

tively little known; but we believe that Mangan's day is to come, and that his exquisite 'Dark Rosaleen' and a picked number of his other pieces will yet appeal as strongly to cultured English-speaking people everywhere as, for more than half a century, they have appealed to cultivated Irishmen and Irish-women of every rank. Among these, there is a general consensus of opinion that he is above all the poets of the 'land of song.' Mangan had many virtues: he was devoted to his mother, and was 'always humble, affectionate, almost prayerful.' Mitchell describes him as 'an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment,' and 'the bond-slave of opium.' He rose from his opium-feasts, grim and wild-eyed, and with storms of remorse whirling and eddying through his soul. Cholera set its claw upon him in his miserable lodging in Dublin in 1849, and he died in a hospital there in the same year that the soul of his contemporary, Edgar Allan Poe, flitted in a hospital in Baltimore. Thus passed, for them, the world and the glory thereof.

## THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

### IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES

The thirteenth International Eucharistic Congress, for which arrangements had been in progress for some time, was opened in London on September 9. We take the following account of the magnificent and imposing demonstrations of faith witnessed during the first two days of the Congress from the *Catholic Times*:—To witness the vast concourse of people from all nations who have come to the British metropolis to pay a tribute of homage to Christ, to see them streaming in at the portals of the noble Westminster Cathedral till every inch of space in the mighty building is occupied and many thousands have to remain outside content with joining the worshippers in spirit, to behold the imposing array of ecclesiastics of every grade and from every part of the world, to look upon the masses who in order to hear His praises sounded eloquently and in accents of profound faith crowded to the Albert Hall and overflowed around it, must have given delight to all Catholic spectators and thrilled their hearts to the inmost core with joy.

#### The Papal Legate.

The last occasion on which a Papal Legate—Cardinal Pole—made his entry into London was one full of historic interest, for it betokened the reconciliation of England with the Holy See. The affair was therefore invested with all the stateliness of magnificent ceremonial. For the coming of the present Papal Legate, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, no such imposing function was arranged, but the spontaneous heartiness of his reception was not less enthusiastic. When he reached the Admiralty Pier at Dover on Tuesday, September 8, the scene was one of remarkable animation. A vast crowd of Catholics, belonging to many countries, had assembled, and, having obtained permission to go on the landing stage, eagerly awaited the Cardinal. As soon as the boat was sighted, cheers were raised, and when she came alongside they were renewed in the lustiest possible manner, ladies waving their handkerchiefs and men their hats with fervor. The different garbs of those present lent picturesqueness to their appearance. There were priests, secular and regular, Sisters of Charity, and nuns of other religious Orders, and laymen of various ranks. When the Cardinal, who was attended by Mgr. Bidwell, Conte Aymard d'Insel, and Mr. Stuart Coats, and one of whose fellow passengers was Cardinal Mathieu, proceeded to the gangway it was with difficulty the way was cleared, such was the anxiety to greet him. A deputation, including the Right Rev. Dr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, in whose diocese Dover is situate, and the Right Rev. Dr. Johnson, Bishop of Arindela, representing the Archdiocese of Westminster, was received by his Eminence in the state saloon, where, in the course of a brief conversation, he spoke of the pleasure with which he looked forward to the Congress. On his way to the train he was besieged by admirers, and as he advanced he raised his hand to bless them. He entered a special saloon carriage, and the train soon afterwards steamed off for London.

#### Reception in London.

At Charing Cross the deep interest taken in the Legate's visit was still more notable. For a considerable time a crowd had been collecting at the station, and its proportions were continually swelled by new accessions, many wearing the Congress badges, a band of white and gold ribbon round the left arm and a Byzantine cross pinned to the breast. On the platform

were to be seen ecclesiastical dignitaries and other priests from every part of Great Britain and Ireland and from Continental and distant lands. Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, America, Australia, and New Zealand all sent contingents. There was a pleasant mingling of colors, purple and violet, black, brown, white and grey forming a striking picture. A number of the priests were attired in the cassock, as ordinarily worn by the clergy on the Continent. Archbishop Bourne wore the cassock, cloak, and beaver hat, with green and gold tassel. On reaching the station his Grace entered into conversation with the assembled prelates. One of these was the aged Primate of Spain, Cardinal Sancha y Hervas, Archbishop of Toledo. Amongst the others present were Monsignor Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, the Archbishop of Aquila, the Right Rev. Bishop MacSherry, of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope, the Bishop of Dunedin, the Bishop of Alinda, the Bishop of La Plata, the Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud, the Duke of Norfolk, President of the Catholic Union, Mr. and Miss Kenyon, the Hon. Teresa Maxwell, and Mr. W. S. Lilly. As the train drew up there were loud and prolonged cheers from the platform, which were taken up by a mass of people shut off from it by a barrier. The Legate appeared at the window of the carriage and acknowledged the greetings by repeatedly bowing. The Archbishop of Westminster then entered the saloon and bade his Eminence an affectionate welcome, embracing him and kissing him on both cheeks. The Duke of Norfolk, the Archbishops and Bishops were introduced to the Cardinal by the Bishop of Southwark, who travelled with him from Dover. The cheering was kept up without intermission, and the Legate, touched by the demonstration, decided to address to the waiting crowd a few words expressive of his gratitude. Speaking in Italian, he said:

For the first time in a long series of years a Pontifical Legate has been sent to this country by the Holy Father. The duty and honor of representing him devolves upon me, and it is with great pleasure that I find myself again in London. I thank you for your warm reception in this city—this magnificent London—and I will not fail to convey to the Holy Father information of the hearty welcome which I have received in this land of liberty, freedom, and toleration. To the Congress I wish every success. It will mark, I hope, an epoch in the religious life of this country.

The Cardinal's remarks were received enthusiastically, and as he entered a motor car with Archbishop Bourne and Dr. Jackman to drive to Archbishop's House, the Catholic visitors and the general public joined in an outburst of cheering. To his Eminence's manifest pleasure a great crowd similarly testified their joy when he reached Archbishop's House, on which the Papal flag was hoisted, as it also was from the Cathedral, together with the Union Jack.

#### At Westminster Cathedral.

One would have thought at the first sight of the thousands standing outside the Cathedral doors on Wednesday night that one was living in the heart of a great Catholic city. The Papal Legate was received at the entrance of the Cathedral with cheers which rang out in the welkin and even swelled into the building. It was a thrilling volume of sound, and it was clear that the assembled thousands were affected by the deepest emotions. Yet the crowd was so orderly that the police found no difficulty at all in controlling it. But if the sight outside was wonderful, still more so was the scene within. From the marble gallery above the sanctuary nothing could be seen but a vast sea of faces. Here and there a brilliant uniform or bright-colored dress contrasted warmly with the sombre grey of the Cathedral walls. Precisely at 8 o'clock the procession formed, and going down to the great door, wended its way solemnly to the high altar. In front walked the servers, followed by the Minor Canons in their grey rochets; then came the Canons and the Archbishop. The Papal Legate, his Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, followed, his stately, dignified form, clad in the red robes of his rank as Prince of the Church, conspicuous under the white silk canopy held over him. Last of all came the Bishops, and as the procession marched slowly up the central aisle, the organ pealed out Catholic London's welcome to the representative of the Holy Father. The sight which then presented itself from the gallery was a most impressive one. The red and purple of the Bishops and Monsignori in the sanctuary, with the quiet, dignified figure of the Cardinal Legate kneeling at his faldstool, the massed thousands kneeling at the back, in the body of the church, gave one a vivid color-picture of the progress and the strength of the Catholic Church in England. Long will that scene live in the hearts and minds of those who were privileged to be present at it, and deep will be their gratitude to the Eucharistic God, Whose triumph it celebrated.

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