

details, they were true in the expositions of the feelings which Herbert had lived under for weeks before the catastrophe. The doctor knew this and Grace knew it too; and they both kept silent in the presence of a terrible truth which neither could ignore and neither could deny.

Grace could not frame her lips for false excuses which she said in heart were but words, and nothing more; and her friend was too well versed in the mysteries of delirium, not to be able to recognize the accents of truth, even through the deepest cloud of feverish fancy.

Much good of both in the cup of sorrow. Its taste may be bitter, but drink bravely, brother, for the sake of the jewel in the latest drop!

It was so with Herbert Ayton. Nothing but the sharp afflictions he had met with could effectually have reformed him. Prosperity would only have sunk him deeper into the slough of indolence and dissipation, and mere losses would have but hardened what they could not repair.

As he slowly rose from his sick-bed, and painfully gathered strength enough to feel that he was safely on his feet, Grace noticed that he was quieter in his manners than even belonged to his state of weakness; making no professions and but few demonstrations, and sitting in his place for hours in silence, watching her as she bent over her work by the window, busily moving her pale hands.

And then she would stand by him for a few moments, and speak tenderly and fondly, though often the force playfulness that rose to her lip was checked before it fashioned itself into words by the quick tears that outran it: tears tried to be concealed, transformed, laughed away, but caught by the sick man's heart, and hidden there like thorns from a saintly relic.

'Grace,' said Herbert one day, suddenly, 'you have forgiven me fully!'

'I have nothing to forgive, Herbert dear.'

'Well you love me then as you did?'

'Yes, I love you as truly as I ever did.'

'But differently, Grace!'

'Then you would not object to any home with me, Grace? Mind well what I say, and don't answer too quickly.'

'Yes, anywhere, Herbert.'

'Then you will come with me to Australia?'

'Willingly, gladly.'

'And you will be happy?'

'Yes,' she answered, with a bright glance: then a shade crossed her face; but she did not say what she was thinking of.

'Why that cloud?' said Herbert, caressingly.

She did not answer at first; then she said in a low voice: 'I only thought of baby's grave, and who would take care of it when we were away.'

Not long after this a ship, chartered for Australia, bore among its passengers Herbert Ayton and his patient wife.

And though Grace never forgot her first-born lying in its English grave, yet the sharp pang of grief for its loss was softened by the many beautiful ones that in years gathered round her.

A trusting wife and tender mother, she recognized the mercy of the sorrow through which she had been brought to her present state, and acknowledged that prosperity alone did not make happiness, but that often the blackest morning brought the clearest day.

THE END

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

On Sunday a pastoral from the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, addressed to the clergy of the archdiocese, was read in the chapels and churches.

But, though the spectacle to which we have referred, must bring great consolation to the heart, and excite the courage and hopes of every Christian, yet such feelings should not make us forget that his holiness, surrounded by dangers, still requires the prayers and assistance of all his faithful children.

He pressed her nearer to him passionately. — 'Grace! Grace!' he murmured, 'how can I ever love you enough for all your goodness—how make up for my guilty past? O Grace, pray for me, that I may rightly appreciate you; and if I can do that, darling, I shall not be wholly cast away, for real vice cannot appreciate virtue!'

placed in their promises and professions. Notwithstanding all their solemn engagements, they have robbed colleges, convents and monasteries, and reduced the church to an abject state of misery in their newly acquired dominions.

Whit Sunday, 1862.—ROME, IRELAND, JAPAN.—THE CHURCH.

A good friend has been forwarded to us (Nation) the following report of a portion of an eloquent sermon, preached by one of our patriot prelates on Whit Sunday. Our readers will find great pleasure in its perusal:—

But, is there not, even as I speak, one thought which, as it fills the mind of every child of the Church, demands from me particular expression? Our hearts, now all turn to the centre of unity and to that paganet eclipsing all, which Rome even in her brightest day beheld winding in victorious pomp

What triumph is celebrated? Is the Brigand of the North flung back to his ruder regions? and is his hand, which had despoiled the homes of learning and of art, and the temples of God, deprived of its unholy vigour? and does the Gilead to whom, under God, is due so great a victory, come to receive the acclamations of the people and the Pontiff's blessing?

They have assembled, the Bishops of the world, to pronounce a judgment, which, henceforth, cannot even be questioned; trained as they have been, the select men of the universe, so learned and so acute, among whom, too, are so many "princes of the World," with eloquence as pure as their knowledge is deep, they have every natural advantage for the discussion of the most important subjects.

wicked have wrought upon my back, they have strengthened their iniquity. (Ps 128). He as grass upon the tops of houses, which withereth before it be plucked up, wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor that he gathereth sheaves his bosom [ib]. The generation of the wicked shall pass away, and their power will soon cease; but the Church, guided by the successor of St. Peter, will continue her benevolent course until the end of time, spreading blessings on the earth, and gathering a rich harvest of souls for heaven.

And through the bowing Forum, And round the suppliant's grove, Up to the everlasting gates Of Canitolan Jove.'

What pomp? where else, indeed, could you find an assembly so awe-inspiring? The Senate of Ancient Rome was not as venerable; nor did it, as I may add, even in its grandest moments, contain so many men as remarkable for the wisdom and vigour which found and preserve empire. There, for instance, is he, the Augustus of Christendom, first in time as in dignity, who, by his pious faith and calm decision, rules the winds and the sea, and stills the storm of revolution; there, too, is he, his friend, a worthy counsellor in so great a crisis, whose subtle wit and noble daring have won for him, even in this era of Omars and of Sphynxes, the crown and sceptre of diplomacy.

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Let us reflect: Three centuries ago! About that time Dermot O'Hurly, Archbishop of Cashel, was in the good city of Dublin, bound to a stake, his legs and arms covered with pitch, salt, oil, and sulphur, over which again, that the torture might be prolonged, leather was bound, and placed in a slow fire, and when the poor limbs were almost consumed, his mangled trunk was dragged out of the fire off to a lonesome cell in Dublin Castle, into which it was flung, to be borne out next morning, and in Stephen's Green to be again insulted, and, in fine, deprived of life; and throughout the torture, so long and so frightful, the holy sufferer displayed a piety as sweet as his fortitude was heroic.

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inuous path, on a sick call, his only care to reach in time the dying object of his solicitude, and to administer, as he was divinely commissioned, the consolations of religion. A shout is raised behind him—a band of soldiers is on his track—he is overtaken—Redmond O'Gallagher, bishop of Derry, bludgeoned to death, lies there a mangled corpse! I pass over innumerable cases, but I must nevertheless, though anxious to hurry on to one other, that of our Irish Nippomucene—two hundred and eighty-three years ago, to the very day—John O'Duad, of the Order of St. Francis, because he would not reveal the secrets of the confessional, had the cord of his habit placed round his head until his eyes burst from their sockets, and his soul, liberated, flew up to Heaven.

The Church in Ireland has already, by its triumphs, indicated its martyrs. The old fane, as it is true, dismantled or desecrated, but new temples have been erected, and the old worship and the old creed are, still as ever, cherished in this old land, fruitful, now as ever. She who, when Europe was yet unformed, brought forth so many churches in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and elsewhere, is now also the Mother of Churches in America, Africa, Australia, and I may add, in England and Scotland.

The scene of the persecution to-day commemorated is, indeed, an island, rich, too, and fair—not, however, in the Atlantic but in the far Pacific; fruitful, it bears harvests full and varied, satisfying, from its own bosom, the wants of its children. There the labourer may live, and in peace and plenty rear a family which, in good time, can be provided for, because there honest industry and its sweet industry and its sweet reward woo and warm each nature of the soul.

I shall not, of course, trouble you with the history short though it be, and very eventful, and presenting to us parallels and contrasts most striking and most interesting, of that Church which, as it springs into life, became vast and strong, and which, in a few years, after evincing a most extraordinary piety and devotion, was crushed up by the persecutor. I may, however, without too long troubling you, say that its first children were, with utmost pomp, baptised by John D'Albuquerque, Archbishop of Goa, in the magnificent cathedral, erected by Portuguese piety, strangely enough on the model of St. Peter's, in that city, which had so long, from her calm retreat by the flowing Mandava, looked as a queen over the Arabian Sea; and which now though desolate, bears of Christianity monuments more numerous and grander than all British India. Alas, too, even for Goa! They for her my brethren. She, however, at the time at which I speak was a proud city by the sea, and ships from every nation filled her harbours, and her merchants were princes; but she was Catholic in heart as great in fame; and when, on Whit-Sunday, 1718, Auger and his two companions were to be baptised, all her children in their utmost grandeur, turned out, and thronged in and around: their magnificent cathedral at whose principal porch—surrounded by many fountains and the grandees of an eastern court, and the clergy (regular and secular) of his vast diocese—stood John D'Albuquerque by his side were St. Francis Xavier and Conno de Torres; before him, neophytes.

Short-lived, as I said, was the Church of Japan; but its days, if numbered, not by hours, but by works, were many: in three and thirty years it could count 150,000 children. It would seem that the loss of the Church in Europe was to be compensated by the gain in Asia: they were the days of Elizabeth; some thought that Japan would take the place of Ireland.

The Church of Japan increases still more rapidly in numbers and in influence; in a few years it was even doubled; and among its more fervent members are generals and statesmen of even the highest name: then was planned the embassy, whose glories are, under such different auspices, renewed to-day. To Rome came ambassadors from Japan, to be at the feet of the Holy Father the homage of his youngest children, loved by him as Benjamin was by Jacob, loved by all their brethren as Benjamin was by Joseph. We cannot, at all, in this very last age, realise the sensation created by their presence in those cities which they visited, and those which they did not visit! suffice to say that their visit was everywhere understood to mean the triumph of the Church; we cannot accompany them round the principal Catholic cities of Europe. Quickly, indeed, passes memorable time; the Ambassadors return to their much-loved land. Nobunanga has been assassinated; Tai-on Sama rules; all is changed. What had been attempted in Ireland succeeded in Japan: the clergy were exterminated, and the lamp of faith, untrimmed and without oil, died out. The first victims, or rather heroes, whose names are now enrolled in the martyrology, were 26 in all—three Jesuits, six Franciscans, twelve laymen, three little messengers and two peasants, added almost at the last moment, for giving to the sufferers a little refreshment. The cup of cold water in Christ's name won the martyrs' crowns. I have already so long detained you, that I must though unwillingly, pass over many interesting and most edifying incidents, happily, however, to be reproduced in many publications which, as they shall be within your reach, I beg leave respectfully to commend to your perusal. If, however, you will consult the great authority I refer you to the tenth book of Charlevoix's History of Japan, from which I take the following story, as being the essence of many. John De Gatto, a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, meets and embraces, beside the cross on which he is to be stretched and executed, his venerable father. "Courage, my son," cried the old man, "your mother and I would rather see you on that cross than on a throne. If it please God, we would wish to follow you."

The twenty-six are fixed on their crosses; from his unique and sublime pulpit, Father Paul Miki, Superior of the Jesuits, preaches with vigour undiminished and deepened pathos. His last sermon concluded with a prayer, in which all his companions join. It is now the last moment, and Father Peter Baptist, Superior of the Franciscans, entones the Benedicamus; his companions and all the Christians around unite their voices with his; the executioners, they cast their