

mond street, and the Deaf Mute Institution at Cabra—all under the Brothers and equally to be praised and admired. These and such as these are the glory and hope of New Ireland.

## THE ARCHBISHOPRIC OF DUBLIN.

(From the Dublin Freeman.)

WE point with feelings of deep gratitude to the announcement in another column that the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Vicar Capitular, has been appointed by His Holiness to the ancient Archiepiscopal See of Dublin. The information reached the city on Wednesday by telegraph from Cardinal Simeone. It is information that will send a thrill throughout the land, and elicit from the faithful children of Mother Church a prayer of fervent thankfulness that the enemies of Ireland have failed, and that the Holy Father has not felt it inconsistent with his high duty as Head of the Universal Church to ratify the selection of the venerable priests of the city. It was, of course, to be expected that his Holiness would have no objection to offer to a selection so admirable and so thoroughly in accord with the feelings of the priests and people of Ireland. Dr. Walsh, by his learning, his piety, and his unrivalled qualities of head and heart, is eminently fitted for the sacred and most responsible position to which he has been called; and had it not been for the intrigues known to be proceeding in the Eternal City immediately after the announcement of Dr. Walsh's name as *designatus*, the ultimate choice of his Holiness would not have been questioned for a moment. Now, however, all is well. The desire of Irishmen, not only at home, but throughout the world wherever Irishmen are to be found, is gratified. The Archbishopric is honoured in Dr. Walsh and Dr. Walsh in the Archbishopric; and in the new and most worthy occupant of the Chair the country will to-day express the sense of its renewal and unbounded confidence with a heartiness and unanimity never before surpassed.

The Pope has followed up his ratification of the election of the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh to the Archbishopric by a signal mark of favour and distinction. His Holiness has summoned Dr. Walsh to Rome for consecration as Archbishop at the Tomb of the Apostles. The prelates assembled at Maynooth College, the priests throughout the country, and the people in general, will view the Pontiff's act as a most gracious compliment to the learned President and to Ireland, capital and country; and they regard it also with joy in a national sense that Dr. Walsh will have opportunity and occasion so immediate to complete the effect of the Bishops' statements at the Vatican. The incident is as significant a crowning of the Irish victory in Rome as ever marked our annals or the relations between Ireland and the Holy See. The Most Rev. the Archbishop-Elect will leave for the Eternal City in a few days. His consecration will take place about the 20th inst, and one of the first great duties awaiting his Grace on his return to his See will be in connection with the approaching General Synod of the Hierarchy of Ireland, which will probably be held in the late summer time or early autumn.

## T R A M P S.

(From the American Correspondent of United Ireland.)

MR. T. V. POWDERLY, Mayor of Scranton, Pa., in an article on the two millions of disemployed men now in the United States, published in the *North American Review*, quotes the following paragraph among others:

"Mrs. Sarah Jane Geary, an Englishwoman, residing in this city, committed suicide a few days since. Her husband is a miner, and, owing to the frequent suspension of business in the mines during the past winter, his meagre earnings were insufficient to support the family. The fact pained on Mrs. Geary's mind, and she resolved to end her life, that her children might receive her share of the food otherwise they would go hungry."

These are not the suicides of devil-may-care, of drunkards, of ne'er-do-weels, of sentimentalists, of half-witted or insane people, or of men "labouring under temporary insanity." They are the suicides of fathers and mothers of families, of honest, hardworking men, of men who cling to dear life and dearer children, but who are driven to despair by want of work and food in this land to which five thousand people per day are emigrating in search of work and food!

What an awful phenomenon it must be that produces such a crop of suicides! It is only the few who commit suicide. Behind the few are the million whom the same cause impels in the same direction, but whose dulter nerves, or coarser fibre, or whose faith, have kept them hesitating near the precipice's ragged edge.

It is possible that some of these people, if they were in Ireland and as badly off, would not have committed suicide. In Irish cabins starvation has been endured unto death, shining Faith standing by to drive Despair from the door. But something aided Faith in keeping the thought of suicide from the Irish peasant's cabin; the placidity of the environment, and neighbours' love. In America the strain of living is such a frightful thing at the best of times, the struggle for existence is such a cruel, heartless, selfish, murderous struggle, that from mere contemplation of it or nearness to it many a man has grown gray before his time, and many another has rushed into a madhouse. I find I have run to quite a length with this note, and have not space for the other paragraphs, those which do not relate to suicide, culled from the week's papers. No matter. The foregoing affords food enough for reflection for rational people. With those who, having read it, are infatuated enough to come careering over to Castle Garden, it is useless to reason. They are insane.

By the way, it is to be noted that large numbers of emigrants who are landing at Castle Garden these days are being hired by farmers for spring work. Here is a chance for a criticiser. "Men are getting employment the moment they land," cries out the crimp. "If there be so many men out of work in the United States, why is

there such a demand on Castle Garden?" queries the criticiser. Ah! delusive suggestion!—Why?—Because of the most horrible of all the facts of American destitution—the Tramp is the most disreputable person in the American social fabric. In Ireland or England the Tramp may be quite an honourable tradesman, who chooses to go from town to town in search of work. In America the tramp is an outcast, an unconvicted felon. He is an institution here—the most feared and abhorred in the country. He goes about the roads, intimidating women to give him food and drink. It is easier for the ex-convict to get on in the United States than the man who has been a tramp; and the man who has been out of work for a few months, and who once takes to travelling about in search of it, is ranked as a Tramp. He joins that great and ever-increasing army; its brand is upon his forehead, and a Tramp he is doomed to remain, by force of circumstances, till his days are ended. There are hundreds of thousands of agricultural labourers, among the 2,000,000 of unemployed. But they are Tramps! The farmer does not want to bring Tramps about his place when he can go down to Castle Garden, and hire healthy and unsophisticated rustics to do his spring work. Thus is the emigrant of to-day pushing the emigrant of yesterday into the Outcast Sea. And the emigrant of to-day, what becomes of him to-morrow? An unsophisticated rustic from the old country will be similarly elbowing him over the edge. When the spring work is over and the harvest is gathered in, the farmer will send the deluded creature about his business, and—God help him!—winter will see him committing suicide about the docks of New York, or picked up starving, at the least, with haggard face, bleared eye, and shiftless gait, in the ragged uniform of that mighty army that is tramping, tramping, tramping aimless, over the length and breadth of the land. Oh, ever swelling army of Tramps, what menace do your rage and dare-devilry hold for these United States!

## "A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION."

The following report has been written by a "Congregational Minister" in the *Christian World*, a Protestant newspaper:—On Thursday, June 4, I witnessed a very interesting ceremony in a quiet back street of the parish of Limehouse, East End. The occasion was the opening and consecration of some Roman Catholic schools by Cardinal Manning. The schools are connected with a mission conducted by the Rev. Father Maples, one of the most devoted and beloved of the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church at the East. The service had just commenced when I arrived. The company consisted largely of children, bright, and many of them pretty to a degree. The rest of the assembly consisted of Roman Catholic clergy and ladies and gentlemen. One exception only. A well-known East-end Congregational minister was there, and received a very marked and cordial greeting from his Eminence. The first function of the occasion was the presentation by three children of an illuminated address to the Cardinal. The little girl who recited its contents did so with much grace and gentle self-possession. They spoke of themselves as the children of the Cardinal, and he certainly talked to them with almost motherly tenderness and love. The early struggles of their mission were referred to with a very gracious kindness. The mission in Limehouse was the Cardinal's thought, and he told how he asked the young, good-looking priest at his side to take it up. He was poor, and his chief had nothing to give him; many difficulties beset the work; but "by the blessing of God" they had been overcome, and "the long looked-for and prayed-for day had come at last."

To the children the words spoken were full of tender and beautiful touches, and carried with them the sympathy of the few Protestants present. Purity of life, loveliness of disposition, and true loyalty to their faith and to God, was the burden of the brief address. After the address came the religious service. The Cardinal was dressed in a scarlet biretta, a long cassock, lined with scarlet. He read a few prayers in Latin, and then consecrated the school by the sprinkling of water. After which he offered a very simple and beautiful prayer of consecration, repeated by all present.

In a further address the Cardinal called the children's attention to their green ribbons, the badge of the League of the Cross. He urged upon the children prayerful faithfulness to their pledge, and quite touched every heart by calling the faithful boys "his body-guard." The children sang some hymns and one or two secular songs. The neighbourhood is poor, but the brightness, cleanliness and intelligence of the children were most notable. After a little interregnum the company adjourned to the infant school, when the same ceremony, the Cardinal seated under a canopy, was in some measure repeated. The scene outside was notable; the poor were gathered in a closely packed crowd, waiting to greet his Eminence. There was much that was most impressive. The secret of the marvellous power of the Roman Catholic clergy seemed in a measure revealed—great devotion, implicit obedience, and a very patient hopefulness in the face of manifold difficulties. There was remarkable freedom in the whole ceremony from anything like bigoted or excessive Romanism—with just a few crosses removed and one sentence left out of the address, there was little in what was said or done with which Mr. Spurgeon could not have agreed—and the somewhat old-fashioned Anti-Romanism of days past seemed impossible in that little school in the quiet, poor street in Limehouse. The power of Cardinal Manning not only over his own people, but over many others, is remarkable. Its secret is perhaps complex, but a deep human sympathy, especially with children and the poor, is part of it. There were many expressions of reverence both by adults and children, which seemed strange to Protestant eyes; but the sincerity with which the children looked, listened, and applauded was quite evident. His children, as his Eminence called them, seemed quite at home with him, and every face was more filled with a kind of truthfulness than with awe or superstitious reverence.

Don't physic, for it weakens and destroys, but use Hop Bitters that builds up! (Take none but American Co.'s.) Read