

the angel's salutation in invoking Mary? Instead of which, our separated brethren seem inclined to imitate the fallen angel, to whom God said: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." I read again another case in the Gospel. When Elizabeth saw Mary coming to visit her she exclaimed, full of the Holy Spirit: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of the Lord should come to me? Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." And we, honouring Mary, manifesting our affection and gratitude to her, are only following Elizabeth's example; whilst they, our poor separated brethren, are like the Bethemites, who expected the Messiah and repelled his Mother, who was bringing them Jesus. Again, the Gospel says that Mary answered Elizabeth: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." What are the generations who have fulfilled the Gospel prophecy? The Catholic generations or the others? I sincerely confess I have never understood our separated brethren upon this point. They erect statues in their temples to men of merit, but the image of Mary is driven out of them like an idol. How can they celebrate the mysteries of the Redemption without feeling a touch of sympathy for her who enters into all these mysteries? At the cradle's foot, as at the foot of the cross, how can they help feeling a thrill of love for her who calmed His first cry and received His last word? Oh, my friends, you know it; the Gospel is full of Mary, and we must tear out its most touching pages or fall on our knees before her. But "why," our opponents again ask, "if it so be, do we not find this practice in the early days of the Church?" Who tells you that? Ask the Catacombs with their traces of invocation and prayers to Mary; ask the ancient liturgies; everywhere you will find traces of her worship. The Apostles themselves before parting composed a *symbol*, the Creed, which was to be the distinguishing sign of Christ's disciples. Well, in this profession of faith Mary has her place—and what a place! She is there with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ—born of the Virgin Mary." After the Apostles come the saints and doctors of the Church. St. Ignatius of Antioch celebrates the miraculous birth of Christ; St. Justin, that philosopher who left Plato's school for Christ's, begins the comparison between Eve and Mary; St. Irenaeus continues this comparison, saying, that Mary has become the restorer of mankind, demonstrating that through her the blessed generation has succeeded the accursed; Tertullian completes the parallel, saying: "The crime of Eve in believing the serpent has been atoned by Mary believing the Archangel." Hail, then, O Mother of God; hail Crown and Firmament of the Church—pray for us! You have heard St. Gregory, the Homer of Theology; you have heard St. John, Europe, Asia, Africa, Rome, Constantinople. Yes, from those great doctors who were honoured by paganism itself, honoured by the Church to this day, down to St. Bernard, from St. Bernard to St. Francis of Sales—all have blessed and honoured Mary. Not only the Church, but all nations who were great in the bosom of the Church have honoured Mary. Kings, barons, orders of knighthood, placed themselves under her protection. The noblest children of all the arts, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, have been inspired by her. When we have considered all these things, we can but exclaim with those of old: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!" The gift of His mother to us was the last act of Christ's Testament, the last touch of His tenderness; because He had given us all—His tears, His labours, His sorrows, His grace, His blood. He had left us Himself in the Sacrament of the Eucharist; He had only His mother left and He gave her to us—and what a mother! Ah, my friends, do you feel all the sweetness and comfort contained in these words? The mother of Jesus is our mother. And how are we to show our thankfulness to Jesus for this gift? How are we to draw from this gift all the great advantages intended? My friends, by reposing great trust in Mary, by frequent recourse to her. Let us repair to Mary in whatever condition we are; however evil our case, she will know how to plead it; however deep our wounds, she will know how to heal them; however hard our heart, she knows how to soften it. And let us go to her not once but always, every day, morning and evening, and we shall be enlightened, consoled, and saved. Why hesitate? Do you doubt her power? But she is the Mother of God; she can obtain all things. All that God commands is done, all that Mary asks is granted. Do you doubt her goodness? But she is our mother. Then let us repair to her. Mothers, apply to Mary, and trust her with your children. Young maidens, trust your modesty to Mary. Youths, commend your courage and virtue to Mary. Ye poor, tell Mary your miseries; oh, ye unhappy, your sorrows—and you will find consolation; because, though a mother may forget and forsake her children, Mary does not forget or forsake them.

The room in which St. Stanislaus died, and which was in the Novitiate of the Jesuits behind the Church of St. Andrew on the Quirinal, is to be entirely dismantled, and the walls taken down and rebuilt, so as to form a new sanctuary, adjoining the sacristy. The room has been transformed into a sumptuous chapel, rich in marbles, and with costly altars and paintings, but above all with the statue of the saint, curiously wrought in coloured marbles. He is supposed to be seeing the vision of our Blessed Lady which consoled him at the moment of his decease. A beautiful story is narrated of the sculptor, named Le Gros, who was a Dutchman and a Lutheran, in order to make as true and beautiful as he could the statue of the saintly youth, he read the rules and constitutions of the Society of Jesus; as the work proceeded he felt drawn towards the Church; and when it was complete he kissed the feet of the statue, and went and asked for baptism, and became an excellent Catholic. The body of the saint is represented in white marble, his habit in black, and the couch on which he is lying is in yellow marble. The church adjoining contains the tomb of an ancestor of the reigning King of Italy, Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who abdicated his throne in 1802 in order to become a Jesuit Novice. He died a most saintly death in 1818.

JOHN DILLON INTERVIEWED.

(Brisbane Courier.)

"Yes," said Mr. John Dillon, M.P., to a representative of this paper who interviewed him, "I am well pleased with my visit to Queensland. I am more than pleased. It has been in every way more satisfactory than I anticipated."

"Then you look upon your mission, as far as Queensland is concerned, as a success," said the interviewer.

"A complete success," said Mr. Dillon, earnestly. "I estimate that the money I shall have collected will reach £8000; and the contributions, like the addresses, have not been confined to the Irish people. Do you know that in Port Douglas the contributions averaged £2 per head of the whole European population? The way people came forward was simply wonderful."

"And the people of the colony, do you think they are with you?" was asked.

"I do," was the reply. "There have been counter demonstrations, I admit—and I do not in any way blame the promoters of them—but what have they been? Compare them with my meetings, admission to which was fixed at a high figure. Were the men at the counter-meetings anything like the representative public men who gave their attendance and sympathy to me? In Brisbane I had three Ministers of the Crown with me, and a large number of Members of Parliament, the majority of whom were English, Scotch, or Australian Protestants. Was there one really influential public man at the counter-meeting? The same in the North. The meetings at Townsville and Charters Towers were promoted and organised by one man, a Mr. Henry, and would you consider him a representative public man? Were the meetings he arranged anything like those which were held to further the cause I came to advocate? No, I don't think the counter-meetings will be reckoned for much by Queensland people at any rate. I firmly believe that the people here are with us in obtaining for Ireland what they already possess."

"You have been over the country a good deal, Mr. Dillon. Do you mind expressing your views concerning its growth?" was the next question.

Mr. Dillon smiled—one of his rare smiles, for he is a man on whom the cares of work and ill-health have left a mark—and said: "No, I'm not going to give you the usual traveller's impressions. I do not think it possible to travel through a country as I have done, and form anything like a fair idea of its resources. You will find plenty of book writers ready to do that for you, and settle your future as well. I'm not sufficiently confident in my own judgment to do that. This I can say, that the colony is a surprise to me; the general appearance of prosperity after the terrible drought seems a most singular thing. The country must have wonderful recuperative power. I may also say that the western country was a revelation. Like a good many more men in the Old Country, I thought all Central Australia was a desert. No doubt the old explorers were there in bad seasons, and so marked it down. At the time of my visit the country was in a magnificent state. At Barcardine I visited the wonderful bore, and had a bath in the water. The water should be, I think, a great attraction for invalids. It seems to me—though I have not seen an analysis of it—as though it would be a splendid thing for rheumatism. The climate out there should just suit invalids using the water, and with comfortable hotels I have no doubt many persons would go out to Barcardine to recover their health."

"Your impressions of the colony, if favourable, might be of advantage to the colony," was suggested. "People interested in Queensland loans would perhaps be assured of the excellence of their security."

"Well," was the reply, "I'm unfortunately not a business man. I don't think my opinion of the colony's financial position would be of much service to anyone. I'm not regarded as an authority on finance. When I can say a good word for Queensland I shall do so. No one has a greater opinion of her destinies—with her sister colonies—than I have."

"There is one matter, Mr. Dillon," said our representative, "on which I should like to have your views—the appointment of colonial Governors."

"I have thought the matter over a good deal," said the M.P., "and I find there has been, from perhaps a very small section of the community in Australia, an expression in favour of the colonies appointing their own Governors. Now my view of the matter is entirely different. I regard the Governor of a colony—that is a colony with representative Government—exactly as I regard the Queen—a mere nominal head of the Government, a figurehead. Whilst Australia retains her connection with Great Britain—and I see no immediate possibility of that being disturbed—and whilst the present system of Government exists, the Imperial Government must be represented. It is impossible for it to be otherwise, and it would be decidedly unreasonable for the colonies to expect to elect the representative of the Imperial Government. Besides being unreasonable to expect to elect such representatives it would be very unwise to do so. The Governor is now a mere figurehead. He is necessary under the system of Government, but in the actual government of a colony he has no power. Queensland proved that. Make him a person elected directly by the people or by their representatives, and what will the result be? He will have a powerful position. He will have his party, and be able to take a stand that he would not dream of taking now. The only safety the people of the colonies have is to keep the Governor what he at present is—a political, social, figurehead."

"You were at home, Mr. Dillon, when Queensland protested against the appointment of Sir Henry Blake as Governor, were you not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dillon; "I was in the House when the telegram from Queensland was read. You may depend that we received it with cheers. It was too great an opportunity for the Irish party to let slip. We could not help it, but we gave three cheers. The Imperial Government were fearfully annoyed at the protest, and did