

unhappy of women, and vainly sought rest for her brain, which was troubled by frightful dreams. At other times the remembrance of the little chapel wherein, adorned with the veil of innocence, she had received her first communion, came to her as a slight relief. This little chapel presented itself to her mind with all the bright memories of youth, which must cheer us even in our deepest griefs.

It is in our childhood we receive our best teachings, if the years are passed in God's sight. Thus by degrees religion came again to the soul of Leontine. Misfortune had sufficiently purified her to receive the visit of Providence. This kind Providence came to her, concealed in the appearance of a humble sister devoted to God and sick persons.

For a long time Mrs. R. had desired to receive attentions which were not purely mercenary.

She had heard of a society of nurses who were called by the pleasant name of 'Sisters of Hope.' The young woman sought in this pious association a companion for her sleepless nights, and the superior, at her request, sent her Sister Jerasime, a woman of about thirty, full of sympathy and kindness, such a person as one entirely devoted to God ought to be.

As soon as Leontine beheld the Sister, she experienced one of those sudden joys which is produced by a reminiscence of our youth.

This nun, in spite of her black veil and white handkerchief, recalled to her mind a world of gay thoughts and innocent mirth. On her part, Sister Jerasime remained mute with astonishment; there was a slight doubt in her mind which she desired to dispel at once, and, frankly extending her hand to the sick woman, she said in a gentle voice, 'are you not Leontine?'

'Is it you, Julia? I thought I recognized you, but it is so long since we met.'

The two old companions embraced with affection. This kiss, after so many years of separation and absence, united them more closely than had all the caresses of their childhood, so lavishly bestowed of old.

The nun especially appeared joyous and confiding. Mrs. R. felt involuntarily constrained by the dress of her friend, by the idea that she was in the presence of one devoted to sacrifice. She could not converse with the familiarity of her childhood.

They soon commenced to speak of Leontine's misfortune; they became gradually more at home with one another, and ended by doing what those invariably do who meet again, after having been brought up together. They reminded one another of all those little incidents which are never entirely effaced from our memory: their plays, their by-words, their foolish laughter, and they recalled in this inexhaustible list many little joys, which one would have supposed forgotten.

Only a few days passed before the woman of the world had opened her heart to Sister Jerasime. She was not only her nurse, but she was the best of comforters, and Leontine often repeated with a sort of respect: 'How shall I ever thank you for the good you have done me, dear angel whom God has sent to me?'

One evening the two ladies talked more intimately.

Believing that the Lord was using her as a means of regaining a heart, Sister Jerasime gave herself up to Him entirely. She was tender and confiding, and opened her pure soul in order to cause her companion to forget her own troubles. In this she was influenced by duty, and Leontine like a young girl, came to her with simplicity, and by her was brought nearer to God. One evening, the nun after having confided to her dear sick charge the hesitations of her heart at the time of her consecration, said to her: 'Would you believe it, Leontine, I had conceived so false an idea of devotion, that notwithstanding the wise instruction we received in the convent, I was very near leaving the blessed path upon which we had been placed. My religion was all external, and consisted, I see it now, in certain holy and touching acts which, without my knowledge, satisfied the natural tenderness of my heart. Living in a circle equally light-minded, I would easily have forgotten the strict precepts of religion founded upon the spirit of sacrifice; a truly providential influence protected me, and caused me to do what I believe to be the will of God.'

'I remember,' laughingly interrupted Leontine, 'that at the age of fourteen you had the presumption to believe yourself called to create a new order and to convert the whole world.'

'I was very much deceived,' said Sister Jerasime with humility; 'to obey in all things, great and small, to do from morning till night little "nothings" according to God's will, that was heaven's design for me. The Lord has permitted me to understand it; but, as I tell you, Leontine, it is to the example of a truly pious woman that I owe the little progress I have made in the knowledge of true piety.'

'Who is this woman?' asked Leontine. 'Am I inquisitive in asking you to name her?'

'Alas! she no longer lives, replied the nun. 'I frequently saw her in Paris before I entered the convent; we lived near each other. How good and charitable she was. She was a perfect saint.'

'What did she do so extraordinary?' inquired Leontine.

'Nothing. Her life was passed in retirement. Few persons knew her name. She devoted her youth to her father, who had fallen into a state of severe moroseness, combined with all kinds of troubles which he had to undergo. His daughter, to relieve the sufferings of the old man and to give him a little comfort, worked with her needle while nursing him. Sometimes she would get up at night and read to him, in order to lessen his inability to sleep. This woman, you see, Leontine, is a type of abnegation and charity.—And I learned in watching her how we can prove our love to God; how we can serve Him, not in dreams and words, but in spirit and in truth. I pray God may not reproach me at the day of judgment for the little use I have made of so good an example! She loved me, this holy saint, loved me enough to say to me: Julia, I have almost nothing in the world; but nevertheless,

if I die before you, I will leave you a remembrance. In whatever place the Lord may send you, you will receive my last meditation, my last thoughts; they will only be understood by you, because you alone have truly loved me.'

'When I decided after long reflection to enter the religious life, I wept in bidding adieu to all who were dear to me, but I feared I would lose my courage in parting from this admirable woman, whom I loved as we love what we feel to be superior to ourselves.'

'Did she not ask you to stay with her?' interrupted Leontine, with the eagerness of one unaccustomed to great sacrifices.

'No,' replied the Sister. 'Go, Julia, she said to me, go serve the poor and sick, since God has given you strength and zeal; you must write to me if permitted, and remember me in your daily prayers. I will live united to your soul, and we will meet in heaven.'

While speaking, the tears rolled down the cheeks of Sister Jerasime; she, very sensibly, did not try to appear not to feel: not only had she loved, but she loved still. God does not crush our innocent affections. He purifies them more and more, and renders them immortal.

'I departed,' she continued, 'and during the time of my novitiate, I was sent from community to community. Everywhere I found what I had sought: God and obedience; everywhere I carried without scruple the remembrance of my sainted friend, she was my good angel in days of trouble.'

'Have you had days of trouble?' asked Leontine.

'Everyone has them, Leontine. Afterwards the person of whom I speak lost her old father; she was resigned. A letter from me, from time to time, was, I believe, the only joy she had on earth; but she possessed such perfect peace that she desired nothing. This peace was founded, not on a vain complaisance, but upon her faith in the infinite goodness of God towards those who submit entirely to His holy will. It is now about three years since she died, and I received from those who were with her a letter, upon which her hand had traced my name and address but a short time before her death. I asked permission of my superiors never to burn this letter, and I have brought it to you, my good Leontine; you will read it with respect, as I read it myself.'

The woman of the world took the paper from the hands of Sister Jerasime, and read:

MY LAST THOUGHT.

Behold me, Oh Lord, at this moment of my life for which I have so often prayed! You are present with me in this hour when the imperfect sunlight no longer is sufficient for me.

Yes, you are with me, my God. I know it by the sweet confidence which fills my whole soul.

Why should I tremble? I am going to you, to you who made me, this little, weak, repentant subject. I am going to you who loved me before any one knew of my existence, to you who are a thousand times better than I can ever be of use to the Being I love more than myself.—And yet, what is there in me which does not deserve blame or forgiveness? Examine thyself, O my soul! go over with humility the thirty years of life for which thou art responsible.

Years of my childhood, you have passed like the dreams of my sleep, you have left no recollection either for good or evil. Are you therefore lost?

No, no! for as soon as I was taught to love my God, I wished to do so, and if since then I have not served Him, it was not from rebellion, but from ignorance. Pardon then those years of my childhood, forget their weakness in thy good ness.

Solemn time of my first communion, you opened heavenly things to me, you elevated me by my meditations upon the truth. Suddenly I awoke and sought the path of life, my destination. I knew, Lord, that you were the way of life. Then feeling how poor and miserable I was, I offered to you all that I owed to your goodness, all that I expected to have, and said: 'Accept, if you will, O my God, as an imperfect sacrifice, my whole life. Give me as you deem best speech or silence, study and prayer, laughter and tears.' And for this reason you have blessed me. At that time nothing changed the purity of my life, and when a cloud passed over me, I said: 'Let thy will be done, O my God!'

Later came the days when nothing happened, those days when, in spite of ourselves, fancy takes possession of the imagination. There I compared my future with the future of others, and I said: 'My life will be sad, lonely, and laborious.'

And it was true. You did not strew my path with flowers; but I was united to you, Lord, from the depths of my heart, and I again cried: 'What does it matter if I but serve you? What would I possess if you alone, wherefore weep?' And because I said this, you still blessed me. At last, leaving the solitude in which it is so easy to live, I commenced an existence full of duties, and unseasonable sacrifices.

People said I was to be pitied. Yet I was almost happy, because I was humble enough to be willing to enter the narrow path which was my destiny, and not to leave it. There awaited me bondage, work, fatigue, and this at all times and at all hours. But there also was your holy presence, your loving kindness, and in the sorrows which pressed upon me, I felt no desire to rebel, or to murmur, and repeated without effort: 'Let thy will be done, O my God.' And then you lent me a pure soul as a companion; we walked in your sight, ready to separate ourselves at your slightest wish. You know that I only considered this faithful friend as a resting place where I ought to remain but a moment; it is true, neither she nor myself forgot the other, but we suffered from absence and death. Thanks for this true friend; this was my only treasure, but it was enough. Ten years past, and the only woman whom I sincerely loved left me for you, Lord. I closed the eyes of my father; the good old man said to me in dying: 'You have blessed me, my daughter.' I was now alone in the world, without one heart in which to confide. I wept, I suffered, but I was not entirely unhappy, because you remained to me, Lord.

Years of suffering came at last. I saw disease commence, increase, and threaten my life. Sorrow surrounded me. Bitter as was my life, I loved it. Then I asked those around me if they thought me near death; they smiled and went away from me to weep. But you, you said to me in my loneliness: 'Come to me, my child, I am good.'

It is difficult for me to breathe, and I see that it is sweet to die, when, notwithstanding the difficulties, we have been willing to follow the path marked out for us. What good have I done? Nothing. What have I done useful in the eyes of the world? Nothing. What is the result of my life here on earth? Nothing. From whence then arises my hope? Because I have desired to know, and to do your Holy Will.

That is the secret of peace. Who will refuse to believe my words? I am dying, therefore I speak the truth.

And now Lord, pardon if you will the imperfections with which your poor servant has soiled the little she has done for you.

I have no right to your indulgence, I think, for if it had been permitted me to choose my destiny, to take sickness or health, death or life, family or solitude, love or neglect, I would have chosen with all reverence what I chose in my youth: 'That which God wills, nothing else.'

When the young woman had finished reading this sad letter, she would have spoken, but tears stifled her voice. She had discovered in the last words of the dying woman a sudden recollection, a vivid scene.

'It is I, Inez,' she said at last, 'who wrote those lines, it is Inez you have loved, Inez who has been good and holy. She has had peace at all times and places, and I have forgotten God; this is why He has filled me with the bitterness of despair. Oh dear Julia! do you remember the jessamine arbor, under which, one day at the convent, we confided to one another our dreams of the future?'

'I do remember said the nun, who, much affected, prayed silently.

'Oh Julia! how vain were our dreams! Inez is the only one which has been realized; but from that time, both of you followed the right path, I alone strayed away. O my friend, you have not come to me in vain. Consider the benefit you have conferred upon my soul; you have devoted your life as you said you would at that time, to obedience, and to doing day by day God's will in "nothings"; do you remember these words of the pious Inez in reply to the innocent fancies which used to prevent you from fulfilling your duties?'

'Julia,' she said, 'how do we know but what these nothings are of sufficient importance in God's sight for Him to welcome your soul as a reward?'

'It is true,' said the nun, 'I remember the words, they are engraved upon my memory. Alas! it is all that remains of the conversation in the grove, the dreams have flown away, the paper which was a witness to these fancies has been burned but the remembrance of our sainted companion remains with us still.'

'Inez was a prophetess,' humbly said Mrs. R. 'The soul of which she spoke is mine, receive it by way of recompense; Sister, I belong to God!'

FATHER GERARD—AN ESCAPE.

The Rev. Father-Christie, S. J., read a paper at a late meeting of the Young Men's Catholic Association of London, which possesses peculiar interest from never having yet been published, and from being taken from autobiographic records of the illustrious Society to which both fathers belong. The narration of the tortures to which Father Gerard was subjected in the Tower, described by the meek sufferer, are exceedingly touching, and contrast somewhat strangely with the vaunted tolerance of Protestantism. We are willing however, to let these sad records sink into the past, and turn rather to the ludicrous side of these persecuting times. We take however, an account of how Father Gerard, while staying at Lady Vaux's in Northamptonshire, was in imminent danger of being taken by the lynx-eyed pursuivants, but was saved by the ready wit of the lady of the house, and the devotion of an humble attendant. Father Gerard was now giving a retreat to three gentlemen in this house; he had got just half through with it, and was thinking of making his own, when about three o'clock one afternoon in rushed John Lilly, Father Gerard's faithful companion and attendant with his sword drawn in his hand, and alarming the door behind him. 'How now, John Lilly, what's the matter?'

'The searchers,' he said 'where?' asked Father Gerard. 'In the very house—and in it now!' answered John Lilly, 'And sure enough the searchers were in the house. They had been cunning enough to knock at the street door, than they forced their way in and dispersed themselves in every direction. While John Lilly was telling this, up came the searching party to the very landing on which Father Gerard lived. The door of his room faced another on the same landing, and this was the door of the domestic chapel. Father Gerard's door was closed, the chapel door was open; so the officers went into the chapel first, and found an altar richly adorned and the priestly vestments laid close by. 'Meanwhile,' says Father Gerard, 'I, in the room opposite was at my wife's end what to do; for there was no hiding place in the room, nor any means of egress but by the open passage, which was in the enemy's hands. I changed my cassock, which I was wearing, for a secular coat; but my books and manuscript meditations, which I had there in large quantities, I had no means of concealing. We stood there, with our ears close to the chink of the door, listening to catch what they said. We heard them at last coming to quiet us and they knocked at the door. We remained quiet, but held down the latch of the door with all our might, for the door had neither bolt nor lock. As they went on knocking, the lady of the house said, 'Who knows, perhaps the man-servant, who sleeps yonder, has taken away the key. I'll go and look for him.' 'No, no!' said the searchers, we know better than that; you go nowhere without us, or you'll be hiding something away.' So off they went with the lady, without looking to see whether the door had a lock on it or not. So God's providence and woman's wit led the searchers off.'

When she had got them down stairs, she took them into a room where there were some ladies, namely, the sister of Lady Vaux and Mrs. Lina. While these ladies engaged the officers in conversation and answered their questions, the lady slipped away and was rapid as lightning, up stairs again, and said, 'Quick, quick, to the hiding-place.' She had hardly time to say this and to run down stairs, before the searchers had missed her, and were for remounting the stairs. They met her near the bottom step, and had no doubt what the case was, and were eager to get past. This they could not do without laying forcible hands on the lady, and this, as gentlemen, they of course had a difficulty in doing. She persevered with the utmost courtesy, in filling up the whole breadth of the staircase; there was no getting by. One of the searchers succeeded, however, in thrusting his head past her, and tried to see what was going on up stairs. 'And in fact,' said Father Gerard, 'he almost caught sight of me as I was passing through the door into the hiding place under the roof of the house. For as soon as the lady had given us warning I opened the door, and as noiselessly as possible, set a stool and opened the trap-door, and lifted myself sproud it up myself, I called John Lilly to come up too, but more anxious for me than for himself, he said: 'No, father, I shan't come. There must be some one to own the books and papers in your room; if not, they will not rest till they find both of us.' So spoke this truly faithful and prudent servant so full of charity as to offer his life for his friend, there was no time to parley. I gave up reluctantly, and shut the trap door. Scarcely had John Lilly removed the stool by which I had mounted, and gone back to the room and closed the door, when the two leaders of the searching party succeeded in passing the lady, came up stairs, knocked violently, and threatened to break it open unless the key were found. John Lilly, with a brette on his head, threw open the door, and presented himself undaunted to the pursuivants. 'Who are you?' said they. 'Well, you see I am a man.' 'Are you a priest?' 'I do not say that I am a priest,' said John, 'that's your business to prove; but I am a Catholic.' Then they looked at the various things on the table—meditations, breviary, Catholic books, and something which Father Gerard grieved to lose more than all the rest, his manuscript sermons, which he had been writing or compiling for the last ten years. These things settled the point with the searchers. 'There can be no doubt,' said they, 'that you are a priest.' 'And whose cassock is this?' they asked, pointing to the cassock I had thrown off.

'Well, he said, 'that is a dressing-gown, used now and then for convenience.'

Convinced that they had caught a priest, they locked up carefully the books and writings in a box; fastened the chapel door, and put their seal upon it, and taking John by the arm, led him down stairs to the room where the ladies before named were waiting the issue and made him over to the keeping of their officers. Now, John had always behaved with respect, and knew his place, and had always stood with his head uncovered in the presence of ladies; but now he was personating Father Gerard, 'the brette, too, is a covering which is worn by priests in the house and in the church itself. So John Lilly, after courteously saluting the ladies, put on his cap again and sat down. Of course the ladies saw through the trick at once and could hardly help laughing; so much the more, when John, assuming an appearance and tone of authority, said to the magistrates, 'Gentlemen, these are evidently noble ladies; I hope you will treat them with all respect and consideration.' Poor ladies! it was all they could do to hide their sense of the ridiculous when they saw the cunning searchers outwitted by simple John Lilly playing the priest.

All in good time, John Lilly was led off in triumph by the magistrates, and with him the master of the house, all of whose property was to be confiscated for having harbored a priest. But, sad disappointment! The gentleman could not be convicted of the crime, as next day, after full inquiry, the magistrates discovered that John Lilly had been an apothecary in London for six or seven years, and then had been imprisoned as a Catholic in the Clerk for eight or nine more; that in fact he was not a priest, but, as the books and manuscripts seemed to prove, a priest's servant. It is hardly necessary to add, that when officers were sent as expeditiously as possible to search the house again, they found only an empty nest, for the bird was flown.—[London Weekly Register.

BIGOTRY OF SOUTHERN GOSPELLERS.

The Rev. Father Ryan, of the *Banner of the South*, the poet-laureate, as it were, of the 'Lost Cause,' whose beautiful verses would make his greatest enemies 'pause at the song of their captive, and weep,' has written a very pungent article in regard to 'the violent, unjust, and unprovoked attacks' which have been made against the Catholic Church from the pulpit, and through the religious press, of the South. He says it looks as 'if there was a general understanding and concert of action between the parties,' and asks, 'What has our Church done to deserve such treatment? What is her crime? He then puts a series of questions, which, as they are applicable to more States than those of Georgia and the Carolinas we quote as furnishing food for reflection, especially to the leaders of the organization lately formed in nearly all the Southern States, to encourage white immigration to aid in cultivating and improving their waste and unprofitable, because uncultivated, land. He asks the anti-Catholic bigots and calumniators—

'Has she (the Church) been meddling with the affairs of any of the denominations? She has not. She has gone on her way, quietly, preaching her own doctrines—attacking no one.

'Is it a crime for her to be here at all? Is her mere presence objectionable? Has she no right to go where she pleases, and to preach what she believes?'

'Verily, some men would, had they the power, banish her from this country, so much do they hate her, because they fear her.'

'Is liberality waning? Is bigotry increasing? Among the People—no. Among many Ministers—yes. Are the ministers afraid of the liberality of the People? Is it one of their ministerial duties to bring dead prejudices back again to life? Why, then, these tirades of abuse?'

'Is not such preaching clearly against the interests of Religion and of the South?'

'Our People ask for Immigration. The country needs it sorely. It is our greatest want. Our journals are filled with the subject. A warm welcome is offered by the People to all who will come into our midst, and help to bring back our lost prosperity. Many of these new settlers would, necessarily, be Catholics—a people, who, as a body, sympathized with us, more than any other in the North, during and since the war. But the bigotry of some ministers steps in between the interests of our People and Immigration. Will men settle in places where their Church is constantly held up to ridicule? Will they come here to be insulted by those who make it a part of their religion to insult them?'

'Let the ministers learn a lesson from their own People. They are liberal-minded; they are generous-hearted; they fought side by side with Catholic soldiers during the war; and a common love for a common Cause and Country, buried forever all previous prejudices. Let them remain dead! The People are not afraid of Catholics, or their Church; they nobly practise, what their ministers, too often, do not, religious toleration; they have charity, and keep it even when it seems to have fled from the pulpit of denominations. They are opposed to this better preaching. And herein, they give an example which those anti-Catholic ministers might well follow.'

The attacks of the Rev. Dr. Newman (Gen. Grant's preacher), one Sunday on the Pope and St. Peter, and the next on the Blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God, whom he says her own Son called 'a woman,' may have been dictated by the Grand Army Homburg, as a part of the programme of that oath-bound secret combination of spolians. These men 'are always doing and never done' with their projects and innovations; and such is their mercenary corruption and total depravity, that those who have watched their course will be surprised at no act of depravity, meanness, or folly, they may do, to consolidate and perpetuate their power.

For a native Southern preacher, at this crisis in their affairs, when almost hopelessly struggling to throw off the double incubus of negro and carpet-bagger rule, to join in a crusade against Catholics, is certainly the height of stupidity and sectarian infatuation. If they had the sense they were born with they would see that they have a vital interest in attracting, instead of repelling white immigrants, without regard to the faith which they may profess.

As a large surplus of preachers are annually manufactured in New England for the Western and Southern market, may not these anti-Catholic crusaders be sectional propagandists in disguise? As the late Gov. Blaine said, in regard to the New England schoolmasters, which he conveyed and exported to the Great West some years ago, may not most of the preachers to whom Father Ryan refers, be persons who (we may use his own expression) were sent South 'to Yankeeify his people.'

By-the-way, we see another article in the *Banner*, that it is the politico-religious preachers of the Northern Methodists, who are mostly so exercised about 'the progress of Romanism' among the Southern people. They are evidently afraid of losing their congregations, with the accompanying 'emoluments,' unless they can fill their minds with inveterate prejudices against the Catholic Church, by the most reckless calumnies and misrepresentations of its motives, doctrines, and belief. As agents, doubtless, of the Union Leagues and Grand Army Homburgs, they are as busy as the devil in a storm at sea, in exciting the prejudices of the negroes against the native whites, and of the latter against the Catholics. They revel in mischief, and social and religious discord, being faithful servants of their master, the devil, who is the father of lies, and the malignant enemy of peace, and concord, and good will to men.—Boston Pilot.

GENEROUS ENGLAND.

(From the *London Tablet*.)
Year after year it may happen to Protestants to feel surprise and, perhaps, in some cases, alarm at

the statements laid before them at Exeter Hall and elsewhere of the increase in the numbers of priests and nuns, and of buildings dedicated to the service of God by the Catholic Church in this country. It is a great change, they say, since forty or fifty, or even twenty years ago. A great change indeed; and a change that should excite even more gratitude in our hearts than astonishment in the minds of others. Taking London, for instance, alone, and excluding the country missions of the district from the comparison, we find that the 42 churches and 84 priests of 1849 had risen to 97 churches and 246 priests at the beginning of the present year; while, if we take into the computation the whole of the two dioceses which in 1849 formed the London district, we find that the increase in the twenty years has been from 97 churches and chapels and 156 priests to 288 churches and 407 priests; and the one Vicar Apostolic of the old days has been replaced by a Bishop of South-west and an Archbishop of Westminster.

To our grateful thoughts there appears, moreover, to exist at the present time, in reference to the growing influence of the Truth in England, another symptom of which it would be difficult to overrate the importance:—we refer, of course, to the entire change in modes of expression, and the great corresponding modifications in tone of mind and feeling, which we notice in so many quarters, or rather on all sides, towards our clergy and our Church. The great barrier of England opening itself to us as to brethren, begins to treat with due respect those whom we reverence as Fathers. Everywhere do we find evidences nowadays of this good and generous feeling. Take the subscription list for the Building Fund of the Catholic Foreign Missionary College, St. Joseph's at Mill Hill, and you find an Anglican clergyman contributing fifty pounds, and his name, too, only one amongst those of many charitable donors of non-Catholic denominations;—look at the Protestant Church door as you pass through Chelsea, and you may remark a printed notice that a sermon in support of the claims of St. George's Hospital was to be preached (though, of course, not in that building) by the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster;—turn to the last number of our able Protestant contemporary, the *Spectator*, and your eye will be caught by a suggestion on the second page that it would be well for the country that our Sovereign Lady the Queen should be pleased to summon to the House of Lords a new peer in the person of Archbishop Manning;—go into the gilded precincts of the hereditary Chamber itself, and in listening to a debate, you may hear the noble Chairman of Committees—a peer of great authority and as near an approach as any living Englishman can in these degenerate days present of a last remnant of true old Toryism—calmly and deliberately propose, as one of the suitable remedies for the long miseries of Ireland, that a certain number of Catholic Bishops should have seats in their Lordship's house; more surprising still, you may hear a Liberal Scotch Duke seriously discuss the proposal of the Conservative English peer; and, most admirable of all, you may at last hear an Anglican Bishop speak boldly to that great assembly of his enduring friendship towards our Catholic Archbishop, and of the gratification he would experience in doing honour to the choice of Her Majesty, if the Queen should be graciously pleased to call the Most Reverend Prelate to her Councils.

There are many amongst us, and they too not yet very old men, who can well remember how the first Lord Ellenborough told the same House of Parliament, at the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, that the sun of England's glory had set for ever. At that period a scanty beginning of justice, a partial removal of disabilities, and a mitigation of oppression, had been grudgingly granted to the imperious claims of an indigent people. And who can tell how much longer even that measure would have been delayed, had not Daniel O'Connell been thundering at the gates of the strong citadel of Protestantism? Truly, times are changed now. Of their own accord, urged by no stormy agitation of ours but moved only by their own good feelings of what is right and just, peer after peer comes forward with amendments of which the avowed object is to render the disestablishment and disendowment of that great standing iniquity, the Anglican Church Establishment in Ireland, on occasion of improving the position of the true Church of the Irish. The extreme height of British statesmanship is no longer the insidious suggestion to 'pay the priests to keep them quiet,'—just as if it were a question of throwing dogs some bones to stop their barking;—on the contrary, it is felt now that true wisdom and sound policy will consist in the offer on the part of the State to seize this opportunity of coming to the assistance of the Catholic Church in Ireland by such a measure of restitution as may relieve the necessities of the people, and that to wish with an anxious wish to be acceptable to the Irish Bishops and to merit their lordship's approval. Our great Protestant contemporary, the *Times*, has mentioned with especial favour the proposal of the Duke of Cleveland to erect residences and to assign glebes of ten acres with them to the Catholic priests in Ireland. Lord Stanhope's notice of amendment substituted, as the limit of a glebe, fifteen acres for ten acres; and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (Dr. Elliott, an old member of the Cambridge Pitt Club and too great a friend of Lord Pembroke to be suspected of liberalism) added a subsidiary amendment designed to complete the suggestion of Lord Stanhope.

For our present purpose the striking point in the matters we have thus briefly noticed is the glorious feature which they disclose of the spontaneity of English generosity. It would be very easy to sneer and to sneer, and to say that there cannot be any stupendous merit in a partial restitution of the produce of wholesale robbery; but the fact remains—and it is to this fact that we find our attention more and more attracted day by day—that from Peers on both sides of the House of Lords, from newspapers of various shades of opinions, from among the ranks of many different classes of our fellow-countrymen, there arise manifestations of a desire to join Catholics in good works and to anticipate our wants and wishes. This is a very different system from the wretched old plan of deferring justice until its claims grew loud enough to inspire fears of civil war. We think we may fairly ascribe the new state of things to the feeling, new in its manifestations towards us and towards Ireland, which we have just called the spontaneity of English generosity. It is to us a moment of true happiness when we can feel proud of generous England.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

On the 15th ult., his Grace the Archbishop of Oshel and Emly held a reception in the Convent of Mercy, Doon, county Limerick, on which occasion four young ladies were received—Miss McCarthy, Miss Morilla, Miss Stapleton, and Miss Agnes O'Meara the daughter of Thomas O'Meara, of Inchicore.

KILMORE COLLEGE.—Lately the students of Kilmore College and a number of cleric and lay gentlemen, who were specially invited to join the party, were afforded a very agreeable day of recreation at Cornardrum, the beautiful residence of the Right Hon. Baron Hughes which is situated on the banks of Lough Gowna and within a short distance of the town of Granard. The weather was most favourable for the occasion and everything that could conduce to the comfort and happiness of the young gentlemen, and the company generally, was amply provided by the talented and highly esteemed president, the Rev. Peter Galligan. At eleven the party started from the College, preceded by the excellent band of the Orvan Militia, under the leadership of Mr. Dunca. Along the route through Ballinagh, Ballintemple, Scrabby, &c., they were favoured with a perfect ovation from the inhabitants and on arriving at Cornardrum they were received by the Right Hon. Baron Hughes who gave them a cordial and most hospitable wel-