

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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PASTORAL LETTER.

John.—By the Grace of God, and the appointment of the Holy See, Bishop of London.

To the Clergy, Religious Communities and Lay of our Diocese, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS.—Our Holy Mother, the Church, ever animated, like her Divine Spouse, with love for souls, ever solicitous for the spiritual welfare and salvation of her children, has set aside the holy season of Lent, which now approaches, as a time which should be specially consecrated to works of penance, mortification and prayer. During this time, she calls upon us in a special manner to return to God by a sincere repentance, to do penance for our grievous sins, to mortify our flesh with its vices and concupiscences, and to enter by the narrow gate and on the straight way of Christian virtue which leads to an everlasting life of happiness.

We have been created for a glorious and immortal destiny. This world is for us a place of probation and of exile; it is a valley ever moistened with tears, ever darkened with sorrows, "a place of weeping;" it is but a passage to an eternal world, and time is but the threshold of our real existence. "We have not here," says St. Paul, "a lasting city, but we look for one that is to come." (Hebrews, chap. 13, v. 14.) We are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," and should as such desire a better, that is, a heavenly country. (Hebrews, chap. 11, v. 16.) Our great and paramount work here is to save our immortal souls. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His justice," says our Divine Lord. "For what doth it profit our souls to gain the whole world and lose our souls; or what exchange shall a man make for his soul?" (Matt., chap. 16, v. 26.) This world, with all its wealth and treasures, shall perish and crumble into nothingness; but the immortal soul must live on through the everlasting ages, either in the Heaven for which it was created, or in the fires of Hell, prepared for the Devil and his angels.

Now to this Kingdom of God, for the citizenship of which we have been created and redeemed, there are but two paths through this world, viz.: The path of innocence and the path of penance. Alas! how few there are who, with baptismal robes unstained, reach Heaven by the path of innocence, never lost; and even the innocent should do penance, as the best means of preserving that pearl of great price. But for us, dear brethren, who have sinned; for us who, by actual transgression, have lost our baptismal innocence; for us poor prodigals there is no return to "our Father's house" save by the thorny road of penance. With bleeding feet and tearful eyes we must trudge this road which alone will conduct us to the happiness of Heaven.

Penance, then, which is here employed to mean not only internal repentance, but also external works of satisfaction, is necessary for salvation, and is a matter of Divine precept, for us poor sinners. "All iniquity, whether it be small or great," says St. Augustine, "must necessarily be punished, either by the man penitent or an avenging God; for he who repents truly will chastise himself. Absolutely either you punish yourself or God punishes. Would you that he should not punish then punish yourself." Hence the necessity of doing penance in satisfaction by God Himself in the most emphatic language in various parts of Holy Writ. "Be converted, and do penance for all your iniquities, and iniquity shall not be your ruin." (Ezekiel, c. 18, v. 30.) "Now, therefore," saith the Lord, "be converted to me with all your heart, in fasting, in weeping, and in mourning." (Joel, c. 2, v. 12.) When St. John the Baptist came forth from the banks of the Jordan to fulfil his mission as precursor to our Lord, he preached the baptism of penance for the remission of sins, and, in the burning words of a prophet, proclaimed the absolute necessity of doing penance:—"Ye offspring of vipers, who hath shown you to flee from the wrath to come? bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of penance." (Luke, c. 3, v. 7.) Our Blessed Lord, our Teacher, our Guide, commenced His public life by preaching and saying:—"Do penance, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." (Matt., c. 4, v. 17.) He openly declares that for all who have sinned, penance is the only plank that can save them from an eternal shipwreck:—"I say to you, unless you do penance, you shall all perish." (Luke, c. 13, v. 5.) St. Paul, in his immortal discourse to the Athenians, proclaims aloud:—"God now declareth to men that all should everywhere do penance." (Acts, c. 17, v. 30.)

The law of penance, then, has God for

its author, and must be observed as a necessary condition of salvation by all who by sin have forfeited their right to Heaven. And surely, dearly beloved brethren, if, on the other hand, we consider the infinite perfections of God, His boundless goodness and mercy, His rights over us as our Creator and Redeemer; and on the other, the infinite malice of mortal sin, the inexpressible outrages we have offered to His Sovereign Majesty, the wounds we have inflicted on the adorable heart of Jesus by our numberless transgressions, we will most eagerly and heartily have recourse to penance as the most effectual means of deterring the justice of God, of winning back His favor, and of blotting out from the Book of Judgment the countless sins which the Recording Angel has therein registered against us.

It is true that Protestantism denies the necessity of penitential works, and even their utility, but we know that in this, as well as in other respects, Protestantism is a protest against the Christian religion itself. Self denial and mortification are the very essence of Christianity, its whole scope and spirit, the special note of the Gospel, the doctrine of the cross; and Protestantism, in repudiating them, rejects the teachings and precepts of the Saviour Himself. But should we wonder at this? Were not the founders of this religion of the "Reformation," Luther and Henry VIII., and Knox, such men as were described by St. Paul when he said: "For many walk, of whom I have told you often (and now tell you again), that they are enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame." (Philippians, c. 3, v. 18 & 19.) Christ our Lord tells us that if any man wishes to be His disciple, he must deny himself, take up His cross daily, and follow Him. And St. Paul declares, "that they that are Christ's, crucify their flesh with its vices and concupiscences." (Gal., c. 5, v. 24.)

Now fast and abstinence are amongst the penitential works most pleasing to God and most salutary to our souls; and it is for this reason, as well as in imitation and commemoration of our Lord's forty days' fast in the desert, that the Holy Catholic Church proclaims the fast of Lent, and commands it to be observed by her children. Fasting is of Divine as well as of Ecclesiastical institution, and is admirably adapted to the wants of poor, fallen nature. St. Paul, who was a profound philosopher, as well as an inspired Apostle, states that there are two laws within us, struggling one against the other, and striving for the mastery—the law of the spirit, directing us towards God and the eternal world; and the law of the flesh, dragging us down towards sin and sensual pleasures. "For I am delighted with the law of God according to the inward man; but I see another law in my members fighting against the law of the mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is, in my members." (Romans, c. 7, v. 22 & 23.) And in another place he describes the constant struggle that is waged within us by these antagonistic laws:—"For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh; and they are contrary one to another." (Gal., c. 5, v. 17.)

By this we perceive that the law of the spirit, the Divine philosophy, that underlies the institution of fasting. By it we declare war against the body, and chastise it; we mortify the flesh; we weaken its vicious inclinations; and therefore, we put it off from its supplies, and therefore, we are enabled to give the victory to the law of God and of our conscience, which the Apostle calls the law of the spirit. Hence the same Apostle did not hesitate to chastise his body in order to bring it into subjection. But fasting is most beneficial, not only in that it restrains vicious inclinations and lifts the soul heavenwards (vita comprimit mentem elevat), but also in its penitential and purgative character, as an efficacious means of atoning for our sins through the merits of Christ, and of obtaining the Divine mercy and forgiveness. "Be converted to me," says God, "with your whole heart, in fasting, in weeping, and in mourning." (Joel, c. 2, v. 12.) The Ninivites, by fasting, disarmed the justice of God, and saved their city from destruction. (Jonas, c. 3.) The Israelites obtained, by it, pardon for their crimes, and were divinely helped to put their enemies to ignominious flight. (1 Kings, c. 7, v. 6.) Our blessed Lord tells us that after His ascension His followers should fast, and He lays down the rules that must be observed to make our fast pleasing to God:—"When thou fastest, smother thy head and wash thy face, that they appear not to men to fast, but to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will reward thee." (Matt., c. 6, v. 17.) Man fell originally from his allegiance to God by the gratification of his taste, and he must return to Him by fasting. Thus the law of fast comes recommended to us by the doctrine and example of the Prophets and Saints, and penitents of the Old Testament, as Moses, Elias, Daniel, the Ninivites, &c., and in the New Dispensation it is sanctioned by the doctrine and example of our Saviour Himself, of His Apostles, of John the Baptist, of His Precursor, St. John the Baptist, of His Apostles, of whom he foretold that they would fast when the Bridegroom was taken from them, and thereforward by the example of all the holy servants of God. Our Lord has commanded it; the Scripture recommends it; penitents and saints have recommended and practised it, and the Church now appoints the times and seasons for its observance.

The fast of Lent is of Apostolical institution, and has doubtless been ordained in imitation of the forty days' fast observed by our blessed Lord in the desert before beginning His public life. It was observed by the Primitive Church as a tradition from the Apostles. This we may see in the writings of the holy fathers, whose sermons on fasting are still extant, and in which they positively affirm that the fast in their times did all fast from flesh meat in Lent. We find a fast of forty days recommended by the example

of holy men in the Old Dispensation, as well as sanctified by the example of Christ. Thus Moses fasted forty days when he received the law on Mount Sinai. (Ex., c. 24, v. 18.) Elias fasted forty days in the wilderness before ascending the mountain of God—(2 Kings, c. 19, v. 6.) And our Lord Himself retired into solitude, and there spent forty days in prayer and fasting—(Matt., c. 4, v. 2.)

During the Lenten season the Church calls upon us to imitate the fast of our Divine Saviour, and to do penance for our sins, and by prayer and penitential works to purify our souls, and prepare them for the worthy celebration of the Paschal Supper. "We make no doubt," said the Supreme Pontiff, Benedict XIV., "but it is well known to all those who profess the Catholic religion, that the fast of Lent has always been looked upon as one principal point of orthodox discipline throughout the Christian world. This fact was, of old, prefigured in the law and in the prophets, and consecrated by the example of our Lord Jesus Christ; it was delivered to us by the Apostles, everywhere ordained by the sacred Canons, and retained and observed by the whole Church from her very beginning. As we are daily offending God by sin, in this common penance we find a remedy; and, by partaking of the cross of Christ, we Christ did for us; and, at the same time, both our souls and bodies being purified by this holy fast, we are more worthily prepared for celebrating the most sacred mysteries of our redemption, the passion and resurrection of our Lord. This is, as it were, the sign of our spiritual warfare, by which we are distinguished from the enemies of the Cross of Christ, and by which we are purified from ourselves by the scourges of the Divine vengeance, and are daily strengthened by the assistance of Heaven against all the powers of darkness. Hence, if this sacred fast should come to be despised, it will certainly prove a detriment to the glory of God, and a disgrace to the Catholic Religion, and will expose the souls of the faithful to great danger. Nor can we doubt that this is one great cause of the calamities and miseries that oppress both states and particular persons. But alas! how different, how opposite is the prevailing practice of many at present to the ancient respect and reverential observance of this holy time, and of other fast days, which was so deeply imprinted in the hearts of all Christians from the very beginning."

Let all, therefore, who are able, observe this great fast of Lent, and let those who are not bound to fast observe the precept of abstinence, and chastise their bodies, and mortify their flesh by other penitential works. "Behold now is the acceptable time, and now is the day of salvation." (2nd Cor., c. 6, v. 2.) Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unjust man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him." (Isaiah, c. 55, v. 7.) "Let us cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light; let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contentions and strife, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." (Romans, c. 13, v. 14.) Yes, we must join the great sin with the latter may be really acceptable to our Heavenly Father, and beneficial to our poor souls. For of what avail will it be to us if, whilst we fast in the body, our souls fast not from sin and vice? The fast from sin and wicked pleasures is the perfect fast, without which the corporal fast will be of little benefit. God rejected the fast of the Jews, because they were not fasting their hearts, but only their bodies by their customary sin. (Isaiah, c. 58.) And will He be better satisfied with us if, in pretending to fast, we are guilty of the like inconsistency and folly? We must, therefore, fast from all dishonesty, calumny and distraction; from anger, hatred and ill-will; from cursing and swearing; from immodest words and acts; from reading bad books and journals, from drunkenness, from rioting, in fine, from every thought, word and deed, which would offend God and transgress His Divine law. And whilst fasting from all such wickedness, we must apply ourselves to good works and acts of mercy. "I have chosen," "Loose the bands of wickedness, and break asunder every yoke, that ye may be free from the iniquity of your hands; when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not his shame; then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face. Then shall thou call and the Lord shall hear." (Isaiah, c. 58.)

And in this connection let us exhort you, dearly beloved brethren, to practice the virtue of temperance, and to avoid and to detest the sin of drunkenness, which is opposed to it. This fearful sin of drunkenness spreads its ravages all around, and like a deadly plague brings sorrow, desolation and death upon numberless families. It brings a curse upon all who are guilty of it; it maculates and defaces the image of God stamped upon our souls; it dethrones reason and reduces man to the level of the brute creation; it darkens the intellect, weakens the will, blunts the conscience, and smoothes the way to an impenitent death. It squanders the savings of years of toil; it plunges multitudes in misery and want and sorrow; it wastes the energies of the mind and the body; shatters the constitution, and drags its victims into a premature, mature and dishonored grave, and casts their souls into the everlasting flames of hell. Woe to the world because of this wide-spread and hateful sin! "Woe to you that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkards, saith the Prophet." (Isaiah, c. 5, v. 11.) "Who hath woe?" saith the Spirit of God, "whose father

hath woe? Who hath contention? Who falleth into pits? Who hath wounds with-out cause? Who hath redness of eyes? Surely they who pass their time in wine, and study to drink off their cups." (Proverbs, c. 23, v. 29.) "Be not deceived," says St. Paul, "neither fornicators nor drunkards shall possess the Kingdom of Heaven." (1 Cor., c. 6, v. 9.) And again:—"The works of the flesh are manifest, and such like, of which I foretell you, as I have foretold to you, that they who do such things shall not obtain the Kingdom of Heaven." (Gal., c. 5, v. 19.)

O, dearly beloved brethren, let us con-jure you to shun this gigantic evil which defiles the world with a tide of miseries, which is offensive to God, and so destructive of our happiness, both here and hereafter.

Let us again most earnestly request both priests and people to do all in their power to promote the cause of Catholic education, to render the Catholic schools as efficient as possible, and to see that, besides the secular education, religious instruction is regularly and efficiently imparted to the souls of both pastor and people in this matter. If any of the little ones of Christ should be lost to God and the Church by the criminal neglect and indolence of those who have charge of them, the blood of these lost children will be required at their hands by the Supreme Judge. The law establishing the separate school system is, indeed, most defective, but yet if our people be unanimous and generous in support of Catholic schools, as we know they are and will continue to be, it can be made the source of untold blessings to the children of this Diocese. And here let us remind the Trustees of the Catholic Schools, that they should never employ a teacher without the express approval of the Pastor, as he is the legitimate guardian of the schools in their moral and religious aspects.

The Church commands all her children, who have arrived at the full use of reason, so as to be capable of properly receiving the Sacraments, to go to confession at least once in the year, and to receive the Blessed Eucharist at Easter or thereabouts. The precept is contained in a Canon of the Fourth Council of Lateran, and is confirmed by the Council of Trent, and binds us under the gravest penalties. The Sacrament of Penance is an institution of God's unfathomable mercy for sinners. When worthily received it remits the most grievous sins, saves the soul from eternal perdition, and restores it to the favor of God, and to its right to Heaven which it had forfeited. It is a Divine Angel, whose waters stirred by the action of God's mercy, restore souls enfeebled and paralyzed by sin, to health and vigor. And yet some of our beloved children of the Laity cannot be persuaded to approach this Divine Sacrament; nay, cannot even be induced to do so by the solicitations and exhortations of the Pastor. The Blessed Eucharist is the fountain of the spiritual life of the soul; if any man eat of it he shall live for ever, for it is the flesh of Christ, which He hath given for the life of the world. Our Saviour tells us also that, "unless we eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, we shall not have life in us." (John, c. 6, v. 54.) And yet, notwithstanding the special care of our Lord and the Church, His people, as it were, are some who do not stubbornly and persistently refuse the invitation! The knowledge of this fact grieves us to the heart. It is to be feared that for such obstinate and self-blinded sinners, unless they repent, "It will be better for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for them." We see them not thus to abuse the grace and mercy of God, not thus to trample under foot the precious blood of Jesus, shed on the Cross for them. We conjure them to "delay not to be converted to the Lord, and not to put it off from day to day, lest His wrath should come on a sudden, and in the day of vengeance He should destroy them." (Ecclesi., c. 5, v. 8.)

Let us therefore spend this holy and penitential season of Lent in accordance with the spirit and requirements of the Church, let us all prepare for Easter duty by worthily receiving the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, as we are commanded to do by the Church, under the gravest penalties! Let us sincerely repent of our sins, bewailing them in the bitterness of our souls; let our cry ascend daily to God for mercy and forgiveness, beseeching him to look upon the face of His Christ, and for the sake of His bitter passion and death to have compassion on us whom He has redeemed in His precious blood. Let family prayers and the Rosary be punctually said in every household; let the public devotions of the Church be faithfully attended; let the passion and death of Christ be the subject of frequent thought and reflection; and in this way we shall spend Lent in a manner pleasing to God, and fruitful in blessing to ourselves; and we shall emerge from the gloom of Lent into Easter joy, happy in the consciousness of having honestly endeavored to promote God's glory, and the salvation of our souls.

The following are the Lenten regulations to be observed in this Diocese:—1st. All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fasting days. 2nd. By a special dispensation from the Holy See, A. D. 1884, meat is allowed on Sundays at every meal, and at one meal on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, except the Saturday of Ember Week and Holy Saturday. 3rd. The use of flesh and fish at the same time is not allowed in Lent.

The following persons are exempted from abstinence, viz.:—Children under seven years; and from fasting, persons under twenty one; and from either or both, those who, on account of ill health, advanced age, hard labor, or some other legitimate cause, cannot observe the law.

Lard may be used in preparing fasting food during the season of Lent, as also on all days of abstinence throughout the year by those who cannot easily procure butter.

The season within which all who have attained the proper age are obliged to make the Paschal Communion commences on Ash Wednesday and terminates on Trinity Sunday.

Clergymen will do well, during Lent, to appoint, in their respective Churches, some spiritual exercises and instructions, once or twice in the week, inviting their people to attend. They are hereby recommended to give the Holy Sacrament of the Blessed Sacrament to the faithful.

The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.—(1 Cor., c. 13, v. 13.)

This Pastoral shall be read in all the churches and chapels of the Diocese, at the earliest convenient meeting after the date of this Pastoral, A. D. 1887, under our hand and seal, and the counter signature of our Secretary.

JOHN WALSH,
Bishop of London.

By order of his Lordship,
L. A. DUNPHY,
Secretary.

SIR THOMAS ESMONDE

Declares that "Speed the Plan" is now Ireland's Watchword.

EXTRACTS FROM A POWERFUL ORATION BY GRATTAN'S GRANDSON—STUBBORNNESS TO BE MET WITH INFLEXIBLE RESISTANCE—IRISHMEN NOT DESTINED TO BE SERFS—THE CASTLE FOREIGNERS AND FLUNKIES MUST DEPART.

Among such men as John Dillon, the two Redmonds and others of maturer years, Sir Thomas Esmonde proved himself a worthy peer, as orator and patriot, at a meeting held lately at Ennisceorthy, Wexford. In the course of his speech, which met with temporary cheers, the brilliant young baronet said: "The very best answer we can make to the rage of battle our oppressors have thrown down to us is supplied by gathering round us without hurrying a bold and uncompromising defiance in the teeth of the band of foreigner and flunkies who mismanage our national concerns from Downing street and Dublin Castle. I trust we shall thereby succeed to some extent in making more thorny and more difficult the path of a government who lose and despise, a government maintained upon us without our consent and our sentiments, a government that will soon reap the reward it so richly deserves—the reward of incompetency—disgrace and destruction, if not an Irish one, at any rate the forerunner of a government absolutely and radically Irish. All this will be brought about before many months are over if we set ourselves to do it, if we have the courage of our convictions, if we show that what we say we mean. And, after all, the bringing of this about is not such a very difficult matter. What have our present rulers done?

What have they done, on the other hand, that we should abate one jot of our endeavors to end their odious tyranny? You read the daily papers—at any rate the weekly ones. Has anything occurred during the past few days to increase your awe or your affection for the system under which we live, and for the high and mighty personages who direct and control the workings of that system? In the course of last week certain events have taken place not without political interest and significance. They have a direct relation to the business of this afternoon, therefore I make no apology for referring to them. First in importance comes the late state trials? What has been the result of those trials? Consider for what purposes they were instituted. They were instituted, to vindicate the outraged majesty of the law, and to extinguish once for all that most immoral proceeding known as the plan of campaign. How did these trials vindicate the majesty of the law? In the negative fashion, if we are to judge by the reports that reached the public. Justice in this country has ever worn a sorry garb; she has ever borne a forbidding, a repulsive aspect; but she came out of the late ordeal in Green street court house with her threadbare robes more soiled, more tattered, more bedraggled, if that is possible, than when she entered upon it. These trials will be forever memorable as

A BARE FACED TRAVESTY OF LAW, and as a sample of how justice is meted out in Ireland to patriotic Irishmen. We had, in the first place, the presiding functionary proclaiming that no matter what evidence was laid before him his decision would be given against the traversers. Now let me put to you a simple question. What, think you, would be the feeling in England were an English judge to declare at the outset of a case that his judgment would be given in a certain sense quite irrespective of what could be urged in favor of the opposite view? How long would English public sentiment tolerate such an interpretation of the duties of judges? Just so long as Irish public opinion would, were Irishmen free to act as Englishmen, undoubtedly would under such circumstances. But let that pass; it was a mere trifle to what followed. We have heard of strange evidence given in Green street court house, of hard and reckless swearing, of callous disregard of the sanctity of oaths—of perjury, gross, palpable, unblushing, perpetrated there. Thanks to the zeal of members of her majesty's government in Ireland, Green street upheld in this respect its high record. First an English general was placed in the witness box. He, indeed, so-

quitted himself fairly and creditably, but unfortunately he remembered nothing. Then came the chief secretary for Ireland, who intimidates rackrenting landlords within legal limits. He, strange to say, had forgotten everything. Next we had

THE PITIFUL SPECTACLE of an incompetent policeman from the wilds of Kerry, who, in spite of the assistance of the defendant's counsel, remembered nothing he wished to forget. Finally, we had that legal thunderbolt, that aptest deliverer, Mr. James Conboy, who, after the fashion of his kind, had forgotten everything he did not wish to remember. And these gentlemen were examined upon oath. They were sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the evidence they were called on to give. But they held, indeed, a weak supposition of our perspicacity if they imagine we fail to estimate their evidence at its proper worth. Fielding says there is nothing so dangerous as a question which comes by surprise on a man whose usual falsehood. Evidently these accendancy champions were fully impressed with the truth of this remark when they went into their cross examination. And it is thus that our masters seek to inspire us with confidence in the administration of justice in this country. These are the modes and these the methods by which the majesty of the law is vindicated in Ireland. But how has the plan of campaign been effected by these proceedings, so well calculated to strike terror into our rebellious hearts? Has it been extinguished? Has its progress even been temporarily checked? Quite the contrary. These trials have given it

AN ADDITIONAL IMPETUS, they have increased its stability, and have shown that it is invulnerable. Speed the plan is now the watchword of the Irish tenant farmer, and not only of the Irish tenant farmer, but of every man who has set his heart upon making Ireland free. You are alive to the efficacy of the plan and to the advantages it confers upon those who seek its protection. Consider, on the other hand, how matters stand where it has not been put into force. I shall cite but one instance—a sad and instructive one. The name of Glenbeigh is ringing in our ears. That name has been carried ere this to the four quarters of the globe, wherever Irishmen are to be found. The narration of the fiendish atrocities there has set many an Irish heart throbbing, and has turned the blood of many an Irishman to flame. Would those dastardly outrages have been attempted were these poor victims of the cupidly absentee Shylocks organized and united in self defence? With us such enormities would not be attempted, or if attempted they would never be carried out, or else the descendants of the '98 pikemen would know the reason why. But they were attempted and they were carried out in unhappy Glenbeigh, because the unfortunate people there were weak and unprotected. It was because they were defenceless that their roof-trees were burned over their heads and their houses razed to the ground. It was because they were

UNABLE TO PROTECT THEMSELVES that weak women, tender children and feeble old men, the sick, the helpless, the aged were cast out on the roadside in the dreary winter time to shiver, to starve, to die. Let their fate be a warning to the Irish people of what they may expect if their dullest senses have not been awakened by the memory of Glenbeigh remain with them to stimulate them to guard themselves well yet they may. I years ago by Mr. Fontenay the war cry of our fathers was "Remember Limerick." Under the influence of the memories that cry awakened in them they washed out many an insult and many a wrong in the blood of their hereditary enemies. We are not now fighting for social pecuniary gain. They fight for fair rent; it is true; they fight for possession of their properties; and the issues involved are practically the same. Where our downtrodden people are driven to fight I bid them remember Glenbeigh, and may the tragic association attaching to that name nerve them to bear themselves like men. They are struggling not merely for necessary considerations—not merely for social pecuniary gain. They fight for fair rent; it is true; they fight for possession of their properties; and the issues involved are practically the same. Where our downtrodden people are driven to fight I bid them remember Glenbeigh, and may the tragic association attaching to that name nerve them to bear themselves like men. They are struggling not merely for necessary considerations—not merely for social pecuniary gain. They fight for fair rent; it is true; they fight for possession of their properties; and the issues involved are practically the same. Where our downtrodden people are driven to fight I bid them remember Glenbeigh, and may the tragic association attaching to that name nerve them to bear themselves like men. 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FATHER EYAN.

BY THE REV. BEVERLY D. TUCKER.

There was never a voice to utter
The grief and the pain of the land,
Till his music awoke responsive
To the tender touch of his hand.

BEN HUR; OR, THE DAYS OF THE MESSIAH.

BOOK FOURTH. CHAPTER XIV. ILDERIM'S SUPPER.

If the reader will return now to the
repet of the wise men at their meeting
in the desert, he will understand the
preparations for the supper in Ilderim's tent.

Three rugs were spread on the carpet
within the space so nearly enclosed by the
divan; a table not more than a foot in
height was brought and set within the
same place, and covered with a cloth.

On to one side a portable earthenware
oven was established under the presidency
of a woman whose duty it was to keep
the company hot, and more precisely,
in hot cakes of flour from the handmill
grinding with constant sound in a neigh-
bouring tent.

Meanwhile Balthasar was conducted to
the divan, where Ilderim and Ben-Hur
received him standing. A loose black
gown covered his person; his step was
feeble, and his whole movement slow and
cautious, apparently upon a long staff and
the arm of a servant.

"Peace to you, my friend," said Ilderim
respectfully. "Peace and welcome."
The Egyptian raised his head and
replied, "And to thee, good sheik—to
thee and thine, peace and the blessing of
the One God—God, the true and loving."

The manner was gentle and devout, and
impressed Ben-Hur with a feeling of awe;
besides, the blessing included in the
answering salutation had been partly
addressed to him, and while that was
being spoken, the eyes of the aged guest,
hollow yet luminous, rested upon his
face long enough to stir an emotion new
and mysterious, and so strong that he
gave and again during the rest of the
much-wrinkled and bloodless face for
its meaning; but always there was the ex-
pression bland, placid, and trustful as a
child's. A little later he found that
expression habitual.

"This is he, O Balthasar," said the sheik,
laying his hand on Ben-Hur's arm, "who
will break bread with us this evening?"
The Egyptian glanced at the young man,
and looked again surprised and doubting;
seeing which the sheik continued, "I have
promised him my horses for trial to-mor-
row; and if all goes well, he will drive
them in the Circus."

Balthasar continued his gaze. "He came
well recommended," Ilderim
pursued, much puzzled. "You may know
him as the son of Arrius, who was a noble
Roman sailor, though—the sheik hesi-
tated, then resumed with a laugh—"though
he declares himself an Israelite of the
tribe of Judah; and, by the splendour of
God, I believe that he tells me."

Balthasar could no longer withhold ex-
planation. "To-day, O most generous sheik,
my life was in peril, and would have been
lost had not a youth, the counterpart of this
one—if, indeed, he be not the very same—
intervened when all others fled, and saved
me." Then he addressed Ben-Hur di-
rectly, "Art thou not he?"

"I cannot answer so far," Ben-Hur
replied with no less deference. "I am
he who stopped the horses of the insolent
Roman when they were rushing upon thy
camel at the Fountain of Castalia. Thy
daughter left a cup with me."

From the bosom of his tunic he pro-
duced the cup, and gave it to Balthasar.
A glow lighted the faded countenance
of the Egyptian.

"The Lord sent thee to me at the Foun-
tain to-day," he said in a tremulous voice,
stretching his hand towards Ben-Hur;
"and He sends thee to me now. I give
Him thanks; and praise Him thou, for of
His favour I have wherewith to give thee
great reward, and I will. The cup is thine;
keep it."

Ben-Hur took back the gift, and
Balthasar, seeking the inquiry upon Her-
im's face, related the occurrence at the
Fountain.

"What!" said the sheik to Ben-Hur.
"Thou saidst nothing of this to me, when
better recommendation thou couldst not
have brought. Am I not an Arab, and
shalt of my tribe of tens of thousands?
And is not by my quest? And is it not in
my quest bond that the good or evil thou
doest him is good or evil done to me?"

Whether shouldst thou go for reward but
here? And whose the hand to give it but
mine?"

His voice at the end of the speech rose
to cutting shrillness.

"Good sheik, spare me, I pray. I came
not for reward, great or small; and that I
may be acquitted of the thought, I say
the help I gave this excellent man would
have been given as well to thy humblest
servant."

"But he is my friend, my guest—not my
servant; and seat thou not in the dis-
favour of Fortune!" Then to
Balthasar the sheik said, "Ah, by the
splendour of God! I tell thee again he is
not a Roman."

With that he turned away, and gave
attention to the servants, whose prepara-
tions for the supper were about complete.

The reader who recollects the history of
Balthasar as given by himself at the meet-
ing in the desert, will understand the
effect of Ben-Hur's assertion of disinter-
estedness upon that worthy. In his devo-
tion to men there had been, it will be
remembered, no distinctions; while the
redemption which had been promised him
in the way of reward—the redemption for
which he was waiting—was universal. To
him, therefore, the assertion sounded
somewhat like an echo of himself. He
took a step nearer Ben-Hur, and spoke to
him in a childlike way.

"How did the sheik say I should call
you? It was a Roman name, I think."

"Arrius, the son of Arrius."

"Yes, thou art not a Roman."

"All my people are Jews."

"Were, saidst thou? Are they not liv-
ing?"

The question was subtle as well as sim-
ple; but Ilderim saved Ben-Hur from
reply.

"Come," he said to them, "the meal is
ready."

Ben-Hur gave his arm to Balthasar, and
conducted him to the table, where shortly
they were all seated on their rugs. Eastern
fashion. The lavers were brought then,
and they washed and dried their hands;
then the sheik made a sign, the servants
stopped, and the voice of the Egyptian
arose tremulous with holy feeling.

"Father of All—God! What we have
is of Thee; take our thanks, and bless us,
that we may continue to do Thy will."

It was the grace the good man had said
simultaneously with his brethren Gaspas,
the Greek and Melchior the Hindoo, the
utterance in diverse tongues out of which
had come the miracle attesting the Divine
Presence at the meal in the desert years
before.

The table to which they immediately
addressed themselves was, as may be
thought, rich in the substantial and deli-
cacies favourite in the East—in cakes hot
from the oven, vegetables from the gar-
dens, meats singly, compounds of meats
and vegetables, milk of kine, and honey
and butter—all eaten or drunk, it should
be remarked, without any of the modern
accoutrements—knives, forks, spoons, cups, or
plates; and in this part of the repast
but little was said, for they were
hungry. But when the dessert was in
course it was otherwise. They lavished
their hands again, had the lapclothes shaken out,
and with a renewed table and the sharp
edge of their appetites gone they were
disposed to talk and listen.

With such a company—an Arab, a Jew,
and an Egyptian, all believers alike in the
One God—there could be at that age but one
subject of conversation; and of the three,
which should be speaker but he to whom
the Deity had been so nearly a personal
appearance, who had seen him in a star,
had heard his voice in direction, had
heard to far and so miraculously by His
Spirit; and of what should he talk, of
that of which he had been called to testify!

CHAPTER XV. BEN-HUR'S WONDER.

The shadows cast over the Orchard of
Palms by the mountains at set of sun left
no sweet margin time of violet sky and
drowsing earth between the day and night.

The latter came early and swift;
and against its glooming in the tent
that evening the servants brought four can-
dlesticks of brass, and set them by the
corners of the table. To each candlestick
were four branches, and on each branch
a lighted silver lamp and a supply cup of
olive oil. In light ample, even brilliant,
the group of desert continued their con-
versation, speaking in the Syriac dialect,
familiar to all people in that part of the
world.

The Egyptian told his story of the meet-
ing of the three in the desert, and agreed
with the sheik that it was in December,
twenty-seven years before, when he and
his companions fleeing from Herod arrived
at the tent praying shelter. The narrative
was with intense interest; even the
servants listening when they could to
catch its details. Ben-Hur, who had
become a man listening to a revelation of
deep concern to all humanity, and to none
of more concern than the people of Israel.

In his mind, as we shall presently see,
there was crystallizing an idea which was
to change his course of life, if not absorb
it absolutely.

As the recital proceeded, the impression
made by Balthasar upon the young Jew
increased; at its conclusion, his feeling
was so profound to permit a doubt of its
truth; indeed, there was nothing left him
desirable in the connection but assurance,
if such were to be had, pertaining exclu-
sively to the consequences of the amazing
event.

And now there is wanting an explana-
tion which the very discerning may have
heretofore demanded; certainly it can be
no longer delayed. Our tale begins, in
point of date not less than fact, to trench
close upon the opening of the ministry of
the Son of Mary, whom we have seen
seat upon the throne of David. Balthasar
left His mother's lap in the cave
by Bethlehem, henceforth to the end
of his mortal life, he was to be a subject
of continual reference; and slowly though
surely the current of events with which
we are dealing will bring us nearer and
nearer to Him, until finally we see Him a
man—we would like to farm, contrary to
opinion would permit it, to add—A
MAN WHOM THE WORLD COULD
NOT DO WITHOUT. Of this declara-
tion, apparently so simple, a shrewd mind
inspired by faith will make much—and
welcome. Before His time, and since,
there have been men indispensable to
particular people and periods; but His

indispensability was to the whole race,
and for all time—a respect in which it is
unique, solitary, divine.

To Sheik Ilderim the story was not
new. He had heard it from the three
wise men together under circumstances
which left no room for doubt; he had
acted upon it seriously, for the helping
a fugitive escape from the anger of the
first Herod was dangerous. Now one of
the three sat at his table again, a welcome
guest and revered friend. Sheik Ilderim
certainly believed the story; yet, in the
nature of things, its mighty central fact
could not come home to him with the
force and absorbing effect it came to Ben-
Hur. He was an Arab, whose interest
in the consequences was but general; on
the other hand, Ben-Hur was an Israelite
and a Jew, with more than a special in-
terest in—if the solemnic can be par-
doned—the truth of the fact. He laid
hold of the circumstance with a purely
Jewish mind.

From his cradle, let it be remembered,
he had heard of the Messiah; at the col-
leges he had been made familiar with all
that was known of that Being at the
time of the hope, and the peculiar glory
of the chosen people; the prophets from
the first to the last of the heroic line fore-
told him; and the coming had been, and
yet was, the theme of endless exposition
with the rabbis—in the synagogues, in
the schools, in the Temple, of fast-days
and feast days, in public and in private,
the national teachers expounded as if
kept expounding until all the children
of Abraham wherever their lots were cast
and moulded their lives.

Doubtless, it will be understood from
this that there was much argument
among the Jews themselves about the
messiah, and so there was; but the dis-
putation was all limited to one point, and
one only—when would He come?

Disquisition is for the preacher; where-
as the writer is but telling a tale, and
that he may not lose his characters, the
explanation he is making requires notice
merely of a point connected with the
Messiah about which the unanimity
among the chosen people was matter of
marvellous astonishment: He was to be,
when come, the KING OF THE JEWS
—their political King, their Caesar. By
their instrumentalities He was to make
armed conquest of the earth, and, for
their profit and in the name of God,
hold it down forever. On this faith, dear
reader, the Pharisees or Separatists—the
latter being rather a political term—in
the cloisters and around the altars of the
Temple, built an edifice of hope far over-
topping the dream of the Macedonian.

Their instruments, the Liberals of the
time, covered the earth, their feet
covered the earth and filled the skies.

Returning directly to Ben-Hur, it is to
be observed now that there were two
circumstances in his life the result of
which had been to keep him in a state
comparatively free from the influence and
hard effects of the audacious faith of his
Separatist countrymen.

In the first place, his father followed
the way of the Sadducees, who may, in a
general way, be termed the Liberals of
their time. They had some loose opin-
ions in denial of the soul. They were
strict constructionists and rigorous
observers of the law as found in the
books of Moses; but they held the vast
mass of rabbinical addenda to those books
in contempt. They were un-
questionably a sect, but they were not
more a philosophy than a creed; and they
do not deny themselves the enjoyments of
life, and saw many admirable methods
and productions among the Gentile
divisions of the race. In politics they
were the active opposition of the Separa-
tists. In the natural order of things,
these circumstances, under the conditions,
opinions and peculiarities we have men-
tioned, descended to the son as certainly
and really as any portion of his father's estate;
and, as we have seen, he was actually in
course of acquiring them, when the sec-
ond saving event overtook him.

Upon a youth of Ben-Hur's mind and
temperament the influence of five years
of silent life in Rome can be appre-
ciated by recalling that the great
city was then, in fact, the meeting place
of the nations—their political and
commercially, as well as for the indulgence
of pleasure without restraint. Round and round the golden
milestone in front of the Forum—now in
gloom of eclipse, now in unapproachable
splendour—flowed all the active currents
of humanity. In society, manners,
refinement, and glory of achievement, made
intellect, and glory of achievement, made
no impression upon him, how could he,
as the son of Arrius, pass day after day,
through a period so long, from the beauti-
ful villa near Misenum to the receptions
of Caesar, and he wholly unimpressed.

But he saw there of kings,
princes, ambassadors, hostages, and
delegates, suitors all of them from every
known land, waiting humbly the eyes or
no which was to make or unmake them?
As mere assemblages, to be sure, there was
nothing to compare with the gatherings
at Jerusalem in celebration of the Pass-
over; yet when he sat under the purple
velvet of the Circus Maximus one of the
three hundred and fifty thousand specta-
tors to be must have been visited by the
thought that possibly there might be
some branches of the family of man
worthy divine consideration, if not mercy,
though they were of the undistinguished—
some, by their sorrows, and yet worse, by
their hopelessness in the midst
of sorrows, fitted for brotherhood in
and Germany with the Hyperbur-
dies and Arrubis; the Persians, who were
devoted to Ormuzd and Ahriman, holding
them in equal honor; in hope of the
Nirvana, the Hindoos moved on patient
as ever in the rayless paths of Brahmi; the
beautiful Greek mind, in pauses of phil-

osophy, still sang the heroic gods of
Homer; while in Rome nothing was so
common and cheap as gods. According to
whom, the masters of the world, because
they were masters carried their worship
and offerings indifferently from altar to
altar, delighted in the pandemonium they
had erected. Their discontent, if they
were discontented, was with the number
of gods; for, after borrowing all the
divinities of the earth, they proceeded to
dify their Caesars, and vote them alars
and holy service. No, the unhappy con-
dition was not from religion, but mis-
government and usurpations and countless
tyrannies. The Avarus men had been
tumbled into, and were praying to be
relieved from, was terrible, but essentially
political. The supplication—everywhere
alike, in Lodiann, Alexandria, Athens,
Jerusalem—was for a king to conquer
with, not a god to worship.

Studying the situation after two thou-
sand years, we can see and say that
religiously there was no relief from the
universal confusion except some God could
prove himself true, divine, and mas-
terful one, and come to the rescue, but
the people of the time, even the discern-
ing and philosophical, discovered no hope
except in crushing Rome; that done, the
relief would follow in restorations; and
reorganization; therefore they prayed,
they rebelled, fought, and died,
drenching the soil to day with blood, to-
morrow with tears—and always with the
same result.

It remains to be said now that Ben-Hur
was in agreement with the men of his
time not Roman. The five years' resi-
dence in the capital served him with
opportunity to see and study the miseries
of the wretched world; and in fall belief
that the evil which afflicted it was
political, and to be cured only by the
sword, he was going forth to fit himself
for a part in the day of resort to the
heroic remedy. By practice of arms he
was a perfect soldier; but war has its
highest fields, and he who would move
successfully in them must know more
than to defend with shield and thrust with
spear. In those fields, the great of his
tasks, the greatest of which is the
reduction of the many into one, and that
one himself; the consummate captain is a
fighting man armed with an army. This
conception entered into the scheme of
life to which he was further away by
the reflection that the vengeance he
dreamed of in connection with his indi-
vidual wrongs, would be more surely
found in some of the ways of war than in
any pursuit of peace.

The feelings with which he listened to
Balthasar can be now understood. The
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will tell you why I believe the Child is
living."

Both Ilderim and Ben-Hur looked
astonished, as if they might understand as
well as hear. The interest reached the
servants, who drew near to the divan,
and stood listening. Throughout the tent
there was the profoundest silence.

"We three believe in God."

Balthasar bowed his head as he spoke.

"And He is the Truth," he resumed.

"His word is God. The hills may turn
to dust, and the seas be drunk dry by
the south winds; but His word shall
stand, because it is the Truth."

The utterance was in a manner inex-
pressibly solemn.

"The voice, which was His, speaking
to me by the lake, said, 'Blessed art
thou, O son of Israel! The Redem-
ption is the work of the Father from the
world. And how shall we be saved?
The remoteness of the earth, thou shalt see
the Saviour.' I have seen the Saviour—
blessed be His name—but the Redem-
tion, which was the second part of the
promise, is yet to come. Seat thou
now! If the Child be dead, there is no
reason for my belief, and God—nay,
I dare not say it!"

He turned up both hands in horror.

"The Redemtion was the work for
which the Child was born; and so long
as the promise abides, not even death
can separate Him from His work until it
is fulfilled, or at least in the way of ful-
fillment. Take you that now as that one
reason for my belief; then give me fur-
ther attention."

The good man paused.

"Wilt thou not taste the wine? It is
at thy hand—see," said Ilderim respect-
fully.

Balthasar drank, and, seeming re-
freshed, continued:

"The Saviour I saw was born of
woman, in nature like us, and subject to
all our ills—even death. Let that stand
as the first proposition. Consider next
the work set apart to Him. Was it not a
performance for which only a man is
fitted—a man wise, firm, discreet—a
man, not a child? To become such He
had to grow as we grow. Balthasar
you now of the dangers His life was subject
to, and the long interval be-
tween childhood and maturity. The
existing powers were His enemies;
Herod was His enemy; and what would
Rome have been? And as for Israel—that
He should not be accepted by Israel was
the motive for cutting Him off. See you
now. What better way was there to take
care of His life in the helpless growing
time than by passing Him into obscurity?
Wherefore I say to myself, and to my
listening faith, which is never moved
except by yearning of love—I say He is
not dead, but lost; and His work re-
maining undone, He will come again.
There you have the reasons for my
belief. Are they not good?"

Ilderim's small Arab eyes were bright
with understanding, and Ben-Hur, lifted
from his dejection, said heartily, "I
at least, may not gainsay them. What further,
pray?"

"Hast thou not enough, my son? Well,"
he began in calmer tone, "seeing that the
reasons were good—more plainly, seeing
it was God's will that the Child should not
be found—I settled my faith into a
keeping of patience, and took to waiting."
He raised his eyes, full of holy trust, and
broke off abstractedly—"I am waiting
now. He lives, keeping well His mighty
secret. What though I cannot go to Him,
or name the hill or the vale of His abid-
ing place? He lives—it may be as the
fruit in blossom, it may be as the fruit
just ripening; but by the certainty there
is in the promise and reason of God, I
know He lives."

A thrill of awe struck Ben-Hur—a
thrill which was but the dying of his
half-formed doubt.

"Where hast thou He is?" he asked
in a low voice, and hesitating, like one
who feels upon his lips the pressure of a
sacred silence.

Balthasar looked at him kindly, and
replied, his mind not entirely freed from
its abstraction:

after the Egyptian until he was con-
ducted out of the tent.

"Sheik Iderin," said Ben-Hur then,
"have heard strange things to night.
Give me leave, I pray, to walk by the
lake that I may think of them."

CHAPTER XVII.

Up a little way from the dower there
was a cluster of palms, which threw its
shade half in the water, half on the land.
A bulbul sang from the branches a song
of invitation. Ben-Hur stopped beneath
to listen.

The night was quiet. Not a ripple
broke upon the shore. The old stars of
the East were all out, each in its
accustomed place; and there was summer
everywhere—on land, on lake, in
the sky.

Ben-Hur's imagination was heated, his
feelings aroused, his will all unsettled.
So the palms, the sky, the air, seemed
to him of the far south zone into which
Balthasar had been driven by despair for
men; the lake, with its motionless sur-
face, as a suggestion of the Nileotic
mother by which the good man stood
praying when the Spirit made its radiant
appearance. Had all these accessories
of the miracle come to Ben-Hur? Or had
he been transferred to them? And what
if the miracle should be repeated—and
to him? He feared, yet wished, and
even waited for the vision. When at
last his feverish mood was cooled, per-
mitting him to become himself, he was
able to think.

His scheme of life has been explained.
In all reflection about it heretofore there
had been one hiatus which he had not
been able to bridge or fill up—one so
broad he could see but vaguely to the
other side of it. When, finally, he was
gratified a captain as well as a soldier,
to what object should he address his
efforts? Revolution he contemplated,
of course; but the processes of
revolution have always been the same,
and to lead men into them
there have always been required, first, a
cause or pretence to enlist adherents;
second, an end, or something as a
practical achievement. As a rule he fights
well who has wrongs to redress; but
vastly better fights he who, with wrongs
as a spur, has also steadily before him a
glorious result in prospect—a result in
which he can discern balms for wounds,
compensation for valour, remembrance
and gratitude in the event of death.

To determine the sufficiency of either
the cause or the end, it was needful that
Ben-Hur should study the adherents to
whom he looked when all was ready for
action. Very naturally, they were his
countrymen. The wrongs of Israel were
to every son of Abraham, and each one
was a cause vastly holy, vastly inspiring.
Ay, the cause was there; but the end
—what should it be?

The hours and days he had given this
branch of his scheme were past calcula-
tion—all with the same conclusion—a
dim, uncertain, general idea of national
liberty. Was it sufficient? He could
not say, for the end would have been the
death of his hope; he shrank from saying
yes, because his judgment taught him
better. He could not assure himself
even that Israel was able single-handed
to successfully combat Rome. He knew
the resources of that great enemy; he
knew her art was superior to her re-
sources. A universal alliance might
suffice, but, alas! that was impossible,
except—upon the supposition how
long and earnestly he had dwelt—
except a hero would come from one of the
suffering nations, and by martial success
accomplish a renown to fill the whole
earth. What glory to Judea could he
prove the Macedonia of the new Alex-
ander! Alas, again! Under the rabbin
valour was possible, but not discipline.
And then the taunt of Messala in the
garden of Herod—"All you conquer in
six days, you lose of the servants of the
king."

So it happened he never approached the
chasm thinking to surmount it, but he was
beaten back; and so incessantly had he
fallen in the object that he had about
given it over, except as a thing of chance.
The hero might be discovered in his day,
or he might not. God only knew. Such
his state of mind, there need be no linger-
ing upon the effect of Malvo's skeleton
recital of the story of Balthasar. He
heard it with a bewildering satisfaction—
a feeling that here was the solution of the
trouble—here was the requisite hero found
at last; and he son of the Lion tribe, and
King of the Jews! Behind the hero, lo!
the world in arms.

The King implied a kingdom; he was
to be a warrior glorious as David, a ruler
wise and magnificent as Solomon; the
kingdom was to be a power against which
Rome was to dash itself to pieces. There
would be coronal war, and the agonies of
death and birth—then peace, meaning, of
course, Judean dominion for ever.

Ben-Hur's heart beat hard as for an
instant he had a vision of Jerusalem the
capital of the world, and Zion, the site of
the throne of the Universal Master.

It seemed to the enthusiast rare fortune
that the man who had seen the King was
at the tent to which he was going. He
could see him there, and hear him, and
learn of him all he knew of the coming
change, especially all he knew of the time
of its happening. If it were at hand, the
campaign with Messala should be aban-
doned; and he would go and set about
organizing and arming the tribes, that
Israel might be ready when the great day
of the restoration began to break.

Now, as he had seen, from Balthasar
himself, Ben-Hur had the marvellous story.
Was he satisfied?

TO BE CONTINUED.

It is a good rule to accept only such
medicines as, after long trial, have proved
worthy of confidence. This is a case
where other people's experience may be
of service, and it has been the experience
of thousands that Ayer's Pectoral
is the best cough medicine ever used.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

IN AND FOR IRELAND—A LONDON EDI-
TOR'S PLAIN SPOKEN OPINIONS.

I admit to the full all that may be urged
against the right of any Englishman to
say what should be done in Ireland, avers
the Pall Mall Gazette special commis-
sioner, now studying the Irish problem on
Irish soil. No Englishman would venture
to set forth what should be done in Scot-
land—although in Scotland he would be
prescribing for a people who far more
closely resemble his own folk than do the
Catholic Celts of Ireland. If asked what
should be done, he replies: "what is a mat-
ter for the Scotch to settle. What should
be done in Ireland is what the Scotch
would be done." If Englishmen had
been equally modest in their prescriptions
for Ireland, there would be no question
to-day of that home rule which our long
and inveterate persistence in governing
Ireland in our own fashion has now ren-
dered inevitable. Hence the true answer
to the question, "What should be done
in Ireland," is, that which the Irish wish
to be done in Ireland. The Irish may be
deceived in the choice of an object, but as
Burke said long ago, we could "scarcely
conceive any choice they could make to be
so mischievous as the existence of any
human force capable of resisting it." In
endeavouring to interpret the wishes of
the Irish people to the English public, I
am fortunate in possessing

ONE SUPREME QUALIFICATION.

Twelve months ago to-day, I was re-
leased from one of her majesty's prisons
to which I had been sentenced as a
criminal convict some two or three
months before, for an inadvertent ille-
gality committed in an attempt to amend
the law of my country. Until you have
been sent to jail in what you believe to
be a good cause, you find it difficult fully
to understand the Irish question, or
entirely to sympathize with the Irish
people. Englishmen for centuries have
lived under laws of their own making,
have been tried by juries of their own
choosing and sentenced by judges of their
own appointment. It is only by a
great effort of the imagination that
an Englishman can conceive the
existence of a state of things in
which the whole improving machinery of
the law, from the scarlet-robed judge on
the bench down to the humble turkey
who sits by the prisoner in the dock, can
be employed to crush any but malefactor
and enemies of the human race. Law and
justice are to him convertible terms, and
all his sympathies are on the side of the
authorities. In Ireland all this is reversed.
For centuries injustice has been con-
secrated by laws framed in a foreign land,
and imposed by military conquest. The
Irishman has been tried by packed juries
and sentenced

BY JUDICIAL HIRELINGS.

who were the mere creatures of the crown.
As a natural and inevitable result he is
disposed to regard all offenders against the
law as innocent victims of legalized
oppression, and his sympathies go out not
to the judge, but to the prisoner. This
order of ideas is so complete an inversion
of all the conceptions of law and
order that fill the English mind, that he
is to every son of simply incomprehensible.
An Englishman cannot realize the mental
atmosphere in which an Irishman lives—
it is the atmosphere of a jail. Hence the
key that locked me in my solitary cell at
Coldbath Fields, my plank bed, my oakum
and my skilly opened for me a free
entrance into the region in which genera-
tion after generation of Irishmen have
been doomed to live and die. No one
who has not belonged to the brotherhood
of the plank bed can understand the
revolution that is effected in all one's con-
ceptions of government and police when,
instead of regarding them as your ser-
vants, ready to "run in" your enemies,
you discover that they are your enemies,
anxious to run you in. And no one who
has not stood in the dock to meet a
criminal charge that would never have
been preferred against him had he been
callous to the cry of the despairing, and
indifferent to the sorrows of the poor, can
realize the mental attitude of the Irish
Nationalists. If the Irish youth is en-
thusiastic and daring in his

DEVOTION TO THE IDEALS

which in every age stir most deeply the
heart of man, he is certain to find himself
before long in the hands of the police, and
sooner or later to stand as the criminal in
the dock. Hence the flower of the youth
of Ireland generation after generation
finds its way to the dungeon and to the
gallows. That is the use which England
makes of her noblest Irish subjects. So it
has been, so it is, and so it will be while
she remains in her present false position.
The Irish race will not fall to yield its long
sacredness of martyrdom to the cause of Irish
nationality until we have learned to har-
monise the national aspirations with im-
perial utility. No one in England can have
any idea how thoroughly the Irish mind
is penetrated with the gloom of the jail.
The clarion voice which roused to fresh
vigour the slumbering genius of the nation
was uttered from the dock. Of all the
Nationalist literature which contributed so
largely to the creation of the present
crisis the lord mayor of Dublin told me
that he put in the foremost place the col-
lection of "Speeches from the Dock." The
criminal dock is, indeed, the sacred rostrum
of Irish patriotism. Most of her
Nationalist worthies have been hanged or
transported, or at least imprisoned. The
men to whom the Irish common people
revere as heroes are those whom our
judges brand as felons. There is hardly a
man

WHOSE NAME IS CHERISHED

as a household word in Ireland who has
not been the victim of a government pros-
ecution, and this not because judged by
the light of our present English wisdom
they did anything wrong, but because they
struggled for rights to which we had not
then discovered they were entitled, and
against laws which we only recently dis-
covered were unjust. The most reaction-
ary Englishman now admits that the Irish
were but struggling for common justice
and for the natural birthright of every self-
governing people when they got up the agi-
tations and concocted the conspiracies for
which we sent them to the hulks and to
the gallows. We were in the wrong, and
we know it. They were in the right, and
we crushed them by the strong arm of our
superior might, and now we are confront-
ed with the consequences. Do not let us
imagine that this relates only to the bad

old times of the penal laws—it is equally
true to-day. There is hardly a chosen
leader of the Irish race, from Mr. Parnell
downwards, who has been at least once
in jail. Only last session packed
juries condemned and a ruthless
judge sentenced to eighteen months' im-
prisonment peasant's whose only fault was
a theatrical protest against wholesale rob-
bery committed in the name of the law.
A government prosecution is at this
moment pending against the only man in
Ireland who had the courage to step into
the breach and save the luckless tenants
from that ruin of which our Legislature
was forwarded, but against which our
Legislature being

CATHOLICITY AND CATHOLICS.

Catholic Review.
"By that sin fell the angels," said
Shakespeare, speaking of the sin of pride.
Shakespeare was a Catholic. England
was mainly Catholic when Shakespeare
wrote his plays. What is now called
Protestantism—a convenient word to-day
to cover a multitude of heresies against
Christian doctrine—was in Shakespeare's
time in England a bad king exerted all
his power and power was very great,
to get the Pope, the head of the Catholic
Church, the Vicar of the Divine Founder
of Christianity and of the Christian
Church, to divorce him from his good
wife, in order that he might be able, with
the sanction of the Church of God to
marry a bad woman. Because the Church
of God, through its infallible voice,
refused to consent to such an infamy, the
English State—not the English people—
broke away from the centre of Christen-
dom and Protestantized itself. What
became of the king and of his appetites
English history tells. Through pride and
lower passions he fell, and dragged down
with him a great State. The Chancellor
of the Kingdom and the foremost Church-
man of the Kingdom, were beheld for
refusing to consent to the heresy of the
monarch, however much they might blink
at other weaknesses in his character.
Many other Churchmen and women were
put to death on the ground of denying
royal supremacy—the supremacy of Henry
VIII.—Queen Victoria—in matters of
conscience, of faith, and spiritual doc-
trines. Their faith was Catholic, not
national. They would give to death for
their country. They would give to their
hearts, their minds, their whole
being. But their religion they did not
and would not take from any passing
monarch, but from the undying head of
the unifying Church, from the successor
of the fisherman of Galilee, from Peter,
whom Christ made the Rock on which
He built His Church. In the worst
and declining days of pagan Rome,
while the arenas were reeking with the
blood of Christian martyrs, Catholics like
Sebastian, like the famous "thundering
legion," were fighting most bravely and
nobly for the preservation of the State.
If that great State went down, as it did
in corruption and blood, and utter disaster
and disappearance, it was not for lack
of Catholic and Catholic loyalty. It
was impregnated with the sin of pride.
"Roma Eterna"—Eternal Rome—was on
its banners and in the hearts of its people.
Where is eternal Rome to-day? De-
void of archaeologists now and then inter-
ested in the literary and artistic world by
discovering some stray fragment of a ruin of
that mightiest of powers and peoples. Eternal
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cumstances, has gone down into the dust
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its knowledge and of faith that was offered
it at the hands of the first Vicar of Christ.
It crucified Peter, as the Jews, with the
combined sanction of Pilate and of Herod,
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watch him, persecute him, and wash their
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performance of ages, but history. They
drop out; but Christ, His Vicar, His
Church, His doctrine, lives and reigns in the
hearts of men of all nations, races, peoples.
Herein lies the surface difference between
a national and a Catholic Church.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

THE HOUR OF BENEDICTION A TIME FOR
AN ACT OF REPARATION.

Catholic Columbian.

How often do we think of the happi-
ness of being at the time our Lord
took upon Himself human nature, and
dwelt among men. We think of those
whom He blessed, and of the consoling
words addressed to them that received and
believed what He said. We would like
to be of that crowd which followed our
Lord in His public ministry.
This thought occupies, at some time or
other, the minds of those who seriously
contemplate eternity. We turn (for conso-
lation) from the dread which eternally
awakens, to the charity of Jesus Christ
towards penitent sinners. Magdalen at
the feet of Jesus tells us what His love
will do for us. Ah! we wish the voice to
break in upon our sighs: "Thy sins are
forgiven thee." St. Luke vii, 48.

OUR CHOICE MUST BE THAT OF MARY.

Like her, have we need of God's mercy; like
her, our place must be at the feet of Jesus.
They received our Lord as the only con-
solation; we receive Him in the Blessed Sacrament.
Now comes a truth which faith con-
fesses and love must embrace: the
greater testimony of the love of Jesus
Christ is with us. He visited the house
where Mary and Martha dwelt, and spoke
to them, and received their hospitality,
but in the Blessed Sacrament, He comes
into our bodies, and is the food of our
souls.
When we receive Holy Communion, we
are tabernacles of the Blessed Sacrament.
God is with us more truly than He was
with Mary and Martha. Mary's life, we
said, was at the feet of Jesus. She is our
model for reconciliation, repentance, and
atonement. Let us bear in mind "But
one thing is necessary."

From the time of her conversion, Mary
never departed from a life of penance and
atonement. Were we the only ones who
were converted? Where are the signs? What
have become of our promises and resolu-
tions? These are questions which startle
and confuse! What atonement did we
ever make? We promised and thought
not, resolved and remembered not.
Mary atoned for many sins by much
love. This love was expressed at the feet
of Jesus. Humility brought her there;
and our Lord blessed and forgave her.
Our Lord shows Himself to us, in the
hands of the priest, at the Benediction of
the Most Blessed Sacrament. Let us, like
Mary, the penitent, place ourselves at His
feet. He comes to bless us, and we bow
down our heads to the ground to receive
that blessing.

Our hearts must be in union with our
bodies. A contrite and humble heart,
O God! Thou wilt not despise. We must
offer the only atonement we can make.
His own most precious blood, shed for our
sins; and a most fitting time is when the
priest makes the sign of the cross over us
with the Blessed Sacrament. S. S. M.

Napoleon the Great

(There was only one great Napoleon)
(these words were impossible banished from
the dictionary. In many a case where
leading physicians have pronounced a cure
impossible, consumptives and victims of
other fell diseases have been restored to
health by using Dr. R. V. Pierce's
"Golden Medical Discovery." Soothing
and healing in its nature its power over
scrupulous and pulmonary diseases is
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than cod liver oil, a powerful invigorating
tonic and harmless as it is powerful.)

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Church, His doctrine, lives and reigns in the
hearts of men of all nations, races, peoples.
Herein lies the surface difference between
a national and a Catholic Church.

People must not identify Catholicity
with Catholics; they must not charge the
sins of Catholics, who are human and weak
as are all other people, on Catholic doc-
trine. The Church, in the hands of the
crimes of criminals against the laws of the
State, Catholics very often give scandal
and bad example; priest or layman, the
scandal and bad example are the same.
But when these scandals come, they do not
come through Catholicity, through Catho-
lic doctrine and practice. They come from
the very opposite; departure, for the time
being, from the doctrine and practice of
the Catholic Church. The Church, in the
mercy of God, does not let them out be-
cause they have fallen, because they are
sinners. Rather it gathers them into the
Heart of Him, who came, as He said, "not
to call the just but sinners to repentance."

Just now there is much loose talk and
gossip about the Catholic Church
and its relations with citizens of the State.
The relations of the Catholic Church are
essentially the same with citizens of all
States to-day as in the days of pagan
Rome. The Church changes, but the laws of
States may change. It teaches with un-
derlying voice the doctrines of Christ. Man
presumes to speak for it, but it is as
well to "beware of false prophets" to-day
as in earlier days. If every man is to
be his own Pope and his own Church,
then there is an end of Christianity, and
Christ's wit's leaden feet. It does not pro-
pound the gospel and the charter of the
hour. It was not created for that
poor purpose. The personal grievances
of individuals, their private matters, may
seem to be and really be of the greatest
moment to them. For matters of that
nature the Catholic Church has a recog-
nized and an admirably recognized code.
To sit down solemnly and pronounce upon
every cross-brain or feather-brained
theorist or writer who happens to turn
up, like Aladdin and his wonderful lamp,
selling "old lamps for new," is not the
office of the Catholic Church. The Catho-
lic Church did not wait until to-day for
its doctrine, its morals, and its order.
Now and then the leaden foot may press
heavily upon somebody's pet corn. But to
a sensible man it is very wholesome. It is
a hint to get rid of the corn. Some of us
take much pride in our corns, but they
are corns all the same.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR DYSPEPSIA.
Dr. J. C. WEBSTER, Chicago, says: "I
consider it valuable in many forms of
dyspepsia."

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup will remove
Worms and Cause, quicker than any other
Medicine.

"DOMINION DAY," "CARACTACUS,"
"MALCOLM AND MARGARET."

POEMS BY THE REV. JAMES M'DONNELL
DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S., OTTAWA.

The Free Press of Ottawa, announcing
the above named poems, says: "The Rev.
Father James McDonnell Dawson has done
a service by gathering together in one
volume his three poems entitled, 'Dominion
Day,' 'Caractacus,' and 'Malcolm and
Margaret.' The two last named poems
were much admired at the time of their
being read before the Royal Society of
Canada, and the same may be said of that
on Dominion Day, which has obtained
considerable publicity. The merits of
these three poems are generally recognized,
and though Canadian in their origin, rank
high when judged by the standard of
literature. The volume is an addition
to Canadian literature which should be
treasured and obtain wide circulation."

The "Dumfriesshire and Galloway Standard
and Advertiser," of Scotland, speaking of
the well known ode "Dominion Day,"
says: "This is a spirited little poem written
by Rev. J. M. Dawson, LL. D., F. R.
S., Ottawa, to celebrate Dominion Day,
the honored anniversary of our Canadian
fellow-subjects. He has obviously taken
Collins for his model, though treating his
theme with originality and freshness. At
the opening, the genius of Canada is seen
mourning in her primeval solitudes, and
then a representative red man tenders
consolation to her, and at his instance a
council of chiefs is held, from which bene-
ficial results are expected to flow. But,
these tribal warriors are dominated
by turbulent passions. With the view of
subduing them the tutelous muse it in-
voked with success. Not, however, until
the white man makes his appearance on
the scene is peace restored, and the aspira-
tion of the guardian spirit realized. She
rejoices beyond measure on at length be-
holding the general prosperity of the
Dominion, the harmony of its races and
the steady development of its industry
and enterprise."

When the storm of passion is at its
height, it is resolved to invoke the sooth-
ing power harmony:

"Let music's sound
Aloud resound!
It conquered Saul
And soothed his soul,
When flew the dart
In fury to the shepherd's heart.
Soft pity to infuse,
Invoke the faun's muse.
The Persian Victor owned its power,
To sorrows moved, his fury o'er,
Earth's lowliest scenes he mourned,
His burning rage to sighs he turned,
And grieving o'er man's ill below,
The glowing tears began to flow."

Sing, Peri, sing,
Sweet peace and hope and mercy's
power,
Let forests ring,
And o'er the boiling wave
Diffuse the soothing strain.
From the hollow of his ear,
When whistles all beside
To stem wild passion's tide.
O, for Timotheus' strain!
Or, hark, Cecilia divine!
In holiest rapture's vein,
In harmony sublime,
Let both combine,
Thy tones, divinest maid,
That 'drew an angel down!'"

Or thine, upon the sounding lyre that made
Those manes of the immortal horse
In ecstasy to Heaven's
In songs all new be given,
In strains that cheer the soul,
Hope's cheering strain!
Lo! in ecstatic measures,
Behold the scene of profound pleasures!
Touched by her magic hand the chords re-
sounded,
Loud as a londer still she pours along
Her sweetest notes; the cavern's echo round;
The charmed dryads warble to the song;
Earth's lowliest scenes the entrancing
music hail.
And as her softest, boldest themes she chose,
Were heard responsive, murmuring at each
Celestial voices round the listening shore:
"Let joy prevail! be hate and war no more!
The crown of maidens sang. The red man
smiled.
His soul with pleasure thrilled and he threw
down his bow."

There is now a complete change of
scene, and an idea is given of the pleasure
which it affords to the cultivated traveller:

Seeks choice delight
A traveller with,
From distant clime
Earnest he roams
To reach the chime
Of the rushing tide that foams
Through varied scenes and new.
Bursts on his gladdened view,
Men's happiest homes before
The wiseman's curling smoke,
What rapture to his soul the scene.
In this the conquered red man's yoke
Free the winds to roam through forests
green."

The poem concluded, the Dumfriess'
paper adds, with a glowing tribute to the
power that watches over and protects this
happy state of things.

CARACTACUS.

The British hero, after a nine year's
struggle, together with his warlike Britons,
in defence of national independence,
against the conquering legions of Rome,
debarred at last, and led captive on
board the fleet of the victorious Procon-
sul, Ostorius Scapula. The haughty
Roman official, although flustered with
victory, disdains not to converse with his
captive enemy. As is to be expected, the
Roman defends the religion and social
customs of his country. The Briton, on
the other hand, insists that everything at
Rome is more barbarous than the prac-
tices of the people whom they styled
"barbarians." The Proconul endeavors
to console the vanquished Briton by
promising him the advantages and happi-
ness of Roman civilization. The latter
can see nothing good in such civilization.
The religion of Rome is an irrational and
degrading superstition. Egypt, even,
whose idolatry was sufficiently gross, did
not descend so low as ancient Rome.
There was some show of reason in its
religion and worship. The Briton, address-
ing the Proconul, thus contrasts the
theology of Egypt with that of Rome:

"Egypt your best, gods in whose garbions
Where'er a germ of life this earth can show,
As Egypt deems, divinity there dwells,
More strange the myriad crowd that endless
swells
The Roman Heaven. Like noxious vermin
Rome's deities; lost virtues hath no charm;
His glory all that mortals seek to hide."

As the Druidical system which ad-
mitted only the belief and worship of
one God, prevailed in Britain, the gross
superstition of Rome could not but

appear in a very odious light. Its social
customs are alike condemned:

"Such crooked ways you dare refinement
name,
While others deem you glory in your
shame.
Your social system is a slavish state;
The lie to us would be a civil fact.
Liberty our glory, free rule our pride,
Rome's slavishness we never could abide.
The nobles of your nation be proud
named,
And conqueror in fields of war wide-famed,
Such and such story are at the foot of tyrant
power."

The slave pest in each homestead over
dwells,
The writhing slave, in vain, the Master
quells.
Ne'er peace can be, where robbed of all
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The nobles of your nation be proud
named,
And conqueror in fields of war wide-famed,
Such and such story are at the foot of tyrant
power."

The slave pest in each homestead over
dwells,
The writhing slave, in vain, the Master
quells.
Ne'er peace can be, where robbed of all
these three poems are generally recognized,
and though Canadian in their origin, rank
high when judged by the standard of
literature. The volume is an addition
to Canadian literature which should be
tre

SERMON BY BISHOP WALSH.

The following is a full report of the sermon delivered in St. Peter's Cathedral, in this city, by His Lordship Bishop Walsh, on Sunday, 13th inst. "The Lord God thou shalt adore." The 4th chapter of St. Luke, part of the 8th verse.

The subject of this evening's lecture, dearest brethren, is the Catholic Worship and the Fine Arts. Of course it will be impossible within the narrow limits of a lecture to treat the subject except in the most brief and cursory manner. One thing is certain in the religious history of mankind, and it is this, that not only those of them who were blessed and illuminated by the true religion, but those also who were enveloped and enshrouded in the mists and darkness of religious errors, always felt it a duty and an obligation to adore the Divinity by sacrifice.

Sacrifice was the highest and most perfect act of worship which man could offer to God. Exterior sacrifice, of which we are here speaking, consists in making an oblation to God by a lawfully appointed minister of something sensible or tangible to the senses, of some visible outward substance to be destroyed or to undergo some change. Sacrifice was offered to God, 1st, in acknowledgment of His supreme dominion and sovereign rights over all created things.

2nd, in expiation of guilt. From all antiquity man had the intimate conviction that he was a guilty being, that he lived under the hand of offended Omnipotence, and that his guilt could be effaced and God appeased only by sacrifice, and therefore the thing offered in sacrifice was changed or destroyed to acknowledge that by his guilt man had forfeited the right to his life and by this concrete acknowledgment implied and embodied in sacrifice he sought to appease the anger of his offended God.

3rd, in thanksgiving. Men felt they were indebted to God for all good things they possessed, and therefore offered sacrifice to Him in thanksgiving; and 4th, they felt the need of the constant help and protection of God, and hence they offered Him a sacrifice to beseech Him a continuance of His blessings and benefits. Sacrifice is of divine institution and it dates from the Fall. From all antiquity the religion of mankind was a religion of sacrifice. Cain and Abel, right at the very gates of Paradise, worshipped God by sacrifice.

The one, as we read, offered the sacrifice of the firstlings of his flock, and the other of the firstfruits of the earth. Noah, after coming out of the ark, offered a holocaust to God. Exterior sacrifice was the means by which all men sought to honor God and thank Him. God, in the book of Leviticus, points out the various sacrifices by which He wished to be adored and worshipped in the olden dispensation. But not alone amongst God's chosen people in the olden dispensation did the doctrine and practice of sacrifice obtain and flourish. Pagan peoples, the most rude and savage as well as the most enlightened and civilized, worshipped the deity by sacrifice.

In imperial Rome and classic Athens, in Alexandria, in Antioch, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, altars were erected, the smoke of sacrifice ascended heavenwards, and the blood of victims flowed. Such a universal mode of divine worship, prevailing amongst nations so diverse in manners, language, laws, and religion, and so far separated by distance and by time, could not but have arisen from an original divine teaching and a tradition of its old as the world and as universal as mankind.

The sacrifice of Our Blessed Lord on the tree of the cross was the completion and fulfilment of the bloody sacrifices of the olden dispensation. It was it that gave them a meaning and a value and that rendered them acceptable to God and profitable to man. That Precious Blood shed on Calvary overflowed the world in its saving tide and in potency washed away the guilt of all ages and all nations. It ascended which redeeming effects up through all the rivers of time, up through all the channels and currents of human history, to the very gates of Paradise, and it will continue to flow down in its saving powers even unto the consummation of the world. But the Redeemer of mankind after His Ascension would not leave the world without an acceptable sacrifice to offer to His heavenly Father, with a great central act of worship by which and through which it would be able to adore and worship the living God, to thank Him for His benefits, to deprecate and appease His anger and to supplicate His mercies and graces. He was foretold by the Psalmist to be a priest forever according to the order of Melchizedek. (109 Ps.) He instituted the holy sacrifice of the mass, which is the same in substance as that of the cross, which would show forth the death of Christ until His second coming, which would plead with irresistible power before the Divine mercy seat for the redemption of human guilt and alleviation of human sorrow, and would convey to man's souls forever the merits and pardoning power of the sacrament of Calvary. This is the clean oblation which, according to the prophecy of Malachi, would be offered up in the worship of God in every Christian Age and in every clime from the rising to the setting sun. This holy sacrifice is the great central act of worship of the Catholic Church. It is Jesus Christ our Redeemer offering Himself up to His Eternal Father by the hands of His priests in an unbloody manner for all the ends and purposes of sacrifice. St. John in the Apocalypse tells us that he beheld and he heard "the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the living creatures and the Ancients: and the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying in a loud voice: The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction: And

every creature, which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and the things that are therein I heard all saying: To Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, benediction, and honor, and glory, and power for ever and ever." (Apoc. v. 11, 12, 13). Now if all living creatures both in heaven and on earth and sea are represented by the inspired writer as combining in one grand chorus like the voice of many waters to sing the praises of the Son of God—the innocent Lamb that was slain in sacrifice for the sins of mankind—and in offering Him honor and power and glory, is it any wonder that the Christian Church should imitate this heavenly example and should wish to combine and unite all that is beautiful in nature and in art to give honor and glory and homage to Christ the Lamb of God offering Himself in sacrifice upon her altars? And this is what the Church, imitating the example of Heaven and inspired by faith and inflamed by love, has ever sought to do. She has summoned all the material creation to contribute its choicest gifts to the service of the altar and in honor of the Holy Sacrifice—the flower of the fields and the blossoms of the trees, the fragrant sap of the balsam, the wax of bees, the oil of olives, the grape of the silk worm, the juice of the work, gold and silver and precious stones, pearls, gems from the ocean, the marble from the bowels of the earth, the choicest woods of the forest—all the most beautiful and most precious gifts of nature are pressed into her service and made to give honor and glory to the Lamb that was slain—the Holy Sacrifice. But not alone is all the material creation made subsidiary to her purpose in this respect, but all the greatest gifts of human genius; all that is good and beautiful and great and glorious in the products of the human mind have been employed by her for this great and holy work. Poetry, sculpture, architecture, painting, architecture, music have been inspired by her, have been perfected and sublimated and immortalized by her, that they might, like willing servants, be worthy to minister to the altar and to do honor to the great Eucharistic Sacrifice.

And this brings us to the consideration of the subject of the evening. The Church that christianized and civilized the world created new types of beauty in all things which she employed in her service. This is markedly the case with architecture. Pagan architecture, whether Greek or Roman, was beautiful and perfect of its kind, but it was of the earth, earthly. Its lines were horizontal and not perpendicular, as if men who invented it never raised their eyes towards heaven. It hugged the earth and weighed and pressed upon it. In its heavy solidity, its perfect symmetry, the precision of its lines and the harmony of its proportions, it satisfied the eye and was but the expression of earthly contentment of satisfaction with earthly well being and happiness, and of rest and repose in the enjoyment of the visible material world and its interests. The same is true of Egyptian architecture. The imperishable pyramids were built by men who sought to make this world a permanent home. And the sphinx with its stony gaze has been looking for centuries in expectation of the mystic desert, waiting for someone who will never come. That was the type of Paganism, with its unfulfilled promises. If it had been made by a Christian its eyes would have been turned upwards, as David said, "I will raise my eyes to the mountains, whence help will come to me."

But Christian architecture is Christian though built in brick and stone. Its lines are perpendicular and point heavenwards. It seems impatient of the earth and hardly presses upon it. Its lofty towers and spires that lose themselves in the air, its clustered columns and turrets and shafts and pointed arch and vaulted roofs seem to fly upwards, and despising the earth which they barely touch seem to be in flight to their home in another world. They preside detached from and contempt of the world. They are but the natural expressions of the yearnings, aspirations and immortal hopes of the Christian soul. Gothic churches are built in the form of a cross, because, says St. Thomas, the cross is "the generative principle of science and the most fruitful type of art," and because from the sacrifice of the cross are derived all the merits and graces and spiritual treasures of the worship and ordinances for which the Christian temple is built. The interior of the church speaks eloquently of its sacred purpose. All its lines converge to the altar where Jesus abides in love and mercy for us, and where He immolates Himself in a mystic manner for God's glory and our salvation.

The awesome silence that pervades the structure and the deep hush remind the soul that God alone is to be thought of here, and the world with its activities and distractions must be left out at the portals. The dim religious light speaks of the sacred mysteries which are dark to reason but visible to the eyes of faith. Saints and angels are there in painting and sculpture leading us to virtue and holiness by holy example and saintly lives. Stained glass windows are there that in their various colours remind us of the heavenly Jerusalem, with the varied sheen of the gems and pearls and other precious stones that make its walls and gates and pave its streets. In fact everything in the Catholic Temple speaks of God of heaven, of our immortal hopes and eternal destinies. The very stones seem to breathe of faith and hope and love until the whole structure seems to be alive and conscious of the sacredness of its purpose and the heavenly objects which it is designed to subserve and promote. The medieval cathedrals of Europe stand for all time unapproachable in beauty, in grace, in harmony and perfection. They are the despair of modern times. The very stones seem to breathe of faith and hope and love until the whole structure seems to be alive and conscious of the sacredness of its purpose and the heavenly objects which it is designed to subserve and promote. The medieval cathedrals of Europe stand for all time unapproachable in beauty, in grace, in harmony and perfection. They are the despair of modern times.

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shrine above His martyrs' tomb, the glory that crown of them all. It would take one to be at once a great architect, a great poet and accomplished painter and sculptor to be able to give anything like an adequate description of this mighty church—the cathedral of the world. In vastness of proportions, in harmony of parts, in richness of material, in the perfection and unity of design, in grace and strength and imposing majesty it stands unrivalled and unapproached as the greatest temple ever designed by human genius and raised by human power to God's glory and for His worship. Michael Angelo, once passing by the Pantheon, exclaimed, "I will lift that into the sky," and he realized the proud boast by designing and executing the dome of St. Peter's, which is the Pantheon reproduced and lifted two hundred feet into the air. Standing entranced in the sublime presence of this mighty temple Byron broke out into the following impassioned apostrophe: "But thou of temples old or a new standest alone—wilt nothing like to thee—Worship of God, the Holy and the True, since Zeus's dedication, that thy form forsook His former city what could be O earthy structures in His honor piled. Power, glory, strength and beauty all are thine—thine all that mortal eye can see. In this eternal ark of worship undied."

Under the genius of christian faith and the christian church the same transformation took place in sculpture and painting as in architecture. In Pagan civilization sculpture and painting had for their end the representation in marble or on the canvas of the beauty and strength of the human form, the deeds of human prowess or of sinful human passions and lusts embodied in the Gods and Goddesses. The greatest triumphs of ancient sculpture were the faultless form and beauty of a Venus or a Mars, an Apollo or some renowned gladiator. It was the same case with the representation in painting. It also was employed in representing mere physical beauty or in glorifying base sensual passions with the halo of artistic genius.

These sister arts, instead of being employed to make men nobler, better and more virtuous, were prostituted to the vilest purposes; at best they were but faithful imitations of nature, as if the Christian religion changed the current of human thought and gave a new direction to aspirations, emotions and hopes of the soul and revealed to mankind the very archetype of beauty in all its forms. It revealed God in his perfection and thus gave new types of beauty in infinite and fadeless perfection. It revealed to man his supernatural destiny and opened up to his enraptured gaze the beauty and the happiness of heaven. Christianity thus opened up whole worlds of beauty and exhibited the highest types of moral excellence and religious perfection to be expressed in marble and on the canvas by the sculptor and the painter. Indeed, during the ages of faith these sister arts, almost exclusively devoted to religious subjects and reached a beauty and a perfection never before attained, and which remain in peerless excellence and as models for all time. The great masters of painting were all devoted children of the Catholic Church. They were not only inspired by her teachings and by the beauty of holiness which she exhibited in her saintly members, but they waited for her to express on canvas, but they found in her their constant and generous patron. The mighty works of the great masters, says Wiseman, are inseparably fixed on the vaults or walls of large churches or of cloisters or of religious halls. You go to the deep mysterious grottoes of Aisi or Subiaco to admire the solemn frescoes of early art, you visit the churches of Florence and Perugia for the second period of art, you wander for hours in the halls of the Vatican for the purpose of knowing it in its perfection. All that has been preserved of the grand conceptions of revived and perfected art consists of what it has left grandly imprinted upon the Church's hospitable home.

The Church has assigned to music, both vocal and instrumental, a prominent place in its liturgical services, and especially during the oblation of the Holy Sacrifice. It is impossible to estimate the power of music over the mind and heart of man. It lifts the soul above things of earth and reminds it of its immortal destinies. It speaks to man of a time when all was harmony in God's creation, ere sin came to disturb the moral order of the world—the time when, as the new creation came forth from the hands of God fresh and beautiful, the morning stars showed out together and all the sons of God made a joyful melody. It appeals to all that is best and noblest in human nature, inspiring it with the love of the good, the beautiful, and the true, elevating the mind, refining and purifying the affections of the heart. It inspires courage, inflames patriotism, and stimulates and excites to noble deeds. It soothes sorrow, comforts afflictions, breathes hopefulness in the desponding and brightens the whole pathway of life. The lute of David comforted Saul in his awful melancholy and stilled the stormy passions of his soul. Music is an echo from Heaven still lingering on this fallen and sin-stained world—it is, in fine, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is natural to expect that such a power for good, so beautiful and so entrancing, would be employed by man in the worship of the Deity; and such in fact has been the case from the remotest antiquity of which we have any record or any authentic tradition. Music has been at all times made use of as an adjunct in divine worship and has been thus elevated, ennobled and sanctified. The first instance which Holy Writ gives us of the use of music in divine worship was that of the thanksgiving service held by the Israelites on the shores of the red sea after their miraculous escape from their pursuing enemies and the total overthrow and destruction of the latter in the avenging waters. Then Moses and the children of Israel, says the scripture, sang this canticle unto the Lord and said: "Let us sing to the Lord for He is gloriously magnified, the horse and the rider he has thrown into the sea. So Mary the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went forth after her with timbrels and with dances, and she

began the song to them. Let us sing to the Lord for He is gloriously magnified, the horse and the rider he has thrown into the sea." (Exodus xv.)

It is most probable that the Israelites learned the art both of vocal and instrumental music from the Egyptians amongst whom they so long tarried. At the time of David vocal music was in general use in divine service, and various instruments are mentioned as having been employed in sounding forth the praises of God. The chosen people always made use of music in their religious solemnities down to the advent of Christ. We read that our Blessed Lord Himself sang a hymn with His disciples after the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, as if He would show forth His will and desire that His Church should imitate His holy example in this respect, and should in His imitation celebrate the Eucharistic sacrifice with hymns and sacred music.

And we find it on record that the Church even in her infancy failed not to make use of sacred music at her religious meetings and celebrations. Pailo, speaking of the nocturnal meetings of the primitive Christians, says: "After supper their sacred songs began; and when they were arisen they selected from the best two choirs, one of men and one of women, and from each of these a person of majestic form and well skilled in music to lead the band. They then chanted hymns in honor of God composed in different measures and modulations, now singing together and answering by turns." Eusebius, describing the consecration of Churches throughout the Roman Empire in the reign of Constantine, says: "There was one common consent in chanting forth the praises of God; the performance of the service was exact and there was a place appointed for those who sang psalms—youths and virgins, old men and young." About the end of the fourth century St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, undertook to systematize the music of the church, and established a method of singing known afterwards as the Ambrosian chant. This chant was founded on the musical system of the Greeks and was brought by that great prelate from the east, probably from Antioch where he had long resided. St. Augustine, who heard the Ambrosian chant recited through the aisles of the Milan Cathedral, speaks with rapture of the emotions of his soul, when he writes to his notes, "As the voices," he says, "flowed into my soul, truth was instilled into my heart and the affections of piety overflowed in tears of joy."

This great bishop and great saint was a convert of St. Ambrose, and it is said that it was on the occasion of his reception into the Church St. Ambrose composed the sublime and immortal hymn, the "Te Deum." This great hymn has been ever since in the use of the Catholic Church and is intimately associated with her history and her triumphs. At the termination of her great councils which have made a track of light athwart the ages, in commemoration of her triumphs in the prosecution of her divine mission, the "Te Deum" resounded through the aisles of her great cathedrals, lifting up the souls of her children in praise and thanksgiving to God.

From the grateful hearts of generations of Christians has this triumphant hymn of praise gone up to the thrones of God in devout acknowledgment of His mercies and blessings vouchsafed. Never perhaps was a more sublime song of thanksgiving conceived by human genius or wedded to more immortal strains. The Ambrosian chant has been spoken of as something different from the Gregorian which succeeded it, but what the difference was it is now hard to discover. The Gregorian chant was introduced into the service of the church by Pope Gregory the Great, who lived in the close of the 6th century. It would appear that a sort of florid music, borrowed from the Pagan temples or theatres, had corrupted the austerity of the Ambrosian chant. Gregory restored the solemnity of the Ambrosian chant, whilst he extended its limits and added to its variety. The chant, thus reformed and improved, is called Gregorian, after its author, and has been in use in the Catholic Church down to the present day. Speaking of the character of the Gregorian chant, Rousseau, the well-known infidel, remarks: "Such of the melodies of the Gregorian chant as have been faithfully preserved, afford rich judicious valuable specimens of ancient music and its modes. These modes, in the manner in which they have been retained in the ancient ecclesiastical chants have still a fresh and a variety of expression which intelligent hearers, free from prejudice, will discover, though they are formed on a system totally different from that at present in use."

The introduction of the Gregorian chant marks the greatest era in the history of ecclesiastical music and song. The school of singers which he established existed three hundred years after his death. This noble chant, simple and austere as befits the song of Christ's Church, grand and solemn and awful as becometh the service of the Almighty God, has been in the service of the Church for well nigh thirteen hundred years—it has been sung in remote country churches and has pealed in solemn cadence through the aisles of great cathedrals, it has never been profaned to secular or worldly use, but has been exclusively employed in the divine praises. It is wedded to a language and to words that never change, that come down to us from remote christian antiquity, that have been used by saints and sages, and have reached to heaven with the hearts and understanding of holy men, in all Christian ages.

There is something in all this so touching, so appealing to the heart and judgment that it is impossible to listen to this venerable and holy and glorious chant without feelings of veneration and awe as well as of heartfelt devotion. In the "Dies Irae" and the "Liber," at which men turn pale with dread of the divine Judge, as well as the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" and "Credo" as well as the "Preface," we hear the voice of the immortal church—the church of all ages and nations, lifting up her voice to God in prayer and praise, carrying up our petitions, our sighs and heart cries to the throne of divine grace and mercy, pleading with her mother's heart and voice for the redemption of her children's guilt and alleviation of their trials and sorrows,

amidst sinful hearts with awful words and sounds of divine menaces and warnings, and raising the soul above worldly desires that degrade and shackle it, and lifting it up in holy transports and emotions to the very gates of paradise. All things human may change and deteriorate, and so it was with the venerable song of the Church. In the lapse of time the spirit of the world invaded church choirs and strangely altered, corrupted and perverted church music. To such a degree had this process of deterioration and corruption arrived in the 16th century that the Council of Trent seriously deliberated on the advisability of altogether abolishing church music and ecclesiastical chant. That venerable council passed a decree prohibiting the use of music in divine service. The Pope appointed a commission of Cardinals to see to the execution of the decrees of Trent, and one of this one, St. Charles Borromeo was a member of this commission, and knowing the great musical abilities of Palestrina he commissioned him to compose a mass which would breathe the spirit of the church and would not be unworthy of its sacred purpose. At the end of three months he appeared with three new masses before the commission. The Cardinals were so pleased and edified by his sublime compositions that they decreed the continuation of sacred music in divine service. The church was at all times not only the inspirer but the protector and patron of sacred music. It was in the shadows of her temples that the great composers were inspired and that their genius took wing and soared into the highest flights of the divine art. It was in her choirs that their mighty compositions were performed. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, Cherubini and a host of others were her children and would have never attained to fame if not encouraged, protected and patronized by her. But I fear I have detained you too long by this inviting theme, and yet I have merely glanced at it to treat it adequately would require volumes. The greatest gifts of genius as well as the richest products of nature were made use of by the Church as handmaids to the cause of religion and were used as adornments of her divine worship. This worship and its surroundings are the grandest and most sublime ever used in the service of God. "The Lamb that was slain," says St. John, "is worthy to receive honor and power and glory and all living creatures on the face of the earth, as in the voice of many waters, give honor and glory and benediction forever to him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb." The Lamb of God is offered up in mystic manner an unbloody sacrifice to God on the Catholic altar, and the Church makes use of the choicest gifts of nature and the immortal products of human genius inspired by faith, to give Him honor and to sing His praise as in the voice of many waters, and the result is the grandest, the most sublime, and the most holy worship that ever pleased God or blessed man. The many turreted cathedrals, the stained glass windows, the peal of organ, the sublime music, the smoke of incense, the officiating priests, and the adoring multitude—all form a picture that has not its counterpart on earth, and has its prototype only amid the hierarchies of heaven.

THE LANSLOWNE TENANTRY AND THE PLAN.

United Ireland. An immense gathering of people took place at Maryboro on Sunday, the object being to sustain the Lansdowne tenantry who have lodged their rents in accordance with the Plan of Campaign. It was one of the largest meetings ever held in the Queen's Co., and the enthusiasm of the multitude was an indication of the spirit which animates the Queen's Co. in the present Campaign. The Very Rev. Andrew Phelan, P. P., Maryboro, on being moved to the chair, delivered a stirring speech, in the course of which he said: "We have met here to-day in a special manner to offer our sympathy and support to the men of Luggacurran, who are making such a gallant stand under the Plan of Campaign (cheers). When a country sends an army into the field they are bound to stand by that army, to cheer them on, and support them with the sinews of war. The men of Luggacurran are soldiers in the field. It is our business in the whole country, and everywhere an Irishman lives at home and abroad, to support them by every means in our power (cheers). Lord Salisbury said the tenants ought to pay or quit (groans). I tell him that we have had enough of that policy in the Queen's County (cheers). Under its operation one-half the population has disappeared in the last forty years. Its action has been sorely felt on this very property at Luggacurran. I have walked frequently over the lands at Luggacurran, and in surveying the richness of its soil and the beauty of its scenery there was one fact that always saddened my heart—it was that there were hundreds and hundreds of acres where there was not a human habitation.

A DECOMATED DISTRICT. Before the famine there were many happy families in this favoured spot. What has become of them? There is a book written by the late John Francis Maguire called "The Irish in America." There is not, I venture to say, in the whole range of English literature a more touching picture of human suffering than is given in that book of the fever ships and the fever sheds of Canada. In these fever ships and fever sheds were to be found the starved-out and emaciated tenants of Lord Lansdowne, and so numerous were the victims that there was a ward set apart for them, called the Lansdowne Ward. The late Dr. Magee, of Stradbally, said on one occasion that one French would drain a whole country. I fear this French at Luggacurran has so drained the pockets of the tenants for the past eight years that they have nothing left to support their families or buy seed or stock for their farms in the coming spring.

A FAIR RENT REFUSED. No, we shall have no more of this emigration—this draining of the heart's blood of the country. When honest, industrious tenants offer to pay as much rent as they are able; when they have offered to pay in

Luggacurran on the same scale as that laid down by Lord Lansdowne himself for his tenants in Kerry; when the priests of the parish have failed to induce the agents to accept this fair offer; when all has failed and siles have to be taken, the priests work Luggacurran would not be worthy of their high vocation—they would not be walking in the footsteps of their Divine Master—they would be false to the glorious traditions of the Irish priesthood (applause) if they were not found at the side of the poor and oppressed—if they were not prepared to share in the dangers with their people, and willing to bless their banners as they march into the battle-field (renewed applause). The Archbishop of Dublin (cheers) is a profound theologian. He has written the ablest tract that ever was written on human acts and consciences. He ought to be as good a judge of the morality of an act as Lord Salisbury; and yet he is reported to have said that, under all the surrounding circumstances, he could find nothing to condemn as immoral in a number of tenants combining openly to defend themselves, as labourers and artisans do in England (cheers). A rural parish priest and his curates must be excused if they have such an opinion as this to follow (great cheering).

A CHARITY CONCERT. A very successful concert took place on Wednesday last in the Victoria Hall, in this city. It was held under the auspices of the Children of Mary and the object was to raise funds to aid them in their noble work among the poor of the city. The audience was large and evinced the liveliest appreciation of the excellent programme, a copy of which we subjoin: PART I. March—Hero's..... Mendelssohn Song—Father O'Flynn..... Stanford Song—A Bird from o'er the sea..... Miss Gleeson Dust—Come Brothers and Sisters..... Mrs. Peley and Mr. Beaton. Ballad..... Mrs. Kilroy. Harp—Fantasia—Irish Airs..... Miss Coffey. Song—The Female Volunteers..... Misses G. Grigg, M. Hodgins, M. and E. Brown, and Misses M. and B. Wallace. Song—The Oak..... Wallace. PART II. Waltz—Con Amore..... Wattenfefer Quartette—Alice, Walter, Art Thon, A. Ascher. Madama Kilroy and Peley, Messrs. Beaton and Coles. Song—Strolling in the Moonlight..... M. and B. Cruickshank. Ballad..... Mrs. Peley. Song—Remember—Boy You're Irish (Harp Accompanied)..... Mr. J. Scallan. Song—I Watch for Thee in Starless Night..... Mrs. Beaton. Song—O, Nightingale..... Miss Gleeson.

All the singers are residents of London except Mrs. Kilroy, of Windsor, and Mrs. Peley, of Toronto. Both these ladies were in excellent voice and were ever welcome to a London audience. Miss Gleeson, of this city, sang her pieces in a manner that deserved and received hearty commendation. Messrs. Dromgole, Beaton and Cole are well known in London musical circles. They were never heard to better advantage nor more thoroughly appreciated than in their effort on Wednesday night. The 7th band gave their services free, and the ladies desire to return them their most sincere thanks. Their excellent playing contributed largely to the success of the concert. We must not forget to mention what was perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the concert, the singing and acting of the little Misses Cruickshank, Maude Hodgins and Grace Grigg. Mrs. Cruickshank deserves special thanks for the manner in which the concert was managed throughout. Over \$100 will be realized.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY. By the flow of the inland river, Beneath the flags of iron have fled, And on the banks of the grave great quiver Answer are the ranks of the dead. Under the stars and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the one the Blue; Under the other the Gray. These in the robes of glory, The generous deed was done; All with the battle-blood gory, In the dusk of eternity meet. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the laurel the Blue; Under the willow the Gray. From the silence of sorrowful hours The desolate mourners go, Lovingly laden with flowers, Awake for the friend and foe. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the roses the Blue; Under the lilies the Gray. So with an equal splendor The morning sun-rays fall, With a touch, impartially tender, On the blossoms blooming for all. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the blossoms, the Blue; Under the cereals the Gray. So, when the summer calleth On forest and field of grain, With an equal murmur falleth The cooling drip of the rain. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Wet with rain, the Blue; Wet with rain, the Gray. Sadly, but not with upbraiding, The generous deed was done; In the storm of the years that are fading, No braver battle was won. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Under the blossoms, the Blue; Under the cereals the Gray. No more shall the war-cries sever, Or the wailing rivers be red; They banish our anger forever, When they launch the banner of our dead. Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day— Love and tears for the Blue; Tears and love for the Gray! —Francis M. Finch.

WEDDING BELLS. In St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, Ontario, Mr. John Maloney, son of James Maloney, Esq., East Oxford, and Miss Agnes, eldest daughter of James Coleman, East Zorra, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, on February 15, 1887, by Rev. M. J. Brady, P. P. Mr. Thomas Carney assisted as groomsmen and Miss Annie Coleman as bridesmaid. The happy couple received the benediction given during the nuptial Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Brady at nine o'clock, a. m.

