

did not plant average crops. The clerk of the Union, Oughteraid, states that upwards of 900 families did not plant average crops. The clerk of the Union, Castletown Berehaven, is of opinion that the number of families which did not plant average crops is very large. In the Clifden Union 800 families were unable to plant average crops, and 1,700 families in the same union only planted average crops with charitable and other external aid. The Chairman of the union has given me this information on April 14. As regards the future of the outlook there can be no more alarming circumstances than this inability of the people to sow their crops, and that is why I ask the Government to provide for next year. The people in the distressed regions, having lived for twelve months on insufficient and diseased food, are now suffering from those epidemics which prey on the bodies of insufficiently nourished people. It was a reproach to the Government that the people should be left in this condition. At the present time we hear a lot about the condition of Cuba, and we can see one of the greatest nations in the world about to take the awful step of declaring war in order to end a condition of things not even as bad as that which prevails in Connemara. I appeal most confidently to the Council to pass the resolution which stands in my name, and which is a last appeal to the Government to do its duty, as these unfortunate people must be supported either from public funds or private charity until August 1: "That this Council begs to direct the immediate attention of her Majesty's Government to the acute and widespread distress and destitution at present existing in the counties of Kerry, Cork, Mayo, and Galway. That we call upon the Government to send immediate relief and take such steps as may prevent a famine in these districts before the present crop comes to maturity, and to enable these poor people to make provision for the coming winter and spring months of next year." We need hardly add that the resolution was passed.

Assisting the St. Vincent de Paul Society.—A most successful bazaar and *fête* was held at the Rotunda, Dublin, recently, in aid of the exhausted funds of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Dublin conferences of which during the past year visited and relieved 5,858 poor families, consisting of 22,634 individuals, and were obliged to refuse many other deserving cases through want of funds. The bazaar was opened by the Lord Mayor, and there was a very large attendance. The room was arranged with scenery to represent Old Paris, as it was at the time of the foundation of the Society. There was the Church of Notre Dame, besides that of St. Sulpice, the Hospital des Invalides below the Bastille, and the Madeleine was represented in the circle of buildings that extend around the historic Round Room. The Archbishop of Dublin, enclosing a cheque for £25, wrote as follows to Mr. Carton, President of the Society:—People nowadays are so easily attracted by new forms of charitable work that I am sometimes apprehensive of a serious falling-off in the support given to our old and tried charitable organisations. The poor of Dublin could ill afford any curtailment of the relief which the generosity of the public, as well as of its own members, has now for so many years enabled your Society to give. Apart from the substantial aid in money which it may be relied on to bring to your funds, the bazaar will have the further advantage of keeping the Society and its work from being forgotten or overlooked by the public. You will kindly excuse my delay in writing this letter. The fact is that I have been obliged during the last few weeks to give a good deal of consideration to the question whether bazaars can any longer continue to be sanctioned as means of raising funds for Catholic purposes in this diocese. Undoubtedly abuses, some of them of a very serious kind, have been allowed to creep in within the last few years. If there is not a speedy and effective reform it will become my duty to do what has already had to be done elsewhere, by refusing altogether my sanction to bazaars, or to works, however good, in aid of which they are held. I am very confident, however, that in connection with the projected bazaar in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society there will be nothing that could tend to hasten the taking of such a step. But I am bound to add I am not without fear that the taking of it must be looked upon as inevitable in the near future.

LOUTH.—New Church at Tullyallen.—A memorable and impressive ceremony took place on April 17, when his Eminence Cardinal Lagne laid the foundation of a new church at Tullyallen, County Louth, in the presence of a large number of the clergy of the archdiocese, the Mayor of Drogheda, the High Sheriff, the members of the Corporations of Dundalk and Drogheda, and an immense gathering of people from the surrounding districts. The new church, when completed, will be dedicated to St. Christian O'Conarchy, the first Abbot of historic Mellifont-Abbey, the ruins of which are in the immediate neighbourhood. After the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone High Mass was celebrated in the old church, his Eminence presiding. At the conclusion of the first Gospel, the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., preached the sermon of the day. He took for his text the following passage:—"I have chosen and have sanctified this place that My Name may be there for ever." The preacher, in eloquent language, reviewed the history of Mellifont, and appealed to the congregation to assist the Rev. Father Tarffe to erect a church which would be a fitting monument of the faith and fidelity of those to whom the traditions of old Mellifont had descended, and who, in passing them on, had proved themselves worthy of the inheritance. At three o'clock Benediction was given by the Cardinal Primate from an enclosed altar on the green sward adjoining the ancient and historic abbey. The ceremony was most solemn and impressive, it being the first time for 359 years that a Catholic celebration took place there. The Mayor and members of the Corporations of Drogheda, with the civic sword and mace, knelt in front of the altar.

MEATH.—A fall of "Black Rain."—A fall of "black rain" occurred one day in Meath recently. A number of people saw it, and its fall was preceded by two thunder claps. One gentleman said it fell over an area of country thirty miles long by six-

teen miles wide, and his account of the phenomenon is that the darkness of the rain was due to soot from the manufacturing towns of North England and South Scotland, which remained suspended in the drifting clouds until they broke.

GENERAL.

Letter from the Author of "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"—Anything from the author of this immortal song, the words and music of which we published as a supplement to our '98 number, will be read with interest by every Irishman. The *Boston Globe* of a recent date had the following reference to, and letter from, the venerable author:—Dr. John Kells Ingram, L.L.D., vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin, the venerable author of the stirring poem which will this year be the rallying cry of the scattered children of the Irish race, has been much interested in the sketch of his life, published in the *Globe*, accompanying the music and words of his famous song. He has taken occasion to express his gratification in the following letter:—"John O'Callaghan, Esq., *Boston Globe*, Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for the too kind things you have said of me in your article in the *Boston Sunday Globe* of the 6th of March, and for your courtesy in sending me copies of the paper containing the article. The biographical particulars given in it—though not in all respects exact—are much more correct than some that have appeared in English and Irish journals. There is much to be said on the political topics to which you refer, and I may in the future find an opportunity of explaining my views on these subjects more fully than I have yet done.—Believe me to be, dear sir, faithfully yours, JOHN K. INGRAM.

A LESSON FOR THE WEAK.

Do you see that locomotive engine standing on the side-track. Something has broken down about it. There is not a hiss of steam from its valves; it is still and cold as a dead whale on a beach; it can't draw a train; it can't even move itself. Now, tell me, do you believe that any amount of tinkering and hammering at it would make it go? Not a bit. Nothing on earth will make it go except steam in the boiler, and even that won't unless the engine is in order. Everybody knows that, you say. Do they? Then why don't they act on this principle in every case where it applies?

Here is such a case. Writing concerning his wife, a gentleman says: "In the autumn of 1880 my wife fell into a low, desponding state through family bereavement. Her appetite was poor, and no food, however light, agreed with her. After eating she had pain and tightness at the chest, and a sense of fullness as if swollen around the waist. She was much troubled with flatulence, and had pain at the heart and palpitation. At times she was so prostrated that she was confined to her room for days together, and had barely strength to move.

"At first she consulted a doctor at Ferry Hill, but getting worse, she went to see a physician at Newcastle. The latter gave her some relief, but still *she did not get her strength up*; and after being under his treatment for six months she discontinued going to him. Better and worse, she continued to suffer for over a year, when she heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She began taking it, and soon her appetite revived and *her food gave her strength*. In a short time she was quite a new woman. Since that time (now nearly twelve ago) I have always kept this medicine in the house, and if any of my family ail anything a few doses puts us right.—Yours truly, (Signed) George Walker, Grocer, etc., Ferry Hill, near Durham, October 25th, 1893."

We call attention especially to those words in Mr. Walker's letter which are printed in Italics. You can pick them out at a glance. They show how fully he understands where human strength comes from—that it comes from digested food and not from any medicines the doctor or any one else can give us. Let us have no mistake or confusion of mind on this important point.

For example, Mrs. Walker was ill with indigestion and dyspepsia. Her symptoms and how she suffered; her husband tells us. The disease destroyed her power to obtain any strength from food, and Nature suspended her appetite in order that she may not make worse by eating what could only ferment in the stomach and fill her blood with the resulting poisons. The only outcome of such a state of things *must* be pain and weakness—weakness which, continued long enough, *must* end in absolute prostration and certain death.

Well, then, she failed to get up her strength under the treatment of either doctor. Why? Simply because the medicines they gave her—whatever they may have been—did not cure the torpid and inflamed stomach. If they had cured it then she would have got up her strength exactly as she afterwards did when she took Seigel's Syrup. But the trouble is this: Medicines that will do this are rare. If the doctors possess them they would use them, and cure people with them, of course. Mother Seigel's is one of the rare and effective medicines. If there is another as good the public has not yet been made acquainted with the fact. But even the Syrup does not impart strength; it is not a so-called "tonic"; there is no such thing. It (the Syrup) *cures the disease*, drives out the poison, repairs the machine.

Then comes the appetite (all of itself) and digestion and strength. You see the order—the sequence. Yes, Well, please bear it in mind. The mechanics set the engine in order; then the stoker gets up the steam.

And of the human body—the noblest of all machines—Mother Seigel's Syrup is the skilled mechanic. *

The Chinese Government have signed an agreement with a British syndicate for a loan for the construction of railways in China.