



A CHARMING STORY.

How the Bunn Family at Last Moved into the Country.

CHAPTER I.

The Bunn family lived in a small house, in a low and unhealthy quarter of New Lowell. In a small house, and the family was large, as poor families are apt to be. Mr. Bunn, who was wonderfully good-natured under all his trials, would facetiously call the roll every night to make sure that none of the children were missing, and sometimes he would purposely forget two-year-old Baby Bunn, who would about indignantly from his mother's lap: "I see here! I see here! why don't you call Dicky Bunn?" And then Mr. Bunn would say in a puzzled voice: "Dicky Bunn—who is he? Oh, yes, to be sure! Dicky Bunn is the name of the last one, ain't it? Well then—Dicky Bunn!" and the baby would answer with a pleased giggle—"Here!"

Although the bill of fare was plain, and the clothes well patched, the Bunn family managed to extract a good deal of happiness from life. When Mr. Bunn found a good job and they had, in consequence, a "hot supper," which meant plenty of beefsteak and vegetables all around, and some red-cheeked apples, or a can of peaches for dessert—and the fire burned brightly, and the children were every one well, life seemed actually overflowing with blessings; and Mr. Bunn would whistle kindling for the morning fire, and Mrs. Bunn would add another layer to the patches, and neither thought of envying the rich people in the grand house of Upper New Lowell.

But often the children were not well. In fact there were so many of them that about half the time the old lounge was the resting place for some ailing one, and the Doctor—whenever they could afford to call on—would always say more or less about the location being an unhealthy one. Their drainage was bad, and they didn't have enough sunlight, and they all ought to sleep up stairs, for a ground floor as damp as theirs was a standing invitation to sickness to come and stay the year round.

In the early days Mrs. Bunn had lived in the country, and as her family increased, the little house and the still smaller yard formed a painful contrast to the roomy farm house, the big, wide-doored barn, and the broad fields that she used to know, and she often expressed a desire to move into the country. But Mr. Bunn, born and brought up in the city, was like a Laplander in believing that no place could be better than that in which he lived. For forty years he had trotted up and down this untidy quarter, and the more shanties that were built and the filthier the streets and alleys became, the more he seemed to enjoy his place of residence. "The flats is growin' fast," he would proudly remark. "It's gettin' to be downright lively here."

The poor man! With the exception of a rare glimpse of the grand Park, or some rich man's fine grounds, he knew of nothing better than his low rooms and the struggling, homesick lilies and tiger lilies which Mrs. Bunn tried to grow in the sloppy back yard.

"To have a long, 'fat' job of hod-carrying and to know that the children were not very sick, was all the happiness Mr. Bunn could comprehend, and he always laughed at Mrs. Bunn's absurd wish to move into the country, where there could be no chance to shoulder brick and mortar up a fifty-foot ladder.

A desire for the country always smoldered, however, in Mrs. Bunn's heart, and she never gave up the hope that some time they might live on a whole acre of ground, and have three or four trees, and maybe a glimpse of a brook, like the one she used to wade in when she was a girl. It was this hope that sustained her through all these years, and led her to toil bravely on, and make the best of the cramped and dismal home in "The Flats."

They owned their house—that was one comfort—and had none of that wretched breaking-up and packing about from one rented place to another, which they observed in their less fortunate neighbors. I suspect that the Bunn had great affection for even the leaky kitchen roof, and the rickety pump, because of the dear fact that they owned them.

And yet, although these shabby premises were their own, it seemed as if in this spring of 1884, the house had never seemed quite so small and quite so sickly. Both Tom and Annie were down with low feverish fevers. Baby Bunn was crossly cutting some double teeth, and a series of long, hard rains interfered with hod-carrying to such an extent that Mr. Bunn, in a tattered rubber coat, had taken to looking for jobs of wood-sawing.

"Darn! it was the country," began Mrs. Bunn, and then checked herself. She was in no mood to be laughed at. She went on thinking, however, that if they lived in the country on an acre of land, they could at least have potatoes and turnips and fresh eggs and an occasional chicken, and, perhaps—oh, mercy of mercies—they might keep a cow, by letting the children lead her along the roads to crop the few pasturage there.

CHAPTER II.

A river runs by the Flats, separating that locality very distinctly from the highest of Upper Lowell. Every spring it rises and runs away with its usual petty larcenies of

woodsheds, chicken coops, and the like; but in the spring of 1884, it meant more than petty larceny: it meant a bold and defiant raid: Its gray, swirling waters almost reached the high-arched bridges, and its usual insinuating murmur was turned to a menacing roar. But the Flats people did not fear it; and even when it crept up to their back yards, and lapped hungrily around their doorsteps. It was still but a new and refreshing excitement—this big rise of the peaceful "Little Wolf." The men and women living along the banks looked after such small losses as were likely to be carried away, and the children made rafts and paddled about in the pools of back-water in great glee. Some authorities rode over to the Flats, and suggested that the houses along the river had better be vacated, and the families living there only laughed, and said they were not afraid; and everyone went to bed that night feeling entirely safe and thankful that the weather had cleared and that there would be chances for going to work again on the morrow.

"At midnight there was a cry," Mr. and Mrs. Bunn did not hear it, for Annie and Tom were sleeping soundly for the first night in a week, and the father and mother, tired out with vigils, were also deep in slumber. They were all sleeping up stairs as the doctor had advised—Tom and Annie in their bunk near the window, where a breath of fresh air could touch their fevered faces, three small boys in the trundle-bed, Nelly, the eldest girl, on a lounge, and Baby Bunn with his father and mother.

The cry came from some of the houses along the river, and there was only time for the bewildered snatching of a little clothing, and a frenzied escape to higher ground; everyone, in those first wild moments, thinking but of himself and those belonging to him. The Flats had not yet achieved street lamps, and only the pale glimmer of the stars lighted the terrible scene.

The little Bunn house stood the lowest of any in the Flats, and the river had been noising about it for an hour or more before it took its final grip. When it really set its jaws together, Mr. and Mrs. Bunn were awakened by the queer, straining creak and jar, and they now heard the wild shouts outside, the lap and swirl of the waters about them, and knew with freezing hearts, what it all meant.

With the instinct that makes all woman-kind want to die decently, Mrs. Bunn dashed into her gowns which hung over the foot of the bed, and even gave her hair a swift twist. Then she caught up Dicky Bunn, who gave a sleepy cry at such disturbance, and she breathed the name of Christ's mother, as she held him tightly to her breast. Mr. Bunn—steering, with great presence of mind, through the sea of sleeping children—looked from the window. Was there a torch-light procession? And had all the stars joined in it? For the lamps that were now flashing out from the windows, and the bright stars above were all moving in the same direction. No, it was his own house that was moving—they were afloat! Mr. Bunn staggered back to the bed and drew on his trousers, and felt about for his stockings, and said not a word. Nelly, the oldest child, who had awakened, sat up and called out: "Oh! mother!" even as her mother had called upon that other sacred name.

"Be brave, darlin', and don't take the other children! We're all goin' together, anyhow," said her mother.

"Maybe she'll hold together," said Mr. Bunn, who always found the hopeful side of things. "We'll light the lamp and see where we are." And soon all the people who were disinterested enough to be mere sight-seers, noticed a glimmer out on the dark river—like the light of a will-o'-the-wisp—except that it was a little steadier; a light that moved farther and farther away and was finally lost to sight.

CHAPTER III.

She did "hold together." Through all those long hours of terror, the little house—reeling and staggering at times, and thumped and jammed by floating debris—held together, and in the early dawn sailed along "all there," as Mr. Bunn expressed it, and all the children, except Nelly, slept peacefully, as if lulled into deeper slumber by the rocking of their one common cradle. They appeared to be in the middle of the river, for there was plenty of sea-room, as Mr. Bunn said, but the shore on either side was shut out by a heavy fog.

"If we could only see the banks, it wouldn't be quite so awful," moaned poor Nelly, nervously shivering in spite of the thick shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Darlin', be thankful we're spared so far, and perhaps the dear Lord'll save us even yet," said her mother. But it was indeed "awful," moving on through this mist with unknown danger sighing and murmuring all around.

As daylight advanced they seemed to have floated into stiller waters, and presently there came a gentle shock as if the house had touched bottom.

"Are we sinking, Dennis, dear?" asked Mrs. Bunn of her husband.

"Not a bit of it, jewel! We're on land, that's where we are and here's a tree beside us as big as a church-steeple—a tree right side up, too—and we've come to a stoppin' place, sure!" and Mr. Bunn, who had been so cheerful and plucky through all these hours, sat down on the bed and buried his face in his red cotton handkerchief.

"Ah, it will do you good, Dennis, dear?" said his wife, patting him on the shoulder, and laughing and crying herself.

The Bunn family had indeed come to an anchorage. Not only so, but several trees stood about them, and in between two of these staunch supports the house had drifted, and was firmly held. The fog lifted slowly, and by and by the faithful blue of the sky smiled down upon them, and hilly shores came into view, with glimpses of cultivated fields and budding woodlands.

The Bunn family had moved into the country, at last!

As the cradle stopped rocking the children awoke, and clustered about the small gable windows quite stupefied with wonder at the strange scene around them.

Just at this moment there came ringing over the waters a wild scream. Mr. Bunn pushed the children aside and leaped out of the window. Just emerging from the lingering fog up the river, floated a remnant of a small country bridge, and clinging to it was a little girl in a red cloak, who again screamed with terror as the tossing planks almost submerged her in the current. Mr. Bunn had not grown up beside a river without knowing how to swim. In fact, Little Wolf—in some of its sequestered nooks—had been his bath-room for many a summer. His shoes and coat being already off, he plunged down from the window and struck out for the red cloak like a hero. The current was bearing the fragment of bridge straight toward him, but the planks were separating, and the child was about to sink as he reached her. She made a frantic clutch at his neck, but he held her off with one hand and swam as best he could back to the house, which seemed the nearest landing-point.

Mrs. Bunn had with practical promptness tied two sheets together and let them down from the window. Mr. Bunn, steadying himself upon a floating timber, fastened the sheet about the waist of the half-drowned child, and any number of hands pulled her up and lifted her through the window.

"Now I'm in the water," shouted Mr. Bunn, "I may as well swim ashore and see where we are. Keep up your spirits, my jewels, there's the shore just a bit beyond the house."

Mrs. Bunn leaned from the window until she nearly fell overboard, then seeing that he had reached wading depth, she turned and gave all her attention to the little, dripping mite who sat on the floor in the midst of the small Bunn, crying convulsively. Mrs. Bunn took off her wet clothes and wrapped her in blankets, warm from the trundle bed, and soothed her with many a pitying word. For a while the child could only sob and gasp in her attempt to speak, but finally she made known the fact that her poor little lambs were down in the lower pasture, and she had been out to see if they were all safe, and her papa had told her not to go on the bridge, and she had been naughty and disobeyed him, and the bridge broke up all in a minute—and—and—and then the sob burst forth afresh.

She was hardly dried and warmed and comfortable before voices were heard shoreward, and soon a brisk hammering began in that direction. Nelly also nearly went overboard, and reported some men making a raft. She failed to recognize her father among them, because he had changed his wet clothes for somebody's black trousers and an old army overcoat.

"Oh! I can hear papa," exclaimed the blanketed girl, after she had listened a moment. "Papa, here I am!" she called at the top of her lungs.

"Yes, I am coming," came an answering voice.

It was not long before the hastily built raft was pushed out and brought beneath the window. The man in the army coat was then recognized and received with a little shout. The father of the rescued child looked up with eyes that were overflowing. "Give me Kitty and I'll take her right home to her mother, who is nearly crazy. Drop her right down," and he held up his strong arms, "I've sent my man back for the double team, and we'll soon have you all up to our house."

"Oh! Papa, I'll never, never, never disobey you again!" exclaimed Kitty, as they banded her through the window.

"No, I am sure you never will," said her father. Then Kitty was carefully dropped into the untreacherous arms, and the raft pushed away.

"All be ready for the next boat!" called out Mr. Bunn, cheerfully.

"Ah! I am so thankful," said Mrs. Bunn, "to think that we're not only all safe, but papa has saved somebody else."

Then there was a great dressing and brushing, and great washing and polishing of faces and hands; for plenty of water could be dipped up with a pitcher and the knotted sheets, and the family were in all readiness when the raft arrived under the window again.

But such a large family could not be shipped all at once. Mrs. Bunn left Nelly and Baby Bunn and two other small boys ashore first; then Annie and Tom, carefully wrapped in bed-blankets, were let down for the next load; and finally Mrs. Bunn, with the remaining small boy and a bundle of clothing, took leave of the house.

CHAPTER IV.

They filled the farm-wagon quite full, and the horses, impatient at the long waiting, started off at a pace that made Baby Bunn's cheeks shake like two bowls of jelly, and turned the children's faces into one broad smile. The sun now shown radiantly; there was a smell of young leaves and early violets in the air; from the hill-sides came the plaintive bleat of little lambs; and, yes, there it was, the loud, clear "trillium—trillium—tree" of the robin from his postmost twig.

"How queer it is," thought Mrs. Bunn. "I seemed to see and hear all this yesterday."

At the farm-house a great breakfast was in waiting for them; and Kitty, who had been kissed and cried over, and given some very hot drinks by her mother, was lying snugly tucked up in bed in a room opening off the kitchen, and the door had been left open, that she might enjoy the view of the big table and the big family that were to gather around it.

Such a breakfast! Even Annie and Tom were able to relish the fresh-boiled eggs and the delicious cream toast, while Mr. Bunn and the little boys accepted everything, from the broiled ham and cold baked beans to griddle-cakes and doughnuts.

As for Mrs. Bunn, the dear old associations of early days so crowded upon her, she could hardly taste anything.

"This is the way people can live in the

country," she whispered to Nelly, and shuddered when she thought of going back to the Flats.

But Mrs. Bunn never went back to the Flats. That afternoon she was seized with a chill, and before night she was in a high fever, from which she lay ill in the best bedroom of the Thompson farm-house for two weeks. Mr. Bunn and Nelly and Mrs. Thompson nursed her tenderly, and took good care of Dicky, while the other children lived at large in the fields, the big barn and the large kitchen-garden, and grew well and happy.

As soon as Mrs. Bunn became strong enough to "take the air," she was lifted into the easy single buggy, and Mr. Thompson himself drove, because he could not trust the horse to other hands than his own, he said. He drove slowly along the pleasant country way, now sweet and leafy in its fresh May robes, and at the end of a mile he stopped before a small house, neatly painted in two shades of gray, and shaded by two kindly elms. In the rear of the house some men were building a new, large kitchen. Mr. Thompson explained. Down at the foot of the grassy slope ran a sparkling, pebbled brook. The brook crossed the road on which they were driving, and was spanned by a very new bridge.

"It is a right pretty place," said Mrs. Bunn, looking at the shady little porch and up to the noble elms, and thinking how heavenly it must be to live in such a place.

"Well, I'm glad you like the location, because it's yours, you know," said Mr. Thompson.

"Mine?" said Mrs. Bunn, her eyes growing large with astonishment: Were the fever dreams still buzzing in her head?

"Certainly, Mrs. Bunn! Don't you recognize your own house? All we did to it was to haul it up here from the river and give it a little paint and a little white-wash, and so forth. Your man said you were fond of trees, and so we set the house by these elms. Your man's around there at work on the kitchen now—it'll be finished in a day or two—and there's three acres of good grass-land and three of maple and beech; and we've picked out a nice, gentle cow for a present to you, Nelly; and—well, it's a small enough return for what your man did for us when our Kitty was carried off on the old bridge that used to stand yonder," and Mr. Thompson drew out his handkerchief and wiped his nose with great vigor.

"All—the land—the cow—ours? Poor Mrs. Bunn could not believe her senses.

"Yes, all yours, to have and to hold. And I forgot to say, that there's a first-rate school just over the hill there for your youngsters. But you mustn't talk much, Mrs. Bunn, and you mustn't get flustered—just after a fever, so we'll drive round home now, and maybe you'll feel strong enough to go into the house to-morrow and look around."

Happiness is such a tonic that Mrs. Bunn was indeed able the next day to look the house over. And she discovered what Mr. Thompson's "and so forth" meant. It meant substantial new furniture for all the rooms, pretty shades for the windows, big handsome new stove for the new kitchen, and a whole pantry full of grocery supplies and crockery.

"Oh, it's all too much—too much!" cried Mrs. Bunn, sinking down into the new rocking-chair.

"Oh, no, no, indeed!" chorused Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been smilingly watching her surprise and happy face. "We value our Kitty's life at a great deal more than this. Indeed we do!"

MEMORIES OF CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

BY AN ASSOCIATE.

Recollections of a departed friend cannot escape the hue of sadness, but there is a pleasure in recalling the happy impressions of an intimacy with one whose life was consecrated to the welfare of his country. As every pulse of Kickham's heart beat for Ireland, so did every fibre of his brain work with its utmost power to brace up the nation for one more desperate wrestle with the oppressor. He took to the road as a "rebel" in '48 and never left the field of fight, in one form or another, until at the age of fifty-three he was felled by a fatal stroke of paralysis. Kickham actually died in harness, for to the last hour of his health he was the guide and counselor of the generation that carried the National banner after the standard-bearers of '68 had been struck down. He had taken a prominent part in two attempts at revolution. In both he suffered defeat, but he did not despair. Although he twice defied his country's protests beneath the banner of the party of independence, he was in the hopeless farewell to freedom. His confidence in the recuperative spirit of the people was not shaken by disaster, nor discouraged by abandonment. To the tenant-right movement animated by Sharnan Crawford, and sustained by the ability of Lucas, he gave the assistance of his voice and his pen, and he put some trust in the party of independent opposition. The treasury of the Brass Band, instead of honest faith in the possibility of united and honest effort, only stimulated him to place more reliance upon the democracy themselves. It was the disloyalty of the place-seeking leaders of '52 that forced Kickham and his colleagues to regard Parliamentary action as a platform for personal promotion at the expense of the interest of the country. The article he wrote for the Irish People contained the following sentence, which was made good use of in Great Britain: "Our only hope is in revolution." The words breathed the spirit of the time, for the leaders of the previous decade had painfully impressed upon the public mind the conviction that there was no trust to be placed in another band of such broken as Keogh, Sedler and Fitzgerald. Yet, Kickham was distinguished among the Fenian leaders as large-minded and tolerant, forgiving faults and mistakes, but not treachery or treason. He did not hate an Irishman because he was opposed to his own method of making war upon England. Selfish motives he never attributed to those who did not agree with his views. I never knew a public man who was more completely free from the personalities of political strife. It is ever wrong a line against an individual if it was under the absolute necessity of vindicating the National principles of his party. It was he who, in the Irish People, defended Fenianism against the attacks of Cardinal (then Archbishop) Cullen and the priests who denounced it. Not a line in that newspaper which had any reference to clerical criticism of Fenian policy was written by any one but Charles

Kickham. He was the most devoted Catholic on the editorial staff, and for this reason, perhaps, he fell more keenly than his colleagues the injustice of the assaults delivered from the pulpit and in the perennial pastoral emanating from Marlborough street. Kickham's conscience revolted against the Whiggery of the clergy. What that Whiggery was twenty years ago may be judged from its manifestation in Longford when, some years later, John Martin was defeated by an overwhelming majority of unthinking serfs. But Kickham never wavered in the onslaught of an adversary without reluctance. I will remember the regretful tone of his voice when discussing the antagonism of those from whom toleration, if not good will, was expected. What he wrote of public men in the press was much stronger than what he said of them in private. It was the highest sense of duty that governed all his actions, and prompted every word he uttered in public controversy. Kickham was not aggressive; he was the readiest of all his colleagues to pick up a challenge, and the toughest in a fight when combat was forced upon him. The fierceness with which he tackled a croakery or crooked friend was often the subject of a joke among his laborers. When he set his teeth, and the victim of his argumentative onslaught was the wretched, wretched Charles!" Before the words were finished on his hand he would fall back in his chair, run his fingers through his tangled locks, and enjoy ten minutes' fit of laughter. He was the merriest conspirator, baring Luby, perhaps, that ever stood under the shadow of the gallows. He would not tear his prey with less mercy than Kickham would not make a wavering or grumbling adherent whose laziness of principle demanded a castigation. But his rage was always the expansion of righteous indignation, and when he had thrashed caprice or waywardness out of his man he thought as much of him as ever, if he had convinced him of his error. In all parties there will be small accounts to settle on the score of misdeeds or obstinacy, and Kickham was the most exacting and reactionaries in the highest offices of the Fenian organization. He had a marvelous memory; he was the most acute, far-seeing, and sagacious of his colleagues. His judgment was rarely at fault—never, to my knowledge, during the twenty years of our close and unvarying friendship. He was never unjust toward a foe, and though he would not spare his dearest friend were he wrong, he was always to be relied upon as an unflinching advocate of justice to all. I attribute his remarkable sense of impartiality to the complete negation of self. He was the most impartial character I have known in my lifetime. While he was in Pentonville, Portland and Woking Prisons, he never uttered a word of complaint against the enemy that had him captive, although convict servitude was in his case the most barbarous cruelty. Afflicted with many infirmities, it needed the tenderest care to keep him in good health. In Pentonville, during the winters of '63 and '66, he struggled stoutly against poor diet, severe cold, and plank-beds—after the plank-beds were the Fenians in Pentonville and Millbank. But in the quarries of Portland, in the summer of '66 he was an object of the deepest anguish to his companions. There was the poet of Slievenamon, the author of "Sally Cavanagh," as deaf as the blocks of limestone he was trying to hack into shape, and almost blind—their eyes absorbed in convict brogues and hideous raiment, not caring who was fortunate nor uttering a word of retort to the brutal warder who shook his bludgeon in his face as a menace of punishment for attempting to speak to his nearest neighbor. "Go on with your work, Kickham, and stop that chat." Kickham did not hear the insolent order of the savage warden-pensioner, but he could perceive the glint of the inch of his nose, and knew what the coarse bully was saying. The Fenians were working in a group or "gang" within a few yards of each other. The sharp-eyed had opportunities of exchanging a word of cheer or a flash of humor, but Kickham was easily caught breaking the laws of silence. Under these depressing circumstances, and none could be more crushing and humiliating, his optimistic man, Kickham's natural light-heartedness remained buoyant and bright. His spirits did not sink under the burden of the most degrading system of servitude. When the Fenian party had to wash the dirty linen of nine hundred English felons, he philosophically observed, in reply to a companion who felt the indignity of the prison employment, that as long as he was in the hands of the enemy it was all the same to him whether he was washing a burglar's shirt or breaking stones in a quarry. Notwithstanding his cheerfulness and dignified resignation, Kickham was within measurable distance of death when the doctor at last advised the removal of the invalid prisoner at Woking. His removal was a great amusing account of his skill in knitting stockings. The stocking was "set" for him, but before it was half finished it looked more like a night-cap than a piece of hosiery. He was so short-sighted he could not see the direction towards which his knitting was tending. In like manner did he get through his work in the quarries of Portland. "Nobblers" are squashed with a hand-pick, but Kickham kept picking away in one spot until he dug a deep hole in the centre of the block. The angry warder threw aside the spoiled stone and gave him another, with a threat that if he spoiled that one he would take him before the Governor. He dug a hole in that one too, and never succeeded in squaring a solitary noble stone while he was in Portland. It saddened the warders that they could never get Kickham to earn his salt. Every hour in the day they assailed him with the most savage abuse, but he bore it with calmness, and made fun out of it for his companions, when a chance offered to pass round a pipe at the expense of the raging task-master. The effect of his near-sightedness was as visible in his manuscripts as in his personal appearance. He could not more write straight than he could square a stone or knit a stocking in a regular circle. His press matter used to set the printers wild. They had to charge an excess rate on his M.S., otherwise the smartest case-maker should not earn half a penny more than a whole day's work. Not only were his manuscripts crooked, but the lines ran up and down like each other. It was like interlarded writing, resembling somewhat the tracings of an ascetic in squally weather. Lying on his back in bed, propped up with pillows, he wrote his books, poems and correspondence, and in the same place and position he endeavored to read books and papers. But reading was such painful labor that he got as much information as possible through the hand alphabet, and he was very grateful to any one who, by telling him what was passing, saved him the trouble of reading the papers. The weakness of his vision nearly cost him his life, and undoubtedly shortened his years. In August, '79, he was taking an evening walk towards Palmerston Park, when he was knocked down by a van-driver. The result was a protracted illness, and a terrible shock to a man in slender health at the best of times. Kickham's character is epitomized in the fact that he could not be induced to take an action against the driver's employer. The repulse of his talent and patriotism caused many admirers to make Kickham's acquaintance. None of them left him unimpressed with his surprising insight, sagacity and grasp of mind. Strangers came to see a simple, amiable and gifted author and patriot, and no doubt he was all these; but they were amazed at the shrewdness and force of his views upon public questions, and at the masculine grip he held of difficult points in national policy. He had an inward vision, which the loss

of physical sight seemed to develop a striking example of intuition. I am too lame to state clearly what shape his policies would take, and time almost to a letter the forecast made. His knowledge of character was sufficiently demonstrated in his but it is only his intimate friends were aware of the sharpness with which he struck off the likeness of an acquaintance, and the accuracy of what was really passing in the man's mind. You might decide one of the Fenian leaders, but you not catch Kickham doing something out of the reputation of soft, many came to impress their own opinions, or to gain influence in a particular course of action if their method did not meet the principles they went away convinced that they could as easily perform miracle of moving mountains as to him from what he considered a direction. I have said that Kickham was broad-minded, and liberal in his men and things; he was also the tolerant and generous of his towards those who pursued different lines of action from his own, always yielded that they were honest, and Ireland sincerely. Vanity and the love of course, denounced the fierce force of concentrated iron, but the proof of his desire to see done for Ireland in any honorable way was the fact that from '48 to '66 he active period of his life—he every movement in which there element of good for Ireland. His I have said that Kickham was with him passed away the trust the wisest counselor, the most sagacious and far-seeing supervisor of their

MORE WONDERS OF LOURDES.

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.—LIKE MIST FROM THE DEAD—PICTURES OF THE BLESSED MARY LOVE.

Lourdes, August 10.—One must frankly acknowledge there are periods in life at Lourdes it becomes impossible to chronicle half of the interesting facts that under observation; nor can any man be eye-witness to half that transpire here. In the basilica in the crypt, the grotto, before the shrine in the hospitals—everywhere is to be seen every worthy of admiration; we can offer our American readers a very incomplete account of the that have taken place between Assumption and the date which communication bears things that have said a heavy word in the feast that recalls the incomparable triumph of Mary, which the Church celebrates in union with the C. triumphant. The voices of angels seem to mingle in sweet harmonies, where souls appear to be drawn towards the shrine in the year, that which is here celestially with the greatest splendor. It is excellence, the day of hope, the day which so many afflicted look for who undoubtedly, it is the day on which immaculate has ever chosen to be her greatest favor and the shrine in among the rocks of Massabielle. Therefore, it is not astonishing that this is one of joy for those who weep, and of pomp for the Church.

Everything speaks of hope, every tends to inspire confidence. Let us look on the tables that lay in the of the grotto, and what does it become. Each little piece of marble tells a love wrought on this glorious "The blind see, the lame walk, the are made clean, the deaf hear."

Abbe de Musy, Jeanne de Fontaine, Mrs. Munster, of Brighton, memory return to the last year, and recall the signal grace bestowed one of America's daughters, Miss ney, of Chicago. However, it is necessary to look into by-gone Early on the eve of August 15, when Vesper bell had scarcely tolled, a miracle arose from her and stood in the aisle, and many interesting invalids at Lourdes one attracted more sympathy than lady who was drawn to the piscine little carriage, and who appeared each moment rapidly approaching dissolution. We allude to Madame Suares d'Almeida, who, for six years, had been a confirmed invalid. This of this lady is said to have borne a resemblance to that of the Countess of Chastillon, whose recent cure is known to many of our readers. 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of physical sight seemed to develop into a striking example of intuition. I knew him to state clearly what shape inchoate policies would take, and time realized almost to a letter the forecast he had made. His knowledge of character is sufficiently demonstrated in his work, but it is only his intimate friends who were aware of the sharpness with which he struck off the likeness of a casual acquaintance, and the accuracy of his guess to what was really passing in a man's mind. You might deceive any one of the Fenian leaders, but you could not catch Kiekham dosing. Having somehow got the reputation of being soft, many came to impress him with their own opinions, or to gain his influence in a particular course of action, but if their method did not meet his fixed principles they went away convinced that they could as easily perform the miracle of moving mountains as to move him from what he considered a right direction. I have said that Kiekham was large-minded, and liberal in his view of men and things; he was also the most tolerant and generous of his party towards those who pursued different lines of action from his own, always provided that they were honest, and loved Ireland sincerely. Vanity and venality he, of course, denounced with all the fiery force of a concentrated intellect; but the proof of his desire to see work done for Ireland in any honorable way, was the fact that from '48 to '83—the active period of his life—he helped every movement in which there was an element of good for Ireland. His death was a great loss to his favorite party, for with him passed away the truest friend, the wisest counselor, the most sagacious and far-seeing supervisor of their work.

Special Correspondence of The Catholic Mirror.  
**MORE WONDERS OF LOURDES.**

**THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION—ALMOST LIKE RISING FROM THE DEAD—GRAPHIC FIGURES OF THE BLESSED MOTHER'S LOVE.**

Lourdes, August 21.  
One must frankly acknowledge that there are periods in life at Lourdes when it becomes impossible to chronicle even half of the interesting facts that come under observation; nor can any one person be eye-witness to all that transpires here. In the basilica, in the crypt, at the grotto, before and in the piscines, in the hospitals—everywhere is to be found some event worthy of admiration; hence we can offer our American readers but a very incomplete account of the events that have taken place between the Assumption and the date which this communication bears. We thought to have said a hasty word in our last of the feast that recalls the incomparable triumph of Mary, which the Church militant celebrates in union with the Church triumphant. The voices of angels and men seem to mingle in sweet harmony at Lourdes, where souls appear to be so closely drawn towards things celestial. The Assumption is, of all the feasts of the year, that which is here celebrated with the greatest splendor. It is, par excellence, the day of hope, the day to which so many afflicted look for relief; undoubtedly, it is the day on which the immaculate has ever chosen to bestow her greatest favors at the shrine nestled among the rocks of Massabielle. Therefore, it is not astonishing that this feast is one of joy for those who weep, and one of pomp for the Church.  
Everything speaks of hope, everything tends to inspire confidence. Let the eye rest on the tablets that pave the interior of the grotto, and why does it behold? Each little piece of marble tells a tale of love wrought on this glorious feast. "The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear."  
Abbe de Musy, Jeanne de Fontenay, Mrs. Munster, of Brighton,—but let memory return to the last anniversary and recall the signal grace bestowed on one of America's daughters, Miss Dorney, of Chicago. However, it is not necessary to look into by-gone years. Early on the eve of August 15, when the Veper bell had scarcely tolled its advent, a miracle arose from her couch and stood in our midst. Among the many interesting incidents at Lourdes, no one attracted more sympathy than this lady who was drawn to the piscine in a little carriage, and who appeared to be each moment rapidly approaching her final dissolution. We allude to Madame de Suarez d'Almeida, who, for six years, had been a confirmed invalid. The case of this lady is said to have borne a strong resemblance to that of the Countess de Chastillon, whose recent cure is not unknown to many of our readers. Madame de Suarez d'Almeida had been under the medical treatment of two celebrities of Paris, Doctors Charcot and Vulpain, who, unable to relieve her, learned her intention of having recourse to Our Lady of Lourdes, since human aid has failed. The former of these gentlemen replied that he could perform any miracle that could be operated at Lourdes; "but," added he, "I cannot cure you, nor can Lourdes." On the eve of the Assumption Madame de Suarez d'Almeida suddenly felt that her breath of life animated her almost lifeless body. Heaven had favored her—perfect health and vigor was the boon which Our Lady had granted her confiding child. To-day this pious lady may be seen walking in our midst like one that has been raised from death to life.  
This grace was the forerunner of that which was to follow on the feast itself. This time the chosen soul was a young religious, of the Order of St. Dominic, who had long suffered from total extinction of voice. With a heart overflowing with gratitude this interesting young Sister is untrailing in using her lost treasure for the edification of the hundreds who press around her to listen to the history of her affliction and of her cure. Another favor which is of especial interest, and which occurred during the octave, was the cure of Miss Blanche Brocard, of Paris. This sweet young girl of sixteen summers sought her cure at Lourdes last year, but remained several weeks at this hallowed spot without obtaining any amelioration. Not discouraged by long waiting and constant praying, the child, who was destined to be the object of never-failing benediction, returned this year to the shrine of that

Mother who never fails to hear those who call upon her with perseverance and faith, provided the grace asked for be conducive to the spiritual advantage of her client. Miss Blanche Brocard was blind and severely afflicted with a disease of the spine. Her physicians—all eminent men—declared her cure impossible to science, and Dr. Charcot, above named, declared himself obliged in justice, to discontinue the treatment of a case which baffled human skill. One day, during the octave of the Assumption, at a time when comparative quiet reigned at Lourdes, there being no special pilgrimages, I knelt, by chance, side by side with the blind girl. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered by the great protoge of Mary, Abbe de Musy. Immediately after the elevation of the Sacred Host a faint whisper was heard from the lips of the poor child. Blanche inclined towards her mother and said: "I am cured, mother, I see, I see!" The pious lady, not wishing to create a disturbance, nor to give distraction during the Holy Sacrifice, restrained her mother's heart-joy in silent thanksgiving, and refrained from yielding to those emotions of nature so pardonable under similar circumstances. Unconscious of the supernatural visitation that had taken place at my side, after the Holy Sacrifice I withdrew from the basilica and came again in contact with the mother and child. The former seized my hand, saying, as she did so, "Do you recognize our little blind friend of last year? She was cured during the good abbe's Mass, and you were at her side at the time."  
If the mere recital of such facts moves the heart and fills the soul with sentiments of deepest gratitude and love for her who is the channel of these miraculous favors, who can tell the feelings of indescribable awe that possess those who are witnesses of the power of the Infinite working through the medium of His Immaculate Mother!

Great preparations are being made for the national pilgrimage which brings 900 sick, a phalanx of distinguished ladies and gentlemen of the *Hospitales*, have already arrived. The most insensible heart cannot but be touched at the heroic services rendered by this confraternity to the poor invalids who come here in vast numbers to obtain relief. This great work was established by the Rev. Pere Picard, of the Order of the Assumption, who, notwithstanding his infirmity, still performs yearly, at Lourdes, the office of director of the national pilgrimage. Pere Picard is accompanied by twenty priests and thirty religious, Sisters of his order, who act as assistants. For two months every year Count de Combelles du Luc, the esteemed president of the *Hospitales* of Notre Dame de Lourdes, may be seen devoting his time and labor to this great Christian work. Among others, whose admirable seal is worthy of imitation, we mention the names of Count de Fouy, the Marquis de Laurens-Castelle, Count du Parc de Pibrac, Baron de Saint-Maoulet, and the good M. Bouin, of Nice. The various reunions of the members of the *Hospitales*, preparatory to the national pilgrimage, have already taken place, final orders have been given, and each member awaits the arrival of the sick, in order to enter upon the role assigned. In my next I hope to give some notes of interest with regard to the great national pilgrimage.  
MARTINLANDER.

**CARDINAL MANNING AT WIGAN.**

**WHO FORMED THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS!**  
London Universe, Sept. 12.  
On Monday evening his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop paid his long-expected visit to Wigan, and the reception accorded him testified to the popularity which he enjoys not only among the Catholic population of the town, but the members of other Christian denominations. The Cardinal arrived from Liverpool about half-past five, and on his way to St. Joseph's Presbytery he had unmistakable tokens of the regard in which he is held by the profane displays of flags and banners along Wall-gate and Caroline Street.  
HIS SPEECH IN THE DRILL HALL.  
His Eminence, who was vociferously cheered, the audience rising en masse, said he thanked them from his heart for the way in which they had given him welcome. He felt that for the year past he had been their debtor, and he had had the very unpleasant sensation of outrunning the constable (laughter); but he appealed to their rev. friend in the chair, who came to him last year when he was in Manchester, and he saw that his excuse was not mere words, but that he was in a condition which made it absolutely impossible for him to be in Wigan. He had, however, never forgotten his promise, and though both Father Chapman and Kirwan, with singular slyness, had tried to entangle him in another promise to come to Wigan hereafter, he could only say this, that nothing but the fear of making a promise which he could not keep hindered him making that promise then with all his heart (applause). Well, now he thought he could not do better than tell them what he saw the other day. They, he had no doubt, had read some account of it in the public newspapers, but those accounts could never have given to them the slightest impression of what was the beauty or what was the joy—the innocent joy—of some twenty thousand members of the League of the Cross at their great festival at the Crystal Palace. He saw on that day a most beautiful procession, he was bold to say that the procession of last year, in which Father Nugent assembled all his followers, with all their banners, did not equal the magnificent procession of the twenty-six or twenty-seven branches of the League of the Cross with their beautiful, but with their splendid banners, with sacred emblems of the faith upon them, surrounding that great garden in the full sunshine, with their bands, young and old, on the day of that great festival. He said to himself those multitudes were gathered together there not for a political cause or even for a benefit society, but they had come there as members of a total abstinence society, as bearing witness to the blessings which they had brought down upon themselves and their homes, by having made that pledge and by having faithfully kept it. If it

was possible, something more beautiful, and, to his mind, something more touching occurred at the conclusion of that festival. There was, as he was assured, not less than 2000 Catholic children, members of the League of the Cross, singing in that great orchestra of the Crystal Palace, and singing most beautifully under never heard sweeter tones with all the infantile beauty of childlike voices, through music which had been chosen with great skill, and they had been trained to sing it with singular excellency. He said to himself there were 2000 children in whom he had this perfect confidence, that every one of them was in the practice of their religion living in constant communion, always present at the Holy Mass, living lives of prayer, and had never tasted, or if they had tasted, had renounced for ever all intoxicating drink. He hoped, and felt confident that Father Chapman and Father Kirwan would not rest satisfied until they had a great festival of the League of the Cross at Wigan, with all their banners and all their bands, and with a concert of children in the evening (applause). And now he really hardly knew what he had to say, and how he could make them hear at the end of the hall. Nevertheless he was their debtor, and they expected him to say something. Could he say anything that he had not said again and again in all those years past? Could he say anything which those enemies of his—the newspapers, those recording angels, malignant agents to him, had not taken down, for they took down every word that he said, and what he said in one place he could not say in another without being found out? (laughter). Nevertheless he must submit to that humiliation, and he must say once more something that he had said again and again, and he felt it was due to them to refer to the reason why he should go about the country in the manner he did. What should he say? Well, he hardly knew what word he ought to use.  
HE WAS NOT AN AGITATOR.  
And he did not come upon the stump (laughter). He was not a commercial traveller, but he did go about, and wherever he went it was the monotonous song always of total abstinence. Well, he could understand some of them saying how could he justify such a line of conduct, had he not work to do at home, and he was not old enough to know better (laughter). Well, he would endeavor to give some reason, and his reasons were these: He believed that the present traffic in intoxicating drink, with all the consequences which followed from it, was the greatest sin, shame, folly, and danger in our country. When he said the greatest sin he did not apply it to the trade, but to the consequences of the trade, and he wished before he said anything, to guard himself from any misunderstanding. He never yet had assailed brewer, distiller, or publican. He believed that the trade in intoxicating drink was quite as legal by the law of England; had been as much encouraged, fostered, aided, and abetted by the public opinion of the country, and by all the influences of the country, as slavery was in the last century; and, therefore, as he knew that some of the noblest-hearted and most benevolent men, and most just in all their dealings, were slave holders by inheritance, and he felt it was due to them to refer to the slavery until their consciences were opened, and their eyes were opened, and he treated the brewers, distillers, and publicans with respect, but he could not treat their traffic with toleration. Some years ago there was a report drawn up by the American consul in England, at the request of the United States Government, and it was sent into the state of factory labour in this country as compared with factory labour in the United States, and the result of that examination was that factory workers here lost at least one day a week, and the explanation of that was the prevalence of intoxicating drink. The commercial prosperity of this country rested upon its industry, and that industry rested upon the sobriety, the regularity, the self-control of the hands by which that great commercial prosperity was created (hear, hear). Anybody who knew the condition of the people, who were behind the scenes, knew that with the long hours of toil when Sunday came many people spent their morning in bed and stayed there until noon, that arising very often from the indulgence of the Saturday night. The afternoon of Sabbath was spent in the public-house, and when Monday came they were unfitted for work, and he was informed that there were more accidents on a MONDAY

than any other day. And why? Because there were more unsteady eyes than on any other day. He recollected in 1831-33 that the heads of some men in England were turned by French political economy, and they endeavored to introduce a permissive law so that Sunday labour might still continue. Now, what was the result? The question was discussed and dealt with, and they had it on the evidence of the physicians, and also on the evidence of such men as Lombard, who, as the human body, like a machine, could only stand a certain amount of work, and if it was overworked, it would be destroyed or would soon break down. Was there anything in a man beginning to spree on the Saturday night, and continuing his orgie over Sunday? Certainly not. Such conduct destroyed his own health, and rendered his home unhappy. It turned the Lord's day into a day of feasting and a day of revelry, and where could there be happiness with such a state of things? On what did the peace and happiness of the country rest but on a peaceful and happy people, and how could a people be peaceful and happy if there was not peace and love at home. He knew, and he had cause to know, with very great sorrow, that many of people lived in homes that were not fit for habitation, and that families were housed in single rooms that did not deserve the name of home. He knew that it was difficult to maintain domestic life in its purity in such a state as that, and yet he knew that fine houses, costly furniture, and great decoration of the walls would not make a home. No home could be respectable where there was intoxicating drink permitted. On sobri-

ety rested the domestic life of the people, and no one dared to deny that drunkenness wrecked the domestic life and created untold misery. He looked upon intoxicating drink as the most subtle, the most perilous, and the most bitter enemy which human love and home life could possibly have, and they were there was always danger. They might be told that it had formed the League of the Cross. He did nothing of the kind. It was Father Mathew who formed the League of the Cross (cheers). Some years ago  
HE WAS WAITED UPON BY SOME OF HIS WORKING-MEN FRIENDS  
in London and asked to talk to them as to what they should do to form a Catholic total abstinence society for London. They met, and the first thing he said was, "If there is any one here who took the pledge from Father Mathew let him hold up his hand," and there were sixteen hands held up by men who had belonged to total abstinence societies. From that small beginning the League of the Cross had gradually gone on increasing in numbers, and at the present time they numbered more than 150 branches spreading over England, Wales, Scotland, and, he was happy to say, Ireland, where the League of the Cross was making great progress. As they loved their neighbour, they were bound to do something more than talk. They should see an example, and that example would be something more powerful than words. For the sake of those they loved they must set an example, and decline to take that which was unprofitable and was not wholesome, and to practice self-denial. They must love their neighbour. Their neighbours meant those who were bound together in the Christian name, and therefore he called upon all, whether they needed it or not, to deny themselves for the sake of others. He had to thank the good people of Wigan for the welcome they had given him, and though he came there with an overburdening feeling of the debtor that he was, he should go away with a feeling that he had paid the debt that evening (cheers).

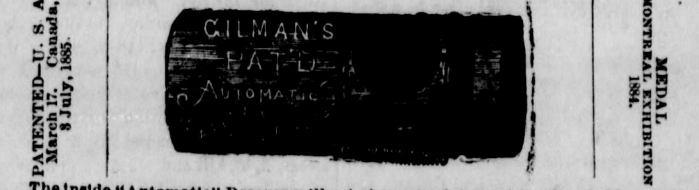
**A Brave Fireman.**

Baltimore Mirror.  
Brave men who risk their lives for their fellows are always worthy of honor. At the convention of the National Association of Fire Engineers at Long Branch last week, ex-Chief Sexton, of St. Louis, told the following story:  
"Phelim O'Toole," said he, "was an Irish sailor, who came into the St. Louis fire department while I was the chief. A better, braver, or harder worker I never had under me. It was only when he had a whisky on him that he was contrary, and then he was a regular Tartar. But, as a rule, he was as strong as an ox and as gentle as a child. He was promoted for bravery until he became foreman of Skinner's Truck. One bitter night in the winter of 1874 the Southern Hotel caught fire. It was an awful fire. When all but one corner had been consumed we were horror-stricken to find that Prof. Reiss, of Washington University, and his wife were in the sixth story. Phelim at once started up a ladder, taking a rope with him. He was 95 feet above the ground when he found that the ladder was 15 feet short.  
"Take some sheets and tie one end up there and then let them drop," he yelled.  
"The professor was almost overpowered with smoke, but he got up just what he was told. In two minutes the sheets tied together were secured above and the other end lowered to Phelim. The draught kept it out of his reach. He eyed it for a minute. There was a crowd of 20,000 people watching him. Then he jumped for the sheet and caught it and went up hand over hand till he got into the window. Then, as you would have thought that the people had gone crazy, they cried and shouted and laughed at the same time. Well, to make a long story short, he got them down all right, and got down himself, too, just in time, for we had barely cleared the street when the wall fell.  
"Phelim got a medal, of course. He was killed at a \$10 fire in a cellar afterward by the explosion of an extinguisher. The man who turned out to be a general. Mr. and Mrs. Reiss cried like babies over his grave, and they often visit the grave now."  
What a poem could not the Pike county ballad singer or John Doyle O'Reilly make out of this!

"Jennie," said a venerable Scotchman to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her favored suitor to the altar, "it is a solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," she replied, "but it is a great deal solemnier now."  
How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.  
Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.  
Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.  
A Speedy Cure.  
As a speedy cure for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Colic, Cramps, Sick Stomach, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and all forms of Summer Complaints, there is no remedy more reliable than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Dealers who sell it and those who buy it are on mutual grounds in confidence of its merits.  
NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.  
Highest Praise.  
The well-known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for Summer complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and all Bowel Complaints.

**DEFEAT OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.**

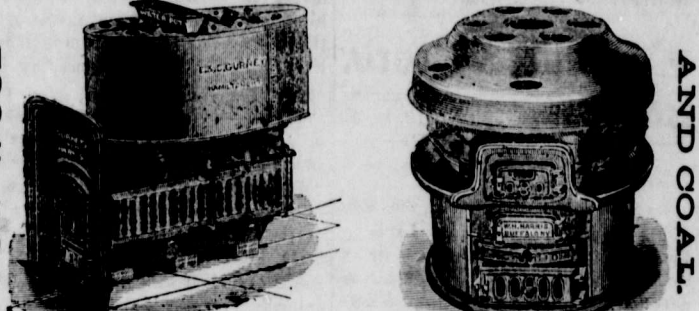
**DOWN WITH HIGH PREMIUMS ON INSURANCE POLICIES—JUST PATENTED—THE LATEST AND BEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.**



The Inside "Automatic" Damper will act at once and never fail. It is held open by a composition that will burn when the flame reaches it, but will not melt by any fire that can be placed in the stove, no matter how much fuel is put on. This damper never closes, except the stovepipes are actually on fire.  
The Ventilating Damper is a great saver of fuel. It is highly approved of by the medical profession, as it is the best Ventilator known. It will save thousands of homes and many lives this winter.  
These Dampers will save 10,000 times their cost in case of fire. By using them your burning and wasting is successful, and risks nearly cancelled. Your property is safe against fire. As a life-saving apparatus it has no equal. They are fitted in an ordinary length of stovepipe—no trouble and fixing them. When placed near the wall they greatly improve the appearance of room.  
Price of stovepipe, containing Gilman's Automatic Safety Dampers, with extra composition bands, best polished iron, \$1.50.  
For other stoves, Furnaces, etc., we are manufacturing a Patent Cast-iron Damper, on same principle, same to be fixed in brickwork of chimney.  
To Agents \$10.00 per doz., C.O.D. U. S. Patent for sale.

F. J. GILMAN, Patentee.  
804 Craig-St., Montreal.

**Examine Their Superior Merit!**  
**GURNEY'S**  
**NEW HARRIS HOT AIR FURNACES.**



FOR WOOD AND COAL.  
The Most Effective, Clean, Durable and Economical Heaters in the Market for Residences. Offer young Men and Ladies, Public Buildings, stores and Private Homes. Simple in construction and easily managed, capable of giving more heat with less consumption of fuel than any other heating apparatus. Absolutely Safe. Tight. Several sizes are made and can be set either in Brick or Portable Form. Correspondence solicited. For Catalogues and further information address

**THE E. & C. GURNEY CO.**  
(LIMITED)  
**HAMILTON.**

**CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
HAMILTON, ONT.  
A superior Business College. The largest in Canada. Offer young Men and Ladies, and complete course of ACTUAL BUSINESS TRAINING. Students enter anytime. For Catalogue apply to R. E. GALLAGHER, Principal.

**Boyal Canadian Insurance Co**  
FIRE AND MARINE.  
**J. BURNETT, AGENT.**  
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**MONEY TO LOAN**  
AT 6% PER CENT.  
**J. BURNETT & CO**  
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**RETIRING FROM BUSINESS—**  
Feather beds, pillows, etc.—Health-care. Largest stock of house furnishings in the city.—R. S. MURRAY & CO.  
**W. HINTON**  
(From London, England.)  
**UNDERTAKER, & CO.**  
The only house in the city having a Child's Mourning Carriage.  
FIRST-CLASS HEARSES FOR HIRE.  
202, King St., London. Private Residence 254 King Street.

**Wicks for Sanctuary Lamps.**  
F. MEAGHER'S EIGHT-DAY WICKS, for Sanctuary Lamps, burn a week without interference. Post free. Six boxes, which lasts a year. Dollar notes are accepted.  
REV. R. W. MEAGHER,  
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**THE LONDON MUTUAL**  
The only Fire Mutual licensed by the Dominion Government. The successful pioneer for over a quarter of a century doing the largest business in Canada, and still increasing.  
**OVER 41,000 MEMBERS.**  
Mr. JOSEPH A. HUTTON has been appointed agent and surveyor for the city proper and London West and South. Mr. JAMES McLEOD continues to act for London East, etc. These gentlemen will attend to the renewal of existing risks, and collect new business on the well known favorable terms of the Company.  
D. O. MACDONALD,  
MANAGER.  
London, 7th June, 1894.

**RETIRING FROM BUSINESS—**  
Oilcloths, cooco matting, Indian matting, Imperial matting, wool and Indian mats at cost.—R. S. MURRAY & CO.

**FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.**  
are among the leading  
**GROCERS**  
IN ONTARIO.  
An Immense Stock of Goods always on hand, fresh and good. Wholesale and Retail.  
A CALL SOLICITED.  
**FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.**  
180 DUNDAS STREET.  
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**HAIR BALM**  
Increases growth of the hair. Prevents the hair from falling out. Restores the hair to its natural color. Will not soil the clothing. A pleasant dressing guaranteed harmless. Prepared by HARKNESS AND CO. DRUGGISTS, London, Ont.  
Sold by druggists and patent medicine dealers.

**THE KEY TO HEALTH.**  
**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**  
Unclogs all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Irritations of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Scrofula, Fluctuating of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS.  
Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size \$1.  
For sale by all dealers.  
J. E. & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

**ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.**  
Stained Glass for Churches, Public and Private Buildings.  
FURNISHED IN THE BEST STYLE and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.  
**STAINED GLASS WORKS.**  
424 RICHMOND ST.  
**R. LEWIS.**

**BANK OF LONDON IN CANADA.**  
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED.....\$1,000,000  
PAID UP.....200,000  
RESERVE FUND.....50,000  
**DIRECTORS:**  
Henry Taylor, President; John Labatt, Vice-President; W. R. Meredith, O. C. M. P. J. Banks, Secretary Water Commissioners; W. Duffield, President of the City Gas Company; F. B. Levy; Benjamin Cronyn, Barrister; Thos. Kent, President London Loan Company; Thos. Long, of Long & Bro, Merchants and Millers, Collierywood; J. Morrison, Governor British America Insurance Company, Toronto.  
**HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.**  
A. M. SMART, Manager.  
**BRANCHES—INGERSOLL, PETROLEA, WATFORD, DRESDEN.**  
Agents in the United States—The National Park Bank.  
Agents in Britain—The National Bank of Scotland.  
Drafts on all parts of Canada, and American and Sterling Exchange bought and sold. Collections made on all accessible points, and a general banking business transacted. SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT—Deposits received and interest allowed thereon.

The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 45 St. James Street, London, Ontario.

Catholic Record. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1888.

DIocese of London.

On Sunday last, the 4th inst., the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, His Lordship the Bishop of London delivered a most eloquent and instructive discourse on the devotion of the Rosary, to a crowded congregation at High Mass in St. Mary's Church in this city.

REFORM IN IRELAND.

What does Ireland need? Our readers have frequently followed discussions of this great question in the columns of this journal. We have time and again pointed out that which Ireland required to become one of the happiest and most prosperous nations in the world.

"When Irishmen become manly enough to rise above petty hate, and can honor the British flag, there will be some hope for him arising to such a plane of noble and Christian action as to be a source of strength to the cause of national prosperity instead of being a disgrace to himself and a reproach to his manhood and religion. Ireland for comers instead of for chaos!"

THE COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.

It is now definitely stated that after examination by the College of the Propaganda the Holy Father has approved the various acts and decrees of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore. His Holiness in his farewell audiences given the Bishop of Cleveland and Fort Wayne referred in highest terms of approval and gratification to the labors of the Council, to the general work of the Catholic Hierarchy, and spoke with pleasure of the wonderful progress of the Church in America.

hood. He informs us that the Irishman of to-day, while crying loudly and excitedly for liberty, would not let his neighbour live according to the dictates of his conscience; that while wonderfully religious he is not Christian; that he cannot forgive and does not love his enemies.

THE CHOLERA.

It is now stated that there have been about one hundred thousand deaths from cholera in the south of Europe. There are even reports to the effect that the plague has reached the suburbs of Paris, while the death rate in Spain shows no tangible diminution.

THE COMING CONTEST.

Both political parties in England have now issued declarations of policy to the people, and the battle for place and power is now consequently well reduced to distinct lines and clear issues. Mr. Parnell long ago issued his statement of the policy of the Irish party. He demanded for Ireland the restoration of her parliament, for which he was vigorously denounced by the British press and the leader of the British radicals.

THE EASTERN EMBROGLIO.

The periodical springing against Turkish rule were not, it is now evident, definitely allayed by the Treaty of Berlin. The Roumanian trouble is an illustration of the truth that the Sultan's authority is borne with the utmost ill-grace and impotence by his Christian subjects.

tion. The prospects for the Irish party are most brilliant. The greater Ireland of America is already astir as to the necessity of strengthening the hands of the Irish leader. Meetings held throughout America demonstrate the intensity of the interest felt on this side of the Atlantic in the coming contest.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

We were pleased to notice in the Western Catholic, of Chicago, of a recent date, the following complimentary remarks concerning the noble work now being performed in the cause of higher education by the learned and pious Basilian Fathers.

BLESSING OF A NEW SEPARATE SCHOOL.

On Friday morning, the Feast of the Holy Angels Guardian, His Lordship the Bishop solemnly blessed the new Separate School-house, erected on Queen's Avenue by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

by their works, the life-giving and useful lessons which will therein be imparted to them. His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Fathers Northgrave, Dunphy, Walsh and Kennedy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following telegram was sent to Mr. Parnell, in England: Ten thousand Chicago American citizens in mass meeting send \$10,000 through Dennis O'Connor to Dr. Rolly for election expenses, and will gladly give their share for a permanent fund to sustain members after election, or to aid Irish liberty in any other way determined upon by the Irish people in Ireland.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

A large meeting of sympathizers with the Irish nationalist movement was held at New York a few days ago. Lengthy resolutions were adopted setting forth the grievances of Ireland. It was also decided to send fifty of the representative men of our race in the United States to assist the Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell and his associates in the hustings for the purpose of electing candidates selected and approved of by that heroic and trusted leader.

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On the 29th of September the Hon. Sullivan, lately appointed to the Senate of Canada, was tendered a complimentary banquet at the American Hotel, Kingston. We are pleased to note that among those who met on this occasion were some of the most prominent and respected men of the Dominion.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

"What cabled nonsense is this about Archbishop Walsh sending instructing circulars to the priests all over Ireland regarding the coming elections? What an ignorant liar is this cable! Archbishop Walsh exercises no jurisdiction over the priests of Ireland. His mandatory powers are confined to the limits of his own archdiocese." But what does the cable care about facts. He retains his place for a purpose. This purpose is to belittle Ireland and the Irish people. Cannot we have his name? It would be interesting, at all events, to know who the person is, as also from what source he obtains his information as regards Irish affairs.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance recently held a meeting in Toronto, at which, we are informed, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Whereas it is desirable and in the interest of Temperance Reform that Prohibitionists should be elected as representatives in educational, municipal, and Parliamentary bodies, therefore we, the undersigned, do hereby agree to unite in an organization to be called the 'Temperance Electoral Union, and pledge ourselves to support for educational, municipal, and Parliamentary positions only candidates who are known and professed Prohibitionists and who will vote for the enacting, sustaining, and enforcing of Prohibitory legislation." When voting time comes in Parliamentary and other elections nine out of ten of the most pronounced Prohibitionists will be found working with might and main on the old party lines.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

At the recent banquet tendered the Irish leader in Dublin the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, P. P., said he spoke in obedience to the request of Mr. Parnell, whose every wish he regarded as a sacred duty. He declared for the Irish priesthood that they had been always in the front rank when the cause of their country and of their faith was advocated. He believed, moreover, he spoke the truth in saying that the priesthood never rallied around any leader with greater devotion than they felt and exhibited for the present great chieftain. One feeling animated them—they felt that at length they had found in Mr. Parnell a man whose wisdom would inevitably lead the priests and people to victory. The Irish priesthood had always shown unselfishness. No other priesthood on the face of the earth had so glorious and noble a record. The Irish people had proved themselves worthy of that devotion. He felt it a special honor to have said a few words to that assembly, which gave him consolation and hope that the day of victory is near.

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

A prominent newspaper of Boston, in reviewing the cause of the bitter animosity shown Mr. Parnell by public men and newspapers in England, says: "It has long been suspected that the refusal to give Ireland a fair chance, by just and equal laws, has been founded on mercenary considerations. It is now clear enough that Mr. Parnell's demand for substantial independence is regarded with great alarm, from its anticipated injurious effect upon trade and manufactures in England. The Irish leader and his friends are treading upon toes that are very sensitive, when he proposes a plan which will allow Ireland to legislate for its own

interests, and thus interfere with principles of free trade so earnestly advocated in England these latter years. The words of Lord Hartington are, 'impossible and never.' The demand for national independence," the Times exclaims, 'only answered by the word 'impossible.' The Post says, 'The Tories will make treason with treason.' Mr. Bright recently denounced some of the Irish leaders, and Birmingham and Sheffield with all the trade centres, will soon be full cry against a policy which is slated to affect the sordid interests of a nation of shopkeepers."

MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

A Nationalist county convention nominating candidates for seats in Parliament, was held at Wicklow on Sunday, Parnell, on the opening of the convention delivered an address in which he urged upon action and self-sacrifice of partial ambitions in selecting candidates for the party. He referred to Wicklow as a splendid harbor, which, he said, tested that Irishmen were capable of doing work when not fettered by the English Government. Remarks of the Hon. Rule leader created great enthusiasm. The convention unanimously selected William Joseph Corbit, the present member, and Garrett Byrne as candidates. Parnell, speaking at an open air meeting after the Convention, said he would stop all diabolical proceedings, outrages and thirst for disunion. Irish would then become like their countrymen in the British colonies, citizens and props to the constitution. The London News blames Parnell for denouncing boycotting, but admits otherwise his speech was fair and moderate. It is possible, the News says, the voice with which he spoke was as Churchill's as Parnell's.

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MR. PARNELL'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN. Be assured that no words of mine all express the feelings of pride and gratitude which I feel towards you. I am inspired me with that you should undertake at so much expense labor to evince your friendliness and affix the stamp of your approval on my career thus publicly, is a deed to me indeed, and a very pleasant one. In all our varied social relations I am more eagerly sought after, and more carefully treated than in the respect of our fellow-citizens. I know all our merits and defects have watched us through all our life and their kindly grasp and recognition please and stimulate gain their approval has in all our undertakings. That you should do this, the noblest achievement of great men must be my gratification. I behold so many of my fellow-representing all classes and creeds here to compliment me on my career. For over forty years, I am a man, I have been a dweller in Exeter never absent on pleasure, except on week, when called away on duty, and back with pleasure. I return to the North-West entailed on me poet said "I dragged a length chain" and realized how attached to the old town. And now, when it would not seem inappropriate, my reasons for the attachment over in rapid review my career. Well, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I inherited nothing but an honest self-dependence, honorable example of a shadow of regret comes that he to whom I owe so much living to witness this crowning of his labors, this compliment principles of honesty, self-duty which he inculcated on me, he gave me a constant example of the "Athens of the West," and making its name reverenced by the best blood of who come here to slake their knowledge at its fountains, and

and thus interfere with principles of free trade so earnestly advocated in England these latter years. The words of Lord Hartington are, 'impossible and never.' The demand for national independence," the Times exclaims, 'only answered by the word 'impossible.' The Post says, 'The Tories will make treason with treason.' Mr. Bright recently denounced some of the Irish leaders, and Birmingham and Sheffield with all the trade centres, will soon be full cry against a policy which is slated to affect the sordid interests of a nation of shopkeepers."

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Kyrie Eleison.

In joy, in pain, in sorrow,
Psalms, Thy name we praise...

Cork.

The ignorance and prejudice of Englishmen respecting everything Irish is admirably illustrated...

In the evening, Mr. Davitt delivered a lecture to the Young Men's Society. Lord Dunally was found dead in his bed, at Killybeg, Sept. 10.

now he informs the public, through the medium of the London Times, that no one would have a chance of being elected who is not prepared to take the pledge...

What is Catarrh? Catarrh is a dangerous disease which thousands are consciously or unconsciously suffering from.

Evans Bros. & Littler PIANO MANUFACTURERS 73 DUNDAS STREET WEST.

My Lesson. Only to rest where He puts me. Only to do what He made me. Only to be what He made me.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin.

On Sunday, September 5, Dr. Kevin Isod O'Doherty was entertained by the medical staff of St. Vincent's hospital, at a picnic near Blessington.

Wicklow.

On Sept. 4, the Bray Branch of the National League presented Mr. Davitt with an illuminated address in memory of the expiration of his sentence.

Wexford.

Mr. Townshend, agent over the Killooley estate, near Ullingford, attended at Killooley, recently, to receive rents from tenants.

Longford.

On Sept. 6, an important National League meeting came off at Newtownforbes, about 10,000 persons being present.

King's County.

Mr. A. Curran, Q. C., sat in the Court House, Philipstown, on Sept. 5, for the revision of the Voters' Lists for the divisions of Edenderry, Rhode, &c.

Tipperary.

On Sunday, Sept. 6, Mr. Davitt arrived in Thurles, and was warmly received. At the Presbytery a public meeting was held, and addresses from the Town Commissioners and the Young Men's Society were presented to him.

After a long and sustained wrestling-match, Mr. Gilhooly, of Barry, brought landlord Payne, of the same place, rather painfully to the ground.

On Aug. 29, Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, sub-Sheriff of Down County, proved himself able to seize but wholly unable to be seized by the growing crops of Hugh Derrycor, near Newry.

On Sept. 11, at Abbeyfeale, there was great excitement owing to the sale of cattle of Michael Broderick, seized for rent at the suit of the Earl of Dunraven.

Two of the three men—Patrick O'Donnell, William Keen—at Inch, who took grazing land from boycotted landlords, have publicly announced that they have surrendered the lands at Strasburg to the steward of the landlord, Mr. Stackpole.

On Sept. 6, on the sea coast near Lisdoonvarna, two girls (sisters) named respectively Anne and Mary Connell, residing at Rosdunlin, went out upon the rocks to gather dillisk.

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A large farmer, named John Good-fellow, residing at Cullyhanna, near Newtownhamilton, county Armagh, has been boycotted by his neighbors simply because he refused to join the National League, a branch of which was started on the 15th of August last.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has been invited to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna.

Messrs. Healy and Deasy, M. P.'s, attended an immense National meeting, held in Derry, on the night of September 5, Mr. James Col McLaughlin presiding.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough, November 29, 1881. Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup.

On Aug. 23, a posse of police, accompanied by Gerald O'Connor, agent to Lord Dunville, proceeded to the residence of an old man and his sister, both over eighty years of age.

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YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY, CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART, LONDON, ONT.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, SARNIA, ONT.—This institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and liberal education.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONT.—This Institution is pleasantly located in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit, and combines in its system of education, great facilities for acquiring the French language.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATELAIN, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies, this institution is pleasantly situated in the town of Chatelain, 5 miles from Detroit.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.—The studies embrace the classical and commercial courses. Terms (including all expenses) for one year, \$100 per annum.

Professional. FRANCIS ROUBE, M. D., PHYSICIAN, Surgeon, etc. Office and residence, 213 West 10th Street, London, Ont.

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NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY The object of this Agency is to supply to the regular dealer, at a very low rate, according to the security offered, principal payable at 100 days.

CARRIAGES. W. J. THOMPSON, King Street, Opposite Bevers House.

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES IN THE DOMINION. Special Cheap Sale During Exhibitions.

CHURCH PEWS. SCHOOL FURNITURE. The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture.

Bennett Furnishing Company, LONDON, ONT., CANADA. References: Rev. Father Bayard, Sarnia; Leonard Brantford; Molphy, Ingersoll; Corcoran, Yorkville; Kingston; and Rev. Bro. Arnold, Montreal.

permanently cured, or no pay. The worst case guaranteed. Pamphlets and references, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

My Lesson.

Only to rest where He puts me, Only to do His will...

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

Take heed to yourselves, lest, perhaps, you be overtaken by the surging and drunkenness, and the cares of this life.

These words of our Lord recorded by St. Luke contain a very direct admonition against intemperance and its associate vices.

Gluttony and drunkenness are closely allied, inasmuch as the former is generally associated with excessive eating, and the latter is used to denote excess in strong drink.

There are many passages of Holy Scripture that show forth the dangers of drunkenness.

In the Old Testament we read that Noah and Lot were both taught by sad experience the shame and degradation arising from the loss of self-control through the excessive use of intoxicating drinks.

No sanction can be found in the Bible for the opinion that intemperance is a pardonable weakness.

It is a very long time ago, indeed, since this vice of drunkenness was first condemned by the authorized teachers of religion.

The Apostles sent forth by our Lord to teach all nations, strenuously inculcated the duty of sobriety and watchfulness on each individual Christian.

St. Paul especially insist on this personal vigilance as being of the utmost importance.

Being sober, hope perfectly for that grace which is offered you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

St. Paul teaches the same lesson of personal vigilance in these words: "Let us watch and be sober, having on the breastplate of faith and charity, and for a helmet, the hope of salvation."

Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of disease, are those incident to the Summer and Fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for use in emergency.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold.

My trouble always came after eating any food— However slight.

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most excruciating pains.

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me. At last I heard a good deal about your Hop Bitters!

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of One!

Now say I was out of bed, and have not seen a "tick"!

Hour, from the same cause, since, I have recommended it to hundreds of others.

Downright Cruelty. To permit yourself and family to "suffer"!

With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily.

With Hop Bitters!!! None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label.

F. Burrows, of Wilkesport, writes that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflammation of the lungs, solely by the use of five bottles of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure.

A Reformed Liar.

Council Bluffs Herald. There is a young man in this city—a good-looking young fellow—who has a sweethearth out in the country a few miles, and he spends two hours every evening in her society.

He had hardly begun to chuckle over the success of his strategy when the girl's mother put in an appearance armed with a mustard plaster a foot square and a ten-horse drawing power.

The girl immediately proceeded to slap the small of the young man's back, where he had incautiously located the damage to his frame.

For two mortal hours that woman sat by the bed, and was not satisfied until she beheld with her own eyes a blister an inch deep.

"Consumption Cure" would be a trustworthy name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

The most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease.

It is a singular fact that the cheapness of an article should even temporarily retard its sale, and yet that was the experience of Messrs. Tuckett & Son in the introduction of their now celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco.

People who had been in the habit of smoking the finest Virginia tobacco, could not for a time be made to believe that they were offered the same article at about one half the old price, and it was only by slow degrees that they were induced to put the question to the test of an actual trial.

A Sure Indication. Wherever there are festering sores, blotches, pimples and boils appearing, it indicates an extremely bad condition of the blood which should be speedily cleansed by that best of all medicines Burdock Blood Bitters.

H. A. McLaughlin, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Northrop & Lynn's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."

It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver, Constipation, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.

Fatal Attacks. Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of disease, are those incident to the Summer and Fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for use in emergency.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold.

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The Social Curse.

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the lives of more women, ruined more homes for them, brought to them more sorrow, scattered more fortunes for them, cursed them with more brutality, shame and hardship than any other that lives.

There are thousands of women who are widows to-day, who sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink.

There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love the intoxicating bowl better than the women they have sworn to love.

There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, caused by bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink.

There is no exaggeration in the sentiment in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can picture anything worse than the truth, and no poet is capable of portraying the truth.

Tricks on the Tracks! DANGERS FROM WHICH ENGINEERS SAVE THE PUBLIC AND THEMSELVES.

The Railway Review. One who is accustomed to railway traveling can scarcely realize how much he is dependent for safety upon the engineer.

Added to the responsibility of their station, engineers are also in constant danger of accidents caused by the tricks of jealous rivals.

This rivalry, it is said, sometimes prompts to the doing of utterly mean tricks. A Nickel Plate engineer after his very first trip was laid off because he had "cut out" all the bearings of his engine.

He was re-instated, however, after he proved that some rival had filled his oiling can with emery. Another new engineer was suspended for burning out the flues of his boiler.

Through grief at the loss of his position he died, and then a conscience-stricken rival confessed that he had put oil in the tank so that it foamed and showed water at the top gauge, when in reality there was scarcely a quart in the boiler!

These intense jealousies, together with the terrible anxiety incident to their work, has a terribly straining effect on the nerve, and statistics tell us that though Locomotive Engineers may look strong and vigorous, they are not all a hearty class.

Ex-Chief Engineer A. S. Hampton, Indianapolis, Ind., (Div. 143) was one of those apparently hearty men, but he says: "The anxiety, strain and jolting came near finishing me."

His sufferings localized in catarrh of the bladder, but he used Warner's safe cure faithfully for twenty weeks and now exclaims, "I am a well man." T. S. Ingram, of Cleveland, Ohio, assistant Chief engineer, and other prominent members are also emphatic in its praise.

The locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has 17,000 members and 240 divisions. Its headquarters is in Cleveland, Ohio, where Chief Engineer Arthur for twenty years has exercised almost dictatorial sway.

It was organized in August, 1863, by the employees of the Michigan Central. It has given nearly two million dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members.

One Experience of Many. Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food— However slight.

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most excruciating pains.

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me. At last I heard a good deal about your Hop Bitters!

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Have You

Hot and dry skin! Scalding sensations! Swelling of the ankles! Vague feelings of unrest!

Unaccountable aching in the bowels! Strangeness of the bowels! Short breath and pleuritic pains!

Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels!

Protrusion by day, wakefulness at night!

Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water!

Chills and fever! Burning patches of skin! Then YOU HAVE Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

The above symptoms are not developed in any form, but appear, disappear and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution.

SAFELY CURED has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

Notice. TO OUR NUMEROUS CONSUMERS.

On account of the tobacco crop of 1888 being so poor, we did not buy much, and selected only the best of it, as we always wish to keep our "T. & B. Myrtle" brand up to the standard.

Retiring from Business. Damask lace curtains, piano covers, embroidered cretonne table covers, velvet table covers, etc.

Freeman's Worm Powders. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purge.

The Chicago and North-Western Railway. The best route and Short-Line.

Chicago, Council Bluffs, and Omaha. The only line to take from Chicago or Milwaukee to Freeport, Clinton, Star Rapids, Marshalltown, Des Moines, Sioux Falls, Council Bluffs, Omaha, and all points West.

Short Line between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis. The best route to Madison, La Crosse, Ashland, Duluth, Winona, Huron, Aberdeen, Pierre, and all points in the North-West.

Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains. PALATIAL DINING CARS on through trains, between Chicago and Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Council Bluffs, Chicago and Omaha, and Chicago and Winona.

Minnesota. Cheap Homes on long time and Liberal Terms. The Stevens County Abstract and Real Estate Agency has One Million Acres of the Best Farming Lands.

Western Hotel. Farmers will consult their own interests when in London by stopping at the Western Hotel.

Retiring from Business. Brussels carpet, tapestry carpet, three-ply carpet, at cost.

London Business University. COURSE OF STUDY—Comprehensive and practical. Instruction, rapid and thorough.

The Forest City Business College. Corner Richmond and King Sts., London, Ont., J. W. Westervelt, late Principal of Woodstock Business College.

Sadlier's Catholic Text Books. ILLUSTRATED SPELLERS, READERS, HISTORIES. HEADLINE COPY BOOKS, ETC.

Sadlier's Dominion Catholic Speller. COMPLETE EDITION. PART I. PART II.

Sadlier's Ancient and Modern History, with Maps and Illustrations. Sadlier's Dominion Edition of Payson, Dunton and Scribner's.

Health for All!!! Holloway's Pills & Ointment. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.

THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers.

London (Canada) Postal Guide. MAILS AS UNDER.

Great Western Railway Going East—Main Line. Railway P. O. Mails for all places East of London and Eastern States.

