

which, in his remorse for his hard-hearted conduct to his daughter, the old man, whose death Margaret had caused in the end, had bequeathed to her in his will. To enable him to carry out this intention, he had sentenced his wife and daughter to a life of toil and labor.

In the minds of the Marshal and his family it was a question as to which humiliation was most intolerable to proud Margaret, that of remaining with themselves, after the denouement, in their Edinburgh lodgings, or descending at once from her high state and live in an humble though independent style on the savings of her unfortunate grandfather.

At any rate, the Marshal and his wife and daughter-in-law were well pleased that their son Maurice, whose engagement to Isabel she had herself broken off, was no longer exposed to the artful machinations of a woman as proud and ambitious as she was beautiful and wicked.

The night before Lady Florence left Edinburgh Margaret craved an interview alone. She entered the room, pale and subdued, clad in robes of the deepest mourning. There was nothing bright and exultant in her now, as taking Lady St. John's hand in her own, she said: "I cannot summon up resolution to face the Marshal and Madame St. John, dear Madam, but I beg you all to accept my thanks for the past, and I conjure you to try and forget that such a being as Margaret Lindsay ever existed."

"Ah, Margaret, my child," said the gentle Lady, "rather will I pray unceasingly that you, on whom God hath showered so many gifts, may strive to overcome your own nature; then, not in vain, my Margaret, will you have been claimed at last. I shall always be glad to hear from you and of your well-being."

"I shall never forget you, dear Lady Florence, whether you hear from me or not you will please bear in mind," and the beautiful head was bent, and a tear fell on the hand of her former benefactress as she raised it to her lips.

This was the only manifestation of womanly weakness, then Margaret was herself again, and making a low obeisance to the impulsive and affectionate friend, who for one moment had folded her in her arms and kissed her on either cheek, she vanished from the room.

Gentle, warm-hearted Lady Florence watched the statey retreating form, then she covered her face with her hands and shed some very bitter tears. "These women, whom I have loved and cherished even as my own daughters, they both have left me," she murmurs, "Margaret is almost as passionate as ever. Oh! my God! touch Thou, in Thy mercy, that proud heart, and bring her to Thee yet, if even through the furnace of tribulation."

To be Continued.

FATHER BURKE.

HIS FAREWELL SERMON IN NEW YORK.

"The Divine Commission of the Church."

(From the Irish American.)

The following magnificent sermon was preached by the eloquent Dominican in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, previous to his departure for Ireland.

At the Gospel Father Burke ascended the pulpit, and delivered the following sermon, taking as his text the Gospel of the day, Luke v. 1-11:

"At that time: It came to pass, that when the multitude pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Genesareth. And he saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And going up into one of the ships that was Simon's, he desired him to draw back a little from the land. And sitting, he taught the multitude out of the ship. Now when he had ceased to speak, he said to Simon: Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering, said to him: Master, we have labored all night, and have taken nothing; but at thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this, they enclosed a very great multitude of fishes, and their net broke. And they beckoned to their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships, so that they were almost sinking. Which when Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying: Depart from me, I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was wholly astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes that were taken. And so were also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon's partners. And Jesus saith to Simon: Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And having brought their ships to land, leaving all things, they followed Him."

When we read the positive doctrines laid down in the Gospel, we are bound to open our minds to the utterances of the Almighty God. We are also bound to meditate upon even what appear to be the most trifling incidents, recorded in the actions and sayings of Jesus Christ. Every word that is recorded of Him has a deep and salutary meaning. There is not one word in the Gospel, nor one incident, that is not full of instruction for us; and the evidence that this Gospel gives of the divinity of the Christian religion, and of the divine origin of the Church, lies not only in the broad assertion,—such, for instance, as where Christ says: "I will build My Church upon a rock; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" or, elsewhere: "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican;" but these evidences lie also in the minor incidents which are so carefully recorded in the mysteries which they convey to us. Now I ask you to consider in this spirit the Gospel which I have just read to you. St. Peter—who was afterwards Pope of Rome,—began life as a fisherman, on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. He had his boats, he had his nets; he swept those waters, pursuing his humble trade in company with James and John, the sons of Zebedee, and with Andrew, his own elder brother. These men had passed the night upon the bosom of the waters, toiling and laboring, but they had taken nothing. Sad and despondent for so much time and labor lost, they landed from their boats in the morning; and they took out their nets to wash them. Whilst they were thus engaged, a great multitude appeared in sight,—men who followed the Lord Jesus Christ, and pressed around Him, that they might hear the words of divine truth from His lips. He came to the shores of the Lake, and he entered into one of the boats; and the Evangelist takes good care to tell us that the boat into which the Saviour stepped was Simon Peter's boat. He then commanded Peter to push out a little from the land that he might have a little water between Him and the people, and yet not remove himself so far from them but that they might hear His voice. There,—

whilst the people stood reverently listening to the law of the Divine Redeemer,—sat the Saviour, in Peter's boat, instructing the people. After He had enlightened their minds with the treasures of the divine gospel which flowed from Him, He turned to Peter and said to him: "Now I have something to say to you; launch out into the deep, and cast out thy nets for a draught of fishes." Said Peter, answering: "Master, we have been at this work all night; we have labored all night; and we have taken nothing. However," he replied, "In thy word I trust; and at thy command I will let down the net." No sooner does he cast that net into the sea, under the eyes, and at the command of Jesus Christ, than it is instantly filled with fishes, and Peter's boat is filled until it is almost sinking. This is the fact recorded. What does it mean? What is the meaning of this passage in the gospel? Has it any meaning at all? Was it prophetic of things that were to be? Oh my brethren, how significant and how prophetic, in the history of this Christian religion, and in the Bible, was the action of Jesus Christ as recorded in this phrase, "He sat in Peter's boat; and from that boat He taught the people." What does this mean? What is this bark of Peter? Need I tell you, my Catholic friends and beloved brethren, what this bark of Peter meant? Christ our Lord built upon Himself His Church! He made her, so that she was never to be shipwrecked upon the stormy waves of this world. He built her, so that He Himself shall be always present in her, although Peter sat at the helm. He built her so that it was her fate to be launched out upon the ever changing, ever agitated and stormy sea of this world and its society. He declared that Peter should be at the head of this ship; when He said to him: "Feed thou My lambs; feed thou My sheep;" Confirm thou thy brethren; "I will make thee to be a fisher of men;" "Launch thou out into the deep in thine own ship; I am with thee."

St. Peter himself, inspired of the Holy Ghost, in after times, taught that the Church of God was like a goodly ship, built by Jesus Christ, in which were to be saved all those that are to be saved unto the end of time: for he compares this ship to the Ark of Noah, in which all who were saved in the great Deluge, found their refuge; for he says all were destroyed and perished, save and except the eight souls who received shelter in the Ark of Noah; and the rest were tossed upon the stormy, tumultuous billows of the Deluge; thrown upon the tide; and as the waters rose up around them in mighty volume, the strong man went down into the vasty deep; the infant sent forth a cry, and presently its cry was stifled in the surging waves. All was desolation; all was destruction, save and except the Ark, which rode triumphant over the waters, passing over the summits of the mountains, braving the storms of Heaven above and the angry waves beneath, until it landed its living freight of eight human souls in safety and in joy. So, also, Christ, our Lord, built unto him a ship—His Church; he launched this Church forth upon the stormy waves of the world, and it is a matter of surprise that this ocean of human society has not welcome for the Church of God. Men say, "Is Christianity a failure?" Why are so few saved? Why are so few found to comply with the conditions which the Holy Church commands? Why, if she received the commission to command the whole world, and to convert them, why is it that this Church of God seems to have always been persecuted and abused? Oh! my friends, there is a deep and profound analogy between the things of nature and the things of grace. The goodly ship is built upon the stocks; she is strongly built, of the very best material; she is sheathed and plated with everything that can keep her from the action of the seas; she is built so that, in every line, she shall cleave through the waters and override them; and, when she is all prepared, she is launched out into the deep; and her mission is to spread her sails, and navigate every sea to the furthest end of the world. Through all of them she must go; over them all she must ride; a thousand storms must she brave; and that ocean that receives her in its bosom, apparently receives her only for the purpose of tossing her from wave to wave, of trying her strength, of trying every timber and every joint, opening its mighty chasms to swallow her up and, failing in that, dashing its angry waves against her, as if, in the order of nature, the ship and the sea were enemies and that the ocean that received that vessel was bent only upon her destruction. Is it not thus in the order of nature? Is it not this very stormy ocean, these mighty, foam-crested billows, these angry, roaring waves, the thunder that rolls, and the lightning which flash around her,—is not all these that try and prove the goodness of the ship; and if she outlive it,—if she is assuredly able to override them all and to land her freight and her passengers in the appointed port,—is it not a proof that she is well built? If the ocean were as smooth as glass; if the winds were always favorable; if no impediment came upon her; if no waves struck her and tried to roll her back, or no charm opened to receive her into its mighty watery bosom; what proof would we have that the ship was the making of the master-hand, and the care of the master-minds? And so Christ, our Lord, built the ship of His Church, and launched her out upon the world; and from the very nature of the case it was necessary that, from the very first day that she set forth, until the last day, when she lands her freight of souls in the harbor of Heaven, she should meet, upon the ocean of this world of human society, the stormy waves of angry contradiction on every side. This was her destiny, and this, unfortunately, is the destiny that the world takes good care to carry out.

Men say, Christianity is a failure, because this Church has not been enabled to calm every sea, and ride triumphant, without let or hindrance, upon every ocean. I answer, my friends, Christianity would have been a failure if the ship had been wrecked; Christianity would be a failure if there was no ocean into which the ship was free to enter; Christianity would be a failure if that ship were known, at any time,—at any moment of her existence, since the day she was built and rigged by Divine law and the Divine Architect, Christ,—if she were known for an instant to have gone down; for a moment to have let the angry waters of persecution and error close over her head. Then would Christianity be a failure. But this could not be, for two reasons. First of all, because the helmsman, whom Christ appointed, is at the wheel; and he is Peter, and Peter's successor. Second, because, in the ship, Himself seated in her, and speaking in her, casing out the nets that are to gather in all those who come on board, and are to be saved, is Christ, the Lord our God. The great lessons that are in this Gospel are, that Peter's boat cannot be wrecked, because Christ, our Lord, is in her; Peter's boat cannot be emptied of the living freight of souls, because He is in her who commanded the nets to be cast out until the boat was filled. Peter's boat cannot be destroyed, because Peter himself, in his successor, is at the helm. And this boat of Peter's is the Holy Roman Catholic Church. In no other ship launched out upon this stormy ocean of the world is the voice of God heard. In every other vessel it is the voice of man that commands the crew; it is the hand of man that turns the ship's prow to face the storm; it is the hand of man that has built the ship, and, consequently every other ship of doctrine that has ever been launched out on the waves of this world has gone down in shipwreck, and in destruction; whereas, the oldest of all, the holy Catholic Church, lives upon the waves to-day, as fair to the eye, floating as triumphantly the standard, spreading as wide a sail as in the days when she came forth from the master-hand of Jesus Christ our Lord. In her the word and voice of God is heard. Christ sat in Peter's boat; and Christ sits in Peter's boat to-day; and we have His own word for it. "And Heaven and earth." He says, "shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away, and

My word is this: I am with you all days until the consummation of the world." But, for what purpose did we ask, "Art Thou with us?" He answers and says: "I am with you to lead you to all truth; and to keep you in all truth; to teach you all truth; and to command you that, even as I have taught you, so go you and teach all nations whatsoever things I have taught you." The voice of Christ is in the Church; the voice of God has never ceased to resound around her; the voice God has never been silent, from the day that Mary's child first opened His infant lips upon Mary's bosom, until the last hour of the world's existence. That voice is misinterpreted; that voice is sometimes misunderstood. Men say, here is the voice of God, and there is the voice of God; the people lift up their voices with loud demands, sometimes against law, sometimes against right and justice, and the time-serving politician and statesman, says: "It is the voice of the people; it is the voice of God. Vox populi vox Dei." But the voice of the people is not the voice of God. There is, indeed, the voice of God resounding on the earth; but it is only heard in the unerring Church; therefore we may say with truth, "Vox ecclesie vox Dei;" the voice of the Church is the voice of God. Wherever the voice of God is, there no lie can be uttered, no untruth can be taught, no falsehood can be preached; wherever the voice of God is, there is a voice that never for an instant contradicts itself in its teachings; for it is only enunciating one truth, derived from one source, the mind, the heart of the infinite wisdom of the Almighty. Where is the evidence in history of a voice that has ever spoken on this earth, which has never contradicted itself, except the voice of the Catholic Church? I defy you to find it. There is not a system of religion which pretends to teach the people at this moment upon the earth that has not flagrantly contradicted itself, save and except the holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ. Take any one of them and test it, where is the voice that teaches with authority save and except in the Catholic Church. Remember wherever the voice of God is, there that voice must teach with authority, wherever the voice of God is it must teach with certainty, and clearness and emphasis, not leaving anything in doubt, not allowing the people to be under any misapprehension. Where is that voice to be heard to-day save and except in the holy Catholic Church?

Men say, "Is Christianity a failure?" I answer, no! It will be a failure as soon as that voice of the Catholic Church is hushed, it will be a failure as soon as some King or some Emperor or some great Statesman, successful in war and in council, is able to bend the Catholic Church and make her teach according to his notions or his views. Where, in her history, has she ever bowed to King or potentate? Where has she ever shaped her doctrines to meet the views of this man and further the designs of this other man because they were able to persecute her, as they have persecuted her, as they are persecuting her to-day? The most powerful man of the world says to the Catholic Church, "You must remodel your teachings; you must teach some of the dogmas and some of the material principles; you must admit that the State has a right to educate the children; that you have no right; you must admit that religion is not a necessary element of education; I will make you do it." Thus speaks Von Bismarck. He imagines, because he has put his foot upon the neck of the bravest and most heroic race upon earth, that now he can trample upon the Church of God. Oh! fool that he is! Oh, foolish man! He thinks, because he has trampled upon a nation, that he can trample upon Christ and His holy Spouse. He says to the Church: "I will make a decree, and I will expel every Jesuit in Germany; and I will persecute your Bishops; I will take your churches; I will alienate your people; I will persecute and imprison your priests; I will put them to death if necessary." But the Church of God stands calmly before him, and says: "You cannot do it: God is truth!" Christ speaks in Peter's boat. It is true that there are many who will not hear His voice. I ask you what is their fate? What is their fate who refuse to hear the voice of the true Church? They appeal to the Scriptures. In this morning's New York Herald, there is a letter from a man who denies the immortality of the soul; and he proves it by "five texts from Scripture." The very truth that Plato, the pagan philosopher, wrote a book to prove,—a man who had never heard the name of God; who had never known the light of God;—by the natural light of his enlightened, pagan intellect arrived at the conclusion that the soul was immortal, and that its immortality was inherent, and belonged to it as its nature. That which the pagan philosopher discovered and proved, the Christian of to-day denies; and he quotes five texts of Scripture to prove that the soul of man is not immortal; and that men when they die, even in their sins, cease to exist. They have no judgment, no consequences, no vengeance; for them no torments; they have no hell. He proves it by the Scripture, and gives the lie to Him who said, "Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting flames." That is the fate of all those outside the Catholic Church. They are tossed about by every whim and caprice of Doctors, who now start one theory, and then another; who now dispute the inspiration of the Scripture, and again the Divinity of Jesus Christ; who now deny the immortality of the soul, and then come and abuse me, and the like of me, because I tell them that until they step on board of Peter's boat they have no security, no certainty, no true light, no true religion, and that they must go down. We are called bigots, because we preach the Word of God. If this is not true, then where is the use of having a Church at all? If this be true, then remain outside of the Catholic Church. But if the Church teach the truth: if she comes with a message from God, it is not in her power, nor in my power, nor in any man's power to change it. "This is a message from God. This is the truth." Understand, if they say to you, "You cannot be excluded,—it is all right;—you need not mind these lessons;—you need not learn them." I come to preach to you the very words of Christ: "He that will not hear the words of My Church, let him be as a heathen and a publican." If I come then and say, "It is not necessary to remain in the Catholic Church,—if you love the Lord and believe, it is all right;" if I say that I am telling a lie and I am damning my own soul. I cannot do it. I must preach the message which Christ, our Lord, has given me. I should be glad to preach a wider faith if God would let me; but I must preach the message of God. If they steal their hearts and turn their ears against our doctrines, God will hold them accountable; for He has said: "He that believeth not, shall be condemned."

Not only, my brethren, is the voice of Christ heard in that Church in the truth which has never changed nor contradicted itself; but the second great action of the Church of God is prefigured in our Divine Lord's action in this day's Gospel. "Peter," He said, "launch out thy boat into the deep; and down with thy nets for a draught." It is no longer a question of preaching. The people have heard the Lord's voice; they have retired from the shores of the lake, and scattered themselves to their homes, each one taking with him whatever of that word fell upon the soil of a good heart. Now, the next operation begins; and it is between Christ and Peter. "Launch out into the deep," He says; "cast forth thy net." Peter cast out his net, and he filled his boat with fishes. What does this mean? It means the prefiguration of the saving and sacramental action of the Church of God; for not only is the voice of Christ heard; but the action of Christ is at work in her, taking you, and me, and all men who will submit to that action, out of the waters of passion and impurity, and vain desire, and every form of sin, and lifting us up by sacramental action, out of those

waters, and placing us in the ship under His very eyes,—in the light of His sanctity and the brightness of His glory. His action lies in the Catholic Church, and she alone can draw forth from the stormy, destructive waters of sin, the soul that will submit to be so drawn. A man falls into that sea;—a man,—like Peter, in another portion of the Gospel,—the Christian man,—treading upon the fluctuating waves of his own passion, of his own evil desire and wickedness, can scarcely keep his footing, and can only do it as long as he fixes his eye upon Jesus Christ, and adheres to Him. But a moment comes, as it came to Peter, when the waves seem to divide under our feet when man is sinking, sinking into the waves of his own passions, of his own baseness, into the waves of his own corrupt nature, when he feels that these waves are about closing over him. He is lost to the sight of God; and he sees Him no more. God sees him no more with the eyes of love; God sees him no more with the eyes of predilection. He has lost his past with all its graces, and his future with all its hopes; he has gone down in the great ocean of human depravity and human sin, and he has sunk deeply into these waters of destruction. Oh! what hand can save him! what power can touch him! The teacher of a false religion comes with its message of glozing and flattery: comes to tell this fallen, sinful man: "You are an honest man; you are an amiable man; you have many good gifts; be not afraid; trust the Lord; it is all right;" whilst the serpent of impurity is poisoning his whole existence. Oh! that I had the voice of ten thousand thunders of God, that I might stifle the false teachings, and drown the voice of those who are poisoning the people by pandering to their vices and flattering their vanity, and not able,—nor willing even if able,—to teach the consequences of their sins! The Catholic Church alone, ignoring whatever of good there may be in a man, if she finds him in mortal sin, lays her hand upon that sin; she makes the man touch himself with his own hand, look at himself, swollen with his miseries. She tears away the bandages with which his self-love conceals the wound; and then, with her sacramental power, she cleanses the wound with the saving blood of Jesus Christ; she brings forth, from out that slough, that cesspool, all the impurity, all the wickedness of the man, and cures him; and brings him forth with the tears of sorrow on his face, with a new-born love of God in his heart, in the whiteness of his baptismal innocence; and he is now no longer in the wiles of hell; but he takes his place, and lifts up his eyes in gladness before the Lord. What other Church can do that? What other religion even pretends to do it, and does it? In her sacraments she does it. Her sacramental hand will though sin be sunk into his blood, go down and sweep the very bottom of the deep lake of iniquity; and take even those who lie there, fossilized in their sin, and scrape them up from out the very depths of their misery, and make them fit for God once more. As they are out of the way of salvation who hear not the voice of the Church,—the voice of Christ,—so, also, these Catholics are outside of the way of salvation, who will not come and submit to her cleansing and sacramental power, who refuse to open their souls to her, who refuse to come frequently and fervently to her confessional, and to her communion. To do that is as bad as if they refused even to hear her voice, even as if they disputed her testimony. The bad Catholic is in as bad a position, and in even a worse position,—than that of the poor man who disputes, and raises questions as to whether the soul is immortal, and as to whether Jesus Christ is God. Oh, my brethren, let us be wise in time; let us have the happiness to know and to hear the voice that speaks in the Church. Oh, let us lay ourselves open to her sacramental power and bare our bosoms to her sanctifying touch and cleansing hand, that so we may be guided into the treasures of her choicest and best gifts; that so if we have not the ineffable gift of purity, if we have sinned, we may at least have our robes washed in the waters of grace, and restored to their first brightness through Jesus Christ, who is our Saviour; and in this hope, let us pass the few remaining days of our lives here, sharing in our mother's buffetings; taking a hand in her quarrels; weathering with her every storm that bursts over us in the confidence that she is destined to triumph and to ride in safety over the crest of every opposing wave. It will not always be so. The haven is at hand. The Church militant passes from the angry ocean of her contests into the calm and quiet haven of her triumph. Oh, in that harbor, no stormy winds shall ever blow; no angry waves shall ever raise their foaming crests; there, and only there, when the night, with its tempests and storms of persecution and of difficulty,—the night with its buffetings upon the black face of the angry ocean,—when all that has been passed through; in the morning shall the Christian come to catch a glimpse of his eternity. Then will he hear the voice of Him who was present in his sleeping and in his rising, saying to the waves, "Be still! Be calm!" and to the stormy winds howling around, "Depart. Leave us in peace." Then the clouds shall fade, and every ripple shall cease; and there on that ocean, which was so stormy, every angry gust of wind shall die away into perfect calm; and, in the distant horizon before us, we shall behold the Church triumphant,—while, like the spread of the illimitable ocean, we see that pacific ocean of God's benign benevolence illumined by the sunshine of His blessedness. And there will be every beauty. All that shall be ours if we only fight the good fight, if we only keep the faith, and the commands of God delivered to us by His holy Church.

CATHOLIC IRELAND.—The name is redolent of sweet and sacred memories. It includes the holiest traditions of a people whose history, in relation to the Church, is at once unique and glorious. The association of ideas embodies a national claim to distinction which draws its title from the most fervent days of Christianity.

The martyr-nation of Europe, Ireland, has survived the cruel tyrannies of a worse than pagan persecution; and, blessed be God, the old race, which at one time seemed about to be extirpated, has sprung up with a new vitality; and the old Faith, which hereby blindly hoped to extinguish, attests once again, in the face of the world, the truth of the old apophthegm, Sanguis martyrum, semen Ecclesie: the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church.

But, if Ireland's unsullied Catholicity be, as it undoubtedly is, her proudest boast, the fidelity of Ireland to the Faith which S. Patrick brought from Rome, is at the same time a lasting glory to the Catholic Church spread, as its name implies, throughout the entire world.

It was, therefore, a most appropriate and natural event which took place on that memorable Passion Sunday, the 30th of March, 1873, when the bishops, priests, and people of Ireland solemnly dedicated their country to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Such a national act of religion, in an age of scoffers and infidels, was most worthy of a religious people; and such a renewed consecration of a country to the Adorable Son of God, at a time when Christianity is openly blasphemed, was pre-eminently benefiting the "Island of Saints."

That such an unprecedented act of national devotion should have a permanent record amongst a people whose early love of literature was coeval with their reputation for sanctity was also in the nature of things to be expected; and we are proud to hail with glad welcome and a fervent God-speed Catholic Ireland, a monthly memorial of our country's consecration to the Heart of Jesus. Dublin: McGlashan and Gill. London: Burns and Oates.

the new magazine—Catholic Ireland—which has been started with the happy idea of presenting a "monthly memorial of the consecration of Catholic Ireland to the Heart of Jesus."

In the introductory address, with which the magazine opens, there is a graceful and eloquent exposition of the "aims and hopes" of the projectors; and if the magazine be always conducted in such a spirit and with such a vivid force of expression as it has begun, we can confidently predict for it a long and useful, and, we trust, profitable career.

Several of the articles bear the initials of distinguished names, both lay and ecclesiastical, well known in Irish literature.

There are two exquisite sonnets on the subject of the national consecration, from the facile pen of Aubrey de Vere.

Another of Ireland's latest poets, Denis Florence MacCarthy, contributes a sweet poem, "Recantation," in which the gifted writer promises to keep his muse—too long bound by "Calderson's spell"—at home for the future by the hills and streams of Ireland.

"Hills such as those on which I've gazed, Ah! many a year ere youth was gone, That seem'd but fields more heavenward raised A little nearer to God's throne. Streams by whose sweet and sparkling tide, So oft I played when life began, That kissed the banks at either side, And murmured music as they ran."

A paper on "Catholicity and the Spirit of the Age" is marked by great power and earnestness, and, whilst furnishing a masterly outline of the present position of the Church, and a stern denunciation of the new creed of "Rationalism," gives, at the same time an earnest of the undoubted ability of the writers who are to contribute the sound theology and learning of the magazine.

But what promises to be a most prominent attraction of the new serial is the tale of "Jack Hazlett," by the distinguished author of "Ailey Moore," the Very Rev. Dean of Limerick. The first chapter opens with all the old vigor which characterizes the peculiar style of the eloquent Founder of the Young Men's Society. Written with that keen insight into human character, and with that searching analyses of minds and motives which were so remarkably developed in the story of "Ailey"—a story, by-the-by, which has, we believe, been translated into all the languages of Europe—the new tale will, we have no doubt, prove in every way worthy of the author's genius and high reputation.

When we add that the magazine is got up in first-rate style, with nearly sixty pages of superior letter press, and issued at the moderate price of sixpence, we feel assured that our readers, and especially all Irishmen, will hasten to have their names enrolled as subscribers, and thus do their duty by supporting this last, but not least contribution to the Catholic literature of Ireland. In the introduction, to which we have already alluded, there is one passage which, amongst many others of singular beauty, has particularly struck us; and we cannot do better than conclude this hasty summary by repeating it here by way of forerunner of the intellectual feast to which we invite our readers.

"Even in her darkest day, in days far darker than ours, Ireland kept up a light heart, and beguiled her toils and her privations with story and song and many a bright fancy. This cheerfulness, elasticity, and vividness of the Celtic genius shall, we trust, be not altogether unrepresented in our pages."

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The County Clare grand jury awarded £500 compensation under the Peace Preservation Act, to the father of Patrick McCarthy, the farmer who was so brutally murdered at Coolbane, near Tubber, in March last.

CROPS IN THE COUR DISTRICT.—The crops in the neighborhood of Abbeyfeale, Athna, and Aulagh are said to be the best for the past four years, especially potatoes. Wheat, however, is rather patchy, but oats is considered on the whole to be a fair crop. New potatoes are sold at 1s. 7d. per stone, old at 1s. 2d. per stone.—Cork Examiner.

NEAUGH AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—One of the most successful competitors in the carpet department at the Vienna Exhibition is Mr. John Lewis, a Neaghman, born in Queen-street. He is son to the late Rice Lewis, Esq., who, in his time, carried on the woollen and weaving business to a very large extent in buildings and cottages erected by him at Cudville. Mr. Lewis at one time, had a score looms working for him on those premises of which we speak, while his extensive establishment in Queen-street was more like one of those emporium factories which are found in cities than what one would not expect to see in a country town like Neagh.—Neagh Guardian.

STRIKE OF HOUSE-CARPENTERS IN BELFAST.—The long-expected strike in the carpenters' trade took place on Saturday, the men having refused their demand of 4d. an hour for both classes. The masters offered 3d. an hour, but the men declined to take it, and a strike has resulted. Much speculation has taken place as to the judiciousness of this step at a period when there is a slackness in the building trade, even in Belfast, which is growing so rapidly.—Belfast Morning Post.

STRIKE OF THE PORTERS IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE DRUGHEDA STEAMPACKET COMPANY.—The porters in the employment of the above company have struck work for an advance of wages. The rate paid at present is 10s. per week, and they ask 20s. weekly, and the Drogheda porters allege that they are not fairly treated, and complain further that they have to work by tide time often 18 hours per day, without additional pay. The company have replaced men on strike to a certain extent by the freemen and stokers of the vessels, who now perform the duties of loading and unloading the steamers.—Northern Whig.

A marriage is arranged between Mr. Dacre Hamilton, eldest son of Mr. Hamilton, of Concessa, county Monaghan, and Miss Helen Nugent, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Walter Nugent, Baron of the Austrian Empire.

THE NEW GRATTAN.—The Wexford People thus speaks of Mr. Blunden, whose splendid speech on coercion everybody is admiring:—"Like the great poet who woke one morning and found himself famous, Mr. John Overington Blunden finds speech talking of his truly able and remarkable speech at the Home Rule Association last week. The speech has set people talking about the Coercion Acts as a code; a view which many people seem never to have taken before. We have got so used to Coercion Bills that it is only the latest or newest one we talk about. The orator of the day on Tuesday week is a young man—under thirty; but full of promises as to ability, and with a right chivalrous devotion to the cause of Ireland. He is son of Sir John Blunden, of Kilkenny, an old Church-and-State baronet of the type of the days when George the Third was king. Whether the old gentleman is dismayed to find the 'young fellow' taking after Grattan and Davis is more than I can tell; but he ought rather to be proud of him. It was a study to watch Mr. Butt's face the other day while Mr. Blunden was speaking. A father's, beholding the success of a favourite child, could only surpass it. And here I would note that one of the great qualifications for a leader among men is possessed in a large