

purpose, could buy land at a fair price, divide it into farms, give the purchasers of those farms good bargains, facilitate them at the start in the purchase of stock and implements, without a penny of loss to the State that gave its credit for the transaction, provided the Commission were free to select from the applicants such as had capacity to work the holding give a preference to neighbors who required land, and not altogether disqualify those whose resources might enable them to live otherwise, even if they were excluded from these new holdings.'

If these proposals were given effect to the rural laborer would, as Dr. O'Donnell points out, either become a farmer at the start, or would have employment with others where there is no employment now; the artisan in the towns could depend on a home market for the output of his industry; and besides the crops, the house-fed cattle on tilled farms of moderate size would be more valuable than the stock that now roam on Irish prairies. The result would be work for all who wanted it, and in due time a measure of prosperity for all.

The scheme may be capable of improvement in some of its details, but in our view it is practically certain that it is only on some such lines as these that Ireland will ever be able to work out her national and industrial salvation. It is not unlikely that this proposal will be adopted as part of the official programme of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, and in that event they can be safely trusted to keep the matter forcibly to the front in all discussions on the land question until the Government are forced to give the project the full and fair consideration it deserves.

'Roads to Rome.'

'All roads lead to Rome' was the proud boast of the ancient Roman, and it is truer to-day of the spiritual Rome than ever it was of the material city. The Church is truly and essentially Catholic, is able to satisfy the legitimate wants and cravings of every human heart regardless of class or country, and thus it comes that all sorts and conditions of men are attracted to her by all sorts and varieties of motive. A few years ago a list was published—not professing to be more than a mere haphazard and fragmentary collection—of 'Rome's Recruits' or recent converts to Catholicism amongst the educated classes, and the names included not only clergymen, but doctors, lawyers, journalists, military men, statesmen, men of letters, artists, sculptors, actors, and, indeed, representatives of almost every conceivable profession and calling in life. It has occurred to the author of *Ten Years in Anglican Orders*—himself a distinguished convert—to put into execution the happy thought of collecting from a number of recent converts a statement of the motives and course of reasoning which led them to make the great change, and the result is to show that there is the same variety in the motives and methods by which men are led to Rome as there is in the character and temperaments of the men themselves. The author, who writes under the *nom de plume* of 'Viator,' has entitled his volume 'Roads to Rome,' and it embraces the accounts given by no less than 65 educated men and women of the process of their conversion to the Catholic faith. The highly interesting character of the work may be gathered from a brief reference to two or three of the more notable instances recorded.

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The conversion of the Rev. Geo. Angus, M.A.—who has since become a vigorous and prominent controversialist—may be taken as a typical example of the progress of a High Anglican towards the truth. Being a High Anglican, he started of course with a fixed and definite recognition of the Church as a visible body. Now, he argued, either this visible body has no visible head—in which case it is an abortion or a corpse—or it has several heads, a fact which renders it hydra-headed, or, in other words, a monster. The only Church which claimed to be a visible body with a visible head he found to be the Church of Rome. Once he grasped this fact, he found that there was but one course open to him, and that was to submit to the claims of the Roman Church as those of the one Divine Teacher, commissioned to guide all men into all truth.

A less common experience was that of Miss Adeline Sergeant, the well-known novelist. As an Anglican she had a great devotion for the saints and had a special love for the prayers of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard which she met in Anglican books of devotion. Yet she gradually came to see that these very saints, were they to appear in the flesh, would utterly repudiate the Church to which she then belonged. The words of Flaubert kept re-echoing in her ears: 'It is safest in religion to believe like the saints.' And thus, under the guidance of the saints, she took the first step in the journey which finally led her from the City of Confusion to the great Mother of Saints.

Sir Henry Bellingsham Butt, records that it was the simple devotion and faith of the poor in Ireland that gave him his first favorable impressions of Catholicism and ultimately led, under God, to his conversion to the truth. Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, one of the most eminent of the judges of the Queen's Bench, does not find it

easy to give any very definite account of his change of faith, but sums the matter up, in a general way, in the following weighty words: 'I thought the matter out for myself, anxiously and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being, and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right.'

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Perhaps the most remarkable, humanly speaking, of the conversions recorded is that of the Rev. Father Sutcliffe, who, strange to relate, was brought into the Church by reading Dr. Littledale's notorious work entitled 'Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome.' This volume is a compendium of all the hard and bitter things that have ever been said against the Church, and it is reputed to have kept many thousands from embracing the Catholic faith. It is the great stand-by of Protestantism, and is, to our knowledge, recommended to the divinity students of this Colony by Protestant professors of theology as the great 'unanswered and unanswerable' work on the claims of Rome. Well, Father Sutcliffe, on the recommendation of his friends, commenced to read Dr. Littledale, but being a man of scholarly instincts, took the trouble as he read to verify the author's references and test his accuracy and veracity. The result he tells us in his own words: 'I was horrified at what seemed to me his extraordinary misrepresentations or misunderstandings of the passages he quoted.' And thus the very weapon which had been forged against the Church was the means, in God's hand, of bringing the wanderer back to her bosom. This is not by any means the only instance we have read of thoughtful people being led to Rome *via* Dr. Littledale, and it illustrates how absolutely and entirely true it is that, to the earnest and sincere inquirer, all roads lead into the one true Church.

A 'Blarney Stone' Hoax.

Readers of the *Pickwick Papers* will remember the description of that amusing incident in Mr Pickwick's career when, on the occasion of his visit to Cobham, the learned President of the Pickwick Club came upon a very old stone with an ancient-looking inscription, and at once jumped to the conclusion that he had made a great antiquarian discovery that would render his name immortal. They will remember how, almost beside himself with exultation and joy, the enthusiastic Pickwick proudly carried off the treasure; how he lectured on it at a general meeting of the club and entered on a great variety of ingenious speculations as to the meaning of the inscription; how, on the strength of the 'discovery' he was elected an honorary member of seventeen native and foreign societies; and how finally it was ascertained that the mysterious writing contained nothing more nor less than the simple inscription of 'Bill Stumps, his mark,' which words had been rudely carved only a few weeks before by the laborer near whose cottage the stone had been found lying. That just as laughable and ridiculous deceptions occur in fact as well as in fiction is evidenced by an amusing instance which has just come to light in connection with the great Chicago Fair of 1893. The story is told by Mr Joseph E. Ralph, who is now chief officer in the United States Bureau of engraving and printing, but who was in 1893 the officer in charge of the Customs Service at the Great Fair.

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'To some one acquainted with the Irish village,' says Mr Ralph, 'should be credited the greatest joke and deception ever perpetrated on the customs force, if not on the public. As it has never been published, I think it will prove interesting. At the opening of the "village" there was one essential thing lacking to make the Blarney Castle the counterpart of the original, and that was the Blarney Stone. The manager, anxious to give his visitors something to talk about, took into his confidence James Riley, a contractor, and requested that he produce a "Blarney Stone." Mr Riley secured the services of one Charles Thompson, an employe of the "village" and together, on a dark night in June, they repaired to the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Portland avenue, in the city of Chicago, and there dug up from the street a lime-stone paving block, about 18 inches long and 3 x 10 inches in breadth and depth, carried it to the "village," and there placed it in a case, which had been received that day in bond—Case No. 97, Serial 4099—which was addressed to Thomas Baker, Irish Industrial Village. This case contained a model of "Bells of Shandon."

Invitations were then issued to the representatives of the Chicago papers to come and see the famous relic, and Mayor Harrison accepted the invitation to officiate at the opening of the case containing the "Blarney Stone." On the day set aside for the ceremonies Mayor Harrison, for some reason, could not be present, so in the presence of invited guests, Customs Inspector E. W. Matlock was sent for to open the case. The inspector arrived with the invoice for case No. 97, Serial 4099, which stated that the case contained model of "Bells of Shandon," valued at 25dol. He opened the case and found it checked "one stone over." He properly labelled