

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 8.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886

NO. 393.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.
126 Dundas Street,
Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.
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Catholic Mirror.

Agnes Dei.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

Agnes Dei, slain for me,
In the hill of Calvary,
Dying on the shameful tree,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Lamb of God, who lovest me,
Saved by Thy redemption free,
With Thy blood's pure crimson sea,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Lamb of God, who givest me
Heavenly immortality,
Let my soul be as white as snow,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, God of Love,
Whom the saints adore above,
Fill my heart, O heavenly Dove,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, throne in light,
Crowned with honor, grace and might,
Robe my soul in angel wings,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, heavenly King,
Let my soul be as white as snow,
At the eternal shining,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, Light Divine,
In my spirit ever shine;
Make me Thine, entirely Thine,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, faithful friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end,
Angel guards my sleep attend,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, when to death
Yield up my fleeting breath,
Crown me with Thy victor's wreath,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, God of grace,
Grant my soul a willing place
In the sunlight of Thy face,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

Agnes Dei, slain for all,
Bound in Satan's cruel thrall,
Lost to heaven in Adam's fall,
Hear thy children's cry.

Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Lamb of God, who lovest again,
By Thy sorrowing tears and pain,
Agnes Dei, slain for me.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Written for the Catholic Record.
SOUVENIRS OF GOOD FRIDAY IN JERUSALEM.

By a CANADIAN PILGRIM, 1884.

The thought that one is in Jerusalem is enough to fill the Christian breast with the liveliest emotions, but when we add to this the deep impressions of the true faith and the consideration that it is the greatest and most solemn day of the year—the anniversary day of our Lord's death—it becomes difficult indeed to describe the feelings which in turn rejoice and oppress the Catholic heart. It was my very great privilege, in company with a few pilgrim friends, to be in the holy city of Jerusalem on last Good Friday, and to be present at the offices of the Church both morning and evening. I could not try to describe our feelings, for that would be impossible; nor yet to give a detailed account of the various ceremonies, which would be too long; but a few notes from my diary concerning the morning offices and some fuller details of the evening services, especially the *Via Crucis*, or way of the Cross, may not be uninteresting.

Early on Good Friday morning we left the Austrian Hospice, at the foot of Mount Bezatha, in the north-eastern part of the city, where excellent lodgings had been provided for us by the good Franciscan Fathers, (their own Hospice or Casa Nova having been engaged for the French caravan on the way to Jerusalem) and crossing the Tyropean Valley, we ascended Mount Calvary on the western side of the city. The summit of this Mount is crowned by the great basilica of the Holy Sepulchre. As we went up the steep side of the mountain in silence in the early morning we thought of the day our dear Lord ascended it under the weight of His cross and our sins, and hurried on by the lashes and shouts of the soldiery and the people. The entrance to the church was guarded by Turkish soldiers stationed inside of the doors. Some of them were lounging on divans, others sitting with legs crossed and drinking coffee or smoking the narghileh. What a profanation on the very threshold of the most sacred edifice. But these are Pagan men and they know not what they do. We turned from them with pity and thought on our Lord's words, "weep for yourselves." The morning ceremonies had begun a few moments before our arrival. The Latin Patriarch, His Excellency Mgr. Bracco, was present with a few secular priests and a large number of Franciscan Friars from the convent of Saint Saviour. The numerous congregation was composed of Catholics of the Latin and Oriental rites, Schismatics and Protestants. And indeed from the levity and disrespect, or at least what we considered as such, although it may be the Oriental Schismatics' way of manifesting their religious sentiments, we judged there were also many Mussulman Arabs among the congregation. But we had seen during the office of Holy Thursday and learned more fully afterwards

that the Eastern Schismatics, especially of the Greek and Armenian rites, are less respectful and give more annoyance during Catholic ceremonies than Mahomedans, Turk or Arab. In the vicinity of the holy sepulchre where the Catholics were congregated and the ceremonies of the mass of the presanctified were being conducted, excellent order and decorum were maintained by Turkish soldiers and other officials; but in the passages of the Basilica, and in the subterranean chapels and corridors where guards were stationed here and there, we were pained to see that the decorum was in many places only that of the plebeian schismatic or native infidel. The guards at the entrance of the church were now about to close the doors, and all those who desired to prolong their stay in the church would be obliged to remain in it till mid day. Preferring to be free, we hastened up the stairs leading to the chapel of the *Stabat Mater* and the *Crucifixion* on the pinnacle of the mountain, said a short but I hope a fervent and earnest prayer, kissed the marble slabs covering the sacred rock and reached the outer doors just in time to see the frowning looks and hear the guttural murmurs of the impatient guards.

As the offices were to commence at a later hour in the Catholic churches, (for alas! we cannot call the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre a Catholic church), and entrance and exit were free at any time, we decided to repair to the church of the *Ecc Homo* on the *Via Dolorosa*. Here what a pleasing contrast to the bustle and mixed scenes of solemnity and levity we had just witnessed on Mount Calvary! The congregation consisted of a few Arab or native Catholics, the nuns with their pupils from the adjoining convent of the Daughters of Zion, the aged Father Ratisbonne, (since deceased) founder of the church and convent, and two or three of the priests, associated with him in the zealous work of the conversion of the Jews. All were silent, all were reverently kneeling, no rushing to and fro, no movement beyond the sanctuary railing, no voice broke the silence save that of the priests in their solemn chants and of the children in the thrice repeated wail: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

The church of the *Ecc Homo* is built on the spot where stood one of the pillars of the arch supporting the gallery from which Pilate showed our Lord to the Jews when he said, "Behold the man," and they answered "Crucify Him." (St. John xix chap.) Here the Jews persuaded Pilate to condemn Jesus; here in their malicious rage they cried out for the blood of the innocent Lamb and called down upon themselves and their children the malediction that follows them even to this day. The church and adjacent monastery of the Daughters of Zion were founded by the miraculously converted Jew, Marie Alphonse Ratisbonne, with the special object of the conversion of the Jews. And during my sojourn in the Holy City nothing struck me more than the ever memorable, plaintive and sympathetic manner in which the sisters and their pupils entoned immediately after the consecration of the Sacred Host, the words "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." This heart-rending cry for mercy was repeated thrice in ascending tones and with a thrilling pitifulness that brought tears from every eye. Oh! how that touching prayer must have pierced the clouds and been heard in heaven, for its reverence. I cannot even yet recall the scene to my mind and all the solemn circumstance accompanying it without shedding a tear. Surely such a supplication going forth from the hearts of so many innocent children will expiate the sacrilegious clamoring of the Jews uttered in this same spot, and reverse the anathema pronounced against their guilty race. Surely this great work of expiation will atone for the work of reprobation. Surely the God who permitted the first victim of the New Law to be dedicated to immolation amidst such awful blasphemies on this ground, will now deign to receive the same victim offered up on the altar of mercy, amid the tears and sighs of loving hearts, and vouchsafe at length to withstand the arm of his justice so long extended against his chosen but ungrateful people.

When the mass was over the superiors invited us to visit the Convent, and kindly conducted us through the classrooms, dormitories and other departments of the house. We learned from her that the monastery was founded in 1862, and a school immediately opened for the education of girls, especially those of Jewish parents. The good work has steadily progressed from the beginning, but the Sisters have to make great sacrifice to support the school and orphanage, the children being able in most cases to give little or no pecuniary aid. We admired very much the order in the classrooms and the dormitories, and the neat appearance of the children, who were of every type and color and all of them able to speak a little Italian and French.

On the terrace formed by the flat roof of the Convent the Sisters and the pupils take their recreation. It is charmingly laid out in flower plots, and avenues surrounded with all kinds of oriental plants and flowers, whose delicious aromas perfumes the air all around. What a delightful spot for reflection and meditation! Right before us to the south was the site of the palace of Pilate, and immediately behind it that of the temple of Solomon, now partially occupied by the Mosque of Omar; on our left, just beyond the torrent of Cedron, Mount Olivet rises heavenward out of the sombre valley of Josaphat, and across its entire extent from east to west, up to the house of Annas on the side of Mount Sion.

There is a tradition that when the mob were driving their adorable Prisoner over the brook of Cedron they threw Him down into the bed of the torrent, and to this day is shown in the dry bed of the Cedron, the rock on which He left His divine impress. I have seen not only Catholics but also Russian and Greek

schismatics descend into the brook and feverently kiss this rock.

In the house of Annas Jesus underwent His first examination and was denied by Peter and impudently struck by a vile slave. Here He taught His ministers the great lesson that they should be careful to preserve the purity and integrity of His doctrine; that while they may suffer in silence any imputation against their own character, they should be always ready and ever willing to expose themselves to any sacrifice in defence of the truth of Catholic faith. For when questioned before this tribunal concerning "His disciples and his doctrine" He who had borne in meekness and silence so many outrages and calumnies, fearlessly replied: "I have always taught in the synagogue and in the temple; whether all the Jews resort; and in secret I have spoken nothing."

If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil, but if well, why strikest thou Me?" (St. John, chap. 18.) The house of Annas is now a schismatic convent for Armenian nuns. It contains two small oratories and for scrupulous cleanliness and neatness it reminded me of some of our Canadian convents. Near the entrance to the church, brother Joseph pointed out a plot of small olive trees and assured us that according to a very ancient tradition these trees were offsets from the indestructible roots of the tree that existed there in the time of our Lord, and to which, according to the same tradition, His arms were tied for a while during the deliberations of his enemies on their arrival at the house of Annas.

From Annas Jesus was conducted to the tribunal of Caiaphas, a short distance further up the side of the Mount. At this tribunal the same interrogatory was repeated and new indignities heaped upon the adorable victim. Here Peter thrice denied his Master and swore that he knew Him not, thus realizing the prophecy of our Lord when he told Peter that "before the cock crew thou shalt deny Me thrice." Here Jesus deigned to cast upon His weak apostle that merciful glance which brought bitter grief to His heart and abundant and life-long tears to His eyes. Here "the men that held Him mocked Him and struck Him. And they blindfolded Him and smote His face. And they asked Him, saying, Prophecy who is it that struck Thee? And, blaspheming, many other things they said against Him." The house of Caiaphas is also in the possession of the schismatic Armenians, who have a fine Church and Convent here. In the Church we were shown the place called the Prison of our Lord. In this place Jesus was imprisoned during the last hours of the last night He passed on earth. A little altar designates the place where so much infamy was heaped upon the spotless lamb during that awful night.

It was now about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and quite a large number of Catholics were assembled in the *Via Dolorosa*, opposite the site of the Praetorium of Pilate, where now stands a Turkish barracks well garrisoned with soldiers. These men are fine-looking and gaily clad, but very insolent, especially on occasions like the present, while we were awaiting the arrival of the Franciscan Fathers from the convent of St. Saviour, who always conduct the exercises of the Way of the Cross, they crowded into the windows and up on the walls of the barracks and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely at our expense. Of course we could not understand their criticisms, but guessed the cause of their resentment; our costumes were to them as queer-looking as they were diversified, and our recollected and persuasive mien must have been quite sufficient to excite the hilarity of men who delight in profaning everything and every place the Christian world holds most venerable and sacred.

As soon as the Friars had arrived the barracks gates were opened, and with awe and reverence the silent congregation entered and proceeded to the spot designated as the site of the Praetorium of Pilate. Armed guards protected the entrance and soldiers were stationed around the barracks yard. The stone flags which cover the venerable ground are much broken and uncleanly kept. The soldiers play their military games every day on the sacred soil, and only deprecate it the more on account of the veneration shown it by the Christians. Centuries ago there was a beautiful church erected here in honor of the humiliations of the man God in the iniquitous sentence of Pilate, but no vestige of it now remains. Here then is the spot in which our Lord was condemned by Pilate, the Roman Governor, to die an ignominious death on the cross. In the sorrowful way it is the

1st STATION.
And after a few words of explanation and exhortation from the Father who conducted the exercises we all prostrated ourselves on the ground, and amid the surrounding uncleanness and the sneering of the soldiery, kissed affectionately the hallowed earth. It was indeed for us a solemn moment. We had come a long way to enjoy this privilege, to make the stations of the cross on Good Friday in Jerusalem. The thoughts and aspirations and fond and ardent desires of our life from boyhood were now being realized, and the deepest emotions seized us and overpowered us.

During the exercise the following order was observed at each Station. On arriv-

ing at the station all remained standing and uncovered while one of the Franciscan Fathers made a few historical remarks and gave a short touching exhortation; then all knelt and kissed the pavement, saying, "Adoramus te Christe, et benedicimus tibi," etc. (we adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, etc.) After this a short prayer was read, terminating with a Pater and Ave, etc., as may be found in any prayer book containing the Way of the Cross.

2nd STATION.
From the court of the Praetorium we returned by the same gate to the street and descended it in the direction of the Church of St. Ann and the gate of St. Stephen. After about three minutes we passed the Chapel of the Flagellation on the left side. Of this chapel I shall ever preserve the most vivid souvenir. It was in it I said my last Mass in the Holy City on the 26th of April.

After thanksgiving I venerated for the last time the spot immediately under the altar, and marked by a silver star as the place purpled by the blood of Jesus during the scourging at the pillar. Afterwards I stopped to kiss the feet of the faithful brother who was guardian of the shrine and devoutly protected it against irreverent and ill-will of Jewish infidels, but he ruthlessly pushed me away, uttering some pious ejaculation in Italian. Finding, however, that I insisted, and seeing my emotion, he finally arose, and throwing himself at my feet, forcibly embraced them. A few paces to the southeast of this chapel there can be seen in the thick stone wall of the barrack on the right side of the street traces of the stairs which led to the court of Pilate. At the first step of this stairway the cross was placed upon the shoulders of our Lord, and here the second station is made, the people kneeling in the street and facing toward the traces on the wall. This stairway, or *scola scelerata*, which Jesus ascended and descended four times on Good Friday morning, was brought to Rome by order of St. Helena, and is now richly enshrined near the Basilica of St. John of Lateran. It consists of twenty-eight marble steps covered with heavy wooden plank, and people always ascend it on their knees, and praying for a moment on each step, as I myself had the happiness of doing in 1877.

3rd STATION.
From the second station we retraced our steps in the *Via Dolorosa*, and re-passing the chapel of the Flagellation and the entrance to the Turkish barracks, arrive at a high arch spanning the street and supporting two large marble stones. This is the arch of the *Ecc Homo*, where Pilate uttered the words, "Behold the Man," when showing Jesus in his pitiful condition to the multitude, and the two marble stones are said to be the stones upon which Jesus and Pilate respectively stood while the latter was pronouncing his famous sentence of condemnation. Near this place on the left is shown the spot where Jesus was crowned with thorns. A little mosque is now erected there and the most conspicuous object in it is the tomb of a Jewish Rabbi, down the sloping street on the right hand we see the convent and chapel of Father Ratisbonne, and beyond them on the same side down towards the Tyropean Valley is the Hospice Anticrian, in charge of the good Franciscan Father who received us so hospitably and made us so comfortable and happy during our sojourn in the Holy City. Here the *Via Dolorosa* is interrupted by the street leading from the Gate of Damascus, and on the left corner at the basis of an immense stone wall is a broken column which indicates the place of the third station, where the Divine Victim fell exhausted the first time under the cross. There is a Catholic oratory here in which mass is usually said after the Oriental rite, but everything necessary for the celebration according to the Roman ceremonial is also provided for the accommodation of Latin priests. Over the altar there is a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Sorrow, lately imported from France. The distance from here to the second station is about 250 yards, being much the greatest distance between any of the stations.

4th STATION.
Following southward for fifty paces the street running from the Damascus Gate, we came to an obscure lane, diverging on the left in the direction of the Praetorium and the temple of Solomon; opposite this lane is the place where Jesus met His Mother on the way to Golgotha, and the fourth station. It is probable the Blessed Virgin was either in the temple or near the court of Pilate during the mock trial of her Son, and came unobserved by this dark passage to see Him as He passed. What a sad consolation for a Mother! The words of the preacher on the love of the mother for her child, and the anguish of this tragic meeting were very beautiful and affecting, and brought tears from many.

5th STATION.
A few steps further we reach the site of the house of Dives, on the right side of the street where Simon of Cyrene came to aid Jesus to carry His cross. A stone in the wall four feet from the ground shows the place of this station. I noticed in this stone a slight depression marked with a cross. This depression is said to have been made by the hand of Our Lord as He strovel it forth to prevent His falling under the weighty cross. I have seen with admiration crowds of Russian pilgrims kiss this stone and rub it with their foreheads; but the Jews, when passing by, spit upon it. This street being one of the principal avenues of trade and much frequented by strangers during Holy Week, we met with some difficulty in passing through it. An Arab guide for a party of English ladies and gentlemen, wished to break through our procession, but one of the Franciscan Fathers remonstrated with him and finally took hold of him and pushed him back. This of course caused a little commotion for a moment; but when the English had learned what was going on they honorably refused to follow

their guide and respectfully waited till the procession had left the street.

6th STATION.
At the fifth station the street turns abruptly westward, and the ascent from the Tyropean Valley soon becomes very steep and fatiguing. The sun was now scorching, the street crowded and suffocating, and as we had been out since early morning, we were fairly exhausted. But it was Good Friday, and we were in Jerusalem, following in the footsteps of Him whose heavy cross was surcharged with the burden of our many iniquities. A hundred paces up the street on the right side is pointed out the site of the house of Veronica and the place where she received in her handkerchief, as the reward of her charitable act, the impression of the Divine Face. It is the sixth station.

A Catholic chapel commemorates the place, with its memories of charity and love, and the holy sacrifice is offered in it in the different Catholic rites. I said mass here on the 26th of April; and after my mass, when requested by the sacristan and guard to inscribe my name on the register, I was delighted to find that several American clergymen had celebrated in the same shrine before me, among others the venerable and pious Bishop of Burlington.

7th STATION.
TO BE CONTINUED.
C. M. B. A.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.
At the regular meeting of Branch No. 1, C. M. B. A., Windsor, April 8th, 1886, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove by death, Mrs. Fannie Mayville, wife of our respected brother John B. Mayville, and

Whereas, The loss sustained by our esteemed brother and his family is one they cannot even yet fully realize. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to our esteemed brother and his family our sincere condolence and earnest sympathy in their affliction at the loss of one who was a devoted wife and affectionate mother, and that we earnestly pray that His work doeth all things for the best, will comfort them, with a firm trust, that through His Divine Mercy, they will meet her, whom they so well loved here, in His heavenly kingdom.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Mayville, and one to the CATHOLIC RECORD for publication.

M. A. McHugh Pres.
J. M. MELCHIE, R. C. Sec.
How to Greatly Reduce Expenses.
We have watched with no ordinary interest the progress of Catholic co-operative insurance societies. The cost of insurance in them is small compared with the rates of ordinary life insurance, but the assessments come so frequently that complaints are not unusual, and many resign membership. An officer of one of the Catholic societies, who ought to know, asserts that "too many members are received in an unhealthy condition; consumption, kidney disease and the various chronic ailments which afflict human nature, in spite of the care of the Supreme Medical Examiner, seem to be no bar to admittance. All this arises from various causes, the first being the natural dishonesty of members in getting in their unhealthy friends and relations; second, the want of manhood in the local officers, coming in with the president of the branch; third, the lack of moral courage in the local medical examiner; but all combined tend to make our cost of insurance much more than it should be, and a stop should be put to this kind of robbery." It seems that admittance to membership in Catholic insurance societies is too easy. The officers are over anxious to propagate their ideas and make recruits. The consequence is that policies are issued to men whose lives are most undesirable risks. The fault lies with the medical department, and something should be done to raise the standard of the examiners. We, too, have heard frequent complaints on this score from various societies, but we must say, that the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association is as free from suicidal acts as any we know of. The examination is a strict one and the Supreme Medical Examiner is a conscientious and faithful sentinel at the entrance. Unless unscrupulous local examiners betray their trusts, no unhealthy members can gain admittance to the C. M. B. A. Statistics show that it is the cheapest of our societies for the past ten years, and this is a good sign that proper precaution is taken. Mautime, let all members take the above article to heart.—Ed. Catholic Knight.

OBITUARY.
Mrs. A. McLellan.
On the 17th ult., at St. A. Adrews, Ont., Mrs. A. McLellan departed this life, after a long and lingering illness, being a victim of that dread disease, consumption, which she endured with Christian fortitude and resignation, and when the Angel of death entered the threshold to summon her soul, she went forth without a regret from this world to receive the reward of her well spent life. This estimable lady was remarkable for many rare qualities which won for her the respect of a large circle of friends. She deceased, was the sister of Mrs. Alex. B. McDonald, of London, Ont. Our sincere sympathy is extended to the relatives of the departed one. R. I. P.

Six recently young ladies, Irish-Americans, recently consecrated their lives to the service of the negroes by entering the Convent of the Poor Clares, on Skiddaway Island, Georgia, to become Sisters of St. Francis and teachers of the poor colored children of the south. They belong to the noble host of God's heroines.

Written for the Catholic Mirror. THE BORROWED FACE OF JESUS

THE MEMORIES IT AWAKENS AND THOUGHTS IT SUGGESTS. BY J. M.

Of all the devotions proposed to faithful, there is none more salutary more conducive to holiness than that offered to the Holy Face. A few oblations will serve to make this appear to all reflecting minds.

The sorrows of Christ have ever been regarded as the most fruitful source of meditation and the most efficacious means of salvation. In contemplation of these sufferings, pious souls learn to conceive a hatred for sin which causes them, and to appreciate at least in some degree, the great work of Redemption. They also find motives for exerting their gratitude and love, and arousing their sympathy, since they are reminded whatever virtue they possess or may acquire, is due to the sanctifying influence and agency of divine grace operating upon their minds and hearts and inspiring and regulating their actions.

This grace, they are aware was purchased by the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, and sought through the channels of His blood by means which He appointed chiefly the Sacraments of His Church. In this spirit the piously disposed accustomed to recall the sorrows of Christ, and learn from their consideration to bear patiently the trials and afflictions of life, do not regard with indifference the sustaining power thus acquired, and the strength obtained have enabled such souls to do valiantly, to overcome every temptation, and to come every obstacle in the way of their spiritual progress or advancement in virtue.

Therefore, whenever an opportunity occurred in the opportunity which tested their fidelity, by their willingness to walk in the footsteps of Him who endured every form of suffering, nay, even death itself, for thus affording the strongest possible proof of His love, for He himself said: "Greater love than this no man can have than that he lay down his life for his friend."

Having taken upon Himself the frailties of our nature for the purpose of atoning for our transgressions, Christ has made us sharers in His dignity, and participants in His merits, by sharing with Him in the accomplishment of His own behalf—namely, restoring us to lost inheritance by reinstating us in grace and friendship of God. This is our debtors to Him in a degree which renders it impossible for us ever to discharge our obligation. We can, however, manifest our gratitude by a willingness to do what is in our power towards making our lives conform to His; for in this way we render fruit to His precious merits. It should not be thought, then, if we are called to share in the sufferings and labors of Christ; for it is this which we should desire in this life, and may wish to partake of His glory in the next life, therefore, profitable to dwell in the sorrows which He endured for us, and invites us to contemplate in touching words: "All you who pass come and see if there be sorrow unto My sorrow."

Although at different times during His life Christ thought proper to manifest His glory, to the great joy and content of His followers, yet it was our purpose to establish more solidly their faith in divinity. He wished also to give a foretaste of the glory that awaited them in heaven, and thus sustain them in their trials and wanderings; for He perceived that some were growing impatient in His service. But now does He exhort His disciples to contemplate Him in the aspect of His suffering. He did not come upon earth for such a purpose, but rather to hide the splendor of His divinity, and to reveal His humanity. He wished to show us that He might expiate our sufferings and humiliations became a portion. He was obliged to perform office which He had voluntarily upon Himself, that of ransoming kind from the slavery of sin. Thus His life was a continued series of sufferings, persecutions, and humiliations. To add to the bitterness of His sorrow and the intensity of His sufferings, He was betrayed, denied, abandoned by those whom He had loved to His special and intimate friends and companions. Nay, more, His Father delivered Him to the fury of the Jews, and permitted them to handle Him in a manner of insult and opprobrium. He, and resort to every species of menial which fiendish malignity and vicious barbarity could invent. Earthly hell could conspire to cast obloquy upon Man-God. In the cruel punishment inflicted upon Him no regard was shown to the laws of modesty, or decency. His sacred person was in the most shameful manner. He ruthlessly stripped of His garments, exposed to the rude gaze and insults of the rabble, whose merciless stripes buffets so disfigured His human body that no sooner could He be clothed in thorns, and in His hand a reed saluted Him as a mocking king. He Him on the face, they cried out in derision: "Prophecy unto us, O Christ, it is that struck Thee!"

Thus Christians are reminded of the innumerable wrongs to which Christ was subjected by His enemies, and sufferings He endured in order to purchase their salvation. Hence the truth should become intensified, and zeal quickened; for it seems impossible to reflect upon the sorrows of Christ without experiencing such a return of love, that we cannot but return love. Though Christ suffered acutely in all the members of His body, yet it was in His Holy Face He endured the most cruel indignity. It was made the special object of hatred of His enemies. Instigated by the demons, they directed their attacks towards the defilement and destruction of the countenance who was styled "the most beautiful among the children of men;" for from His being God, Christ, as the most perfect being that ever appeared or ever will appear on earth, to insult a man in his presence

DO PROTESTANTS PERISH!

WHAT A FOLLOWER OF CALVIN DISCOVERED BY CONSULTING ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN. To the Editor of the Independent:

The enclosed letter of the Archbishop of New York is explained by the article that accompanies it. My own note need not occupy your space. It simply asked whether I was at liberty to print, and, if so, whether my report was sufficiently accurate. That sort of Guy Fawkes' bitterness, which comes to us from the British Islands always throws the advantage on the side of its victims; and a spirit that shall deny what these gentlemen say, and actually refuse the testimony which these fathers in the Church so frankly give, actually builds up the American Catholic religion; for, if we fill our pulpits with any assertions that are untrue, we weaken ourselves as to all the rest, and allow ourselves to be impugned in other differences.

I send my own paper without alteration, and am, my dear editor, yours very truly, REV. JOHN MILLER. In the winter of 1883, I needed to know the best commentary on the Epistle to the Romans in each of the great Churches of the present day. I had intended to write to some Catholic scholar, but stumbling by accident upon the street in New York behind the Cathedral, I impulsively determined to settle the question in that church at once, and presently was on the steps of the Cardinal's palace, and was handing my card to the Cardinal himself. I was not a little abashed on being asked if I knew what an invalid he was, and on my drawing back and saying I had forgotten, and that my errand was not of importance to give the trouble of an interview, the janitor proposed that my card should go up, and that I should explain to the Cardinal my general errand and how I could communicate as well as by letter.

In a few moments I was ushered into a handsome study, screened off from draughts at the door, and a man strangely reminding me of Dr. Alexander in simplicity and transparent genuineness and grace, struggled up from his chair, and with a shaking hand, welcomed me and made light of my feeling of trespass. I never knew a man so inensible to all that was grand about him, so constant in his ideas of work, so gracious in all his speeches of other workers, whether Catholic or not, and so borne down with regret that the falling condition of his health kept him from pushing on and carrying higher the great accomplishments of his office.

It is a lesson to a man bred in Protestantism to come suddenly upon the very flower of Roman Catholicism, and find it in its infancy and so sweet in its fragrance in the very splendor of pontifical state. Heavenwide as I am from Rome I can not imagine that any glamer was put upon me of fact or speech; for the very thing that shone out so luminously in our Presbyterian saint was the unmistakable light and sweetness of this great Archbishop.

Hurrying to go, and repeating my apologies for the visit, I was followed to the door by a priest, whom I had supposed a secretary, to whom I remembered to have been introduced, and whose name I only heard as the Cardinal called after him. It was Archbishop Corrigan. "It was an interview with him that I wish to narrate. He insisted that I should pay him a separate visit, and, going to his shelves in a study wide and handsome, like that of his superior, he took down the book the Cardinal advised me to buy, added another of kindred make, told me not to return them while they were in use, and then settled himself for a talk, the subject of which I chose, and which I have long desired to recount to others. I said to him: This is the first time I have thought of a certain question in the presence of one so amply able to answer it."

I am thoroughly convinced against your Church in respect of any impulses to join it. I admire your definition of faith, and wonder at Luther that he ever madly disturbed it. Shoals of Roman Catholic converts have come to you provoked by the ideas of faith that Luther and our modern Reformers have painted among the people. Roman hardly would have left us but for the instinctive notions of a saint that we were wrong in this particular. When you had the whole definition clear and traditional, too, so that it was really apostolic and divine, that *fides formata* was faith infused with love. The madness of us Protestants in converting that, and making faith immoral, the morality sequence afterward, is a most deplorable mistake, and one that adds to the respect with which one looks on your adherence to what is better. The perfectionism of Rome, pardon me for counting off, and, as chief of the form of perfectionism, makes faith not only perfect, but supererogatory in the most eminent saints. But the simple teaching that faith is not saving till it is loving, and that holiness is not its result, but its nature, that I cannot help feeling grateful to Rome that she has preserved, not simply by her bad logic in making faith both the result and cause of regeneration, and their bad choice in making faith the only grace not in the first instance holy, but by their insidiousness in tempting worse than by idols, by this idol trust to a mere intellectual believing.

But then, said I, Archbishop, I am infinitely removed from the ritualistic emphasis of Rome. I am not even a sacramentarian to the extent of Calvin. I believe in the Eucharist no more than in prayer, and in prayer no more than in the Church, and in the Church no more than in any wisely-appointed and definitely-commanded instrument of the world's salvation. I believe if man does anything commanded there is a reward, and that a special one incident to the command, and, with these Zwinglian extremes, I, an old man, consider it to be certain that I will never reconcile myself to the Sovereign Pontiff. Now, for insight into your creed, the point I wish to settle is: What, in the opinion of your Church, will become of me when I come to die? My report of the reply I mean to mail to the Archbishop before I mail this to any paper. It is time to rectify mistakes, and if this high dignitary mails it back as

She repeatedly said that it was not the great charity of Catholics which attracted her, but their piety. 'I have been everywhere,' she said, 'and they alone pray seriously.' Peace was to be her portion; but at the cost of many sacrifices. Her absence from the customary rehearsals of the company was remarked, and the usual fine increased constantly. But she was not willing to lose the opportunity of instruction so dear to her. At last the time came when her skill was especially put forward to attract the gaping crowd. The placards announced that Miss Zenobia would, on a certain day, perform a feat, which was unique in itself and to be done only by this Queen of the Circus. It was the most dangerous possible to any other, it could not be imagined unless seen. As her horse passed at full speed, she was to grasp an elastic cord, noosed above her, with her teeth, and by the force of the recoil throw herself up to sit and swing on it without the aid of her hands. Whether the description belied the reality or not, the feat demanded was certainly one of the most difficult, and required constant practice. As it happened, poor Zenobia had not tried it for the last five months. Day after day she was absent from the repetition, and finally there was but one more. In her anxiety not to miss the least part of her preparation for Baptism, now rapidly approaching, she took a sublime resolution and sacrificed this last chance. She told the religious, who were aghast; but she calmly recommended the affair to their prayers and herself earnestly prayed to the Blessed Virgin. The day came. Her nerves were tingling with excitement, but she was filled with trust in the Providence which had never yet forsaken her. She commenced badly. As she dashed round the ring, she fell in front of her horse who passed over her in his furious career. The crowd was intensely agitated; but she sprang to her feet, untouched and unharmed, and again mounted. Then the decisive moment came. Her old skill had not left her in her hour of need, or her heavenly protectors were guarding her. Her success was brilliant; but amid the thunders of applause her over-wrought nerves gave way, and she shrieked amid the clamor: 'O Blessed Virgin thou hast prayed for me!'

'What would you have said if the people had understood you then?' some one asked. 'I should not have been sorry,' she replied. She had no pride, only gratitude for her success. Meanwhile she had not been unnoticed by her unhappy companions. She openly brought her prayer-book to the representations of the circus, so as to go at once to the convent when her part was finished. Some of the wretched creatures ventured to mock at her. Zenobia answered gently: 'Until now I have lived like the brutes; henceforth I wish to live like a Christian. Would that I might die after my baptism. And the white veil, I wish to keep pure until my death; I wish to be buried with it.'

At last the great day came, only two days after she had run so perilous a risk. It was the 16th of January, 1884. The ceremonies began, as the rubric touchingly prescribes, outside the door of the church of the Sacred Heart. Then Zenobia was introduced into the body of the sacred building. A Princess was at her left as her sponsor; and His Grace the Archbishop had asked to admit, in his own person, this wait into the fold of Jesus Christ. He administered to her the four Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Matrimony, and her first Communion. Zenobia was filled with emotion. Her tears ceased not flowing during the entire ceremony, but they were tears of joy. When everything was over she embraced all the good nuns, who had shown such interest in her. Kissing the hand of the Father who had prepared her for this new birth of her soul, she said: 'Father, have you ever made a soul happier than mine?'

Yes, the theologians were right; to Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat, doing what was in her power, God did not deny His Grace! Buffalo Union. Jay Gould—the Mephistopheles of Wall street, and king of trap makers—seems to laugh at the classic aphorism: *Labor omnia vincit*. The time may come, however, when his laughter will be changed into groans. "Bucksbot" Forster—the man, who as Chief Secretary for Ireland, filled prisons with as pure and patriotic Irishmen as ever lived, and would have shot them to death if he dared—is dead. No Irish tears will bedew his memory.

Sung Little Fortunes may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home. The profits of many are immense, and every worker is sure of over \$5 a day; several have made over \$50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

With different troupes she travelled far and wide. She performed for some years in the North, and afterwards through the principal cities of South America. Thence she found her way to Australia, where she remained some length of time, and then visited the European colonies in India and Egypt. Her wandering star led her to French Algiers, and over to Spain. Here, for the first time in her life she entered a church. Up to this she had imagined the great temples in the cities through which she passed to be only theatres of a sort different from those she knew, and closed to such as she. One day she saw the Spanish common people mingle with others of every class and making their way altogether into the church. She made bold to join the throng, and found to her surprise that nothing had here to be paid at the door. It was the holy time of Christmas. Like the others she drew near the Crib of Bethlehem, so commonly represented in Catholic Churches at this season, and in a country like Spain, with the most realistic adornments. In her first awkwardness she did like the others, and knelt before the shrine where the Child Jesus was laying on the straw in the Manger. Coming out of the church she asked a little girl, who was near, what child that was before whom the lights were kept burning. The astonished girl could not understand that even gipsies should be ignorant of our Christian mysteries, and answered: "It is the little Jesus." "Is Jesus alive?" "He is not alive there; that is His image."

Hearing this Zenobia went back into the church, and looked long and attentively at the Child placed in the Crib, wondering who Jesus might be, and what it could all mean. The astonishment of the little girl whom she had first addressed made her afraid to ask an explanation of the grown people around her. Everyone was praying devoutly; it was clear that an American acrobat, instructed in the A B C of the Christian religion, did not enter into their circle of ideas. Zenobia went on her way deeply impressed at what she had seen. It was all strange to her. There was then something in life which all her wanderings had not taught her. She gathered as much as this from the praying throng, where she saw men and women and children of every class interested and consoled, but most of all the poor and suffering.

About this time, she had two dreams which left a deep remembrance after them and incited her to go on in this new way, which had so strongly excited her curiosity. One night she saw before her a Lady of majestic mien, who put before her a great book in which all her actions were written. The poor Zenobia exclaimed: "This is God, or the Mother of God, if God has a mother." Another time, during the day, she saw a solitary park in which young ladies, with the same noble mien, were walking to and fro in silence. She said to herself, though she had not the slightest notion of what content life was: "These must be persons who love God well, and whom God loves well." For the present the dream passed away, leaving only a regretful memory, as of a glimpse of other and better things. But they were to be brought again strongly at a future day, when the adventures of the circus should at last learn true happiness, as far as it may be had in this world.

Now and then the ideas she had of religious things were again aroused within her. Possibly she found her life of constant excitement already palling on her; and her delicate nature could not refrain from thoughts of what was to be after this life is over. She happened two or three times during her many journeys to be obliged to put up for the night with some Christian family. Here, in the conversation which she willingly turned to such subjects, she heard them speak of the unquenchable fire, which shall be the lot of those who misuse the gifts God has given them, and who reject His holy law. In the solitude of her room she lighted a fierce fire in the grate, and deliberately thrust into it for a moment, first her hand and then her bare foot. When the intense pain made itself felt, she said to herself: "Yet this is nothing to a fire which burns the whole body, and burns forever. And there is something in me which does not die, and which would hinder my body from being consumed in such a burning!"

She now observed curiously whatever concerned the religious life and actions of the countries through which she passed. She performed successfully in France and Austria, and was at Moscow when the late emperor of all the Russias met his tragic fate. His horrible assassination was carried out by means of the explosives which modern science has taught unchristian men to use. Concerning it she had many curious details to tell, which had come to her knowledge from the adventurous people into whose company her profession constantly threw her. She

An Arduous Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

From golden threads of sunset, night is weaving A starry mantle for the land and sea; O'er the sea and a spirit's voice is breathing In whisper low and sweet, "Come unto Me."

O let us follow in the bush of even: Swift lead thee, dear Sacred Heart! and fair, Where we may breathe awhile the breath of Heaven. For Jesus, in the Eucharist, is there.

"The sweet, the love of our dear Lord possessing, Our souls of joy and sorrow to repeat; But sweeter far to crave His tender blessing And self-forgotten, rest at His dear foot."

Why seek for words in moments of devotion, When holy silence in itself is prayer? Why strive to stay the tide of sweet emotion? 'Twill bear us nearer Jesus hidden there.

See yonder cross! It marks His earthly dwelling, 'Tis here He dwelt the portal—yet a moment stay! O that our hearts all world-wide expelling, Worthy might be, to love, and thank, and pray!

Nature upon her sabbath couch reclining, Wrapped in her starry mantle, calmly lies: Yet in our midst the light of love is shining— Jesus, our Lord, His loving vigils keeps!

See! In the gloom 'one little lamp is burning; Its trembling beams speak to our hearts of Him! Come, let us enter, filled with tender yearning: Adoring with the unseen seraphim.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! Art Thou sad and lonely, Within Thine humble altar home to-night? O that our hearts might burn for Thee, These only. As surer the faithful Sanctuary light!

O that our souls, all earthly things forsaking, Might enter through Thy tabernacle door, And rest in Thee, dear Sacred Heart! parking Of Eucharistic love forevermore! —M. E. Jordan, in Echoes from the Pines.

THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS.

A BEAUTIFUL CATHOLIC STORY.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Everywhere along the dead walls of a European city, about two years since, might have been read the following announcement, with that of other stars of the Circus Company R—: "Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat, bat." It is her history, given by herself, that is narrated here:

Twenty-four years ago a little girl was born into the world in an out of the way village of Canada, and, so soon as a name was needed to point her out, called Matilda Prescott. There was no talk of christening her; and the world she came into was sorrowful and unchristian enough. Her father was sober from drink only on odd days; and her wretched mother had sunk into a state of almost brutal stupidity under long-continued ill-treatment from her husband. When the little girl was able to walk about, she was only too glad to be sent on some occupation, out of sight of the misery which was always before her eyes at what was called her home.

In the long days of the Canadian summer she went to pick wild berries in the woods, and thus eked out the scanty food of the family, or by their sale obtained a few pence to supply liquor for the craving appetite of her drunken father. One day there passed along the road, near the thicket where she was at work, the noisy caravan of a circus that had been exhibiting in the neighboring town. In the carriage at the end of the line of wagons rode a few young women, the chief performers of the mountebank company. Seeing the open-eyed wonder of the child, they asked for some of her berries, and took her up with themselves while they went on their way. Her story was easily drawn from her. It is possible that the heart of some of these wandering people was touched by the brightness of the little girl whose whole appearance told of poverty and wretchedness. She was lithe, too, as only those who live in the open air and woods from childhood are. Soon Matilda discovered that, in her delight at the unaccustomed drive with her new friends, she had already gone far from her own place, and was on a strange road. She wept, but her companions consoled her and asked her to remain always with them. They told her that it was too late to go back; and soothed by their promises and by almost the only kindness she had yet known, she soon resigned herself and was carried away. Father and mother she never saw again; soon she would not have known them, in the variety of new scenes into which she was thrown. So she grew up a performer in the gymnastics of the circus from her childhood. Her name was changed, as is the custom with that kind of people; but we shall know her only by her last professional title—Miss Zenobia, First Acrobat.

Zenobia, as was to be expected, soon excelled in every trick of her art. None could leap so skillfully as she, or perform such daring feats. She had been stolen away from her parents who did not deserve to be entrusted with her care. As she grew up it was not likely that she would feel any great obligation towards those who had taken her with them for their own advantage. She soon ran away from this first company of rude country performers, and joined herself to another band. Her fame spread, and the little ragged child of the Canadian woods became a great personage in her own curious world.

With different troupes she travelled far and wide. She performed for some years in the North, and afterwards through the principal cities of South America. Thence she found her way to Australia, where she remained some length of time, and then visited the European colonies in India and Egypt. Her wandering star led her to French Algiers, and over to Spain. Here, for the first time in her life she entered a church. Up to this she had imagined the great temples in the cities through which she passed to be only theatres of a sort different from those she knew, and closed to such as she. One day she saw the Spanish common people mingle with others of every class and making their way altogether into the church. She made bold to join the throng, and found to her surprise that nothing had here to be paid at the door. It was the holy time of Christmas. Like the others she drew near the Crib of Bethlehem, so commonly represented in Catholic Churches at this season, and in a country like Spain, with the most realistic adornments. In her first awkwardness she did like the others, and knelt before the shrine where the Child Jesus was laying on the straw in the Manger. Coming out of the church she asked a little girl, who was near, what child that was before whom the lights were kept burning. The astonished girl could not understand that even gipsies should be ignorant of our Christian mysteries, and answered: "It is the little Jesus." "Is Jesus alive?" "He is not alive there; that is His image."

THE SORROWFUL FACE OF JESUS.

THE MEMORIES IT AWAKENS AND THE THOUGHTS IT SUGGESTS.

Of all the devotions proposed to the faithful, there is none more salutary or more conducive to holiness than that offered to the Holy Face...

The sorrows of Christ have ever been regarded as the most fruitful subjects of meditation and the most efficacious means of salvation. In contemplating these sufferings, pious souls learn to conceive a hatred for sin which causes them, and to appreciate at least in some degree, the great work of Redemption...

Having taken upon Himself the in-firmities of our nature for the purpose of atoning for our transgressions, Christ has made us sharers in His dignity and participants in His merits. He did for us what we could not accomplish in our own behalf...

Although at different times during His life Christ thought proper to manifest His glory, to the great joy and consolation of His followers, yet it was only to establish more solidly their faith in His divinity. He wished also to give them a foretaste of the glory that awaited them in heaven...

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES. Is Excellent in Lung Troubles. DR. ENOCH CALLOWAY, LaGrange, Ga., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with wonderful success in all Lung troubles, also find it has no equal in Summer Diarrhoea of children."

before his face, by word or act, is regarded as a great indignity. In proportion to the rank of the person thus insulted is the enormity of the crime. Christ was God. He was not only grossly insulted by words, but also by acts. He was spat upon, and struck on the face by a vile wretch...

Christ when on His way to Calvary, with a wonderful condescension and in recognition of the sympathy of the pious Veronica, who presented Him with a towel to wipe the blood stains and spittle from His Face, impressed the image of His countenance thereon, thus operating a miracle. It is not to be supposed that so extraordinary an act was performed without having some special design or object in view...

These are only a few of the many extraordinary promises made to such as practice this holy devotion—a favorite devotion with many saints and holy persons. But it is not alone saints that should practice the devotion. Imperfect Christians, and even the greatest sinners will find it useful and profitable to their souls; indeed it will become to such the means of salvation...

I recollect well the feeling of awe that frequently came over me as reason developed in admiring the height of the sky and the mountains, and especially the lofty peaks of the Alps. I felt that there was something great which made all these things and that I should bow my head to them and I presume I was only like other children in this respect...

RESTLESSNESS, MORBID ANXIETY, and a fretful disposition are usually met with in the dyspepsia. These mental indications show how close is the connection between the brain and stomach. Their most prolific cause, dyspepsia, is a complaint for which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Blood Purifier is used with unvarying success.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

SERMON OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP DELIVERED IN ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL, SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 6TH, 1886, ON "THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD."

"This is eternal life that they may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The knowledge of God is therefore the most important of all knowledge, because eternal life depends on it. Can a person after coming to the use of reason be totally ignorant of God if not taught? The Catholic Church answers no, and emphatically asserts it by a decree of the Council of Trent. If any shall say that the one true God, Creator and our Lord, cannot with certainty be known by the light of human reason from those things that are made and seen, let him be anathema or separated from the church. The true significance of the word anathema is not accursed, but put aside or separated according to the derivation from the Greek word. The doctrine of the excellence of God is proved by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, let chap. 1th. "For the invisible things from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. His eternal power also and divinity so that they are inexcusable, because that when they had known God they have not glorified Him as God nor given thanks, but became vain in thoughts and their foolish heart was darkened."

Then the Lord answered Job out of a whirlwind and said: Who is this that wrappeth up sentences in unskillful words? Gird up thy loins like a man I will ask thee and answer thou me: Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell me if thou hast understanding, who shall shut the doors thereof? Or who laid the corner-stone thereof? When the morning stars praised me together, and all the sons of God made a joyful melody. Who shut up the sea with doors when it broke forth as issuing out of the womb? When I made a cloud in mist, and in swaddling bands I set my bounds around it and made it a net and doors. And I said, Hitherto thou shalt come and shalt go no farther and here shalt thou break thy swelling waves. Didst thou since thy birth command the morning and show the dawning of the day of its place? And didst thou hold the extremities of the earth shaking them, and hast thou shaken the earth as clay and shall stand as a garment. From the wicked their light shall be taken away and the high arm shall be broken. Hast thou entered into the depths of the sea and walked in the lowest parts of the deep? Have the gates of death been open to thee, and hast thou seen the darkness doors? Hast thou considered the breath of the earth? Tell me if thou knowest all things. Where is the way where light dwelleth, and where is the place of darkness? That thou mayest bring everything to its own bounds and understand the paths of the house thereof. Didst thou know then that thou shouldst be born, and didst thou know the number of thy days? Hast thou entered into the storehouses of the snow, or hast thou beheld the treasures of the hail which I have prepared for the time of the enemy against the day of battle and war? By what way is the light spread and heat divided upon the earth? Who gave a course to violent showers or a way for noisy thunder, that it should rain on the earth without man in the wilderness where no mortal dwelleth, that it should fill the desert and degenerate land and bring forth green grass? Who is the father of rain or who beget the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice and the frost from heaven who hath engendered it? The waters are hardened like a stone and the surface of the deep is congealed. Shall thou be able to join together the shining stars, the Pleiades, or canst thou stop the turning about of Arcturus? Canst thou bring forth the day star in its time and make the evening star to rise upon the children of the earth? Dost thou know the order of the heaven, and canst thou set down the reason thereof on the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds that an abundance of water may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, and they will go, and will they return and say to thee: Here we are. Who hath put wisdom in the heart of man, or who gave the cock understanding? Who can declare the order of the heavens, or who can make the harmony of heaven or sleep?

Restless, morbid anxiety, and a fretful disposition are usually met with in the dyspepsia. These mental indications show how close is the connection between the brain and stomach. Their most prolific cause, dyspepsia, is a complaint for which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Blood Purifier is used with unvarying success. It also cures croup, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

(Justin McCarthy, M. P., in United Ireland.)

Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels "Lionel Lincoln," or I do forget myself—dwells with graceful melancholy which he could readily assume, and which at all times became him, upon the number of rarely-gifted beings who died in or about their thirty seventh year. The "fatal thirty seven," he calls it; and he enumerates a long list of bright abilities who were its victims. Raphael, Byron, Mozart, Mendelssohn, these and many others whose spirits were untimely quenched he mentions, paying to each his due meed of mourning. One name will be at once missed by all Irishmen from the list, the name of Gerald Griffin.

It may well be maintained that in all the brilliant brotherhood of youth recorded by the English novelist, Gerald Griffin would have found only his peers. In none did the fire of genius burn more fervently, none was fortune kinder or more cruel, by none was the too early death faced under conditions of loftier dignity or serene virtue. The story of Gerald Griffin's life is exceedingly simple and straightforward. He was born in Limerick, and his boyhood was passed within sight and sound of the lordly river which rises at its swiftest there between its crowded banks. In very early youth he showed not merely those passionate aspirations for literary distinction which are inevitable to all finely-tempered boyhood, but abilities of the rarest kind for gratifying those aspirations and gaining the coveted laurels. His keenest desire appears to have been for dramatic fame; he longed to see the creations of his brain taking their place with Cato and Anthony, and the hero of "Venice Preserved," and while still in the very dawn of manhood he crossed the Irish Sea with a manuscript play in his pocket wherewith to conquer London and win immortal fame. The lonely young Irishman fought the old fight in the great city, with poverty, with indifference, with the chilling influence of apathy and disdain. The old, old story of genius and the giant, of the war that is as ancient as the mountains, and that will outlast the cataclyc, Griffin, with his heart on fire, flung himself against London. He was not the patient merit which takes the spurs of the unworldly hunt. The consciousness of his great gifts informed and inspired him, and he battled strenuously, desperately, with evil fortune. London, swollen with something of the old Athenian pride and of the exclusiveness of medieval Florence, regards all those who come to it from outside, be they Saxon or Gael, as "barbarians" and "strangers." It has to be wooed and won, like the Amazon Brynhilda of the Germanic epic, by force of arms; wooing is desperate, the winning difficult in the extreme. Gerald Griffin wooed London bravely, but he did not win. For three years he struggled and suffered, painting his proud, ambitious nature, with failure. Then he came back to Ireland to find there the same whose phantom he had pursued in vain in the foreign city. He wrote much, and his prose fiction; he wrote one masterpiece which must endure as long as literature lasts. Suddenly in the warmth of his youth, on the threshold of his fame, his whole soul became imbued with a profound sense of the vanity of all worldly triumphs and the insignificance of all earthly ambitions. He joined the Christian Brothers, and his death his play "Giuseppe," which he had carefully preserved at a time when he destroyed all his other papers, was acted in London, and was successful at a time when success was valueless to its author. "Giuseppe" has not held the stage, but it is dear to all lovers of lofty dramatic literature.

The "Colleghians" is one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the most delightful additions that have ever been made to Irish fiction. Some little time ago Mr. Ruskin, in a letter which expressed a sympathy and even an enthusiasm for Ireland not often manifested by English writers, declared that for the proper appreciation of the Irish nation and the Irish character a serious study of Miss Edgeworth's fiction was absolutely essential. To my mind, without in any way desiring to underestimate Miss Edgeworth's genius, Gerald Griffin's "Colleghians" is the work in Irish prose fiction to which the foreign student of our country might be most advantageously referred. Englishmen have for too long drawn their ideas about Ireland from the pages of Lever's novels, have too long identified themselves into the belief that grotesque carnival of Castle Ince, and practical jokers from Trinity, make up the sum and substance of Irish life and Irish character. As a matter of fact, the "Arabian Nights," in spite of their wizards and witches, their incantations and enchantments, their roc's eggs and magic lamps, present a far more faithful picture of the Egypt of to-day than Lever's novels do of the Ireland of his time or of any time. They are fairy tales, pure and simple, full of wild animal spirits, of rough, good natured horse play, of love, and battle, and adventure. They are excellent as studies of Irish and English life in foreign Continental cities; they are amusing, entertaining, very good company, indeed; but they no more present a faithful picture of Ireland than the bardic accounts of the dwellings of the Fens resemble the London Dublin of to-day. Lady Morgan, with all her faults, understood some phases of Irish life and of Irish national life better than Lever. Her "O'Brien and O'Flaherty's" has fallen into curious obscurity of late; it deserved, and still deserves, a better fate, for the sake of its fine study of the rebellious chieftain of an ancient Irish house, the last of his line, and for its skillful and cruelly sarcastic study of the blended corruption and frivolity of Castle Ince. But "The Colleghians" is far and away the best of all. Ireland, unfortunately, has not yet found her Walter Scott, but if Gerald Griffin had cared or chosen to write more, if he had found Ireland and the world a better place, if he had been able to bear the same relationship to "The Colleghians" that the Waverley novels do to the first of their race, Gerald Griffin would undoubtedly have made himself the Walter Scott of Ireland. From one cause or another, "The Colleghians" has never won the success it deserved. Even in Ireland it is not read as much as it should be, and outside Ireland it is practically unknown. Yet, curiously enough, there is not a character in the book whose name is not perfectly familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Danny Mann, Harbress O'Connell, Eily O'Connor, Anne Chute, Kyrle Daly, have all been made every day acquaintances to the theatre-goer everywhere, through Dion Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," and through the opera taken from it, and called "The Lily of Killarney." But, for the thousands and tens of thousands to whom the music of the opera and the incidents of the melodrama are familiar, how many hundreds have gone to the original of the one and of the other, and have studied for its own sake "The Colleghians" itself! To the Englishman who desires to have a faithful picture of what Ireland was like at the time in which "The Colleghians" is laid, to the Irishman who wishes to appreciate what is called the greatest triumph of Irish prose fiction, "The Colleghians" will not be merely a pleasure, it will be an essential of education.

It is a curious and ironic fact that Gerald Griffin's name should be best remembered in most English-speaking countries through that very dramatic art in which he feverishly thirsted for success. But it is not by "Giuseppe," the heart's love of his youth, that his memory is kept green. It is by the adaptation of his great novel made by other hands long after Gerald Griffin was laid in his quiet grave that the dramatic triumph came, and the laurels that were to have crowned "Giuseppe" have been awarded with full hands to the "Colleen Bawn."

Gerald Griffin is not merely one of the most masterly of Irish prose writers; he is further entitled to a place, and a proud one, among the poets of Ireland. If he had chosen to devote himself to verse writing alone, or had even dedicated his talents chiefly to verse writing, he might have easily taken rank with the foremost of his country's poets, with Moore, Davis, and Clarence Mangan. As it is, the mere hand of perfect verse which he has bequeathed to us entitles him, by their flower-like beauty of thought and form, to a place only second to that of the three stars in the Orion belt of Irish song. The verses he did write are comparatively few in number. The whole of them might be included in such an anthology, such a flower-harvest and blossom garland as Mealegan and his rivals gathered in ancient days from the violets, and anemones, and narcissus, blooms of the Hellenic mountains. Scholars pore in rapt admiration over the epigrams of Rufinus or Agathias, as minute and as finely wrought as Greek gems; pore over them, and sigh to think that so little of such honeyed sweetness has been spared to us by comorant, devouring time. Yet well-nigh as much is preserved of Rufinus as would outweigh in bulk the poems of Gerald Griffin, and the most impassioned admirer of the Grecian lyric must recognize that for delicate perfection of workmanship he has found at least his peer in the sweet and melancholy singer whose lines was the Shannon, and whose Athens was the City of the Violated Treaty.

The verses that star the sombre pages of "The Colleghians," lighting up its tragic beauty with their serene, fixed lustre, are perhaps the very highest proofs of his literary genius. Where is there to be found in the literature of the English speaking races a lovelier lyric than that which Harbress O'Connell wrote for Anne Chute, and which begins: "A place in thy memory, dearest, is all that I claim; To pause and look back when thou hearest The sound of my name."

Lofty passion, and pathos, and brave resignation, were never expressed in more melodious numbers. The pangs of despised love have since man first discovered the magic of rhythmic measures. Minnermus sighing for Nanno in plaintive Ionian by the waters of Smyrna Bay, the Persian telling the cypress groves and sparkling waters of the Sharrat maiden whose night-bark tresses he may not hope to touch, Ronsard rhyming innumerable sonnets to innumerable ladies, Petrarch building for Laura a monument more enduring than brass, never surpassed the simple beauty of form, never approached the lofty dignity of purpose which belong to the lines of the pure minded and melancholy genius of the Irish singer.

RESTORED THROUGH THE CONFESSIOAL.

About a month ago, Mrs. James H. Temple, while travelling from Hanting, ton, L. I., to this city by the way of Brooklyn, left a small handbag in a Fulton Ferry boat, and did not miss it until she had entered a cab and had nearly reached the Rosemont Hotel, her destination. The bag contained about \$5,000 worth of diamonds. The usual advertisements failed to bring back the jewelry, and it was given up as lost.

On Tuesday, Father James J. Daugherty, of St. Monica's Church, called on Mr. Temple at the Rosemont Hotel and handed to him the handbag and all its contents. It had been picked up by a man in the ferry boat whose conscience would not permit him to be about it when he went to confess. The priest ordered him to give up the jewelry to Father Daugherty had seen the advertisements for the diamonds.—New York Sun, March 25.

To Whom It May Concern. Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaints.

Jack Frost Conquered. Although during the cold season "Jack Frost" gets in his work lively, every time, curing chilblains, frost bites, and all their painful effects. It also cures croup, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 400 RICHMOND ST. LONDON, ONTARIO.

REV. JOHN J. COFFEY, M.A., LL.D., EDITOR. THOMAS COFFEY, PUB. AND PROP.

GENERAL AGENTS: Messrs. Donald Crowe and Luke King. OTTAWA AGENCY: P. J. Coffey, General Agent, 74 George St.

TERMS: Five Cents per Annum. Single Copies, 25 Cents. In Advance. Payment in Advance. Rates of Advertising: Ten Cents per Line each Insertion. Approved by the Bishop of London, and recommended by the Archbishop of St. Michael's, the Bishops of Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, and Peterboro, and leading Catholic Clergymen throughout the Dominion. All correspondence addressed to the Publisher will receive prompt attention. Advertisements must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped. Persons writing for a change of address should invariably send in the name of their former post office.

Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 24, 1886.

THE OUTLOOK.

The outlook for Ireland is daily improving. A London despatch of the 17th says that during the ten days that have elapsed since the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, careful study of its provisions prove them to be founded on enduring and well-considered principles of government. The despatch reports a reaction in favor of Mr. Gladstone's scheme, the Liberal associations throughout the country taking definite action in support of the Premier. On the 15th no fewer than twelve of these associations passed resolutions in support of the "grand old man." The fate of the measure would now seem to depend on the result of the efforts to reconcile the Gladstonians and the Radicals. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who is contesting the late Mr. Forster's seat for Bradford, has declared that Mr. Gladstone's Bill was not intended to effect a separation between the countries, but if even this should be the result of the adoption of the bill it would be preferable to coercion. The despatch just mentioned claims that the debate on the 16th on Mr. Gladstone's land scheme was chiefly interesting on account of Mr. Chamberlain's taking occasion to indicate that he does not consider himself irreconcilably committed against the Premier's Irish schemes. He is not so far from the truth. Mr. Chamberlain's opposition since the Home Rule Bill was introduced has altered the situation. Mr. Gladstone on his part met these further advances of the Radical Achilles in the spirit of conciliation and left no room for doubt that he desired the return of Mr. Chamberlain to his allegiance. The despatch adds that "the immediate occasion of this move on the part of the Radical leader seems to have been the receipt of a letter which was forwarded by Mr. Gladstone on Thursday, in which the Premier declared his readiness to modify the Home Rule proposals and expressed the strong hope that Mr. Chamberlain would finally see his way clear to support the measure in its ultimate shape. The letter also contained a graceful recognition of Mr. Chamberlain's eminent services to the Liberal party, and it evidently had a very mollifying effect upon that gentleman's feelings towards the writer."

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, speaking at St. Pancras on the 16th, said the hope might be cherished that Mr. Chamberlain would see a way to support the government which on its part was certain to do everything possible to meet his views. Mr. Gladstone's speech introducing the Land Bill was a terrible arraignment of the Irish landlords. Nothing more severe could have fallen from the lips of Michael Davitt. He said that the history of Ireland was one long indictment against its landowners. Agrarian crime had originated and increased under the absenteeism of landlords and raising of rents at their expense while away from Ireland increased. Oppression married to misery had a hideous progeny. Crime had been endowed with vitality to perpetuate itself and hand down its miserable inheritance from generation to generation. England was not clear of responsibility for the deeds of Irish landlords were English deeds.

The Premier then declared that England, with the power in her hands, had long looked on and done nothing. He pointed out that after the Union absenteeism became general, and national sentiment ceased to have a beneficial influence on the relations between landlord and tenant. The Union itself was obtained against the sense and wish of every class, by wholesale bribery and unblinking intimidation. The Land Act was intended to go into effect on the same day on which the Home Rule Bill would become operative. It could not go on without the operation of the other, which would provide a legislature in Ireland to appoint statutory authority to deal with the landed estates, and act between vendor and purchaser. The purchase would be made through the issue of £18,000,000 of three per cent. stock issued at par. The state authorities, acting between the peasant and the land owner, would purchase the land from the latter and put the peasant in possession as absolute proprietor. Twenty years' judicial rent would be a normal purchase, but in exceptional

cases twenty-two years rental would make a purchase.

Applications for sale would not be received after March 31, 1890. Ten million pounds of the stock would be issued during 1887, £20,000,000 in 1888, £20,000,000 in 1889, and £20,000,000 in each of the two succeeding years. When the proposals were first placed before the speaker's colleagues he proposed to raise £130,000,000 immediately.

The charges upon the Irish exchequer would be £2,000,000 per annum for rent which it would be able to levy for most amounting to £1,500,000 per annum, and this sum would be the first charge on the rents and taxes raised by the Irish Government. Adding to this the Imperial contribution, the sum paid to England by Ireland would be £6,942,000 per annum, secured on a revenue amounting to £10,850,000, no portion of which would be applied to any purpose until £6,000,000 was paid into the English exchequer.

These are the main features of the Gladstonian land scheme, a scheme exceedingly liberal to the landowners, who in very many cases, by persistent breach of contract with their tenants, had forfeited all claim to consideration. But Ireland is truly ready to get rid of the landlord pestilence at almost any price, especially as Home Rule is to come with delivery from this long standing curse of both countries.

A FOUL-MOUTHED SLANDERER.

A Toronto despatch dated the 16th inst. to the London Free Press conveyed the intelligence, "that Rev. Principal McVicar, of Montreal, lectured last night in the Central Presbyterian Church upon Romanism in Quebec. He stated that when priests go to the lumber shanties they take tobacco with them and literally smoke the pipe of peace. Then they produce a dice box, and after procuring all the ten cent pieces they can for a throw a confessional is set up and a fee of a dollar each is charged. A sensation was caused by a man in the audience rising to his feet and characterizing the statement as a lie, explaining afterwards that the words of the speaker wounded his feelings. The rev. lecturer retorted that the truth wounded some people."

A more wilful perversion of truth, a more scandalous distortion of fact, a more diabolically malevolent display of unchristian hatred, a more iniquitously serpentine and astute-like manifestation of mendacity than this statement made by a man calling himself a minister of the God of truth and peace and love, we have never come across. This McVicar must be, if we may judge him by his public record, as established by his speeches, a veritable blast from hell's mouth, a monster of mental villainy and bodily filth, a prevaricator in the pulpit, a blackguard out of it. We trust, however, that his private life will be moved to speak the truth. We will cite against his statements the opinion of a clergyman of his own church, the Rev. Principal Grant, who, in "Picture que Canada," says, "The Roman Catholic chantmen in particular set an example worthy to be followed in their regard for their ministers and reverent participation in divine service." Would they do so, will any fair-minded man say, if these ministers were the knaves that Principal McVicar represents them to be? Principal Grant bears further testimony in the same work to lumberman and missionary: "A considerable number of the lumbermen are French, many with Indian blood, the descendants of the converts of the Jesuit missionaries." As a matter of fact we say that few of these men have any Indian blood in their veins. But let the learned Principal go on: "They are visited by a priest of their church at least once during the season. He drives from shanty to shanty, over narrow and almost impassable forest lumber roads; on arriving, he is received with reverence by his co-religionists and with respect by all. After supper the small portable altar that he brings is set up, the crucifix in the centre, the mystical lights burning on each side. Short verses are said. Then the priest hears confessions, often far into the night. Next morning mass is celebrated, and after final benediction the men resume work; while the priest, having taken a brief repose, departs on his round of laborious duty." No mention here of the dice box nor the price of the remission of sin.

VICAR GENERAL ROONEY'S BAZAAR.

We made some weeks ago reference to the Bazaar in aid of the building fund of St. Mary's church, Toronto. Returns from all our readers and friends who have received tickets for this deserving object should be in the hands of Father Rooney by the close of the present week. We hope that all who could do so have spared no effort to help Father Rooney in his arduous and laudable enterprise. All Catholics are interested in the works of our holy religion everywhere, but especially in its progress in the great centres of population. Every Catholic in Ontario is, we know, anxious to see religion prosper in the Provincial capital. Father Rooney has not spared himself to bring about his growth and secure its advancement. But he needs and deserves help and encouragement in his undertaking. We hope that thousands of our readers may be able to

claim the credit of a share in the good work of the erection and completion of the new St. Mary's Church, in the Queen City of the West. All bazaar returns should be addressed to Very Rev. Father Rooney, V. G., St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

HONOR CUI HONOR.

The Liberator's Memorable Leadership.

The Struggle for Repeal the Road to Home Rule.

O'Connell Emancipates the Catholics of Ireland and Lays the Foundation of His Country's Political Disfranchisement.

It is no discredit to the great man now at the head of the Irish national party, to say that if success has at length crowned his efforts—if the British Parliament, so long deaf to entreaty, blind to proof and stubborn to argument—has had now forced upon its consideration the question of Home Rule for Ireland—if it has been made possible to combine and unite Ireland's political forces and marshal her strength as they are to-day marshalled, united and combined—no small share of the merit for this cheering, comforting and salutary condition of things is due to the life-long labors, the triumphs and even the failures of Daniel O'Connell—whose name must live in Ireland's heart of hearts as long as virtue is prized, self sacrifice loved, or greatness of soul admired. Said Whiteside in his defence of Duffy, in the state trials of 1843: "The comprehensive genius of Flood, the more than mortal energy of Grattan, the splendor of Bushe, the learning of Ball, the noble simplicity of Burgh, the Demosthenic fire of Plunket, and the eloquence of Curran rushing from the heart, will sound in the ears of their countrymen forever. They toiled to save the ancient constitution of Ireland: but wit, eloquence and genius lost their power over the souls of men. With one great exception, these our distinguished countrymen, have passed away, but their memories cannot perish with them. Their eloquence and their names will be remembered by our friend and champion—their friend and champion because of truth, and justice, and humanity and right he was the friend and champion—were excluded from an interest in the laws of the land. They are also excluded from communication with your persons; the society of marriage forbidden; the society of education forbidden; the society of civil employment forbidden; the society of military employment forbidden; the society of election forbidden; the society of the grand jury forbidden; the society of magistracy forbidden." There was not, he continued, a subject of public care, in which they could associate with the Protestant without breach of law, no subject of conversation, except foreign politics, foreign changes, and foreign revolutions. Alluding to the expression of the hope that Irishmen were to become one people, the father of Ireland's legislative independence asked, "How were the Irish to become one people? By these lines of circumvallation, erasing the natural geography of our country, setting up parallels and circles of folly and superstition, from the marriage bed to the cradle, from cradle to college, and from college to the grave, are two nations, that cannot by any public interest or business, or by any general call, save that of death, be brought together? There have been three policies observed with regard to Catholics; the first was that of Cromwell, extermination by operation of the sword; the second was that of Anne, extermination by operation of the law; and the third was yours, which allowed them a qualified existence. Though the two former were cruel, yet both were consistent. They both considered the Papists as criminals, and exercised over them the right of conquest. They considered the Catholics as a body who were neither to have power, nor property, nor any public existence in your country. The laws of Ireland prevented them from acquiring property in land; and the usurpations of England prevented either them or the Protestants from acquiring any considerable property by commerce. But the third policy, much milder than either, is more extravagant than both in your policy. You allow them schools, seminaries, and colleges, but distinct from your own and without funds; marriage, but marriage attended with pains and penalties; a free trade without franchise, and land without a vote."

for the bishop, he would remove the census, but he was only half a slave; he refused to break the rules to which he had sworn. A shower of blows from his lordship's horsewhip drove the old priest, stumbling and bleeding, into his hovel. And yet every lawyer on the circuit had refused to act as counsel for the priest against that lord, when John Philip Curran volunteered to plead his cause. Reader, think over all this and you will get at something of the man and the country then. He did all that mortal could do, and more than any lawyer now or then would. He grappled with the beseness of Lord Doneraile, and dragged his character out on the table. He left his instructions, and described Captain St. Legs as "a renegade soldier" and "drummed out dragon." He heaped every scorn on Lord Doneraile's witnesses from their own story. He seemed to forget that he was speaking to tyrants, he treated the jury as men: he spoke as a man, virtuous and believing others so. The jury, so adored by genius, forgot penal laws, lordships and ascendancy, remembered God and their oaths, and gave a verdict for Father Neale." It is hardly credible, but it is a fact nevertheless, that it is little more than one hundred years ago since, in Catholic Ireland, no lawyer at the assizes of one of the most Catholic counties could be found but one to plead the cause of an injured, outraged and cruelly wronged Christian priest. In 1785 Grattan told the Irish Commons that while the relation in which the Protestant stood made him a party to the law, the relation in which the Catholic stood made him the object of the law, not a party: "He is not a party to the law, and the law is a party against him: therefore the laws may be objects of his obedience not of his affection. This then is the situation: and this situation explains the liberality of those who say they offer them everything except the privilege of becoming part of the state; everything except a part of the electoral community; everything except a part of the legislative community; everything except a part of the executive community; that is, a species of *acomunidade* with privileges to acquire property for you to tax, without their consent!" The Catholics pointed out their illustrious Protestant friend and champion—their friend and champion because of truth, and justice, and humanity and right he was the friend and champion—were excluded from an interest in the laws of the land. They are also excluded from communication with your persons; the society of marriage forbidden; the society of education forbidden; the society of civil employment forbidden; the society of military employment forbidden; the society of election forbidden; the society of the grand jury forbidden; the society of magistracy forbidden." There was not, he continued, a subject of public care, in which they could associate with the Protestant without breach of law, no subject of conversation, except foreign politics, foreign changes, and foreign revolutions. Alluding to the expression of the hope that Irishmen were to become one people, the father of Ireland's legislative independence asked, "How were the Irish to become one people? By these lines of circumvallation, erasing the natural geography of our country, setting up parallels and circles of folly and superstition, from the marriage bed to the cradle, from cradle to college, and from college to the grave, are two nations, that cannot by any public interest or business, or by any general call, save that of death, be brought together? There have been three policies observed with regard to Catholics; the first was that of Cromwell, extermination by operation of the sword; the second was that of Anne, extermination by operation of the law; and the third was yours, which allowed them a qualified existence. Though the two former were cruel, yet both were consistent. They both considered the Papists as criminals, and exercised over them the right of conquest. They considered the Catholics as a body who were neither to have power, nor property, nor any public existence in your country. The laws of Ireland prevented them from acquiring property in land; and the usurpations of England prevented either them or the Protestants from acquiring any considerable property by commerce. But the third policy, much milder than either, is more extravagant than both in your policy. You allow them schools, seminaries, and colleges, but distinct from your own and without funds; marriage, but marriage attended with pains and penalties; a free trade without franchise, and land without a vote."

Curran, speaking in 1812, at Newry, adverted to the state of Ireland from the revolution to the year 1782, and called her a sad continuing spectacle of dishonesty and oppression, and plunder, which she was too feeble by dissension to resist; because she was the abject, and helpless victim of the sordid, insatiable and implacable tyranny of a foreign country. "At length," said he, "in 1782, a noble effort was made, and deathless ought to be the name of him (Grattan) that made it, and deathless ought to be the gratitude of the country for which it was made—the

independence of Ireland was acknowledged. Under the system of asserted independence, our progress in prosperity was much more rapid than could have been expected, when we remember the conduct of a very leading noble person (Lord Charlemont) upon that occasion. Never was a more generous mind or a purer heart, but his mind had more purity than strength. He had all that belonged to taste, and courtesy and refinement; but the grand and the sublime of national reform were composed of colors too strong for his eyes and comprised a horizon too outstretched for his vision. The Catholics of Ireland were, in fact, excluded from the asserted independence of their country. Thus far the result comes to this, that wherever perfect union is not attained, complete redress must be sought in vain. The union was the last and mortal blow to the existence of Ireland as a nation, a consummation of our destruction, achieved by that perpetual instrument of our ruin, our dissensions. The whole history of mankind records no instance of any hostile cabinet, perhaps of any even internal cabinet, destitute of all principles of honor or of shame. The Irish Catholic was taught to believe that if he surrendered his country he would cease to be a slave. The Irish Protestant was enjoined into the belief that if he concurred in the surrender he would be placed on the neck of a hostile faction. Wretched fools! you might as well persuade the dealer that he is less a prisoner than the captive he locks up, merely because he carries the key of the prison in his pocket. By that reciprocal animosity, however, Ireland was surrendered; the guilt of that surrender was most atrocious, the consequences of the crime most tremendous and exemplary. We put ourselves into a condition of the most unqualified servitude; we sold our country, and we lied upon ourselves the price of the purchase; we gave up the right of disposing of our properties; we yielded to a foreign legislature to decide whether the funds necessary to their projects or their profligacy should be extracted from us or be furnished by themselves. The consequence has been, our scanty means have been squandered in her internal corruption as profusely as our best blood has been wasted in the madness of her aggressions, or the folly of her resistance—our debt has accordingly been increased more than tenfold: the common comforts of life have been vanishing—we are sinking into beggary—our people have been worried by cruel and unprincipled persecutions, and the instruments of our government have been almost simplified into the tax gatherer and the hangman."

In the very same speech this master mind, this man of man, laid bare to a then unfeeling, because crumbling and disturbed civilization, the condition of Ireland as England had made her: "A word or two upon your actual position: and what upon that subject but a word of sadness, the monumental inscription upon the headstone of our grave? all semblance of national independence buried in that grave in which our legislature is interred, our property and our persons are disposed of by laws made in another clime; and made like boots and shoes for exportation, to fit the wearers as they may." Such was Ireland, as a nation, such Catholic Ireland as a people, when O'Connell was raised up like another Moses to deliver his race from bondage. The task of inspiring a divided and enslaved people with courage and with unity was a task more herculean than can now be even imagined. Often amid the multitudinous trials and vicissitudes of his arduous life, the spirit of the liberator seemed to sink. In 1812 he put himself on record: "Within the last twenty years there were no less than three different periods at which the Catholics might have been emancipated if a combination of exertion had been used. Twenty years, however, have passed away, and we are still slaves. My days, the blossom of my youth, and the flower of my manhood, have been darkened by the dreariness of servitude. In this my native land, in the land of my sires, I am degraded without fault or crime, as an alien and an outcast." The great lesson taught the Irish people by O'Connell was, that of self reliance. "The slave is abject, mean and crouching; the freeman, resolute, self-reliant, and self-respecting." "We are," he said to his Catholic countrymen, "we are strong in justice of our cause, and in the inextinguishable right of man, in every soil and climate, to unlimited liberty of conscience. Let us, however, expect nothing from the mean patronage of courts and ministers. The advice given by a noble advocate of ours (Lord Byron) to other slaves, in a poem that it is impossible to read without delight, is not inapplicable to our situation: Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not, Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow. Will Gaul or Muscovite redress you? No True, they may lay your proud despisers low. But not for you will freedom's altars flame. Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foes. Thy glories all are o'er, but not thy years of shame."

How much the Catholics of Ireland need.

of self-reliance may be gleaned from A. M. Sullivan's (chapter 3.) New Ireland, on O'Connell and Repeal: "Forlorn indeed were the fortunes of the Irish Catholics: when, surrendering brilliant professional prospects, and sacrificing every other ambition, he devoted his life to the formidable enterprise of effecting their redemption. When he entered public affairs, and for a long time afterwards, he was the object of dislike and hostility on the part of many of the Catholic prelates and most of the Catholic gentry in Ireland. They denounced him as a demagogue. Again and again our 'upper class' Catholics assured the government of the day and the people of England that the extreme ideas of violent agitators about emancipation were to them, as moderate men and loyal citizens, positively distasteful. A hundred years or more of the Penal Code had done its work with these men. They tremble lest new commotions might wreat from them the comparative tolerance they now enjoyed: 'Your grace will, I hope, not deem me accountable for the foolishness of those who address me as 'My Lord,' wrote a Catholic Archbishop on O'Connell's time to the Duke of Wellington. Leave to live seemed a great deal to men whose youth had seen the 'discoverer' and the 'priest hunter.'"

It is not our purpose to dwell on O'Connell's struggle for the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-countrymen. Their mere relief from civil disabilities could not be truly said to relieve Ireland from all the ills wrought by the union of 1801. Hence, addressing in 1810 a public meeting of Catholic and Protestant citizens of Dublin called by Sir James Riddell, High Sheriff, whelmed Protestant and Catholic speakers and auditors were unanimous in ascribing the misery of the country to the baneful efforts of the Legislative Union, which had robbed the nation of its manhood, the metropolis of its wealth, its gaiety and splendor, after drawing a lively picture of the consequences of the union, blighting the bounteous gifts showered by Providence on Ireland and her inhabitants, after grovelling that the Act was a violation of the national and inherent rights of the Irish people—after citing eminent legal authorities against its constitutionality, he said: "Reflect, then, my friends, on the means employed to accomplish this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that everything was put to sale—noting profane or sacred was omitted in the union mart—offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God were all profaned and polluted as the rewards of union servitude. By a vote in favor of the union, ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to her utmost limits before she was transfixed in slavery. Even the rebellion was an accredited and secondary cause; the real cause of the union lay deeper, but it is quite obvious. It is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created and continued and seek to perpetuate amongst ourselves by telling us off, and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions. They separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterian from both: they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and they invented new pretences of rancour; but above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other; they falsely declared that we hated each other, and they repeated the assertion until we came to believe it; they succeeded in producing all the madness of party and religious distinctions; and, while we were lost in the stupor of insanity, they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted."

After thus delineating the means whereby the union was effectuated, the orator went on to deal with its results: "It has stripped us of commerce and wealth; it has degraded us, and deprived us, not only of our station as a nation, but even of the name of our country. We are governed by foreigners; foreigners make our laws; for were the one hundred members who nominally represent Ireland in what is called the Imperial Parliament—were they really our representatives, what influence could they, although unthought and unanimous, have over the five hundred and fifty-eight English and Scotch members? But what is the fact? Why, that out of one hundred, such as they are, that sit for this country, more than one-fifth know nothing of us, and are unknown to us. * * * Sir, when I talk of the utter ignorance in Irish affairs of the members of the Imperial Parliament, I do not exaggerate or mistake—the ministers themselves are in absolute darkness with respect to this country. I undertake to demonstrate it. Sir, they have presumed to speak of the growing prosperity of Ireland. I know them to be vile and profligate—I cannot be suspected of flattering them—yet, vile as they are, I do not believe they could have had the audacity to insert in the speech, supposed to be spoken by His Majesty, that expression had they known that, in fact, Ireland was in abject and increasing poverty. * * * When you detect the ministers themselves in such gross ignorance as, upon such authority, to place an insidious falsehood, as it were, in the mouth of our revered sovereign—what

think you, can be the fitness of nine minor imps of legislation to make laws for Ireland? * * * I would be glad to see the face of the man, or rather of the beast, who could dare to say he thought the Union wise or good; for the being who could say so must be devoid of all the feelings that distinguish humanity. * * * The Union has continued only because we were despaired of its repeal. Upon this despondency has it continued; yet what can be more absurd than such despair? If the Irish sentiment be but once known, if the voice of six millions be raised from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, if the men most remarkable for loyalty to their king and attachment to constitutional liberty will come forward as the leaders of the public voice, the nation would, in an hour, grow too great for the chains that now shackle you, and the Union must be repealed without commotion and without difficulty. Let the most timid amongst us compare the probability of our repeal with the prospect that, in the year 1795, existed of that measure being ever brought about. Who in 1795 thought a union possible? It dared to attempt it, and he succeeded: it only requires the resolution to attempt its repeal—its fact, its repeal, will let each man see the political feeling of rancour. But I say not this to barter with you, my countryman; I require no equivalent from you. Whatever course you shall take, my mind is fixed. I trample under foot the Catholic claims, if they can interfere with the repeal; I abandon all wish of compensation if it delays the repeal. Nay, were Mr. Percival to morrow to offer me the repeal of the Union upon the terms of re-enacting the entire penal code, I declare it from my heart, and in the presence of my God, that I would most cheerfully embrace his offer. Let us, then, my beloved countrymen, do not be wretched and groundless animosities on the altar of our country; let that spirit which, heretofore emanating from Danganooon, spread all over the island and gave light and liberty to the land, be again cherished amongst us; let us rally around the standard of old Ireland, and we shall procure that grand and glorious political blessing, an Irish king, an Irish House of Lords, and an Irish House of Commons."

CANADIAN SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

The Legislative Assembly of Quebec has, by unanimous vote, adopted the following resolution proposed by Mr. Carbray, Conservative member for Quebec West, seconded by Mr. McShane, Liberal member for Montreal West:— "Whereas, the right of self-government is sacred to the Canadian people; and whereas, they believe and know from actual experience that constitutional government brings strength, peace, union, and prestige to the nation, be it resolved, that this House, always sensible to everything tending to the greater welfare, progress, and happiness of our glorious nation, desires to record its warm appreciation and great pleasure at the intention of the Imperial Parliament to pass legislation to give a local government to Ireland, that this House regard with great satisfaction and sympathy the noble efforts of the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone to possibly solve the problem of Home Rule in Ireland, without disintegrating the Empire. Resolved, that the clerk of this House be directed to communicate a copy of this resolution (by cablegram) to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England.

This resolution, expressive of public feeling in the Province of Quebec, will, no doubt, greatly strengthen Mr. Gladstone's hands. The following paragraph from our contemporary the *Advertiser*, of the 19th inst. clearly shows the drift of opinion in the Premier Province of the Dominion: "The Hon. Oliver Mowat seems to have been interviewed at Chicago upon the subject of Irish Home Rule, and he informed his interviewers that the Liberals of Ontario were pleased with Mr. Gladstone's scheme. He also said that the Liberals of Canada endorse the plan for the enjoyment of the privileges of Home Rule for Ireland. Home Rule once conceded can never be taken from them; as every step taken towards the establishment of the principle will be one step more ahead. There is no reason why the principle of Home Rule should not succeed in Ireland as well as it does in Canada. Mr. Mowat in making this statement rightly voiced the sentiments of the Reform party of Canada."

It is now in order for the Dominion Parliament to follow up its resolutions of April 20th, 1882, to their logical conclusion, and give Mr. Gladstone the benefit of a hearty expression of sympathy. We may say to the Irish Catholic members of the House that the Canadian Home Rule of Irish descent will put up with abjectly-allowing from them. Who will make the first move in the matter?

think you, can be the fitness of nine minor impa of legislation to make laws for Ireland? * * * I would be glad to see the face of the man, or rather of the beast, who could dare to say he thought the Union was or good; for the being who could say so must be devoid of all the feelings that distinguish humanity. * * * The Union has continued only because we despair of its repeal. Upon this despair alone has it continued; yet what can be more absurd than such despair? If the Irish sentiment be but once known, if the voice of six millions be raised from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, if the men most remarkable for loyalty to their king and attachment to constitutional liberty will come forward as the leaders of the public voice, the nation would, in an hour, grow too great for the chains that now shackles you, and the Union must be repealed without commotion and without difficulty. Let the most timid amongst us compare the present probability of repealing the Union with the prospect that, in the year 1795, existed of that measure being ever brought about. Who in 1795 thought a union possible? Who dared to attempt it, and succeeded? It only requires the resolution to attempt its repeal—in fact, it requires only to entertain the hope of repealing it—to make it impossible that the Union should continue. But that pleasing hope can never exist whilst the infernal discussions on the score of religion are kept up. The Protestant alone could not expect to liberate his country; the Roman Catholic alone could not do it; neither could the Presbyterian; but amalgamate the three into the Irishman, and the Union is repealed. Learn discretion from your enemies: they have crushed your country by fomenting religious discord—serve her by abandoning it for ever. Let each man give up his share of the mischief; let each man forsake every feeling of rancour. But I say not this to baiter with you, my countrymen; I require no equivalent from you. Whatever course you shall take, my mind is fixed. I trample under foot the Catholic claims, if they can interfere with the repeal; I abandon all wish for emancipation, if it delays the repeal. Nay, were Mr. Percival to morrow to offer me the repeal of the Union upon the terms of re-erecting the entire penal code, I declare it from my heart, and in the presence of my God, that I would most cheerfully embrace his offer. Let us, then, my beloved countrymen, sacrifice our wicked and groundless animosities on the altar of our country; let that spirit which, heretofore emanating from Dugganonn, spread all over the island and gave light and liberty to the land, be again cherished amongst us; let us rally around the standard of old Ireland, and we shall easily procure that greatest of political blessings, an Irish king, an Irish House of Lords, and an Irish House of Commons."

know that party exigencies will be pleaded against this course; but will every Irish Catholic M. P. prove like a dumb beast in the face of his country's expectations and his peoples' wishes merely because of party exigencies?

LETTER FROM MR. CURRAN.

Ottawa, 16th April, 1886.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The game may not be worth the candle, yet I will say a parting word on the subject we have been discussing. You say we are simply not agreed on the definition of the term "legal." Why not? "Legal is that which is prescribed by the law." You give the definition from Ferrer's. No one can dispute it, and so far you say I am right. You state I appear to be ignorant of the existence of unjust laws. I think you do me injustice, but let that pass. Why should this irrelevant matter be dragged into the discussion? You are not only beside the controversy, but dealing with an entirely different subject. Is it necessary to point out that the law and the trial held under the law are two distinct things? It is the trial held according, not merely to the letter, but the spirit of the law, that we are now discussing as to its fairness. The making of the law is vested in one branch of authority, its administration in another. It is a willful waste of erudition to invoke the testimony of Saint Thomas, as the instance of unjust laws, which nobody disputes, and does not arise in discussing "whether the test of the fairness of a trial is its legality." If the person tried under a law gets the full benefit of its provisions, he has had a fair trial. Should the law itself be unjust, neither judge nor jury are responsible therefore; they have merely to deal conscientiously with the law as it stands, and in all you have said, I fail to discover the first argument advanced that in the slightest degree weakens my proposition, which I should not hesitate to abandon could you point out wherein it errors.

Your obedient servant,
J. J. CURRAN.

[We are, we must confess, tired of this bootless discussion. The member for Centre Montreal thinks he is right. So much the better for himself. We respect his opinions, but still hold to our own, having long since passed that stage of our existence wherein, merely because that honorable gentleman or any one else, enunciated an opinion we were therefore bound to accept it without question. Vale, friend.]

MONTREAL'S GREAT MEETING.

Canada's Commercial Metropolis Pronounces on Home Rule.

All Nationalities Unanimous in Upholding the Course Pursued by the Grand Old Man—Eloquent Addresses by Prominent Citizens.

Montreal Herald, April 18.

If the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone could have been present last evening in Nordheimer's Hall at the meeting of citizens to express sympathy with him in his endeavors to solve the Irish question he would have felt that those who were present on the occasion were unanimous in approving of his course. When the meeting opened shortly after eight o'clock the hall was filled by about five hundred citizens who cheered to the echo the name of England's Prime Minister and the name of the Emerald Isle. The meeting was composed of most respectable and orderly citizens, who gave vent to their feelings in a most dignified yet enthusiastic manner.

His Worship Mayor Beaupre occupied the chair, among those on the platform were Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty, Mr. Recorder DeMontigny, Mr. Ed. Murphy, Dr. Hingston, Mr. G. Greiner, Mr. J. LeBlanc, Donovon, Malone, Dufresne, Pronostic, Martineau, Jeannotte, Messrs. Denis Barry, G. W. Stephens, M. P. P., C. J. Doherty, Alfred Perry, Wm. Wilson, B. J. Coghlin, H. J. Cloran, P. J. Coyle, J. X. Perrault, Wm. O'Brien, W. Cunningham, Ph. Roy and many others.

Messrs. C. J. Courso, M. P., and J. J. Curran, M. P., arrived from Ottawa shortly after the meeting had commenced and were given a hearty reception.

THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS.

Mayor Beaupre, on rising to open the meeting, was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He said that on being asked to preside at the meeting he had felt that an honor was being done him. He had accepted the invitation for many reasons. Because as Mayor of Montreal he considered that he was alike the representative of the English and Irish and Scotch and French. (Applause.) And again because the Irish people of Montreal formed an influential and orderly portion of the citizens. (Cheers.) He was reminded that not long ago the people of Canada had to contend for precisely the same privileges which the Irish people were now asking for. (Hear, hear.) As a citizen of the world, as a believer in the great rights of mankind and humanity he had the greatest admiration for the

GRAND OLD MAN.

(loud and long continued applause) who was now guiding the destinies of the empire, and who was crowning his long and noble career with the greatest event of his life (cheers).

THE EYES OF THE WORLD

were now turned towards Westminster and the great statesman (cheers) who beneath its historical roof was struggling to obtain for Irishmen the rights of freedom. (Cheers.) Some considered that the scheme was premature. He did not think so (applause), and hoped it would be carried. (Cheers.) Many remembered the critical position the great Republic to the south was in 20 years ago because one portion of that Republic wanted to keep up slavery. He would ask them if there was a man in the United States to-day who would say that the country had lost anything by granting freedom to all classes. (Applause and cries of "no.") The United States were to-day the most prosperous country in the world. Thirty years hence the same would be the case with Ireland if Gladstone succeeded in carrying his great measure. (Applause.) The concession would eternally redound to the honor of Gladstone and of the mighty empire on which the sun never sets. (Applause.) Ireland, like Canada, was a people who were now asking for the right of self-government was granted. (Hear, hear.) Patriotism means more than

LOYALTY TO THE FLAG;

it means fealty to the family, the children, the associations and the country. (Cheers.) As a representative of the French pioneers who had colonized this country more than two centuries ago, he expressed the hope that England would do for Ireland what she had done for Canada. (Cheers.) He sympathized with the Irish people in their struggle from the bottom of his heart and he hoped that an Irish Parliament sitting in Dublin would soon be an accomplished fact. (Cheers.) They were all loyal to the old flag which had been carried around the world in the vanquished of progress and civilization, and he hoped that England would add another to its many glories by doing justice to the Irish people. (Loud cheers.) He had much pleasure in calling upon Mr. Denis Barry to read

THE FIRST RESOLUTION.

Whereas, the right of self-government is the common and indisputable heritage of all people, and its enjoyment is the basis and safeguard of a nation's peace, union and prosperity;—

Whereas, the Canadian people, knowing from actual experience the great benefits to be derived from constitutional and free Government by the people for the people, desire to see the same constitutional system of Government extended to the Irish people;—

Resolved, that we, citizens of Montreal, assembled in public meeting on the 15th day of April, 1886, warmly sympathize with the Irish people in their demands and struggles for the right of Self Government, and we congratulate them on the prospect of an early and successful termination of their long and patriotic struggle.

HON. MR. MITCHELL.

Mr. Barry then read the following letter from the Hon. Peter Mitchell:—

Ottawa, April 14, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your kind invitation of the 13th of April, inviting me to join a public meeting of Irishmen and citizens of Montreal, to be held in Nordheimer's Hall, on Thursday evening, the 16th inst., at 8 o'clock, to express approval of the Hon. W. E. Gladstone's introduction of a bill into the British Parliament recognizing Ireland's right to Home Rule.

In reply, I have to say that my parliamentary duties here will prevent me from availing myself of your kind invitation,

but I may say that I am in entire sympathy with any reasonable scheme which will create a better feeling between Ireland and the rest of the Empire, and remove those difficulties which caused so much trouble in the past.

Yours very sincerely,
P. MITCHELL.

(Loud applause.)

A telegram was also read from Mr. Jas. McShane, M. P., expressing regret at being unable to be present as he was detained at the Legislature to support the Home Rule resolutions there, but expressing sympathy with the meeting and wishing God speed to Gladstone and Ireland. (Applause.)

A telegram was also read from Mr. M. H. Gaik, M. P., expressing his regret at being detained at Ottawa and hoping that Home Rule would be granted to his native land. (Cheers.)

A telegram was also read from Hon. Mr. Taillon, M. P. P., wishing success to the cause.

MR. EDWARD MURPHY

moved that the first resolution be adopted. In moving its adoption he said it afforded him the greatest pleasure to do so and with their permission he would give a retrospect account of Ireland's struggles for Home Rule during the last half century. He then spoke of the work of O'Connell, extending from 1840 to 1845, known as the Repeal Movement, which failed of success. O'Connell's schemes were supported by Parliament at the time, but by only his own thirty five or forty supporters and a half dozen of English Radicals. Finally the movement was closed in 1847, when, after a terrible famine, two or three millions of Irishmen were driven away from the shores of their native land. These emigrants were to-day powerful factors in the great movement which he liked so well. Home Rule for Ireland. (Cheers.) Then Mr. Murphy went on to speak of the Home Rule agitation started in 1870 by the late Isaac Butt, and read the code of principles there laid down to show how minutely they coincided with many of the provisions of Mr. Gladstone's bill. (Cheers.) These principles of '70 wanted for Ireland exclusive control in Irish affairs. (Applause.) It was also stipulated that all Imperial affairs should be left to the Imperial Parliament. Butt had several times asked for permission to introduce a bill to that effect, but it had been refused, and only nine months ago the same request was denied. (Applause.) Even at that late period the English Parliament refused to give an Irish bill within the range of practical politics. (Applause.) Gladstone, who had succeeded in bringing the matter to the consideration of the House, was undoubtedly the greatest statesman living. (Applause.) As an evidence of the unanimity of feeling prevailing in Ireland on the question, it was only necessary to state that not a single opponent of it had been returned in either Limerick, Munster or Connaught (applause) and even in Ulster the majority of the members elected were pledged to support Parnell. (Loud applause.) He had much pleasure in moving the adoption of the resolution.

MR. G. W. STEPHENS, M. P. P.,

was greeted with loud applause on rising to second the resolution. He said that he was always glad to be with friends on occasions of rejoicing and this was one for the Irish people. (Cheers.) For himself it was one of the pleasantest moments of his life. (Applause.) For a thoughtful man, a man who took an interest in the welfare of his fellow creatures it must be a matter for gratification that this great question was about to be solved. (Applause.) He was glad to see that the greatest statesman of the age [applause] had dared to ask for right and justice in granting to the Irish people the sacred right of self-government enjoyed by all civilized nations. (Cheers.) When he attended a meeting of St. Andrew's Society he would think that there were only Scotch people in the world, [laughter.] but he was glad to see that the Scotch still had a man like Gladstone. (Laughter.) In looking over the civil list of the empire they would see that some of its greatest offices were filled by Irishmen. [Applause.] Surely a nation which could produce such men was well able to manage its own affairs. (Applause.) He was glad to see that thinking men were coming to the conclusion that conciliation was

BETTER THAN CONQUEST.

(Cheers.) He sincerely hoped that the Irish people would be successful, and in expressing this hope he would remind them that they would surely achieve success by wisdom and caution. In these days the pen was mightier than the sword, and those Irishmen who left their country and worked themselves up into positions on great metropolitan newspapers had contributed in no small degree to the success of the cause. Great principles rightly urged were certain to triumph in the end. In giving way to the other speakers who would follow him, he heartily concurred in the resolution and sincerely hoped that its meaning would be realized to the fullest extent for the benefit of the Irish people. (Loud applause.)

ALDERMAN BRADSHAW,

who was the next speaker, delivered an eloquent address in French. For French Canadians the cause of Ireland had always been a sacred one. (Applause.) As descendants of France they were strongly sympathetic to a nation which did much for their mother country. In times of great danger, on the battlefield when the victory was often uncertain the services rendered by the Irish soldiers of the *Brigade Irlandaise* could not be forgotten. (Cheers.) The Irish nation, besides furnishing France with gallant soldiers, had also given her many distinguished men, who had brought her glory and distinction. (Applause.) In Canada the French Canadians and Irish were allied by many kindred feelings which made them as friendly to each other. (Hear, hear.) The Canadians after a brief struggle had obtained their constitutional rights, but when Ireland obtains her Parliament she will have all the more reason to appreciate its value. (Applause.) He congratulated the Irish people, when they now stood in full view of the rising sun, for which they had patiently awaited during six centuries. (Applause.) He hoped it would never set. (Cheers.) In the victory which was coming the Irish people away from Ireland, in Canada, the United States and Australia had powerfully contributed. Without their moral and pecuniary

possible he would rather his tongue would not in his mouth than utter one word in favor of the scheme. On the other hand, those who sought to deprive Ireland of Home Rule were not loyal to British interests. (Cheers.) He was an Irish Canadian (applause), and as the son of a British soldier he had never known what it was to harbor a disloyal thought. Brought up by an Irish Catholic mother, he had been taught that love of God, king and country were one inseparable. (Applause.) They were very grateful to the other nationalities who were sympathizing with them in this struggle, and while on this point he was reminded of the fact that the laws of France—of France which had always been opposed to England, but which he hoped would in future be always friendly, still prevailed as the law of this Province. (Applause.) He concluded an eloquent address by expressing the hope that England would do for Ireland precisely what it had done for Canada. (Loud applause.)

MR. J. K. WARD

was loudly called for and on coming forward received a round of applause. He said that it afforded him much pleasure to second such a resolution. It was one in which he could sympathize heartily. He was not present as a representative of St. George's Society, although he was an Englishman, he knew how cruelly Ireland had been wronged in the past and hoped that those wrongs were not about to be righted. He referred to the eloquent remarks of Dr. Hingston and how fully he had covered the ground. He could endorse all he had said. Speaking of the past life of the Premier of England he said he had created in his day Lords, Dukes and even Bishops, but with all the power with which he had been entrusted, he had not been able to do more than what he had done. He was the fact that he was but plain William E. Gladstone. He was a man of great ability, of firm principle, a great financier and a ripe scholar, and to these qualities and accomplishments it is to be added that he is a man of high principles and pure morals. No man lives to-day who is so entitled for his statesmanlike qualities, and it is hardly possible that another such will come after him. He hoped that he would live long enough to see the final triumph of his Home Rule measure. The speaker was in favor of Home Rule for the three kingdoms—England, Ireland and Scotland. Each should have its own Legislature and make its own laws, and enjoy in all ways the same privileges that Canada does at the present moment. Home Rule would make Ireland a prosperous and happy land. The day was not far distant when liberty in its fullest and truest sense would be enjoyed by the Irish of Ireland, and that day would see them a happy, loyal and contented people.

ALDERMAN PERRONTEAU

followed in an eloquent address in French, in which he expressed the greatest sympathy with the Irish people in their struggle for Home Rule. The cause of Ireland involved a principle which was sacred to all nations and he hoped that victory would soon crown their long lasting efforts. As a young French-Canadian he could assure them that they had the warmest sympathies of their fellow countrymen of that nationality who knew how to appreciate the efforts of the Irish people because of the experiences of their own fathers. (Loud applause.)

MR. H. J. CLORAN,

was loudly cheered on coming forward. He said like the distinguished and true ex-ile of Erin, Mr. Murphy who had spoken, he was glad to be present for the purpose of adding his voice to the expressions of congratulation.

Already had words of cheer been sent flashing over the Atlantic to both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell from no less a body of Irishmen than the Montreal branch of the National League. It was fitting that those assembled should testify to their appreciation of the fact that Gladstone is the first English leader who has dared to take such a stride in advance of his contemporaries and country. His speech of a few days ago marks a very important epoch in the history of Ireland [applause.] It indicates that Ireland will yet be free, [loud and long continued applause.] Mr. Cloran here read the message which Mr. Gladstone had sent to Mayor O'Brien of Boston, expressing his gratification for the words of cheer which had been sent to him from the chamber of Parnell Hall. His words, continued Mr. Cloran, are a sufficient answer to all the insults and vilification which have been heaped upon our people. Gladstone has said that the English people have wronged Ireland, that they have done it for centuries, they have robbed them of their just rights, civil, religious and political.

Mr. Gladstone acknowledged that the Irish charges of misgovernment were true and thereby proved that what is the treason of to-day is the patriotism of tomorrow, and the day after, it is the statesmanship which commands the admiration of the world.

The position taken by Gladstone to-day is the position taken by Irish statesmen for years back. The Home Rule Bill means the breaking of the sacred union which has endured so long between England and Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has the courage of his convictions. All honor, he said, to the man who will face foes from both within and without. He had met with opposition and discussion from within his cabinet, but this was based on prejudice and ignorance, and he had not failed (cheers). The solemn words of Lord Plunkett, in the House of Commons against the Union, are:—"Youself you may extinguish, but the Parliament you cannot extinguish. It is entrenched in the hearts of the people—it is established in the sanctuary of the Constitution, it is immortal as the island it protects! As well might the frantic maniac hope that the act which destroys his miserable body may extinguish his immortal soul. Do not dare to lay your hands upon the Constitution—it is above your power."

William Saurin, Attorney General for Ireland, said, "You may make the Union binding in law, but you cannot make it obligatory in conscience—it will be obeyed as long as England is strong, but resistance to it will be a mere question of prudence." Lord Chief Justice Burke said: "That the basest corruption and artifice were

continued on next page.

CANADIAN SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

The Legislative Assembly of Quebec has, by unanimous vote, adopted the following resolution proposed by Mr. Carbray, Conservative member for Quebec West, seconded by Mr. McShane, Liberal member for Montreal West:—

Whereas, the right of self-government is sacred to the Canadian people; and whereas, they believe and know from actual experience that constitutional government brings strength, peace, union, and prestige to the nation, be it resolved, that this House, always sensible to everything tending to the greater welfare, progress, and happiness of our glorious nation, desires to record its warm appreciation and great pleasure at the intention of the Imperial Parliament to pass legislation to give a local government to Ireland, that this House regards with great satisfaction and sympathy the noble efforts of the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone to peacefully solve the problem of Home Rule in Ireland without disintegrating the Empire. Resolved, that the clerk of this House be directed to communicate a copy of this resolution (by cablegram) to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England.

This resolution, expressive of public feeling in the Province of Quebec, will, no doubt, greatly strengthen Mr. Gladstone's hands. The following paragraph from our city contemporary the *Advertiser*, of the 19th inst., clearly shows the drift of opinion in the Premier Province of the Dominion:—

"The Hon. Oliver Mowat seems to have been interviewed at Chicago upon the subject of Irish Home Rule, and he informed his interviewers that the Liberals of Ontario were pleased with Mr. Gladstone's scheme. He also said that the Liberals of Canada endorse the plan for the enjoyment of the privileges of Home Rule for Ireland. Home Rule once conceded can never be taken from them, and every step taken towards the establishment of the principle will be one step more ahead. There is no reason why the principle of Home Rule should not succeed in Ireland as well as it does in Canada. Mr. Mowat in making this statement rightly voiced the sentiments of the Reform party of Canada."

It is now in order for the Dominion Parliament to follow up its resolutions of April 20th, 1883, to their logical conclusion, and give Mr. Gladstone the benefit of a hearty expression of sympathy. We may say to the Irish Catholic members of the House that the Canadian Home Rulers of Irish descent will put up with no shilly-shallying from them. Who will make the first move in the matter? We

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE ARE sincerely sorry to learn that a Minister of the Crown, from whom we have had just occasion and pressing cause to differ, the Hon. Sir A. Campbell, Post Master General, has had a severe attack of illness, in the form of an epileptic visitation. We trust that the hon. gentleman will soon be restored to health.

His Lordship the Bishop of London presided at Woodstock on Thursday, the 16th inst., at a solemn requiem Mass of Month's Mind for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Father Carlin, for many years pastor of that place. Rev. Father Tierman was celebrant of the mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Molphy and Brady as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Among the other clergy present were the Rev. Fathers Flannery, St. Thomas, and Northgraves, Stratford. His Lordship presided at the close of the mass a very touching sermon on the certainty of death and the uncertainty of its time and circumstances.

WE ARE happy to chronicle the gradual but certain restoration to health of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion. Sir John's complete recovery of health and vigor is ardently and cordially wished for by every patriotic citizen, irrespective of political creed or party alliance. The writer has felt, and may in the future feel, upon many occasions, it is his duty to differ from the Premier's views and course of action, but, however marked his difference or accentuated his dissent from the Premier's policy—a difference and a dissent that he neither palliates nor withdraws—he is ready to confess that Sir John A. Macdonald towers head and shoulders above nearly the entirety of men in Canadian politics, as well in personal as in public qualifications for leadership.

MR. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, at a great pro-Irish meeting lately held in Boston, said: I am requested to call the meeting to order, and in doing so—because I shall not speak farther to-night—I take profound pleasure in speaking here, the first word of pride and respect and gratitude to the great English statesman who has had the courage and the honesty and the wisdom to offer Home Rule to Ireland. A meeting in Boston must have at least as much effect in London as a meeting in Liverpool. An English meeting might affect political parties, but a meeting in Boston affects the English nation. Mr. Gladstone has in one day softened the hatred engendered and increased by centuries of misrule in Ireland. He has astonished Irishmen themselves by demonstrating that it is possible for England still to win the heart of Ireland. I cannot speak for Irishmen, but I say for one Irishman who was a rebel that I respect and honor and love Mr. Gladstone for his magnificent offer to Ireland.

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NEWS FROM IRELAND.

News from Ireland. Captain G. Nicholson, a retired military man, has hitherto passed as an inoffensive...

News from Ireland. The Most Rev. Dr. McGilgan, has appointed the Rev. Thomas Taffe, C. J. Dundalk, to be parish priest of Tullyallen...

News from Ireland. A great popular demonstration took place in Kinsale, on March 24th, in celebration of the Nationalist victories at the Poor-law elections...

News from Ireland. The Rev. Michael Delany, P. P., St. Mary's, Enniskillen, made an appeal to his parishioners and Protestant neighbors...

News from Ireland. On March 24th, a great concourse of people, with ploughs and horses, assembled at Ballybeggan, and ploughed a six-acre field...

News from Ireland. On March 20th, the tenantry on the Croker property at Ballybeggan, Cahir, and elsewhere, held a meeting...

News from Ireland. Great distress prevails in Kildare and the surrounding districts among the laboring classes and small farmers...

News from Ireland. If proof were wanted of numerous acts of kindness and thoughtful benevolence of the Rev. J. Long, Pastor of Clashmore...

News from Ireland. On March 25, a force of 150 police proceeded to the locality of Scotstown to protect the sheriff in carrying out evictions...

News from Ireland. On March 22, ten of the men who were confined in Omagh Jail, for their connection with the riots at Carrickmore...

The service of ejection processes, were released. A triumphal procession was organized, and met the released men at the jail...

Four of Mr. Walter M. Blake's men who with him, took part in the evictions scenes enacted at Doonbeg and Ballinacorney...

There were eight evictions carried out on March 22, on the property of Mr. King, near Ballinamore. It was a most heart-rending scene...

On March 24, the Sheriff's bailiff, assisted by Mr. Achley's bailiff, visited several farms in the Clifney district...

The Very Rev. James McPartlan, P. P., Drumkieran, died on March 26th. Deceased who had reached the age of sixty-eight...

One of the most beautiful features of the face is a shapely, fine-cut nose. If this is deformed, the whole face is injured...

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feet, damp clothing, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup...

FATHER RYAN, THE POET-PRIEST OF THE SOUTH. The following is the text of the poems of Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South...

It is now six years since J. L. Rapier & Co., of Mobile, Alabama, issued in book form the poems of Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South...

Years ago, Edgar Allan Poe, in his essay on the poetic principle, struck a heavy blow at a literary coterie of Boston...

But this cannot be said of the poems of Rev. Abram J. Ryan. While his verse shows little mark of finish, you feel within it a pulse that beats straight from the heart of the writer...

In the "Valley of Silence" the poet dreams his heart in song. In the hush of the valley of silence, And the heart is a pulse warm, and true...

But far on the deep there are hills That never shall break on the sea; And I have said it into speech; And I have said it into speech...

Do you ask me the place of the valley, Or the heart that is throbbing there; I tell you it is in the heart of the poet, And the heart of the poet is there...

Take that banner—down—'tis tattered; Broken as its staff and shivered; And 'twere well it were in the dust; For the banner is old and tattered...

For that banner—softly, slowly, Treat it gently—'tis holy— For it droops above the dead, And its folds are the shroud of the dead...

A Valuable Feature. One of the most valuable features of Hagar's Yellow Oil is that unlike ordinary liniments it can be safely and effectually taken internally...

WANTED—LADY CATHOLIC (active and intelligent) in her own locality, to work endorsed by clergy. References required. Good salary and permanent position with old firm. Address "CATHOLIC WORK," St. Barley St., N.Y.

WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES. The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame...

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Flowers for March 10c. each \$3.00 per 100. The Month of St. Joseph—cloth.....0.60 The Power of St. Joseph.....0.50 Considerations and Devout Meditations for every day during the holy season of Devout Client of St. Joseph.....0.40 Life of St. Joseph.....0.68 Glories of St. Joseph.....0.40 Novena to St. Patrick.....0.20

BOOKS.

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BOOKS FOR LENT.

Books for Lent. Lenten Monitor.....0.50 Sufferings of Our Lord, by Father Thomas of Jesus.....1.00 Lessons from the Passion, by the Rev. B. Feeney.....1.00 Imitation of Christ—at 40 cts. each and upwards.

HOLY WEEK BOOKS

Holy Week Books. Roman—plain edges.....0.50 Imitation Morocco—red edges.....1.00 do black edges.....1.00 Morocco.....2.00

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BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT JOHN GARVEY'S. Frank Smith's Old Stand. WHY? For \$1 and a dozen empty bottles you can get a dozen of either Carling's or Labatt's Ale...

THOMAS D. EGAN

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York. PASTOR SUNDAY. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." St. John 1, 7.

Can he, however, demand this permission to enter heaven immediately after death when he does die? That depends entirely upon his contrition at the moment of death. If he is not so sorry for all his sins that his contrition is perfect, then he can't enter heaven immediately, but must go to purgatory to be made perfectly pure...

First, by the Sacrifice of the Mass. For by the Mass we repair our sins, get grace to keep from sin, and make our purgatory shorter in consequence. He who hears Mass daily makes the best prayer that a man can make and he is more certain to have his prayer answered. He also helps the living and the dead, and brings down upon himself and his own special and great graces from God...

Secondly, the blood of Christ is applied to our souls by the Sacrament of Penance. Men defile their souls by sin, by mortal sin after baptism. He who receives the Sacrament of Penance worthily, that is, with true sorrow, for all mortal sins, with a firm determination to keep his life and resist the wrong he has done, and restore to God the grace of God that restores his soul to eternal life.

Thirdly, in Holy Communion we receive the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in a hidden manner, but in deed and in truth. The consecrated bread is the Eternal and Ever Living God Himself. You know, my dear brethren, the strength of this divine food. It gives new energy to the soul, destroys the power of concupiscence, banishes all at least weakens temptation, always giving us the grace to hold our own against the world, the flesh and the devil. All you Catholics who refuse to make this communion once a year!

But there is one thing that ought to be said here. A Catholic ought never consider as useless, or as almost useless, any one of the Sacraments. This is many do as regards confession. They undervalue it. They think, therefore, is no good unless they receive communion every time they go to confession. Now this is a grave error. One is obliged to go to communion every time he goes to confession. Those who can go to Mass nor communion on account of their business or employment or work keeping them away, can at least go to confession every time they go to Mass. All such any one has to do is step in to the rectory's house, make his confession and go on to work again. If he but makes an arrangement with some one of his priests he can always be heard on that point.

But what is the good of this if I go to communion? You, a Catholic, with the true faith in your heart, such a question! Remember, in that confession, alone, applies the precious blood to your soul, for it is a sacrament. Because it is a sacrament it stores the spiritual strength and life giving grace to the soul, grace that eternal in its nature and that one must take to heaven with him, if he get the blood to your soul, for it is a sacrament. Because it is a sacrament it stores the spiritual strength and life giving grace to the soul, grace that eternal in its nature and that one must take to heaven with him, if he get the blood to your soul, for it is a sacrament. Because it is a sacrament it stores the spiritual strength and life giving grace to the soul, grace that eternal in its nature and that one must take to heaven with him, if he get the blood to your soul, for it is a sacrament.

The Cheapest medicine in use is Thomas' Electric Oil, because so little of it is required to effect a cure. croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the eye and throat, whether used for bathing chest or throat, for taking internal, inebal, it is a matchless compound.

Why go limping and winning a your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES By the Parish Fathers.

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

PASCHON SUNDAY.

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1. E. S. Jones, Jr. We all know, my dear brethren, that when a man is born into the world, he is born unclean before God he is then so unclean that he is not fit to associate with the sons of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven. He is then so unclean that he can never be anything but an outcast from God until he is made clean.

Can he, however, demand this permission to enter heaven immediately after his death when he does die? That depends entirely upon his contrition at the moment of death. If he is not so sorry for all his sins that his contrition is perfect, then he can't enter heaven immediately, but must go to purgatory to be made perfectly pure, so that he can be taken into heaven.

I have said that baptism applies the blood of Christ to the soul and makes man pure and innocent. Now, baptism is a sacrament. It is the first one and is necessary to salvation. Without it no man can enter heaven, nor even purgatory, for the purgatorial state is the first and lowest state of blessed and holy souls who must go to heaven in the end. But the blood of Christ is applied to the soul of man in other ways, although baptism must come in the first place.

First, by the Sacrifice of the Mass. For by the Mass we repair our sins, get grace to keep from sin, and make our purgatory shorter in consequence. He who hears Mass daily makes the best prayer that a man can make and he is more certain to have his prayer answered. He also helps the living and the dead, and brings down great graces from God. He must be in a state of grace, however, to enjoy these privileges.

Secondly, the blood of Christ is applied to our souls by the Sacrament of Penance. Men defile their souls by sin, by mortal sin after baptism. He who receives the Sacrament of Penance worthily, that is, with true sorrow, for all mortal sin, with a firm determination to lead a good life and repair the wrong he has done, that man receives again the grace of God that restores his soul to eternal life.

Thirdly, in Holy Communion we receive the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in a hidden manner, but in deed and in truth. The consecrated Host is the Eternal and Ever Living God Himself. You know, my dear brethren, the strength of the soul, destroys the power of concupiscence, banishes or at least weakens temptation, always giving us the grace to hold our own against the world, the flesh and the devil. And there are Catholics who refuse to make this communion once a year!

But there is one thing that ought to be said here. A Catholic ought never to consider as useless, or as almost useless, any one of the Sacraments. This too many do as regards Holy Communion. They undertake it, they think, therefore, it is no good unless they receive communion every time they go to confession. Now this is a grave error. One is not obliged to go to communion every time he goes to confession. Those who cannot go to Mass nor communion on account of their business or employment or work keeping them away, can at least go to confession very often during the year. All such any one has to do is to step into the rector's house, make his confession and go on to work again. If he but make an arrangement with some one of the priests he can always be heard at once.

For God's sake, for your own soul's sake, dear brethren, do not undertake this great sacrament, that always makes us morally certain we are good enough to receive Holy Communion. This applies the Precious Blood to our souls every time we go to confession. Do not look lightly upon any means of getting such good for the soul. Do not fail to use it many times for itself alone. For as the text tells us, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us" even "from all sin" and he know it is a great dishonor to God to neglect this sacrament, which is especially given for the purpose of cleansing our souls.

The Cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

WAS IT A MIRACLE!

THE MARVELLOUS CURE OF A YOUNG MAN BY THE WATER OF LOURDES.

Cincinnati, March 16, 1886. DEAR AVE MARIA:—Knowing the interest your readers take in everything relating to the glory of God and that of His holy Mother, I have thought to inform you of an extraordinary cure recently obtained in this vicinity by the use of Lourdes Water, and a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes.

Having seen an account in the daily papers of the cure of Henry Durstock of No 218 Saratoga St., Newport, Ky., I concluded to visit the young man, and learn for myself if the facts as stated in the newspapers had been exaggerated. I was cordially received by his sister, and conducted to his presence. He sat in a neat little bedroom, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and telling his wonderful story over and over again, for the edification of the many who are constantly coming and going. I will give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words. He said:

"My name is Henry Durstock. At the age of twelve I was attacked by typhoid fever, from which I never fully recovered. I was seized with severe cramps in my stomach, the result of several abscesses, which formed in my stomach and in the region of my heart. My stomach was very much swollen and very painful. After a while the abscesses broke, and the poison scattered through my system, making me perfectly helpless, and causing me to suffer so much that at times I lost my reason. I had the best physicians of New York, and they all united in saying my case was hopeless. After two years of this agony, I began a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. I had a great deal of faith at that time, and hoped to be cured. One day during the novena I experienced great relief,—indeed, I seemed to be entirely well for several hours; but the reaction came, and I relapsed into my former condition. So things went on till I had been six years in bed. At the suggestion of a religious, another novena was made. I had no faith that I would be cured, and nothing came of it. Seven years passed by, and last month, of my own accord, I requested Father Baumester, of St. Stephen's Church, across the way, to join me in a novena and asked for some Water of Lourdes. He assented, and we began the novena on February 23d, without the knowledge of even my father and mother. However, I told my mother on the first day of the novena, and she made it with me. I derived no benefit as yet from the water, though I still had great faith. On the night of the eighth day I felt a pricking painful sensation in my limbs, which seemed strange, as I had no feeling in them for a long time."

Here the young man was interrupted by his mother, who said: "Indeed, Henry was like a child. His father was obliged to change his clothes for him, as though he were an infant, and to lift him from one bed to another while I changed the bed-clothes. On account of his helplessness, I always occupied this little bed in my room. All night of the last night, as he tells you, he was very wakeful, and kept me awake. About six o'clock in the morning of the ninth day, and before he had yet taken the Lourdes Water, I was dosing after my sleepless night, when I heard him say, 'Mother if I had any clothes I would get up.' I started up in bed, thinking that either he was dreaming or I was, and said, 'What is that you say, Henry? That I had any clothes which I would get up?' I could not believe my ears, and answered, 'You could not get up, my child.' 'Yes, mother, I could, if I had something to put on,' he said. Poor child he had not been dressed for thirteen years! 'Well, I answered, 'if it is only a matter of clothes, I can get you some of your brother's.' I brought them; he put them on without assistance—he who had not been able to move for so many years. When his sister came to bring his coffee, she was surprised to see him ready to walk into the kitchen, which he did, taking his coffee there."

"Yes, it is all true," continued the young man; "I was perfectly well. And that night, when my father came home, he was so astonished that he burst into tears. I have great reason to be grateful to the Blessed Virgin, and I hope I shall always be so."

Then added the good Christian mother "Yes, indeed, we have much to be thankful for, but if I thought, after all this, that Henry would not be a good man, I would rather nurse him over again for the rest of my life and his."

The young man is now twenty-five years of age, but he does not look more than seventeen. He has a thoughtful, intelligent face, and is very simple and unaffected, seeming to realize fully the extent of the favor of which he has been the recipient. He is still pale and thin, but he grows stronger every day, using his limbs by degrees, as naturally he is easily fatigued. He eats and sleeps well, and is very animated in conversation. One or two physicians who have seen him, have not expressed any opinion whatever, but in this case their silence is expressive. To the mind of your correspondent there is not the slightest doubt of the reality of the cure. Hundreds of people in Newport can testify to the fact of his long illness and sudden recovery. I understand that the pastor of St. Stephen's intends to appoint a day of public thanksgiving in the parish for this signal mark of Our Lady's protection.

The Rev. Father Baumester has already published an account of the cure, over his own signature, in a local German paper; but this will probably be the first record of it in English.

The Lost Restored. Ira McNeill, of Poplar Hill, Ont., states that his brother aged 12, was afflicted with a terrible cold, from the effects of which he lost his voice. Hayward's Pectoral Balsam cured the cold and restored his voice in the most perfect manner. He says it cannot be exceeded as a remedy for coughs and colds.

Dr. Low's PLEASANT WORM REMEDY. An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

FOR BOVINE conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

In the Name Mary.

More women have been named Mary than any other name which has blessed or cursed the feminine sex. It stands as the typical name for the holiest and most subject of women—for the virgin and the santon. And in every language of Asia and Europe, as well as that of Egypt, this name appears almost without variation. It has been an equal favorite with the aristocrats of France and the Puritans of New England, and it equally becomes literature or kitchen. It is stately when we speak of Lady Mary, worthy Montague; it is simply itself when we refer to Mary O'Brien, who brings in our breakfast rolls. At one time it may bring up a picture of a divine painted face, hanging in the rich gloom of an Italian gallery, and at another of a red-checked dairy-maid, with her bare feet in the daisied borse it and the most memorable women that Scotland ever produced has made it immortal. The proudest women of France have dignified it, and the worst women of Russia have disgraced it. There are as many Marys smiling at the circling sun that make the brief summer by the northern sea as loll through the luxurious days by the Mediterranean. The name that Catholic missionaries gave to the first converted Indian maiden was Mary, and perhaps the first daughter of eyes that family for all time will stand in imminent danger of bearing the name, for it is the first to be considered in naming girl babies, and when rejected is always thought of with lingering tenderness. How many lovers have loved! How they have associated it with purity and gentleness, with womanliness and candor! Trust that a fateful name it is, its bearer seems predestined to sorrow, yet it is gladome too. "My mother's name was Mary." What a pleasant thing to say! "My little daughter Mary." Could anything be prettier? "My sister Mary, who is dead." What a wealth of tender suggestions! "Mary, my wife." What a picture of home comfort!—Chicago News.

Saved by the Angelus.

In Spain, as is well known, at the first sound of the bell, morning, noon and night, every body kneels down and recites the Angelus. A great number of examples show that this pious practice in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation is as salutary to the faithful as it is agreeable to our Divine Saviour and to His Holy Mother.

During the late Carlist war, General Lavala, who was so devoted to Don Carlos, was made prisoner, brought before a council of war, and condemned to be shot. He had already received Holy Communion, and a battalion of soldiers had conducted him to the place of execution. Everything was ready; a minute more and all would be over. At this moment the first sound of the Angelus was heard. The General instinctively fell on his knees; the soldiers and their chief did the same; and all devoutly recited the three Ave Marias. The prayer was not yet finished when a courier was seen galloping up with a little white flag. He was a messenger sent by the king to announce the pardon of the prisoner. His life had been spared by the recitation of the Angelus.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a dangerous disease which thousands are consciously or unconsciously suffering from. It is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence of a vegetable parasite in the lining membrane of the nose. The predisposing causes are a morbid state of the blood, the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and the germination of other poisons in the blood. Irritated by these, the lining membrane of the nose is ever ready for the reception of the parasite, which rapidly spreads up the nostrils, and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal chords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many ingenious specifics for the cure of catarrh have been invented, but without success, until a physician of long standing discovered the exact nature of the disease and the only appliance which will permanently destroy the parasite, no matter how aggravated the case. Sufferers should send stamp at once for descriptive pamphlet on catarrh, to the business manager, A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada.—The Mail.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a teakettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the effect was immediately to allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic Clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. They have lately put in a complete set of Pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favored with contracts from a number of the Clergy in most parts of Ontario, in all cases the express satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing Pews for new Churches in that country and Ireland. Address:—

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CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

The regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on Friday and third Thursday of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Canal Hall, Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. M. HARRMAN, Pres. J. A. COCHRAN, Sec. Sec.

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

The regular monthly meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society will be held on Friday evening, 12th inst., at their rooms, Masonic Temple, at 7.30. All members are requested to be present. C. A. STREY, President.

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MONTREAL'S GREAT MASS MEETING.

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

to promote it; that all the worst passions of the human heart were entered into the service, and all the most depraved ingenuity of the human intellect was turned to devise new contrivances of fraud.

It is time that the Irish people should have their rights and have them they should. The people of Ireland for years have suffered from coercion. Even Mr. Gladstone himself has attempted to govern the people by miracle and failed, as he deserved to do, but now he comes bearing the olive branch of peace and confessing his former error, and we should heartily congratulate him. He is backed by all the fair-minded, honest and intelligent men of both Europe and America. (Applause.) This is upon the authority of Joseph Arch a few days ago on the floor of the House of Commons. The Irish people have no ill feeling against the English people, but it is English misrule that they have only defence, and this defence we of this continent will support. (Applause.)

If local self-government in an enlarged degree is a benefit to other countries why not to Ireland? If it is a good thing for Canada to have a local self-government why will it not do to Ireland with some of the same? (Applause.) New South Wales has self-government to a large degree, successfully managing the affairs of the colony. If it is good there, why not elsewhere? (Applause.) What is the local self-government for that country without disturbing her relations to the Imperial Government; indeed, so that it shall be to the mother country as the several states of the Union are to the Federal Government; so that in respect to all local matters of purely domestic policy, the Irish Legislature may determine without interference, leaving all questions of a National and Imperial character to the English Government.

It has been accused that the Irish could not give Ireland; this is not so. Let us get hold of it. (Applause.) Only a few years ago Irishmen were imprisoned for giving utterance to sentiments which Mr. Gladstone now uses in the House of Commons. Ireland was never made for a pasture, her land is too rich, the climate too salubrious. It should be made a centre of manufacturing power. Over \$5,000,000 goes annually from the shores of this continent to aid the suffering poor of Ireland, this money finds its way out of Ireland and into the pockets of rapacious landlords by whom it is spent in the cities of Europe. (Applause.)

Resolved, that we also extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell on the success which is daily attending, in so full a measure, their great labors and sacrifices for the freedom of Ireland.

He could wish no more pleasant lot than to move such a resolution as this. It was very gratifying to the Irish people to see so large and enthusiastic an audience whose hearts sympathize with Ireland in her efforts for legislative independence, under their great leader, Parnell. If there is any part of the British Empire from which such words as these can fitly come, it is from Canada. We have to our credit here. The representatives of the people are supposed to represent the wishes of the people. In 1882 the Hon. John Costigan made a series of resolutions asking that the same privileges be granted to Ireland that were enjoyed by Canada. (Applause.) These resolutions were laid on the table, but the people, and it is to be hoped had some influence in bringing about the present measure. He was proud to be counted as an Irish Canadian, but prouder still would he be if it might be said of him that he was one of the little band of eighty-six patriots who are struggling by constitutional measures for legislative relief under the leadership of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell. (Applause.) He is a truly great man, who has never been defeated, never baffled; a man who has risen by his own merit until to day he occupies a place where he is said to be the ruler of England. He has fully reviewed the history of Ireland and said it ought to be governed by Irishmen. It must be or they would know the reason why. The struggles of Irishmen had no means been in vain. The sun is about to shine forth on all the hills and upon this beautiful land and the epitaph of Emmet will soon be written. (Applause.) For this measure of reform Mr. Gladstone deserves well and when he passes away his name will remain green in the hearts of all Irishmen. He closed his speech as follows:—To the dramatic opening of the Irish Parliament on this soil, and to its speedy legislation, we shall look for the fruition of long cherished hopes, to them we shall look for industries restored, manufactures established, happy homes and altars free, the tenant on his own land, and progress in art and science diffused among all. We shall also look to see that loftiest expression of feeling and emotion—the music of the nation—which, in the past, had an undertone of sadness and longing, breathing in the future joy and thanksgiving, and keyed to the harmonies of the abiding grandeur and prosperity of the people. (Applause.)

HON. G. C. CURSON, M. P. was the next speaker. He extended thanks for the reception given him. For years the people of Ireland have been struggling for home rule. Much good and hard work has been done, but nothing had been accomplished until like a savior from Heaven, came Mr. Gladstone to the Irish people. He had confessed that they had been wronged and asked that those wrongs be now redressed. If Scotland had suffered as Irishmen had they would have adopted the same measure. Wherever a friend of liberty is found, there is found an advocate of home rule. The whole enlightened world is looking on to see the result of Mr. Gladstone's measure. The Bill may not carry. He was afraid it would not, but at least it would serve to pave the way to what was bound to follow. Home Rule might be delayed, but it was

sure to come. Ireland must be given her rights. (Applause.) History shows the names of Irishmen who have shed their blood in defence of their rights. So long as Ireland is misgoverned just so long will there be a ferment and just so long will England in consequence be troubled. Give the poor of Ireland a chance to own the land they live on and give them a voice in the administration of Irish affairs and you will find they will fight as the old flag as loyally as any subjects of the empire. (Yes, yes) He hoped to live to see the day when Parnell would be ruler of Ireland. (Applause.)

MR. C. J. DONOVAN, in supporting the resolution, said that while he would heartily and cordially agree with all resolutions so enthusiastically adopted by the meeting, if he had himself chosen that in support of which he should speak, his choice would certainly have fallen upon this one. He felt while listening to the address this evening that he was quite ready for Heaven yet, for we were told that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner doing penance than over ninety-nine just men who need not penance. Without wishing for a moment to insinuate that at any period of his career the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had been a sinner, it must at least be admitted that in giving freedom to Ireland to the gospel of Home Rule he had so eloquently expounded the other evening, and he (the speaker) must admit that, sincerely rejoicing over the great work of Grand Old Man had put his hand to for Ireland, there was a deeper, more heart felt feeling of joy for that work was to grow with success the labors of those who had made it possible—Parnell, McCarthy, Michael Davitt (Great applause.) If there was joy in his heart over their most recent convert, not doing penance but making reparation, he must confess there was greater joy over Ireland's eighty-six just men who needed no penance and had no reparation to make. If, as had been eloquently said to-night, when the grave should close over the remains of England's greatest waterman, his name would live in the hearts and memories of men, as that of those who in giving freedom to Ireland, had proved himself not merely the deliverer of that land, the consolidator of the British Empire, but a great benefactor of humanity (applause) to whom was it due if not to those who had gone before him making straight his paths, making the way a straight way, leading him on by step—aye, sometimes though he did not want to go—up to the very portals of that temple of Ireland's freedom which he was about to throw open. And if the Irish people to-night congratulated and thanked him who stood on the threshold of the promised land and had them enter would they not be well advised indeed did they forget the Moses who had led them through the desert and the struggle. After an eloquent tribute to the Irish Nationalist leaders, Mr. Doherty concluded a powerful address as follows:—As an Irishman I rejoice in the great work Gladstone has begun, because I believe it is a good thing for Ireland; (applause) were I an Englishman I would rejoice in it with a two fold joy because I believe it is a better thing for England; being as I am a Canadian and a British subject I rejoice in it with a three fold joy, because I believe it is the best thing for the Empire. (Enthusiastic applause.)

The motion was then put and carried unanimously amid the greatest enthusiasm. The following resolution was then moved by MR. B. J. COUGHLIN. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell. In making this motion Mr. Coughlin said that he considered that these words sent to Mr. Gladstone would do much to strengthen his hands. The bill was bound to carry in time. The English were no longer governed by the ignorant but the intelligent classes of the nation. The motion was seconded by Mr. J. L. Lempire in a few eloquent and well timed remarks, after which the motion was carried.

CAPT. M. B. KIRWAN upon being called upon said he was a wild Irishman who believed in Home Rule of the most advanced type. He was loyal, but this loyalty was first to his God and then to Ireland and the green flag. (Loud applause.)

MR. ALFRED PERCY being loudly called upon said that he had usually been opposed to the Irish cause in Montreal but now he was with them heart and soul. He hoped to see Home Rule, if Gladstone would go to the people with his bill he would come back to Parliament stronger than ever. He wished he was an Irishman, and he was of the opinion that if he lived in Ireland he would be hung long ago. The Irish had been wronged and those wrongs must be righted at whatever cost. He was willing for his part to take up the sword in his defence.

MR. DENNIS BARRY followed and was given an enthusiastic reception. He said that he was very happy to be present on an occasion like the present one to express his appreciation with the noble stand taken by the Hon. Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. (Cheers) As an Irishman and son of an Irishman, he felt that justice at last was being done to his native land and the native land of his area. (Applause.) The time that Irish men had been hoping and praying for for generations was now arriving, when the English nation was about recognizing, he hoped the justice of Ireland's demand for the right of making her own laws in a parliament composed of Irishmen. (Applause.) The demand was a just one and every lover of

JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY could not deny that Ireland was only asking what she was entitled to and he was sure that the sentiment of the world was in favor of granting to the Irish nation the inalienable right of all peoples to make laws to govern themselves. (Loud applause.) He spoke of being proud of being a British subject, but thought that he was entitled to demand from the British Government and British people the same measure for the granting to the Irish nation England demanded of Irishmen. (Cheers) But though loyal to the British Constitution he did not like the idea of being treated in consequence of being an Irish man as inferior to an Englishman, Scotchman or any other nation-

ally living under the eagle of the British flag. (Loud applause.) He did not matter to the Greco nation was great and powerful! What did it matter to the Roman? What did it matter to the Irishman, if still a slave, that the British flag floated on every sea and that the sun never went down and the beat of the English drum. Euphorically nothing. (Tremendous cheering.) It is said that Irishmen were not fit to govern themselves, but this was a cry raised by the enemies of Ireland and of Irishmen and was utterly unfounded. (Hear, hear.) Look at all parts of the world where Irishmen had gone to and without hesitation he could say and without fear of contradiction, that there were no citizens more industrious and more law-abiding than Irishmen abroad. (Cheers) In this prosperous country of Canada there were thousands of Irishmen who could compare most favorably with other nationalities here in respect for the laws under which they lived, and who contributed as much as any other class of the Canadian population to the peace and prosperity of this Dominion of Canada. (Applause.) Look on the other side of Line forty five and will be found among leading men in all the walks of life Irishmen or the sons of Irishmen. Look at Australia and other colonies of the British Empire and you found the sons of Ireland amongst the most loyal and prosperous of the people inhabiting the law-abiding nation, but as a consequence of the laws under which they lived and the manner in which these laws had been administered by those who looked on an Irishman as not an equal of his English fellow-subject. (Cheers) He warmly sympathized with the Hon. 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