

To a suggestion that General Booth in his book seemed hardly to taken sufficiently into account existing agencies, the Cardinal replied that this was so to some extent, but attributed it to the point of view taken in the book. The book is a proposal for a general campaign against the hopeless misery of the slums, a campaign which would be something very different from the isolated efforts, excellent as far as they go, of such agencies for instances as Toynbee Hall and the University missions in the East End. As to Catholic action in the same direction the Cardinal said that our priests and nuns were already doing an immense amount of work in this very direction of succouring and saving the hopeless and the lost, but it was work done for those already at least nominally within the bonds of Catholic unity. So far we had not been able to attempt anything for the masses outside, and it was these masses that the General was trying to help.

Striking out a new line of thought, the Cardinal added that he was heartily glad the book had been published, if only because it would do so much to wake people up to the necessity of seriously facing the question of common action for the very poor, the unemployed, and even those whose idleness is a cause of their misery. "It is one more shock," he said, "to that false political economy of which we have been having too much for years back. What is sound political economy but a dealing with the affairs of the community as if it were a household. That is what the word means. Well, here in England it has been taken to be a dealing with the affairs of the community as if it were not a household, but a counting-house, a place where the one question is profit and loss. One would think, to listen to some of our professors, that speculation and business were the whole life of the nation instead of one of its inner departments. But happily the time is over for the doctrine of buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and buy your men's labour at the cheapest rate to which competition can beat it down. The true political economy takes into account the value of human life, and I am glad to see in this scheme of General Booth's one more useful contribution to the solution of the great question of the day."

"LIFE OF JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY."

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO., of New York, announce for publication by January 1, 1891, at latest, the "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly." It is written by James Jeffrey Keche, an intimate friend of the lamented dead during all his life in Boston, and for many years his associate in the editorship of the *Pilot*. This work has the full sanction of Mr. O'Reilly's family and is the only authorised life.

It opens with a noble introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, who was always a warm admirer of John Boyle O'Reilly. The Cardinal's words at the announcement of Mr. O'Reilly's death will be remembered: "A loss to the Country, a loss to the Church and a loss to Humanity." In this preface, His Eminence has paid a most appropriate tribute to the life and the work of the dead poet.

In writing the biography, Mr. Keche has had rare advantages, in his own long and intimate association with the subject of it, and in matter furnished by the family, and friends both in Ireland and America. Indeed, he finds himself able to make it largely autobiographical. The dead will speak for himself through his letters, and his great words on historic occasions all through the crowded years of his short life. The book will be a revelation even to those who knew the departed well, of the place he filled, and the international influence he exercised.

Following the life come his complete poems and speeches, edited by his wife, Mary O'Reilly. Some poems unpublished at the time of his death are included in this collection, at the suggestion of friends unwilling to lose any word left by the beloved dead.

His orations and addresses, including "Illustrious Irishmen of One Century," "Irish Poetry and Music," the "Common Citizen Soldier," the great speech for the negroes in Faneuil Hall, etc., will close the volume.

The book will be beautifully illustrated, and printed and bound in the best style of the bookmaker's art.

THE TWO "CRIMINALS."

(Irish World, November 29.)

THERE are two men now in the United States as visitors who, wherever they go, are received by the whole people with extraordinary manifestations of respect and honour. In every town they visit they are met and welcomed enthusiastically, not merely by vast masses of the inhabitants, but by the high public officials and leading citizens. Governors of States, members of Legislatures, mayors of cities, professional and business men gather around them and take prominent and active part in demonstrations of esteem and regard. The two men who are thus honoured wherever they appear in America are two Irishmen, who, if they were at the present moment to set foot on their own native land, would be promptly seized by policemen and put into gaol as criminals and kept there for six months.

Here is a strange state of things which would seem to require explanation. Why do American citizens, including high Government officials, honour men who in their own country have been "found guilty" of crime and sentenced to imprisonment? Are American citizens so regardless of law as to pay tributes of respect to those who violate it? By law in Ireland John Dillon and William O'Brien are sentenced convicts—they are "fugitives from justice." Why then, do Americans welcome and applaud them?

There can be but one answer to this question. It is because Americans do not believe those men to be criminals, do not believe the law which condemned them to be a just law. So far from regarding John Dillon and William O'Brien as vile law-breakers and

outlaws, Americans regard them as honest men and true patriots, and the law under which such men are made convicts Americans regard as a law of tyrants and oppressors, a law which has no moral sanction or moral force, and, therefore, deserving only the contempt of free men.

In America law is respected by all good citizens because it is the expression of the people's will, made by the people for the people. In America the executors and administrators of law, from the chief magistrate of the nation to the common policeman, are respected and honoured because they are chosen by the people themselves, and are the guardians of the people's lives and properties and rights. The ministers of the law in America are not the hirelings and tools of tyrants; they do not insult the people and the people's representatives. They are, in fact, themselves representatives of the people and in performance of their duties are doing the people's work.

In Ireland it is all quite different. Law there is on one side and popular sympathy on the other—law and its administrators are hated by the people because they are known to be the people's enemies. Law in Ireland has plundered and oppressed and banished millions of the Irish race. Hence it is that it is no stigma on a man's reputation to be condemned by that law; hence it is that John Dillon and William O'Brien instead of being dishonoured by conviction and sentence in the Tipperary court, are the more endeared to their countrymen and the more respected by lovers of liberty and justice all the world over.

WE CAN ONLY SAY THAT HIS INITIALS ARE "J. D."

WHEN a woman travels ten miles merely to ask a few questions we may assume that her curiosity is excited.

In the year 1883, a story went forth from Leverstock Green, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, which aroused great interest in all the region thereabout. People came from various directions to enquire into the matter; what was alleged to have occurred had to do mostly with one man. If the story turned out to be true some good was likely to come of it; if false, it would only put the community more on their guard against all sorts of wild rumours. Among the women who were bound to get at the foundation of it was one from St. Albans and a cook from Langley.

How strangely things work out in this queer world. Seven years have passed and the facts are now to become generally public for the first time. It appears that about the first of January, 1883, an old resident of the place above named was said, and commonly believed, to be in a dying condition.

For five months an able and clever physician had been attending him constantly, no medical man could have done more. His ailment was decided to be gout and rheumatism, which are now held to be practically the same malady differently located.

Well, this began back in July, 1882. As time ran along the patient grew worse. The doctor's ability and experience didn't seem to count. The sufferer's ankles, feet, and hands, became badly swollen. We all know this must have been a scary symptom because that the fluids of his body (and the body is nearly all fluid anyway)—instead of being carried off as they naturally should be, were flowing over their channels and inundating the parts around them, just as a stream does after heavy rains.

The doctor said, the danger of this state of things lay in the fact, that when the water reached the heart or lungs it might end in sudden death. The cause of dropsy is the refusal of the kidneys to carry off the water; so much is plain. But what makes the kidneys strike work? We now know the reason of that. It is because they are partially paralysed by a poison in the blood, arising from undigested food in the stomach. In plain English, a chronic state of indigestion and dyspepsia was responsible for results which now threatened our unknown friend's life. It was reported—and of its truth there isn't a doubt—that his abdomen was blown like a bladder on account of the water which soaked all through his flesh. In a conversation a few weeks ago he said "All my friends now looked on me as a dying man."

And reasonably enough too; for what chance is there for a man who is gradually drowning in this way?—For that is what it was—drowning and nothing else in the world. Medicine appeared to be of no use, and the physician suggested that possibly the poor man might be benefited if he could go away from home and try the baths, mineral waters, and change of scene and air.—But nobody believed in that plan, and in honest truth, it is hardly likely that the wise physician believed in it himself. At all events the idea wasn't put in a practice.

About this time the patient's wife happened to be in the shop of a chemist at Hemel Hempstead, and he gave her a little book, a sort of small pamphlet, and said she might like to read it. She did read it, and found in it a full description of the very complaint that was fast sending her husband to the grave, and also the name of what was asserted to be a remedy for it. After some trouble she got him to consent to try it, and sent for a bottle. He began, and kept it up for four months, taking twenty-six bottles altogether. At the end of that time he was a well, sound man, and is so to-day. The whole neighbourhood was amazed.—His recovery, when he had been looked upon as no better than a dead man, set tongues wagging all around the country. He now says: "I should not have been here now, if it had not been for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

Our friend requests us not to publish his full name, but says we may print his initials, which are "J. D." Address: Leverstock Green, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. He will answer letters.

The Marquis of Ripon has written to General Booth, expressing approval of his scheme, and enclosing a cheque for £100.

A colossal monument to the memory of the Comte de Chambord is to be erected at St. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany. The statue of the Comte is nearly ready, and will be unveiled early next year.