

THE IRISH ENVOYS IN BOSTON.

THREE ELOQUENT SPEECHES.

A magnificent demonstration was given to the Irish envoys, Messrs. John Dillon, William O'Brien, Timothy Harrington, T. D. Sullivan and T. P. O'Connor, at the Boston Theatre last week. Representative men of the country were present in large numbers, though but short notice was given of the demonstration. The Auditorium was filled with a larger and more enthusiastic audience than ever appeared in it since Mr. O'Brien returned from his visit to Canada in 1887. The Hon. P. A. Collins and Judge Woodbury made spirited addresses, the latter occupying the chair, after which the delegates addressed the audience in their usual patriotic style. The mention of Mr. Gladstone's name by Mr. Dillon brought out the most enthusiastic display of how the great statesman has endeavored himself to the Irish in America by his determination to do justice to Ireland.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan made a happy hit when he explained that the Unionists, who are asking the public to believe that Ireland, with her 4,500,000 people, poor and uneducated, will overleap Great Britain with its 35,000,000 people, organized and armed population. He related here a saying of Dean Swift: "If there is anything more certain than another, it is this, that eleven men, well armed, are capable of subduing one man in his shirt."

He added that the Unionists appear to think that the one man in his shirt, if he is an Irishman, can terrorize the eleven. Mr. O'Brien spoke as follows: Our mission and our purpose here is summed up in that one word—Tipperary. (Great applause.) Tipperary crystallizes all the insolence of true Irish landlordism, all the brutality of coercion, and all the heroism with which coercion has been met and battled by the Irish patriots. (Long continued applause.) Tipperary expresses in one word the inextinguishable passion of Irish nationality and the inimitable determination to fight for it. (Applause and cries of "good.")

The great English leader of the Liberal host, Mr. Gladstone (great applause and cheering), in the first of his recent speeches in Midlothian, declared that you might search history in vain for an instance in which a whole population struggled so unselfishly in its origin, so stanchly in its progress, involving sacrifices so vast and displaying a spirit so absolutely unconquerable as the people of Tipperary have been displaying during the past twelve months against odds which I verily believe would have daunted the hearts of any other people on the face of the globe. (Applause and cheers.)

I will tell you very briefly what is the story of Tipperary, and it is a story that I venture to assure will be told for many a day and for many an age around Irish firesides, so long as there are Irish hearts that thrill at the names of Sarsfield or of Limerick. (Applause.) What is the story of Tipperary? What is the origin of the fight there? The tenants on the Ponsonby estate, a vast estate in Cork, were among the first who forced the Government to pass in 1887 a land bill which they had rejected with scorn and insult when it was proposed by Parnell in 1886. They yielded on the question of justice, but they and the landlords determined that in the interest of Irish landlordism it was necessary to make examples of the tenants whose gallantry had forced them to yield. What did they do?

Those tenants, the justices of whose cause was the very ground and justification of the Act of 1887, were deliberately excluded from the benefits of that Act, which their own sacrifices and their own gallantry had won. The landlords and the Government combined and conspired to ruin those men, to put them outside of the pale of the law, to hunt them down like wild beasts, and set them up as scarecrows to terrify the Irish people from ever again attempting to defy the law of landlordism or of government.

THE PONSONBY TENANTS were among the men marked out for destruction. Now that was the issue that was deliberately raised by Mr. Smith Barry. The case of the Ponsonby men seemed desperate. Evictions were beginning. Mr. Smith Barry announced that he would clear out the entire population of that estate, more than two thousand souls. There seemed to be no prospect for them but ruin and extermination, when suddenly the men of Tipperary rose up and cried, "Hands off!" (Tremendous applause and cheering.)

They said: "These men have fought our battle and the battle of Ireland. It is because they fought it successfully that you are about to exterminate them, to ruin them. If you lay a finger on the Ponsonby tenants, you will have to reckon with every tenant of your own in Tipperary." (Applause and cheers.) Tipperary is one of the richest districts in Ireland; these Tipperary men had enormous interests in their business, but they said, "We will risk it all, we will sacrifice it all, we will leave your streets, your farms vacant, we will make your estates a leper settlement that nobody will touch. We will fine you £20,000 a year for your devil's work on the Ponsonby estates. And if you are rich and powerful and the Government behind you is rich and powerful, you will find that the men of Tipperary are as stubborn men as you (applause), and that we will stand and fall by our countrymen on the Ponsonby estate."

That is the story of Tipperary. That is what they promised Mr. Smith Barry that they would do. That is what they have done most gloriously and most wonderfully done, in the teeth, I verily believe, of such a combination of English gold and of English coercion as no people in all the world ever before contemplated, and contested successfully. (Cheers and applause.)

All that they ask for is fair play—all that they ask for is that the government should stand indifferent between land-

lord and tenant. But they propose, remember, to break no law. They said: "There are your lands, your houses and your town; let us see whether you can do better without your tenantry than your tenantry can do without you! (Laughter and applause.) Let it be a fair question of individuals on both sides."

But ever since they have been the victims of one of the most foul, one of the most desperate conspiracies between the English Government and the landlords that ever disgraced the annals—the sad and miserable annals—of the Government.

More than two hundred armed policemen and six hundred soldiers were drafted into the small town of Tipperary to terrorize the people.

—one armed man for every male person in the population. The whole town was handed over to a scoundrel, an ex-Jacobin official named Colonel Cadell (hisses), a monster, with the heart of a tiger and the intellect of a tomtit. This man instituted a reign of terror, inexorable in connection with the citizens of a free land. Houses were searched night and day, and one young girl, one of the most respectable in the town, was dragged into a common police court for saying "boo" for Mr. Balfour.

Every trader in town was visited by a policeman, with one of Smith-Barry's emergency men, to try and see whether they would refuse to supply him with provisions, in order to get up an excuse for prosecution against them and then to deprive them of their licenses. Every man in the town was what we call "shadowed." One of the noblest priests in the south of Ireland is Father Humphrey of Tipperary. (Applause.) The moment Father Humphrey of Tipperary leaves his house every morning he finds two policemen outside the door. One of them marches alongside of him, within two feet of him, on the footpath; another marches at his heels. Aye—will you believe it?—they have followed him to the very deathbed of one of his parishioners, and were peeping in the window while he was administering the last sacraments. (Hisses.)

These are the things which have burned into the hearts of the men of Tipperary. Though they have been going on day after day and month after month, Mr. Balfour has the audacity to talk about the intimidation being all on the side of the men who have borne all these things without shedding a drop of blood.

There was one terrible stain of blood on Tipperary. One evening a body of thirty-seven policemen, armed with rifles, fired on a crowd which they themselves estimated at sixty persons, killing several persons, among them a boy of fourteen. There was an inquest and a verdict of wilful murder against the men who fired, for no policeman dared to say that he had been injured. What could the Government prove to vindicate the course of justice?

They instituted a prosecution against the policemen—how? They sent them for trial before Colonel Cadell (hisses) who had himself been ordering bayonet charges and bayonet charges every other day of the week, and I need scarcely tell you that the policemen were sent out of court by this very man free, and I have very little doubt that at this moment they are on the high road to promotion by Mr. Balfour. Now let us see

WHAT HAS BEEN THE RESULT of all this terrorism which has been exercised on the people of Tipperary for all these months. Mr. Smith Barry's £20,000 a year have vanished. The whole town and his whole estates are at this moment a wilderness. The moment he completes his evictions on the main street, a line of fire will be drawn around that town of his, and no man except a policeman or an emergency man will ever enter that town. (Applause.)

He had a magnificent revenue from the tolls of the butter market of Tipperary. Not a firkin of butter has entered his market for nine months past. Every firkin of it has gone to the butter market that we have founded in New Tipperary. He had a valuable creamery. Not a gallon of milk has ever entered that creamery. Now Tipperary has set up a creamery of its own. (Applause.) He had valuable sand pits which brought him in a considerable revenue. Not a man would touch those sand pits of Smith-Barry if every grain of sand in them were gold. (Applause.)

Can you wonder that we are proud of Tipperary. To this hour not a man has been conquered. They have withstood every assault upon their liberties as gallantly as the iron coats of Clarendon back from the foam of the Atlantic waves. (Applause.) There they stand unconquerable by all the might of England. There they will stand to the end.

And even in the very heart of England, if we now want to stir an audience of English workmen to enthusiasm, we have only to name the name of Tipperary, and you have that whole audience upon their feet. (Applause.) For Englishmen, to their credit be it said, love pluck and despise cowardice.

We have only got to bridge over the gulf—and it is not a very wide gulf now—between this and the general election, Rescue is at hand. The relief army is approaching. The tramp is already heard.

What we want to do is to send across the waves to Tipperary, and to all the other gallant men who are fighting in the cause of right, a message to hold the fort and to be of good heart and of good cheer; that we were right when we told them that there are millions upon millions of true Irish hearts all the world over who are praying for them, who are blessing them, who would never desert them, and never will fail them, and never will see them stricken down, be the struggle long or short, until the flag of Ireland, which they have so gallantly kept flying against all the hosts of landlordism and of Dublin Castle, shall float triumphantly, not merely over a free and happy Tipperary, but over a free and happy Irish nation. (Tremendous and long continued applause and cheers.)

JOHN DILLON. Mr. John Dillon, who was received with immense cheering, began his address by regretting in impressive language, the absence in death of those

friends of Ireland and of the oppressed—John Boyle O'Reilly and Wendell Phillips.

The speaker went on to say that he and his friends had come there ten years after he last had the honor of addressing them, to ask that audience whether they had fulfilled the promises made on both sides. "Yes" (applause), whether the Irish members had stood against oppression, and whether their policy had brought to the Irish people benefits and an advance along the path to liberty. In order to show that such benefits had been secured, Mr. Dillon ran over the history of the Irish people for a period of more than eighty years. The result of the rule of the union government, he said, has been that during the last century Ireland had progressed backward. If I may use that expression. While every other European community has gone forward by leaps and bounds along the path of wealth, Ireland has grown poorer and poorer, and it has come to this, that in Ireland no man can be honest and make a career.

The effect of the social condition of the people during eighty years of the most corrupt and most dishonest system of government in modern Europe has been the same as in the case of the Irish people. Every other European community has gone forward by leaps and bounds along the path of wealth, Ireland has grown poorer and poorer, and it has come to this, that in Ireland no man can be honest and make a career.

The policy which we came to preach in 1880—the policy to which we have devoted our lives—is this: that the people of Ireland have the first claim upon the food that is grown in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) It is a fact that in different parts of Ireland thousands of people are now threatened with starvation, yet at the same time about \$100,000,000 worth of food is being exported out of the island of Ireland every single day of property of which we have been robbed by illegitimate laws.

We desire to rob no man of property, but we deny to the Tory Government and the landlords the right to rob the poor tenants of Ireland of the property they have created by the labor of their hands and the sweat of their brows. (Applause.) By combination with the law if the law is just, without the law if the law is unjust (cheers), we shall continue to defend the rights of the people who trust in us, and we shall continue this movement until the management of the affairs of Ireland is placed in the hands of the people of that country. (Great cheering.)

T. D. SULLIVAN. Mr. T. D. Sullivan was next introduced. The venerable ex-lord mayor of Dublin received a grand ovation. He said: We come before you to ask for help to carry us through the last days of a winning battle. (Applause.) We are nearing the consummation and the glory and the triumph of that victory in which not only we in our generation but our fathers before us for many a generation strove, sacrificed and suffered. (Applause.) And our present Tory rulers appeared to have nourished in their souls the delusion that they in their time could strike down and conquer and suppress a race and a people that all the tyrants and oppressors before them tried their strength upon, and tried it in vain. (Great enthusiasm.)

The sword of Cromwell, the persecutions of Elizabeth and other sovereigns, the confiscations of James and of William have been tried against us, and our people have suffered, sacrificed and endured, but never surrendered. (Loud cheers.)

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour think they will subdue and conquer the Irish people of to-day. With what weapons, with what means and applications? No longer the sword and the gibbet and confiscation and oppression. No, we who faced these things and braved them and outlived them are expected to be subdued by what? By the prison skillet and the frying pan; by the terrors of Tullamore jail and Richmond prison and the bread and water, six months in prison.

Well, gentlemen, this experiment, miserable and wretched as the idea is, has been tried. We have had four years of it, and where are we to-day? "How it will Ireland and how does she stand?" (Tumultuous cheers.) That question was asked of Napper Tandy (laughter) and I will answer to-day. "You may ask William O'Brien and John Dillon. (Applause.) I tell you she stands well. Her eyes are not cast down, but are upraised to the liberty that is breaking upon the Irish nation. (Applause.)

Suppose it were possible for the Tory rulers to desolate the land of Ireland, to sweep it over with fire and sword, what would result? After a little time, so surely as the green grass grew from the soil of Ireland, so surely would the national spirit of Irish race assert itself, grow up again and flourish in the sight of man. (Great cheering.)

Mr. Balfour, finding that he has failed in his last trick of arresting Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon, has gone up to the north of Ireland and proposes to spend money and shake you up to buy now. "Legions of lots" and every lot a leader as good as the following. Our eye openers for this week will be: Forty-six inch, all wool black frock coat, worth 65s; 35s; yard of 24-inch black habit cloth, all wool, worth 75s; for 50s; a yard; 98 pairs, all wool blanket, regular price 85s, for \$3.95 a pair; heavy union flannel, worth 18s, for 12s; a yard; ladies' heavy knit undervests, worth \$1, for 60s; French woven corset, regular price \$1, for 75c; a pair ladies' house jerseys, in black and colors, worth \$2.25, for \$1.49; heavy blue serge for ladies' mantles and overcoats, worth \$2.75, for \$1.50 a yard; Scotch tweed for ladies' and children's mantles, worth \$1.50, for 75c a yard; heavy white wool flannel, plain or twill, worth 60s, for 30s a yard; gentlemen's Scotch rubber coats, worth \$5, for \$2.95; ladies' all-wool short coats, worth \$2.95, for \$1.50; long sealote coats, worth \$3.95, for \$2.75; fur capes, in seal or beaver, worth \$20, for \$11.95. Come early and avoid the crush in the

party nor their venerated leader by lying down and asking for alms and charity before the when we have justice now.

Time was when we hated the people of England, but that time has gone by. They want to do us justice now. How did we win them? We won them by fighting our battle with pluck. (Loud applause.) It was the Vandevelde tenants, the Ponsonby tenants and the Tipperary men who showed, by sacrifice and courage, that they had a great cause, and the people of England had their attention drawn to that cause.

OUR MOVEMENT IS SUCCEEDING because it has been a movement of self-help, and because we have shown that there is justice in our cause.

It has been said by some distinguished gentlemen—one of them is staying in this country at present—(A voice, "Chamberlain," followed by slight hissing)—that while Ireland has had unjust laws that have made it more a slave with now, and Ireland has more liberal laws than America.

It is perfectly true that the condition of the Irish farmers is infinitely and unspeakably better than it was ten years ago. But that is so, it is because we have won every single reform at the bayonet's point, and by the sacrifices of thousands of people who have passed through jail and been treated as common criminals. And now they want us to kick Mr. Parnell out and trust to the Government for the future; but the people of Ireland will go on using the policy which has brought them better laws until they have completed their emancipation.

The present position of Ireland is this: We have judicial rents, but it cannot be said that they remedy our grievances until we know who the judges are. The Castle people appoint the judges and the land commission; the judge may be a land agent or the son or brother of a tenant's landlord. These judicial rents are easily settled by the nominees, the slaves and lackeys of Mr. Balfour. (Hisses.)

Now, we will continue this movement until, with the help of our friends in America, we secure to the population of Ireland every single lot of property of which we have been robbed by illegitimate laws.

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I DEDY HIM to take one Irish constituency away from the ranks of the Nationalist party. (Great cheers.)

The Unionist party are asking the great masses of people to tremble in their boots at the idea of what we, 4,500,000 Irishmen, would do if he had only a native Parliament again in Dublin. (Cheers.) Well, they pay us a very high compliment. We have not, I hope, a very low opinion of ourselves (laughter), but we have no such notion as that 4,500,000 poor, unarmed people could do what they are pleased against the will and wish and the determination of 35,000,000 wealthy, organ-

ized and armed people. Long years ago a witty Irishman, Dean Swift, said: "If there is anything more certain than another, it is this, that eleven men, well armed, are capable of subduing one man in his shirt. (Great laughter and applause.)

Now, gentlemen, I need not tell you what you know very well, that we want no war or no quarrel with our English neighbors. We never did. We want to day what we have always wanted and always asked and insisted upon from our neighbors across the British channel. We want freedom, right and justice. These things we are determined to have, and these things, I believe, the best men in England of rank and class are resolved to accord to us. (Applause.)

But, in the meantime, we are assured of your sympathy, but we wait and need your material assistance. I know and believe that we shall have it, and I know and believe also that you who before this have so generously contributed out of your earnings for the support of the Irish cause will consider your labors, your sacrifices and your generous contributions in favor of the Irish people as well spent and as gloriously employed when the Irish people have obtained their righteous cause.

The men who have been hunted, evicted and prosecuted in Ireland are the best men, the very flower of the Irish population. A man can live quietly in Ireland, and perhaps scrape together a few pence, without danger of being prosecuted or being shot down if he has no heart and eyes within him, and no sympathy for the suffering of his own flesh and blood. (Applause.) But if he has in him that instinct of freedom which the Almighty God has implanted in the hearts of most people, he comes in for these troubles.

And now a word in regard to the Irish police. The word "police" has been used again and again. For the policeman, in the true acceptance of the word, we Irish people have no ill will and no animosity whatever. He is a useful and honorable public servant, but the police as we refer to them are all army, and are not policemen at all. They are the armed servants of the oppressors of the land. They carry in their hearts no sentiment toward the land or love for the people. They are

PETTED AND PRAISED just in proportion as they distinguish themselves by acts of atrocity and cruelty. In all the history of Ireland the Irish police have never been so demoralized and degraded a force as they are at the present moment.

We are not allowed to hold a public meeting, for no reasonable purpose whatever, but for the purpose of discussing our grievances. I have seen the gray hairs of an old woman stained with her own blood, and what could she have done to harm the constabulary? I have seen a little boy of twelve years carried down to the nearest apothecary to have his wounds dressed. What did he do to harm to police?

It is our belief that, with the next general election in Great Britain and Ireland, there will be for evermore an end in the land to the Coercion Act of Mr. Balfour. We have had the acts by the score for eighty years; yes, for ninety years, we have had them every year, morning, noon and night; we have had them for breakfast, dinner and supper. (Laughter.) Heretofore they were limited in duration—some were passed for two years, some for three—while the present body of Tories said, "We will have a short whack at this business, as we hope to rule Ireland by coercion, we will take care that we shall not have a short whack at this business; as we hope to rule Ireland by coercion, we will take care that we shall not have a biennial or a triennial job. (Laughter.) We will pass a Coercion Act that will last until the crack of doom." But it is not going to last until the crack of doom.

We thank you for your splendid welcome, we thank you for the material help which you have given us at these meetings. One in Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence went forth (great applause), the second in this famous city of Boston, where that little "tea party" was. (Applause.) We thank you for this reception, and for the comfort which you have given to the Irish people. It will take hardly no time to send across to Ireland the message of your welcome, and to-morrow morning it will be known in Ireland from Antrim to Kerry, from Dublin to Galway. (Applause.) It will carry comfort to the people all over Ireland and it will get to those who are in prison, too. (Applause.) Get to them down the chain through the key-holes, through the iron gratings of the windows, one way and another the news will be carried to Balfour's prison. (Great applause.) And when it does, a thanksgiving will go up to the Maker of us all, to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, from every woman and child who has a heart to feel and a voice to raise in behalf of righteousness and justice and freedom. (Tremendous applause.)

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE.

And everybody says "The Bargain Store" is the foremost, cheapest and most progressive drygoods house in London. Rousers and rattlers to wake and shake you up to buy now. "Legions of lots" and every lot a leader as good as the following. Our eye openers for this week will be: Forty-six inch, all wool black frock coat, worth 65s; 35s; yard of 24-inch black habit cloth, all wool, worth 75s; for 50s; a yard; 98 pairs, all wool blanket, regular price 85s, for \$3.95 a pair; heavy union flannel, worth 18s, for 12s; a yard; ladies' heavy knit undervests, worth \$1, for 60s; French woven corset, regular price \$1, for 75c; a pair ladies' house jerseys, in black and colors, worth \$2.25, for \$1.49; heavy blue serge for ladies' mantles and overcoats, worth \$2.75, for \$1.50 a yard; Scotch tweed for ladies' and children's mantles, worth \$1.50, for 75c a yard; heavy white wool flannel, plain or twill, worth 60s, for 30s a yard; gentlemen's Scotch rubber coats, worth \$5, for \$2.95; ladies' all-wool short coats, worth \$2.95, for \$1.50; long sealote coats, worth \$3.95, for \$2.75; fur capes, in seal or beaver, worth \$20, for \$11.95. Come early and avoid the crush in the

afternoon. The London Bargain Drygoods Store, 136 Dundas street, opposite the Market Lane.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

URSULINE CONVENT, CHATHAM.

On the forenoon of Wednesday, the 12th inst., His Lordship Right Reverend Denis O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of London, accompanied by Rev. Dean Wagner of Windsor, Rev. Father Paul, O. S. F., P. P. of St. Joseph's church, Chatham, and Rev. Father Benedict, O. S. F., visited the Ursuline Convent, Chatham. His Lordship was received at the convent door by the religious, who knelt to receive his episcopal blessing, and was afterwards conducted to St. Cecilia's Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. After a joyous chorus of welcome from the pupils, the following address was read by Miss O'Connor of Guelph, Ont.:

"All priests' virtues: a heart on fire, With zeal for souls that shall never tire, That these best gifts shall ever be Sustaining, guiding, blessing thee."

Whilst awaiting this thrice happy moment to welcome our revered Bishop and loved father, oft has this fervent prayer been pleaded with Him Who dwelleth in our tabernacles by your devoted children of "The Pines."

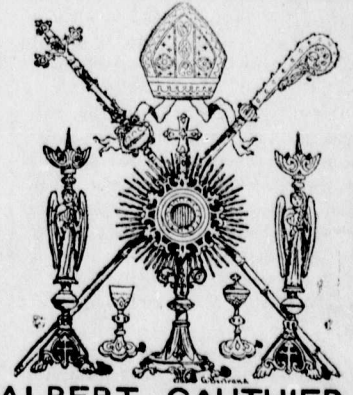
If out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, what shall I say; who hath been commissioned to voice the greeting of the daughters of St. Angela and their pupils on this auspicious occasion? Our filial affection and sentiments of trust gratitude for the honor of our prelate's presence seek their fitting exponent in the simple words: "A hundred thousand welcomes." Simple indeed and oft repeated, yet doth not the heart give grace unto every art? Springing to our lips from souls o'er-charged with deepest feeling, they are empty form. As the greeting of Catholics to their Bishop and pastor, of religious and children to their superior, father and untiring friend, the old familiar words catch an intonation sweeter far than ever clings to formal greeting. Many of us see your Lordship for the first time to-day, yet our hearts throbbled in joyous union with those of all within your diocese, when our august Prelate, justly styled "Lumen de Coelo," placed you, My Lord, in the ranks of Erin's illustrious mitred sons. Fain would you have passed your coming days in the labor of love which had been yours for years, in Assumption's classic halls "round which your fondest memories must ever cling," where

Who can count the souls that hath been won, Or who can tell the marvels that hath been done In guiding youth to follow the higher, nobler paths of Christian life; but Heaven's voice summoned you to bear the Sopher's staff, and proudly, henceforth we, too, claim you as our own. Earnestly we hope that many and happy may be thy span years in the episcopate; yet, at times, shadows of Calvary may dim the future, but He who chose thee for the ministry of the "Inner Temple" will ever sustain thee in the perilous hour.

And within our Convent walls there will never cease Pleading voices in soulful prayer, Grant to him, Lord, thy tender care, Or who can tell the marvels that hath been done

The remainder of the programme given below was then very creditably rendered: Inst. Duett—"La Danse des Feuilles," M. et M. Misses Siskelstein and Mann. Vocal solo—"The Guardian Angel," Gounod Miss Siskelstein. Inst. solo—"Marche de Nuits," Gottschalk Miss Siskelstein. Inst. solo—"L'air de la Vierge," Mendelssohn Miss Siskelstein. Recitation—"Hymn of Charity," Miss O'Connor. Inst. Duett—"Grand Indiana Valse," Misses I. and M. Ouellette.

At its conclusion His Lordship rose, thanked and complimented the pupils, saying that he had always had a very high opinion of the entertainment given at "The Pines." He expected a great deal, as he knew what the pupils of the Ursulines could do, and on this, as on all former occasions, he was fully realized. He exhorted the pupils to profit by the opportunity afforded them in the Convent of acquiring not only the education of the intellect, but also of the heart; to lay the foundation of those virtues which would fit them to fill any position in the world or in religion, promising them that he would ever feel a deep interest in this institution; also to encourage them in their progress in Christian doctrine that he would continue to award each year the gold medal. Alluding to the address, he said the promise of their prayers pleased him very much. He concluded his remarks by granting what is so acceptable to every school-girl's heart, a holiday, hoping that they would enjoy the beautiful day and make every one around them happy. P. B.



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