

and, if possible, to alienate my English and Scotch friends. I accepted, and I have since received letters of congratulation from every section of this community; and I am not sure whether I felt more satisfaction at the congratulations of representative men among the Protestant democracy, who gave me such generous support when I was last in office, or the congratulations of Irishmen who would have renounced and repudiated me if I had accepted any distinction on the terms of forgetting my allegiance to my native country. I may remind you that when the present Mr Justice Fellows levelled a vote of want of confidence against the Government, I told him that I would not desert the fortunes of my native country for anything that Parliament or Sovereign could bestow."

These words no not savor of the traitor or the renegade. On one occasion, when a narrow-minded bigot taunted Duffy in the Parliament House with having once been a "rebel," he arose and declared that he was proud of having been a rebel when he lived under a bad government. On a similar occasion, in reply to the same taunt in the Canadian Parliament, D'Arcy McGee calmly said:—

"It is true I was a rebel in Ireland in '48. I rebelled against the mis-government of my country by Russell and his school. I rebelled because I saw my countrymen starving before my eyes, while my country had her trade and commerce stolen from her. I rebelled against the Church Establishment in Ireland; and there is not a liberal man in this community who would not have done as I did, if he were placed in my position, and followed the dictates of humanity."

This was not the tone of a traitor or a renegade, but the manly tone of an honest and far-seeing man. In 1865, McGee's countrymen in Montreal showed their appreciation of the man and his services by presenting him with a handsome residence, suitably furnished, in one of the best localities in the city he so ably represented.

But, it will be said, McGee did wrong to desert the cause he loved in his youth. Who says he deserted it? Surely nobody who has followed his course. Instead of deserting it, he only tried another and a surer means of helping it. Mrs Sadler, in speaking of the 'American Celt,' which McGee began to publish in 1850, says:—

"During the first two years of the 'Celt's' existence, it was characterised by the same, or nearly the same, revolutionary ardor; but there came a time when the great strong mind and far-seeing intellect of its editor began to soar above the clouds of passion and prejudice into the regions of eternal truth. The cant of faction, the fiery denunciations that, after all, amounted to nothing, he began to see in their true colors; and with his whole heart he then and ever after aspired to elevate the Irish people, not by impracticable Utopian schemes of revolution, but by teaching them to make the best of the hard fate that made them the subjects of a foreign power differing from them in race and in religion; to cultivate among them the arts of peace, and to raise themselves, by ways of peaceful industry and increasing enlightenment, to the level even of the more prosperous sister-island. Who will say that he was less a patriot, less a lover of Ireland after than before this remarkable change from out-and-out radicalism to that calm conservatism which was the result of no selfish motive, but simply of matured thought and the sage counsels of such profound Christian thinkers as the late most eminent Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston? As this change in Mr McGee's principles has been, and still is, grossly misrepresented by the revolutionary party, whose ranks he quitted then and forever, and as many even of those who most admired his genius and his poetry have accepted the views of his unscrupulous enemies, I think it my duty to dwell at length on this particular point."

It is a sad reflection that McGee and Duffy are condemned by many Irishmen—condemned not for a fault, but for a virtue. It is unworthy of the Irish people so to judge. There was no man living who loved Ireland better than McGee. He was one of the few Irish political leaders who grew wise from experience. He began, naturally, as a radical revolutionist: he lived to see the utter folly of that course, and he had the manliness not to hide the change. He thought it better to be true than to be merely consistent. His altered policy displeased those who had not reached beyond the point where he had started from. One of their hands took his life; and that hand should be for ever held accursed by thoughtful Irishmen. McGee was a man of great mind and great heart; and to the end, these were used for the honor of his native land. Long before he died he expressed his policy in a beautiful poem—"To the River Boyne," from which we take two stanzas:—

"Our trust is not in musket or in sabre—

Our faith is in the truthfulness of labor,

The soul-stirred, willing soil;

In homes and granaries by justice guarded,

In fields from blighting winds and agents warded,

In franchised skill and unumitted toil.

Grant us, O God! the soil, and sun, and seasons!

Avert despair, the worst of moral treasons,

Make rousing words be vile;

Grant us, we pray, but wisdom, peace, and patience,

And we will yet re-lift among the nations,

Our fair, and fallen, and forsaken isle.

We extract from 'Les Missions Catholiques' the following correspondence of Mgr. Sparacipetra, Archbishop of Smyrna.

"The 24th of April last, I made, in company with eighty-four persons—priests, religious and laics—a pilgrimage to Ephesus. Our design was, in the last trials which overwhelmed the Church and its beloved Head, to go to implore the assistance of Mary, help of Christians, in the very place in which her Divine Maternity was solemnly proclaimed.

"Formerly it took two days to go on horseback from Smyrna to Ephesus, across an arid desert plain. At present the journey is performed in an hour and a-half by the railway from Smyrna to Aidin.

"The pilgrimage was an easy one. The weather was everything that could be desired; not a cloud, not a breath of wind; the beautiful sun of the east shone upon us, and the soul raised itself naturally

to Him who has deigned to style himself *Deus ex alto*, and bowed down before the dazzling beauty of the works of God. The road traverses a plain bounded on the right by the heights of Corax and Gallerus, and on the left by Teoulos, whose lofty crests and granite flanks trend majestically towards the east. In the middle of the twelfth century the valiant and unfortunate army of the French crusaders, commanded by Louis VII the young, traversed this plain. It halted at Ephesus to celebrate the feast of Christias. The place is still pointed out where the Knights of the Cross first encountered the Saracens and defeated them.

"We arrived at Arga-Salouk, at present a poor village inhabited by Turkish and Greek families. Its origin dates from the thirteenth century. Ruins everywhere, and ruins whose stones were brought from the more ancient ruins of Ephesus. At the foot of a hill, on which is seen the remains of a castle of the middle ages, there is a very grand majestic old mosque. It is supposed to have been originally a church dedicated to the Apostle St. John. It is in the Moorish style, which indicates that it was not built by the Christians. But perhaps the mosque was constructed on the site, and from the ruins of the Christian basilica, raised by the Emperor Justinian, of which Boeopius, a great historian of the sixth century, speaks. Quite close to it, on the side of the hill, are the ruins of another church. May it not have been that dedicated to St. John? The Greeks believe it was, and within the last five years they have built a little chapel on the spot. I make no positive affirmation on this matter, I state a simple probability.

"When we were in the midst of the ruins of the mosque—some on horseback, the greater number on foot—I prepared to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. An altar was arranged on a block of marble under an arch.

"Before commencing, I addressed a few words to the pilgrims. I reminded them of the ancient glories of the city, converted to Christianity by the preaching of the Beloved Disciple, and of the apostle St. Paul, who was near receiving the crown of martyrdom there, when the populace exclaimed—'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' I recalled to them that it had been for some time honored by the sojourn of the Immaculate Virgin; that there her divine maternity was solemnly proclaimed against the impious Nestorius. I spoke of the numbers of martyrs who were immolated within its wall. What has become of all her glories? 'You have,' I said, 'but to look around you; ruins on all sides. No other inhabitants than venomous reptiles. Can we fail to recognise the cause of this desolation? Is it not that fatal schism which separates this beautiful land from the centre of Catholicity, from the Apostolic See of Peter? Behold in it a sensible commentary of the words of the Gospel. *St quis in me non manserit, mittatur foras sicut palmes et arcescit.*' (Joan, XV, 6.)

"I recalled to them the solemn words of Pope Nicholas V to the Emperor Constantine Paleologus, in 1451, on the miserable state of the empire of the east. '*Tantum nationem quæ olim abundabat innumerabilibus sanctissimis et doctissimis viris, in presentiarum ad id miseratæ de venire permiserit (Deus) ut sit miserima omnium gentium.*' This was the last warning of the justice of God. Two years after Mahomet II entered Constantinople as a conqueror—'Alas,' I added, 'Italy is drawing on herself the same fate in trampling under foot the immortal crown which Jesus Christ has placed on her head, the primacy of the See of Peter. I need not speak to you of the impious, savage, parricidal war, which is waged against the vicar of Jesus Christ, our common father. We know that the gates of hell shall never prevail, because there is no power that can prevail against the power of God; neither is there any brute force which can overcome the moral force of that sublime sentence, *Non possumus.* But, in the combat, how many scandals! What evils! How many sorrows for the father! What apprehensions for the faithful! Let us pray, then, let us pray. It is for the triumph of the father and the happiness of the children that I am about to offer the holy sacrifice. Unite your prayers and supplications to mine.'

"During the Mass the pilgrims chanted the *Magnificat* in beautiful harmony. Surely the titular angels of the place must have exulted with joy, on hearing those hymns of praise addressed to their Queen, in the midst of the ruins of ages and the ravages of schism and here-y. May she receive our prayers for the glory of truth and the triumph of that beloved Pontiff who has added the sweetest flower to her immortal crown.

"The ceremony terminated with the episcopal benediction.

"Having thus accomplished the chief end of our journey, we visited the debris of the grandeur of the ancient city.

"The remains of a magnificent temple have been discovered. Mr Wood, a learned English engineer, who for the last three years has superintended the explorations, believes them to belong to the celebrated temple of Diana, burned by Erostratos, who desired to attach his last celebrity to his name, and which was afterwards rebuilt with so much splendour by the Ephesians. The learned archæologist supports this conjecture on a text of Pansabius, and on the vicinity of the great way of the tombs, which led from the Magnesian gate to the temple. But other illustrious antiquarians do not admit his reasonings; and, indeed, it is not easy to form a certain judgment on the matter, since even the ancient authors do not agree in their description of the different parts of the great monument.

"Mr Wood had the kindness to accompany us, and to be our guide through the ruins. Our attention was attracted by another monument which is near the temple of which it forms almost a continuation. In it we see well sculptured crosses on the capitals of the pillars, which would lead us to infer that it had been a Christian church. May it not have been the very church in which the divine maternity of Mary was solemnly proclaimed?

"Amidst the ruins near the Magnesian Gate, we admire a marble sarcophagus, on which are sculptured a cross and the heart of an ox. Some suppose this to be the tomb of St. Luke. This opinion seems to contradict the most common opinion, which points out other places for the martyrdom and tomb of this Apostle. The Bollandists have not settled the question. However, we read in Calmet's 'Dictionary