in that dreadful prison, the victim of Sir Philip's mean vanity and yet meaner revenge? Or did he she shuddered at the thought-reserve her for a yet worse fate. "But that," murmured Lucy, "shall never, be ; sooner should my own hand terminate my wretched life. Gertrude, dear Gertrule, how often has she smiled at my irresolution, at my fears; yet she may find, if ever she obtain a knowledge of her poor consin's wretched fate, that it was not in vain I was associated with her noble spirit—that I, like herself, could dare death rather than shame."

Where, too, was Euphrasia? that strange mysterious being whose language and manner had at first filled her with alarm. Oh! it would have been now a blessing to look upon her face, fraught as its beauty was with the wild and terrible secrets of its possessor's passions. Yet still, it was a woman's face, and to look upon a woman's face would have been to Lucy a heavenly comfort now; she could have clung, in the destitution of her soul, to the fearful Euphrasia as though she had been the cherished sister, the friend who had loved her from her

Euphrasia, however, came not. The trembling limbs of Lucy would no longer support her at the window, and, alike exhausted in body and mind faint, bruised, weary, and broken-hearted-she sunk upon her couch of straw to weep.

CHAPTER VII. We have scotched the snake, not killed it.

She'll close and be herself, while our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. Shakespeare,

Pass we from the miserable prison of the humble and unhappy Lucy Fenton to an apartment royally furnished in the palace of Whitehall. It was a pleasant as well as a stately room. There was an air of lightness in the rich tracery of the many mullioned windows and the somewhat fantastic but profuse carvings of the oak cornices. The windows, too, were large, lofty, and numerous, and there was a cheerful look in the smooth, bowling green, the banks of turf, and trim cut hedges of the garden which stretched before them. The hangings were wrought with the adventures of King Arthur; the colors were of the most vivid and beautiful description; and the dresses of the figures occasionally shot with silver and gold thread. At the upper end of this room was a superb canopy of crimson velvet, richly fringed with gold, and extending over a raised platform covered with a fine footcloth of scarlet, and supporting a chair of state, the cushion of which was of crimson velvet, the arms and legs elaborately carved and gilt, and the back, which like the cush-ion, was of crimson velvet, richly embroidered with the English arms. In this chair sat Queen Elizabeth. She was superbly attired in an enormous hood farthingale of cloth of silver, a huge ruff encircled her throat, and she wore a carcanet and stomacher of diamonds, her mantle was of white printed satin, with a long train lined with rose-colored taffata, and trimmed round with pink topaz buttons. Upon her head she wore a small circlet of emeralds from which depended a long veil of silver tissue falling over her shoulders.

Kear the Queen's chair stood a table covered like a platform, with scarlet cloth; other chairs less richly ornamented were on either side of it, but one only was at present occupied. The fine features and rich attire of the person at once denoted the Earl of Leicester. His countenance, however, bore at that moment an impression not only of thought. but of absolute anxiety, and his eye, though he spoke not, was bent often upon the Queen, with a look of impatience lurking in every glance. This passed unnoticed on the part of Elizabeth, who sat with her hands resting on her knees, her eyes cast down, and an expression of discontent very visible in her countenance. At length wearied by her silence, Leicester spoke.

"Would it please your Grace to act upon these well-grounded suspicions?"

"It would please us," said Elizabeth, angrily, " to be allowed one day of peace. God wot, we know not which is the most irksome, the cares of our counsellors for our person, who would fain make us prisoners in our own palace, or such villain attempts as that of yesterday, when a real danger threatened us, and these same trusty counsellors stood by to let the traitor's bullet find a lodging in our breast."

"And your Grace will not summen the Dacre to your Court? I have good reason to believe that he has been in London, and your Highness cannot re- not hurt us, though it may harm greatly the party the progress of Ireland between 1782 and 1795uire to be told that he unduly favors the the Queen of Scots."

At those words a flush spread suddenly over the brow of Elizabeth, and rising from her seat, she stamped her foot violently on the platform.

"Never, never!" she cried, in a tone of mingled grief and anger; "never are we to know peace while that wretched woman lives. Oh, that she had died of the fever which seized her at Jedburgh, or that long before the dark waves had swept over her on her return to the land of her birth. Alas, alas! but for her might we not reign beloved in the hearts of our subjects? but her name has put rancour in the cup of their loyalty, and turned the swords which should defend their Sovereign to traitor daggers that would pierce her heart."

"I marvel most," said Leicester, in a low and cautious tone, as though he feared the effect of his own words upon Elizabeth; "I marvel most that your Majesty should suffer your merciful heart to combat the dictates of your most lucid judgment. These perpetual anxieties had been ended long ago would your Grace but have hearkened to the advice of the most faithful among your servants."

"Faithful servants I" said Elizabeth, passionately; " aye, could I boast of such servants as the Queen of Scots has ever had the art or the good fortune to obtain, my cares had indeed been ended long ago, but I, forsooth, have only in my service a pack of squeamish, self-seeking fellows, more prompt to annoy their mistress with the whispers of their own cowardly apprehensions than to free her, by a loyal interference of their own, from an absolute danger. Could you but commend me to such a servant, then, Leicester, thou wert indeed a worthy counsellor."

The eyes of the favorite sunk under the searching look with which the Queen accompanied these words; and there was a certain hesitation in the tone of his reply.

"Were your Majesty true to the more stern and royal portion of your nature, ill would it be if there were a slackening of zeal in your servants. But who shall dare to obey those commands issued one hour under the influence of your wisdom, when they are in the next recalled and censured by the softness of your heart?

A smile of bitter scorn curled the lip of Elizabeth as the Earl thus spoke; and in a voice of fierce

derision she replied: "Oh, soft heart, to which we have indeed yielded too much; and wise counsellors, who would thrust our hand into the scorpion's nest, where they will not venture their own. Bethink you, gracious Lord, if the heart of Elizabeth Tudor have indeed so much of womanish softness, well may it recoil from the hard task which such severe and just counsellors as yourself are so eager to propose. Wouldst have our maiden hand suffused in the blood of a kinswoman and sister Queen, our name burred with the stain of treachery? Oh, they are right loyal counsellors who will not spare us such extremes as these!"

At this moment entered Lord Burleigh and Sir Francis Walsingham. Their looks were grave, and they seated themselves in silence at the council

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag, on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," responded the wag "he didn't take a dollar with him."

THE HOME RULE ARGUMENT

REPLY TO LORD HARTINGTON: "PROSPERITY" COMPARTSONS

Is Ireland Held by Force?

A CHALLENGE TO A TEST!

(From the Dublin Nation.)

Subjoined is the official report, from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, of the speech delivered in the Home Rule debate in the House of Commons by Mr. A. M. Sullivan; no report of which was given

in our pages at the time:—
Sir—It is very necessary to be remembered that in this debate the Irish members are not pleading before a tribunal the judgment of which can be held to be independent, or the decision of which can fairly be accepted upon the merits of the case. To accuse a man to himself, to ask of him a verdict upon his own actions, is hardly to consult an impartial authority. And just so do we stand here tonight in this debate-60 men before 500; but 60 men, almost two-thirds of the representatives of the Irish nation, to plead this case, not before an impar-tial tribunal, but before the representatives of the nation that has done us the wrong. ("No, no!") I do not say not impartial as imputing anything against your fair dispositions to hear our case, and judge it as fairly as men may be expected to judge their own wrong-doing. I confide largely in your good-natured desire to understand our demand; but I do say, human nature being just what it is—that is to say, not being angelic nature, but human nature-you cannot call yourselves, nor can I, with sincerity, call you-being, as you are, one of the parties in the suit, being the defendants in the case an impartial tribunal to try this great international issue between your land and ours. On the very threshold, I desire this matter clearly understood and well remembered. I want it understood that I address myself not to my judges, but that I accuse my wrongers; glad, indeed, to let their reply and my accusations be weighed by public opinion—the public opinion of the world; but quite refusing to let the decision of the accused judge the merits of the case I plead. The front benches—at least the subordinates of the front benches on either sidehave, apparently, competed in eagerness to combat the Irish demand. We understand all this. It is a part of the game of parties. Until a cause is understood to be a winning cause—a cause out of the sup-port of which more political capital is to be made than out of its resistance-your outs and ins will each seek to fasten on the other, or each seek to thrust from themselves, the imputation of befriending it. And so we have seen the rivalry between a converted Irishman on the Treasury bench and an English nobleman on the ex-Ministerial bench; such a rivalry as many questions, once decried, but subsequently supported, called forth between the same political parties. It was all the more necessary, I suppose, for the noble marquis to make such a strong speech against the Irish demand, because his leader, the late prime minister, in some of those oracular utterances for which he is famous, is alleged by his political antagonists to have said something which according to the light in which it is viewed, might mean Home Rule, or Imperial Rule, or neither .-Perhaps the Liberal chief is, in this case as in others, the prescient statesman of the future, who desires to keep the future open; or, perhaps, our cause is deemed so weak just yet, that a lieutenant is put up to clear his chief of suspicion of favouring us.-Be this as it may, I heard with admiration, for its ability, the speech of the noble marquis. I think it was almost the only speech as yet delivered in this debate that really touched our case so as to call for serious answer. There was one portion of it, however, which was certainly unstatesmanlike. A real statesman, in these days, in combating a change, will carefully avoid the word "never." Never! It is a formidable word. We members for Ireland have heard the noble lord's dread ultimatum "never," and are in no way disquieted. And I will tell him why. It is because we have heard that ultimatum, that same word before, in reference to Irish demands, and we know what came of it. So the word does of which the noble lord is a member. He alluded when the English minister once more got our leg to what he called the almost hopeless exclusion of his party from office, as lending disinterestedness to this wondrous eager attack upon us. Perhaps it throws the light the other way. Be that as it may I can tell him that, whatever might have been the hopelessness of that party attaining to office before his speech this evening, it has been made a bitter reality for many a long day now. He tells us our demand can "never" be granted. The people of Ireland will only laugh when they recollect—it is within the memory of most of those who sit around me at this moment—a momentous occasion, upon which not merely the son of a duke, but the son of a king, and the brother of the reigning sovereign, used that same word of Catholic Emancipation, and clinched it with an oath :- "My lords, this bill shall never pass; so help me God!" said York. The incident is within our own memory: the words are on public record. Well, the Irish people lived through, and triumphed over the "never" of the royal duke; they will live through, and triumph over the "never" of the noble marquis. We do not believe in any "never" in this business, as availing to put us down. All we care for is to be morally and politically right; and, being in the right, we face the future confidently. We do not come here to propose any novel scheme for altering ancient constitutional usage.— We do not come here to plead about a plan for pleasing a county or a score of countles. We do not come here to debate, as it were, a bill—that is, an ordinary bill, in reference to which the House rightly puts the promoters of the innovation on their proof that the new Act will be better than the old. No; we deny that we are called upon to project our claim from that level, for ours is not a question between counties and counties, or between a school of reforming theorists and the nation at large. No ours is the ancient constitutional and indefeasible claim of a nation to their birthright—a right which they never surrendered—a right wrested from them by terrorism and intimidation the most brutal, and by corruption the most flagitious—a right the illegal overthrow of which they have never sanctioned or condoned, and with which they are to-day equitably and morally as fully endowed as before that crime had been done. That is our case. And what is yours? Two of our positions are not disputed.—
It is, of course, admitted that Ireland possessed these independent legislative rights, which, with some modifications suggested by the growth of new and common interests, we now demand in her name It is not denied that she was some 74 years ago deprived of those rights, by scandalous and immoral means, by force and by fraud. So much, you say, is granted; but if it be, then I say our whole case is granted. For take any case you like in everyday life. Take an election to this House. Do you not

here, in this House, every session apply the doctrine

that corruption or intimidation vitiates an election

You say the constituency has not chosen freely or

legally, and you quash the election and declare it null and void. Well, is the election of a single

member of parliament of more importance than the question of abolishing a national legislature alto-

gether? Will you tell me that the question of whether the Whig Mr. Brown or the Tory. Mr.

Jones is returned for a small borough to this House, is of greater moment than the life or death of a na-

is too absurd, too ridiculous too monstrous for seelection for ever illegal for the millionth part of the fraud, corruption, and intimidation by which the Irish constitution was overthrown in 1800. So. we say then, the act was vitlated from the firstwas never legitimatised. The protests of the Irish nation have ever kept the claim alive; and as you cannot plead against us the effect of mere force and violence by you in our own wrong, we stand here to day as if the act were only an hour old. In view of these facts, we simply decline to occupy ourselves with some of the petty points raised in some of the speeches made this evening-as, for instance, the speech of the Attorney-General for Ireland, one half of which answered the other. He told us of funny petitions presented eighty or ninety years ago to the Irish House of Commons. Why, petitions far more absurd are presented here in our own day. "Oh, but," says the right hon. gentleman, "it is only in an assembly like this, by coming in contact with Englishmen, Irish members can become great statesmen." Well, consider the Irishmen who rese to fame in the Irish legislature, and consider the Irishmen who have had this wondrous advantage of mixing here with Englishmen. I look across the House this moment to survey on the Treasury bench or elsewhere the superiors of the men whose names will never die. Well, I see an Irisa Attorney-General. Once an Irish Attorney-General appeared in this House—he had made his fame in an Irish parliament. Oh, what a giant he! While now, under the system of all those "advantages"—well—what shall I say? Oh, what a falling off is here!" I shall moderately content myself with merely stating that with all those advantages of contact with statesmen in this arena, we have not another Plunket in the Attorney-General for Ireland. The noble marquis occupied himself considerably and with undoubted ability in imagining or suggesting the possible difficulties or inconveniences in way of our demand .-We do not underrate those difficulties, though they may be exaggerated. We candidly say, yes, there will be many difficulties to be solved; but we say their solution is not beyond the capacity of British statesmen. I answer all those ingenious puzzles and difficulties of the noble marquis by the words of his now absent chief, who, in this House a few months age, said that if it were once shown that the concession of Home Rule were advisable, he would be a poor statesman who could not readily devise the means for satisfactorily settling those details. In this there spoke out the mind of a statesman; and it is common sense, too. Let us only agree upon the other portion of the case, and this will not bar us long. Let us only in good faith and good feeling approach the question of Ireland's title to these rights, and many a seeming difficulty will melt into air. I appeal then to the House to rise to a higher level, and to deal with the main principles of the question, and not to waste its time peddling over paltry quibbles and petty details, which no true statesman believes would stand a moment in the way, once you found such a solution of the care necessary for Ireland, for England, and for the em-We have heard wonders about Ireland's prosperity since the Union. Fallacious comparisons have been used—the Ireland of 1790 being compared with the Ireland of 1874-and the system of London legislation has been coolly credited with all the result. To be sure, Ireland has grown and progressed something from where she stood ninety years ago; but does that prove she has progressed Why, in a natural healthful ratio of improvement? Mrs. Harriette Winslow, the celebrated English baby-farmer, would be vindicated by such a line of argument, instead of being condemned to death for cruelty. "Here," she might say, " is a child of two years; when you gave it to me twenty-three months ago it weighed only-nine pounds, and now it weighs fully fifteen. It measures fully three inches more in length, and it can almost walk." And all that was true of some of the children whom she was punished for starving nevertheless. Yet the child's mother would, I am sure, say, the real question was not had the child grown so much, but ought it to have grown much more if it had been as fully fed and as truly cared for as if it were under a mother's care? So with all this talk about Ireland's progress and prosperity since the days of the Irish parliament. We ought not to compare Ireland of 1782 with Ireland of 1874 absolutely; but rather compare lature under his influence—with the progress of Ireland from 1800 to 1874. We challenge you to that comparison—the true comparison—or compare the England of 1782 with the England of 1874, and compare the Ireland of 1782 with the Ireland of 1874. We challenge you to that comparison. I myself have made. I have as far as I was able, looked into the facts and figures of that comparison, and what does it show? Why, that wherever Ireland's prosperity was doubled, England was at least quintupled, and in many instances increased twenty-fold; and wherever Ireland's had quadrupled, England's had increased more than twenty-five fold. I invite hon, gentlemen to grapple with this state of facts if they can, In truth, in this rich and fair land of yours, the accumulation of capital within the past seventy years has almost surpassed comprehension. Contrast it with the measure of advance Ireland has been able to make in chains ("oh!"). Men who make only a superficial study of this question are always profuse with statistics of the many excellent things Ireland has now, when in the days of an Irish Parliament were unknown; as if that necessarily discredited an Irish legislature. The hon, member for the Tower Hamlets (Mr. Ritchie) was overflowing with such statistics this evening. Why, I can considerably help him in that line. He forgot to parade for us how many post-office telegraph stations Ireland has now, whereas she had not one in 1782. The hon, gentleman could have made a grand point out of so many millions of postage stamps sold now in Ireland, and not one at all in the time of our own parliament. But really, was not this sort of thing very small? The Rule of the Imperial Parliament might as well be credited with the general progress of the world, and with all the improvements flowing from the application of steam and electricity. All the world has been moving in those seventy years; and England has certainly been proudly foremost in the advance. The question then is not-Does Ireland stand now where she did seventy-four years ago; but where does she stand relatively with England, or with Home Ruled Belgium, in their rate of progression? In truth there is a graver issue then all this, at best. It is not a question of postage stamps or telegraph stations, or exports or imports, or more or less pigs and oxen, though all these have their weight. The true question for a ministry responsible to the Sovereign for the safety of the realm, and for the contentment and happiness of her people, is—"Are you governing Iroland against her will? Is the Irish nation discontented or satisfied?" A prosperous and educated, but disaffected, nation is more dangerous any day than a poverty-stricken, ignorant and discontented There never was a more dangerous fallacy than that Ireland, if prosperous, would be contented with subjection. It used to be said in the powerful journals of this country that as the Irish farmer and citizen rose to comfort, his ideas of political regeneration and his love of nationality would pass away. I will ask hon, members on my own side of the

House, what has been their experience at the late

elections, in Ireland? Exactly as a county or dis-

ple were poor and struggling, the Home Rule cause rious argument. You would not allow a man to was most weak, and was most boldly attacked take his seat in this House, you would declare his whereas in the rich and prosperous counties of Meath, Westmeath, Limerick, Cork, Tipperary, Queen's County, King's County, Louth, and such places, the Home Rule majorities were largest, or else no opposition to Home Rule was attempted; for the passion for nationality was found to be imperishably implanted in the breasts of the people. As a people progress in education and increase in comfort, the less will they tolerate subjection or The great question, then, for this house is the will and desire of the Irish people? [" Yes, yes !" No, no!"] Well, assertions are cheap, being easily made; but what test will hon. members who have "yes, yes!" so ready—what test, I say, will they be satisfied to take? Will they be satisfied with a vote of the population, as Bonapartists are ready to take in France? Was there any one year any one month or day, since 1800, wherein or whereupon you would have dared to take a vote of the Irish people on your rule in that country? Not one; no, not one...Oh! but in such a case you will; no doubt, find some grand excuses—some great faults with a plebiscus. You found none with it, however, when even a base parody of a plebiscite was declared by you all sufficient to overthrow the rule of the Sovereign Pontiff, and create this new power called Italy. Well, but if you will not have a plebiscie, what else will you have—what other way will you seek the verdict? Will you take the voice of the municipalities, or other elective bodies? No; you will find some other reason for shunning this. But, I say again, tell us what resort or process you hold to be efficacious for ascertaining a nation's will? We, on our part, say, "Try it." Will you take the Parliamentary representation of the kingdom? At the last general election, for the first time, the electors, having the shield of the ballot could freely declare their will. And how have they expressed t? By returning an overwhelming majority of Home Rulers. The majority of Home Rulers in the Irish representation is proportionately far larger than the majority which enables right hon, gentlemen opposite to speak for and to rule the British empire. Would the parliamentary vote of Ireland be taken on this question? One of the greatest of your public authorities in the press-the Times-has told us that the merits or demerits of a governmental rule is a question solely for the nation ruled by it to decide, and not for those who impose that rule, or for those who are outside of its operation. That was propounded for another case, to be sure; but we claim its benefit. If you will have neither of these tests, nor any test, do you expect the world to believe you when you say that you are ruling Ireland according to the will and desire of its people? No, you are not. Even in this Parliament, how stands the case? Within my memory there has not sat a parliament here which approached the consideration of Irish questions in a better temper, or with, on the whole, kindlier feeling than this one has; and yet, what has it done on purely Irish questions? every Irish question in which there has been a division, you have voted down, by English and Scotch votes, the constitutionally represented desire of the Irish nation. Take the figures. On the amendment to the address on the 19th of March, the Irish vote was-ayes 43, noes 25-carried by nearly two to one but overborne by your British hundreds. On the 17th April, on the Irish Municipal Franchise Bill, a purely Irish question, the Irish vote-syes 43, noes 12-was overborne by your English hundreds. On the question of Irish railways, the Irish vote -ayes 46, noes 6-was overborne by 185 British votes. On the Sunday closing question—a purely Irish question, and not a political question at all, but an effort for the protection of public morality—the Irish vote—ayes 34, noes 10—was in the same way overborne by English votes. I might go on through the whole session; the division lists tell the same story. Even in this parliament you are ruling Ireland against her will, and overbearing her desires. And if this be so what is your position before the public opinion of the civilised world? You may ask-What do the Irish people want? Are they not clothed and fed? Have they not post office telegraphs, and postage stamps, and all the fine things of science and civilisation? Are not, in fact, their chains gilded? Ah! I will appeal to the men I see before me. I will appeal to Englishmen, in whose breasts surely must survive memories of greatness, and glory, and heroism. I appeal country's banner once led the way in giant struggles for blessed liberty on the battle fields of Europe? I appeal to you to recognize the fact that there is, after all, something greater, and grander, and nobler than mere animal life—something a nation ought to sacrifice and struggle for besides mere bread and butter and clothing! I, for one, refuse to allow the question of my country's life and liberty, as a nation, to be lowered to the mere level of the pocket or the stomach considerations. Take any man in the world around you, I care not humble or lefty-only let him be, indeed, in intellect and soul, a man-feed him, clothe him, rule his affairs, curb and direct his actions, chastise his children, domineer in his home; doing it may be, all for the best, as you think. Ask him is he satisfied. Ask him, what does he want; has he not food and raiment, and perhaps luxuries, in the home in which your authority has displaced his? What does he want? He will answer you in one word—Liberty. He will prefer "a crust of bread and liberty." So with a nation—if it be not an aggregation of slavish creatures, all stomach and no soul—they will any day prefer even poverty and liberty rather than to fatten in gilded chains. Some one has sought in this debate to make an argument against us out of the allegation that there is a more violent and extreme party behind us. The allega-tion is a fact; there is such a party. It is the accurate fact that we are a third party, a middle party between the party of centralisation on the one side and the party of separation on the other. So far from hiding that fact, so far from it being an argument against us, we wish you to note and study it. We stand in Irish politics where the Deak party stood in Hungarian; they stood between the Imperial Austrian party on the one hand, and the Kossuth separationists on the other. We, too, have our Deak; we, too, have to withstand our Kossuth party on one side, and our Imperial factionists on the other. It is a difficult and often a painful task, this endeavor of ours amicably and honorably to settle this question. We must be assailed from each extreme. Be it so. Whatever the vote of this House to-night may be, it will yet be recognised that we have offered a proposition—for the adventage of our own country it is true-but at the same time not less for the advantage of yours also. Surely, surely, it were true statesmanship to harmonise Ireland's desire for national autonomy with the requirements of Imperial welfare and safety, I reject the word "impossible," which would throw Ireland into the arms of the party of separation. I, on the contrary, have full faith in the future of the cause I plead. This House of Commons may vote it down to-night; but as long as we command a majority of the Irish representation, so long is your voting all in vain, so Own condemnation.

DR. M'CORRY ON THE CONVERSION OF THE MARQUIS OF RIPON, LONDON PRESS AND THE PILGRIMS."

Home, Rule triumphed. ["No, no !" and "yes yes!" panied the late pilgrimage to Pontigny, the Civilia of Florence, and the yarious rogans of an an hon, member—"Ulster "] Oh! I will deal Rev. Dr. Stewart McCorry has conducted the ser. Catholic Germany. But enough for the moment on with the inevitable Ulster by and by I state a fact vices in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Rosoman the Catholic—let us turn, towards, the mon Catholic which is within, the knowledge and experience of which is within, the knowledge and experience of street, London. On Sunday evening, 4th ult, ac Press and the Pontigny pilgrimage. The non-Catholic street, London. On Sunday evening, 4th ult, ac tion, the extinction of its legislature, the abrogation of its legislature, the abroga

the above subject. Notwithstanding the very inolement weather, a large congregation was present. The first point, said the very rev. preacher, that I wish to draw your attention to, is an article in the Times, to the following effect: Some singular proceedings are reported from the Grand Lodge of Freemasons. The Marquis of Ripon, who till a few days agowas Grand Master of the Freemasons of Eng. laid, has resigned his office. What should induce the Marquis of Ripon thus to withdraw from a position of dignity and influence, if not of real importance? How many of our readers can have surwhether it is ruling Ireland in accordance with mised the strange answer? Lord Ripon has become a Roman Catholic? It is notorious that the Freemasons are under the special ban-of-the Church of Rome. That Church tolerates no secret society, except that of the Jesuits; and the first socrifice of a convert like Lord Ripon would be his withdrawal from the Craft." Now, let me say that I agree with the Times in stating that "Freemasons are under the especial ban of the Catholic Church"—so is the Times itself!—but when that organ has the coolness. to say that the Society of Jesus is a secret society that the "Church tolerates no secret society except that of the Jesuits," then I am obliged to let the public know the truth. Some time ago, in conse. quence of an attack made on this saintly and learned body. I brought out a small brochure, called "the Jesuits of the 19th Century,"in which I said that I knew the Jesuits well. I love the Jesuits I was educated under the Jesuits; and you all know, as well as I know, that the object of the Society of Jesus is the sanctification and the salvation of souls, Now, is it not beyond endurance to find the Timesthat grand oracle which seems to direct public opin. ion-announcing what is positively and absolutely untrue | Is there any reporter here ?-let him take down my words, and hand them to the Times as a flat contradiction of their false statement about the Jesuits being a secret society. With regard to Lord Ripon's withdrawnl from the Craft of Freemasons of course the Church wants to withdraw her children from evil. She denounces all secret societies -none of her children connected with secret societies can be admitted to the holy sacraments, and therefore, Lord Ripon on entering the Church sacrifices his "honorable position" as Grand Master of Freemasons-he ceases to be a member of a secret society, because the Church tolerates no secret society whatever. It is the duty of the priests of our holy Church to hold up the light of truth and to correct error, and, therefore, I have corrected that false statement in the Times article of Saturday, which states that the Jesuits are a secret society. Let me now turn to the principal subject of the evening's homily, "The London Press and the Pon-tigny Pilgrimage." The subject is so ample as to demand condensation. For, how much can be said of the Press—how much could be rehearsed of the Pilgrimage? The Press is a great moral power—it is the lever which moves the public mind, and sways the masses for weal or woe. As the Archbishop of Westminster truly remarked the other day, the Press can make its readers believe that the Pope has horns and hoofs. The first news in the morning, true or false, makes its earliest impression. If true, so far so well; if false it has done its work, to be undone at a later hour by more reliable intelligence—the impression, however, is always made, but not always effaced. The Press, as a rule, is not particularly scrupulous where Catholic interests are concerned; generally speaking it is avowedly hostile to the Catholic Church, and often unfair to Catholics themselves. The liberty of the Press is worthy of commendation—the libertinism of the Press is deserving of reprobation. There is, it is true, the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic Press. Look, however, at the disparity. The Catholic newspapers are weekly, and one solitary print is bi-weekly.— However creditably conducted, what are our few Saturday weeklies, and one bi-weekly, compared with a swarm of daily morning, afternoon, and evening, and so many weekly journals-not to speak of monthlies, bi-monthlies, quarterlies, and annuals? Besides, the circulation of Catholic newspapers is comparatively limited, since it stops, I may say, at the threshold of non-Catholic society. It does not permeate through the serried ranks of non-Catholic projudice—or, to speak more plainly, anti-Catholic hostility and opposition. Here, as it is not out of place, let me pay a just compliment to the meritorious labors of the Catholic Press, which, in defence of Holy Church-her doctrines-her discipline-and her liberties, is a powerful auxiliary to the indefaticlergy of this great metropolis. In the order of talent it is second to none, while in scholarship it can compare with the highest literary calibre of the day. Look at the Tablet, with its masterly articles -its scientific grappling with, and flooring of, its non-Catholic contemporaries-its refined but caustic critical analysis, Look at the Weekly Register and Catholic Standard, with its pollshed leaders—its judi-cious strictures—its uncompromising advocacy of Catholic truth. Look at the Gazette, with its racy editorials—its choice, while discursive, intelligences and communications. Look at the *Universe*, which all classes read, which is eminently the people's journal-as it is their devoted friend-which, through good and evil report, fights and conquers in the bloodless field of truth-which, from its watchtower in the Strand, and its marvellous steam-power at command under ground, is enabled to record the majestic achievements of the whole Catholic universe, and to expose the villainous machinations of the non-Catholic world. Look at the Opinion, and the Catholic Times (which, though a Liverpool paper, circulated very largely in London), which concentrate in their pages, unusual information from the four, and even from what I may call the five, quarters of the globe-thereby realizing their designation of Catholic journals, like that one we had in the venerable College of the Propaganda at Rome, where I was educated, where we had students from every region under heaven. The Catholic Press is thus worthy of its high and holy mission, and deserving of increased encouragement and support. But listen no longer to my teeble words, but to the voice of Him who never speaks in vain. Listen to the echo of that voice which reverberates throughout Christendom-which caused the Neros and the Dioclitians—the Attillas and the Genserics of old to tremble, and their barbaric hordes of Huns, and Goths, and Vandals to grow pale through frightwhich in our own age struck with anathema the first Napoleon, overwhelmed with confusion the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and which but the other year, in the immortal syllabus of modern errors, and modern schools of thought, thrilled with consternation every court of Europe, and caused our princes and potentates, our statesmen and diplomatists, our warriors and our conquerors, to gnash their teeth with frenzy, and to write in all the contertions of diabolic indignation—that voice which denounced Cavour, Mazzini, and Napoleon III. Our Holy Fa-ther the Pope wrote about the Press, in 1851, as follows :-- Providence seems to have given in our day a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith when they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and indifference have caused them to long will your hundreds against us be only your be forgotten." And, again, he wrote in 1853:—

"We urgently beseech you to assist, with all good will and fervour, those men who, animated with a Will and lervour, mose, men, who, animated with a Catholic spirit, and possessed of sufficient learning, are labouring, in writing and publishing; books and journals for the, propagation of Catholic doctrine. Still more recently, he has blessed, not only our

British Catholic Press; but the continental journals -for instance, the Univers of Paris, the Unite of Turin

In the absence of the Rev. J. Zeilkay, who accomtrict was prosperous or well to do, there the cause of