sure but it may be a pleasant thing to cross the Atlantic—I lid not find it pleasant. It may be a fine hing, and a pleasant thing to find a home thing, and a pleasant thing to find a home and freedom, and everything that the heart can desire, in America. Many of you have found a home; and if you all have found it, the better pleased I will be. But, after all, there is such a country as Ireland on the face of the earth; and a sweet old country I have always found her to be. There are such a people as the Irish people, who have held that land for ages and ages, in weal and that land for ages and ages, in weal and in woe. That land God gave to the Irish people; and, with the blessing, and under the hand of that God, that land will bethe hand of that God, that land will be-long to the Irish people until the day of judgment. Mr. Froude's scheme of uni-versal emigration is a wild dream. I knew him to be a philosopher; I suspected him to be a historian; but I did not think or magine that he was a poet, until I heard him talk of the universal emigration of the Irish race. Well, then there remains nothing more except to coerce us into submission, by which he means that if the agitation for "Home Rule," con-tinues, England will meet it in the old style, by a Coercion Bill. This was the old legislation for Ireland. I remember, in my own days, if the peo-ple wanted anything—if the Catholics wanted their emancipation—if the people wanted municipal or parliament reform —the way that they were treated by the English Government was to pass a Coer-English Government was to pass a Coercion Bill, that is to say, if any meetings were held, all the people attending them were to be fined, and the place was put under martial law. The people were to be ground to the very earth; and no man was to be allowed to speak his opinion. This is Mr. Froude's second remedy. I may as well tell him that the time for may as well tell him that the time for Coercion Bills has gone by. We will have no more of them, and I will tell you what has assisted in passing them away forever. You will be surprised to hear it from me. I may as well speak my senti-ments and my convictions; and I verily believe that the National Schools of Ireland, with all their faults, have put an end to Coercion Bills forever. You may as well try to stop the sweeping of the hurricane by putting up your feeble hands against it; you may as well try to stop the lightnings of heaven by holding up your never be done. are, at an avera other people in meet in Ireland vho does not ki and you will ran

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