of history and geography, she renounced all idea, of making this child of nature learned, and ceas- gested? ed to urge her to more profound studies. When-ever Rose sat down to her books, she would brows, and exclaim, with sighs, Oh, what shall I do: when I-try to learn I can think of nothing but the cows at home, and the stories Aunt Babet two girls would sit still with their hands on the tite goes away when I sit down at it.' book that was open before them, and fall each into a reverie, without ever perceiving that the to make preparations for her departure. reading had ceased; then they would look at each other and smile, and Rose would put her leave of each other, he will soon be back. arm round Alice's neck and say, 'I shall never grow wise. Let us go and see the little calf that | turning pale. was born yesterday: it will be so much more interesting than all these histories of the Greeks days in spring; and then you will cease to pine and Romans.

But that is not what we were reading about, exclaimed Alice in a sort of half-comical despair. Have you forgotten that we were to finish today the history of Clovis and the battle of Tol- good angel, for I am very unhappy. biac? Do you not want to know how the French became Christians ?

gazing abstractedly at the birds that were fluttering about the turret.

Do you not care to hear how the prayers of Clotilde, and the vow that Clovis made, when-

Ah, a vow; I know Henri made one on the mountain side at Choroaze. I am sure he made a vow that day, when we were so near death, but he would never tell me what it was. Perhaps he has sent a silver heart to Our Lady's altar. Alice always felt her heart thrill when Henri's

name was mentioned; for the depth and tenderness of his love for Rose touched her to her inmost soul. Strong natures that are capable of lofty sentiments and noble actions do not generally attach themselves to others of the same order; but they understand and appreciate them, and feel drawn together by a sympathy which often seems unaccountable, but which proceeds from the feelings and virtues that they have in common.-Alice often thought of Henri's words, and encouraged herself to accomplish the task which she had set herself, by calling to mind the example he had given her of self-sacrificing love. Her task was a severe one; for every one of Andre's letters, whether to herself or to Rose, were so full of sadness, and betrayed such utter dejection, that she could not help forming the worst opinion as to the state of his bodily health: and sometimes an involuntary suspicion would cross her mindwhich, however, she always rejected as sinful.-She would often ask herself, however, and more in fear than in hope, whether a struggle carried on in secret, and a concealed soffering, were not undermining that delicate frame. And as she thought over many of the words that had escaped him, and the expression she had so often seen on his face during the days which they had passed short, the recollection of bitter grief endured, mingled with that of a transitory happiness, would 'Oh almost overwhelm her. She would reproach herself also with the line of conduct she had adopted towards Andre, although she could think of no better way in which she could have acted. Perhaps she had been wrong in urging him so strongly to keep his promise to Rose, and in talking to her so continually about him, and trying by every means in her power to raise the tone of her mind and to increase her love for him; and in this respect she thought she had succeeded, for Rose became daily more preoccupied and less joyous. She seemed to be no longer happy at La Roche Vidal, where Andre never came or spoke of coming; and at last she timidly expressed a wish to go back to her relations. Sometimes she com-plained of headaches, and rejected all the attempts that were made to relieve and amuse her. When Alice tried to comfort her by speaking of the coming spring, and of Andre's return, she would begin to weep, as if she had ceased to look forward to it.

Mille. de Tournefort soon perceived that her niece, and the little village girl, as she always called Rose, were not happy; and that the calm and serene temper of the former, and the natural gatety of the latter hardly enabled them to bear up against the sorrow that, from some unknown cause, seemed to weigh upon them both. She animadverted more than ever upon the romantic ideas which, according to her, had brought about such sad results, and often reproached Alice with what she called her sentimental folly.

This is the way your novels end,' she said one evening, while vainly attempting to thread her needle by the light of the lamp. 'You expect to make people happy by striving to carry out all sorts of absurd plans; and you only succeed in making them miserable. It is clear from M. de Vidal's letters that he is wretched. You must judeed be blinded by your mania for mesalliances, if you have not perceived it; and that poor little Rose, whom you have been tormenting with books and lessons during the three months that she has been here, in the hope of or a making an accomplished young lady of her, will and never be any thing but a very pretty and very peharming peasant girl. You cannot have failed Josing all her color and freshness. In short, she is fading away like a wild flower shut up in a hot-house, and wearies herself to death with waiting for her fine gentleman, who cares no more for her than he does for me. I told you from the first how it would be, my dear Alice, if my would only have believed me. But, no ;—
Lyou would go your own way. You would follow your own fancies, and try to turn real life into a pretty novel.

While Mdlle. de Tournefort was speaking, Coal oil, they say, is a sure death to caterpillars. Alice had listened with a visible effort, and with Rub the nests with a brush of feathers, when the her hands clasped, as if in pain. Every one of worms are in them.

niher (cousing but the best will in the world her aunt's words entered her heart like a knife, have been discouraged before so impracticable a yet she never thought of complaining, but took task; and after teaching her to write correctly, all the blame to bersell, and silently accepted and giving her a few simple elementary notions the doubts and fears that the somewhat rigid common sense of her good old relative sug-

At last Rose fell ill. It was either home sickness, or the sickness of deferred hope; there is clasp her forehead with her hands and bend her very little difference between these two complaints. One day she leant her head upon Alice's shoulder, and said in a whisper:

My good angel, do not be angry with me used to tell me when I was httle. I can't help but I must leave you. I love you with my whole inscribed by the Vicar of our Lord in the Catalogue patience and goodness to us, are only the faint it: when my good angel explains anything to me heart; and you are as good as the saints in it: when my good angel explains anything to me heart; and you are as good as tine saints in by the experience of your spiritual life, you who loved us and was crucified by us, who bears with us of such a population as this. We hope to see the love it as the experience of your spiritual life, you who loved us and absolves us as often as we come all prosper, and each it is one are and out at the other. Alice saw that the river under my window, and I long to get one are and out at the other. Alice saw that the river under my window, and I long to get hack to the cows and to see my uncle and suit.

The same are advised by the company uncle and suit. The board of the same uncle and suit. The board of the waste bayond them and when the river under and suit. The board of the waste bayond them and when the river under and suit. this was very true, and Rose acknowledged it back to the cows, and to see my uncle and aunt. with the greatest simplicity. Sometimes the I cannot eat at your grand table, and my appe-

Alice pressed her to her heart, and hastened

Dear Rose,' she said, kissing her as they took

'Oh, do you really thick so !' exclaimed Rose, 'Yes, yes, he will come back with the fine

and even for your uncle and aunt. 'You are very kind,' murmured Rose, as she threw her arms round her. Pray for me, my

for your cows, and your river, and your garden;

Mdlle. de Tournefort, who had been watching the two girls out of her window, said to herself, As long as they are Christians it is quite the with a sigh, 'Well, we have got to the second same to me how it came about,' replied Rose, volume of the novel. I wish to goodness we were at the last page of it!

The carriage which conveyed Rose back to Jurancon stopped at about eight in the evening at the gate of the garden in front of M. Dumont's house. Aunt Babet came running out to meet her, and her uncle took her in his arms, and carried her into the kitchen, where a bright fire was burning.

So here you are back again, little Rose! Come and sit close to the fire. You must be the Lights of Pentecost fell on them from Heaven, cold, child. Let me look at you: why, you are as pale as a ghost. Give her some supper, as pale as a ghost. Give her some supper, dour of the Heavenly City. In the sevenfold light quick! he cried to Aunt Babet, who was prepar- of that day the Science of God Eternal and Incaring the soup, and all the time looking at Rose, whose face was now lighted up by the bright flame on the hearth. She took oft her bonnet and shawl, and her hair fell in long disordered Nazareth was pured forth into the Heart of the curls all over her shoulders.

When Babet placed the soup dish on the table, Rose clasped her hands and cried in childish glee, Oh, there is our own good soup again. How nice it smells! I quite long to taste it.

Babet burst out laughing: 'To hear you talk, one would suppose that your rich friends bad let you starve.

There was a great deal too much to eat out there; it took away one's appetite,' said Rose, as she proceeded to demolish what her aunt had set before her. 'Ah, dear old Medor,' she cried, stooping to kiss the dog's great head, as cried, stooping to kiss the dog's great head, as in the Divice Mystery of the Altar and the radiance he came and laid it on her knees. 'Is Henri of His Light and of His Love in all ages from the bestill in Brittanv?

'He is coming back to morrow,' replied M. Dumont. 'He will be uncommonly surprised when he finds you here. But how pale you are, Rose, now that you are away from the fire.together, and which seemed so long—and yet so Have you been ill, little one? Are you very

'Oh, yes, very tired, uncle; but I mean to have a good sleep in my own little bed stairs.

As she laid her head on the pillow, she looked up with a sweet smile at Aunt Babet, who was drawing the curtains, so that the rays of the drawing the curtains, so that the rays of the their time and day. Such were St. Athanasius, the moon should not fall upon that childish face, Doctor of the Holy Trinity; St. Augustia, the Apos. which seemed, as in former days, to be wait-ing for a kiss from her old aunt before going to Incarnation; St. Bernard, the Preacher of the Name ing for a kiss from her old aunt before going to

'A letter,' cried the postman, knocking at the door of M. Dumont's house on the following morning. Rose ran to open it, and held out her hand for the letter; but trembled all over, when | phic Son of St. Francis, in whose mouth Theology she saw that it was in Andre's handwriting, and addressed to M. Lacaze.

he write to Henri? what can he have to say to

She put the letter down on the table, and went and sat by the fire : but, during the whole out of the exhaustless stream of love which flows of the rest of the day, she could scarcely take from the Sacred Humanity, has by the inspiration of her eyes off the address, and was absent and preoccupied, and would hardly answer when she was spoken to. If she went out of the house, the thought of the letter still pursued her; and, after walking once round the garden, she came back to look at it again, and to feel its shape and thickness, and examine its stamp and seal. She would summon courage, though she tried to persuade herself that she had the right to do so.

'Perhaps it is something that requires an immediate answer, she argued to herself; and it may be two or three days before Henri comes

back. She sadly wanted to ask advice on the subject; but as, above all things, she dreaded lest her uncle or her aunt should open the letter themselves, she did not venture to speak about While she was in this state of uncertainty, Jules Bertrand came to see her. She gave him a very friendly reception; and inquired after the old friends who used to meet her on the road be-

tween Pau and Jurancon. Ah, Mdlle. Rose, there are no more meetings on the bridge, now that you have given up all your old habits, and no longer sell fruit at the market, nor come to our weekly balls. I used to be so fond of M. Andre, and now I detest him with all my soul. They say that he is going to carry you off to Paris, and that we shall never see you again at Pau.

How can people talk such nonsense? said Rose angrily: 'don't his relations and mine too live here? Why should we be supposed to be so heartless?

(To be Continued.)

PASTORAL OF THE ARCHBISHOP ELECT. The following Pastoral Letter was read on last Sunday at all the churches in the diocese :-

Henry Edward, by the Grace of God and the Favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop Elect of West-minster, to the Clergy. Secular and Regular, and the Faithful of the said Diocese:

Health and Benediction in the Lord. We cannot greet you on the Feast of the Sacred Heart without reminding you with joy, that since its last celebration the Blessed Margaret Mary, to whom by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost we owe the last loved us best, despite all our sins, coldness, and in-manifestation of this beautiful devotion, has been gratitude against them, even in the time of their of the Saints. You who know this devotion so well earthly reflections of the mind and heart of Him who especial joy. We say advisedly, that it is to the house of those who profess to love Him. And as wide waste beyond them and about them with which Blessed Margaret Mary that this devotion owed its the Sacred Heart of Jesus has all the Divinc perfectively. tions of the Incarnation, deriving itself from the time when the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us. The true. Founder of the Devotion is Jesus in Person; the first who practised it was His Immaculate Mother and His Foster Father; the first Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart was the Holy House of Nazaieth. When the blessed Mother of God gazed upon Her Divine Son, in infancy, boyhood, manhood, with the contemplation of her intelligence illuminated beyond the light of all the Doctors of the Church, and with the intuition of her heart inflamed with a love beyond the love of all the Saints, she apprehended the whole mystery of His Divine Person, as an object both of Doctrine and of Devotion, with a fulness and a depth which no other Creature of God has ever attained.

Little by little a few were admitted to this Divine Sphere of the Science of God. Little by little the knowledge of Jesus entered their intelligence in the form of light and their hearts in the form of love. The first outlines of Dogmatic and of Mystical Theology were traced upon the Disciples while they followed their Master whom they believed to be a Prophet, or while they sat unconsciously as learners a:

the feet of the Incarnate Son of God. It was of this twofold mystery of His own Person that Jesus spoke when He said, 'I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot hear them now. But when He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will

teach you all truth. He shall glorify me: because He shall receive of mine and shall shew it to you.' (St. John xvi. 12, 14, 14.) The change which came upon them when was like the passing from the uncertain twilight of the morning on the Sea of Tiberias to the full splennate arose in all its definite precision, of distinction, order, harmony, and unity, the outline and symmetry of the City of God revealed in the Apocalypse. The Light and Love beheld by the Mother of God in Church by the Holy Ghost which was given to it. It was of this the Beloved Disciple wrote when he said, 'And he shewed me a river of the Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb: '-(St. John xxii. 1.) - a symbol of the Third Person of the Ever-blessed Trinity, God the Holy Ghost, the Lord Lifegiver, proceeding is the Author, the Architect, the Perfecter of the Science of Jesus. And this Science has two chief branches, the Theology of Dogma which perfects the mitelligence, and the Mystical Theology which per-fects the will, The Word made Flesh dwells among us share in this work of love ginning has fashioned for Himself two great companies of His Disciples, each after its kind, to minister before Him in unfolding to the Church the knowledge and love of His Incarnation. We may take St. Paul and St. John as the types of two long unbroken lines. The Apostle of the Gentiles may be called the Dogmatic Theologian of the world; in eight years, the beloved Disciple the Mystical Theologian of the So many of o children of the Sacred Heart. And these two streams for. But beyond this number there lies an unexof Light and of Love have flowed down through all ages and successions of the Church, and have found their expression and expansion in special Saints and Teachers raised up for this twofold work. They forth, two and two, as binary stars, illuminating of Jesus; St. Dominic, the Saint of the Illumination St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, for his intellectual power and light; St. Bonaventure, the Serabreathed the love of the Sacred Heart. And that we may not go on for ever, let us lastly take two Saints of these later ages, two handmaids of the 'Good gracious!' she exclaimed, 'why does Bessed Mother of God, whom her Divine Son has bonored that in them His Immaculate Mother may be glorified-St. Teresa, who is all but counted among the Doctors of the Church for her contemplation of God, and the Blessed Margaret Mary, who

man so much and is loved so little. We have said thus much not without a purpose. Two reasons seemed to demand it. The one, that we should fully understand that this most sweet and beautiful devotion is only a stream from the river of the waters of life, which has in all ages, since Jesus opened His Sacred Heart to us on Calvary, refreshed have given the world to open it, but could not the heart of the Church. The Mystical Theology or Science of the Love of Jesus, in the interior life of His Disciples, is as old as the Faith, and lies deep in the five Sacred Wounds. It is ever expanding, in expherant variety and freshness; but nothing in the manifestation of His tenderness to us is discovery of later dava.

the Holy Ghost in these later times taught us to make reparation to the Sacred Heart, which loves

This leads us to the other reason. By a strange want of light, and by a kind of truncated vision, as in those to whom all objects appear only by halves, there are at this day men of natural gifts and much cultivation, who reproach the Catholic Church for being dogmatic, and dogmatic Theology is the source of all devotion. Every doctrine which exhibits the Perfection of God, His works in Creation, His Incarnation as Redeemer, His office as Sanctifier, replenishes the hearts of those who love Him with eternal motives of love, worship, praise, joy, and thanksgiving. But it is not to this tradition of light that we turn, when we would enter into this wound of the side of Jesus. It is the Mystical Theology of ail ages, running down from the beginning by the side of the stream of dogma that unfolds to us the mind, character, and spirit of Jesus. Of this whole region of the science of God, so devoutly cultivated by the Church, they who approach us seem absolutely not to know, I will not say its reach and vastness, its variety, fertility and beauty, but even our limits at this time. so much as its existence. No wonder to them the Theology of Dogma is remote and lifeless. So long as they linger on the northern slopes of the range comprehend the harmony of the Light and Love. which by al two-fold but indivisible radiance pervades the Catholic Theology.

And now it is not possible for us to do more than

Coal oil, they say, is a sure death to caterpillars. to our Divine Master, and to point out its intimate which already lie upon us. We would, thesetore, connection with the work of compassion for which cordially commend it to your confidence and zeal. we ask your Alms to-day.

Sanctity, the Justice, the Pity, the Love, the Comeducation, demand our heartfelt respect and sympa-passion, the Glory, of the Invisible God. In the Sacred Heart we see another array of perfections menced it a warm expression of gratitude.

Which have been elevated to Divine attributes, the Hamility, Patience, Generosity, Tenderness, the Self-sacrifice of God Incarnate. We see in Him the perfect character of Kinsman, Brother and Friend, of Teacher, Master, Saviour and Redeemer. All

that love can do or suffer for us in those who have gratitude against them, even in the time of their last manifestation; because the Sacred Heart has tions of Friendship. He is compassed with our in-been traditionally, and in all ages, one of the Devo-firmities, and has a perfect sympathy or fellow-feel-They will then be as tributaries in the work of chaing with us in all the weakness and sorrows of our rity to the wider and larger work which is apon state, sin only excepted. And in this human character of the Sacred Heart, there are in perfection, the qualities or graces of Friendship which we see imperfectly in those who love us, such as a constant and anxious thoughtfulness for our salvation and for our happiness, a slowness to note our faults, a hopefulness over us in our tardy and feeble efforts to amend, an unselfishness in bearing with us and permitting us to return to Him, when we will, with all the burden of our sins, and an unsuspiciousness, if we may use the language of men, in accepting ou: promises of better things and our professions of sorrow for the past, though there be little evidence of contrition in our hearts which are open to His sight. Such is the intimate appreciation by knowledge and experience which the Sacred Heart awakens in those who adore It as the object of their worship, who contemplate It as the pattern of their imitation, and come to It as the Fountain of all grace.

But of these aspects and perfections of our Divine Redeemer we cannot attempt to speak now. The only one we could dwell upon to-day is His love of souls, His thirst for their salvation, and for their love in return.

He is always drawing us to Himself by the attracgrace: and he draws us that we may draw others. the motive of the love and care we owe to those for be cold towards them without wounding Him; we cannot be indifferent to those who are perishing around us without ingratitude to the Sacred Heart. Such was the motive which carried the Apostles and Evangelists in the beginning, and their successors of all ages throughout the nations of the world in the execution of their great commission. Freely have you received, freely give,' is the motive which sustains the humble Priest and the despised Religious through all their labors in such a City as this. The desire to bring to Jesus the souls whom He has bought by the price of His Divine Blood expels all other thoughts, affections and fears. Poverty, contempt, weariness, sorrow, failing of health, the wasting of life, death itself cannot stay or turn aside those in whom the love of our Divine Redeemer has

wrought this likeness of Himself. And now, dear children in Jesus Christ, we appeal to this motive in you. We ask you to do a work from the Father and Son, inundating the Church in with us, and for us, for the love of the Sacred Heart. Heaven and on Earth with the Gift of Light, and of It is to help us in gathering from the streets of this Love. The Spirit of God who inhabits the Church, great wilderness of men the tens of thousands of with us, and for us, for the love of the Sacred Heart. poor Catholic children who are without instruction or training. It is our first appeal to you. But it will not be our last. Year by year we hope to labor

> It is a consolation to know that in the diocese the number of children actually at school is 11,421; and that since the year 1857 there has been a marked increase in the number, showing what zeal and what be forgotton in that day, then most of all, if it be of efforts have been made by you, Reverend and dear the river of the water of life, it shall not fail of a Brethren, and by your flocks, to provide Catholic great recompense education for our population. In 1857 the whole number was 7,970. Nearly 4,000 have been added

So many of our children, at least, can be accounted

waste. For many years past, those who have been engaged in providing and directing the education of our poor children in London, have endeavored in various have seemed to come. as the Apostles were sent tests, to ascertain the number of those who are at this time destitute of spiritual instruction. The lowest estimate reaches 10,000, a more probable esti-

mate raises it to 20,000. It is, indeed, true that in our existing schools a greater number might be received, but this would not appreciably diminish the multitude of those who of Theology; St. Francis, the Saint of the Sacred are destitute. It is too true that carelessness on the Humanity and of the devotions which flow from it; part of parents, and disobedience on the part of children, together with the depression and sufferings of extreme poverty, keep away from our existing schools many who might attend them. Nevertheless, there will remain, as we believe, about 20,000 children for whom no such reasons will account.

> Now in the love of the Sacred Heart for souls none have a higher place than these little ones of His flock. He declared them to be the special objects of His love. Jesus took the little children in His arms. He carried them as the shepherd 'gathers together the lambs in his arms,' and 'takes them up in His bospm.'-Isaiah xl. 11. He rebuked even His own disciples when they would have kept them from Him. He laid on them the hands which wrought miracles and Liessed them. He declared them to be the espe-cial heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven. He made them to be our patterns, and has warned us that except we be converted and become once more what they are still, innocent, docile, unworldly, we cannor enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. In what way could our Divine Master more emphatically, or more authoritatively, commit them to our care, and charge our conscience with the obligation to labor for their salvation? If He rebuked those who would have kept them from Him out of a pious but mistaken reverence for His Divine Person, certainly He will condemn us if, through recklessness, selfishness, levity, love of money and of the world, or insensibility to the love He has for them, and the infinite preciousness of their souls, we should despise or

> In reviewing the works already in activity for these poor children, we think it due to those who have so zealously and generously promoted them to enumerate some at least by name.

> And first must be mentioned the two Orphanages of North Hyde and Norwood, which are, however, too well know to you to need commendation. Next are the Reformatory School for boys at Blyth

House, Hammersmith, and St Nicholas's Industrial

School at Walthamstow. To these must be added St. Margaret's Industrial School for girls in Queen's square; the Refuge at Finchley; and the Orphanage for boys at Hendon.

If we do not enumerate other institutions founded and maintained by your zeal and charity, reverend and dear brethren; and by that of your flocks, it is not from forgetfulness, but from the narrowness of

We cannot, however, pass over two other topicsthe one the Reformatory and Industrial School Union, which by the wisdom and prudence of cerwhich hides from them the City of God, they cannot tain Catholics always forward in these good works, has recently been formed, with the intention of unit-ing in one common effort all such Catholic institutions in the three kingdoms. We give touthis our most hearty approval, and hope to promote it by all touch in the slightest way on this beautiful devotion | means in our power consistently with the obligations

The other topic is the Immaculate Conception of Cork .- Cork Examiner.

As the incarnation is the revelation of the Love of Charity. The object and labors of this work, by God so the Sacred Heart is the interpreter of the which slready some hundreds of our most destitute.

In the face of Jesus Ohrist, as the children have been rescued from every kind of dan-Apostle says, we see reflected as in a mirror the ger, and placed in homes of Christian and Catholic

> are so many agencies working in their own regions of the great spiritual wilderness of London. They manifest and give activity to the various gifts of Christian charity and zeal which the same Spirit of God distributes to each severally as He will. No two are exactly alike. If they were, some spiritual need would be less cared for. It is their diversity which gives them extension and application to the various and manifold spiritual wants and sorrows we purpose by God's help to ask your co-operation. your Pastors, and chiefly upon our conscience before the Great Shepherd of the Sheep.
> Your alms, then, are asked to day for the support

and furtherance of the Poor School Committee, the valuable services of which in watching over the Catholic education of our people are well known to you. From its report you will see that a very large proportion of its annual income is devoted to the maintenance of the Training College for Masters at Brook Green. In giving prominence to this work it acts with signal prudence. The founding and supporting of parochial schools for the poor is a duty of detail which rests as an obligation on the conscience of Pastors; and people in their several localities. But the training of teachers is not a local but a general obligation of the highest prudence and necessity, and also it is a large and costly work which can only be accomplished by a general effort. Moroover, all local schools are useless vithout teachers, and inefficient without efficient teachers. The benefit, therefore, of the Training College is of universal effect, and all local schools and districts are interested in it. Nor ought it to be forgotten that it is in efficient Schoolmasters that we are weakest. In our girl's schools we have happily a provision of tions of His charity and by the fuspirations of His a higher order, and on this side there is less urgent need. But for our boys' schools the need of trained His love and care for our souls is the pattern and Masters, capable of conducting and of caising our education to the wants and circumstances of Cathowhom He shed His most precious Blood. We cannot lies in this country, is very pressing, and far beyond our present power to supply. The Poor School Committee is labouring also efficiently in multiplying the number of Schools in this and the other Dioceses of England. We would therefore heartily

commend it to your charity.
You need not be reminded that in a few years these children will form the body of the faithful in London; they will be the fathers, the mothers, the heads of families and the examples to the children that shall rise bereafter. On their culture and training in the Faith and the Holy Sacraments, and in all that is needed to honest industry, will depend the spiritual and moral health of the Church among us. This a large subject, too large for these parting words. Let it suffice to say that the vigour, the dignity, the peace, the progress of the Church in London will, under God, mainly depend upon the fidelity, the charity, the piety of Catholics in every class, and, perhaps, above all, of the poor of the flock who are mixed everywhere throughout the population of this great City as the leaven in the meal.

These little children are now fresh from the grace of their baptism. They are still innocent, ductile as the clay upon the wheel. What with God's grace we make them, they will be in life and in eternity, when before the throne they will rise up as a cloud of witnesses for us or against us, as we have been to them in their needs and dangers here. 'If a cup of cold water, in the name of Jesus, shall not

Finally, may the love of the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master be ever with you. And may "the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in be-lieving; that you may abound in hope, and in the power of the Holy Ghost."—(Rom. xv. 13.)

Given at Westminster this twenty-first June, in the year 1865; and ordered to be read in all Churches and Chapeis of the Diocese on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, on which day a collection is to be made in behalf of the Poor School Com-

> HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. JOHN CANON MORRIS, Secretary.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE,

DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES RYAN, P.P. - Thurles Wednesday, June 21.-It is with feelings of deep regret we have to record the demise of the Rev. James Ryan, P.P., of Holycross. It was on yesterday this good clergyman breathed his last, which filled the hearts of the parishioners of Holycross with no little sorrow. For some time past the deceased was bed-ridden, being released from his officiating duties by the appointment of the Rev. Mr. O'Meara, as parish priest of Holycross. He ended his illustrious career of 72 years with all the consolations of his Church. On this day, after the office and high Mass for the repose of his soul, he was interred in the chapel-yard amid a crowd of the clergy and laity of this and adjoining parishes.

On Sunday, June 18, a mission was opened in Duleek, Meath, by the Viccentian Fathers, Rev. Mr. McCabe, Rev. Mr. Fox, Rev. Mr. Dixon and Rev. Mr. McNamara. Sermons are preached at seven a.m., two p.m., and eight o'clock in the evenings. The choir was intoned by Mrs. Manley, from Dublin. The church in which the mission was opened was densely crowded, and the greatest devotion was manifested by all.

The Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated in Arklow in a most solemn and edifying way. At twelve o'clock there was High Mass at which the Rev. Thomas Doyle, C.O., was celebrant; the Rev. J. Dunphy, C.C. deacon; the Rev. F. A. Donovan, C.C., sub deacon; the Rev. J. Deighan, master of ceremonies; and the Very Rev. Canon Redmond, P. P. presided. After the Gospel the Rev. J Deighan preached a beautiful serm n on the Gospel and the Epistle of the day, giving, in simple and impressive language, the time honored proofs of the Catholic doctrine. After Mass there was a procession of the Most Holy Sacrament, at which not less than two hundred female children assisted, clothed in spotless white, with wreaths, veils and bouquets, and, besides, a large number of boys in surplices, bearing wax candles. Everything connected with the ceremony was most solemn and imposing.

A deputation consisting of the Ray Dr. Woodlock Dr. Danne, and Professor Sullivan had an interview lately with Sir George Grey, to arge on the government the desirability of granting a charter to the Roman Catholic University of Ireland. It is rumored that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not unfavorable to the proposition, but that he is overruled by his colleagues in the cabinet.

DAUNT'S ROCK. -The bell boat which the Ballast Board consented to place as a warning signal on Daunt's Rock, was successfully moored to the rock, Although the weather was exceedingly calm, the yachtsmen who were out in the neighborhood of the rook heard the sound of the bell at a considerable distance. In anything like heavy weather the bell would, of course, be heard much further off, and consequently there is every reason; to believe that the signal will be a sufficient guard against the single danger that lies in the passage to the fire harbor