

## The True Witness

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1895.

## THE ASCENSION.

Forty days after the Resurrection Our Lord ascended, body and soul, glorious and immortal, to His Father in Heaven. It was from the summit of Mount Olivet that He took His departure from earth. That was certainly a favored locality; it was there that the Divine Sufferer underwent the inexpressible agony in the garden; it was there that He frequently met His disciples and instructed them in the great truths that they were to one day make known to the world; it was there that His sacred feet kissed for a last time the earth He had redeemed. The mountains of that eastern land will for all time stand as imperishable monuments of the mighty events which have taken place upon their summits. On Si-nai the laws were given to Moses, and amidst thunder and lightning the finger of God traced upon stone that decalogue; on Ararat rested the ark after the deluge had subsided; on Thebor took place the glorious transfiguration; on Calvary was consummated the tragedy of Redemption; and on Olivet the faithful ones beheld the Saviour ascend to prepare for the race He had saved the reception halls of His Father's mansions.

During those forty days Christ, though possessing His glorified body, remained on earth in order to give the last and finishing touches to His work. He appeared on divers occasions to His followers and to others; He desired to furnish proof positive of His resurrection; He wished to confirm the priests of the new dispensation in the faith that they were to preach to the world. No wonder that the feast of the Ascension is one of obligation; it is a day upon which a most glorious mystery is commemorated. To-morrow is the feast of the Ascension and, for all Catholics, it is a Holy Day of strict obligation. There is something sublime in the contemplation of the great mysteries commemorated, from time to time throughout the year, by the Church. And while Christmas and Easter are certainly the most important, that of to-morrow has splendors peculiarly its own. The loftiest flight of poetry would be vain in the attempt to render the majesty and greatness of the event that took place, nearly nineteen centuries ago, on Mount Olivet. It would be impossible, in words, to picture the scene, much less to convey an idea of the sentiments and sensations experienced by the actors therein.

None knew better than the faithful few, gathered upon that occasion, around the Master, the story of the thirty years of preparation, of the three years of public teaching, of the forty days in the desert, of the passion, the crucifixion, the resurrection and the subsequent forty days of sojourn upon earth. None were more thoroughly aware of the great miracles performed, the mighty lessons taught, the wonderful mysteries imparted, the sublime Church established. Try then to imagine the holy awe, and the finite but still immeasurable loneliness, with which they beheld the visible Christ depart from amongst them. "His true they had His promise of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, that He declared that He would be with His Church until the end of time; but none the less true was it that they were then gazing upon Him for a last time, until their turn would come to join Him in the Kingdom to which He was going.

Imagine the last words of instruction, the final adieu, and then the slow and almost imperceptible detachment from the rocky summit, the silent and unexcited ascension, the features aglow with all that portion of divine splendor that human eyes could bear, the form substantial and yet ethereal in its vanishing beauty,

the dividing of the clouds as their Master approached them, the closing in of the impervious veil upon the vision of transcendent perfection, and the final awakening to the reality of His departure, and the truth of their own loneliness. Perchance imagination could afford a faint and distant image of these changing scenes, and succeeding sentiments; but never can it soar beyond the blue empyrean and follow the Saviour into that other region where the myriad hosts of the Celestial army awaited His arrival on the frontier of Heaven. The prayer of Ascension Thursday should be that, after our own resurrection, we may, also be deemed worthy to ascend into heaven, where that which cannot even now be imagined will be as real and as comprehensible as it is to the Saints.

## THOUGHTS IN VERSE.

Several years ago Adelaide Proctor published a neat collection of her delicate poems, for the benefit of the House of Refuge, under the Sisters of Mercy in Spitalfields—Whitechapel district—London, England. At that time the late lamented Mgr. Gilbert was the active patron and father of that institution. Years have gone past and the noble work of these devoted nuns has continued on, ever increasing the circle of their influence and spreading blessings amongst the degraded population of that actually barbaric and unchristian section of the great metropolis. Sweet the sentiment of gratitude that the Sisters of Mercy have ever conserved toward their gifted benefactors.

Inspired, perhaps, by the garland of poetic flowers, collected for their special benefit, one of the members of the community, Sister Mary Agnes, tuned her harp and has given forth some exquisite songs. Last year her "Thoughts in Verse" were collected and published in a neat volume of 150 pages, by Kegan, Paul, French, Trubner & Co., of Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road. The collection bears the following dedication: "To the Right Rev. Monsignor Provost Gilbert, D.D., V. G., this little book is very gratefully and respectfully dedicated." Only a few weeks ago the devoted friend, loving pastor, indefatigable worker, able administrator and holy priest, to whom this work has been inscribed, passed away amidst the universal sorrow of all Catholic England, and particularly of the Archdiocese of Westminster.

As might be expected, the poems are full of deep religious sentiment, which only serves to enhance their value. After all there is no purer source of true inspiration than the fountains of faith. Apart from the dashes of fancy and the elegant penillings of the imagination, there is a delicacy of rhyme and rhythm that tells of the gentle hand that wields the pen. Besides there are great truths hidden away like ripe fruit beneath the foliage of form and expression. Take the following as an example from the poem entitled "Absolved."

"Our dead are never dead to us; they move  
In changed, unchanged, in our secret heart;  
And the last hour supreme shall fully prove  
We never lost them, that we dwell apart."

There is a Catholic thought most happily expressed in these four lines. What richness of poetry in all the dogmas of our holy religion!

Again, in the poem "Mysteries" there is a something that tells the presence of the one whose life is devoted to the service of God, to contemplation and to prayer. There is a chord not unlike some of those mystic strings touched by the "Poet Priest."

"In every soul there is a secret chamber,  
In every life there is an untold tale;  
In every heart there is a covered picture,  
In every hand a banner and a goal."  
In every face there is some life deep drawn,  
Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown;  
For, since the golden days of sinless Eden,  
The key of which lies in the hands alone."

"In every soul there is a chord of feeling  
Too subtle to be seen or understood,  
Which vibrates with a strange discordant sound—  
A note rarely by heathens heard or rude."

"In every heart there is an undercurrent  
Whose depth is fathomless by love or hate,  
In every soul there is a sanctuary  
Which neither friend nor foe can violate."

"So there lies hid in every human bosom  
An unknown world of evil and of good,  
And all of us at times, each in our measure,  
Misunderstand, and are misunderstood."  
For, since the golden days of sinless Eden,  
No one has fully read another's soul;  
He only searches all things to their centre,  
Whose calm clear eye surveys and guides the whole."

Our readers will thank us for a few more samples of this humble sister's beautiful "Thoughts in Verse." There is a lesson, drawn from the "Imitation," in the poem "Shadows." How refreshing such draughts of pure water in this parched desert of worldly, hollow, feverish existence.

"Can our tears, however sorrowful, unsay a word  
Once said?  
Can regrets, however plentiful, undo the bitter  
Past?  
Can our will recall a single shaft that from the  
Past has sped?  
Can a living substance cross our path, and yet no  
Shadow cast?  
Can the lightest power in heaven or earth bring  
Back a day once spent?  
Or can mortal hands re-animate the ashes of the  
grave?  
Yet on hopes far more chimerical the hearts of men  
Are bent,  
And to gather fruits more hardly won our souls  
For over grave."

How natural and how true the picture drawn of the precious "Relics" of a dear one dead! We cannot refrain from reproducing one stanza, though, perhaps, the last touching of the six.

"Dear little trifles! that have sacred crowns  
Touched by dead fingers, all too lightly prized,  
While yet I might have seen them in my own  
Hand, have in my hand been so surprised  
How I would have loved to see you lying there,  
Round which fond memories of my darling cling."

Some great sorrow and severe loss must the gentle-souled poetess have

known, for we know so well the feelings that her lines convey in words that we would be full happy could we but command. With this sample we will close our hurried glance through a volume to which we will return very often when weary of the stiff and harsh literature of our age of rush.

"We do not grieve for the blessed light,  
Which gladdens them upon life's further shore;  
Although our eyes ache hourly for the sight  
Of your dead face lost for evermore—  
Till the old time again be knit in one  
In an unchanging and immortal land.  
And the sweet links, by Death's rough grasp un-  
done,  
Are reunited by a Master Hand."

Thanks, sweet singer, for your "Thoughts in Verse"; they are a treasure to be deeply prized.

## THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

"God save the Queen" is not only a grand national anthem, but it is also the expression of a prayer that comes with good grace from every true subject of the realm. It is the embodiment, in four words, of a petition that the Catholic Church, every place throughout the British dominions, offers up, for the peace, prosperity and temporal as well as spiritual welfare of the sovereign. Many of our non-Catholic friends may be surprised at this statement, and yet, all the calumnies against our Church's teachings and practice to the contrary, it is simply a fact. It is true we do not make a constant public profession of our loyalty to the constitution and our devotion to the noble lady that has so long, for fifty-eight years, held the sceptre; but we nevertheless know what is due to legitimate authority and to those who are called upon to govern over us. There are too many of the lip-loyalist class in the world to-day; the men who carry their respect for the sovereign upon their coat-sleeves, who will sing "God save the Queen" one day and who are prepared to "kick the crown into the Boyne" the next.

Within the last twelve months the Queen of England has given most touching evidence of her great womanly heart and of her generous sentiments toward Canada and Canadians. As long as this generation, and perhaps the next one, survives shall the story of her treatment in the case of the late Premier be remembered with deep gratitude. While, according to all reports, the years are beginning to produce a marked effect upon Her Majesty, still there is every reason to hope and more particularly to pray that she may be spared to enjoy many a future birthday and to experience the devoted attachment of her millions of subjects.

Victoria's reign has been one of the most remarkable in the annals of modern history. Young in years, and of a naturally retiring disposition, she came upon the throne at a most critical period in the history of Europe. In war her armies have been remarkably successful; on the seas the ubiquity of her commercial navy has been astonishing; at home, art, sciences and industries have been fostered to a marvellous degree; abroad, through the skill of diplomats and other representatives, the name and fame of the Empire have been spread far and wide. But what, to our mind, has been the most remarkable feature of the period, of almost three score years, is the rise of and the increased influence obtained by the democratic spirit. While the British Empire is nominally a limited Monarchy, still the governing power is admittedly the voice of the people. Not only has the strength of the popular cause gained largely in the Commons, but the hitherto irresponsible House of Lords has been made to understand that it, too, exists only as a tradition and that unless it harmonizes with the views of the great mass of Her Majesty's subjects, it may consider its days numbered. In the colonial sections of the Empire a still greater degree of self-government and of democratic principles has been obtained.

There is no land, not even the United States, with its boasted freedom, that enjoys as great an amount of true liberty as does Canada to-day. Our political institutions, while based upon the broad foundation of the British constitution, are entirely of our own construction and are in harmony with the needs and desires of a people determined to enjoy true liberty and to strangle license. The belt of empire with which Great Britain has engirdled the world, since the advent of all the modern facilities of communication and locomotion, may be said to have Canada for its buckle.

As Catholics we are in duty bound, and in accordance with the teachings of our Church to honor the Sovereign and to be faithful to the constitution under which we live. Apart from this we have much to be grateful for. In England during the Victorian period many and many of the disabilities under which Catholics had unjustly suffered have been removed, and the freedom of worship accorded, as well as recognition of the faith made manifest, may be counted as blessings, particularly appreciated by those who felt the severity of the laws or customs that previously obtained.

As Irishmen we have also much to be thankful for. Compared with the years that are gone the recognition and attention which Irish questions have, during the past fifteen years, received, are, to say the least, a most wonderful improv-

ment. It may be that the Queen has not given expression to any great sentiment favorable to Ireland; it is certain that she has never, in person, given any marks of favor to that important section of her dominions; the Continent and Scotland have seen more of her in one year than has Ireland in fifty; yet we cannot justly hold her individually responsible for the countless cruel wrongs practised, in the name of the English Government, upon the sister island. The coercion acts, the arms bills, the brutality of the military, the abominations committed by the servile constabulary, the mandates of petty vengeance issued from the "Castle," and the legalized crimes that drove the people to desperation, or to emigrant ship, were not due to the person of the sovereign, nor is it probable that she was ever cognisant of the true state affairs in the land of suffering. The Government acted and the Queen simply reigned; she was guided by the advice of her ministers, and those ministers were there by the best means known to the parties that elected them. Had Victoria an enmity toward Ireland she had ample opportunity of displaying the same during those later years when the Howe Rule cause had been making such exceptional progress. The generous Irish nature forgives Mr. Gladstone's many years of anti-Irish legislation in the light of his noble course during the last period of his public career. The same spirit wiped out the memory of many a Lord Lieutenant's injustice in presence of such representatives of royalty as the Aberdeens.

In Canada, to-day, under our free and splendid constitution, well and heartily can we join, in gratitude for all the blessings we possess, in the chorus that intones on the Queen's Birth Day the words, "God save the Queen."

## THE RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

Catholic Writers Are Learning That There is Grand Material for the Novel in Catholic Life.

It would not be exact to say that we have no good religious novels. We could mention readily several written within the past twenty-five years that are of a very high order. Most religious novels, so-called, are, however, very far from being ideal works, and the present tendency does not seem to be upward. This state of affairs cannot be placed at the door of non-demand for such works, since there is always a large audience ready and anxious to be instructed and entertained by the right matter and in the right way. In a current number of the Literary Digest we read the caption: "Wanted: Religious Novels," etc., and a long quotation is made from the distinguished editor, Mr. W. Robertson Nicoll, writing on the subject of "Religious Novels" in the bookman.

Of course Mr. Nicoll is speaking of women writers principally, and of religious novels in the Anglican church. And he declares that such writers and such works are fast disappearing; while in the field of agnosticism the "new woman" is growing rapidly in number and in so-called excellence. To us Catholics this assertion may cause sentiments entirely opposite to Mr. Nicoll. It is worthy of note that Mr. Nicoll asserts that the agnostic spirit seems to have seized more strongly on the women authors. This is but pointing out the weakness of the error. No manly, vigorous mind can be agnostic without self-stultification. The very dogmatic assertion of its position as such is a contradiction. But weak, sensitive, heart-headed, confiding woman—qualities that are her glory in her proper sphere—she readily falls a victim to the vague, pseudo-poetic, easily-carried, easily-shifted tenets of the agnostic. But, as the author observes, this fact, unfortunately as it is, of woman's weakness, does not lessen sound, vigorous religion in the world; nay, emphasizes it. So we let the poor delightful creatures babble away; they cannot even rattle the deep sea of belief buoying up the human heart in its trust in its Maker and Redeemer. Our wonder is that a good religious novel has ever been written by these good ladies and about the Anglican religion.

The fact is, the tone of all these works is really Catholic where it is at all healthy—nothing but the remnant of the old Catholic spirit—just as the elevating part of Tennyson and other Protestant writers is Catholic in spirit wherever it is true. Be it remembered we are not speaking here of the theological novel, so called. We were disabused of all our crude notions on this score years ago by reading Dr. Brownson, whose views are unsurpassed on this subject. If we want theology we know where to find it galore. And if we want more gush and sentimentality we know where to find them in even greater abundance. But we are speaking of the strong healthy tale, the true romance of life as seen in a society animated by perhaps centuries of Catholic teaching and morality. We are speaking of a religious novel where all the characters are real, possible—nay, even actual beings, whose belief and whose conduct is guided by Catholic truth and precept; of the home, an imitation as far as may be, of the home of the Holy Family, Jesus, Mary and Joseph; of love, not the false sentiment of pampered passion, born of concupiscence, nourished by morbid sensuousness, and often quenched only in the heart's blood and tears of its unfortunate victim, but of love modelled on the love of Joseph and Mary, the love born of chaste affection, nourished of sacramental devotion and eternally stamped into the soul by years of fidelity of heart to heart under the influence of sacramental grace. Of such religious novels we have a dearth indeed and no immediate prospect of plenty.

We must not, however, be unduly surprised at this. How may our authors write of that wherewith they are almost unacquainted? The only way they can become acquainted with such a society is by a study of the ages of faith when Catholicity had almost unbounded scope to produce her full effects on society.

Such a society is unknown to our rising generation. The atmosphere they breathe is non-Catholic, often pagan. Passion is defied on all sides. No tie of family or blood is sacred; everything is judged from a point of individual sentiment, Christian influences are, indeed, at work, but are felt in their fullness, in free and widely-separated circles. The Catholic state, Catholic society, even the Catholic home have scarcely any existence amongst us. Hence the only field for the Catholic novelist is romance of the past, which, indeed, reads entertainingly, but has very little, if any, influence on the life of the reader. Actual, familiar, every-day characters there are none for him to portray as fit representatives of Catholic life. Hence the want from which we are suffering. Of course we should bear in mind that the novel is not an absolute necessity to the church's mission. At best 'tis but a remedy for a very great evil; a check to a rapidly-growing danger; an antidote or an anti-toxin to a deadly disease. But in proportion as it is necessary the Church will prove herself equal to the occasion.

There are, however, signs of hope. Catholic writers of no mean ability are coming to the conclusion that they need not seek outside our own for numerous and intelligent readers. Catholic education in a school and convent and college is doing a great deal toward forming elements for future Catholic society that will be representative of Catholic truth and life. And when our people become familiar with this Catholic life in every-day operation, we will be justified in looking for the true, life-giving Catholic novel.—O'Kelly Branden, in Buffalo Union and Times.

## THE DUKE'S FLAG.

WHY THE ST. MARY'S CADETS WILL NOT COMPETE THIS YEAR.

The Duke of Connaught's banner for competition among the city cadet corps will be surrendered by the St. Mary's College boys without an attempt to retain it, at least so say the Prefect and the Rector and so also say the officers of the Battalion. There are three reasons for this:

First.—The college faculty are tired of letting the boys compete for a mere ephemeral honor.

Secondly.—The advance drill disturbs the unity of battalion work, and, thirdly, the drill indulged in for the purpose is considered altogether of too elementary a nature. The Faculty and the scholars are pretty harmonious in their decision. It was generally expected that the banner would become the property of the battalion which won it first. The first year there was no competition because only the St. Mary's boys were ready. The second year the College boys won, and they went in the third year, just to show what they were made of, but now they are tired of working so hard for an empty honor. Besides, it is explained that in attempting to establish a high standard of excellence for the one or two companies who compete for the flag, the training of the Battalion, as a whole, is neglected.

The competition will take place on the Champ de Mars on June 12th, and the only battalions heard of thus far are the Mount St. Louis and the Highland Cadets.

## ST. MARY'S PARISH.

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION SERVICES.

St. Mary's parish church was well filled at eight o'clock Saturday morning with the parents and relatives of the youths and misses who, after due preparation, received their first communion from the hands of Rev. Father O'Donnell. The young ladies of the academy occupied the choir and the music and singing was nicely rendered under the direction of the Rev. sisters. In the afternoon at 3.15, His Grace the Archbishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to the little ones, who appeared in their very neat costumes. The clergywomen in attendance were as follows: Rev. J. E. Donnelly, of St. Anthony's; Rev. Abbe Peran, Revs. P. F. O'Donnell and Shea, of St. Mary's. After the Benediction, which followed, the communicants were enrolled in the secular of the Blessed Virgin. On Sunday evening, despite the inclement weather, a goodly number filled the church, and the little ones made a renewal of the baptismal vows. The choir, under Prof. James Wilson, discoursed sweet music.

## ASCENSION DAY.

To-morrow, the feast of the Ascension, is a holiday of obligation for Roman Catholics. Archbishop Fabre will officiate Pontifically at St. James Cathedral and give the Papal benediction.

## A GRAND PIC-NIC.

St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's Society held their regular meeting in their hall, last Friday evening, when there was a large attendance of members present. President P. J. Gordon occupied the chair. There was a large amount of business transacted. The committee reported that the pic-nic and excursion which the society hold on Friday, (Queen's Birthday) May 24th, promises to be a grand success. Blas's original orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music. St. Rose is noted for good boating and fishing; it is a beautiful place for a day's outing. Trains leave the Windsor station at 9.10 a.m. and also 1.30 p.m. sharp. Tickets can be had from members and at the depot on day of excursion.

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, OTTAWA.

The midsummer examinations of the Gloucester street convent were conducted with excellent results during the week and in the presence of several ladies and gentlemen interested in educational work. Mr. Riley, United States consul, presided at the examinations in astronomy, geometry, history, physical geography and arithmetic. Over a score of young ladies displayed marked proficiency and accuracy in their answers, and won for themselves the admiration and encomiums of the examiners and outside visitors. Needless to add, this home in-

stitution ranks among the first on the continent in imparting to its pupils an eminently useful and practical education.—Ottawa Saturday Evening Journal.

## IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

O'Donovan Rossa's lecturing tour in Great Britain has been very unsuccessful. He is about to return to the United States.

William Cassidy, of Cloghan, Ardeth, brother of the Rev. Thomas Cassidy, parish priest of Longwood, died on Easter Sunday.

Dean Kinane, V.G., of Cashel, has given £25 to the building fund of the Church of the Sacred Heart to be erected at Donaskigh.

The Dungarvan Guardians have re-elected their chairman, J. V. O'Brien, their vice-president, E. O'Shea, and John McCarthy, deputy vice-chairman.

At the meeting of the Macroom Guardians, on April 13, J. C. Harold was elected chairman, Cornelius Kelleher, vice-chairman, and Mr. Quill, deputy vice-chairman.

The death occurred on April 17, of Annie, only daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Tynan, of Kingstown, and sister of the late Rev. James Tynan, of Chilly, aged forty-six years.

A fire broke out on April 16, at Harland & Wolff's shipbuilding yard, Belfast. The flames were confined solely to the timber yards, the damage to which is estimated at £10,000.

H. L. Young, Unionist, has been re-elected chairman of the Cork Guardians; Payne-Sheares, Unionist, has been chosen vice-chairman, and R. U. F. Townsend, Unionist, deputy vice-chairman.

There has been during the past week a great many sudden deaths in Derry city and district, most of these being persons of delicate constitution who have succumbed to the protracted severity of the winter.

At a meeting of the Dispensary Committee of Tubbercurry, on April 15, John O'Dowd, county delegate of the Irish National Federation, was unanimously elected chairman, and Peter Foy, another Nationalist, vice-chairman.

Sister Mary de Sales of the Convent of Mercy, Castletownbere, known in the world as Margaret McCarthy, died on Holy Thursday. She was in the fourth year of her religious life, and was the third daughter of Michael McCarthy, of The Square, Castletownbere.

Archdeacon Orpen, of Tralee, gallantly rescued from drowning a youth, who, with two others, overturned a canoe in the canal at Blennerville. The two others were able to swim, but the third was sinking a third time when rescued by the Archdeacon.

It is announced that Lieutenant Francis Simon Low, eldest son of Francis Low, of Kilsbane, Tipperary, one of the richest commoners in Ireland, is engaged to be married to Miss Moore, of Barne, whose father, Stephen Moore, represented Tipperary in the Conservative interest 1875.

The reception of three young ladies took place in the chapel attached to the Convent of Mercy, Skibbereen, on April 15. They were Miss Blake, of Bultivat (Sister Mary Selia); Miss Kelley, of Abbeyville (Sister Mary Bridget); and Miss Cummins, of Stradbally (Sister Mary Lorenzo).

Kilsannel Church was destroyed by fire on Sunday, April 14. While the congregation were at worship an alarm was given, and a rush was made for the doors. All escaped. The outbreak is attributed to the overheating of a stove pipe, which passed through the roof. The Communion plate and a few other articles were saved.

A hurling tournament came off at Laccabawn, Kilmurphy, on April 14, under the auspices of the Dr. Croke (Kilmurphy) branch of the G. A. A. The first match was between the Blarney (Cork) and O'Dorney (Kerry) teams. Kerry men were declared the victors by 2 goals and 3 points to 1 goal and 3 points.

The following were the teams: O'Dorney—Patrick O'Rourke, captain; Pat Quane, Thomas Tansy, Patrick Wallace, Garrett Mahoney, Daniel Driscoll, John Dowling, Michael Kelly, Michael Hanlon, David Fitzgerald, Pat Twomey, Michael O'Reardon, Timothy Meehan—Murphy, James Dillard, Jeremiah Conway, Michael Roche. Blarney—John Lynch, captain; John O'Leary, Cornelius Buckley, Patrick Higgins, W. M. Reardon, Patrick Buckley, John O'Brien, T. Sheehan, Christopher O'Leary, John Connors, Michael Madden, J. Keegan, J. Cunningham, D. Mahony, D. Hayes, D. Miller, Matthew Reardon.

## MR. O'BRIEN OBJECTS.

HE DOES NOT WANT TO BE HELD OUT OF HIS BANKRUPTCY.

LONDON, May 19.—William O'Brien, M.P., has asked his friends not to collect the subscription list to them by Viscount Wolmer for the purpose of paying the claim of Patrick A. Chance, M.L., which, if not paid, will result in Mr. O'Brien being declared a bankrupt and his consequent retirement from the House of Commons. Mr. Chance acted as Mr. O'Brien's solicitor in the action for libel brought against him by Lord Salisbury, and Mr. O'Brien contends that Mr. Chance was to be paid out of the Irish Parliamentary fund. Mr. Chance did not take this view of the matter and with him O'Brien's refusal to settle with him brought an action and secured judgment. Mr. O'Brien refuses to settle with him and the only apparent result will be his being declared a bankrupt, in which event, according to the rules of the House, his seat becomes vacant.

## IN MEMORIAM.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND, JOHN KELLY, ESQ., DIED MAY 7TH, 1895.

One thought alone gives solace to the soul,  
That in thy passing out of life to Death;  
With the last fluttering of the quivering breath,  
And on thy reaching mortality's bright end,  
That prayer of thine—"When life's dark clouds do

roll,  
Their awful shadows and I hearkened out  
To the dread summons, may I be that soul."  
"Peace, I am here, revive my fainting soul."  
Even so you passed out of this frail existence,  
Without a movement or a cry of pain,  
And those who prayed, beheld thy sense of gain,  
In going forth oblivious of resistance:  
Leaving this thought to hearts that moan and grieve—  
After long years he went, in honour, to the grave.

B. F. D. Denny.