

souvenir they had given him that evening. It was one that would keep them in his remembrance for many years. To him it was a great pleasure to find that the Hibernian Society in this city had maintained its name and its position. It was a particular pleasure to him, because he believed he was correct in saying that he was the first priest to join the Hibernian Society (applause). That society was formed in Ballarat twenty-six years ago, when there were only seven laymen and himself in it. Afterwards the Irish Catholic Society was established, and in a few years the two bodies amalgamated, and were subsequently known as the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society. From the time he joined the Society up to the present he had never regretted the step he had taken (applause) on the contrary, he watched over it as carefully as his other duties would permit, and he was happy to be able to state that the Society had been an unqualified success (applause). To meet representatives of that Society in this part of the globe, he could assure them, was a peculiar pleasure. He had been travelling with his Grace the Archbishop and the Bishop of Dunedin for the last week, and he could say that he had experienced more pleasure in that week than he did during any week in the whole of the last thirty-one years—the period for which he had been a colonist. They had visited many churches and schools in Otago, and found them in places where they least expected them. It only showed what the Irish people could do all over the world where they were free and got fair play (applause) and it showed also that people, priests, and bishop were united. It was due to the efforts of their Bishop that they could point to these results, for he did not think there was his superior in the Church of God. He did not say that because he was present—on the contrary—and when he was on the present subject he might add that they should also be proud of their clergy (hear, hear) who were devoted to their holy religion and to their native country. He once more thanked them for their beautiful souvenir, and trusted that Providence would ever keep them and watch over them.

The Archbishop then, at the request of the Bishop of Dunedin, bestowed his blessing on those present, and the deputation withdrew.

CANON DOYLE'S INDIGNATION.

THE name of Canon Doyle, the venerable parish priest of Ramsgange, County Wexford, is well known not only in Ireland, but amongst the Irish race throughout the world. Forty years ago the Canon was as brave and conspicuous a patriot as he is to day. From Young Ireland to the National League he has been in the front rank standing up every time for the right cause in the right way. On the present crisis, there is no mistake as to his view. He has taken good care to leave no room for doubt. Subjoined we (*Irish World*) give extracts from a long letter of his to the *Dublin Freeman*, which that paper refused to publish—

To the editor of the *Freeman*—

Ramsgange, Arthurstown, November 24, 1890.

Sir,—One of the most shocking scandals I remember to have occurred in my time is the futile attempt made by you and others to whitewash unfortunate Charles Stewart Parnell. I waited till all your suddenly got-up and cleverly-managed meetings from which all protest was carefully excluded (mine sent to J. E. Raymond, M.P., at least), were over, in order to know what could be said in his favour. The platforms were well furnished with Q.C.'s and M.P.'s—very distinguished gentlemen; but I must confess I don't remember so gr at an amount of rubbish shot broadcast over the country from any meeting ever assembled in Dublin before.

Now that all the resolutions on this nasty subject have been passed, and that the country has been swamped under a deluge of feeble fustian, what do they all come to? Why, this, and only this, that Parnell, though steeped to the lips—aye, head and ears—in a very cesspool of the foulest crimes of ten years' standing yet is "essential" to Ireland; "cannot be done without;" "he is the only one man who can guide the ship." Why, sir, I thought our boast was that we had a superabundance of gifted and clever men, that almost every Irish village could supply a statesman. We demand Home Rule on the very ground that we are amply capable of governing ourselves, but now our boasting subsides to the humiliating confession that we have only one man fit to lead us, and he so steeped in abominations that his very name at this moment stinks in the nostrils of the civilised world. Then, should death call this "essential" criminal away, the demand for Home Rule must cease, and the hopes of Ireland be buried in his unsavoury grave. Sir, though I know I am only "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," I feel it my duty to enter my feeble but solemn protest against this degradation of our just and imperishable cause and of our dear old country.

And then we are supplied with Scripture quotations. Yes, Scripture has been often quoted for vile purposes. The woman forgiven in the Temple was bid, "go in peace and sin no more." I say the same to Parnell. She did not claim a leadership amongst the Daughters of Israel. Magdalene was also forgiven, but she was no longer found in the crowded city and prominent amidst the assemblies of men; she retired into the desert to do penance during the remainder of her days. I say to Charles Stewart Parnell, "Go thou and do likewise."

Now, we are told how David fell. Yes, he fell from a sudden temptation caused by the gross imprudence, if not the wily traitry of a woman, and to cloak the first sin he fell into a second. Is it not afflicting and humiliating in the last degree to find Irish Catholic journals and orators quoting Scripture to minimise and palliate the damning crimes of this degraded man? We are told of David's fall, but not a word about his quick repentance and overwhelming sorrow—not a syllable about the dreadful chastisements those sins, though repented of, brought upon David and his house. We are not shown the aged King prostrate on the ground, his garments rent, and his gray hair sprinkled with ashes, crying from the depths of a broken

heart, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercy, blot out my iniquities."

Of course, every one who attends to public affairs must know that there are far able men in the Irish party than Parnell. He was a respectable figure-head, and being one of the gentry, accustomed as we are to be slaves, we were glad to have him; but in point of ability and acquirements he is nothing to Thomas Sexton and others I could name. Though surrounded by a number of able, practical men, and aided by their counsel, he made some sad mistakes, one of the worst of which was his alternative proposal to Mr. Balfour's Land Purchase Bill. If that proposal be engrafted on the amended bill about to be introduced, it will give the *coup de grace* to Parnell's leadership. If he were not entirely shameless he would have retired from the public gaze long since. I call upon the faithful fathers and husbands of Ireland, upon the virtuous and loving wives and mothers, upon our modest and chaste young girls, and upon our chivalrous young men to put an immediate end to this infamy—to call with one voice for the retirement of this unfortunate man from the position he has disgraced. Thus, and thus only, can peace be restored, and the cause, now ripe for settlement, be brought to a happy consummation. "But this will give joy to our enemies, to the *Times*, and the whole Pigottist gang." Not a bit of it, but it will bring them consternation to see the bone of contention removed, and the Irish party settle steadily down to their work under an irreproachable leader. The retention of Parnell is the ruin of our cause. If he were not blindly selfish, ambitious and utterly shameless, he would have retired from the public gaze long since, and hidden himself and his infamy in the woods and glades of Avonlale.

THOMAS CANON DOYLE.

HOW A GOOD SHIP WAS LOST.

On the night of October 27th, 1842, the good ship "Mary Compton," of Bristol, England, was struggling with a fearful gale off the coast of North America. The wind blew furiously, but the weather was clear, and the Captain expected every moment to get sight of the light in the lighthouse on the Iron Rock Shoals. This lighthouse marked the entrance to the harbour. Once there, and they were safe. Sure of his position, he sailed on confidently. Five minutes later the ship struck with a fearful shock and went to pieces. Four men, including the Captain, were saved. On reaching the shore they found a strange thing had happened. An enemy of the lighthouse keeper had bound him hand and foot and extinguished the light.

Souls, as well as ships, steer by the lights. Hope is the most important lighthouse in the world. What shall be said of the man who darkens it in the face of a storm-tossed spirit?

"You are a good human and." These words were said by a physician to a woman who had come to consult him. Admitting that he thought so, had he the right to say so? No; for he might be wrong—and in any case he had no business to put out the light.

This woman had been ill for some time. In June, 1889, she was greatly alarmed by her symptoms. Her heart palpitated, and she was so giddy she could scarcely stand. Her head whirled "and," she said, "all objects seemed to go into a cloud." She had to hold herself up or sit down for fear of falling. She broke out in a sweat although cold as death. A dreadful cough racked her frame so that she could not lie down in bed and sleep.

"I could scarcely crawl about the house," she says. "I was so weak." I tried different remedies and medicines without avail. I went to the Dispensary at New Briggate and asked the doctor to tell me the worst. His answer was, "I have mixed you some medicine; you can take it or leave it. I took it for three weeks, then gave up in despair."

"I talked with two other physicians. The last one said, 'You are past human aid.'"

"My heart sank within me, for I have five little children, and my death would leave them without a mother's love and care. I went home and cried till I was sick. I had no appetite and had lost flesh (all I was then as a ghost). My mother came to see me and did not know me. My skin was of a green and yellow colour, and when I ate anything it seemed to stick in my throat. About this time I commenced vomiting, and what I threw up was tinged with blood. Once I began to vomit at nine o'clock on a Sunday morning and scarcely got rest from it until Monday morning."

"At this time I remembered that Mrs. Wilson, with whom I formerly worked in Crawford's Mill, in Fawcett Street, Leeds (where I live), had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. So I sent to Mr. Jesson's the Chemist, in Great Garden Street, and got a bottle. A few doses stopped the vomiting, and by degrees from day to day I felt better. Soon I could eat a dry crust, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I had got over all my bad symptoms and was fast getting my strength back. I am now (April, 1890), in better health than ever before in my life."

"I should have taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup sooner, but my husband was out of work and we had only a trifle coming in from his club, but I thank God I did get it at last, and it cured me, bad off as I was. All my friends and neighbours know the facts I have related, and I will reply to any letters of enquiry." (Signed), Mrs. Ann Mills, 40, Bread Street, York Road, Leeds.

This was a case of indigestion and dyspepsia, with symptoms showing how far it had affected the nervous system. A few months, or possibly weeks more, and Mrs. Mills would have had no tale to tell. She did wrong to wait one hour for any reason, after having known what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done for her friend Mrs. Wilson.

The statue of Joan D Arc, which was unveiled in Philadelphia on the 15th November, by the French citizens of that town, depicts her in full armour, astride a prancing horse, also in armour, and carrying in one hand the oriflamme.