

Among the religious customs of old France which have shown the greatest resistance to the revolutionary and infidel spirit of the past century is that which associates almost every trade or much-followed pursuit with the patronage of some particular saint. Thus every gardener knows that the patron saint of his craft is St. Fiacre, every fisherman that his patron is St. Peter, and every goldsmith that St. Eloi looks upon him with a peculiar solicitude, inspired by that kind of sympathy which is supposed to exist between fellow-craftsmen. Again, those who follow the pleasures of the chase—only a profession now-a-days in the case of poachers, who do not by any means consider that the illegality of their proceedings deprives them of the favour of their saint—place themselves under the patronage of St. Hubert. Tramps have two patron saints, St. Julien the Hospitaler and St. Christopher. For some time past the cyclists in France have been casting about for a patron saint and the subject is one that has caused them no little perplexity on account of the difficulty of associating any known saint with a method of locomotion whose history is entirely modern. St. Julien and St. Christopher were both thought of because of their solicitude for travellers, but cyclists being clannish, wished to remain quite distinct from tramps and such like persons. St. Catherine of Alexandria is the saint upon whom the choice of the great majority appears to have fallen, a preference suggested by the time-honoured custom of representing her in sacred art in association with the wheel which was intended for her torture, but which was miraculously used against her persecutors. The *Croix*, which warmly advocates the choice of St. Catherine, makes the following reflections on the subject:—"As the saint stands leaning upon her wheel she makes us think of a bicyclist in repose. The cyclist travels upon a wheel and the saint who escaped so miraculously from suffering and danger will protect those who invoke her aid with faith."

Lord Maurice Fitzgerald of Johntown Castle, Wexford, recently made a spirited and creditable protest against the bigotry and

## IN MEMORY OF O'CONNELL.

DISCOURSE IN ROME BY ARCHBISHOP KEANE.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of Daniel O'Connell was celebrated by a special *Requiem* Mass on Saturday, May 15, in the church of the Irish College, Rome, where the heart of the Irish leader and patriot is preserved. Mgr. Donnelly, Bishop Coadjutor of Dublin, was the celebrant. There were present Cardinals Vaughan and Satolli, Mgr. Keane, Stonor, O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, Mgr. Giles, Rector of the English College in Rome and Mgr. Algernon Stanley, Lady Herbert and the Dowager Countess of Denbigh, the Rev. Mr. Maturin, and the pupils of the Irish, Scotch, English, North American and Canadian Colleges in Rome. Cardinal Vaughan gave the absolutions. After the Mass, Mgr. Keane delivered a funeral oration, reviewing O'Connell's work for the emancipation of English and Irish Catholics, and for the abolition of the penal laws. Mgr. Keane took as his text:—

"Come, and I will send thee to Pharaoh, that thou mayst deliver My people . . . and I will be with thee" (Exodus iii, 10, 12). Fifty years ago to-day Daniel O'Connell died, leaving his body to Ireland, his heart to Rome and his soul to God. All Christendom cried out in sorrow at the news. The Eternal City received his heart as a priceless heritage, and more thankfully paid honour to his memory. Paris vied with Rome in the expression of her admiration and her grief. The two most eloquent and learned preachers in the world declared his character and his achievements without a parallel in the history of great men, and proved that all the nations of the earth were his debtors. Heart-broken Erin covered her face in unutterable, incomparable grief, giving thanks to God that she was the mother of such a son, yet feeling her bereavement, her utter desolation, great indeed and bitter and almost hopeless, now that he was gone. The events of the half century that has since elapsed serve as a background to set forth in clearer light the features of that wonderful man, the Providential meaning and purpose of that phenomenal life. Nothing is plainer in history than that ages and nations have had their Providential men, men who not only towered above their generation by their superior qualities, but on whom there was manifest the impress of a Divine purpose and plan, of a mission

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intolerance of those Protestant Tories in Ireland who are setting themselves in opposition to the announced Government project of a publicly endowed Irish Catholic University. Though not himself a Catholic (says the *New York Freeman*) Lord Maurice Fitzgerald is honest and just enough to recognise that the Catholic majority have a fair claim to at least one university, seeing that the Protestants have two. But there are Protestants, and we fear the number is considerable, who are so hideously intolerant, that they will not admit this. Those persons have the impudence to still maintain the odious Orange ascendancy position that there must be no publicly endowed system of education in Ireland except what is distinctively Protestant or under Protestant control. Yet they have also the impudence, as Lord Maurice Fitzgerald observes, to talk sometimes about "intolerance in Roman Catholics." Writing to the Dublin Unionist organ, the *Irish Times*, Lord Maurice thus rebukes his bigoted coreligionists: "Protestants are ready enough to condemn intolerance in Roman Catholics. Is not this a case of glass houses? If no consideration can be given to the wishes of Nationalist Ireland, is no thought to be given to the feelings of our brother Unionists who are Roman Catholics? If the above report should prove the accurate attitude the Irish Conservative members intend to take on the question in Parliament, I am sure that thousands of Unionists in Ireland will deplore that political circumstances compel them to ally themselves with a party the Parliamentary representatives of which drag the good name of Unionism into the mire of bigotry and intolerance." The report referred to was to the effect that the "Irish Conservative members" intend to resist the Catholic university proposal when it is introduced in Parliament. No doubt they will do so. What then? Will Lord Maurice Fitzgerald and those Unionists who think with him on the university question dissociate themselves from the bigots? We hope they will, but if they don't it will not be easy for them to uphold their theory that Unionism means everything for Ireland that the majority in Ireland can reasonably ask for.

from on high. Such men not only mark an epoch and give a key to its meaning, they teach a lesson, or rather the God of history teaches a lesson through them, a lesson not only for their time and their country, but which it behoves all times and all countries to study and heed.

### THE PROVIDENTIAL MAN FOR IRELAND

The student of history has no difficulty in recognising that O'Connell was the Providential man of Ireland. But he was far more than that. The Count de Montalembert, addressing him in 1817 in the name of all lovers of liberty in France, declared that they saluted him not only as the Liberator of all Ireland, not only as the Man of the Irish People, but as the Man of Christendom, the Man of the Age. Yes, in studying O'Connell, it is a mighty lesson of God's Providence to our age that we have to study. Let us study it reverently. And that we may not mar it by any theorising of our own we shall simply let that wonderful life speak for itself; we shall gaze upon those majestic outlines which the hand of God has traced, praying for wisdom to appreciate it as we ought. The formative period in every great man's life is a time of intensest interest. Then you can see the hand of God moulding like soft clay the young mind and heart and character into their Providential shape and into fitness for their Providential purpose. O'Connell has himself told us most sweetly of the mould in which his life as a boy was cast. He tells us that the impressions which earliest and most powerfully acted on him were those of the Alpine scenery of his native Kerry.

### HIS TRAINING.

Thus was Providence moulding that young heart to sympathy with nature and with all things, moulding it in the true Celtic mould of poetry and tenderness and deep intensity of feeling, moulding it in exquisite sensitiveness to every touch of sweetness and beauty, of joy and sadness, of every mood of feeling that sweeps over the hearts of men. And in so doing Providence was not only developing the poetry of his own nature, making it sympathetic with every human condition, fitting it into exquisite compassion for the sorrow, the sufferings, the needs of all the children of Erin; but it was also making him acquainted with all the powers of emotion that lie dormant in the hearts of others, teaching him how to touch and rouse them, how to play with a master hand on all the emotions of the human heart. God destined him to enter into the

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