

et, staunch, massive... He himself uttered... in the spring of 1843... a noble name has gone... familiar along the... and I verily be... of Russia has heard... of Spain you, Portugal... has felt it... in the mountains of... it with it, the woes of... of from the sources... from the waters of the... of the mountains of the... part of that vast con... of the Canadas to... New Orleans—with my... cry for the restor... of these words was no... exaggerate. None will... interest enemies admit... name was measured... in the country of his... the nobility abroad... time, in any country... greater. His was the... in Europe. If... regiments, he had an... overpowering, people... of the order of the... ruler of the avalanche... he had breathed a... of the eagle's wing... of it from the Alps... Is it necessary to ju... this estimate of that... assertion of his abso... at critic, writing in the... of Mirabeau, and... Thiers, Lamartine—has... his... Demos... all simple phrases... Herein the... O'Connell has a... Demos... O'Connell the... Athenian often made... or silent with delib... O'Connell often made... and love him, and... and with his cause... of the raze of human... of revolution and ad... to him impossible. He... recovered the confia... of 1782. His domin... of Henry Gratian... resources were less... will it he would have... 1843 and his dynasty... with loftier admir... have thrown the crown... and, like Washington... the sovereignty of his... code and banner of a... do so, and failing in... did indeed moved for... intellect moved down... and dying, becom... to his country which... to that stock of wealth... not, adversely... which even those... him most and censur... will be solicitous and... etuate.—T. F. Meagher

A Message. (It is related that a bird is accustomed to visit Michael Davitt in Portland, and to perch affectionately on his shoulder.) Last! Through the sunbeams all, Chilly with ghosts of unshaven sin, Dark as the hearts that are breaking within, Where the jailer's curstion and the clanking chain, And brows that shall brighten never again, Wake sighs for the coffin to silence all; Hark! through the dead of the prison (hall), Rich as a liquid stream of pearl, Soft as the love of an Irish girl, Gushes in glad and glad white, The song of an Irish bird! A song for the cell in the stranger's land— For the latest note of the fearless line, That suffer and die at the high command Of still unconquered moderns! And light the English republicans, Bright as an Irish shrine! Last!— I've flown over the weary, weary sea, From a green, green isle where the birds still sing— Dungeness and airy searched for thee, With a drooping heart and a drooping wing— Hurrah! all their frowning battlements, Their bars and their sentinels' steel can't fright the message I bring from higher than King— Of love and hope from a risen land! "Oh! tell me, tell me, thou little bird, How is it across the sea? Is the roar of the wakening multitudes here? By their trembling lips as it used to be? Do the men still march and the banners fly From O'Connell's Rock to O'Connell's side? Or do the vultures of the daggers I saw hurled far from the risen land?" "The jails are cramm'd, and the bayonets bare! Their felon grips on the nation's throat— Dillon, Keble, nor Freeman spared— All that the olden battles fought, Scatter'd, captive, barred, possess— The price, 'em station, with sword and head— There's many a change in thy darling West! 'Alas! alas! for my luckless land!" "Say, but hurrah for our grand old race! Hundreds are captive but millions are free! Laughing at tyranny, treading the trace, Onward, and upward, gravely by thee, A handful began, a Nation roids on— The highpriest which thy breath first fan'd! Hail or waver? No, never till Liberty's sun Bursts full and free over the risen land!" And oh! but the prison was heaven that night, And oh! but the prisoner's heart was light, As it bounded far o'er the Irish sea, And the little bird comes and goes over the wave. And trills out his message in soft melody: What message, O! Irishman—freedom or slave?— What message shall birds bring from their home?— United Ireland. W.

MAGNIFICENT SPEECH OF CARDINAL MANNING AT CARDIFF.

On Tuesday evening the annual meeting of the Cardiff Catholic School Board was held in the Circus, Westgate Street. The Mayor presided, and amongst those present on the platform was Bishop Healy. The Mayor said: On behalf of the inhabitants of Cardiff I think I interpret fully and fairly the opinion generally of the town when I express our very cordial welcome to Cardinal Manning upon his coming into our midst (applause). He is one who must have left during the long course of his life his mark upon the time in which he has lived. He has devoted himself to the promotion of charitable works which must for their own sakes alone be in grateful remembrance. It has been my privilege, and I trust my profit, to hear him discourse in his own church at Kensington, and I have no doubt we shall receive at any rate a large amount of instruction from what he will have to say to-night. Cardinal Manning, after the cheering with which his rising was hailed had subsided, said: Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen.—The just and generous words with which you, Mr. Mayor, opened your speech greatly relieved me; for when I accepted the invitation of my right reverend brother on the left (Bishop Healy) I thought to find myself to-night in a meeting entirely composed of his own flock. I confess that I am glad that it is not so. I am very happy, sir, to find that the Mayor of Cardiff—the chief magistrate of this town—is come to take the chair and preside over a meeting which I am called upon to address (loud cheers). I am glad also that here are present not only the members of my flock, but members of every communion in Cardiff, of every form of opinion, of all diversities—it may be of many contradictions; and, though that makes my position more difficult, I confess I am more pleased to undertake the task of endeavouring to speak as an honest man to-night, without assuming any pretence of my conviction, if I may only speak it openly and plainly, without moderation in the statements of truth, which are a betrayal of truth, but with moderation in the spirit of charity, and with a desire to reach the temper in which I shall address you (applause). Let me now say to you, "Oh! do not believe that man, 'You put me in mind of a man I have seen at the corner of the street in London.' I have seen him a great many times, and he has got upon his breast a board, on which is written, 'Stone blind.' Well, a man comes and makes a confession—he does not believe in the existence of a God. I say at once I pity you immensely, but I have no respect for you, none for your brain, and none for your intellect, and for this reason. IF THERE BE NO GOD, I ASK YOU TO ACCOUNT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF THE WORLD, FOR YOUR OWN EXISTENCE? Were you uncreated? No. Did you create yourself? No. Then you are a creature? Yes. And you say that you do not believe in the Creator of the world. Either the world was eternal, or it was self-created, or it was created by some one. Choose which you will, you cannot choose the first, you cannot choose the second, and you cannot choose the third. I acknowledge that I reject the third. I acknowledge that I never yet, and I have had—shall I say the fortune of a misfortune—in a life which is no longer a short one, to meet with a foe with a great many men who deny the functions of natural religion—I have never found any man who could face that disjunctive argument, and tell me how it is, if they cannot accept the first and second of these suppositions, they are not compelled to accept the third. And, therefore, if any man who hears me now shall say, 'Well, your argument falls to the ground with me, because I deny its foundation,' I say at once I must adjourn the question with

you. We will meet in private, if you please. And I think here we are speaking to a multitude who are not likely to partake of your idiosyncrasy, and, therefore, for the present, we will go on. Ancient civilisation was swept away by the scourge of God, and the world was purified before the Christian civilisation spread throughout it, and a new creation arose upon the chaos of the old world, a new world arose. Christendom—the Christendom of 1800 years I may say of it—but to reduce it within compass, the Christendom of that Europe of which we are so proud, of 1000 years' duration—was the creation of Christianity. Christianity first formed Christian men, illuminating the reason, guiding the conscience, sanctifying the heart, strengthening the whole—making the whole man a new creature (applause). THEN, CREATING CHRISTIAN HEROES by the indissoluble law of Christian marriage, spreading the Christian character throughout the people, so that they became Christian nations, and Christian nationalities arose until they became the great Christendom, one and complete, of which we are members, and which arose under the operations of Christianity (applause). This civilisation bore out and elevated man. Educate man in childhood and he will sustain that Christian character through life. This, and this alone, is to be trusted (cheers). Only one power can keep human nature, that is the power of Christianity. This is the power to kindle and elucidate life, and teach men to use their own freedom and life according to the law of liberty. This great Christendom, which has been imperial, royal, and majestic, was not made by the great statesmen of the Middle Ages; it was not made by the statesmen who rule over Europe at the present hour. They are not the makers of this Christendom, they did not put it together; they have not the power to build it. They have not the power to keep it up, but they have an immense power to pull it down. There are statesmen of the present day pulling things down, some of them, I believe, quite conscious and others not; but I believe that those who said: *La civilisation est l'enemi, et il faut detruire le Catholicisme* (Catholicism is the enemy of the human race, and that they must destroy Catholicity) are conscious of it, and are, therefore, undoing what FOR 1800 YEARS THE WHOLE WORLD HAS BEEN TRYING to do and has never been able to accomplish. They are doing the work in Italy, trying it in Germany and in France, and they are likely to do something in Spain; but I believe other statesmen are pulling it down without meaning to do so, and, indeed, have the very reverse intention. But one false opinion is like one drop of chemical solution, which will work its way through a solid substance, or, like the lever placed upon a fulcrum, will overturn a great mass. There are statesmen who are unconsciously pulling things down. There is one, especially, whom I may, perhaps, name, and for him I have a very great respect. I am perfectly confident that he had no intention of undoing, or of trying to undo, the great Christian education of England. Amongst those who are Nonconformists in religion there are men who would rather put their hands in the fire than contribute to bring about that result (loud applause). I ask you plain men to answer this question: Children brought up in a school where they have never been taught the doctrine of a Christian religion, will they go into Christian places of worship which grown-up men? Why should they? Perhaps you will tell me they have been educated at home, or in private, or in the Sunday school. I have a very great love for the Sunday school, and that love and veneration springs among many of us from the fact that that great saint, Borromeo, was the founder of Sunday schools. A very great lawyer, and LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND—Lord Atherton—through his long life, and with all the heavy duties of office, and in the midst of the most laborious duties, spent his Sunday afternoons in teaching the children in the Sunday school. I wish all laymen would follow his example. I wish they were a little more self-denying, and instead of taking the full rest on the Sunday afternoon they would give a few hours for this work (loud applause). Therefore, do not think for a moment that I undervalue Sunday schools. But if you think you can adequately educate the children there, in one day out of the seven you surpass my understanding. Education is a daily, hourly work. Once more. Sometimes we are told that religion will be adequately taught at home. Now, I must say, Mr. Mayor, that it is rather difficult for me to talk about this with patience. I hope I shall not say anything for which I shall be called to order (laughter). WHEN I LOOK AT THE FAMILIES OF THE RICH, I ask whether they educate their children in religion? They get tutors and governesses, or they send their boys and girls to schools and universities. They do not attempt to teach them religion, and how the worse for their children. Very few, indeed, are those who, living the life of riches and indulgence, and ease and luxury, have enough self-denial and reflection to study the character and the patience to educate the child in religion. So I come to the middle class. Those who hear me perhaps can speak of it better than I can. You know what your lives are—you know how continually you are occupied from morning to night—you know your anxieties—you know it is enough for you to labour for the maintenance of your families—the food and clothing and all things necessary for the children? Can you go home to-night—can you from a lawyer's office, or from the bank, or from other kinds of employment—can you sit down and say, "Now, come; I will teach you your religion?" Do you do it? Well, now, I will go further, and this is what, I confess, tries my patience the most. I have been told by some of the theorists and pedants of education that the children of the poor are to learn their catechism and Christian doctrines when they go home from the lips of their father and their mother. What! THE FATHER AND MOTHER WHO ARE OF BEFORE THE WHOLE DAY, AND ARE WEARIED OUT—THE FATHER AND MOTHER WHO, IN THEIR OWN CHILDHOOD HAD HARDLY EVER

been adequately taught, are they the teachers upon whom the poor children are to depend for the knowledge of their own religion? I call this hard-hearted cruelty, I call it a mockery of the noble poor—no noble in their poverty—for it is the Providence of God has assigned them; and if in that lot they are honest and upright they are noble in their generation (applause). Well, Mr. Mayor, I am coming towards tender ground, but I must speak out as I said I should at first. England is a Christian country. The English are a Christian people. Scotland and the Scots are eminently so. Of Ireland and the Irish I need not say anything (cheers). They had the traditional education of St. Patrick; and if there is any Scot here he will say that he has the tradition of St. Andrew, and I will give it him. And the greater part of those who are listening to me, and who may not be of my own flock, will say, and will be glad and rejoice in saying, that they have the tradition of St. Augustine of Canterbury. Well, these three Kingdoms, which are the United Kingdom in its highest region, the very copy of the whole edifice—the national universities—have been stripped of the Christianity which was their inheritance, and they are thrown open to anybody, to all doctrines, to the four winds of heaven, to all conflicting opinions in philosophy and in religion (applause). And the more they are educated in our universities will be the fathers of the families of the next generation; they will be the legislators who will make laws on education for the United Kingdom. And if they have been trained, formed themselves in the higher regions of education without Christianity, I ask you, when they come to deal with the question of the education of the English people, what will be their judgment of the relation between Christianity and what they call culture? Well, sir, I leave this part of the subject. But the education of the people of this United Kingdom has been struck at even in its lower foundation. I will not attempt now to have returned you, for long time ago I said, "No, no!" I will not attempt now to go over the history from the years 1838-39, of which I have a vivid memory, for I WAS MYSELF A PART OF THE MOVEMENT OF THAT DAY (applause). I will not go back so far, but I will content myself for the moment by saying this: Down to the year 1870 the national education of England was a Christian education throughout. There were various modifications in the system. There was a conscience clause, and there were other changes which, in some degree, began to introduce a new system of education. As a whole, the schools of the Church of England, the schools of the Catholics, the schools of the Wesleyans, and the schools of the Nonconformists generally were Christian in their character. There was no legislation or legal hindrance to the full and perfect teaching of Christianity in those schools, and all the books they used were pervaded and quickened throughout by the recognition of the revelation of God (applause). As I said before, a statesman who holds in reverence—I mean Mr. Forster, a man whom I know intimately, and with that personal knowledge I have of his character, I declare a more upright and benevolent man I have never met—(applause)—a man who, to my knowledge, risked his return to parliament, risked his position, perhaps his life, because at a given moment a crisis of great excitement in the question of education, he absolutely refused to give way in permitting the Bible to be read in all schools. He introduced a measure, and that measure came out of Parliament, not in the form in which he introduced it. He was not responsible for the result, because at that time it was not the first, for that purifies, but to have expunged from every page the name of our Divine Redeemer, and the very name of God (applause). We are now, therefore, under a system in which the heaviest blow has been struck both at the coping and at the foundation of the Christian education of England. The middle-class education of England ever since the beginning of the seventeenth century, has been, I will say, the brain and the heart of the English people (applause). Do you, for your own sakes, and for the sake of your children, and for the sake of posterity, take good care that your children, the children of your formation, their education, which can never be turned—shall not be deprived of the full and complete influence, guidance and illumination, not only of the lights of nature, but of the lights of revelation, without which they can never be adequately educated (applause). Well, now I have said one more word to say, and that is, in the year 1879 inaugurated an infidel revolution, and those who began it little thought that that constitutional change, which they hoped would have tempered the French monarchy and given liberties to the French people, would end in an infidel empire and a Republic that would make war with the Christian religion. So in the year 1848 another simultaneous revolutionary movement throughout Europe began, which has expelled Christianity from the whole education of Italy—which is ENDEAVORING TO DO THE SAME IN BELGIUM, and is intensifying the animosity against the Christian education in France. I am quite confident that many who are now in the beginning encouraged that movement never thought what would

come from it. I am equally persuaded now, that many of those who have been earnestly contending for the separation of secular and religious teaching have little thought that as a formula it is impossible in itself without destroying education altogether, and that they are not aware, and are not at the present moment aware, that they are permitting that which in the due course of time, and in the full development of its consequences, will destroy the traditions of the Christian people of this Kingdom (applause). I need not appeal to those who are members of the Church of England, for I am confident of this, that they are as fully convinced as I am of all I have said, except only that in which, perhaps, from some infirmity of mind, I may have mis-stated the question. I believe that all those who are EARNEST MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WILL FEEL THIS, that rather than surrender a school of theirs to the School Board for the purpose of relieving them from the burden of its maintenance they would endure any privation in life (applause). If there be any here that are not either of the Church of England or the Catholic Church (and there may be some), I will appeal to them in the memory of their forefathers, and ask them why they are Nonconformists. Because their forefathers chose to endure the loss of all things, and the prison bands, for the liberty of their consciences—for the purity of the Christian faith—for that religion which they counted dearer to themselves than all things, even life itself. I appeal to them now, the sons of such sires, to stand firm in this moment of trial, and to be on the side of faith in our Divine Redeemer against all those who are consciously or unconsciously undermining the traditions of our Christian education. I do not say one word about those who believe with me. Of this I am certain, that among the long line of resistance against the great flood of unbelief which is coming upon us, more unanimously and more voluminously every day, you of the Church of England, you of Disenting communion, will find us standing in the same line, and against whatsoever assault we will never give way (loud applause).

JAS. REDPATH'S LETTERS. Interesting Interview with Bishop Nulty.

Dublin, July 28th, 1881. Since I wrote to you a week ago I have visited Kilmahinham Jail and the Inchicore monastery of the Oblate Fathers near it; I have slept in a dormitory of Maynooth College; I have passed the night in the cells of the barbetting hall on Tara's Hill; I have stood by the haunted swamp beneath whose luxuriant rushes repose what remains, be the same more or less, so to speak, of the last of the heathen kings of Ireland; I have climbed military defences and crept into caves beneath great mounds constructed by the Druids in the eighth and ninth centuries before the Christian era; I have ascended a round tower; I have crossed the "Bovine Water" at the spot where William of Orange won the victory that consecrated the noblest classes of the Irish race for centuries to the task often seemingly hopeless but never abandoned nor to be abandoned, of annihilating the military and commercial power of England; I have crossed Slane Hill, on which St. Patrick lit the fire whose more sacred splendors soon extinguished the sacred fires of the more ancient faith; I have been a guest at the tables of the Nuns of St. Loretto and of the Bishop of Meath; I have been puzzled over inscriptions of Celtic origin which have given rise to renowned graves for a thousand years; I have sat beside ivy-clad abbey and among the ruins of ancient monasteries. I have trod the pavements of a church, not of God, but of England, erected on the site (the stolen site) of that ill-fated Catholic church within whose walls the stern soldiery of Cromwell, without human pity, but yet in the name of the Lord, massacred the "worshipping congregation—regarding neither age nor sex, but humbly giving unto God nevertheless all the glory of that hideous slaughter which their leader looked at the head of AN IRISH CATHOLIC PRELATE MARRIED that was his pleasure hundred years ago, and it was shown to me reverently by grey-gowned nuns who guarded the relic—less a relic than themselves to transatlantic eyes; and I have seen in solemn procession, chanting at Vespers in the little chapel of the Dominican monastery near Dublin, among men unknown and nameless, and without one spark of humanity, but he by the yieldless democratic discipline of his order, no higher in rank than the humblest among them all, the greatest orator of the Irish race to-day, Father Burke, or, as everyone calls him in Ireland, "Father Tom." I shall have no dearth of topics, only I shall confine myself to one, only to a few hours only, but I kept a firm grip of my learned guide for several days. We met Bishop Nulty at Navan in the County Meath. He is a man of fifty, I should judge; a man of an unassuming but most vigorous personality—who converses as well as he writes, and whose talk convinces because it is thoroughly sincere. We dined with the Bishop three, and he drove us in his carriage to Slane. Such notes as I made of these talks I shall content myself with transcribing. "How large is your diocese, bishop?" I asked. "In addressing a bishop, etiquette requires you to say 'My Lord,' but although I have conversed with several Irish Bishops and Irish lords— LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL—I never could compel my republican tongue to utter the words. Faith, I didn't

try. This true, as well as legal, nobleman he called heartily when I confessed that if I did not say 'My Lord' it was certainly not because I had not the profoundest respect for him, but because I was so intense a republican that I could not conscientiously address any man as Lord. His social abolition was prompt and cheery. "My diocese," said the bishop, "comprises the whole of Meath and Westmeath, the greater part of King's County, and some parishes in Cavan and Longford." "This county," I said, "around Tara, and from Navan to Maynooth, seems a cultivated desert, rich in bullocks, but poor in men." "Yes," said the bishop, "one day last week I rode for five hours through the fertile district and I only met a herd (herd man) and a dog. From 1851 to 1861, according to 'Thom's Directory,' the decrease in population, owing to evictions in the counties of Meath and Westmeath alone was 51,000. I believe the decrease was still greater from 1861 to 1871. During the twenty-eight years preceding 1871, out of a total population of 471,986 souls, 200,954 have disappeared; and during the same period, out of 83,137 houses, 29,461 are gone." "Did you ever witness an eviction?" "Yes," replied the bishop, "I was once an eye-witness to an eviction near Lough Shelan, about a mile from the village of Mount Nugent, County Cavan, in my diocese. It occurred in September, 1847. The names of the owners were O'Connor and Malone. The name of the agent was Guinness. He was at that time the member of Parliament for Kinsale. He was shortly after unseated for bribery. I was a missionary priest at the time, temporarily on duty in the locality of the eviction. I knew the place well for many years previous to the eviction, as it is only five miles from my native place. "On the day of the eviction seven hundred human beings were driven from their homes. I myself counted them. The evicted families were hard working, honest, industrious people, comfortable in their way. Not one of them, excepting only one man, a sort of bullif on the estate, owed a shilling of rent. I heard that this man had endeavored to get up a combination among the tenants not to pay their rents, to give some color of excuse for their eviction. He was repeatedly charged with this act by numbers of tenants in my presence." "Did the tenants leave without a show of force?" "THERE WERE A HUNDRED POLICE PRESENT." replied the bishop. "There was also a body of men with crowbars, who worked for two days incessantly at the task of pulling down houses. The unfortunate people, driven out upon the waste, there passed the night. Their furniture was cast out upon the road. During the night it rained pitilessly. "Next morning I visited the scene of unchristian wrath. The appearance of the poor women and children as they emerged from the ruins of their former homes, saturated with rain, blackened and besmeared with soot, shivering in every member, presented a most appalling spectacle. "One incident remains indelibly impressed on my memory. The 'Crowbar Brigade' stopped and recoiled with terror when they saw the women and children to destroy with the rest. They had learned that their inmates were stricken with typhus fever. They supplicated the agent to spare their houses; but he was inexorable and insisted that they should come down. He ordered a large window-pane sheet to be secured over the beds in which the fever victims lay delirious, then directed the houses to be uprooted 'autonomously,' because, he said, he disliked the bother and discomfort of a coroner's inquest." "On the next day I administered the last Sacrament to four of these fever victims. Save the window-pane sheet, there was no room nearer to me than the canopy of heaven." "At this eviction the wailing of women—the screams, terror, and consternation of children, WRITING TEARS OF GRIEF FROM ALL WHO SAW THEM. "I saw the officers and men of the police force cry like children at the cruel sufferings of the people. But it was notorious that the land agents for many miles in every direction warned their tenants under threats of eviction against extending to any of them a night's shelter." "What became of the evicted tenants, bishop?" "Every landed proprietor for miles around warned their tenants with threats of eviction, and they were driven from their homes to one of these evicted families even a single night's lodging. Many of these poor people were unable to emigrate; while at home, by this heartless policy, every door was closed against them. I lost sight of many of them, as I was only on temporary duty at the parish; but I heard from those who lived there by poverty and disease, they soon graduated from the workhouse to the tomb, and in a little more than three years nearly a fourth of them were in their graves." The bishop regards the Land Bill altogether inadequate to the demands of the situation, as it was not the victory won by the Land League agitation—chiefly because it destroys both the arbitrary power and the social prestige of the landed class in enabling the tenant to appeal from the landlords, who hitherto have had the sole voice in fixing the rent, to a court in which that power has been vested, and also in securing to a considerable extent, not only substantial security of tenure, but tenant's rights in improvements they may create or have created. The tenant farmers, the bishop remarked, have been no better than slaves hitherto, because their peace of mind, physical welfare, the very privilege of living in the house built by their own parents, in which they were born—their right to live on the farms that their ancestors had reclaimed by their toil—all depended on the caprice or will of an irresponsible landlord, who could call on the civil power to back him in enforcing his behests. The bishop gave me a pastoral, in which, after describing this scene, he added that it was not an exceptional event occurring in a remote locality where public opinion could not reach and expose it. Quite the reverse. "EVERY COUNTY, BARON, POOR LAW UNION," writes the bishop, "and, indeed, every

parish in the diocese, is perfectly familiar with evictions that are oftentimes surrounded by circumstances and distinguished by traits of darker and more disgusting atrocity. Quite near the town in which I write (Mullingar), and in the parish in which I lived, I lately passed through what might be characterized as a wilderness, in which, as far as the eye could reach, not a single human being, nor the vestige of a human habitation, was anywhere discernible. It was only with great difficulty, and much uncertainty, too, that I was able to distinguish the spot on which, till lately, stood one of the most respectable houses of this parish. A few miles further on I fell in with the scene of another extensive clearance in which the houses that had sheltered three hundred human beings were rased to the ground some few years ago. That same proprietor desolated, in an adjoining parish, a densely populated district, by patches of so many families in each of a series of successive clearances. Seventeen families formed the first batch." The bishop does not favor the plan of emigration from Mayo and other western counties into Meath, as he says that if the present great estates were divided they would only give the actual agricultural population of Meath farms of fifty acres each, which is small enough to support a family in comfort. He was emphatic in his eulogies of this class of farmers—the men of fifty acres and thereabouts—describing them as thrifty, industrious, and virtuous people. The bishop regards peasant proprietorship as the only solution that will be permanently satisfactory to the people of Ireland. While the Land Bill may not lead to break up the large farms and estates, the bishop thought that this result would be brought about more rapidly than was commonly believed by American competition, which is already making grazing unprofitable in Ireland. He regards the Land Bill as an excellent auxiliary to this American competition, in bringing the agrarian agitation to a successful conclusion. JAMES REDPATH. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE TRUE KNIGHT. How he Appreciates the Dignity of Man and the Respect Due to Woman-kind.

The true Knight is one who is closely united to God, by the three golden links of Faith, Hope and Love. The Knights of old did great works because they were of Faith. They believed in God and in all the truths of God. They believed in the dignity of man, because they knew that God Himself so valued the soul of every man, as to sacrifice Himself, that He might free man from the slavery of sin. They had a special reverence for woman-kind because they knew that God had chosen a woman to be the mother of glory of being the nurse of God, and Queen over all God's universe; that by that woman He had lifted up our race from shame. That He had Himself honored a woman beyond all His creatures. The Knights of old did great works because they were men of Hope. Not a vague idealism, but a hope that they would succeed in what they undertook, but the divine virtue of hope by which they knew that God was able and willing to aid them in all things that they would undertake for His truth and justice. Thus, even if he did not will them to succeed in every earthly enterprise, yet every effort of a knight was a final and abiding contribution to the glory of God's sake. They saw in every neighbor an image of God, a brother of God made man. God has declared "whatever is done to the least of His brethren is done to Him. Therefore they devoted themselves before all things to the defense and assistance of the little and the weak. Faith in God's truths—Faith in God's help—love of neighbor for God's sake. These were the sources of Knighthood's power and beauty, because by these the Knights drank from the first great source of all power, and beauty; and universal good—Almighty God, and you take to yourselves this honored name. You must give example of the virtues which the chivalric imports. God grant you may give to any one of these evicted families even a single night's lodging. Many of these poor people were unable to emigrate; while at home, by this heartless policy, every door was closed against them. I lost sight of many of them, as I was only on temporary duty at the parish; but I heard from those who lived there by poverty and disease, they soon graduated from the workhouse to the tomb, and in a little more than three years nearly a fourth of them were in their graves." The bishop regards the Land Bill altogether inadequate to the demands of the situation, as it was not the victory won by the Land League agitation—chiefly because it destroys both the arbitrary power and the social prestige of the landed class in enabling the tenant to appeal from the landlords, who hitherto have had the sole voice in fixing the rent, to a court in which that power has been vested, and also in securing to a considerable extent, not only substantial security of tenure, but tenant's rights in improvements they may create or have created. The tenant farmers, the bishop remarked, have been no better than slaves hitherto, because their peace of mind, physical welfare, the very privilege of living in the house built by their own parents, in which they were born—their right to live on the farms that their ancestors had reclaimed by their toil—all depended on the caprice or will of an irresponsible landlord, who could call on the civil power to back him in enforcing his behests. The bishop gave me a pastoral, in which, after describing this scene, he added that it was not an exceptional event occurring in a remote locality where public opinion could not reach and expose it. Quite the reverse. "EVERY COUNTY, BARON, POOR LAW UNION," writes the bishop, "and, indeed, every

Female Complaints.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging-down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and never had my health so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it. MRS. EMILY RHODES, McBrides, Mich. Dollars, which might otherwise be thrown away by resorting to ineffectual medicines, are saved by purchasing that inexpensive specific for bodily pain and remedy for ailments of the throat, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which does not deteriorate, and is thorough and pure. Those who suffer from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking disorder that undermines the health, and constitutional vigor will return.