

## A POISONING CASE IN VICTORIA.

THE 'Hamilton Spectator' reports the termination of the adjourned inquest on the body of the girl Clara J. Davis. The 'Spectator' says that the simple story of this child, whose life was suddenly cut short, as told by her sister, a baby of still tenderer age, is quite affecting. The two had been left alone in the house, whilst their mother went out to give music lessons, and the elder child, now deceased, happened accidentally to break a lamp-glass she was engaged in cleaning. "Whatever shall I do? I shall catch it," exclaimed the frightened child; who thereupon went into the front room and told her younger sister not to come in. What she did there is not satisfactorily proved, but the younger child seems to have had an idea on the subject, for before her sister entered she noticed three packets of mice powder (or vermin killer) behind the clock in the front room, and found that two packets were gone when deceased came out of that room. She taxed Clara with taking the powder, and the latter denied doing so; although a few minutes after that denial, tetanic convulsions set in, and the deceased girl, after lingering about six hours in frightful agony, expired. The child had not been subject to violent illness, for not a scratch was found upon her body. The jury returned an open verdict, to the effect that death arose from strychnine, but how or by whom administered there was no evidence to show; attaching a rider, setting forth that, in their opinion, from the small quantity of strychnine taken, the dose would not have been fatal had the body of the deceased been better nourished. The deceased was a child of quick susceptibilities, and a woman in experience.

SOLEMN CEREMONIAL AT THE DUBLIN CATHEDRAL—SERMON BY REV. T. BURKE.  
(Dublin Freeman)

The solemn Triduum which commenced on Thursday terminated on Sunday (Passion Sunday) in the Cathedral Church, Dublin, with a grand ceremonial. As early as ten o'clock every portion outside the sanctuary railings was thronged to its fullest capacity, and thousands had to retire, not being able to gain admission within the doors of the sacred edifice. The ceremonies commenced at twelve o'clock with Grand Pontifical High Mass, at which the Most Rev Dr Whelan (Lord Bishop of Bombay) officiated as prelate celebrant. The Cardinal Archbishop presided pontificaly. The sacred music was given with grand effect by a full choir. At the conclusion of the High Mass the Very Rev T Burke, ascended the pulpit and delivered a splendid discourse.

Amid breathless silence the gifted preacher took his text from the Gospel of the day:—'Jesus said to the multitude of the Jews, which of you shall convince me of sin? If I say the truth to you why do you not believe me? He that is of God heareth the words of God. Therefore you hear them not because you are not of God.' The preacher dwelt in eloquent language upon the pure and spotless nature of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as exemplified in these words. They were, he said, assembled there that day in a spirit not of sorrow or lowliness, but of grand joy, of great exultation, of great triumph to acknowledge the holiness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus by consecrating themselves and their dearly beloved country to it that day. How splendid was the majestic significance of that universal and united act of consecration, as Ireland now raised up her heart with one will to that Sacred and All loving Heart. Without travelling out of the Gospel of that day, they had in it a subject for the most profound meditation. 'Which of you shall convince me of sin?' What was that sin of which the Saviour spoke? First of all, it was the world's want of faith, for men loved darkness rather than the light. All the nations were wandering away into every wild and stormy path of error and idolatry; darkness hung over the land. When God came down from Heaven to dispel the darkness of the world, though men saw the light they loved darkness better than the light. The second sin of the world was that it professed to trust in men rather than in God—that all its hopes and all its fears were bound up with the secular arm, Cæsar in Rome, Herod in Judea, and Pilate in Jerusalem—these were the great sustaining powers of all the hopes and fears of the Jewish people. They wanted no such king as Jesus Christ; they acknowledged no king but Cæsar. Oh, what a contrast the all confiding humility of the Divine Saviour presented to this grovelling spirit. All His hopes were in His Heavenly Father; never for a moment did he lose confidence in His God—a confidence so great that it sustained Him for the three hours of mortal agony that He hung upon the cross. Men not only did not love God, but they hated Him; they loved darkness, and hated the love of God and the knowledge of God; their confidence was not in God, but in the world. Let them ask themselves now had the world changed? No—unfortunately, no! Though great wonders of grace had been poured upon the world, the world remained still pretty much what it was. There was the same hatred of truth, the same grovelling confidence in men. Christ passed away, but his living body remained. That living body was the Church of Jesus Christ; and the Church said to the world to-day, 'Can you convince me of sin?' What a glorious triumph that that living body should be able to say to a hostile and criticising world, 'Can you convince me of sin?' Not the most astute philosopher, not the keenest critic, could take up that challenge, and answer, 'I can convince you of sin.' The Church still, in ten thousand streams of divine grace, poured the light of heavenly truth over the world. The world now as then heard the same voice saying, 'If I say the truth to you why do you not believe me?' But the world, true to its traditions, still loves darkness rather than the light; hence the fight for godless education. The world to-day depends upon the secular arm rather than upon God; hence the contest between principle and material power. Treaties no longer bind; justice is no longer the shield of nations; principle and right are no longer the defence of the weak; a cause is no longer secular because it is sacred. But the Church comes in full of light, for she has the mind of Jesus Christ; full of confidence in God, for she is holy; and opposes the arms of prayer and her divine and supernatural confidence to all the attacks of the world. She says to the world and her children, 'Put not your trust in princes, in the

sons of men, in whom there is no salvation; my trust and my hope is in the Lord my God.' Was it not, he asked, a strange sight to see the greatest nations of the world banded together—to do what? To attack the Catholic Church of God; to imprison her bishops, banish her priests, and shut up her monasteries and colleges. While suffering persecution thus, the Church knelt at the foot of the altar; she had nothing wherewith to defend herself save the prayers of her children, and her confidence in her God. Full of love, the Church, while the world persecuted her, was still expending herself, as of old, for the service of men and for their salvation.—There were to-day six millions of men under arms in Europe alone; the Church followed them into the battle field, ministering to their sufferings amid the terrors of the fight, attended them in the pest houses—in a word laid down their own life for them. Therefore, she could say to the world to-day, as her Divine Saviour said eighteen hundred years ago, 'Can you convince me of sin?' What was her reward for her devotion and self-sacrifice? The world turned on her and bade her begone; the world would crucify her but that it felt she was a mighty power. They would ask him what was the meaning of all this? He answered that in all this, when they reflected deeply, they in this nation found reason for great joy to-day. The more near any man or nation approached to Christ and entered into the spirit of the Divine Saviour, the more perfect, the more noble, the more Godlike that individual or that nation became. How was a man and consequently a nation to approach to Jesus Christ? There was only one way in which either a man or a nation could approach the Saviour. The approach to Christ lay only through the Holy, one, Catholic and Apostolic Church which Jesus Christ himself founded. Therefore, any individual or any nation that wished to approach the Lord Jesus Christ should do so through the church. Oh let them give thanks that they had received this grace of intellectual submission to God—that their grand old motherland was within the bosom of the Church. To-day Ireland was making a grand Act of Faith, Hope, and Love in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. She would not be worthy of that high and glorious honor if she was not able to say to the nations—'Can you convince me of sin?' Let them see whether this nation—this old Irish nation, was worthy of being presented to that Sacred Heart. Let them look back upon her history; was it not a history of faith?—of divine knowledge, illustrated by her armies of saints in the first fresh vigorous days of her Christianity, and afterwards defended by an army of martyrs in the days of persecution. Could she not proudly ask had she in that long history of fifteen hundred years ever sinned against the Light, had she ever, by one act of apostasy, betrayed the cause of God and proved faithless to her faith? Could she not say among all other nations, she, the virgin nation, standing to-day among them, robed in her garb of spotless purity, and gemmed and jewelled with the crowns of innumerable saints who thronged the halls of Heaven, could she not say, "I have not been wanting to the Light; I have never been faithless to the Truth. Oh! ye the nations to day warring against knowledge and truth, which of you can convince me of sin? Have I ever been false to the sacred principles? have I ever lost confidence in my God?" Never, never could she have lost her confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ; never could she have offended God by persecuting His anointed, by trying to destroy the power of the spiritual jurisdiction of his Church. In the day of her deepest distress, when the blood was flowing from her heart and the blood stains on her virgin brow, when she stood on a grave which, covering the whole land, was yet filled with the blood of her people, did the cry of despair, or of want, of hope or of confidence ever issue from her lips? Never! Was she ever false to any sacred principle of right? Never. It was true the sword fell more than once from her hands. Did she ever lose confidence in her God? Did she not still say to the nations, "Oh ye of little faith, which of ye can convince me of sin?" The heart of Ireland had ever responded tenderly yet strongly to the touch of the Divine hand, and, like the chords of her own time honored harp, she had sent forth deep notes of sympathy with the Church of God whenever her love was appealed to. Witness it to-day in the Pentecost which seemed to have been poured out upon her people when, at the invitation of their bishops, headed by a Prince of the Church of God, they came forward to consecrate their motherland, themselves, and their children for all future ages to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, to offer their hearts and the nation's heart in consecration to the Divine will. Thus they made one grand, solemn, national attestation before Heaven and before earth that, whatever other nations might be, the heart of Ireland was sound in its love for their Lord Jesus Christ. The thousands of men and women who knelt that morning at the Communion rails all through Ireland attested that when the love of the Sacred Heart of Christ made an appeal to the Irish people that appeal was instantly responded to with all the energy, with all the quickness, and with all the devotion of a people whose history was nothing more or less than a history of Divine love, enlightened by faith, strengthened by hope, ardent in charity, so as to be more powerful than death itself. The Irish people, the supporters of the traditions of a nation of martyrs, called upon the Virgin, the Mother of Sorrows, to raise up the heart of the nation and place it side by side with that of the Divine Son. Ireland stood that day the grand reparatory nation among the nations. Worthy of the consecration which was bestowed upon her, she made that day her solemn act of faith, hope, and love, and thereby ensured for herself a future as glorious, and perhaps more glorious, than her past; so that she, this dear old island of ours—ancient, yet new; aged, yet young—should be in future times, as she had been in the past, the glory of the Church of God, the wonder of the world, and the fruitful mother of saints and scholars.

After the sermon, Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament commenced, when the prayers prescribed for the occasion were read, and his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop solemnly pronounced the words dedicating Ireland to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At four o'clock solemn Pontifical Vespers were chaunted, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop presiding, and with Possession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the grand and impressive ceremonials terminated.