

to break into the prison cell of Bertha Allen, for many weeks had been the wretched inmate of that prison, and she had now been for three days under sentence of death.

She had been doomed as a traitress to the Queen, in having sometime before she disclosed it, had knowledge of the projected rising in the North. During her imprisonment, and on her trial, Bertha had looked in vain for her powerful paramour to shield her from the fierce penalties of the law. More than once, indeed, he had been present during her examinations, present when she had quailed under the keen questioning of Walsingham and Burleigh, and in the fond hope that he would yet interfere to save her, she had not hinted at her intimacy with him. But when hope was no more—when she was doomed to die—then in the bitterness of her rage and despair she cursed him as her destroyer, for heaven and on earth, and strove to implicate him in her political offence. Her judges laughed at the allegation, and Bertha could not even gratify her malice. In the solitude of her prison, however, in the agonies of the awful three days which intervened between her sentence and its execution, the rage of her spirit, its ardent longing for revenge, was subdued in the desperation of her fears, in her horror at the near approach of death; and under the influence of these fears, and of this horror, she besought her jailor to convey for her a message, entreating her lover to visit her once more. For this service the wretched woman had no reward to offer, for she had been stripped of her money and her trinkets when first conveyed to the prison.

But jailors have perhaps less flinty hearts than is commonly supposed, and the miseries of the sufferer prevailed on this man to bear the desired message. Nor was this a light office of compassion, for the paramour of Bertha was a proud and powerful lord, most like to turn a deaf ear to the suppliant, who was a poor man.

Bertha knew the heart of her lover now, and she therefore baited her request with an assurance that she had a secret to tell, which was of importance to the fate of John Harding, for she knew that the haughty lord was interested in the destiny of that old man.

There was an insanity in Bertha's hope, though the sentence had been pronounced, though the morning of execution had arrived, she half flattered herself, that would her lover but deign to visit her dungeon, that her tears, her entreaties, might soften his heart, and that his power would be even then all sufficient to save her. Ah! with what agony the miserable woman had counted each weary minute of the night, with what frightful rapidity did the prison clock seem to toll off the few wretched hours which yet remained to her on earth. The light of dawn had now appeared, and the heart of Bertha was torn by a yet more harrowing fear—her cruel lover would not come, he had denied her poor and last request. In this supposition she was deceived; an hour before the time appointed for her execution, she heard the key grating in her dungeon door, and her paramour, disguised as usual, stood before her.

"Ah, you would come, I knew, I knew you would, and you will save me yet, my own sweet Lord!"

"Poor Bertha!" said her lover. "But what have you to tell me of John Harding?"

"Only that I know no harm of that old man; indeed, dear Lord, my hate of him was but a mode of my hatred to his daughter, and I only hate her for love of thee."

"And is this all?" said the nobleman. "Have you no proof, no clue to promise me, naught that may counterbalance the favor which Cecil is disposed to show to the merchant? Nothing to tell which may bring him, as you are now, under the severest sentence of the law? Cannot you furnish me with some proof abstracted from your own assertions, that he has had dealings with Rudolph?"

"Alas, no!" replied Bertha. "Could I do so, would it save my life?"

"It might be so," answered her lover more coldly, "but I must have a proof beyond your own assertion."

"Alas! alas! and I have it not, I have it not to give!" exclaimed Bertha, wringing her hands in despair. "But, dear Lord, it does not need that to save me; a word, one word from your kind lip, would be, I know, enough."

"As once before I told you, you overrate my influence much," said the peer, forcing himself from her clasping hands.

"Must I die, then! must I die?" said the woman. "Why am I to be led to the gibbet, when the false foreigner, Rudolph, has escaped?"

"Truly," replied her visitor, "because Rudolph had a good store of gold, with which to buy the favor of his judges."

"Will gold buy safety then?" said Bertha, with an hysterical scream. "Oh, cruel, cruel, and you have so much, and will you venture none to save me?"

"Wherefore, woman, should I buy thy safety?" said her lover. "Hast thou not done all that thy poor malice could to injure me? For what end were designed those frantic exclamations, when thy stony judges sentenced thee to die? That a tale might be carried to the jealous Queen, how thy fair face had tempted me sometime into those light oaths, she fain would think my lips have never whispered save to herself. Bertha, thou hadst not been caught in this net, save from thine own weak jealousy of Gertrude Harding. Why should I peril wealth or name for thee? Thou art a toy which I am wearied of."

"Then thou hast come here not—" gasped the woman, "not with one spark of pity for me within thy merciless heart, but only in hope that I could furnish thee with proofs, which might detain John Harding in that prison from which thy enemy, Cecil, rather wills that he should be free?"

"Even so," replied the nobleman. "In truth, you overrate my power; no earthly friendship may avail you now."

The miserable creature clasped her hands, and casting upwards a look of unutterable anguish, she sank without motion at her destroyer's feet; while he, surveying her with an expression rather of satisfaction than of any compassion for her suffering, hastily quitted the dungeon.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

MR. GLADSTONE AND BONN.

(To the Editor of the London Tablet.)

Sir,—In my letter in last week's Tablet I gave one signal example of Henry VIII's murders in order to show that the question of conciliation belongs to two sides, one being the side of the Catholic Church in England. I need not speak of Cardinal Fisher or Sir Thomas More, nor of the Carthusians, nor the Abbots of Glastonbury and Colchester, and Salley and Woburn. These and many other conspicuous instances, are well known, and can be found by all who choose to look for them. Not to submit to the supremacy of Henry, and to these men died for their brave opposition. The other half of the crimes of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, was second only to the murders of religious houses was begun. The real fathers of the poor were driven from their houses, arable land was turned to pasture, and the commons were reduced to so pitiful a state that a universal beggary spread over the country. At the sight of this hurricane of misery the new father of his people and supreme head of his Church obtained the passing of a law which put these famished children of his

quite within the power of his mercy. The statute as to sturdy beggars enacted, that persons so described should, for the second offence be executed as felons, and they, perished by thousands. The Somersetshire lines, describing the acquisition of monastic property, will occur to many of my readers. It was the same story everywhere.

"When the abbot went out, they came in," and a poor law was the inevitable consequence. The wicked daughter of a wicked king, who lived to see the harvest of terrible consequences, the seeds of which had been sown by her father, her brother, and herself, found among them the case of the sturdy beggar, the helpless, famishing, deserted, oppressed poor; and gave to the country which she had so basely misgoverned the fatal bequest of the first Poor-law. Discerning eyes are perceiving now that what is called in the new language of the day the Land question dates back to the plunder of Henry VIII. Mr. Arch would have had no case, and no such case as his, and the English labourers, would have arisen, if the lands of the religious houses had remained with their owners. *Mentis est iniquitas sibi.*

But bad as the plunder of houses and lands was, the great and infamous offence was the sacrifice of Churches, and altars, and places of devotion shared the ruin of the religious houses. Yet Henry had not entirely lost faith. Under Edward, by the advice and direction of his Protestant Bishops, Ridley leading the way, all altars in England were destroyed, and the Christian sacrifice abolished. Here is a specimen describing their devil's work in their own language. It is to be seen at page 79 of the Original letters, chiefly from the archives of Zurich, printed by the Parker Society in 1846. Hooper writes to Bullinger, March 27th, 1550, thus:—

"There has lately been appointed a new Bishop of London, a pious and learned man... he will, I hope, destroy the altars, of Baal as he did heretofore in his church when he was Bishop of Rochester.... many altars have been destroyed in this city since I arrived here."

This pretended Bishop was Ridley, and Hooper's wish was amply fulfilled. Here is Antony a Wood's account of what happened in Oxford in 1551. (*Annals*, ed. Gutch, sub. anno.)

"On the Ides of December it was agreed by the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church that all altars, statues, images, tabernacles, missals, and other matters of superstition and idolatry (as they now called them), should be removed out of the Cathedral and from other churches under their patronage, which being very soon after (not without some rigour) performed, other colleges and churches followed; and let me tell you, such scorn was by them and other Reformers showed towards these things, and to so vile uses were they put, and consequently made ridiculous, that they having been in great veneration with the people, many stood at a maze and blessed themselves; some faltered in their religion and inclined to Atheism, and others began to be desperate, and did not in the least care what would be the event of things, because it could not lay in their power to remedy them."

It is almost needless to recite that the spoils of gold and silver employed in churches in the service of God, and carried off by the scoundrels employed under Henry VIII, and Edward, and beyond calculation. When Elizabeth came to the throne, after the restoration of Christianity and the holy service of God under Mary, she did it all over again. Once more the English altars fell. The Holy Sacrifice was abolished, the Bishops were driven out, and the great imposture which has occupied churches ever since became "established." Happy is the fate of those ruined abbeys and priories which have been added to the list of the Seven Churches of Asia. It is sadder to see Canterbury, York, Westminster, and all the rest added to Constantinople and Santo Sophia. Mr. Gladstone will, perhaps, another day, recollect the case of Catholics. But with those who enjoy the spoils, and represent the crime of the actors in that scene, when it might be truly said that hell was brought upon earth, with the ministerial offspring of Barlow and Parker, there can be no ecclesiastical peace. To have that in this country there must be repentance and restitution. He would be a sanguine man who professed to expect either.

I now pass to Bonn. It was not unusual that the Barlow Parker, succession should take advantage of a new rebellion against the Holy See. They are quite aware that their pretended Orders are refused all over Christendom, even by the schismatic Greeks. If they could only get themselves recognized somewhere it would be something; so they went to Bonn. But their visit did not impress the British public: and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an amusing notice of them, speaks of the proceedings there as the Delphi and Bonn oracles. The *Times* of September 18, 1874, had a sad disparaging article, in which it did a public service by saying incidentally that "the Church of England is little more than a moiety of the English people, little more than a third of the British people." The same day it gave a report of the Conference. They tried to get rid of the Invocation of Saints, but M. Janicheff, on behalf of the Russo-Greeks, resisted this and "Dr. Dollinger perfectly saw the difficulty, and withdrew the article." But this statement, which was proposed, "led," the *Times* says, "to some discussion."

"We acknowledge that the Church of England and the Churches driven through it have maintained unbroken the Episcopal succession." The following is the *Times* report of what ensued:—

"M. Janicheff was of opinion that this could not at once be admitted, as he and his co-Churchmen had not as yet considered the question and examined the evidence which bears upon the subject. He had heard Archbishop Philarete's doubts, and the question, in his opinion, must still remain open."

"Bishop Reinkens and Dr. Dollinger were both of opinion that the continuity of the English Episcopal succession was a settled point, and Bishop Reinkens added that Archbishop Philarete, as far as he had seen, was well acquainted with the subject. Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Pittsburgh confirmed the latter remark, and authoritatively affirmed that Archbishop Philarete was only acquainted with English Roman Catholic Church historians. The Bishop of Pittsburgh seemed annoyed at the frequent interruptions of M. Janicheff's, and added with a little bitterness that it would not be profitable if he would devote some time to the study of the history of the English Church."

"Dr. Dollinger, who always had to translate what had been said, wisely did not think it worth while to communicate any expressions likely to prove offensive to those to whom they were applied."

So it turns out that Archbishop Philarete had doubts upon this subject. The Archbishop was, I recollect, the man about whose death the Pan-Parler Synod sent condoling messages to Russia. Whether answers were returned I do not know. It is difficult to see the value of the authoritative affirmation of Canon Liddon and the American Protestant Bishop that Archbishop Philarete was only acquainted with the English Roman Catholic Church historians. Who, told them so? If he had not read Mason and Conroy, and the *Matthews* in the *De Antiquitate*, he lost some of the best materials for confirming his doubts into certainty. But Canon Liddon is not reported to have said who taught Reinkens and Dollinger. The English Protestants who attended this meeting at Bonn have got this for their pains, that the Greek Schismatics have now proclaimed to the world that they will not admit the validity of Protestant orders. Perhaps before the next Synod some one may take the place of Mr. Gladstone and Canon Liddon in the study of Dr. Dollinger, and through him may reach Dr. Reinkens. I suggest a few points about which it will be fair to increase the great learning of Dr. Dollinger. Let him be told that for a year Elizabeth's Ministers

could not find an Archbishop for the new religion, that when Parker drew up his minute about his consecration, Cecil wrote these words in the margin. "There is no Archb. nor Bish. now to be had. Wherefore, Querendum"; that accordingly neither the Archbishop of York nor any English Bishop would act. That then, driven to extremity, the Government allowed Barlow and three other apostates to do something at Lambeth on the 17th of December, 1559. That Barlow, the consecrator, has never been shown to be a Bishop, and openly confessed that consecration was needless, and that the day of his consecration has never been found, and that all days alleged for it have been shown to be either impossible, or so improbable as to be beyond examination. That Bramhall, one of Barlow's defenders, was so pressed by the hopelessness of his case as to suggest that his consecration took place in Wales, where, when, and by whom remaining unknown. That it has been recently discovered and published by Canon Estcourt that Mason's citation of the Resignation of Temporality to Barlow is an absolute falsehood; and that Barlow never had any Ecclesiastical Resignation of Temporality.

Let Dr. Dollinger be further told that when these men got into Lambeth chapel between five and six o'clock in the morning on the 17th of December they are said by their own register, to have used certain prayers and suffrages according to the form of a book published by authority of Parliament. We are not told what the book was. The only book of any authority in England at that moment was the *Catholic Pontifical*. No one has even suggested that that was used. Dr. Dollinger will then have to be informed that there is a document extant called Hampton's letter, and that in it the required information is supposed to be given by the Earl of Nottingham, who is suggested to have been present. He is made to say that Parker was ordained by the form in King Edward's Common Prayer-book. But there were two of them. Which was it? I examined the document called Hampton's letter in *The Tablet* of March 15th and April 5th, 1873. Perhaps Canon Liddon will honour me by noting what is to be said about it. The letter, if it is to be so-called, is unworthy of belief. Dr. Dollinger may have been told that this Lord Nottingham testified to having seen Parker consecrated in his place in the House of Lords. He will have to be informed that Lord Nottingham had not a seat in the House of Lords at the time alleged. The 25th Article of the Protestant Church in England should also be brought under Dr. Dollinger's notice, which, speaking of the Sacraments, says:—

"Those five commonly called Sacraments, that is to say, Confirmation, Penance, Orders, Matrimony, and Extreme Unction, are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles, partly are states of life allowed in the Scriptures."

He will then perceive that the Protestant ministers whom he is called upon to recognize, disavow the Sacrament of Order, and, according to their own authority, would only be either corruptly following the Apostles, or living in a state of life allowed in the Scriptures. It will be for him to consider whether persons who have signed such statements, and are living under their enforcement, could conceivably give, or receive, Orders. Archbishop Philarete might well doubt. We in England, who have the whole story under our hands, and live in the sight of its consequences, have no doubts.—Your faithful servant.

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

Oct. 26, 1874.

THE MEANING OF "CATHOLIC."

(To the Editor of the London Tablet.)

Sir,—Perhaps there is no one of your readers who does not occasionally hold a friendly conversation on religion with some acquaintance belonging to the so-called "Catholic" party in the Anglican Establishment.

Now, if there be one single thing concerning which all High Churchmen are unanimous, besides the negative proposition of denying the Papal Infallibility, it is certainly this, that they all confidently claim a right to the name of "Catholic."

This being so, I maintain that we should narrow the controversy to a single issue. We should demand from them a precise definition of the signification which they attach to the term "Catholic." Poor Anglicans dread nothing so much as definitions; and, if pressed to explain exactly their own standpoint, on this or any other dogmatic question, they instinctively either seek shelter in vague generalities, which commit them to nothing, or else they precipitately retreat to something else, and cover their defeat by an attack on some doctrine or practice of Rome. But we should never permit this course. We should explain that as all differences of opinions are held by some to originate in disputes about the meanings of words, so it is manifest that the very first step for truth-seeking disputants to take is for each clearly to understand the signification which the other attaches to the terms he makes use of.

Now, we mean by a "Catholic" a person in religious communion with Rome; and we hold that the words of the Creed "one Catholic Church" denote "a society now existing, visibly one, and visibly universal."

For the sake of argument we may imagine that this definition of the term "Catholic" may be open to objection, as to its being true or false; but that it is a clear and logical one cannot be questioned.

Now, how do Anglicans explain their sense of the word?

They, one and all, maintain that to be a "Catholic" is to believe certain doctrines without reference to any present Church authority whatsoever. Here, therefore, we meet a fundamental difference between them and us. It is an axiom with us that to be a "Catholic" a man must not only believe all Christian truths, but must also be visibly a subject of a visible universal society, or Church, in every age visibly one.

Right belief is one thing; right communion is another; both are required in a Catholic. The Greek Schismatics have right belief on most points, but they are not Catholics, because visibly separated from the One Catholic Church. If Anglicans had valid orders, and believed on all points, as Rome does, they would be, not Catholics, but Schismatics, for the very same reason.

Having thus explained the Catholic interpretation of the words of the Creed, it remains for Anglicans to convince us that they can supply a more consistent rendering than our own. Manifestly, it is idle and disingenuous for the Anglicans to boast that they use the same Creed that we do if they give to its words a sense radically different from ours.

Of course, if we happen to prefer it, there are many other subjects on which we could easily confute any Anglican, of whatever ability, and defy him to meet the difficulty. For instance, no Anglican could get over the fact that miracles, recorded in every age from the beginning, are now only seen amongst those in communion with Rome. Again, the absolute dependence of the Anglican clergy upon the Civil Power, with the total absence of power to attempt a single independent ecclesiastical act ever since the fatal passage of Rome; this condition is incompatible with the ideas of spiritual freedom held generally by the Kirk of Scotland.

No Anglican could defend his position, if challenged to do so on any of these heads; but I repeat, he is never kept to the point, and is allowed to change his ground. My own humble conviction, however, is that two questions only should be put to Anglicans, namely—"What is schism?" and "What is the Catholic Church?"—I am your obedient servant.

A. SOWARD.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

On the fifth of June in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, the most auspicious of the many auspicious anniversaries of the present century will be celebrated. That near approaching day will see the fiftieth year of the Episcopate of one whom Irishmen, at home and abroad, cherish as fondly, as reverently, as sincerely, and as devoutly as they cherish, reverence and honor, the name of any patriot whose deeds emblazon the studied pages of our country's history. Then will John Archbishop of Tuam so aptly designated the Lion of the Fold of Judah, have sat on the Episcopal Bench through the half century of a persecuted nation's most troublous existence. And his is no common-place or ordinary popularity. From the first moment of his ordination in Maynooth, in 1814, to the present day, his voice was ever ready, and his pen ever in hand, to fight, and assist in fighting the good old cause of that nationality formed, guided and blended by the softening influences of religion. Who does not remember with a cordial thrill of satisfaction, the soul stirring letters which his Grace successively addressed to the leading English statesmen of the day. His manly independence was, perhaps, best evidenced, when in face of an iniquitous law, he persisted in calling himself and had the success of that effort acknowledged—John Archbishop of Tuam. When O'Connell was in the heyday of his glory; when his words instilled to the Peasant's heart that aspiration for his country's independence that burns so brightly to-day who accompanied the Liberator in his mission of "peace and love"; who lent to his well-earned popularity the reflex distinction of a sainted and honored name? Was it not the Archbishop of Tuam. There was scarcely an important Repeal meeting, from those gatherings in the Metropolitan city, to that one held in the wilds of the distant Connemara at which he did not either attend in person or to which he did not write inspiring epistles of encouragement. His manly voice, resonant with the natural eloquence of his race was as familiar at that well remembered period as that of any other prominent member of the Committee that worked with such noble disinterestedness and energy in the revivification of a stumbling cause or in the disenfranchisement of a then moribund patriotism from the building fetters of an alien and bigoted slavery. His racy letters though written in the heat and bustle of general popular excitement, are looked upon even yet as master pieces of political science, preserved as imperishable gems of oratorical eloquence and examples of a correct and elegant composition. And when those years had passed away and were numbered with the dead past, and when the efforts and principles of patriotism were consigned to the living tomb of a forced oblivion; when organization after organization sprang through the land, and had died of an inexplicable dry-rot; when the sacred cause of nationality appeared almost extinct, and when our poor, unprotected, down-trodden country was writhing in the throes of a devastating famine, who alone stood fearlessly by the people, watched over their declining existence, and, at long last, procured for them some small need of gracious but ill-timed State assistance? Who, when that awful time had passed and gone, fanned into full life and maturity the still slumbering patriotism of the nation? Was it not John of Tuam? We ask our readers certainly not in any spirit of mean servility but with a sincere feeling of generous admiration, did any one man stand more prominently before the world during the Repeal agitation and during the Famine years? Did any one plead more persistently, more eloquently and more successfully in behalf of our down-trodden race than did John of Tuam? We need not pause for a reply. A passing reference to the ill-starred annals of that period will satisfy all doubts and remove all prejudices. To recapitulate, even summarily, the services of this glorious patriarch who, Leoidas-like, stood alone with but a few companions in the Pass when the united forces of haughty England were directed towards the extinction of our expiring liberties, would be an endless task. We need but mention the very name to elicit a host of historical associations and recollections that come forth as, if by magic at the very utterance. That his guiding influence may long continue to direct the people who so fondly reverence our Archbishop, is the heartfelt wish and prayer of every person with a spark of nationality and a feeling of honest patriotism. Last week, his Grace, we understand, gave a final sitting in Dublin to an eminent sculptor, who is at present engaged in the preparation of a statue of his Grace. We would suggest the unveiling of that statue on the day which we shall assemble to celebrate with fitting solemnity and becoming piety, the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the Episcopacy. Sufficient time will elapse between this and then to allow of the completion and perfection of this work of art which we presume will be erected on the Cathedral grounds of this town.—Tuam Herald.

CATHOLIC LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

It has been the exultant boast of Catholics in the United States that, here, there was not mere toleration, but liberty for Catholics, as for all other citizens, in regard to the free enjoyment of their religious rights. We have boasted of this here at home; but, especially, when American Catholics have been in Europe they have been loud in proclaiming the superiority of their condition, in the United States, over that of the Catholics of any part of Europe.—We have heard of a good deal of this, even within the current year.

Let us examine how far this honorable exultation of American Catholics is well founded. Let us, also, examine whether a real and sincere liberty, that Catholics have enjoyed, here, while influences, such as those of Jefferson, of Monroe, and of Jackson, were potent, are not seriously abridged, and in danger of a farther contest before they will be recognized, under the charge in politics consequent on the late disruption of the Union and violation of the old Constitution of the United States.

At the period of the war of American Independence, most of the leading spirits in that movement—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, &c.—were sincerely believers in religious, as well as in civil liberty. They were personally acquainted with distinguished Catholics, and saw that true liberty had, on earth, no better friends. Of the Catholic Church, and of the Catholic faith, they knew so little as to be of the impression that, in the sunlight of freedom, and of intelligence, as they understood these, all the trammels of the old religion would fall from the recollections of its professors—if, only, they were not persecuted. It was Ben Franklin, when Ambassador in France, that laughed in the face of the Papal Nuncio who inquired if such or such a one were named, would the United States Government permit the consecration of him as a Catholic Bishop? "Permit it! Permit it! No, sir! May the day never dawn when any religion is permitted in the United States! Religion is free there, sir; not permitted! You can appoint any one you choose Bishop!"

That phase of civil, as of political life, in these States, has passed away. The intestine war, between States, has proved the written Constitution of the United States to be of no force, in presence of angry political passions. We need mention only as an indication, that within three years of the outbreak of the war between the States, it occurred to the Administration of Abraham Lincoln, under the manipulation of Mr. William H. Seward, to attempt subjecting the appointment of leading Catholic Prelates to the pleasure of the Washington Government. This is little known, but without violation of any confidence on our part, we find positive evidences of this intrigue

in the early part of 1864—when, the Sees of Baltimore and New York being vacant, the imprudent pretensions were put forth to secure, nominees for them—that would be agreeable to the men in momentary political positions of control.

But the question that, now, vitally affects us is the care and education of the children of our Catholic people. We Catholics will not be meddled with, in any sentimental attachment we may have to the old faith—if we will not interfere with having the masses of our Catholic children brought-up without any religion! The bitterest persecutors of the Catholic Church, in Europe, will grant entire "freedom" to Catholics on the same terms!

The hard and sharp question for us, American Catholics, is—are we going to barter our faith to the brag of our American Liberty, or are we, in a conflict about to be forced on us, in the matter of compulsory schooling, going to take a stand becoming freemen?

As Catholics, we cannot let our children be forced in godless schools, because the Vicar of Christ has said that these schools are forbidden, because they are bad. Are we going to obey God, or men.—N. Y. Freeman.

THE IRISH MISSION.

No one can glance at the history of the Irish race without feeling the conviction that a mission was assigned them, and that, by the providence of God, they are fulfilling it to the letter. The ways of heaven are inscrutable to man, and the history of his people is a striking illustration of the fact. If even the wrath of man is made to praise God, how much more so is his virtue. The most trivial glance at Irish history will indicate this truth, while a personal knowledge of the people will prove their adaptability and fitness for its great work. That mission is unmistakable; it is written on every page of its history; on every landmark of the nation; on hill and dale, on tower and keep, and the ruins of a thousand years bear testimony to its march.—The world has felt the waves of that mission, and there is scarce a spot of it but bears the mark of its civilization and faith. It is a mission such as no other people, since the days of Israel, have been assigned—a mission which will keep their names forever in the memory of man. That mission has been going on since the day when Saint Patrick gave to civilization christianity, and his disciples and scholars went out to the world to save and to bless.

Such is the mission of the Irish race. From that early day when Ireland sent her scholars and saints on their self-imposed labor or love, to the dark hour of her trial and tribulation—of her sorrow and enslavement—this mission has been distinctly marked upon her brow, and every attribute of nobleness carried onward to the grand end. Turn where you will, and its monuments will greet the eye. Go to the far Indies, and its labors and works are upon the Ganges. The remotest corners of the world bear its trophies. Australia is blooming, like her vegetation, with its richest offerings, and an empire is bowing to the God of their fathers. The forests of America melt before the holy flame, and swarming millions bow down in reverence to the truth. England, Scotland, Wales, all bear the mark of this race, upon whose shoulders the cross was laid, and whose brow bears the crown of victory.

The Irish race have preserved Ireland, and she is anchored to-day at her old moorings. They have gone forth, driven by the hate of man, to do the will of the Master, and they have planted their race and faith throughout the world. They have peopled America and there is scarce a village or hamlet in its broad domains but where an altar is erected for their faith. So it is in Australia. What but Irish constancy and faith have planted the church there? Look at English North America, Irish faith and arms again. The old French have a remnant of themselves. In the cities of Great Britain we have the same development—Irish missionary efforts—building churches, schools, monasteries, and planting the faith throughout the land. Wherever the faith has grown and prospered the most, will be found the marks of this great mission, in the zeal, constancy and property of the Irish race.

It is wonderful to contemplate the work of this mission. A handful of people plucked from their homes, and cast, like seeds in the earth, throughout the world, to build up empires. Driven forth by persecution, taking the ark with them they sought only a home, and a ruling and guiding Providence gave them empire and domain. Year by year witnessed new trials and misfortune, and year by year the stream of destiny grew broader and deeper, until the fields of their native land were left to fatten kine. Broader and stronger grew the stream, until millions went forth to conquer and to die. But they died not in vain. They planted and prospered—grew like the leaves upon the forests—and the earth is filled with their glory. It may be too early to record that glory; but the future will record it as among the brightest of earth.

Nor is this mission closed. The fountain is not dry. The springs are welling up as fresh and full as ever, and the future is smiling in its promise. The old land is as fresh and vigorous as ever, and her children throughout the world are full of her fire and zeal. If the wave of emigration from Ireland be stayed, other agencies will carry forward the work. Her children's children will do the work of the fathers, and this great work which has preserved the race will go on to a fulfilment which will bless the world.—Boston Leader.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE.

A somewhat famous house in the south of Ireland has recently changed owners. In describing the borough of Youghal, "Murray's Handbook" for Ireland says:—"To the north of the church is the house—now called Myrtle-grove—of Sir Walter Raleigh, who in 1588-9 was chief magistrate of Youghal, where he was in the habit of entertaining the poet Spenser. It is now the property of J. W. Pim, Esq., who allows visitors to inspect the grounds. It is a perfect Elizabethan gabled house, with some of the rooms wainscoted and decorated with carved oak. In the garden is Raleigh's yew tree, where the knight, under the influence of his beloved tobacco, was in the habit of poring over his favorite 'Faerie Queen.' This garden is also celebrated as being the receptacle of the first potatoes planted in Ireland." In the deed of transfer it is described as the premises known in 1464 as the Warden's house of the College of Youghal, afterwards known as Sir Walter Raleigh's house, then as Sir Lawrence Parsons' house, and recently called Myrtle-grove. It is held for an unexpired term of 806 years, subject only to "the payment of eleven pence annually in lieu of an annual tax to the corporation of Youghal."—The Almanack was the equivalent of a right of way to the courtyard of the house; and it is surmised that when the Warden of the College agreed to furnish the corporate body of the town with an annual tax, it was probably a manuscript Almanack, so that the shilling Irish (eleven pence English) to which it was commuted in 1661 was hardly a fair equivalent for the service. On the attainer of the 16th Earl of Desmond in 1585 it was specially mentioned in the undertaker's deed of the confiscated estates in Munster. The following note is on the margin of the undertaker's deed:—"Sir Walter Raleigh had these lands by express words and warrant in a special letter from Her Majesty." The next deed relating to the house is dated 7th December, 1603, made between Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Captain of the Queen's Guard, Lord Warden of the Staple, and Governor of Jersey, and Richard Boyle, Esq., Clerk of the Council in Munster, but a native of England, whereby Sir Walter, in consideration of three payments of £500 each sells his Irish property to Mr. Boyle, including all