

Faded Flowers.

Faded flowers stern reminders Of the days that are so rare. Of the early love and joy, Of the early love and joy.

badge (the cross of St. Cuthbert) of their devotion to the patron saint of their beloved diocese. The detachment from East Cumbria was headed by a Papal Zouave in full uniform, and he attracted general attention. There was a contingent of pilgrims from Gloucestria, near Leicester, the old church there being dedicated to St. Cuthbert, who is said to have visited it in his lifetime.

truth was held up to men there was awakened in their consciences and hearts some echo at least of the mighty truths which concerned their eternal salvation. To those men he added others which God had given him. He could wield the power of fervent and continual prayer, which, as they knew from the Scriptures, was always availing.

and to love the Christ who had suffered and died for them on the cross, that united together in the sacred company of Jesus once more in God's good time this great nation might return to the old Catholic faith; and that they might all once more by God's grace be one fold under one shepherd.

Generally he has a handful of notes in the closed left hand; he rarely uses them except to read columns of statistics or to calculate percentages or to touch of some new fact that will lead to a concealed mine of data with which a minister's speech and a department's estimate will be thrown out of debate.

landlordism. Nor will the youth—for he is only 25—disappoint his countrymen in the United States. Not being a genius like Pitt, he will not have to plead the crime of being a young man extension of political audacity. He has been very modest in the House, and spoken only when, in accordance with Parnell's discipline, he has been authorized or requested by his chief.

Retreat. I had known, O loyal heart, When I had known, O loyal heart, When I had known, O loyal heart, When I had known, O loyal heart.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

THOUSANDS JOURNEY TO LINDISFARNE. A pilgrimage to Holy Island, in commemoration of the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert, took place, as we have already briefly noticed, on the Thursday of last week, many thousands of Catholics from Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Yorkshire, and all parts of England taking part in the impressive ceremony. It will be remembered that the actual date of the centenary fell upon March 20, the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the patron saint of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle was on that day made the subject of sermons in the churches of the North.

TWO ABLE AMBASSADORS.

THE PARLIAMENTARY ABILITY OF MR. ARTHUR O'CONNOR—LOGICIAN, ORATOR AND DEBATER—A MAN ALL HIS OPPONENTS ADMIRE—HENRY GRATTAN'S GRANDSON HIS COMPANION. The two men whom Mr. Parnell has selected to visit the United States this year, Arthur O'Connor and Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, baronet, are personally less known among their countrymen than many members of the Nationalist party inferior in ability and personal interest, says the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

PEN PICTURES OF THE MEN WHO WILL REPRESENT PARNELL HERE.

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CARDINAL MANNING AT KINGSLAND.

London Universe, Aug. 23. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster preached at High Mass at the Church of Our Lady and St. Joseph, Kingsland, on Sunday. Taking his text from the Epistle of the day, "By the Grace of God I am what I am," His Eminence said these words were as true of each one of us as they were of St. Paul, who when he wrote them, had in his mind the day when he held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen, and the other day, also, when on the way to Damascus he was struck to the ground and smitten with blindness by a bright light from heaven above all the splendours of the sun.

AN INDIAN MISSION.

THE PROPERTY AND CIVILIZATION OF INDIANS WHO BELONG TO CATHOLIC INFLUENCE—TWENTY FOUR INDIAN MAIDENS CONFIRMED—MRS. THOMAS FRANCIS MEEGER THEIR SPONSOR. From the New York World. On the flathead Indian reservation Northwest Montana, August 1.—came here to see the modernized red man transformed by civilizing influences from the walkie savage of the forest to the peaceable tiller of the soil. The American Indian, though still proud of his painted features, his primitive blankets and colored strings of beads, is fast robbing himself in the habitations of the white man and soon the curling smoke of the rice from the cone-shaped wigwags along the banks of the mountain streams will ascend from the mantel-breasted chimneys where tobacco, no longer untotated and ignorant, shall sit around the winter's hearth and read to his children the legends of his forefathers in the long ago. Or may the young brave, from whose breast the savage instinct of old shall have been extirpated by the pleasure of the mine, shall recount by public acclaim the historical scenes through which his people passed and the dawn of faith and Christianity among them. It is the picture of the impossible. I saw it yesterday through the lens of thought, as I beheld the copper-hued young Indians declaim with grace and spirit, unravel mathematical problems that to me were full of Gordian knots, and breathe into sounding brass the spirit-stirring creations of our patriotic national composer.

THE HOME RULE QUESTION.

He will not set audiences wild with flashing generalities; he rarely uses them except to read columns of statistics or to calculate percentages or to touch of some new fact that will lead to a concealed mine of data with which a minister's speech and a department's estimate will be thrown out of debate. He has been very modest in the House, and spoken only when, in accordance with Parnell's discipline, he has been authorized or requested by his chief. Whether he will develop into an effective extemporaneous orator is for time to tell. Thus far he has found memory a safer friend than invention. Like the great Grattan, he can practice on written paragraphs until he knows every line by heart. He will make good speeches that will delight popular assemblies. His voice is light, clear and musical; his manner timid, but not faltering; his matter sound and his logic lively. He is at a disadvantage in Parliament among men of more robust type and more rich experience. But he holds his own for the present. His mother was the fourth daughter of Henry Grattan. It is from his father he gets his title—from Colonel Sir John Esmonde—the tenth baronet of a title coined away, back in 1628. Sir Thomas is a bachelor, and has a rent roll of \$10,000 a year on paper. But his tenants are leaseholders, and he is content not to be very exacting.

THE HOME RULE QUESTION.

Every word he utters. His face is not trained to antics, but his fine clear eyes look like a spell. His arms are generally crooked at the elbow, but his single gesture, made with the fingers of his right hand, is all he needs in large part to clinch a fact. Interruption never disconcerts, how he never ruffles him. Questions designed to perplex serve to turn a laugh upon an inquirer. His manner is suave, but serious; his temper is perfectly under control, but in his heart he is a man of passion which would be as dangerous in secret conspiracy as it is valuable in the long and bitter struggle which has been fought against formidable obstacles with the weapons of peace. It is certain that he never wears an audience. Unlike most of the Irish party, he has devoted his time and intellectual unparishness to all subjects of human interest upon which legislation is had. It is this which in large part has made him the object of admiration among his own party and of dread among his enemies. It is due, no doubt, considerably to the circumstances of his youth, as well as the cast of mind acquired from a distinguished father. Dr. O'Connor, for many years head surgeon of the London Free Hospital, and cast himself to be a brilliant clever son with a bent for science and a sympathy with suffering. The education of the college at Ushaw, from which Arthur passed with honor, is deeply classical and, in logic, as severe as that of any old-fashioned Aristotelian with dialectic foils. The father was a man of letters, and the son carried off at a public competitive examination a valuable post in the war office where he learned official routine with a thoroughness of which Ireland will have the benefit in her first home rule government. He has not been with Mr. Parnell without question as the man upon whom will devolve the heaviest detail duties in Mr. Parnell's first cabin. His years in the war office gave him leisure for general study of public affairs. No man in the House is better posted than he, and few so well on the application of public money, on the official transacted by ministers, on the management of great public institutions. He is an authority on prisons and charities, as well as upon the orders sent to generals in the Sudan and the discretion given to emissaries in South Africa. He is the deadly foe of official slovenliness. He can explode with microscopic closeness the conjunctures of department heads, and dissipate the illusions by which from time to time motions are pressed for appropriating public money for improper or fraudulent purposes. It is this faculty which renders him so universally obnoxious in the discussions on the estimates; and why, coupled with his alertness and wit, he is so often the target of the wit of the opposition, drove two speakers into incoherence in fruitless efforts to shut him off. Big game, when he obstructed, would willingly avow that his object was to obstruct. Other Irish speakers discover by careless or heedless light answers, that every remark of his is a dagger. But the best informed man in the House cannot stop Arthur O'Connor as long as he chooses to talk, because his discourse is so germane to the topic. He is unquestionably the best man Mr. Parnell has ever sent to the United States to give general and exact information upon every practical phase of the question.

NEVER MADE A SCENE.

He has never defied anybody, and nobody has ever insulted him. He is, nevertheless, the most exasperating man in the House of Commons, not even excepting Bigger; and his exceptional distinction in this respect is due to the reverence and respect for the mental mode by which he has always warred upon his enemies. He has never broken the rules of the House; and there is not a man of temper in either party, when combined against the Parnellites, who would not have gladly broken his head a hundred times. He has no only broken no rules himself, but he is so apt in their intricacies that he has rendered the official lives of two of the ablest speakers the Commons has ever known miserably by his inexorable fidelity to them. Lord Hartington, on a famous occasion, drew attention to the fact that Arthur O'Connor had made fifty-five speeches and asked only two questions when prolonging the debates. It is this delicacy and breadth which have made him the reputation of being the first man of affairs in the Irish party. When he rises to speak on his perch in the Parnellite row nearest the wall, the rude and the impatient leave the House as stealthily as possible—the lady, because they know he will compel their attention; the rude, because they know he will elude their insolence; and the impatient, because they have been taught to feel that they cannot hasten his pace. But the studious listen with eagerness, for they are sure to acquire new knowledge; and the courteous, because he is a pattern of courtesy; the belligerent, because they are certain that he is going to discharge a park of small artillery with slight resonance, but with deadly effect; and the sharply partisan, because experience has taught them that when Arthur O'Connor has taken up a subject he will inevitably damage the side to which he is opposed. This manner in speaking is precisely like his mind—calm, simple, tranquil, firm and forcible. He is of medium figure, slender and trim, dresses with unostentatious propriety and bears himself with the genteel unaggressiveness of a scholar and a well-bred man. His head is growing bald, but what hair he has is dark; his face is pale, his features are regular and fine, his eyes the deep blue which, IN SO MANY IRISH FACES, seem black, and a dark beard, carefully but not foppishly barbered, lends a hint of age greater than his own to Arthur O'Connor, who is 43. He stands erect and composed before the House, sometimes letting his head droop slightly toward his breast as memory wanders off for some distant arguement of facts and speedily brings her craft into harbor, her arrival being signalled in the rising of his head and the flashing of the clear daylight in his eyes.