

TWO PICTURES.

This is what the great Edmund Burke says of the duty of a Representative. We want Mr. Snowball and his friends to read it:— "It is the duty of your parliamentary representative to sacrifice his repose and his pleasures to yours, and above all, to PREFER IN ALL CASES YOUR INTEREST TO HIS OWN."

HOLY WEEK.

As there is in the world the Civil year, commencing on the 1st January, and in the state, what is called the Fiscal year, that in the Dominion commencing on the 1st July, so in the church there is the Ecclesiastical year, which commences on the 1st Sunday in Advent. The object of the Ecclesiastical year is to renew for us the great work of Redemption accomplished by Christ for sinful man and to enable us to worship God in spirit and in truth. The central point of the Redemption is the Sacrifice of Christ on the Cross, which was consummated in His glorious Resurrection. In the same manner Holy week and Easter form the centre of the Ecclesiastical year, because by them we are reminded of Christ's death on the Cross and His Resurrection from the grave.

Holy week is therefore the last week of the Lenten season. In ancient times it was customary to abstain from servile work during this week, and to observe it in the most austere manner. This was the custom until the seventh century, but after this period the faithful assisted daily at divine service and observed the last three days as Sunday. It was the constant aim of the church to repair all evils, as far as possible, during this week.

The great object during Holy week is the consideration of the Passion of our Holy Redeemer. On Palm Sunday, as also on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of Holy week the Passion of our Lord is sung or read in divine service, each time according to a different Evangelist, a very ancient custom in the church.

In many churches the Matins and Lauds of the office are solemnly sung on the eves of the last three days of the Holy week. Of these the lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah express in the most pathetic and touching manner the deep sadness of all Christendom, which has now reached the highest degree. This office is called the office of Tenebrae and is full of beautiful, mystic and symbolical meaning.

Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy week derives its name from the blessing of palms, and the procession customary on that day. This festival is to remind us of the triumphant entry of Christ into Jerusalem.

Holy Thursday, otherwise known as "Maundy Thursday" and Coena Domini the Supper of the Lord, commemorates the last supper of our Lord with his Apostles. On this occasion He washed their feet and instituted the most adorable sacrament of the Altar and the Holy Mass. On this day also are usually blessed the Holy oils used in the administration of several sacraments and at the more important consecrations, viz: of Altars, Churches, Chalice, etc. Many other ceremonies, etc., usually take place on this great festival but we have no space to refer to them.

Good Friday commemorates the death of our Saviour whereby the whole world was redeemed. It is not, however, celebrated as a festival, for festivals are always accompanied with rejoicing; but on this day the church is filled with sentiments of the deepest sorrow for the sufferings and death of our Redeemer.

Holy Saturday is so called because it is the day on which our Redeemer the "Holy of Holies" remained in the Sepulchre, and on which the new fire and baptismal fonts are blessed. Originally, it was intended to commemorate the repose of the Lord in the grave—as the Creator having perfected His work, rested on the Seventh day, so after having completed the great work of Redemption our Saviour also rested on the seventh day. Many beautiful and touching ceremonies, take place on this day, all having for their object the ushering in of the great feast of the Resurrection.

Easter is the greatest festival, and as we have said the centre, of the Ecclesiastical year. On this day is celebrated the resurrection of Christ, by which the work of redemption was accomplished. This festival in the Old Law was instituted by God himself. It is the festival of the "Pasch" or "Passover." In the Church it is always celebrated on the Sunday following the first full moon after the vernal equinox. The joy of the Church now bursts forth in "Alleluias." This great feast is well expressed in the office of the church. "This is the day the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice therein."

THE MORALITY ETC OF PROHIBITION.

Perhaps one of the greatest agitations in the social world now, is the temperance question. This is viewed in many different lights. Some of the champions of temperance pin their faith to moral suasion, and contend that you may as well try to make "good christians" by law, as to make men temperate by legislation. They raise two objections to such acts of Parliament as the Scott Act: one is a moral objection and the other is a practical objection. They reason on the moral aspect in this way: God gave to man Freewill. Do this, He said, and live. do that and die. Had there been no spiritual strife, there would have been no Heaven to gain; for how could the man who died without meeting a cross, and without overcoming temptation merit a crown? There would be no merit in abstaining from evil, if there was no inclination to evil; and certainly none if the inclination existed, but by the interference of some power, the evil was placed beyond our reach. The temperance moralists are wiser than God. Had they had the making of the world they never would have left the apple in Adams' way. They would have appointed constables to see Adam did not get at the apple. Indeed the writer heard a leading temperance orator in Fredericton, one Wadham O'Brien blasphemously say, "If God had kept the fruit out of Adams way he never would have eaten it—that's sure. Likewise my friends, let us keep run out of the way, and no one will drink it." The audience applauded the speaker!

The other objection is the practical objection. They contend you cannot legislate a man into sobriety; that the liquor will be sold, so long as it is imported. This brings us to a view of the question worth noting. Maine you may say is the parent spot of the "liquor law." It was there Neal Dow became famous. Some say the law in this State is a farce, some say it is a success. The Toronto Globe has resolved to find out for itself how the "law" does work in Maine. So it has sent out commissioners there. We have a late letter of these commissioners' before us. They prove the Maine liquor law is a decided failure, a worse failure than we ever dreamt of before. They say for example:—"The calendar of the Municipal Court—corresponding to our Police Court—gives daily evidence of the increasing extent of the whiskey traffic in this city."

This city is Portland. One days police court shows nine drunks. They further say:—"The City Marshall—an official occupying a similar position to our Chief of Police, but vastly more affable and communicative than the general run of Canadian chief constables—assured us that the sale of liquor was more free and unrestrained now than ever before."

There is no difficulty in getting liquor to drink, though the law prohibits the sale. One of the "commissioners" and he is by the way a prohibitionist, stepped out one night to look around. He entered a particular locality and writes:—"There were lights in many of the shops and we had no difficulty in getting all the vile whiskey and New England rum that we wanted (in fact more than we really wanted). Just now there appears to be a carnival of drunkenness here."

But a worse commentary still than this on the Maine law is that Portland Me. with a population 49 per cent greater than St. John, has from 150 to 200 per cent more drunkenness.

THE REAL STATE OF FACTS REGARDING THE CARLETON COUNTY ELECTION.

The election of Mr. Irvine has been claimed as a great Liberal Victory, when in reality politics had but very little to do with the matter. We have been at especial pains to discern the cause of Dr. Connell's rejection. The facts are simply these, aided by other trifling causes. The Connell family for a great length of time have been large property holders in Carleton, possessing lands in nearly every section of the country, while residing in the town of Woodstock. The late Charles Connell being a very far seeing business man, took every opportunity of buying excellent agricultural lands at the Crown Land price. If a new settlement were projected and a road contemplated to be built through a fertile section, he ascertained by agents the best lots in the district and became the purchaser of the same. These, bought at 50 cents per acre, or thereabout, in the course of a few years increased so much in value as often to realize when disposed of by him so high as \$4 per acre. A large quantity of these lands are yet held by the family. This has made them to be looked upon by the country people as monopolists creating a consequent envy and jealousy of them and of their influence.

When property holders are not residents of the parish in which their property is situated, they appear in the light of obstructives since while preventing the settlement of tracts

owned by them owing to the high prices charged for the same, they are not in a position to counteract this feeling by giving employment to the working men of the neighborhood. There has also existed in Carleton County for many years a feeling of hostility between town and country which reached its climax at this election; so that the causes of the result of this election may be thus summed up: The hostility of many living in the country to the Connell family. And the jealousy of the country districts of the influence of the town of Woodstock.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S PREDICTIONS.

It is said Zadkiel and Venor will take proceedings against Goldwin Smith for interfering in their "prediction" business. Goldwin Smith is, as Mr Anglin described him two years ago, a sour and morose individual. We do not believe he has ever yet eaten a dinner that has digested properly. Mr Ellis the American who was dismissed from the St. John post office, called him about this same time, a "firebrand in politics." The Toronto Globe says Goldwin Smith and his Bystander are "beneath respectable contempt."

Mr Elder however quotes a late extract from the Professor in great glee. The extract carps at Sir Leonard Tilley's increase of duties and predicts the early demise of Sir John Macdonald. Then the reins slide into Mr Blakes hands!

This sour man has another attack of indigestion. Fortunately he is going away to the Continent soon, on account of his dyspepsia; and let us say the sooner he goes the better. As his stomach gets worse, so will his writings, and both will soon be intolerable. Perhaps our readers do not know that Goldwin Smith has his price like other men. Well, he has. He wants to be made a Senator. If the Government will only make him a Senator, he will sound their praises from Dan to Beersheba. But they will not make him a Senator; so he will denounce their policy, and will remain "a free lance" either till Gordon Brown admit him to the Grit lodge, or till the Government admit him to the Senate. The prospects are he will always be a free lance.

Ex-Sheriff White has been elected for Sanbury. He long ago announced himself an "independent" in a St. John paper. Some of the demagogues say he is elected to the Opposition.

Mr Snowball is jubilant over the Carleton Election. His joy is not intelligent.

The evictions in Ireland have increased to 215 the past month.

Five thousand persons perished by the Earthquakes at Ohio.

Two Bills will be introduced on the land question.

Disastrous floods and drowning at Malaga.

Earthquake shocks still continue at Ohio.

Sir Charles Tupper is getting better.

Sir John Macdonald is well again.

Greece is enthusiastic for war.

A TOUR THROUGH IRELAND.

THE ROMANTIC HILLS OF LOUGH SWILLY

Graphic Descriptions of Scenery and Country—and Landlord Persecution.

We take the following, which will occupy two issues, from correspondence to the Montreal Witness, a Protestant newspaper which has sent a special correspondent through Ireland to write about the land question from personal observation.

14th March—Left Derry by train, crossing from the banks of the Foyle to Lough Swilly. Got on board a little steamer, marvellously like an American puffer, and panted and throbbled across the waters of the lough. The sun shone pleasantly, the sky was blue, which deserves to be recorded, as this is the first day since I arrived in Ireland on which the sun shone out in a vigorous and decided manner, determined to have his own way. We have had a few—a very few—watery blinks of sun before, but the rain and sleet always conquered. Sailed up among whin covered mountains, with

RECLAIMED PATCHES.

creeping up their sides, and pretty spots here and there with handsome houses, new and fresh looking, built upon them. It is an inducement to merchants and others to build their brand new houses here, that the air is fresh and pure, the scenery grand and beautiful and the salt water rolling up to the foot of the rocks. It was pointed out to me by a friend, that these mountain-side farms were reclaimed, by great labor I'm sure, by the tenants, trusting to the Ulster custom, but the landlord knowing, that custom was not law, then raised the rents upon them. If they could not, or were not willing to pay the increased rent increased because of their own labor, they could

leave; others would rent the places at the increased figure. "As for you, ye shiftless, miserable tillers of the soil, ye can go where you like, emigrate if you can, get you to workhouse or the grave if you cannot." It is hard to believe that this could be done, or has been done lavishly again and again. It spoils the comfort of looking at the pleasant homes built upon reclaimed spots. We look more kindly on the cottage homes nestled among nooks of the hills.

The sky did not cloud over again, it remained blue and bright and coaxed the waters of Lough Swilly to look blue and bright also. Flocks of white sea gulls dipped, darted and sailed about in an abandonment of enjoyment. Flights of ducks rose on the wing and whirled past.

We sailed between two forts that frowned at one another in a grim and desolate manner at Rathmullen. Was informed that a man-of-war ordinarily lay at anchor in this lough to keep half an eye on things in general, and potsen, I suppose, in particular.

Up the Lough we sailed into beautiful

RAMELTON, an exceptionally pretty, clean little place, boasting of a very nicely kept hotel. The scenery all around is delightful. Across the Lannon River, on the banks of which is one of the principal streets, is a lofty ridge crowned with grand trees. The Lannon runs into Lough Swilly, and is affected by the ebb and flow of the tide. The trees on the ridge are tenanted by a thriving colony of rooks, very very busy just now with their spring work. Two delightful roads, one above another, run along the brow of the hill under the shade of the trees. I discovered that rooks know a great deal; that there is infinite variety of meaning in their caw. The young couples who are starting housekeeping have not only to provide materials and build their homes but to defend their property at every stage from the rapacity of their neighbors. They have also to build in such a manner as to satisfy the artistic taste of the community. I saw an instance of this during a morning walk. Five rooks were sitting in judgment on the work of a young and thoughtless pair of rooks. I suppose.—The work was condemned, the young couple were evicted without mercy and the nest pulled to pieces by the five censors with grave caws of disapprobation, while the evicted ones flew round and showed fight and used bad language. The Coercion Act was not in favor among the black coated gentry of the air.

It has fallen like a spell over Ireland though, and evictions are hurried through as if they thought their time was short.

PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO SPEAK.

to a stranger. I have succeeded in obtaining introductions, which I hope will give me an entrance into society in Donegal. I drove over to Letterkenny and obtained introductions to the mountain districts.

Was driven by my new friends over a part of Lord Leitrim's estate, and through his

TOWN OF MILFORD.

The murdered Earl has left a woful memory of himself all over the country side. He must have had as many curses breathed against him as there are leaves on the trees, if what respectable people who dare speak of his doings say of him be true, which it is undoubtedly is. Godly people of Scottish descent, Covenanters and Presbyterians, who would not have harmed a hair of his head for worlds have again and again lifted their hands to heaven and cried. "How long, Lord, are we to endure the cruelty of this man?"

One case (which is a simple case) I will notice. In the plantation of Scottish settlers in the North it seems that either for company or mutual protection against the dispossessed children of the soil, the farmhouses were built together in clachans or little groups. After a lapse of years these clachans in some cases expanded into small towns. The people built houses and made improvements in their holdings, paying their rent punctually, but holding the right to their own money's worth, the result of years of hard toil and stern economy under the Ulster custom. In this way the greater part of the town of Milford sprung into existence.

One John Buchanan, a Presbyterian of Scottish descent, son of respectable people who had lived on this estate for generations, was employed in the land office of the Earl of Leitrim over twenty years. This man trusting to the Ulster custom and the honest goodness of the old Earl, grandfather of the present Earl, a good landlord and a just man, by all accounts, invested his savings in building on the site of the old farm house in Milford a block of buildings—quarrying the stone for them—consisting of two large houses on Main street, and the rest tenement houses on Buchanan street. He improved his farm by reclaiming land, making nice fields out of bog.

(To be concluded in next.)

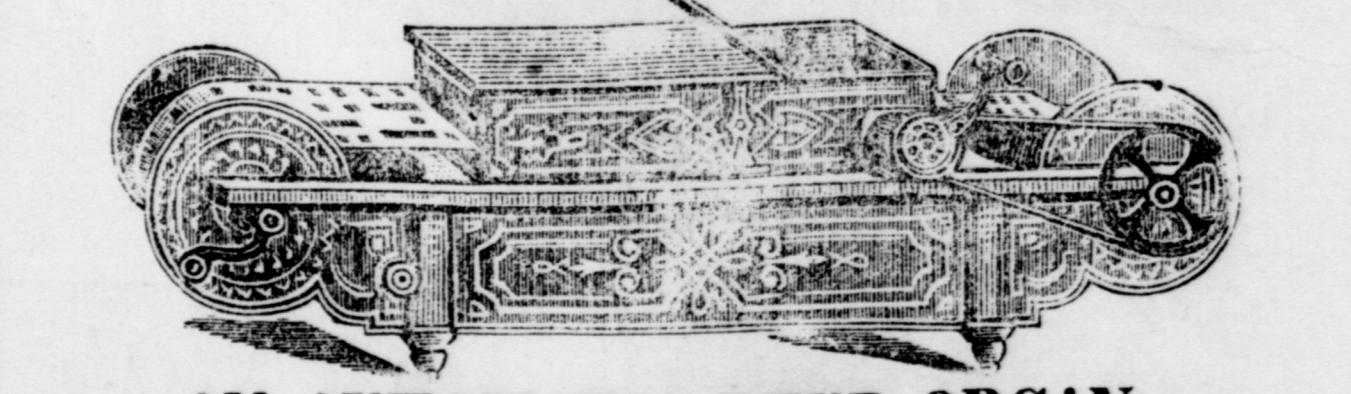
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