

THE DISPERSION OF THE IRISH RACE.

The following remarkable discourses were delivered by Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., on the occasion of a church dedication in county Caran, Ireland. Father Finlay took his text from his First Book of Esdras: "And all the people shouted with a great shout, praising the Lord, because the foundations of the temple of the Lord were laid." But many of the priests and Levites, and the chief of the fathers and the ancients, that had seen the former temple, when they had the foundation of this temple before their eyes, wept with a loud voice...

that the Church is made of human souls, not of wood or stone. Will it compensate her that her existence and her position receives a certain measure State recognition; that defense, and if need be humble court, is paid to her rulers by diplomats of courts and cabinets. She lives not by the breath of kings or the favor of statesmen; her strength is in herself and in her mission. She is not the Church of courts and obsequies; she is the Church of the poor; in the devotion of the poor lies her guarantee for the respect of State officials. When she has no longer the masses of the poor to count on, the favor of statesmen will not follow her far. Give the church of Ireland the choice—would she have back her children that are gone out from her though they were still to assemble on Sunday morning in the humble structure in which your father prayed? Would she have them if she had still to gather them round her on the mountain side, in distinct defiance of the law? I think, and you would think, she would. She loved them well enough to have them thus, rather than to have them at all. She rejoices, no doubt, that materially and socially her position is better than it was, but her voice still seems to me the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be consoled because they are not.

VERY REV. ISAAO T. HECKER.

The Life of the Founder of the Congregation of St. Paul.

[Margaret F. Sullivan in the Chicago Tribune Dec. 24.]

Crowded into small space in the pressure of Saturday night dispatches, the Tribune contained yesterday morning the announcement of the death of a man who has for nearly half a century occupied a foremost place in one of the great Church organizations and whose name is intimately associated with the most ideal experiment attempted in American sociology. The Rev. ISAAO T. HECKER is well remembered by Chicagoans. He was of typical American physique, more than six feet tall, finely proportioned, straight and spare but muscular. His features were long and regular and slightly austere. He wore a full beard, which, like his abundant hair when he was in the West, was of light brown tinge. He had the frank blue eyes which look at one earnestly as if to send a cordial message to the heart; and his hand-grasp, firm, strong and kind, carried with it an assurance of sincerity and steadfastness. Many years of ill health confining him to his room in the Paulist Monastery on Ninth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York, have obscured him from the general public vision. The man who began life at Brook Farm with Emerson, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, the Ripleys, Ripley, and the rest ended it the founder of the first American monastic order.

EMERSON, summing up Brook Farm Community life, says that "they made what all people try to make, an agreeable place to live in. All comers, even the most fastidious, found it the pleasantest of residences. It is certain that freedom from household routine, variety of character and talent, variety of works variety of means of thought and instruction, art, music, poetry, reading, masquerade, did not permit sluggishness or idleness; broke up routine.

THERE IS AN AGREEMENT IN THE TESTIMONY, that it was to most of the associates educational to many the most important period of their life, the birth of valued friendships, their first acquaintance with the riches of conversation, their training in behavior. The art of letter-writing, it is said, was immensely cultivated. Letters were always flying, not only from house to house but from room to room. It was a perpetual picnic, a French revolution in small, an "Age of Reason in a party-pan." HIGGINSON, in his life of MARGARET FULLER, who, although identified by her visits to it with Brook Farm, was not a member of its community, says that "nowhere was there such good company; young men went from the farm to neighboring towns to teach German classes; there were maquettes and gypsy parties, such as would thrive on no other soil; the social culture was the richest that those who lived there usually account it to this day as the happiest period of their lives.

JULIAN HAWTHORN, on the contrary, although it must be remembered he is a quite competent a witness, on this at least is a cynic, says that the chief advantage it brought to his father was to teach him how to plant corn and squashes and to provide him with an invaluable background for the "Blithedale Romance."

ISAAO HECKER was 24 when, in 1840, fine-looking, of distinguished appearance and polished manners, with remarkable gifts, intellectual and social, abundantly supplied with money and well-educated, especially in classics and metaphysics, he went to Brook Farm. He did not loiter upon the margin to scrutinize and be amused. He was neither a cynic nor a trifler. He was already oppressed with the weight of the great human problem. His brother, well-known and highly estimated as a business man of New York, proud of his talents, afforded him every opportunity for his cultivation, and while he was nominally one of the firm, he spent much of his time in seeking a solution of that problem. He had already passed through Socialism. He belonged to a workingman's party which called itself the genuine democracy. It even anticipated HENRY GEORGE'S land theory. Hecker was old enough to think that he understood that he had in those days the only difference between an infidel and a believer was a few ounces of brains—meaning in favor of the infidel.

On recovering command of themselves they volunteered to give a specimen of American music. The grave and reverend seignors in attendance clapped hands and awaited what they supposed would be a relieving antidote to the terrible perplexity of "Peter Piper." The three Yankee novices sang at the top of their voices "There Were Three Crowns," giving several *da capo's*; when the frenzied and overcome superior was led away saying wearily that he always understood English was a hard language, but that he never appreciated its difficulties before.

The American convert novice was ordained a priest by Cardinal Wiseman in England in 1849; two years later he returned to this country, and for six years labored as a Redemptorist. In 1857 he was released from that community and founded

THE CONGREGATION OF ST. PAUL, the first American monastic order. Their first house was opened in 1860, and Father Hecker remained its head until his death. I am admitted to be distinctively American in political sympathies; and most of its members are converts. They enjoy the highest reputation in the Catholic Church, and their influence has been great in restoring not only a dignified and noble style of church music of the highest scientific and artistic standard, but also that form of ancient religious music, congregational singing. They have built at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue one of the most beautiful churches in the world. Father Hecker founded a monthly magazine, the Catholic World, whose refined literary quality and unflinching generosity in dealing with non-Catholic sentiment have given it a permanent place in American literature, even among those who do not accept its theology.

Father Hecker was the companion of Bishop Rosecrans at the Vatican Council. His diverse labors gradually undermined his health, and he had been an invalid for more than ten years, his intellectual powers remaining unimpaired, but he found it necessary not to overtax them. He was an ardent and proud American. He was in Paris during the Second Empire; and Louis Veuillot, the well known French Conservative, boasted to him that Louis Napoleon had gotten the people's approval by a plebiscite, and was "fortunately" going to give a dynasty to France. He said: "In America we believe in a government of checks and balances. What check have the people on Louis Napoleon?" At the same time Louis Napoleon kept Louis Veuillot under the espionage of detectives.

He had large and clear ideas about the separation of Church and State. "Franklin," he said, "was a free-thinker; Washington, some kind of an Episcopalian; Jefferson, a Unitarian, and broad as that; and Hamilton, we know not what he was, if of any religious belief; the Adamses were Congregationalists; and Charles Carroll was a Catholic. Yet there is no doubt but that a legitimate government, now hardly second in power to any in the world, competent for the settlement of the greatest questions between Church and State to the advantage of equity and religion, was founded by these men and their like." He quoted with a smile the remark of an old man, that he did not care for the union of Church and State if he could only have the union of Church and people—which, in a time when pews are growing emptier, carries a freshened significance.

Father Hecker will, doubtless, serve some future American novelist as a romantic and impressive type of the nineteenth century, as rare as it will be interesting to the generation that may read of him. Mrs. Humphrey Ward can at least find in him an antithesis to her hero, "Robert Elmer."

TIPS FROM ASTROLOGISTS.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED OF GIRLS BORN IN THE VARIOUS MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

- If the young man looking around for a life partner among his acquaintances of the fair sex, will only pay attention to the following tips given out by the astrologists he may perhaps save himself the disappointment which might happen did he not pay heed to what is to be expected of girls who happen to be born in the following mentioned months, says the Chicago Ledger. If in January, a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper. If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother. If in March, a frivolous chatter-box, somewhat given to quarrelling. If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking. If in May, handsome, amiable and likely to be happy. If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous. If in July, passable handsome, but with a sulky temper. If in August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich. If in September, discreet, affable and much liked. If in October, pretty and coquettish and likely to be spinny. If in November, liberal, kind and of a wild disposition. If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

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There is in some a dispensation neutrality of mind which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify or warm us; it must indeed be granted that these men can only negatively offend, but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please.—Greville.

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It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbside shaking his sides with laughter, he was accosted by one of the passers-by. "What's the fun, stranger?" "Fun, can't you see it? Just look at that thing (pointing to a watering cart) leak. Why, the blasted fool won't have a drop left when he gets home."

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DOMESTIC READING.

A fine coat may cover a fool but not his morals one. Nothing is so indicative of respect as a tender consideration of the figure of Emerson.

Learn the art of silence. The wise while he holds his tongue, says more than a fool while he speaks.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

Fride, ill as we are, and the want of sense are the three great sources of ill manners. Without some of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for the want of experience.

Spartans, stoics, saints and gods use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centres. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun.—Emerson.

Everybody sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean his dress and pollish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after all. It is a ragged iniquity that is considered sinful; a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Elliot.

Those who resort to hypocrisy to cover their delinquencies, impose a more intolerable burden upon themselves than that which would come from a just sense of their criminality. They think to ease their tortured conscience, but only succeed in aggravating its woe.

Do your best, and await calmly the result. In anxiety, not work, which kills; it is work, not anxiety, which commands success. There is a Hindu saying that the fortune of man who sits, sits always; it sleeps when he sleeps, moves when he moves, and rises when he rises.

For safety and for swiftness, for clear light and successful labor, their is nothing like the present. Reasonably speaking, the moment that is flying holds more eternity than all our past, and the future holds none at all, and only becomes capable of holding any as it is manufactured piece-meal into the present.

YOUNG MAN, BE MANLY.—It is a great mistake for a Catholic young man to think that a manly profession and practice of his faith is an impediment to his worldly prosperity and that in order to win worldly prosperity they must become members of a non-Catholic. The English people, as a rule, honor independence of character and loyalty to conviction, and despise the cowardly traitor to conscience. If a Catholic young man is sober, capable, industrious and faithful, he need have no fear that his religion will prevent him from attaining the highest heights of business and political success.

REVERSING THE VERDICT.—For over three centuries, owing to the spread of Protestantism, it had become stereotyped matter of history that the "reformation" as one of the greatest of blessings and that Martin Luther was its apostle. A great historian, Janssen, has arisen in Germany, who, after a life-study of the whole matter, has changed the statement, and shown conclusively that the "reformation" was the greatest calamity that ever befell Europe. He shows, also, and with equal clearness, that Luther was the spiritual father of the revolutionary spirit; that Rome was the protectress of order in Church and State; that previous to 1517, the condition of the civilized world, in religion, morals, science and art, had reached an unexampled height, and that the steps of the new movement were everywhere marked by decay and corruption.

THE DEMON DRESS.—It is not too much to say that most of the horrible crimes that are committed have their origin in demon drink; but cannot demon dress show a dark record of its own of woe and dishonor, of ruined lives and homes made desolate? A father robbing his employer that he may deck out his daughter in a manner totally unbefitting her circumstances, a student who has been beazzling the funds entrusted him, although through weak love for his wife, pride in her beauty, or to rid himself of her angry complaints and pertinacious demands. A wife deserting her husband and children, because her cravings for luxury of apparel cannot be gratified in a life of poverty and duty. A young girl rebelling against the narrow means which decree that her loveliness of form and feature must go meekly arrayed, and so, led by restless, vanity, disappearing in the whirlpool of sin.

HOW A FATHER WAS CURED OF DRINKING.—One day in a familiar instruction a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family?" Bring in its midst a soul who knows how to suffer. Do you wish to bring back to God a soul that is dear to you? Suffer for it. These words were heard by a little girl who had just made her first communion. How could she comprehend them? God knows the secret of it. The poor little child had often seen her mother weep and blush with shame, when, almost every evening her father came home stupefied with wine. On the day when the efficacy of suffering was revealed to her, she said to her mother embroiling with an effusive tenderness which thrilled the poor wife: "Mother be happy, father will soon cease to make you weep. And the next day the men men—the only one who brought the family together—the fool some porridge with a piece of bread, and refused anything more. "Are you sick?" asked the mother with astonishment. "No, mother." "Eat, then," said the father. "Not to-day, father." They believed it a whim, and thought to punish the child by leaving her pointing unnoticed; in the evening the father returned as usual intoxicated. The child who had gone to bed, but had not slept, heard him swear and began to cry. It was the first time that oaths made her weep. The next day, like the preceding, at dinner she refused everything but bread and water. The mother became uneasy, the father angry. "I wish that you would eat," he said angrily. "No," replied the child firmly, "not so long as you will become intoxicated, swear, and make my mother cry. I have promised the good God, and I wish to suffer that God may not punish you. The father hung his head. That evening he returned home quiet, and the little one was calmly bright and winning, and no longer refused to eat. The habit again overcame the father. The child's recommendation. This time the father could say nothing; a sage tear rolled down his cheek, and he ceased to eat. The mother also wept. The child alone remained calm. Rising from the table he clasped his little daughter in his arms saying: "Poor Martyr! Will you always do this?" "Yes, father; till I die or you are converted." "My child, my child! I will never more give your mother cause to weep."

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MEN OF NOTE.

H. P. Cheatman who has been elected to Congress from the Second North Carolina district, was born a slave.

President Dwight, of Yale College, does his writing on an old fashioned secretary that is said to have been in the family 200 years.

Colonel Higginson says that most of the prejudice against college-bred men which he has encountered in political life has proceeded from other college-bred men.

It is recalled of the Washburne brothers that while all four (C. D., W. D., Israel and Eilhu B) got into the House of Representatives not one of them succeeded in his Senatorial aspirations.

The late Laurence Peel was the youngest and last surviving brother of Sir Laurence Peel. He was married to a daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond and inherited a fortune worth \$40,000 a year.

Angelo Warriss a lecturer, who is trying to impress London with his greatness, can recite the whole of "Milton's Paradise Lost" and "Shelly's Queen Mab" from memory. He committed them, he says when still a child.

Mr. Boehm's bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, recently unveiled in London, is said to be wonderfully lifelike. Four sentry figures, fashioned after a model from an English, an Irish, a Scotch and a Welsh regiment guard the approach to the statue.

Ferdinand Schumacher, of Akron, Ohio, is known as the Oat meal King in the milling world. It is told of him that he is a Prohibitionist of such fixed opinions that when one of his mills was destroyed he distributed 20,000 bushels of scorched grain among the farmers for chicken feed rather than sell it to distillers to be made into whiskey.

Sir Morrell Mackenzie is still boycotted by the medical profession. Not only was his lecture at Edinburgh ignored by all the local doctors, but no word of mention was given to it in the Lanet, even in the column devoted to intelligence from Scotland. Clearly the great specialist did not resign his membership of the Royal College of Physicians a single day too soon.

Among the living sovereigns mentioned in the Almanach de Gotha, those who have reigned longest are: the Emperor of Brazil, who ascended the throne in 1831, at the age of six; Queen Victoria who succeeded in 1837; and Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, crowned in 1844. The oldest sovereign is Pope Leo XIII., who is seventy-eight years old. The youngest is the King of Spain, not yet three.