

the tabernacles and tents of Judah," more than all the accumulated perfection of all the angels and saints of God. Where they end is the beginning of Mary's perfection in His sight.

And now let me apply the text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem; thou art the joy of Israel; thou art the honor of our people." Whenever the Scriptures speak figuratively or spiritually of Jerusalem, they always allude to the Kingdom of Heaven, the kingdom of the just made perfect. The Church of God, dearly beloved, consists of three great elements or portions. There is the Church that purges, in Purgatory, the elect of God, by the slow action of Divine justice, cleansing them from every stain and paying the last farthing of their debt. That is the Church Suffering. There is the Church on earth, contending against the world, the flesh and the devil; fighting a hard and weary battle, which you and I are obliged to fight every day of our lives. We are obliged to fight against our passions and subdue them. We are obliged to fight against the powers of darkness seeking our destruction, and subdue them. We are obliged to fight with the world, surrounding us with its evil maxims, with its loose principles, with its false ideas of morality, with its bad example; and, despising all these, to conquer them. We are obliged to fight the battle of our faith. We are obliged to enter upon this and other questions, and upon these questions to take our stand as Catholics, and to fight the good fight of faith. The question of sacraments, the question of education, the question of the Church, the question of the Pope, the question of the injustice of the world in robbing him of all his power and of his dignity; these, and a thousand others, are the burden of the Church's battle on this earth; and, therefore, she is called the Church Militant. But high above the Suffering Church or the Militant Church is still the Church of God. Having passed through the battle-field of earth, having passed through the purgation of Purgatory, and having attained to the vision of God, there she triumphs: there she rejoices in the undiminished glory and the uncreated brightness of God;—and that is the Church Triumphant. Now, the Scriptures, speaking of that Kingdom of Heaven, or of the Church Triumphant, mentions it under the name of Jerusalem. For instance, "I saw," says the inspired evangelist, "the New Jerusalem descending from Heaven, as a bride arrayed for her bridegroom." St. Paul, speaking of the same kingdom, says, "Thou art come to Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, and to Jerusalem, and to the kingdom of the just made perfect." Jerusalem, therefore, as expressed in the words of my text, "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem," means the Church Triumphant. It means the glorious assemblage of all the angels of God; it means the glorious society of all the saints of God; it means that all that Heaven or earth ever held or had of the noble, generous, self-sacrificing and devoted is now crowned with the everlasting glory of the presence of God. And, of that assemblage of the Church Triumphant, Mary is the glory. She is the glory; and why? Because, as the Scripture tells us expressly, the angels of God are interested in the affairs of this world. Our Lord, speaking of little children, says, "Woe to you who scandalize them; because their angels see the face of my Father." Elsewhere he says: "There is more joy in Heaven for one sinner doing penance than for ninety-nine just who need not repentance." If, then, the angels in Heaven rejoice at every new manifestation of the glory and omnipotence of God; if their glory is to contemplate the Almighty God in His works, it follows that whenever we see these works destroyed, whenever they see the purposes of the Almighty God frustrated, whenever they see the work and the mercy of God ruined, they must grieve as far as they are capable of grieving, because they rejoice when that work is restored by repentance. They, therefore, looking down from their high places in Heaven, beheld with great joy the new-born race of men; they beheld the work of God, most perfect in our first parents, Adam and Eve. They saw in the first woman that was created the woman that was destined in her progeny to people Heaven with saints, and to fill the thrones that were left vacant there by the defection of the rebel angels. Their glory was that their choirs before God might be filled, and that the chorus of Heavenly music might be perfect in its harmony by the filling of their places. They saw that one-third of their angelic brethren had fallen into hell, and left the halls of Heaven, more or less vacant by their fall. They waited,—they waited for many years,—we know not how long; we know not but that time of waiting may have extended for thousands of years;—until, at length, they beheld the Creator make the new creature, man. They knew the destinies of man; they knew that this woman who was created upon the earth was to be the mother of the race that was to fill up their choirs, and to fulfil and make perfect their glory in Heaven. Oh, how sad was their disappointment!—oh, how terrible was their grief when they saw Eve fall into sin and become the mother of a race of reprobates, and not of saints, and her destiny change; that she should people hell with reprobates rather than fulfil her high destiny and people Heaven with saints. Mary arose. The earth beheld her face. Her coming was as the rising of the morning star, which, trembling in its silver beauty over the eastern hills, tells the silent and the darkened world that the bright sun is about to follow it and to dispel the darkness of the night by the splendor and the brightness of its shining. Mary arose; and when the angels of God beheld her, their glory was fulfilled; for now they knew that the mother of the saints was come, and that the woman was created who was to do what had failed in Eve,—to people heaven and fill heaven's choirs with the progeny of saints in everlasting glory. Therefore did they hail her coming with angelic joy. Oh, what joy, was theirs when they looked down upon the earth and beheld the fallen race of man restored in all its first integrity in

Mary! Oh, what joy was theirs who rejoiced when Magdalen arose in all the purity of her repentance,—they who rejoice and make the vaults of heaven ring with their joy when you or I make a good confession, and do penance for our sins! Oh, what must their joy have been, and the riot of their delight and of their glory, when Mary arose, and they beheld, in her, the mother of all those who are ever to be saved, the mother of all true penitents, the mother of all the elect of God; for becoming the mother of Jesus Christ, she has become the mother of all the race of man. Therefore she is the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem. Therefore did these angels, on the day of her assumption, joyfully come to heaven's gate, and fill the mid-air with the sound of their triumph, when heaven's queen, the Mother of God, was raised to the place of her glory. "The morning stars praised the Lord together, and all the sons of God made a joyful noise." The glory of Jerusalem, the angel's glory is concentrated in the glory of God. Whatever gives glory to God glorifies them. Now, in all the works of God he is most glorified in Mary, as we shall see; and therefore Mary is the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem, and the delight of God's blessed spirits and angels in his everlasting kingdom.

But she is more; she is "the joy of Israel." What is this Israel? Jerusalem was the summit of Israel's triumphs. Israel had to fight for many a weary year before the foundations of the Holy City were laid. Israel, that is to say, the Jewish people passed through the desert, crossing the Red Sea, fighting with their enemies there to wait for many a long and weary year, until the holy city of Jerusalem was raised up in all its beauty, and until the temple of God was founded there. And just as that city, Jerusalem, represents the Church Triumphant, so by the name of Israel the inspired writer meant the Church Militant, the Church in the desert of this earth, the Church passing through the Red Sea of the martyr's blood; the Church crossing swords with every enemy of God, and fighting and bearing the burden and the heat of the day. Of that Church Militant, of that Israel of God, Mary is the joy. Why? Dearly beloved, Christ our Lord founded His Church for one express purpose, and it was that, where sin had abounded sin might be destroyed and grace abound still more. "For this I am come." He says, "that where sin hath abounded grace might abound still more." Wherever, therefore, there is a victory over sin by Divine grace, there is the joy of the Church Militant, because there is her work accomplished. Wherever the sinner rises out of his sin and does penance and returns to God, there the Church triumphs, her mission is fulfilled, the purpose for which she was created is accomplished, and her joy is great in proportion. Now, where has grace so abounded as in Mary? She abounded in this world. Christ came and shed His blood that grace might take the place of sin and superabound where sin had abounded before. Where has grace so triumphed over sin as in Mary? Great is the triumph of grace when it expels sin from the sinner's soul and makes that which was impure to be purified, and makes that which was unjust to be glorified by sanctity before God. Oh, still greater is the triumph when grace can so anticipate sin as never to allow it to make its appearance. The most perfect triumph of grace is in the utter exclusion of sin. Therefore, it is that Christ our Lord in his sacred humanity was grace itself personified in man, because in Him there was essential holiness, and an utter impossibility of the approach of sin. If, therefore, the joy of the Church be in proportion to the triumph of grace over sin, surely she must be "the joy of Israel" and the first fruits of the Church, the only one that this mystical body of Christ can offer to God as perfectly acceptable; the only soul, the only creature that the Church can offer to God and say, "Lord, look down from Heaven upon this child and daughter of Thine; she is Thy beloved, in whom there is no spot nor stain. She is the joy of Israel."

Oh, my dearly beloved, need I tell you—you who were born in the faith like myself; you who come from Catholic stock, from Catholic blood; you in whose veins, in whose Irish veins, hundreds of years of Catholic faith and Catholic sanctity are flowing—need I tell you of the woman whose name, preached by Patrick, fourteen hundred years ago, has been, from that hour to this, Ireland's greatest consolation in the midst of her sorrows? In the loss of fortune, in the loss of property, in the loss of liberty, in the loss of national existence, every Irish Catholic has been consoled in the midst of his privations, by the thought that the Mother of God loved him, and that he had a claim upon Mary Mother. Well do I remember one whose expression embodied all of Irish faith and Irish love for Mary; an old woman whom I met, weeping over a grave, lying there with a broken heart, waiting only for the kind hand of death to put her into the dust where all she had loved had gone before her; forgotten by all, abandoned by all, the hand of misery and poverty upon her; and when I would console her and speak to her of heaven and of heaven's glory; when I endeavored to lighten the burden of her sorrow by consolation, she turned to me and said, "Oh, father, you need not speak to me. The cross may be heavy, but the Virgin Mary's cross was heavier than mine." She forgot her sorrows in her great love for Mary. Nay, that love, even in her sorrow, was as a gleam of hope, one ray of joy let in upon the soul that otherwise might have despaired. And thus it is that Mary—the knowledge of her love for us, the knowledge of our claim upon her through her divine Son, and the knowledge of the divine commission that He gave her upon the Cross, to be the mother of all that were ever to love Him,—is the one ray of joyful and divine consolation that Christ our Lord lets in upon every wounded spirit and every loving, grieving heart.

Finally, she is "the honor of our people." Dear friends, the Almighty God when He created us made man in perfection. "Deus fecit hominem rectum." He gave to man a mighty intelligence, a high and a pure love, and a freedom of will asserting the dominion of the soul over the body, and through that body the dominion of man over all creatures. Everything on this earth obeyed Him. The eagle, flying in the upper air, closed his wings and came to pay homage to the unfallen man. The lion and the

tiger, at the sound of His voice, came forth from their lairs to lick the feet of their imperial master, the unfallen man. As everything within Him was obedient to Him, so everything within Him was obedient to the dictates of His clear reason and to the empire of His unfallen will. In this was the honor of God reflected as it was invested in man. God gave him intelligence. God is wisdom; His wisdom was invested in man. God gave him love. God is love; and the purity of that love was reflected in the affections of unfallen man. God is power, empire, and freedom; and the empire of God, and the freedom of God were reflected in the free will of man, in the imperial sway in which He commanded all creatures. Thus was the honor of God invested in us. Now, sin came and destroyed all this perfection. The serpent came and whispered his temptation in the ears of the vain and foolish woman, who, unmindful of all that she had, risked all and lost all for the gratification of her appetite and of her womanly curiosity. The serpent came and told Eve to rebel against God. Eve rebelled; she induced Adam to rebel; and in this two-fold rebellion, man lost all that God had given him of grace and of supernatural gifts. All of divine honor that He had imparted to man, all was lost; the intelligence was darkened; the affections were degraded; the freedom of the soul was enslaved, and man was no longer the high, and pure, and perfect image of his Creator. Now, as we have seen in that sin of Adam, not only was that man destroyed and corrupted, but the whole nature of mankind was destroyed in him. How is Mary the honor of our people? She is the honor of our people in this, that where all was ruined, she alone was preserved; that, for her and her immaculate conception, neither God in Heaven, nor saints nor angels in Heaven, nor any man upon earth would ever again look upon the face of the unfallen man. The work of God would have been completely destroyed; not a vestige would remain of what man was as he came from his Creator's hand, but that the Almighty preserved one unfallen specimen of our race, to show His angels and His saints in Heaven, and to show all men upon the earth, what a glorious humanity was the unfallen nature which God invested in man.—She is the solitary boast of our fallen nature. Take Mary away; deprive her of the grace of her immaculate conception; let the slightest taint of sin come in;—she is spoiled like the rest of us; and the Almighty God has not retained, in the destruction of our race, one single specimen of unfallen nature.—But not so, for God in all His works may allow His enemy to prevail against Him; He may allow the spirit of evil to come in and spoil and taint and destroy His works; but He never allows His work to be utterly destroyed; never. When mankind fell from God and from grace, so that the image of God disappeared, and the spirit of God from amongst them; and the Almighty found it necessary to destroy the whole race of man in the Deluge,—He preserved Noah, and his sons, and his daughters. Eight souls were preserved, whilst hundreds of millions were destroyed; but God, in these eight souls, preserved the race and did not allow the spirit of evil to utterly destroy His work. When God drew back again the bolts of heaven, and allowed the living fire of His wrath to fall upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and destroyed the whole nation, yet, even then, He saved Lot and his family; and a few were saved, where all the rest were lost. When the Almighty resolved to destroy, for their impurity, the race of Benjamin, yet He preserved a few, lest the whole tribe might be utterly destroyed. And thus it is that we find the Almighty God always preserving one or two or three specimens of His work, lest the devil might glory overmuch, and riot in his joy for having utterly destroyed the work of God. Our nature was destroyed in Eve. One fair specimen of all that would be in us,—of all that was in Adam before his sin,—of all that God intended us to be,—one fair specimen of all this was preserved in Mary, who, in her immaculate conception, enshrined in the infinite holiness of God, was preserved untainted and unfallen, as if Adam had never sinned. It may be asked, if, then, this woman was without sin, if she was conceived without sin, how is it that she calls Christ her Saviour, saying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour." Oh, my friends, need I tell you that Christ our Lord is as much the Saviour of Mary as He is your Saviour or mine? Need I tell you that, but for His incarnation, but for His suffering and passion and death, Mary could not have received the grace of her immaculate conception, any more than you or I could have received the grace of our baptism? Baptism has done for us as far as regards the removal of original sin, all that her immaculate conception did for Mary. For the forty thousand years that went before the incarnation of the Son of God, every child of Adam that was saved, was saved through the anticipated merits of the blood that was shed upon Calvary. Adam himself was saved, Moses was saved, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Daniel, all the prophets, all the saints were saved by their faith in the Son of God, and by their provision of His merits before His Eternal Father. The merits of the Son of God, as yet unincarnate, yet foreseen and applied, thousands of years before their time, to the souls of the patriarchs and the prophets,—the self-same merits were applied to the soul of Mary in the eternal design of God, in her immaculate conception. He is as much her Saviour as He is ours; only He saved her in a way quite different from that in which we were saved. You may save a man, for instance, by keeping him from going into the way of danger; you may save a child by taking it out of the street, when some dangerous procession is passing, or when some railway engine is passing,—something that may endanger its life; or you may save the same child, when in immediate danger by the touch of your powerful and saving hand, and restore it to life. So, the Almighty God saved Mary by preventing the evil, just as He saves us by cleansing us from the evil which has already fallen upon us.—Hence it is that she, more than any of us, had reason to call Christ, her son, her Lord and her Saviour. "My soul doth magnify the Lord," she said, "and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Truly He is her Saviour. Truly He shows His power in the manner in which He saved her. He did not permit her to be immersed in the ocean of sin. He did not take her, as something filthy and defiled, and wash her soul in the laver of baptism; but he applied the graces of baptism to her conception; so that she came into this world all pure, all holy, all immaculate, just as the Christiana child comes forth from the baptismal font.

Behold, then, how she is the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, the joy of the earthly Church of Israel and the honor of our people; seeing that if Mary were not as she is in Heaven, immaculate and unstained, that Heaven would be, after all, only a congregation of penitents. Every other soul that enters Heaven enters as a Magdalen,—at least, as Magdalen rising from original sin. Mary alone entered Heaven, as Eve would have entered if she had resisted the evil and conquered the temptation of sin. Thus do we behold, dearly beloved, the Mother of God as she shines, forth before us in the prophecy of Scripture,—an honor and a triumph and a symbol of God's complete victory. The victory that God gains over sin is not complete when He has to come to remedy that evil after it has fallen upon the soul. The complete triumph of God is when He is able to preserve the soul from any approach of that evil, and to keep it in all its original purity and immaculateness and innocence. Such was the woman whom the prophet beheld: "And a great sign appeared in Heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Of what was this woman a sign? She was the sign of the victory of God, for he adds: "And I saw another

sign in Heaven—a great dragon coming to devour the woman, and to destroy her; but it was cast forth; and there was no room for him nor place for him anywhere in Heaven." And Mary shone forth, in the eternal council of God, the very sign and type, promise and symbol of God's victory over sin. God's victory over sin was complete, as every victory of God is; and the completeness of that victory was embodied in the immaculate conception of Mary.

What wonder, then, my dearly beloved, that we should honor one whom God has so loved to honor. What wonder that we should hail her as all pure; hail her from earth, whom God hailed from Heaven saying: "Thou art all pure, my beloved, and there is no stain in thee." What wonder that we should rejoice in her who is the joy and the glory of the heavenly Jerusalem. What wonder that we should sing praises to her; put her forth as the very type of purity, innocence and virtue whom the Almighty God so filled with all his highest gifts, that Heaven and earth never beheld such a creature as Mary; that the very angel, coming down from before the throne of God, was astonished when he beheld her greatness; and, bending in his human form before her, said: "All hail to thee, O Mary, for thou art full of grace;" and when she trembled at his words he assured her saying: "Fear not, O Mary for thou hast found grace before the Lord." Oh, how grand was her finding! Grace was lost by the first woman, Eve; and every daughter of earth sought it for four thousand years and found it not. How could they find it? They came into this world without it. How could they find that grace which Eve had lost? They came tainted by Eve's sin upon this earth. Mary alone found it—the grace of immaculate creation, the grace of primeval purity. Therefore, the angel said to her:—"Fear not, I tell thee thou shalt be the Mother of God, and that He that is to be born of thee shall be called the Son of the Most High. Yet, O woman, fear not, for I say to thee, that thou has found grace before the Lord." Therefore do we honor her, my dearly beloved; therefore do we rejoice that she, being such as she is, is still our mother and regards us with a mother's love; and we can look up to her with the unsuspecting and all-confiding love of childhood. Oh, mother mine!—oh, mother of all the nations!—oh mother that kept the faith in that land of our mothers, that through temptation and suffering never lost her love for thee,—that furnished and famine-stricken never lost the faith,—I hail thee! As thou art in Heaven, to-night clothed with the sun of divine justice with the moon reflecting all earthly virtues beneath thy feet, and upon thy head a crown of twelve stars,—God's brightest gift,—I hail thee, O mother! And in the name of the Catholic Church, and in the name of my Catholic people, and in the name of the far-off and loved land that ever loved thee, I proclaim that "thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, and thou art the honor of our people."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

FATHER CONWAY.—There is a new made grave in the chancel of Saint Mary's, Headford, its fresh red earth wetted by a people's tears; and below, pallid and motionless, sleeps the courageous and strong of yesterday, now at rest for ever. Father Peter Conway, of Headford, is no more. It is sudden and sorrowful news. When his name is called by Mr. Justice Keogh to come and appear for "penal servitude," there will be no response. The lips of the dead will not open. He is gone beyond the reach of the Judge's punishment. Mr. Keogh cannot grasp him now, even for "contempt." No festering taunt can wound him further; no judicial brutality can wring his heart any more. He is gone before a more just and merciful Judge than Mr. Keogh; a Judge before whose tribunal, "many of the judgments of this world will be reversed." Father Conway died of fever. He died of a broken heart; an anguish-wrung brain. He was a peculiar man. Those very failings, leaning to virtue's side, that were singled out by Mr. Keogh for heartless ridicule and coarse derision, rendered him unable to endure such attack. His was a painfully sensitive nature. Open denunciation or invective, fair fight, no matter how fierce, he could bear; for, if sometimes rash of speech, he was a generous soul, and had a bold and brave heart. No war of the elements ever kept him from mid-night journey to the distant mountain shieling where the dying penitent needed his aid. No fell contagion, no deadly pestilence, ever deterred him from the sacred call of duty. In the work of that parish he carried his life in his hand. Nothing awed him. No landlord's frown, no agent's smile, no judge's threat, could move him when aroused to defensive struggle for his flock. But he had a weak point in his corslet. To derision or degrading insult he was, unfortunately, most sensitive; nay, he has been known to grieve like a child for days over some merely fanciful slight at the hands of a friend. For such a man—looked up to and revered as he was by the simple, virtuous people of his flock—and proud as he was of their affectionate reverence—to be publicly made the butt of a Judge's ridicule and contumely, was indeed to cut him to the heart. Those who knew Father Conway's peculiarities of nature and disposition, knew that Judge Keogh's brutalities of speech were more merciless to his feelings than would be the torture of the rack or the triangle. To be publicly mimicked on the Bench, to excite the derisive laughter of jeering enemies, was an indignity that he would in silence and in secret weep over bitterly. In Galway Courthouse Father Conway's spirit was crushed, his heart was broken.—"Fever" came, as one might well expect, or found in him a ready victim. The tortured brain was all afire. For him in such a case there was no hope. Death's summons came, a glad release. Judge Keogh quoted and applied to Father Conway some lines from a passage in Virgil. Here it is (Dryden's translation):—

Monsters more fierce offended Heaven ne'er sent From Hell's abyss, for human punishment; With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene, Foul panaches, and with ordure still unclean.

They snatch the meat, defiling all they find, And parting leave a loathsome stench behind.

With filthy claws their odious meal repeat, And mix their loathsome ordure with their meat.

This was the filthy picture expressly applied by Mr. Justice Keogh to illustrate Father Conway's conduct and character; this the passage the first two lines of which he quoted for an audience largely composed of women, whose modesty was saved from outrage only by their ignorance of the text thus referred to. Were Father Conway alive and full of health as ever, we still would call upon civilized humanity to judge judicial conduct like this; but what shall we say of such brutality as we contemplate it to day over the clay-cold corpse of its victim? Victim number one. For who undertakes to measure the effects of Mr. Keogh's reckless and heartless assaults on priests and prelates on that dreadful day? How many sensitive natures besides Father Conway have been outraged? How many hearts besides his may be bursting and breaking to-day under the fearful obloquy of that ribald tongue? Where is their redress? Whence will justice come for them—for the living or the dead? Some of them have been sought trial; will it be vouchsafed them? Where is their hope of opportunity to confront their accuser? They hear the ferocious press of England in Ireland and in Great Britain howling over the libels that defame them as if they were solemn truths.—The original outrage is being intensified and repeated every day. How must all this affect men bowed with the weight of years? How must it affect men of keenly sensitive natures? Are Bishops and Priests men who may be trampled on without a wound?

Have they no feelings? Alas! We know too well that on Monday last there stood at the grave side of Father Conway, man whose death knell need astonish no one if to-morrow we hear it toll. As for "Father Peter," with him all now is well. The wrong that crushed his heart cannot cloud his name. Life often risked, heart often moved, hand often reached to help and save the poor—his acts have gone before him; and his faults forgotten, his years of service and sacrifice rewarded, he reposes in the arms of a merciful God.—*Dublin Nation, June 29.*

BANK OF IRELAND APPOINTMENT.—Courtenay Croker Esq., son of Lady G. Croker, has been appointed to a clerkship on the result of the last open competition. Mr. Croker, was prepared by Mr. G. Crawford, Civil Service Institute, 35 Molesworth-street, being the only candidate sent up by him.

Mr. P. J. Smyth, M.P., who claimed £2,500 damages from the publisher of the *Waterford Citizen* for libel has got a verdict for sixpence, which is just sufficient to carry costs.

SHERIFFALTY OF WESTMATH.—Colonel the Hon. Leicester Smyth, C. B., of Drumree, Killucan, having resigned the office of Sheriff of the county of Westmeath, consequent on his appointment by Government to an important military office, George Nugent Purdon, Esq., of Lisnabin, Killucan, has been sworn in as High Sheriff, and Thomas Murray, Esq., of Millmount, Mullingar, as Sub-Sheriff of said county.

A little story, "founded on fact," and too good to be lost, has just come to our ears. A certain judge, of evil repute, went the other day to pay a visit to a brother judge, whose character, personal and financial, is *sans reproche*. This latter has a son, an "intelligent child," or as the French say, an *enfant terrible*. The visitor asked the boy to shake hands, but the latter shrank from him with loathing, and emphatically refused to touch him. He declared that nothing would induce him to shake hands with so "wicked a man." On being pressed for his reason for having so bad an opinion of the visitor, he advised the authority of the judge, his father, and said, "you must be a very wicked man, for papa says you are always pulling the devil by the tail."—*Dublin Freeman.*

We understand that Captain Henry Keogh, R.M., has been removed to the city of Limerick. He will be replaced in county Kerry by Robert B. Stokes, Esq., R.M., from county Tipperary.—*Id.*

A new paper to be called the *Home and Home Rule Journal* is started in Dublin.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.—At the recent examination held in London, Dublin and Edinburgh for 20 appointments in the Civil Service, Mr. James J. Macken, a pupil of the Central Model Schools, Marlborough-street, was one of the successful candidates.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.—On Sunday evening, at about five o'clock, as Private John Morgan, of the Wicklow Militia, was standing in a boat in the river of Wicklow, he accidentally stumbled and fell into the river, in which he was for some time, when he was picked up by three sailors, named respectively Joseph Hayden, Patrick Kelly, and Samuel Farrell. On being brought to the shore Morgan was in an insensible state, but was brought to consciousness in a short time. Dr. Hugh Brew, of the Wicklow Militia, being promptly in attendance.—*Correspondent of Freeman.*

A NOBLE-HEARTED LADY.—The *Dublin Freeman* of the 29th June says:—On Saturday evening, about six o'clock, as the Hon. Mrs. Deane Morgan was proceeding home from Wexford, she came up to a place where a man was lying on the road, dreadfully injured. The man, it seems, was in charge of a steam engine, and as he was trying to get up on it he fell, and was seriously wounded. The Hon. Mrs. Deane Morgan at once tendered the use of her carriage to convey the sufferer to the infirmary, and got down and tended to his wants; but just at this moment the spring van arrived from the workhouse and conveyed him there, where he was placed under the care of Dr. Crean and Dr. Sheridan. Mrs. Williams, the head nurse of the infirmary, came with the van, and took the man under her care.

RURAL FESTIVAL AT MURRIS ARBY.—On Saturday, Francis Christopher Garvey, Esq. (son of the late John C. Garvey, Esq., D. L.) gave an entertainment to his own tenants, and those on some of the neighboring properties on the occasion of his coming of age. Upwards of 400 were present, from the centenarian to the child of tender years, who all united in wishing long life and happiness to their entertainer, and in drinking to his health, and to the memory of his late father, who will always be remembered with affection in the neighborhood where he spent his days on earth. Dancing began early in the afternoon, and was carried on with spirit till late, when all departed to their homes having enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The barracks of the Royal Irish Constabulary were beautifully ornamented with wreaths of evergreen and flags, bearing inscriptions suitable to the occasion. A large bonfire blazed on the very summit of Orough Patrick, and smaller ones on some of the islands in Clew Bay.—*Id.*

The *Record* states that the rumor of Judge Keogh's resignation is unfounded.

THE CASE OF JUDGE KEOGH.—This subject continues to occupy the public mind, almost to the exclusion of every other subject. The citizens of Dublin have met to protest against Judge Keogh's conduct, and to urge his dismissal from the bench as the only possible way of undoing the mischief he has done. The meeting took place on Monday, in the Rotunda, which was crowded with persons belonging for the most part to the middle class of the city. The anti-Catholic press strenuously endeavoured to persuade the public that, though crowded, the meeting was a failure, because the higher classes were not largely represented. This was partly accidental. If the impatience against Judge Keogh are sustained in the evidence before Parliament, the supporters of the Liberal party in Ireland expect that party and Mr. Gladstone will throw their whole energy and weight into securing redress for the outrage and insults offered them in the shape of a legal judgment. The following resolutions and form of petition to Parliament was adopted by the meeting:—

"That this meeting regards with indignation, and emphatically reprobates and condemns, the slanderous attack made, not only upon the prelates and people of Galway, but upon the prelates, priests, and people of Ireland, in the so-called judgment delivered in Galway in the case of the late election petition."

"That we denounce as a base calumny the foul charge that the Catholic clergy could be capable of prostituting the confessional to subserve any political purpose or interest whatsoever."

"That we feel it a bitter grievance and humiliation that in England the anti-Catholic invectives of Mr. Justice Keogh are accepted as the sentiments of a representative Catholic layman; whereas in this country that for many years past in his public utterances he has outraged Catholic sentiment, and that he does not reflect the opinions of those who possess the confidence of any section of Catholic Irishmen."

"That this meeting shares in the conclusion arrived at by the clergy of the Diocese of Dublin—that the courts of justice in Ireland will not obtain the respect or confidence of our people if men capable of thus insulting all they hold venerable and holy are allowed to preside on the judicial bench."

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED."

"The humble petition of the Catholic inhabitants of the City and County of Dublin in public meeting assembled,—Sheweth,—That to insure a proper administration of the law, it is essential that Judges