

A Primrose From an Irish Hill.

WILLIAM J. DELANY.

A primrose from an Irish hill, The gift an Irish letter brings; A withered leaf, a faded rose, The old sweet fragrance 'round it clings.

How well I know the sheltered nook Wherein it blossoms, far away, Beside the shallow, rippling brook, That runs its course throughout the day.

The tangled foliage overhead Of hazel branches hid the scene, Save where a careless sunbeam shed A gleam of light between.

The modest violet peeped up, 'Midst flowers that fringed the babbling hill, A daisy here, or buttercup, And here the golden daffodil.

Through glen and glade and meadow wound The sweet secluded lovers' path; And near the white-thorn circled round The more secluded fairy path.

How fair the landscape spread before, Of wood and mead and swelling lea, To where the white gull floated o'er The purple-blossomed fairy path.

Here in the soft spring evening hours, The village children come to play, Or 'twined fresh wreaths of bright May flowers, To crown the Virgin Queen of May.

And here, oft when the sky above, Was crimsoned by the setting sun, How many a youth has told his love, How many a maiden's heart was won.

Sweet blossom, best beloved of Spring, You're welcome as the flowers of May, For pleasant memories you bring, Of dear old Ireland's happy days.

The haunts of bygone days I see, Again I hear the children's cry: Thanks, thanks, fair friend who sent to me This primrose from an Irish hill! —Cork Examiner.

THE SECOND READING.

WM. O'BRIEN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Mr. Gladstone, who on the 10th of May moved the second reading of his bill, relating to the future government of Ireland was followed by the Marquis of Hartington, who proposed the sixth month's hoist. Mr. Gladstone's speech, needless to say, was complete and effective. The Marquis of Hartington seemed, on the contrary, singularly weak and halting. Mr. Wm. O'Brien then took the floor. His speech, like a North-Western cyclone, striking a cluster of foundationless hamlets, scattered every argument of Ireland's foes to the winds. Oarport of the speech of the hon. member for South Tyrone is taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal:

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who received with loud Irish cheers, said—Mr. Speaker, I think that most of us regard the opposition of the noble marquis as a manly and a straightforward opposition (hear, hear). To a politician of his temperament it seems natural that apprehensions such as he seems to entertain should occur; but we cannot forget that very much the same kind of apprehensions and anxiety weighed upon the noble marquis in reference to other Irish reforms (Irish cheer), even so recent a reform as the extension of the franchise and the retention of the full complement of Irish members in this house, and we cannot forget that his doubts as to these reforms did not prevail even with himself (cheers), and prevent the passing, and I think all of us now admit, the happy passing, of these reforms (Irish cheer). I do not know that there is a single Irish reform of this century as to which doubts just as grave and serious as those which have been raised (hear, hear) by the noble marquis is this—will any man in this house, will even the noble marquis himself, stand up here and declare that any of these Irish reforms which so terrified people when they were being passed, should be recalled, that any of these measures should be repealed (cheers). I don't intend to follow the noble marquis in the same what irritating topics that he touched upon. We are determined to see once for all whether there is a chance of having peace, and putting an end, if it is possible to put an end, to this acrimonious feud between the Irish and the English people (Irish cheer). If trouble and vexatiousness should come again, we are determined that the same is not on our side the responsibility shall lie (Irish cheer), and it will be a heavy responsibility on whoever it shall lie (Irish cheer). The noble marquis has quoted what the Prime Minister said five years ago, and he also quoted (inaccurately, I believe) from a speech delivered by my hon. friend the member for Cork, quotations all intended to show that in a comparatively recent period the Irish people were not particularly well affected towards English rule, and that hard things were said. Well, had things were said; but they were said and done on both sides (Irish and Ministerial cheer). I think if we were to go digging into the grave of the past we might possibly resort, and resort even more successfully in ranking up unpleasant memories (Irish cheer). After all, what is this kind of thing to me? I think I can speak for myself and for the others who sit by me when I say that the noble marquis and his friends may spare the house these quotations, if for one admit until I learned something of this new Parliament, until this great measure appeared on the horizon, that I worked with all my might and all my heart against English rule in Ireland (Irish cheer), and I must candidly say that my only regret was that my ability and my capacity and my power in the matter were so exceedingly limited (Irish cheer and laughter). The question after all is not what we said and what we did then, but what we say and what we do now (Irish cheer), or rather what the Irish people will feel and say if by a free vote and a free gift of the people of Great Britain the Irish people are made rulers in their own land, where up to this they were only the slaves very often of gentlemen above the gangway (cheers). There is no doubt that the state of feeling up to the present between the two countries was as bad as it possibly could be. Why, the state of feeling in Ireland is the reason why we are discussing this bill, and I say the worse the feeling is at present the greater the justification for the bill; and it will be the glory of the bill if it should succeed in removing that feeling, and in replacing and converting the present rancour and passion into feel-

ings of friendliness and good will (Irish cheer). The question is, will it succeed in doing that, for I like to be granted that if Englishmen could really persuade themselves that this bill would cure Irish discontent, the objections of three-fourths of reasonable Englishmen—even the noble marquis himself—would vanish and fall to the ground. I don't suppose that anybody would pretend for a moment that if the people of Scotland wanted this bill they could not have it in the morning. The Prime Minister had quoted to night the words of a distinguished Irishman, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with regard to Canada. Canada was disloyal when refused Home Rule, but she was friendly and loyal because she was granted Home Rule. Well, I think the same thing may be said of Ireland. Of course it is a very serious and a very grave question whether this measure will be a completely successful one. We are not here to offer you any exaggerated assurance on that subject. We cannot, of course, lay open the future. We cannot forecast the future and make you certain of what will come to pass. There is no doubt that a certain risk will have to be taken (hear, hear), but have you been taking no risks in the past, and will you be taking no risks if you should reject this measure (Irish cheer)? I am sure the houses will not misunderstand what I say. It is very much the habit to misunderstand and pervert our opinions even if they are put in the very plainest and frankest language (hear, hear). I do not think I need say that in speaking of risks I do not mean dysentery. I don't suppose you put us so low as to suggest that, or that you would pay an attention to the miserable risks of the kind. I speak of the risk of having ever at your door a discontented, a coerced, and an exasperated Irish people, struggling for what your greatest statesman has pledged his reputation to be her right (Irish cheer). As I have said, we do not pretend to dive into the future, but short of doing that, short of something like a revelation from Heaven, I ask any reasonable Englishman what proof he can demand that he has not got, seeing that this bill is accepted by the Irish representatives, by the Irish people, and by the Irish race throughout the globe, accepted, as at all events embodying upon the whole a treaty of peace between the two countries—a treaty of peace that can and will be loyally stuck to by them (Irish and Ministerial cheer). On what topic were the English people ever so heartily amused as the Irish people were on this question (Irish cheer). I am sure that you are determined to believe that there is an end of the matter—if you believe that 20,000,000 or so of us have entered into a conspiracy of lying and hypocrisy, why of course there is an end of the matter. But I ask Englishmen, what evidence have you in Irish history, or indeed, in the history of the representatives of Ireland, as long as Ireland has had real representation in this house, when did they ever conceal their opinion of you, or where? (Irish cheer). We have been often enough charged with violence of language, brutality of language, and a great many other things. I want to go back upon these subjects now, I want even to say whether these things have been just or unjust, but I do say that we have never been charged with want of candour or you (Irish cheer). Yes, my hon. friend the member for Cork and his party in this house have represented the Irish difficulty in all its extent, and breadth, and depth. This is what brings us here (cheer)—that is our pride and our strength (Irish cheer). It was your advantage so long as you were dealing with us as enemies, and it is so now that you are dealing with us as friends. It is our advantage too. You know, in dealing with the member for Cork, that you deal with the representative of the whole Irish race throughout the world (Irish cheer). We have never said a more extreme thing in Ireland than we have said to your faces in this house (hear, hear); and on the other hand, there is not an extreme assemblage of Irishmen throughout the world to whom we would be in dread to repeat what we say here to night. The Irish people are as eager as you can be to have an end to this miserable and everlasting quarrel (Irish and Ministerial cheer), and we believe that this bill offers us a means of ending this quarrel upon terms that will not harm you and which do no dishonour to our cause (Irish cheer). We believe that, of course, I have no doubt that the tempta will be made—as attempts have been made—to manipulate and torture the expressions of individual Irishmen and some of our own members who expressed themselves not altogether satisfactorily with the bill. The member for Cork told you so himself the first night he opened his mouth on the subject—the bill is not a Java born goddess sprung perfect from the brain of the Prime Minister. It does not pretend to be without failing or fault, or to satisfy everyone (hear, hear). We intend to fight as strongly as we can, and to protest against some of its details (hear, hear). Why do we protest? Why should we try as hard as we can to amend parts of the measure? It is simply because we mean to accept it, and to work it loyally (Irish and Ministerial cheer). If there was any Machiavellian motive at work Irishmen would hold their tongues about the defects of the bill instead of criticizing it.

Mr. Gladstone—Hear, hear. Mr. O'Brien—They would swallow everything—they would bind themselves to every clause and line of the bill. But is that the sort of assent that Englishmen want from intelligent men to this bill? What is the heart and essence of this treaty between the two countries? Is it that the Irish people shall pay an Imperial contribution of so many hundred thousands and more or less—that the Irish Parliament should have the power of dealing with this or that particular subject? Is it that we shall come here or not? No. What we want is not an absolute guarantee that in every particular this or that detail shall or shall not be fixed or unchangeable—this is not a measure like the laws of the Medes and Persians—for there is a provision for revision. No, the heart and the marrow of the bill is that it shall be accepted in a spirit of honesty and of loyalty and of goodwill to this empire (Irish and Ministerial cheer). The essence of its successful working is that the Irish Parliament of the future—that its relations to this empire shall be relations of friendship and cordiality and peace, instead of being relations, as they have

been and are now, of deep and silent resentment (Irish cheer). I believe that that is the spirit in which the bill is accepted, and if that is the spirit in which it is worked, the English people will receive without the least alarm and with every sort of goodwill all my proposals to give more enlarged effect to the system of Local Government in Ireland, and the goodwill of the two countries may determine our course (cheers). That what we have to look to. We are not here splitting straws. If we could not see our way honestly to accept this bill, honestly as a settlement of the question, we would say so; and if we did not say it the Irish people would say it in spite of us, and I would say you would not have the least reason to mistake them, or an instant. The question is one whether you will trust us and believe us (cheers). We do not for an instant pretend that this bill will satisfy every man of the Irish race. I may say that O'Donovan Rossa, for instance, is discontented with the bill, and we do not hope altogether to conquer his objection. We do not even promise that by any incantation you can eradicate feelings of the growth of many a sad year and century. We do not believe anything of the kind. It will take a long time coming to eradicate these feelings, but see what has occurred in the case of Earl Spencer (Irish and Ministerial cheer). Now, sir, I admit, and perhaps nobody has better reason to admit it than I have, that we sadly misapprehended Earl Spencer in Ireland (Irish and Ministerial cheer). Well, I trust hon. members may make their own point on that; but I believe that Earl Spencer was the first to acknowledge that the misunderstanding was not altogether on the one side (Irish cheer). At all events he has to thank the unfortunate system of the Government you sent him over to administer and the sort of officials he had around him there. I say this, and say it from my heart, that the mistakes he made were mistakes that belong to the system, but certainly the machine with which he has acknowledged that he belongs together to himself and not to the system (cheers). What has happened in the case of Earl Spencer? One touch of kindness in one speech at Newcastle, one word of placid and obliterated years of bitter memories, and the hearts of Irishmen (Irish cheer), and the speeches of the Prime Minister in this house and the kindly English feeling shown in this house, and I am glad to say, out of it, sir, these things have done more for my feeling towards you could do—have done more to determine to believe in you, a real union, a union of sympathy and of cordiality and respect between the two countries. Well, I ask you is that a people so hopeless to conclude? Are you afraid to go on that path both of conciliation and of trust, or are you less afraid to plunge back again into this miserable and labyrinthine of repression and anger and reticence which has left you and the Irish people where they stand to-day? I cannot pretend to gauge the effect of all of the propositions which the Prime Minister has laid before the house to-night with respect to the question of the exclusion or retention of the Irish members in this house, but I shall humbly say that in so far as they seem to promise that there shall be at all events no imminence and no enforced retention of the representatives of Ireland away from their own country in this Parliament in so far as I am personally concerned, that I believe in your view and in the views of your friends, and in the views of your constituents, that you should let us take care of ourselves (cheers). So far as we are concerned we are disposed to think our rights are sufficiently guarded by the provisions to which the Prime Minister alluded. So far as we ourselves are concerned if we entertained the slightest doubt as to the sincerity and the bona fides of the representatives of the Government, we would not pretend to think we would stick to that representation. We would keep our people's eyes fixed upon you here as the persons responsible for anything that might go wrong in Ireland. We would keep our grip of this place and use our power to take care to say things that will bring further concessions. That, we believe, is the policy (Ministerial cheer). And it would be the advantage of my hon. friend the member for Cork, if he had those dark and sinister designs. That is not his policy—he has no such designs (Irish cheer). He is ready and willing to take upon his own shoulders the whole duty of representing the Irish people and satisfying Ireland (Irish cheer). He is anxious that his whole energies and the energies of my hon. friends and the representatives in the new Parliament should be devoted entirely to that task, and it is a task almost insuperable, of building up the resources and happiness of our unfortunate people, and of pulling up foreigners who are miserably and neglected (hear, hear). If he fails the Irish people will not reproach you (hear, hear). We believe that he will not fail (loud Irish cheer). We believe that that will be a sufficiently serious and honourable task to occupy all the energies of the Irish members. In other years, when a happier spirit reigns between the two countries, if you should desire the participation of Irishmen in the Government of the empire, or if Irishmen themselves should desire it, as they possibly might (hear, hear), you would then be able to have some of our hon. friends coming back here as you would find equals (Ministerial cheer), in which Mr. Gladstone joined. I believe you would then find them to be a greater strength to your empire than ever they are likely to be so long as you retain them here against their will for the purpose of humiliating the Irish people. The noble Marquis dwelt once more upon the words of the loyal minority. Well, sir, on these benches candidly are not inclined to take altogether seriously the opposition of some of those gentlemen from the North East of Ulster. To my mind instead of depriving them of any power they possess at this moment this bill proposes to confer upon them power of the most enormous character.

Mr. Gladstone—Hear, hear. Mr. O'Brien—Power which they have lost, and which by no earthly possibility

can they hope to recover without this bill. Mr. Gladstone—Hear, hear. Mr. O'Brien—Where is their power in Ireland at this moment? It is lost. Mr. W. Johnson—No. Mr. O'Brien—The hon. member who says "no" is somewhat of a Mark Twain. It is that hon. member enunciated of the present position of his class. I believe the hope of his prospects if this bill should be wrecked through the folly of his class. I say these men are at present perfectly helpless and perfectly hopeless. As to another power in this house all I can say is it is not so apparent to us as it seems to themselves. Such of us as were in the last Parliament remember the attention that was paid to their views upon the Redistribution of Seats for instance by the chiefs of their own Party. We remember what short shrift they used to receive from the noble lord the member for Paddington, who is now ready to rush to glory or the grave (much laughter). The ablest lieutenant of that noble lord called them a set of "reactionary Ulster Tories." That was when they were double their present number in this house. I confess I find it extremely difficult to believe that these gentlemen can feel so very acutely being obliged or invited to exchange their position of helplessness, and I will not say of insignificance, but all events of want of appreciation, in this house (laughter), for the position of forming more than one-third of the entire legislature of their own country, in which, according to this bill, they would almost have a veto on all legislation that would have a capacity for raising a moderate and Conservative national policy, might yet out their hon. friend the member for Cork from the leadership (hear, hear). Sir, we do not object to all the power that is being given these men (hear, hear, from the Irish party). We recognize that a great number of our Protestant fellow-countrymen are estranged from us by bitter memories and misunderstandings, and through causes which were not of our making (hear, hear) which it is perfectly evident every consideration of policy as well as of patriotism would induce us to remove. Sir, we do not for the moment propose to put in Ireland (Parliament cheer). We do not forget our Protestant Parliament (renewed cheer), and our Parliament it was, although it was exclusively Protestant. If Irish Protestantism never did anything for us but produce our leader—the leader of the below me (Parliament cheer)—I can hardly spare it with patience (laughter). My hon. friend the member for Cork would be a bigot or a persecutor would be booted out of any assembly of Catholics. Some of us can speak with some slight authority on behalf of the Protestant deputation of Ireland. My hon. friend sitting below me (Mr. Johnson) is one of those persecuted Protestants (laughter) whom his fellow-countrymen elected for one of the most Catholic constituencies in all Ireland by a majority of 7,000. My hon. friend the member for South Derry and myself are proud to acknowledge that we own our seats to the votes of Protestant and Presbyterian, and all though our tenure in this house is precarious, I will have very little hesitation in going back to the masses of honest, industrious Protestant farmers in South Tyrone, and asking them to find in the provisions of this bill more comfort and consolation than they are likely to find in the alternative policy of rushing to "glory or the grave" (laughter and cheer). Sir, we do not regard our Protestant fellow-countrymen every safeguard and every security which can be given them (Parliament cheer). We are not afraid of their having the most complete power in the new Parliament. We have determined to stand by our Protestant fellow-countrymen. In spite of what is said in this house, our country is one country (Parliament cheer). The race which gave us Grattan and Emmet, and Davis, and Butt, and Parnell, is not a foreign race (renewed cheer). I believe that we will yet show that we are not afraid of the alternative better than this house is likely to understand either. We shall object to the money qualification for the first order. I do not think we shall object to the special franchise. We do not object to the truly disproportionate representation of the property classes, because we recognize that this bill, instead of being a measure for the dislocation of society, is, in reality to my mind, a most marvellous plan for re-creating society out of its ruins almost in Ireland (hear, hear), and of giving to a caste that is fallen and helpless such a change as it never had before, and never could have anticipated, and I must say, such as it scarcely deserves (hear, hear). Still it opens to them the door, if they have not the folly and madness to reject the offer of becoming men of weight and influence in their own country. If I have not trespassed too long on the attention of the house (cheer)—

A voice from the Radical benches—Go on. Mr. O'Brien—I would wish to say something on the speech of the Prime Minister; but really under the present circumstances it would be impossible to do anything that would praise the Prime Minister. Perhaps the house will allow me to recall the fact that there was just one occasion during the bitter conflicts of the last five years when I felt at liberty to give my own humble opinion of the Prime Minister personally as divorced from his administration in Ireland. It was just after the right hon. gentleman had carried a resolution temporarily exiling me from this house (laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone joined). I hope he can look back upon the circumstance with as much equanimity as I can (laughter). On that occasion I addressed 100,000 people in the Phoenix Park. I spoke with as much warmth as any Irish member feels to-day regarding the Prime Minister. We are not mere worshippers of success (Irish cheer). My friends will bear me out that most of the misadventures which have befallen the career of Irish nationality did so. On that occasion I said that it is a heart-breaking business (hear, hear).

Mr. Gladstone—Hear, hear. Mr. O'Brien—I do not know what the fate of his bill is going to be; but this I do say, that whatever may be its fate, and whatever difficulties may have to come—and in spite of all, we are not in the least tired of the struggle, if the struggle is to come again (Irish cheer)—aye, and even if we were tired, there are others and others and others who should take it up (renewed cheer). This much, however, I do say, that I believe as long as the Irish name remains Irishmen will remember with gratitude and affection the great measure of liberty and of peace to which the glorious sunset of his genius and his days (loud cheer).

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LEAVES FROM A CONVERT'S NOTE BOOK—HOW MY BROTHER BECAME A CATHOLIC.

The Monitor. I was educated under the very Paritanical system of prejudiced Presbyterianism, through the influence of aunts and uncles. But not being a bigot at heart, I was open to any sensible reasoning, and circumstances led me in a way where I had an opportunity to see that the Catholic religion had been misrepresented to me during my education, and when I saw that, I commenced at once to find out what the Catholic religion really did teach. I had no trouble to discover that the Presbyterian had become "false witnesses" against their neighbors, and therefore it was not of Christ, a fact that at once satisfied me that I could not be a Presbyterian. After some months' study, I was satisfied that the Catholic Church taught the doctrines of Christ, was established by St. Peter, and had taught the same doctrine for more than eighteen hundred years; that the Church was the same in all nations, was still ruled by its Shepherd (the Pope); and that all priests gave the same answer to all questions; that they received the faith once delivered to the saints and handed it down to their successors unchanged, while those who were consulting truths to find, and with a heart of joy, and without a doubt, I embraced its truths and have continued in them gladly ever since.

My relatives were all Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., it mattered not which or what, so long as they hated the Pope, that was sufficient to send them to glory in my eyes. Well, where some of them have since gone thinking. I had one brother, George, who was brought up under the same influence and ideas as I, who accompanied me to California, upon my return here, and with his prejudices inhibited through education, accompanied with some extra caution, non-Catholics as to the danger of being with me—a Catholic—he was so bitter that if I mentioned anything about Catholicity in his presence he imagined I was laboring to convert him, and upon the steamer coming one day, he broke out in violent abuse of me, and said I was all the while trying to make a Catholic out of him, but I never would. I was not thinking of anything he accused me of at the time, hence I was greatly surprised at such abuse, and was very indignant to have such language from my brother. But I smothered my feelings though my heart was sorrowful for many days.

More than a year I said nothing about anything pertaining to the Catholic religion in his presence; yet I never neglected my prayers, attending Mass and Vespers when I could, all the while working with him daily in the mines. For some time we missed with four Irish Catholics who used to sometimes joke (dear) about eating meat on Fridays, but the presence of Catholics in our camp seemed to wear little of the bitter feeling against the Church away, and George began to believe that Catholics were human and good, and he considered that he had no right to be what he called "ignorant and bigoted." Time passed on and my brother and myself moved four miles to other diggings and built a cabin so we could mine out another place. Here we were by ourselves again, and when the cabin was finished, I nailed an empty box upon one side of the shaft for a little cupboard; into this I put among other things my prayer book and "Dr. Challoner's Doctrinal Catechism." I knew my brother would like to read at times, and he might from curiosity read this useful book to find out what the Catholics really believed. I am also of the opinion that many Protestants have the same desire, but are too indifferent and too worldly minded to take the necessary expense and time, and if they do they don't want any one to know that they are doing so, and the difficulty is made great because they will not go to a Catholic source for information, and say "from any Protestant regarding the Catholic Church." This I know because I was educated in a Protestant minister's family and associated with them in many ways, and had examined many of their books and all kinds of Sunday school books of several congregations. Yet I never read anything in any one of their books about the Catholic religion that I have not since discovered to be a misrepresentation. The only non-Catholic book I ever came across that was in any way impartial concerning Catholic matters, was "Protestant Encyclopedia," published by Bradleboro Typographic Co., edited by J. Newton Brown, October, 1883, which acknowledges the robbery of Churches, monasteries, colleges, etc., in England as follows:

Besides friar houses, and those appropriated by Henry VIII, Elizabeth, and others, and many small houses of which there is no account. Five hundred horses and travelers lodged one night under the roof of one of these monasteries. The ruins of these monasteries are the only ones proved to be true and in this work they enumerated them in order to show how much good they are doing by robbing and driving the owners of these buildings out as poor beggars into the world, without money or even a place whereon to lay their heads.

My Protestant friends, examine this matter and you will see that this is how and where your false religion started; and it will be quite worth your while to see if you can give your approval to such a religion; I could not. But let us return to my story from which I have somewhat strayed. The book placed in my box with my prayer book was to be a trap to catch my brother. Some time after this, a German who

had married a relative of my father's came out from the Eastern States directed to us to learn how to work in the gold diggings of California; he wished to stop and work with us and did so for some time when one evening an Irishman came along and wished to stop for the night with us, but we told him we could not keep him. However, we gave him money and directed him to go a quarter of a mile down the ravine to a hotel where he could find lodging; he took the money and left. After he had gone, this German was mad because I gave money to an Irishman, and my brother and he had warm words over it, my brother taking the Irishman's side, defending the poor and particularly the man I assisted, until the big six foot German cried like a small boy and got up and went outside the door. From the time of this talk I saw for some reason a great change of feeling towards the Irish had come over my brother, and so I said to him one day: "George, for some reason, your ideas are somewhat changed from what they used to be?" "Yes," said he, "they are." I asked what caused such a change. He replied, "When you were here at odd times, I took a book you have in that box, 'Dr. Challoner's Doctrinal Catechism,' and read it, and it changed my views somewhat." I said, "George, what point in that book made the change?" He replied, "The Holy Eucharist."

A short time after this conversation I concluded to find some other place for the German, and by so doing, found a good claim he could buy into for fifty dollars and pay when he would take the money out of the claim; but he did not want to leave us and he was a little homesick as he had a wife and children in the East. I knew it was better for his family, and with tears in his eyes he left, but he did well, and thanked me afterwards for the course I pursued, as he made money and sent for his family who are now in California.

After he left us, I desired my brother should gain some more information about the Catholic religion, and as he had some of his old prejudices somewhat removed, now was the time to remove them all at once, and then, when they were gone, I knew he would begin to think for himself, and become interested in his own future welfare, and lose thereby that Protestant indifference which paralyzes him from believing that no matter what one does in life, that all one has to do when he gets ready to die is to ask God to forgive him, and without any more trouble will be taken right into Heaven.

My brother's "End of Controversy" in my school, and at the evenings were long, I proposed to George, that we should take it out and read it. He assented, and every evening I would read aloud to him for some time, then he would read to me, and thus for several evenings we continued reading, and he becoming in the meantime, more and more interested, until one evening, he was reading and I came to where the author said that St. Clement's name was written in the Book of Life, giving for authority a reference to the fourth chapter, verse 3, of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Philippians. Here my brother suddenly stopped me saying: "Hold on! Let us see about that," and at once he procured his Protestant Bible and—sure enough—here he found the name of the Church at Alexandria in the first century.

My brother, the reader may imagine, was greatly astonished, so he said to me that such a fact being in the Bible, it made the Pope as any Protestant, and good enough to satisfy him that a good Catholic was as good, and even better, than the best of Protestants. He next examined the Encyclopedia edited by J. Newton Brown (of which I have already written) in order to see about the number of these 3,182 different Catholic nations, and then he said he wanted no more Protestantism, but that he desired to learn all about the Catholic Church. So he commenced to examine into all its doctrines, and after doing so, because a Catholic, married a Catholic wife, and now has several Catholic children living, as well as one who the young yet had a very edifying death.

And thus it was—by means of an Irishman, a Doctrinal book, and the Protestant Bible—that my brother found the light of the true Faith in God's Church.

BOND SLAVES OF BEER.

The Chicago "Socialistic Party" had a procession on Sunday and among the features described by the press was a banner which bore in German the words: "Drink Water Like Cattle; so says Master Workman Powderly." The Socialists do not affiliate with the Knights of Labor; they consider it a rival organization. "Good and bad" is their policy—while "socialism" and "arbitration" are the watch words of Grand Master Powderly of the Knights of Labor. Mr. Powderly believes in fighting King Alcohol as well as Despot Capital. There is where the Socialists think they see an unpopular spot in his armor. If they can convince the ignorant foreign mob whom they appeal that the leaders of the Knights of Labor are "Temperance," they fancy that the aforesaid mob will vomit the whole thing and swallow their socialist nostrum.

"Drink Water—like Cattle," that's what Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, wants you to do," says the Chicago socialistic firebrands. "He is down on our glorious beer—the potation of freedom—the inspiration of personal liberty—and the means of 'elevating' labor." They figure that Beer is after all the great thing. Doesn't it rule the mob at the polls? Perhaps it is of greater interest to the people than high wages and happy homes? The Socialists seem to go on that supposition; and they calculate that if they can show that the Knights of Labor are opposed to beer, they will desert that organization, give up the contest for better wages and shorter hours and rally to the red flag and to the cause of free beer.