

published in their rules. Ireland at once awoke to the call. These objects out at the very root of Irish evil. Priests and people joined together,—the priests to keep the people from secret societies of whatever kind they might be, and to restrain the people from violence. The Irish love their bishops and priests as they love the Pope, and have never yet disregarded the command of Holy Church. Is there in the whole world a nation where priests and people are so united? Lord Cowper was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Government saw that a great power was rising in Ireland, and they grew afraid, for it was a Catholic power, and constitutional so far. Lord Cowper made a speech. He said he would drive this Land League under the surface. He did so. Seized an occasion to make it illegal. The meetings were public until he took this action, and then by one misguided stroke he drove the priests from the society, and consequently drove it under the surface and into the hands of, perhaps, men who, driven to desperation, believed only in secret societies. Had Ireland not been as purely Catholic as she is the result might have been terrible. The Law of Suspects was passed, and if only a policeman stated that he suspected a man he was at once put into prison. No trial, no redress, but to stay there at the Lord Lieutenant's will. Men were ruined and homes broken up. The time was terrible in Ireland, and but for the prudence and zeal of the Irish priesthood and episcopacy, Ireland might have been again bathed in a sea of blood. A garrison of above 30,000 soldiers and nearly 20,000 semi-military police filled Ireland to overawe the people. This was the result of Cowper's driving the agitation under the surface. It was a terrible time for Ireland. I shall speak of the No Rent Manifesto in my next letter, and then of the National League. I wish merely to state facts, and to put them quietly before your readers. I am not afraid of fair, unbiassed public opinion. I challenge denial. Looking calmly at these matters, does it not seem a wonder that Ireland is a good and faithful as she is? We love and respect our bishops and priests, we have ever been faithful to them and to our holy religion; we shall ever be so, please God, for Irishmen take as their motto, "Faith first, Fatherland after."

A CATHOLIC AND AN IRISHMAN.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

(From the *American*, Philadelphia.)

THE annexation of Ireland by the most profligate exercise of base influences, and the conquest of India by the sword, may have seemed the means to consolidate and strengthen the country. They have proved the reverse. For India's sake the English have plunged into one unjust war in Egypt and another in the Soudan. For India's sake they have been trembling on the verge of a war with the great empire of the Slavs and the Tartars. For India's sake they have been obliged to abdicate their just position in Europe, and to count as a cipher in the politics of the continent, where, 70 years ago, they held the first place. And into how many more perplexities their Indian possessions will carry them, it is impossible to foresee.

In the case of Ireland the Nemesis for the past sins is still more visible. The Union introduced into the Imperial Parliament 105 members, who are and always have been an alien and a disturbing element there. These men could not do justice to their constituencies without making a disturbance in London. They cannot better please their constituencies than by seeing to it that the disturbance is as extensive and as offensive as possible. The Irish people have no interest in the maintenance of the House of Commons; their one hope is to be forever rid of all connection with it. So long as they are forced to send their members to London, instead of meeting in Dublin, they are well content to have these members regarded as a nuisance. And in the last five years this has been done so effectually that the English are beginning to see that the Treaty of Union was a gigantic mistake. Ireland is like the Scotch fairy, who cannot be brought into the House except by the exercise of sheer force, and who, when once in it, will shake it to its very foundations before she is done.

A House of Commons with 105 Irish members, mostly followers of Mr. Parnell, is beginning to be seen to be an impossibility in practical politics. Hence the frank suggestion of some English Tories that Ireland be disfranchised. That would be one way of getting rid of the difficulty, but it is not one that England dares take. It would put an end to the Treaty of Union which expressly stipulates for the 105 members. The other way out of the difficulty is a frank repeal of the Union. If that be done without any appeal to arms on the Irish side, the effect on the temper of the people will be most beneficial. If it be done as a concession to threats when England is in some great peril, like that of a century ago, then England will have acquired a permanent and dangerous enemy. If it be done as the outcome of an Irish uprising when England is in peril, the danger will be still more immediate. And before this generation has passed away, it will be done after some one of these fashions.

A fresh proof of the abnormal and intolerable situation in which the Sovereign Pontiff is placed will, unless steps be taken by the Italian Government to prevent it, be exhibited before the eyes of the indignant Catholic world. The freethinkers of France and Italy have resolved to hold an anti-clerical Congress in the course of the present year at Rome itself. Special honours are to be paid to the memory of Voltaire and of Garibaldi. An ex-Syndic of Rome, M. Pianciani, a well known infidel, is to be asked to preside. No doubt numerous protests will be issued against their flagrant attempt to insult the Head of the Catholic Church in his own home, but they have not much chance of being listened to. Another Congress of rethinkers is likewise this year to be held at Antwerp. Its organizers belong to the Federation of freethinking societies. This Federation held its first meeting at Brussels in 1880 and subsequent meetings have taken place at London, Paris and Amsterdam. On the present occasion the principal subject to be treated is that of neutral or irreligious education which is the object most ardently desired by all those who desire to banish from human society a belief in God and the practice of those moral duties which religion inculcates.—*Bombay Catholic Examiner*.

Poet's Corner.

THE EXILE'S SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

(BY PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSIDY.)

"Je vous salue, Vierge incomparable, ornée des fleurs de toutes les vertues."

O Mary, queen of the angel land,
On thy beaming throne of stars,
Who holdest the shield in thy guardian hand
Which the darts of the tempter mars.
When o'er the world I wander afar
For a home my own land cannot yield,
Be thou, Holy Mother, my guiding star,
And my soul in all purity shield.
And O, wheresoe'er through life I rove
On the Virgin I'll rely;
For her heart's a gushing fount of love
That never can run dry.

And whether a tropical sun's hot ray
Shall burn above my head,
Or far in the northern lands I stray
With the silent snow for my bed,
I'll look around and a type I'll see
Of the Virgin where'er I go,
For thoughts shall arise of her purity
When I look on the stainless snow!
And then I'll pray to the Virgin pure,
The wanderer's guiding star,
To lead my steps through the world secure,
When away 'mid the strangers far.

When the chaste, pure moon o'er the earth shall roll
Her light from the starry sphere,
I'll whisper then to my listening soul—
'Tis the smile of the Virgin dear!
And, again, when the beams of the broad noonday
Shall stream from the bending skies,
So the love of the Virgin warm, I'll say,
The soul that on her relies!
And so, wheresoe'er through life I rove,
On the Virgin I'll rely;
For her pity deep and ardent love
Shall prompt a guardian eye!

As I list by the shore to each wave that breaks
So soft on the silvery strand
I will think 'tis the voice of the Virgin speaks
To me from her angel land;
And I'll say when the surges roll in spume
And lash on the sounding shore,
Thus obdurate souls to their dreadful doom
Rush on 'mid the demons' roar!
On the billows of life, when tempest tost,
O, the Virgin I'll implore
To guide me safe till the ocean's crossed
To the bright eternal shore!

CANTERBURY CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

Christchurch, August 1.

OWING to some oversight the proceedings of the above Society have not been reported for some time, though since last report several interesting items have taken place; nor do I intend at present to occupy your space with a lengthy report of these proceedings. Suffice it to say that the Society continues to live and flourish.

At the yearly meeting, held June 16, the Rev. Father Bowers was elected President for the ensuing year, Mr. R. Dobbin (St. Leo's High School), Vice-President, and Mr. J. C. Scanlan, Secretary and Treasurer.

On June 23 the Rev. President delivered an address to the members, which has already appeared in your columns. On the same evening the Society had the pleasure of receiving an esteemed former President, Mr. Maskell, who then, as well as on the following Tuesday, expressed a sincere hope that the Society would continue to flourish, and promised to do all in his power to promote the Society's welfare. He handed in a prize of two guineas to be awarded to the most useful member during the past year, and announced his intention of renewing the prize this year. *Vive Maskell!*

Since then the Society's meetings have been held weekly on Tuesday evenings. The programmes have been varied and interesting, one particularly so—viz., a debate on "The Probable Results of the Fall of the Gladstone Ministry." The programme for July 21 consisted of the reading of original papers by junior members, for a prize offered by Mr. Corr. This was awarded to Mr. O'Shaughnessy for an essay on "Education." On last Tuesday evening the programme consisted of miscellaneous questions, many of which were asked to test the theological lore of the Rev. President.

The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the specious aid of any exaggerated or fictitious certificate. Witnesses of its marvellous cures are to-day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write for names if you want home evidence