

Angelus Domini.

BY LAVINIA BATHURST.
Author of "Forty Hours' Devotion," &c.

Wavelets of harmony,
Cicadas of sound,
Vibrations of melody
Liquid and round,
Ripples so holy,
Beautiful chiming,
Angelus Domini
Matin bell rhymes.

Seraphic intonings,
Breathing of prayer,
Rustle of Angels' wings
Filling the air,
Pure than lily-bell,
Right from the sea,
Angelus Domini
Ave to Thee!

Ave Maria,
Hushed so sweet,
Listen, dear sinner,
She's pleading for you!
A sad Miserere,
The bells seem to wait,
Angelus Domini
Her prayers must avail.

"Gratia plena"
Seems floating thro' space,
Hil Albania,
To virgin grace;
"Power of Ivory,"
Mystical melody,
Angelus Domini,
Pray for our woes!

Back thro' dim ages
The memory sweeps,
Mortality weeps,
No Angelus Domini,
No "mother most chaste,"
Angelus Domini,
The world was no waste!

No Gloria Patri,
No star in the East,
No mother of pity
For even the least;
No stable so holy,
No manger of straw,
Angelus Domini
Man an outlaw!

No Christ in agony,
No cruel thorn,
No long betrothment
No Saviour born,
No blood on Calvary,
No manger of straw,
Angelus Domini
Nor Incarnate Word.

No five sacred wounds
So willing to bleed,
Strict justice abounds,
No loss to plead—
No Mater Dei,
No way of the Cross,
Angelus Domini
Think of the loss!

Then peal out your tragedy
All the year round!
Angelus Domini,
A Redeemer is found!
Ripples so holy,
Beautiful chiming,
Angelus Domini
Vesper bell rhymes.

Richmond, Va.

THE WONDERS OF KNOCK.

Every one up to the present time has heard of Knock with its little church, far away in the country of Mayo, and its holy, humble pastor whose parish has been so favored by Almighty God. He leads a simple life, and is filled with zeal for the flock entrusted to him. His home is like that of Nazareth—poor and lowly. In passing the threshold of his door you must bend your head, so far is it from loftiness. The church, with its uneven, broken floor, has scanty accommodation for weary pilgrim travellers; nevertheless, it has marvellous attractions for the pious and the faithful. In this poor church miracles are being continually wrought. The blind, the lame, the deaf, and the dumb are cured. Not every one coming here receives at once cure of his bodily infirmity. They come at times and go, and come again before their prayers for relief are heard. Sufferers often leave it cheerful and hopeful, yet with a beautiful spirit of resignation to the holy will of God. One who loves his country would be well repaid for his journey in a visit to Knock to witness the piety, the fervor and the strong faith with which his countrymen pray. Men pray with more vigor and earnestness and perseverance than the women. It would be a lesson to the indifferent and the tepid to hear the poor pilgrims' replies to the many questions put to them regarding their ailments and cures. "Will you be much disappointed if after your long journey you will not be cured?" This question is often asked of them—the reply is invariably, "in a calm peaceful spirit of resignation to the Holy Will." Around the church, by day and by night, numbers say the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin aloud. All the night long, in the frost, in the rain, the roar of the responses is heard like the rushing of a mighty torrent, the stream flows on unceasingly, inspiring help from its ever ascending "like unto a fountain of living water." Among the many pilgrims to Knock was a TALL, HANDSOME YOUNG GIRL, with beautiful large eyes and a most graceful shapely head. She leaned on the arm of a poor old weather-beaten looking woman, her mother, and when asked for what she had come, and from what place, she answered, "I am dark, namine; we have traveled one hundred and eight miles on foot to where we know the Blessed Mother is." The poor old mother has cheered her up, and filled her with the hope of being cured through the pity and compassion of the "Refuge of Sinners." The girl continued telling how she had been "dark" now for twelve years. For the first four she had had a little glimmer of light, and then went under a painful operation, after which she became utterly and entirely dark, and continued so ever since. "When leaving home our purse contained 32s.; we thought if we took our train fare out of that sum, it would make too large a hole in it, so we walked all the way. But when we got to Cavan, my feet got so swollen and sore, I had to lie up, and then spent time and money. But, indeed, I don't complain. The woman where we lodged was very kind; she washed my poor, swollen feet, and I was able to finish my journey." As she was speaking, a poor woman, who had medals, crosses, beads, etc., for sale, slipped one of her largest and handsomest crosses into her hand, which she received with warm prayers and thanks. She could feel her Saviour on the cross, and kiss his feet again and again. Her gratitude and joy was most affecting to see. Again did we see the blind girl and her mother, who had to leave sooner than they wished, the mother telling us that she saw the moon's light on last evening. The girl's voice was peculiarly sweet and silvery, and altogether had a superior air. She told us "she hoped to be no longer dark, if it be God's holy will; but," she added, "I know that if He does not wish me to be cured, He will make it up to me hereafter, and if I am still dark I will put the short time over me as I have done up to now, and I will wait

patiently until He calls me." I quote this not as an example of a case, but as a beautiful sample of submission and resignation under great privation and poverty. She promised to send us word in a little lapse of time, "if she was no longer dark." The wonderful miracle that occurred here on the feast of St. Catharine of Siena is now very well known, as such news flies rapidly. It was witnessed by hundreds. It occurred in the person of THE REV. FATHER QUICK, OF MANCHESTER. The priest's name is already well known, as it was his destiny, many will think to a high and holy one, to attend the Manchester martyrs to the scaffold. Father Quick suffered much from an affection of his arm, over which he had no power, and his infirmity brought him intense torture. So severe was the ailment that the arm was useless for two years, and he was attended and examined by numerous doctors of eminence and high standing, who tried every remedy without avail. The learned faculty pronounced at last that the disease lay in the marrow of the bone, for which there was but one cure, that was amputation. For these two terrible years he was DEBARRED FROM THE HONOR OF SAYING MASS.

owing to the impossibility of raising his arm. But here at Knock he was cured! The support in which his arm was encased, he hung up where the crutches are hung on the outside cable, and it is now to be seen by all who come to Knock. On the morning after the cure he had the joy of saying Mass and of raising his arm on high with perfect ease. We had the honor of being present on the first day of May at this Mass of prayer and thanksgiving. So many cripples came to Knock, and so many have been cured, that it is starting to see the pile of crutches lying here, left behind by the happy ones. At present in Knock there is a boy from Emisborough who has been deaf and dumb, and on Good Friday he spoke here. The wonder has been witnessed by numbers; he has yet to learn his native tongue. One ear has already been unbound, and he says numerous words. On the 2nd of January last, the venerated pastor saw the Holy Mother on a pillar of light. On three smaller pillars there were other figures, but at their feet were numerous angels. From his once humble cottage, at times, he sees a most wonderfully brilliant light about its gable. This picture has been taken from his description, and it is to be had colored at the stationer's. On the mornings of Sundays and holidays, every morning after the pastor's Mass, he is besieged by people from all places, setting their heads and bottles of water-blessed. He is very gentle with them, while they in their eagerness tumble against each other and impede their own entrance to the vestry, having given the holy priest no time for unrobing or thanksgiving. On last Sunday there was a great number of men and gentlemen from Cork, who presented the Church with a beautiful ciborium, banner and lamp. The priest blessed them, and in his sermon he eulogized the people of Cork for their generosity and charity. He called

THE QUEEN OF IRELAND, the city of the South. After the Mass, there was a procession round the church, and up the aisle to the altar, where the banner was deposited, the lamp burning brightly on the Virgin's altar. The scene was most affecting. It was very impressive to witness in that remote Irish church such a numerous assembly of pilgrims chanting the praises of God and the Virgin Immaculate. The good pastor not having tasted food since the day before, it was three o'clock before he was able to eat one meal, preaching again in the evening, and hearing numbers of confessions.

When you arrive at the Church of Knock you must feel and exclaim that THE CROSS IS HOLY. Groups of angels have been seen kneeling at the feet of the Virgin when she appears at that gable. While again, in the little holy church, numbers have seen her, whose testimony is reliable. A nun from South Wales, from the Order of the Sacred Heart, told us she had been favored with the presence of the Holy Virgin. Many other truthful people have said the same. A commission of inquiry has been held in Knock this week to investigate the truth of the matter. Witnesses who were cured were called to give their sworn testimony to the miracle.

ALL WHICH MUST GO TO THE COURT OF ROME, which is to pronounce the judgment. It is hard to understand the ways of God and His warnings. Many think these wonders may be designed to strengthen the faith of our people, or to renew and rivet the bonds between the priests and people, which blasts from the breaths of mis-called Nationalists or Communists have tried to loosen. God alone knows. But that His ways are just, great, and glorious for this gloom, this encouragement given to His weary pilgrims on their journey through this dark valley of tears, no one can doubt. We must thank Him and praise His holy name, for "He hath exalted the humble." May the name of the Lord be blessed forever. Amen.—Cork Examiner.

[By a Cork Pilgrim in the Cork Examiner.] For the benefit of future pilgrims to the now renowned shrine of the little Church of Knock, we will state the easiest way of approaching it. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company have given great facility to pilgrims; they have made it easy for many to go this journey, who otherwise may be deprived of the much-to-be desired visit. Already has their kindness and speculation repaid them, for up to last week, over four hundred pilgrims have availed themselves of this easy access to the remote place, (the fact has been authoritatively ascertained). This excursion takes you to the distant village in one day. Now if they will only extend their kindness a little bit more to the returning pilgrims, and make it as easy for them to come home as it is to reach Claremorris, they will be conferring an additional boon on very many, who would like to go, but have not much time at their disposal.

THE SIMPLE CHURCH stands upon a piece of undulating ground, between two low hills, and you can see it with its tower, standing out clear and defined for some time before the car on which you are seated reaches the village. The morning, or the evening twilight, is reverently looked upon, for here, truthful lips have said, "the Holy Mother has appeared to stand." Not even is this sacred spot secured from evil and lying reports, for "the serpent" whose head "she has crushed" lies forth whispers of malign

ant fevers and divers sicknesses abounding in the place, to frighten and deter the pilgrims, which whispers are cunningly, without truth or foundation. There are two stations on the line at each side of Knock, at nearly equal distances from Knock, with this difference, that Ballyhanna is arrived at first, and by stepping on one of the many cars awaiting the train you may arrive at Knock before the church is closed for the night, and it is even possible with a letter of recommendation you may obtain permission to stay the night in the church. By going on to Claremorris and driving back, you may find the church closed for that day. To the invalid or delicately constituted it would recommend a good night's rest at Claremorris, where there is a very good inn.

ARRIVING AT KNOCK, respectable looking women address you with the question, "Are you in want of a lodging? If so, we can make you very comfortable in the room which we have to and from the church without additional charge." We thanked them, but politely declined the offers. We preferred remaining in the church during the night, and the next day took no trouble to find a resting place, as a friend made an offer of a room, which room was to be had through a blunder, and it was dark and late when we found ourselves without a lodging. The people are primitive, innocent, and unsophisticated, an instance of which we will give. Overhearing part of a conversation in which we were energetically declining to accept the polite offer of being present in the room, we might also have been very vain, she said she intended staying where she was. A countryman standing near in the politest manner expressed commiseration for the houseless, came forward with a handsome offer and the query of "Would you have any objection to stretch along with my woman. I will give you up my place?" It is not every one who would make so kind an offer, and when it was courteously declined he was not satisfied. Here was rustic philanthropy and simplicity combined. Our friend persevered in saying she had determined to stay in the church for the night, and the other was waiting to convey some one of the party to the lodgings. We gratefully accepted her wishes and accepted the services of the bare-footed girl who was sent to meet the travellers and bring them home. They have no idea of distance in this part of the world and their three-quarters of a mile is sure to be close upon their heels, and being tired and the rain coming down heavily, we thought the quarter of a mile would never end; "we are near it now," was constantly repeated, until we had begun to despair, when after two or three more turnings of barberries, into other barberries, the lady was waiting to convey some one of the party to the lodgings. We gratefully accepted her wishes and accepted the services of the bare-footed girl who was sent to meet the travellers and bring them home. They have no idea of distance in this part of the world and their three-quarters of a mile is sure to be close upon their heels, and being tired and the rain coming down heavily, we thought the quarter of a mile would never end; "we are near it now," was constantly repeated, until we had begun to despair, when after two or three more turnings of barberries, into other barberries, the lady was waiting to convey some one of the party to the lodgings.

THE MARY SUNSHINE after the rain of the previous day brightened up everything; added to this, the birds were singing joyously, the air was fresh and fragrant; and the walk back to the church did not seem anything so distant as the weariness of the night before made it seem. These are a few of the realities of Knock, the wonders are innumerable. There is a long published list of the cures at Knock; there is not a day passes in which some one is not cured. We heard the Christian Brother from Waterford telling of his cure and of his "supernatural vision;" that he previously could neither kneel nor walk, both of which we saw him do continually; he was always the youngest of his knees of any of the party remaining all night in the Church. NOT ONLY HAS FATHER QUICK OF MANCHESTER recovered the use of his hand, but from being withered up and shrivelling, it is now quite like the healthy hand. A man last week there was so disabled and weak, along with being lame, that he was taken to the door in a common car, carried in and became so weak that he had to be carried in the church by the holy priest, and in the course of the same day he walked briskly out of the church throwing away his crutch. A little girl, same week, was cured of white swelling, also three away her crutch. A young man from Corkacity suffered great pain from his leg; he told us that he was suffering from a "king's evil," he suffered so much at one time from it, that amputation was threatened; he came and returned, saying that all pain had left his leg, that it was quite strong. A man with spine disease was in the church supported by two priests; we are informed he was able to throw away his crutch. But the greater marvels are the supernatural visions which numbers are permitted to behold. We met in the railway carriage returning

AN ENGLISH LADY FROM HUNTERSFIELD, who said she had seen OUR Blessed Lady and "my heart went thump;" she described the vanishing or melting into clouds of the vision. Mary Short, a girl living in Levis Lane, Cork, has seen more than once the Holy Mother in a veil and robe, with large loose sleeves fastened round the waist. She has stated also that she has seen Our Blessed Lady, we were in the church, when a man who had been blind, he told us he had been cured of his blindness, crying, "The Blood! The Blood! See the Blood!" We heard him say this with the tears running down his face. Mary Short went to Knock in great pain with her leg; and her health quite broken. She says "she has returned quite strong." She has also told us (with great reverence) of the vanishing or melting into clouds of the vision. The last object on leaving the church, which we looked upon before going out of the door, was the upturned face of Mary Short, who was gazing upon—her usually care worn expression changed for a beaming brightness. You could not help feeling that she looked on something not of earth. The

High Altar had no picture or crucifix upon it. It is painted plain green, and while we were there it received a fresh coat of paint. It is on this background, if we may call it such, that the mysterious wonderful appearances are seen. The brilliancy of the stars which many beheld, is indescribable; they have said, and the effect on the beholder is overpowering. Let a stranger or one who has faith in the future destiny of the Irish nation, come to Knock and behold the PIETY.

THE PIETY OF HER PEOPLE. Is it not a bright and hopeful dawn for our country, at present so full of disruptions and disagreements between parties? Is it not inspiring and promising to see a people who have never forgotten their God amidst all their struggles, temptations and disasters, overflowing with love and respect for the Mother of God? Having given to our country this great sign of her favor, we will hope that she will continue her protection and obtain for our people prudence and wisdom not to be carried away by what the Americans define vulgarly as "tall talk," and not to be ungrateful to the men who have served them wisely and well. Instability and extravagance being their greatest snare and danger, while rationalism, materialism and the cultivation of science so far as to ignore the existence of a "Supreme Ruler," have led other nations to blasphemy and sacrilege. Our more truly enlightened people, through God's grace, believe! May it ever be so.

IRISH LANDLORDISM.

ANOTHER OF JAMES REDPATH'S LETTERS TO "THE TRIBUNE."

I am weary of looking at Irish misery. I am sick at heart with listening to the groans of the Irish. Why should I travel over all the West? It is the same spectacle everywhere—of want and woe, of wretchedness and rags. Only the same distress is not to be created a sensation of volume of evidence unimpeachable to prove that the reports of the Irish distress have not been exaggerated, that I cannot see how any additional testimony in America would help the sufferers here. And as the purpose of the Tribune in sending me to Ireland was not to create a sensation or to minister to an unhealthy curiosity, but to lend its potent influence to alleviate the distress by a truthful presentation of the situation, I think that I have accomplished my mission, and that I shall now return.

Let me add a few notes I have made, sitting by the peat fires of the West, that I have not hitherto written out. Efforts have been made in America, with ungenerous ability, to prove that the sufferings of the Irish peasantry were brought on by their own improvidence, and that the landlords were in no sense responsible for it. I am inclined to that belief, but before I left home, I had no sympathy for Mr. Parnell or his friends or his policy. I have been forced to change my opinion by the black facts that have stared me in the face at every step. There can be no improvement in the condition of the Irish peasantry until the present system of land tenure is abolished. The Irish landlord is an absolute despot. There is no check on his tyranny. As I have already said, it is not in Ireland as in England and Scotland, where the landlord has fenced and drained the land and built the houses and stables and barns and cottages, and where, if he has not drained the land, he has given the tenant who does so a guarantee of good faith by granting long leases either in regular form or by usage. Even in England the farmer-to-day could not pay his rent, nor the husbandman live on the wages he receives, if it were not for the outlet which the great manufacturing cities give to his produce and their surplus laborers. In England the agricultural laborer can send members of his "long family" to the factories, and with them help keep the rest of them out of the poorhouse. But there is no such resource in Ireland. England has her manufactures, Ireland has her manufactures to-day by making combinations among themselves. Besides, the great English land proprietor lives on his estates and personally knows his tenants. There is a traditional bond of sympathy between them. In Ireland the great estates were confiscated to aliens in race and religion by a long-disputed conquest; and tradition sends down hatreds that absenteeism intensifies. We often heard of landlords being shot or their agents shot; but I have inquired everywhere in vain for a single instance in which any decent landlord has been injured or even threatened. Take Lord Leitrim. He was shot dead one day on his estate, and the incident was everywhere published as an illustration of the lawlessness of the Irish peasantry. I have met priests and schoolmasters who personally knew the facts of this manslaughter, and there testimony is unanimous that Lord Leitrim was shot to avenge a private wrong. English journalists who privately stated and believe this theory from their own investigations were afraid to publish it, and the men who told me the facts were bound by other considerations to conceal them. At Westport, Lord Sligo's agent never walks out in the street without being guarded by two constables with loaded carbines. It is pretended that he was ambushed and fired at by some of Lord Sligo's tenants, but the investigation here in a packed jury was suddenly brought to a close. Young Smith, the agent's son, shot a poacher dead at sight, and then made up the story that he had been ambushed. In America he would be serving a term in the penitentiary—unless, of course, he had lived in some of the Gulf States and had shot a negro in a similar circumstance. In New England he would probably have been hanged for it.

In the West of Ireland the tenants have made all the improvements in the land—or, rather, they have made it; for when it was first leased to them it was sterile hillside, or bleak moor or shaking bog. They made the fences and built the cabins. As fact as they make these lands arable, just so fast is the rent increased. I have made this remark before in referring to special localities; but from all sources—from priests and commercial travellers and journalists—I have since learned that the custom is universal. Taxation without representation was bad enough; but taxation with confiscation is still worse. And land-

lords in Ireland exercise a power of taxation and confiscation that no Plantagenet ever dared to exert. The Bright clauses of the Gladstone act give the tenants a right to compensation for improvements in case of an eviction; but the remedy is made operative by special leases or by quirks of law or expensive litigation, excepting where the priest comes to the rescue of his parishoner and calls in the aid of the Land League. Besides, no law prevents the landlord from arbitrarily raising his rent just as often as he pleases, and this fact absolutely paralyzes ambition and makes thrift of no avail. A tenant who works hard soon finds that he is only working for his landlord, and whether he raises little or much, no more will be allowed him than barely enough to keep his family alive.

After having witnessed so many scenes of misery, I am astounded at the reckless audacity of some American journalists who have spread the report that these wretched farmers got into debt by indulging in such luxuries as Hennessy's brandy, and that they were ruined by it. I have seen it all, and I can assure you that I never saw a single instance of it; but it is also true that these bottles are never resold to the wholesale merchant; that they are of no commercial value whatever, and, therefore, that they are given away and used for holding milk when the cottagers happen to have a cow.

It has also been represented that most of the legal persecutions of the small farmers were not the acts of the great proprietors or their agents, but of the shopkeepers. This is a conspicuous misrepresentation. It is a notorious fact that the small farmer, even although the sum owed is small, the dread power of the process of ejectment is called on to help the landlord. There is not a shopkeeper in Westport, or hardly one—and the same fact, I am told, applies to all the Irish inland towns—where the indebtedness to him is not greater from year to year than the indebtedness to the landlord. The money lenders charge 20 per cent interest on small sums for short periods; but this is a small tribute that the farmers pay in their time of need, as to what the landlords exact at all times. Lord Sligo in 1875 took a tenant for one year from £18,000 to £22,000 a year. He has persistently refused to grant any abatement up to the present hour, although the majority of his tenants are kept from starvation by the bounty of foreign nations. And yet he is not the worst landlord in Ireland by any means.

These money-lenders are applied to in the majority of instances to obtain the money to pay the rent to the landlord. If the shopkeepers had been as merciless as the landlords there would hardly be a cow or calf or ass or pig in all the West of Ireland to-day.

JAMES REDPATH.

THE IRISH PRIEST.

TRIBUTE OF A NON-CATHOLIC—SPEECH OF JAMES REDPATH, ESQ., AT FATHER FULTON'S DINNER.

The following tribute to the fidelity of the Irish priests to their flocks, was the conclusion of the speech delivered by Mr. James Redpath at the farewell dinner given to Rev. Father Fulton, S. J., in Boston: "I discovered a new character in Ireland—not new to Ireland, for he has been a thousand years there—but new to me; for, although I had heard enough, or had read enough, about him, I found that I had never known him. It was the Irish priest.

My father was a Scotch Presbyterian, and I was reared in the strictest traditions of that faith. No undue influence was ever brought to bear on my youthful mind to prejudice me in favor of the Catholic Church—(laughter). I can recall that I once heard read, with a somewhat tempered approval, certain kind and conciliatory remarks about the devil—written by James Southam, of the name of Robert Burns; but I cannot remember a single genuine or brotherly expression of regard for the Roman Catholics or for their Faith. They were never called Catholics. They were Papists always. The Catholic Church was commonly referred to, in my boyhood, under the symbolic figure of a famous lady—not an estimable lady—who had a peculiar fancy for fondness for scarlet garments, and who lived and sinned in the ancient city of Babylon (laughter).

I believe that I had put away these unbecoming prejudices of my early education—but the next of them, I found, amounted to a great deal more. I still could I explain the surprise I felt, even the gratified surprise, that these Irish priests were generous and hospitable and warm-hearted and cultivated gentlemen? For so I found them always, and I met them often and everywhere. I believe that I have not a single regret, and I am more than among the Irish priests; and I am sure that in America there is no man—the words of whose creed do not keep time to the solemn music of the centuries—coronated anthem of the Ancient Church—who has for them a more fraternal feeling or a sincerer admiration than I have. The Irish priest is the tongue of the Blind Samson of Ireland. But for the Irish priest thousands of Irish peasants would have been dead, to-day, even after ample stores of food had been sent from America to save them. Many a lonely village, hidden among the bleak mountains of the West, would have been decimated by famine if the priest had not been there to tell of the distress and to plead for the peasant.

The Irish priest justifies his title of Father by his fatherly care of his people. He tells for them from dawn till midnight. It is a sad lot for an cowardly slave to represent the Irish priests as living in idleness when Irish peasants are famished around them. I have entered too many of their lowly homes—as a stranger unexpectedly, but as a stranger from America never unwelcome. I have been too often and too near their humble surroundings to listen with indifference or without indignation to aspersions so unworthy and untrue. I can hardly conceive of a severer test to which sincerity and self-sacrifice can be put than those Irish priests endure without seeming to be conscious that they are exhibiting uncommon courage or proving that they have renewed the world and its ambitions, for educated men, with cultivated tastes, they live in an intellectual isolation among illiterate peasants, in poverty and obscurity, and they neither re-

pine nor indulge in the subtle pride of self-conscious self-conversation. "For one and all but one of this world only, I profoundly know each other, and self-renunciation whatever banner they carry, whatever emblem they cherish, or whatever tongue they speak (applause).

"I saw one scene in Ireland that lingers lovingly in my memory. It was at a meeting, in the West, of a local Committee of the Duchess of Marlborough's Funds. An Irish lord was the chairman, and had man either for a lord; but every lord has the spirit of an upstart, and this lord at times, was insolent to his betters—the toilers,—and a little arrogant to his equals,—the tradesmen—of the district.

"There was a deputation in the room of dejected peasants from one of the islands in the bay near by.

"It had been reported to this committee at a sub-committee meeting, where the orders for Indian meal were distributed, the tattered and hungry crowd had been somewhat disorderly—that is to say, they were starving and had been so long without food, instead of waiting with patience for their petty allocations. My lord rebuked their ragged representatives, harshly and in a domineering tone; and, without asking leave of his associates on the committee, he told them that if such a scene should occur again their supplies of food would be stopped. I was astonished that he should presume to talk in such tones before any American citizen—he who ought to have his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, in presence of the damnable facts that he lived on an estate from which peasants, now residing in America, had been evicted for the hundreds, and that neither he, nor his brother, a marquis whom he represented, had given a shilling for the relief of the wretched tenants on his wide domain, nor reduced his Shylock rental, although thousands of these tenants were, at that very hour, living on provisions sent by the committee of the funds of the United States, and of other foreign lands.

"One of the ragged committee proved the claims of his famishing countrymen with an eloquence that was poor in words but rich in pathos. My lord said that he would try to do something for them, but he would not do more than a dictatorial tone, 'that although her Grace, the Duchess of Marlborough, might expect it; that the funds were hers, not theirs; that the noble lady was under no obligation to relieve the poor.'"

"The poor man, hat in hand, was going away sorrowful."

"I sat a heretic beside a priest, a republican beside a lord; and I thought, with no little inward indignation, that I was the only person in the room, and I a stranger, whose heart throbbed with pity for the stricken man. For my hands were gnawing with hunger—just famishing—for a taste of the bread of life that I had lost."

"But as I looked around the room I saw a sudden flash in the priest's eye that told of a power before which the pride of ancient rank is but as grass before prairie fire. "I beg your lordship's pardon, said the priest, with a sublime haughtiness. 'I do not agree with you, but I have a right to belong to her Grace.' She held the money in trust only. We have a right to it. It belongs to the poor?' (applause).

"The lord was cowed, the peasant won."

"No man but a priest at that table would have dared to talk in that style to a lord."

"More than eighteen centuries ago, I traced since a Roman Judge said to a missionary of the cross—'Alas! thou persuadest me to become a Christian.' I do not believe that there has lived a man since then who felt more profoundly than I did at that moment the spirit that prompted that immortal declaration. As long as that priest was in that room, I think I was a loyal son of the Church (applause).

"I started as if I had been in a dream. Was this the nineteenth century or the fifteenth? For again I saw the arm of the lord raised to smite the poor man; again I saw rise before them the august Mother Church, and again I saw the oppressor broken into fragments against the bosom of her invincible shield (applause). And as I looked at these fragments I saw among those shattered relics of the pharisaical conceit that I had been the solitary sympathizer with the poor man. I did not look them up. I had never met one for them in this world again. I had thrown down an invisible gage of battle; the priest had taken it up, and I had been defeated. The cross had conquered me. (Applause.) And henceforth, under what flag sever I may fight, whenever I see the white banner of the Irish priest pass by, I shall dip my own colors in salutation to it, in memory and in honor of his beneficent devotion to the famishing Irish peasant during the famine of 1880. (Applause).

INTERESTING ANECDOTE OF BISHOP IRELAND.

Chatting over army reminiscences the other day with a gentleman of this city, writes the editor of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, he said to us:

"After the war I was down in Tennessee and got talking one day to an ex-Confederate soldier, who, when he found out that I came from Minnesota, said, 'I lay on the battle field of Corinth, wounded and dying, as I thought, when one of your people came to me, knelt down beside me, made me take a drink out of his flask, and never left until he had dressed my wounds.'"

"Did you ask his name?" I inquired. "Yes," he said, "and I am not likely to forget it, for he saved my life. He told me his name was John Ireland, and that he was Catholic Chaplain to the 5th Minnesota regiment. He was a brave young fellow, and was nearer to the bullets than I ever saw an army chaplain before."

THE CONFSSIONAL.

The confessional is of human institution, say our non-Catholic friends, devised by a crafty and unscrupulous priesthood to enslave and degrade the people. We advise all who think so to step into the Catholic church of some large parish any Saturday afternoon or evening, and consider the jolly time the priest is having, cooped up, as he is, for six or seven hours at a stretch, in a narrow box, listening to human woes and striving to afford consolation, speaking almost without intermission in a low whisper, instructing the ignorant, encouraging the weak, upmending the vicious, and awakening repentance in all. Surely, if the priest is there merely through human motives, he is paying a great deal too dear for his whistle.—*Northwestern Chronicle*.