CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

THE POET OF HUMANITY.

Lecture Delivered on John Boyle O'Reilly by John L. Carleton.

St. John, N. B., Sun, Feb. 27.

Last evening J. L. Carleton delivered the first lecture in the St. John the Baptist T. A. society in the st. John perance hall, Charlotte street. John McGonagle, the President, presided, and the subject was John Boyle The attendance was large, and the lecture was highly interesting. After pointing out the striking sim

ilarity of the trials, adventures and successes of Victor Hugo's Jean Val-jean, the ideal of imagination, with those of John Boyle O'Reilly, the ideal of reality, the lecturer said : O'Reilly's life reads more like fiction than the actual happening of the cold, methodical and calculating nineteenth cen-He emerged from school to be tury. e a printer's apprentice and in quick succession developed into a re-

porter and conspirator. Whatever cause may be assigned for it, there is something more than pass-ing strange in the fondness of the Gael for the religion, customs, history, traditions and land of his nativity ; nor is the devotion lessened by poverty, oppression and exile. It is oftimes, en dying amid the stranger, the only legacy he has to bequeath to his children; and his children's children are not unmindful of this love, as sacred to them as it is incomprehensible to those who do not understand the dreamy mysticism, poetic instinct and patriotic ardor of the Celtic race. I do not ask any one to admit that

Ireland now has or ever had a grievance against her rulers; it is not sary for the purposes of this e. I only ask the doubter to lecture. grant, for the timebeing, that jover four millions of her children have for seven centuries so believed and acted apon this belief.

Heroism is the hand-maid of tyranny. So said the classic plains of Greece, so spake the American Revolution, so ttest the blood-stained hills of Poland It was not a predisposition to evil, but the iniquities of the classes to the masses that raised the cry of the Petroleuse on the streets of Paris in '93; condemn their excesses, but ad-mit that justice moved them. Song, poetry and eloquence are the beautiful children of the unhappy union of patriotism and persecution. Tear from history the saddest page of Scot-land's story, and what is left of the poems of Aytoun? The lyre of the Poet Priest of the South had never tuned to such melody if Abram J. Ryan did not believe that the southern confederacy was right. Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death !' would be turgent oratory if spoken from this platform to-night but in the necessity of its day it harrowed the sod for a nation's harvest. but in If Erin never had "a tear and a smile Mangan, McCarthy, Davis and Moore had sung to no purpose. The well-springs of genius are oftener touched by adversity than prosperity; the ore its precious metal will not give up without the application of fire. There is more true poetry, more genuine eloquence, in the caoine of the Irish than all the rythmic numbers of bard or minstrel. Laws ar worthy of a place on the statute book only when they are supported by the moral sense of the people. If you applaud the ignorer and glorify the breaker of them; if you make the prison the sirine of a hero and the gallows the altar of martyrdom, then their usefulness is gone for the kings of parliaments have repealed them. Fenianism of '67 may have been morally and politically wrong, but its every sentiment was cherished and upheld by four-fifths of the people of Ire-When the system is out of order land. and the blood bad, festering sores will break upon the body; this is as true of the body politic as it is of the human body. Those of us who have never known -and pray God we may never knowwhat it is to live in a land, " where the freeman's speech is sedition and the patriot's deed a crime," are perchance too safe and formal to be independent judges of the motives and actions of men differently surrounded. These remarks should, or at least they are intended to suggest the cause apparent contradictions in the Irish character, explain why men like McGee, Meagher, Duffy and O'Reilly, were disloyal at home, and the most ultra-loyal in other countries, and offer a justification, if justification it be, for the only act in my subject's life that is open to severe censure. He took the oath, donned the uniform, and became a non-commissioned officer in Her Majesty's 10th Hussars, with the avowed purpose of preaching sedition. Whether ethically he was right or wrong, is a matter of little moment to us, for it does not come within the scope of this lecture. No one who knew his high sense of honor can question that the step was taken from ther than conviction. In after years, his mind as to the feasibility of active armed resistance. "As soon as Ire-land lays down the pike and takes up the word her advance begins. She could not reach her enemy's heart with a sword ; she captures her soul with an argument," are his own words. Nature made him a poet, surroundings made him a rebel, British law made him a convict, suffering made him a whole souled lover of humanity; and who can regret the evolution? The attempt to creatediscontent and rebellion in the army was foolhardy to a degree. Had it succeeded to the expectations of its most sanguine advocates it must still have failed its pur-

you, O'Reilly, you have spoiled the best company in the service !" The outcome was inevitable: discovery, failure, court martial, death. For-tunately for the world more merciful councils prevailed. The death sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and afterwards to twenty years in the penal colony. The chains and labors of Pentonville, Milbank, Portland and Dartmoor followed, and then the convict ship was bearing its burden of souls to the under world, "the land of the songless

bird and scentless flower. In a little over a year after he reached the convict settlement he had in the most sensational manner and after many adventures escaped "the chains that are never forgiven," and at twenty-five stood a free man in But the romance does not end here ; he was only a few years in this country until he had gained a this country until he had gained a world-wide reputation as an editor, a philosopher, a novelist, a poet, an athlete, and the tribute of every perse-cuted neonle under the sun. "Men cuted people under the sun. "Men of character," said Emerson, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong." O'Reilly was a man of char acter, and opposition bowed its head and submitted to be wooed and won

by his mastering intellect, gentle manner and sympathetic soul. His heart was always with the oppressed. One of his best poems, Crispus Attucks, is a powerful vindication of the negro and a magnificent plea for the unity of races in the cause of a common country. Nor does the martinet of the quarter deck escape his observation; in lines of excellent effect he tells the story of the much-abused sailor. His pen was mightier than his sword, and he wielded it with a vigor born of indignation. He was a literary Vulcan whose forge was never idle, whose furnaces roared by day and night, whose iron was ever at a white heat as he beat it into bolts to protect the weak and defenceless from the tyrant, in whatever shape he appeared. Figuratively speaking, all men are born in a valley ; experience and wisdom are the steep ascents that lead them from its heated and sordid atmosphere to the mountain top, where the air is pure and the vision clear. To those who remain at or near the bottom the dewho fects and shadows are most apparent, to those above, the sunlight and the cause of the shadows. O'Reilly stood at the top and saw what was best in mankind. His proper place among poets has not yet been assigned. Another age will judge of his merits more calmly, critically, and with truer instinct than can we. But be the verdict of time as it may, what Beranger was to the French, Burns to the Scotch, Moore to the Irish and Will Carleton is to the American, John Boyle O'Reilly will ever be the great army of toilers the world over, "the poet of red-veined world over, "the poet of reaction world over, "the poet of reaction who evidently burnanity." Critics who evidently overlooked the conditions under which he worked have accused him of lack of technique, carelessness, false rhyme, and of not having mastered the highest forms of poetic expression. This is but another way of stating that the lesson he taught was greater than the style in which he taught it. After all, this criginal man, "who had no model, but left us one," may have been making rules for another generation of singers. He was never vulgar, never artificial, never insipid, never vapid ; he had no false delicacy, yet he never wrote a sentence a child might not read, never penned a line of "corrupted thought, which dying, he would wish to blot." He has drawn for us no great charac ters, but he has given to us verses that breathe with human equality, throt with human freedom, and pulsate with human sympathy. The traveller, after weary toiling across barren wilderness, by unfrequented bog and undergrowth; through deep, unlit and unpathed woods, pauses in wondrous delight as he catches the first glimpse of a fertile plain with its luxuriant growth, its wealth of color, its waving grasses, its undulating fields of golden corn that seem to nod a welcome, its well defined road leading in perspective to where a cottage nestles is a bed of sweet smelling flowers. The combination of art and nature is perfect. But the traveller takes the road and passes a manufacturing town with its tall, smoking chimneys, its hum of commerce, its offensive and inoffensive emanations. On he goes until he sniffs old ocean from afar ; on and adown a steep defile to where mighty waves beat and rail and roar against the base of a high, jagged and rugged cliff that giant-like, calmly, defiantly and grandly scorns the elements that thus impotently struggle for more dominion. There is while he did not regret it, he changed no art here ; all is nature ; the axe his mind as to the feasibility of active and chisel of man has not tampered with the handiwork of the Almighty. Thus the traveller in his passage ex-periences pastoral beauty, the fruit of man's industry and the pain of his necessity, and an admiration for the thing thing untouched. When O'Reilly wrote lyrical poetry it had all the beauty and finish of the fertile plain ; when he wrote narrative verse it had the odor of the sandal woods of Australasia, the flavor of the salt sea unmasked the hyprocrisy, ridiculed breezes, or the smell of the powder the pretensions, and attacked the that accompanied the Iron Duke on evils of our social system and the the Peninsula; when he put stingphilosophy into red hot rhyme the most respected him none the less beheld the cliff teaching in its for the truth that compelled him to ing philosophy into red hot rhyme you pose, for it would take a good deal nore than the desertion of a dozen or so companies to shake off British rule

anywhere, let alone in Ireland, lying as it does almost within the shadow of England's forts. If that mind. which atterwards saw with the vision of a seer, had then attained its full develop-ment Col. Valentine Baker never would have had occasion to say "Damn men Colefully, when had occasion to say "Damn men had be the starting off folics of the start the many had be the start t metered lines to their sensuous odor and adorable plumage, it is a mental, aye, a physical tonic, to read the strong, melodious and heroic stanzas of John Boyle O'Reilly. Nature is always paramount in his work. He wrote because he felt—as if he couln't help it. He wrote and when he wrote he loosened the well springs of human sympathy, tore away all obstructions, and let the heaven blessed waters go down to dampen the arid soil that until then would not fruc-tify. He wrote with his heart more than with his head, and when his song was sung it possessed a soul, for he had breathed upon it his own indomitable spirit. It is difficult to compare him with other American While they in imagination

poets.

went forth on voyages of discovery, drew inspiration from classic spots, tuned their lyres by Athens and the Orient, or sang to the graceful beauty of heathen goddess, O'Reilly was read-ing men's lives, studying their motives, surroundings in the city streets, idealis ing and immortalising common, every day subjects. He is greatest as the poet of great causes. His work is the more valuable because it reflects himself. His is a Christian and not a pagan temple and no vestal maiden or Druid priest worships at its altar. No sacrificial seer of old ever saw the result of the coming fray with clearer vision than O'Reilly from his place on the mountain top saw the wrongs and injustice of our social system. Many men see wrongs, but few have the courage to confront and denounce them. He did more ; he smote them, hip and thigh. O'Reilly in his hatred of wrong reminds us of Whittier. Some competent judges have, nowever, placed him alongside of James Russell Lowell. In many re spects he is Lowell's superior. His pictures do not always show the re-touch of the artist's brush like those of his brother of the Bigelow Papers, but the execution is equally bold, the feeling deeper, and the tender ness more expressive. His Exile of the Gael is the highest homage the English tongue has yet paid to Ireland, the "fruitful mother of genius but a barren nurse." Of it we might be pardoned for appropriating what Hedge said of Goethe: "The fervor and the said of Goethe: "The fervor and the rush, the sparkle and foam of his early productions have been replaced by the stately calm and luminous breadth of view that is born of experience." It can hardly be said that his poetry is of the Irish school. It has all his countrymen's imagery, but lacks their sadness of tone; his "harp is not hung in despair on the willows." His poems are highly dramatic, are full of reverence for all things sacred, and those on liberty reach sublime heights. Liberty to him is never license; but there is no liberty unless it be the freedom of the individual. His blood boils at the thought of the systems which make Christ a cloak 'the law of for the corpse that stands for justice," and where every social wrong is justified in the name of religion and the Almighty. He describes the down trodden as a human sea frozen like a swamp, where "the kings and the heirs ride on the ice and laugh," thus creating the elements of disorder they will soon learn to fear. In Bohemia, is the plaint of a to fear. In Bonemia, is the plaint of a man who has sounded every part of the social sea and found it always shal-low. Literature may give a higher place within her sacred precincts to other of his poems, but to me his great-est is The City Streets. It has been

other in producing a type of Christ-ianity more gracious, more beautiful, more pure than any that has yet been experienced, bringing the life of our divine Lord and Master nearer to the hearts of men than it has ever yet been—this man shall have his proper place, this man will be recognized as a prophet and a seer, as the very in-strument of God in bringing about the

glorious consummation." Many tributes have been paid to his worth, many peans have sung his praise, the eloquence of voice and pen have attested his greatness, and the eloquence of marble will yet per-petuate his memory, but the tribute hic heart would have most desired is the gratitude of the lowly ones who proclaim him O'Reilly, poet of humanitv.

RESOLUTIONS AFTER A RE-TREAT.

On awaking in the morning l will at once offer my heart to God, make a good intention for the day, uniting it with the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus : in the evening before going to bed. I will make a short examination of conscience and say, a fervent prayer, being fully con-vinced that on God's blessing and protection my happines in this life depends, and that without His grace I can neither avoid sin nor perform my duties as I ought.

2. I will receive the holy sacraments at least once a month. Neither tepidity nor caprice nor the example or sneers of othor young people shall ever keep me away from this salutary practice, for I know that by this means only I can preserve my soul from contracting bad habits and persevere on the line of virtue and holiness.

With unflinching steadfastness I will ever cling to my holy faith. Te all objections that may be raised against it I will give this one reply. I believe all things which the Catholic Church teaches to be believed, I condemn whatever she condemns : I do what she commands me to do; I will not think myself wiser than her.

4. I will avoid with scrupulous care all proximate occasions of sin, be they such by their own nature or by reason of my own weakness, mindful of the words of the Holy Ghost: "He that loveth danger shall perish in it."

5. Instructed by my holy faith that every man's life on earth is beset by various temptations, I will never give way to despondency when temptations shall come over me; I will then at once raise my heart to God, beg for His grace and protection and firmly be lieve that He will never allow me to be tempted beyond my strength and that He will turn all my temptations to my spiritual benefit, provided I myself do not wilfully give cause or consent to the to them.

6. In my dress I will avoid what is singular, extravagant or contrary to Christian modesty ; after the example of holy virgins and women I will strive to be neat and tidy but simple in my dress.

in my dress. 7. In the choice of my friends I will be most cautious and have but a few and such only as by their society can be of real benefit to my soul. I will never read immoral or dangerous romances, novels or periodicals, mind ful of the great harm such reading would do to my soul, as it would grad-ually make me lose all taste for serious occupation and for the reading of good books, and especially as it would expose me to the evident danger of losing the purity of my soul.

9. To my parents and superiors, as

8. I will never indulge in idleness, nich is the mother of all vices : I will

poor, especially those who are ashamed to beg; I will assist them with money, visit them when they are sick, console them when they are in great afflictions

16. All the days of my life I will foster a tender love and devotion to my good Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary; I will also invoke St. Joseph, my guardian angel, and my patron saint

The Sunset of Death.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

Naturally, old age is distasteful to men and women of the world. To the world they are wedded, and after it they would go. But old age paralyzes their activities; it abbreviates their pleasures. Valued associations are broken up; the zest goes out of life. Hence, few grow old gracefully. Old age is looked upon as death in life. It ought not to be so with Christians. In their view the sunset of death is the day dawn of life. Old age is, therefore, the infancy of immortality. Moreover, a good life here is the best

preparation for happiness beyond. A areer that has been run in the service of God and in good thoughts, kind words and helpful deeds toward men, affords solid satisfaction in the retro spection and lays up for the twilight of our days an infinite store of content ment.

Besides, if we fill the days as they pass with hope and help, while we look back with complaceny, we can look forward with assurance. We shall grow old without realizing it : there will be no time for regret. shall ripen toward the close, and the angels will pluck at and claim us as husbandmen do autumnal fruit.

Why he Wanted Corbett Whipped.

From the Evening Dispatch.

"I hope that Mitchell will whip Cor bett," said a military officer as he boarded the car.

Everybody within hearing looked to see who the speaker was, and at last an acquaintance said, voicing doubt-less what was in the mind of most of the bystanders : "What! You want to see an Eng-

lishman whip an American ?"

"That's what I said," replied the officer, looking defiant. Then he broke the silence to explain himself: "After that I hope that the colored man Jackson will whip Mitchell, and then I want to see the boxing kangaroo come along and knock Jackson out. 1 think that this prize-fighting business will then have been brought down to its proper level, and I shall take no more interest in it until human beings again manifest a disposition to degrade themselves in the same way

The military man looked as if he meant what he said, and the expres sions on the other faces indicated that he was not without support.

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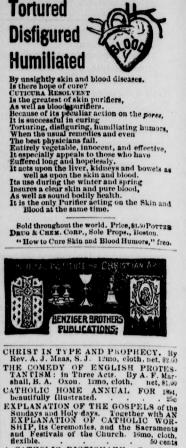
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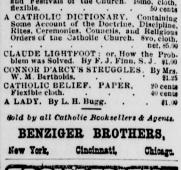
Two years ago I had a bad attack of bil-iousness and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and can truly recommend it to any one suffering from this complaint. MRS. CHAS. BROWN, Toronto.

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MARCH 17, 1894.





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truly said that a man's life is not measured by its years, but by its deeds. By such a standard O'Reilly's brief fortygaged in some decent and useful work. six years are lengthened into five times that number.

the representatives of God, I will Fifty years had barely passed since Edmund Burke had exclaimed that the age of chivalry had gone when came this Irishman from the banks of always show great respect and tender love and I will strive to give them great joy and consolation by my submission and good conduct. 10. I will endeavor not to give way the Boyne illustrating that it was the lance, the lists and the coat of mail that had departed, and not the chivalrous spirit of the knighterrant, to inconstancy, the great stumbling block of young people, and not be good only by fits and starts, by caprice of fancy, but I will be constant and reguthe kingly malediction of the second George against the laws that deprived lar in the observance of my several him of the victorious soldiers of Fonteduties, and particularly in keeping these my resolutions. 11. I will always be polite, gentle noy, had long since passed into history when came this rebel exile reminding and charitable to every one, but I will the world that the same laws still existed ; the wandering ministrel no longer also show firmness of character when pass'd where Newark's stately tower ever there is question of doing my duty looks out from Yarrow's birchen tower," when came this bard of the

to God and my holy religion, or in case my virtue should be assailed. common people, telling their virtues, their sufferings and their heroism, 12. I will always keep a watchful guard over my tongue, and do all in my power to prevent others from lowwith the tenderness of the troubadour, the faith of the mediæval squire, and ering the reputation of their neighbor, mindful of the strict account we shall the courage of the crusader. In the dawn of manhood he entered a new all have one day to give to God of home as an Irishman, a Catholic, a every useless, and much more of every Fenian and an escaped convict, at-tended by every prejudice that these imply; and without fortuitous uncharitable word.

13. I will make serious and constant efforts to repress my excessive sensicircumstances, without adventitious aids, but by the force of His character, by his lofty idealism, and tiveness and delicacy, to learn early to bear some little pain in my body with patience, to put up with some little trials from the part of my neighbors, by his God-given genius, broke down every social barrier, and became the with slanders, misunderstandings, inhonored guest of the most conservagratitude ; to deny myself, and so contive drawing rooms in the most conquer my ruling passion. 14. I will do my utmost by a virtuservative city of the continent. Without fear and without malice he

ous life to prepare myself for a good choice of a state of life. In this choice choice of a state of life. In this choice the holy will of God shall be my only guide. Should I be called to the marsociety which felt his stinging sharfs ried state I will never consent to take anyone for my husband who is not of my faith, not a good, practical Catholic

15. I will always be very kind to the Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. not waste my time by doing nothing or doing useless or foolish things; 1 will accustom myself to be always en-

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