

"But, sir," says I, "if I'm not a gentleman, I belong to a real gentleman, but please to tell me what you did see when you opened the door." For, like yourself, dear lady, I was impatient to hear what it was he saw, and I was frightened to think what he did see.

"Well, sir," says he, "you need not look so scared, for it was a good friend of mine. It was a paper on the table, and I took it up, and just opened it for a moment. I have the right, it being my own house. Well, to be sure, I was surprised and glad, for it was the rint that was owing, and up to the end of the week, too, which was handsome of Widow O'Birn, and I shall always speak well of her for it; not but that it would have been more neighborly, and I living next door, and lending my cart and horse to her, to have bid me good morning. But I suppose she had her reasons, sir," says he.

"And, sir, says I, 'can you tell me her reasons?'"

"No, then, I can't; otherwise I would have the greatest pleasure in life to tell you them if I could, just to ease your mind, for I see that you takes on about it. But, you see, she never opened her mind to me, never at all. She was a close woman, was Widow O'Birn, and mostly kept dark."

"Well," I says, "for the matter of that—"

"Oh, Brady, do tell me what you did next?" said Grace.

"Why, I said to him that I had better go away; there was no use staying longer; but that I'd come back next day, and perhaps he'd be kind enough to be on the look out for her. And that was the reason, that I did not come home yesterday, mam."

"But did you do nothing in Galway to try and trace them?" broke in Mr. O'Donnell, who, during this tedious conversation, was impatiently walking up and down, with great difficulty preventing himself from reproving the old man's garrulity. However, each time his wife's warning finger reminding him that he would do more harm than good if he interrupted the story.

"Well, then, I did, sir, what little I could. When I went back to Galway I took the liberty, mam, of going to your house, and as no one answered the knock, I went to the next door house, and asked was there no one of the family of Mrs. Edward O'Donnell in the way? and, says I, would you kindly tell me, and I'll be obliged to you, if the nurse and baby—the same being Master Edward—I did not like to say Master Teddie to one who had nothing to do with the family—so I said Master Edward. Didn't I do well, mam?"

"Quite right, Brady; and what then?"

"Please can you tell me," says I, "has Master Edward been here yesterday or today?" "No," says she, "I am sure he's not. No one has been since Mrs. Edward went away in the carriage that came for her, and that was Mr. James O'Donnell's, of Waterdale, who is her brother-in-law—brother to the poor gentleman as died," says she.

"I did not let on at first who I was, to hear what she'd say, you see, mam, to get more out of her if it was in her, and I asked her, 'Could nurse have come and you was not looking?'"

"No, indeed, then, for the truth is I'm always looking, and should have heard the knock." So I says to her at last, says I, "Did you happen to see her about the town? But maybe you don't know her when you see her?" says I at a venture.

"I begs your pardon," says she, "but I do. Isn't it herself that always brings in the baby, the darling, for me to see how it grows, she does?"

"So, mam, that was all I could find out from her; but I went then to all the places that lets out cars, but no one could tell anything. So, then, I went back to Seely's Lane; but I need not have gone, for, saving your presence, neither inside nor outside, neither top nor bottom of her had been seen. Then I thanked Mr. Rooney, the civil boy, for he would have told me if he knew himself; and he was sorry for my disappointment. So then I thought that I had better come back and let the master and you know, though it is sorry this day I am that I have to bring you this news; and I'd rather bite out my tongue than tell it to you, mam."

"Well, Brady," said the master; "you have done your best, go and get some breakfast, and then I'll send for you when I have decided what had best be done. However, you had better not say anything to any one else."

"You're right your honor. It is best to keep our troubles to ourselves; but it is right that our joys should be shared, for we should be poor mean things to begrudge dividing them—there are so few to be got in this world." Saying this, to the great relief of the unhappy trio, he went away, shutting the door.

the stronger-minded a woman is, the more is she inclined to that help in deciding difficulties. But Grace was too stupefied to mind even the creaking of shoes, or, indeed, any noise. The varying expression of Mr. O'Donnell's face was watched eagerly by his wife, who knew the conflict that was going on in his mind; and she waited patiently, as was her wont on like occasions, until her husband should speak. She went round quietly to where Grace sat, and placing herself by her side, drew her poor face down on to her shoulder, and whispered to her,

"Don't disturb him, dear; he will be sure to decide what is best."

Grace turned her aching eyes upon Mary's kind face, but did not speak.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh! if women would but know how to hold their peace when they have asked advice, and learn to wait until the person they have appealed to has well considered the pros and cons of the difficulty that has been placed before them, instead of breaking the chain of thought by telling 'what they think,' 'what they would do,' &c."

"At length Mr. O'Donnell said,—"Grace do you know where any of nurse's relations live? for it seems to me that the best thing I can do is at once to seek them out, and perhaps find her with them."

"I do know that one sister lives close to Lock Corrib, and that is the only one I ever heard of, however I have also heard that they were not friends."

"Never mind, they might have made up, so I will go there directly."

"Oh, let me go with you! Indeed, indeed! I could not remain quietly here, doing nothing."

"But Grace, I could go much quicker without you."

"James, I cannot remain here; I must be doing something."

"James," said his wife, "she is right; it would be better that she should go with you; nay, I must not be left behind, so we will all go. Cheer up, dear Grace; we may find that we are disturbing ourselves for nothing, for to be reasonable, where can she have gone away but to her relations? and why should she have gone away with any bad motive? There is little sense in frightening ourselves in this way; however, come, we will start at once."

An hour after their determination they started for Lock Corrib, but after making out Mrs. Flynn's abode, they found that she knew nothing about her sister, Mrs. O'Birn. Indeed, she was half-offended to be asked about her.

"What should she know about Judy O'Birn? Sure she was no real sister to her! and what did they want her for?"

To the query—"Did she know anywhere that she might have gone, some relations or friends where she might be staying?"—"How should she know, since she had not clapped eyes upon Judy O'Birn come Christmas five years; and sure the last time they had met, was it not herself, who had called her Mary Flynn all to pieces, and was she likely to let her come near her, again? Not she, indeed; nor did she want her, indeed!"

"Well, we cannot remain to listen to your story now, Mrs. Flynn; but if you should by chance hear through any friend anything about your sister, please to send a message to—Mr. O'Donnell, of Waterdale Park, Sligo."

"Sure, an I will, sir, to be sure; but its little likely that I am to know anything about her or her belongings, bad luck to her!"

They went down to Seely's Lane, only to hear the same as Brady had heard, and no more. Then they returned to Galway, and went to the magistrate, and asked his advice. He could only advise their having placards posted on the walls, offering a reward for learning the whereabouts of Julia O'Birn, late of Seely's Lane, and also recommended their distributing hand-bills about the town and the neighborhood, in hopes that they might fall into the hands of some of her friends, who probably would come forward and give information.

"I must go to my own home, James, come what may; for I must be on the spot; and where, if she ever comes back, she will be sure to find me. I could not return to Ina."

"But we cannot leave you alone, my dear girl; and the good brother-in-law looked perplexed."

"I am sure that it would be better for me to be alone, James. I will send for Maruth, my servant, and will wait here as patiently as I can until nurse thinks proper to bring back my darling; but I shall discharge her instantly, for daring to play me such a trick as to take Teddie anywhere without my leave."

"That will be quite right; for it is outrageous," said Mary, "to presume to take such a liberty; especially as you told her to be ready whenever you sent for her."

"I did so; and now dear friends, if you would drive me to Maruth's mother's, I could tell her to go at once to my house; and you will go back with me and take some refreshment as soon as she can get it ready."

"No, I will tell you what we will do; we shall have to sleep at the hotel to-night, as it will be too late to get down to Ina. So we will all go and dine there whilst your girl gets ready for you, and we will take you home in time for bed. But let us all try to take a cheerful view of the case. It is, doubtless, an insolent thing of her to take Teddie anywhere without leave; but you must remember, these foster-mothers do take a great deal on themselves, and fancy that they have as great a right to their foster-children as the children's own parents."

"Besides," added Grace, "Nurse O'Birn is particularly unpleasant and presuming; she always treated me as if I was too young to be able to give a word of advice about baby."

"Well, do as I say—discharge her at once, and take the care of your child into your own hands."

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON.
"The Position and Dignity of the Mother of God."

(From the N. Y. Irish American)

The announced beautiful discourse, "The Second of his Month of May Sermons," was delivered by Father Burke, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, in continuation of that which we published in our last issue. The Very Rev. Preacher gave us his text—

"And to the disciple Jesus said—Son, behold thy mother."

Dear beloved, on last evening I endeavored to describe to you the beautiful harmony and analogy between the things of nature and the spiritual things of grace, so admirably developed and illustrated in the dedication of this month of May to the Blessed Virgin Mary; and I told you then that on this evening I should endeavor to unfold to you the place and the position which the mother of our divine Lord holds in the plan of man's redemption. Now, there are two great classes that occupy the world to-day, two classes of men who differ in their apprehension of the design of God as revealed in the redemption of man. The first are those who say, or seem to say, that we did not stand in need of redemption at all. They deny the fall of man; they deny the inherent sinfulness of man; consequently, they deny the necessity of the Incarnation of Almighty God. They deny the necessity of the Sacraments, or their efficacy, and they say that man has it, within himself, in the very elements of his nature—that by the mere development of his natural powers he may attain to all the purposes of God, and to the full perfection of his being.

Such, for instance, is the doctrine of the widespread sect of Socialists. Such, in a great measure, are the ideas of a number of other sects; the Unitarians, the Humanitarians, believers in human nature alone; the Progressists, men who look to this world and to its scientific attainments, and to its great developments as effected by man, and reflected in the spirit and in the intelligence of man, for all the perfection of humanity and of society. This class takes in all those who reject any definite form of religion at all; who put away from them all idea of the necessity of any fixed faith. This idea represents the vast multitude of mankind, found to be everywhere and nowhere more numerous than here, in this very land—the men who, with the most accurate ideas on business, on commercial transactions, on law, on politics, are only found to be following an inaccurate comprehension, careless, indefinite, and not only ignorant of, but willing to be ignorant of every specific form of defined faith, or belief in revelation at all. They do not give enough to God in their thoughts, in their minds, in the acknowledgements of their souls upon this question of man's redemption.

There are, on the other hand, a vast number who profess Christianity, who, if you will, give too much to God in this matter of redemption; who say that when the Son of God became man, He effected the redemption of mankind so completely,—that He wiped away the world's sin so utterly,—that all we have to do is to lean upon Him, to govern ourselves by faith, together with His justification, His merits, and that without any concurrent labor of our own; without any work on our part; but only the easy operation of "believing in Christ," as they put it—that we can be saved. Hence we hear so much of about justification by faith, and we hear so much of the abuse of the Catholic Sacraments, of fasting, of the Holy Mass, of all the exterior usages and sacramental appliances of the Holy Catholic Church; all mocked at, all despised as contrary to the spirit of true religion, which simply is, according to them, to believe with all your soul in Jesus Christ, in His redemption, in His atonement, and all your sins are cleansed! A man may have a thousand deeds of murder upon his soul; a man may have loaded himself with every most hideous form of impurity; a man may have injured his neighbor on the right hand and on the left, and may have enriched himself upon the spoils of his dishonesty—there is no law either of the relations of God to man, or man to his fellow-man—but only "believe in God and you are saved!"

Hence we hear of so many who go out to "camp-meetings" and "prayer-meetings," and there throw themselves into a state of excitement, and say, "Oh, I have found the Lord Jesus! I have found Him!" There is no more question about that; they are confirmed; they are the "perfect;" they are the "regenerated;" and there is an end to all their previous sins. They need not shed a tear of sorrow; but only believe in the Lord. They need not make an act of contrition; they need not mortify their bodies; but only believe in the Lord. It is a smooth and a very, a remarkably easy doctrine, and if it only led to Heaven it would be, indeed, a sweet, and an easy way, by which we could enjoy ourselves here as long as we liked, in the indulgence of every vile passion, and afterwards turn and "lean upon the Lord," and thus go into Heaven.

Between these two extremes,—the extreme of unbelief and the mistaken view and zeal of what appears to be an over-enthusiastic faith, but which in reality is no faith at all,—because faith means the apprehension of the truth, and not a distorted view of this text or that of Scripture—between these two extremes stands the Holy Catholic Church of God; and she tells us as against the first class,—the "Humanitarians,"—that we are a fallen race; that sin is in our blood; that sin is in our nature; that that nature is deformed, disfigured by sin; that the very fountain-head of our humanity was corrupted in Adam; and just as, if you disturb the fountain-head of the stream,—if you poison it,—the whole current that flows from it is muddy and disturbed, or poisonous; so the whole stream of our humanity that flows from the sin of Adam, is tainted and disfigured and poisoned by sin; consequently that we stood in need of a Redeemer, who would atone for our sins, and would, by sacrificing Himself, and making Himself a victim, wipe away the sins of mankind.

On the other hand, the Holy Catholic Church teaches us, as against the second class, that two wills, two actions are necessary for man's salvation, namely, the will of God and the will of the man who is to be saved; that we must unite our will with God, and determine to be saved; otherwise that will of God, which is never wanting, will not alone avail for the sanctification or salvation of any man. That we must not only, with God, will our salvation, but that we must work with God in the work of our salvation, according to the words of St. Paul:—"In fear and trembling we must work out our salvation."—That although the gift of salvation comes from God, and is His, yet that He will not give it except to the man who strains himself to lay hold of it according to that other word of the Apostle:—"Lay hold of eternal life." God is amply sufficient to save us; God is willing to save us. We can only be saved by His graces. But if we do not lay hold of these graces, and correspond with them, there is no salvation for us. Just as if we saw a man who had fallen into the sea, and if you throw him a rope, which, if he lay hold of it, you can take him into your boat, or draw him on to the land. You are willing to save him; you are anxious to save him; you have put actually into his hands the means by which he may be saved; but if he refuses to lay hold of that means of salvation, if he refuses the gift of life that you offer him, you cannot force him; and so he is lost by his own fault.

Now, as it requires for the salvation of every man amongst us, two wills, two distinct actions, the will and the action of God, our will and our action corresponding with His, so also, in the Redemption, two things are necessary in order that man might

be saved. First of all, it was necessary to find some victim whose very act was of such infinite value in the sight of God, that he might be available for the salvation of mankind, and capable of atoning for God's infinite honor and glory, which was outraged by sin. A victim must be found whose very act is of infinite value. And why? Because the atonement which he comes to make is infinite; because no creature of God, acting as a creature, has finite merit and power; and the amount of atonement of a creature, could ever atone to Almighty God for sin, which is an infinite evil. The first thing, therefore, that is necessary is an infinite power of atonement, an infinite power of merit in the victim for man's sin. The second thing that is necessary for redemption is a willingness and capability on the part of the atoner to suffer, and by his sufferings, and by his sacrifices, and by his atonement wash away the sin. Where shall this victim—of infinite merit, yet a victim,—be found? If we demand the first condition,—namely, the power of restoring to God that infinite honor and glory which was outraged by sin; if we demand this, we may seek in vain throughout all the ranks of God's creatures, we may mount to the heaven of heavens and seek throughout the choir of God's holy Angels; we shall never find him because such a one is seated upon the throne of God Himself. God alone is infinite in His sanctity, in His graces; and, if He will consent to be a victim, in His power of atonement, God alone can do it. Man could place the cause there,—man could commit the sin; the hand of God alone can take that sin away by atonement.

And yet, strange to say, dearly beloved brethren, God alone cannot do it; because God alone cannot furnish us with the second privilege of the atoner,—namely, the character of a victim. How can God suffer? How can God be moved? How can God bleed and die? He is happiness, glory, honor and greatness itself; how can He be humble who is above all things—infinite, glorious in His own essence. How can He be grieved who is the essential happiness of Heaven? He must come down from Heaven; and He must take a nature capable of suffering and pain—and of the shedding of blood; He must take a nature capable of being abused and crushed and victimized, or else the world can never find its Redeemer. Yet He must take that nature so that everything that He does as a victim, in that nature, must be attributed to God. It must be the action of God; it must be the suffering of God, or else it never can be endowed with the infinite value which is necessary for the atonement of man's sin.

Behold then the two great things that we must find, that God found in the plan of His redemption, God furnished one; the earth furnished the other, God furnished the infinite merit, the infinite grace, the infinite value of the atonement in His own divine and uncreated Word, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity; but when it was a question of finding a victim—of finding a nature in which this Word should operate, in finding the nature in which this Word was to be grieved, and to be bruised, and to bleed, and to weep, and to pray for man—God was obliged to look down from Heaven and find that nature upon the earth.

Therefore, my dearly beloved brethren, Heaven and Earth united in producing Jesus Christ, and it is necessary for us to believe in the reality of the divinity that, coming down from Heaven, dwelt in Him, as it is for us to believe in the reality of the humanity which was assumed and absorbed by Him in His Divine person. A man may exalt the divinity at the expense of the humanity, and may say: "He was divine, this man, Jesus-Christ; but remember He was not a true man; He only took a human body for a certain purpose, and then, casting it from Him, went up into the high heaven of God." The man who says this is not a Christian; because he does not believe in the reality of the human nature of Jesus Christ. Heretics have said this; and the Church cut them off with an anathema. Or we may exalt His humanity at the expense of His divinity, and say: "He was a true man, but he was not united to God by personal union; He was not a divine person but a human person; He was a true man, this man who was crucified for our sins—true and holy and perfect—but not God." Heretics have said this, and say it to-day. Even Mahomet acknowledged that the Lord Jesus Christ was the most perfect of men, but He was not God. The man who says this is not a Christian; because he does not believe in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

Now, I think that, from what I have said, you must at once conclude, that, in the plan of man's redemption, the divinity was as necessary as the humanity; that the humanity was as necessary as the divinity; that the world could never be redeemed without the divinity; that man alone could not do it; that the world could never be redeemed without the humanity; for God alone could never suffer. What follows from all this? It follows, my dearly beloved, in logic and in truth, that for the world's redemption, Mary on earth was as necessary as the Eternal Father in heaven. That in the decrees and councils of God—in the plan of God,—the Mother of His humanity was as necessary as the Father of His divinity, and that she rises at once, in the designs of God, to the magnificent part that was assigned her in the plan of redemption, namely: that the world could not be redeemed without her, because she gave the human nature of Jesus Christ, without which there was no redemption for man. Who died upon the Cross? The Son of God. Whose hands were these that were nailed to the hard wood? The hands of the Son of God. What person is this that I behold, all covered with wounds, and bleeding and crowned with thorns? Who is this sorrow-stricken person? That is, the Second Person of the adorable Trinity; the same God, begotten in Him, substantial to the Father, who was from the beginning, and by whom all things were made. And, if this be the Son of God, what right has that woman to look up to Him with a mother's eyes? What right have these dying lips to address her as mother? Ah! because, dearly beloved, He was as truly the Son of Mary as He was the Son of God.

And now, as I wish to take my own time, and to enter fully into all these things in successive meditations, let me conclude with only one remark. Since I came to the use of reason and learned my Catechism and mastered the idea that was taught me of how God in heaven planned and designed the redemption of mankind,—the greatest puzzle in my life—a thing that I never could understand—has been, how any one, believing what I have said, could refuse their veneration, their honor and their love to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Jesus Christ. For it seems to me that nothing is more natural to the heart of man than to be grateful; and that in proportion to the gift which is received from any one, in the same proportion do we find our hearts springing with gratitude within us, and a strange craving, and a strange, dissatisfied feeling to find out how we can express that gratitude that we feel. And is this a sacred feeling? Most sacred; natural; but most sacred. We find in the Scriptures the loud tone of praise, honor and veneration, and the gratitude which the inspired writers poured forth towards those who were great benefactors of mankind, and especially to the women of the Old Testament. How loud, for instance, are the praises the Scriptures give to the daughter of Jephtha, because she sacrificed herself, according to her father's vow, for the people. How loud the praises which celebrated the glorious woman Deborah, who, in the day of distress and danger, headed the army of Israel, drew the sword; and the Scriptures say that they sang, "Blessed be God, because a mother has arisen in Israel." How loud are the praises of Esther, of whom the Scriptures tell us, that the Jews celebrated an annual festival in her honor, because she interceded with the King Ahasuerus, and saved the people from destruction. How loud the praises of Judith, who, coming forth from the city upon the rocky summit

of the mountain, with her womanly hand slew the enemy of Israel, and of Israel's God, Holofernes, and returning in triumph, the ancients of the city came forth and cried out, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, and thou, thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people." And yet, what did Deborah say, either, or woman on the face of the earth, do for us compared with what Mary did? Judith cut off the head of Holofernes, Mary set her neck on the head of the serpent that was the destruction of our race. Esther pleaded for the people before the Assyrian monarch, and saved them from temporal ruin; Mary—pleaded, and pleads, to the King of kings; to the King of Heaven, and saves the people from destruction. Jephtha's daughter gave her life; Mary brought down "the life" indeed, from Heaven, and gave it to us. Yet, strange to say, those who are constantly talking about "the Bible, the open Bible; the Bible free to every man," those who call themselves Bible men; those in whose oily mouths this Bible is always,—every text of it, coming forth as if you taught a parrot in its cage to recite it,—understanding it, as much as the bird would,—these are the very people who tell us that we may join with the Jews of old in the praises of Esther and of Deborah; we may cry out in tones of admiration for Mary, the sister of Moses, or for Rachel; but we must not say a word to express our gratitude, our love, our veneration, and our honor for the woman, the woman amongst women, the spiritual mother of all our race, because her child was our first-born brother; the woman that gave us Jesus Christ, the woman that gave to Him the blood that flowed from His veins upon Calvary, and saved the world! For this woman no word; save a word of reproach, an echo of the hisses of hell, an echo of the sibilant of the infernal serpent that was crushed by God! Christ honored her; yet we must not unite with Him in her honor! Christ obeyed her; yet we must not unite with Him in obeying her; Christ loved her; yet we must not let one emotion of love-for-her into our hearts.

Who are the men that say this? I have heard words from their lips which they would not permit any man to say of their own mothers; and yet they had the infernal hardness to say these words of the Mother of Jesus Christ, of the Mother of the Son of God!

And, now, my friends, I believe we can in no wise better employ this month of May, and its devotions, than in making reparation to our Lord and Saviour and to His holy Mother for the insults that fall upon Him when they are put upon her. The deepest insult that you could offer to any man would be to insult his mother; and the more perfect the child is, and the more loving, the more keenly will he feel that insult. He, with His dying lips provided for Mary, His mother, a second son, the purest and the most loving amongst men. It shows how He thought of her at His last moments; how she was the dearest object that He left upon this earth. And that which is dear to the heart of Jesus Christ should always be dear to your hearts and minds. Next to the love, eternal, infinite, essential, that bound Him in His divinity to His eternal father,—next to that in strength, in intensity, in tenderness, was the love that bound Him to the mother who came into closest relation with Him. And, Oh! Lord Jesus Christ, teach us to love what thou lovest, and to revere and honor that which thou didst condescend to honor.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—DIOCESE OF TUAM.—The Rev. Thomas O'Malley has been presented to the parish of Islandeady by His Grace the Archbishop. The following changes have also taken place:—Rev. Edmund Thomas, C.A., Tuam, presented to the parish of Carnacross; Rev. T. McDonagh, C.C., Clarcormis, to the parish of Cummer; Rev. H. Cahill, C.C., Ballinrobe, presented to the parish of Abbey; Rev. P. Ryan, C.C., Louisburgh, presented to the parish of Headford; Rev. B. MacAndrew, C.C., Clifden, transferred to Clarcormis; Rev. W. Joyce, C.C., Cummer, to Dunmore; Rev. J. D. Mullarkey, C.C., Dunmore, to Carnacross; Rev. T. Keville, C.C., Abbey, to Ballinrobe; Rev. P. Kilkenny, C.C., Spiddal, to Tuam; Rev. J. Moloney, C.C., Kiltulla, to the Administration of Roundstone; Rev. John Flatly, C.C., Kiltulla, to Cummer; Rev. Thomas Brennan, C.C., Carnacross, to Kiltulla; Rev. M. Heaney, Maynooth College, appointed to the curacy of Spiddal; Rev. P. Levingstone, Maynooth College, appointed to the curacy of Ross; Rev. M. Curran, C.C., to Clifden.—*Mayo Examiner.*

THE MOST REV. DR. DUGGAN.—Amongst the names prominently noticed in the famous "Judgment" is that of Patrick Duggan, Lord Bishop of Clonfert. Perhaps in all the honours paid him in the course of his benevolent and useful life, there is not one which he should prize so much. Some men are unwillingly made the instruments of good by bringing prominently forward others in whom the virtue of humility and native unostentatious goodness resulted in making them "keep the even tenor of their way," seeking not the world's praise, but content in doing all the good in their power in whatever sphere Providence has placed them. Such a man is the Most Rev. Patrick Duggan, whose name is a household word with his people, amongst whom he has lived and laboured from his youth. Had he neglected to discharge his duties, been disloyal to his country and his God, abetted the hereditary enemies of his race and nation to trample on the rights and privileges of the people, his name would be classified in the long catalogue of those who have been smeared with adulation as fulsome as it was undeserved. Look upon this picture and upon that—the dignified and venerable Christian prelate and his accuser. Who, with a spark of honour in his nature, does not envy the Bishop and pity the Judge? The one is too well known to need any allusion being made to his chequered, sinuous, and eventful life, the other few knew, save the poor amongst whom he ministered with kind and parental care, the clergy with whom he had been so long and so intimately associated in the sacred ministry, and the gentry of the county in which he resided, who highly esteemed him for the amiability of his manner, for his refined tastes and varied knowledge, and before and above all, for the virtues which adorn a Christian and a gentleman. Proud of his race and country, he has boasted that "he was peasant born," or, in other words, that he was of the people. His father was a highly respectable farmer, as honest as he was independent, and a fine type of the Irishman in head and heart. The honoured subject of this brief notice was born about the middle of the year 1814. At an early age his piety and love of knowledge induced him to prepare himself for the sacred ministry. In this resolution he was seconded by his parents and his maternal uncle, the Rev. Patrick Canavan, the then pastor of the united parishes of Boldrue and Cummer. When he arrived at the proper age he entered the Diocesan College of St. Jarlath's, Tuam, where he progressed rapidly in his studies, and when sufficiently advanced he entered Maynooth as a student, and distinguished himself highly during his academic course. After his ordination he was appointed curate in his uncle's parish, and, in his new sphere of active usefulness he soon began to display that zeal, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people, which makes his name now so honoured amongst them. His fine manly form and dignified presence aided him in asserting his right to rule over their good flock confided to his care, but his way was gentle to all, save the wrongdoer, who, in him found no ordinary enemy or temporizing foe. The best interests of the people were his, and he lived "in their heart of hearts." To him they came with all their cares, sorrows, and