

taming the fruits of long nights spent in hard work and tears. I look upon it as the pledge of a sacred trust which I have promised to fulfil by God's help. And I am sure that my grandfather never with all his cherished hopes at stake would have urged his nephew to abandon one who linked himself to his fate at a time when he had nothing to offer her but his love and his poverty, and whose affection brightened his life, while we his own relations never so much as thought of him.

"As Alice murmured these words, a few tears fell from her eyes; but before the end of that day whose dawn had seemed so radiant and joyful, she was destined to weep far more bitter ones. When, in this life's journey, we are checked by some apparently insurmountable obstacle, we often say, with Mary Magdalene in the garden of Gethsemane, 'Who shall roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre?' And soon, perhaps, some unforeseen blow dealt by the hand of God, delivers us from a painful anxiety by means of some overwhelming misfortune. The stone is indeed rolled away, but the sepulchre is empty. Happy are we then, if, from the depths of a despair so great, that we seem to have neither a hope nor a voice left for the future, we are able to hear a voice like that of the Angel of Comfort saying to us, 'For you earth has no more joys.' Turn your eyes to Heaven.' Alice had spoken the truth, poor child, when she said, so sadly, as she thought of her grandfather, 'No more plans, nor hopes, nor pleasure for him.'

A few hours later, she was kneeling by the bed-side in the keeper's cottage, and praying as those only know how to pray, who follow by the strength of their desires and the earnestness of their faith the soul of some dear departed one to the foot of the throne of God, and utter for the first time the cry of grief, not unmixed with hope 'Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord.'

The Baron de Vidal had been out shooting for some hours, and had been talking a little to Andre as they sat under the shade of a great oak in the middle of the day. Suddenly he complained of a violent pain in his head, and then of giddiness; this was followed by faintness; but after a minute or two he seemed to revive, and fell asleep quietly with his head resting against the trunk of a tree. From that sleep he never woke; and Andre, who had gone to a little distance to look at a view that Alice had mentioned to him, found him motionless and insensible when he returned to his side. In an agony of terror he threw himself on his knees beside his uncle, and felt for his pulse, and put his hand on his heart; both had ceased to beat, and Andre knew that there was no hope. He shuddered as he thought of Alice, knowing the strength of her love for her grandfather. The lifeless body of the old Baron was hastily carried to a cottage on the outskirts of the forest, and the doctor and the Cure were sent for with all speed. Andre undertook the painful task of breaking the sad news to Alice. When sitting at her window she saw him return alone, and marked his deathly paleness, she guessed at once that some misfortune had happened, and calling to him in a terrified voice with imploring eyes, sought in his face a contradiction of the fears which she had no voice to express. Andre had no hope to give her; his only answer was to seize her hands and cover them with tears and kisses. Alice rose without a word, and signed to him to follow. As they walked together towards the cottage she was praying inwardly; she only asked for one consolation, and this was not denied to her; for as she fell on her knees beside the lifeless body of her grandfather, the old Cure said in a trembling voice, 'My child, he went to confession, and received Holy Communion this very morning.' A cry of thankfulness went up from Alice's heart, and was received by the angels who watch around the bed of death. 'Yes,' she exclaimed, 'this is the second of October; the Feast of the Angel Guardians; doubtless he commended me to their protection. Oh, Father! dear Father! God is merciful indeed, to us His weak and miserable children.' And hiding her face in the poor counterpane of the bed, she bathed with her tears the cold hands of him who had been to her father, mother, and brother all in one. Andre softly approached the bed, and kneeling down beside Alice, joined his prayers to hers and those of the old Cure. She held out her hand to him without speaking; but he did not take it, and stooped to press his lips to the border of her dress. An hour later they walked together at the head of a procession of servants and peasants, who bore to the castle the mortal remains of the Baron de Vidal, one and all lamenting as if they had lost a friend or a parent. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the trees in the park and the flowers in the garden, and illuminated the panes of the turret windows. The plants all bathed in dew shed their sweetest perfumes; the evening breeze shook the tufts of long grass which grew on the walls; the swallows skimmed hither and thither, the rooks cawed in the top branches of the old elms, but the merry voices of children were hushed, and even the dogs lay motionless in their kennels. The country people soon began to ascend the hill on their way to the chapel in the castle, and by a few lamps which hung from the roof in the nave. They all knelt down and prayed in silence. Not a sound was heard, but the clink of the rosaries as they passed through the fingers of the women and the old men, and now and then a sob or a long drawn sigh.

The sun disappeared and the moon rose, shedding her soft light over the country, and the silence of night fell like a veil over the woods and rivers and valleys, while the tears, the prayers, and the tolling of bells continued round the body of the Baron de Vidal. Andre went backwards and forwards from the chapel to the terrace, where a few weeks ago his uncle had pressed him to his heart for the first time. He pressed him to his heart with grief, and his soul was oppressed with sad premonitions; his only relief was in watching Alice, who as she knelt motionless at the altar rail, with her eyes fixed on the tabernacle, seemed scarcely to belong to

earth; her beautiful face was bathed in tears, but so unceasingly in its expression of love and hope that grief seemed almost to have given place to ecstasy, and Andre as he gazed upon her, scarcely ventured to pity her, and felt almost tempted to invoke her as a saint.

CHAPTER XIV.  
Three months had elapsed since the death of the Baron de Vidal. Alice de Morlaix still lived at the castle of Roche Vidal, which her grandfather had bequeathed to her, with an old aunt of hers, Mdlle. de Tournefort by name, who had been a Religious; but, in the Revolution, had been obliged to leave her convent, and was thrown again upon the world, like a sheep forcibly driven from the fold. For many years she had led a solitary and peaceful life, in a small house near the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de Fourvieres; but now she had come to reside with her niece and joined, as far as her somewhat advanced age would allow, in the charitable occupations which had been Alice's only consolation since the death of her grandfather. It had rained all the morning, and the day was beginning to decline. Alice was seated at the window reading, but keeping a vigilant eye nevertheless on the road up the valley by which carriages came to the castle. Mdlle. de Tournefort, who was in her arm-chair by the fire, observed with some asperity:—  
'The roads must be broken up by the weather we have had since yesterday. Your little peasant will not arrive before seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and Jean will not bury his horse for all the pretty faces in the world. You must make up your mind to this, my dear; but you always get so restless and excited when your poor people are concerned, that some day you will quite lose your head. Besides when one does a foolish thing, it unsettles one for daily life, and I am tired of telling you what folly it is not to conform to the customs of the world. Ay, I see that little mischievous smile of yours. It is true, that for many years I have renounced the world whose maxims I am always trying to make you respect; but either one must separate oneself completely from society, or else try to live at peace with it, and respect its prejudices, which after all are generally founded upon some groundwork of reason. Now, you must acknowledge my dear Alice, that your ideas are somewhat romantic, and—'  
'Oh, I know very well, dear aunt,' interrupted Alice, with a quiet smile, 'that I need not expect any mercy from you on that point. And yet, though doubtless there are many bad books that are called romances, there are certainly some—'  
'That are good? No, never!' exclaimed Mdlle. de Tournefort. 'There is not a novel in the world that is not detestable and pernicious. And what vexes me, I confess, my dear Alice, is that your conduct with regard to young de Vidal and the little creature who is coming here to-day is much more like what is to be found in novels, than like plain, practical, every day life.'

'I am afraid, dear aunt, that you will never prevent there being something of what you call romance every where, from the palace to the hovel, wherever the heart of man is to be found fighting the battle of life.'

'But I put it to you my dear, is it fitting that a young man of good family should associate with a peasant girl, a fruit seller, and even promise to marry her? It is against all the rules of society, and, though it may be lawful, it is certainly not expedient, and in the eyes of the world will be ridiculous. And yet you expect to carve out a grand destiny for this wise youth? You want him to take a high position in society; and you think that in him will be carried out all the old family traditions which your grandfather used to set such store by. And then, instead of trying to prevent this mesalliance, you must needs do all you can to help it on. Alice, Alice, your heart is good, I know; but I do wish I could see in your character a little more prudence and moderation.'

'But who is to blame, dear aunt, if circumstances should occur in real life as extraordinary as those which came to pass in books? Can you wonder that a young man like Andre, with all his natural gifts, and full of talent and good feeling as he is, secluded in a dull village till he was twenty years of age; forgotten by his rich relations, and estranged from those among whom his lot was cast, as much by the education which he has succeeded in acquiring for himself as by his natural tastes and character—can you wonder, I say then, that in this desolate isolation he should have become attached to the loving girl who cheered his lonely life, and was always ready with her affection and her sympathy?'

'Oh, pray spare me these romantic descriptions! You know very well that I do not like your way of looking at those things. It is far too sentimental. If you would only try not to allow your imagination to run away with you.—It is not that I find fault with your wish to place this young de Vidal in the position that his birth requires. Far from it. He has had the misfortune of being brought up in an inferior condition, and it is both kind and fitting that you should furnish him with the means of making a suitable appearance in the world; and they say that nothing contributes so much to form the manners and open the mind of a young man as travelling in other countries. And in this way I think that the defects of his early education may be remedied.'

'Oh, aunt,' cried Alice blushing, 'if you had only known Andre, you would be forced to admit that nature and genius can make a better gentleman, in the true sense of the word, than was ever produced by the mere training of courts and drawing-rooms.'

'Nevertheless, his journey to Italy was entirely your doing, although you made it seem as if the suggestion came from Colonel de la Feronnere; and though the pretext was that his health required it, I understand very well—'  
'No, dear aunt; that is just what you did not do. The trials and difficulties of this life are not always so easy to understand; and there are mysteries in the hearts and destinies of men that are not to be fathomed at first sight.'

'Ah, there you are, off upon your high-flown ideas again!' exclaimed Mdlle. de Tournefort. 'It is hopeless,' she added, with a sigh. In order to make the reader understand the indignation of the aunt, and the behaviour of the niece, it will be necessary to go back to the circumstances which immediately followed the death of the Baron de Vidal. On the day of the funeral, and as soon as the ceremony was over, the will was read; and it was then found that the Baron had bequeathed the Castle of La Roche Vidal, and the whole of his furniture, to his granddaughter. The will had been opened in the presence of Colonel de la Feronnere and of several old friends who had gathered round Alice, as a last mark of respect to one whose death was a cause of the deepest regret to all who had had opportunities of knowing and appreciating his rare qualities and of enjoying the charms of his conversation. The will was dated several years before the Baron's death. His sudden end had prevented his making any alteration in it, if such had been his intention. Mdlle. de Morlaix remained, therefore, the sole inheritor of her grandfather's property. The Baron had made no mention of his brother's children, and merely commended Alice to the care and friendship of Colonel de la Feronnere, in whose charge he also left her fortune, till she should be of age, or marry. As Mdlle. de Morlaix had already reached the age of twenty-one, it was no longer a guardian, but a guide and a friend that her grandfather's last wishes assigned to her. She felt deeply the want of some one to advise her, and accepted with heartfelt gratitude Colonel de la Feronnere's offer of help and counsel, in the numberless cares and duties which now began to crowd upon her. He asked her to spend some time with him and his wife at their country house at Bordeaux. Alice agreed to do so on condition of being allowed to stop first at Pau, at the Ursuline Convent, where she had made her first Communion.

This being settled, she had a long conversation with M. de la Feronnere about Andre's prospects, and begged him to hasten on as much as possible the arrangements that were being made to enable him to leave the army, and to secure to him an income sufficient for the position in the world that the Baron de Vidal would have wished him to occupy. She implored him to join her in her efforts to convince her cousin that in so acting she was but discharging a sacred duty, the fulfilment of which had been left her by her grandfather; thus depriving him of all pretext for refusing an offer which she did not wish him to ascribe to her generosity.

(To be Continued.)

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY  
The annual meeting of the members and friends of this society was held on Whit-Tuesday at the Catholic Hall, Denmark street, Dublin. There was a most numerous and influential attendance. The body of the hall and the gallery were thronged by members of the society, and on the platform there was a distinguished assemblage of the clergy and laity of the city. Several ladies were also present. Great interest was manifested in the proceedings.

On the motion of Alderman M'Swinye, the chair was taken amidst loud applause by His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace on rising to address the meeting was greeted with warm cheering. He said he could assure them most sincerely that he felt the greatest pleasure in assisting at their meeting that evening. Meetings such as these did a great deal of good; they gave encouragement to study and to religion, and to the practices of religion [hear, hear]. Great benefits, he repeated, arose from meetings in which good sentiments were set forth, and in which everything was done to increase religion and Catholic feeling [applause]. He did not know very well what to say in addressing them that evening, but he hoped they would allow him to state that he had been lately looking over the reports of speeches which were made at the meetings of other societies—not Catholic societies—not Catholic young men's societies, but Protestant societies—at meetings held rather a spirit of hostility to the Catholic religion and the Catholic church, and certainly, very wonderful discoveries seemed, from time to time, to be made at those meetings [hear, hear]. Some of those discoveries, however, were certainly very new to every Catholic. There was a Protestant Young Men's Society in Dublin, and a very nice volume of lectures, delivered before that society, had been recently published. One lecture was delivered by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, in which he proposed to the young men the imitation of a Protestant saint [laughter], and that saint was Gustavus Vasa—a very distinguished general—a man who fought most bravely, no doubt, against the Catholic powers of Germany—a man, too, who sang hymns, but was ever ready to massacre his opponents—a man who quoted Scripture, but sinned and burned cities—a man who raised his hand to heaven, but delivered up the inhabitants of the cities he captured to the licentiousness of his fierce soldiery [hear, hear, and applause]. Well, that man was no saint [hear, hear, and laughter]; still he was proposed for imitation to the people of the society in question. It was true that Gustavus Vasa was as great a saint as any of the Protestant leaders—he was at least equal to Luther [laughter]—he was, probably not inferior to Henry the VIII—another very holy Protestant [laughter], or to Elizabeth herself, who was also remarkable for her holy life [hear, hear, and laughter]. At all events Catholics had nothing to say to this saint [hear, hear]. The saints proposed for imitation by Catholics, as they all knew, were these distinguished for their humility, for the purity of their lives, for their exertions in the cause of religion [applause]. The saints at the head of the Protestant calendar were remarkable for nothing of that kind; they were generally very wicked and very corrupt, and if they made any effort to promote their religion it was only by fire and sword [hear, hear]; and it was by fire and sword that the great Protestant saint in Germany endeavored to sustain the Reformation, and propagate the doctrines of Luther [hear, hear]. In another address, by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, they were told that they were living in darkness and in the shadow of death [laughter], and they were all invited to go over together into the light of Protestantism [renewed laughter]. The Protestant Archbishop forgot altogether the condition of the Protestants of England, and directed all his attention to the conversion of 'poor benighted Papists,' as they were called. They must all be very grateful and very thankful for the zeal of the Archbishop. They would beg, at the same time, to be excused if they did not accept his invitation [hear, hear, and laughter]. There were other lectures delivered by eloquent and distinguished men. There was one lecture by the Right Hon. Mr. Whiteside [hissses], delivered to a young men's society, and published both in the newspapers and in pamphlets. These gentlemen had made some singular discoveries. One discovery was that Protestantism prevailed in Ireland from the days of St. Patrick to the year 1122 [oh, oh, and laughter]. That statement was put forth as a truth that could not be controverted.

Even a Protestant clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Lee) being long to some place in the north of Ireland, he did not know where for he was not acquainted with Protestant Church matters—gave at the end of a pamphlet of which he [the Rev. Mr. Lee] was the author, precise dates which were interesting to consider. For instance, the Rev. Mr. Lee said 'Protestantism prevailed in Ireland from the year 432 down to 1152; then Popery was introduced [laughter], prevailed down to 1537, when an act of Parliament was passed by the holy men of the time of Henry the Eighth to diffuse the pure religion amongst the people, and accordingly, from 1537 to the present day Protestantism was the religion of Ireland [renewed laughter]. Thus it was satisfactorily proved that out of the fourteen hundred years since Christianity was introduced into Ireland, nearly 1,100 years had been occupied by Protestantism [oh, oh, and laughter]. Now he [the Archbishop of Dublin] was justified in saying that these were wonderful discoveries. Every one who knew even a little of the history of Ireland should be amazed when they read such things. A short journey through the country was of itself sufficient to refute the nonsense he had alluded to [hear, hear]. Wherever they went they found the old Irish cross. At Monasterboice, at Oulstermot, at Kells, at Dunmore, in fact in every district their eyes fell upon the ancient Irish cross—in some instances ten, in others twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen feet high [applause]. Did they think that these crosses were erected by Protestants [hear, hear, and applause]? Again, let them look at the old and mouldering churches still standing in every country in Ireland. These, too, bore the old Irish cross, beautifully sculptured. Were these the work of the century the Reformers erected scaffolding to destroy these evidences of the ancient religion [hear, hear]. Another symbol of the ancient faith was the making of the sign of the cross. This was an old custom—an old practice—it was still retained, and doubtless would be retained to the end of time—[applause]—but could the people who introduced the good custom of making the sign of the cross be considered Protestants [hear, hear, and applause]? No; those who affected to be of the old faith never made the sign of the cross at all [hear, hear]. It was the forefathers of the Catholics of the present time who made the sign of the cross [hear, hear]. Another custom of their Catholic forefathers was the establishing of monasteries and convents for holy men and women [hear, hear]. Those convents and monasteries were spread over the land. Were these Protestant institutions? Was it likely those who filled the convents and monasteries were Protestants? [applause] Again, they found the old churches, built and designed for the purpose of having Mass celebrated within them [hear, hear]. Some of these churches were built ten or eleven centuries ago. The Catholic saints, the saints of Ireland, were all accustomed to say Mass with great devotion, great veneration, and great respect—was that a Protestant custom [hear, hear, and applause]? The Catholic saints, too, were accustomed to go to confession very regularly. That fact was often mentioned in the Lives of the Saints, who used to go to confession as regularly as Catholics did that day [hear, hear]. There was another practice which was most remarkable in Ireland, and for which Ireland was distinguished above all the other countries of Europe—that was the practice of fasting and abstinence. About the year 640, the Irish Church was accustomed to maintain the practice of fasting and abstinence on every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, and in the old Irish Church, the fast of Lent was maintained with the greatest rigor possible. He was sure those who acted in that way were not very like modern Protestants [hear, hear, and laughter]. There was one point specially insisted upon of late, and that was that the Irish Church was independent of the Pope—that it had no connection whatever with Rome. This was a point on which they were most easily refuted [hear, hear]. There was no doubt whatever but that Saint Patrick was sent by St. Celestine to Ireland [cheers]. All the old monuments of Ireland bore testimony to the fact, that Pope Saint Celestine, in the year 432, sent Saint Patrick to Ireland to preach the Gospel [hear, hear], and Saint Patrick brought with him the doctrine professed throughout Europe at that time. The Pope was admitted by every Christian people in the world to be the head of the Church at that time, in the same way as Pius IX is recognised at present [hear, hear, and continued cheering]. Saint Patrick made a law by which it was prescribed that if any controversies arose in the Church in Ireland, they should be referred to the Holy See, and they were always referred to the Holy See [cheers]. That was not very much like Protestantism. Ireland was also famous for the number of her people that went continually to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles, and to pay their respect and veneration to the successor of Saint Peter. They read in the life of Saint Bridget that she was most anxious to go Rome, in order that she might see the Vicar of Christ. It was mentioned that she had a vision in which the will of heaven was manifested to her, that she should remain at home, but at the same time there was opened to her a vision, in which she saw the tombs of the Apostles, and the Holy Pontiff celebrating Mass with the greatest solemnity. Whenever ecclesiastics wished to go on a foreign mission—and there were great numbers of Irish missionaries at that time—it was their custom to hurry to Rome in order that they might get the blessing of the Pope and the assistance of the Apostolic See, without which they would preach in vain. They would cast out their nets and labor all night without taking anything unless they had the blessing of the successor of the Apostles [cheers]. There was a very ancient Irish writer, St. Columbanus, a most learned and distinguished man; some of his works had been preserved, and amongst them were letters written by St. Gregory the Great, letters written to Pope Boniface, in which he professed the most unbounded obedience and submission to the Holy See; so that in this point of their submission to the Holy See there was no doubt but their forefathers revered the Pope, derived jurisdiction from the Pope, and consulted the Pope in their difficulties, just as they did with Pius IX, and as he hoped Ireland would always do with whatever Pope might sit in the chair of Peter [loud cheers]. When they considered these facts he was sure they would see that the discoveries lately made about the Protestantism of ancient Ireland—though they were very novel—were not very well founded in fact [cheers]. There was another assertion made by Mr. Whiteside, and by his companions, including the Hon. Joseph Napier, that at the time of the 'Reformation' all the bishops and clergy of Ireland, almost without exception, joined the Protestant church, and that the Protestant bishops of the present day were consequently the successors of the old bishops of Ireland—the inheritors of the jurisdiction. Suppose that was the case—let them suppose that all the bishops of Ireland at that time did apostatize, what would be the consequence? That they lost their jurisdiction and their connection with the Holy See [hear, hear]. But happily such was not the case. The bishops and priests and people of Ireland were most faithful to the Holy See, most faithful to the Holy Catholic Church in the midst of the severest trials [loud cheers]. Everyone he addressed knew that the severest laws were enacted against their forefathers—that their property was confiscated—that many of them were driven into exile, and that hundreds of thousands of them were put to death because they would not renounce the Catholic faith [loud cheers]. Was it not, then, too bad, with such facts staring them in the face, to be told that Ireland adopted the principles of the Reformation of the 16th century? [Hear, hear]. He was sure very few would attach the least importance to such reckless assertions—assertions which had no foundation in fact—assertions made without any authority, [hear, hear]. Though made by such respectable men, yet they were made by men who yielded to their prejudices, to their bigotry, rather than to the dictates of

truth [hear, hear, hear]. He was sorry for detailing them—long—(cries of no, no). In looking, however, over those lectures he observed a curious statement brought forward by the Hon. Joseph Napier upon the authority of the Catholic judges. The statement was, that Protestantism existed before the Reformation in its greatest perfection. Everyone knew that Protestantism had never been heard of—at least the name of the thing had never been known—before Martin Luther, Henry the VIII, Calvin, and John Knox, and other holy men [laughter] introduced the Reformation into Europe. Judge Keogh was the Catholic writer [bliss and laughter] who was quoted by the Hon. Joseph Napier for the statement that Protestantism existed in the greatest perfection before the time of the Reformation. Well, he was not going to condemn the judge for that statement; for Protestantism did exist, in its most perfect form, from the time when first arose a rebellion against the Almighty God. Lucifer rebelled against the authority of the Almighty, and was therefore a Protestant (cheers and laughter). The Jews protested against our Saviour—against the Eternal Son of God, and they were Protestants [hear, hear]. The learned judge was, therefore, not much astray when he said Protestantism had been carried to great perfection before the Reformation [hear, hear]. He had been reading a lecture lately delivered in this city—it was said to have been delivered by a judge (cries of hear, hear)—by an Irishman, by a Catholic [hear, hear]. After reading that lecture he was almost forced to the conclusion that it could not have been delivered by the person to whom it was attributed [hear, hear]. In the first place they knew that Milton was a great regicide, that he defended the murder of Charles I. It was quite impossible that a judge in this country, a judge appointed by the Queen, should defend and laud the man who said it was lawful to put a king to death. Milton was a great enemy of prelates. He was a rank Presbyterian. Well, one who upheld the authority of the Queen, the head of the Church, who appoints so many prelates, could scarcely eulogise the man who censured every act of that nature.—They all knew how Cromwell treated Ireland, that he massacred the inhabitants in the most frightful manner. When he took Drogheda, he ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, and the blood ran through the streets for three days—Milton, who paragoned everything in the way of pretended liberty—when Cromwell came to power he devoted his powerful talents, his wonderful talents, to the purposes of that unhappy and wicked, though clever man [hear, hear]. It was difficult to suppose that an Irishman would become the eulogist of Milton, who was the subject of Cromwell. But the address not only showed signs of fabrication in its historical and political aspects, but also and much more so in its religious aspects. Every Catholic knew that when God revealed a doctrine they were obliged to bow down humbly and admit it. The authority of God admits of no controversy, and when we do not understand it we are obliged to believe it nevertheless, when He reveals it, because God is infinite truth. He cannot deceive or be deceived, and we are obliged to admit what He reveals. Now, the lecturer referred to said they were not to do this, but to defend liberty of thought upon all matters of religion. A Catholic could scarcely say such a thing as that. No Catholic who read his catechism would venture to say such a thing as that. If God Almighty established an authority upon earth they all knew they were obliged to obey authority. If God deputed His authority to any man, or any institution on earth, they all knew they were obliged to obey that institution, because God could give his authority to any one or anybody He wished as head of the church, and to the Church as an existing body, and He had declared this authority infallible, and said, 'he who heareth not the Church let him be to thee as the Heathen and the Publican.' No Catholic would come forward and say 'we are not obliged to hear the Church.' When a lecturer proposed such a doctrine they must say it was not written by a Catholic but was a fabrication invented, perhaps, by some of those anti-Catholic newspapers who wished to lead them astray [laughter and applause]. There was another point he wished to speak on. Every Catholic knew there was but one true Church. He recollected asking a boy once at Marlborough street—Father Spratt could say who he was [applause]—could there be two true Churches. He was very intelligent, though perfectly blind, and knew every word of his catechism, and the answer he gave was this—'There is but one God, one faith, one baptism, and after all those ones how could there be two true Churches' [applause and laughter]. Every Catholic knew that truth was one, and that everything opposed to that was false [loud applause]. Christ came on earth not to institute two or three, or fifty, or five hundred bodies, according to the different sects of Protestantism, but He instituted one body and gave all His power to that one body. He instituted one head, and gave supreme authority to St. Peter and his successors, in order to keep all the members bound together in a bond of charity. When it was stated that a Catholic laid down a contrary doctrine, and stated that no creed, or church, or body, had the exclusive right to truth, they must be told to think it a fabrication [hear, hear]. On all those grounds he was inclined to suppose that the lecturer, which had been put forth under the name of a distinguished judge, was only a mere fabrication [hear, hear]. He had been absent from Dublin ever since it had been delivered, and had only had time just to look over it. He had not had time to inquire about the author of it, but he intended to make the inquiry [great applause, and laughter]. Irish Catholics had been always devotedly attached to the Apostolic See, and ready to lay down their lives rather than renounce their allegiance to that See [applause]. If any one now broached a contrary doctrine, all they could do was to say he did not belong to the body of Irish Catholics [applause]. But, at the same time, they were not to pass sentence upon anybody; and if any one had gone astray they should do everything in their power to bring him back, and should contribute by their prayers and good example to re-establish him in that faith without which it is impossible to please God. In conclusion, he hoped they would all continue to exert themselves as members of the Young Men's Society, and support their religion by word and example, and be always prepared to lay down their lives rather than say anything contrary to their faith, or do anything unworthy of good Catholics [prolonged applause].—Freeman.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

A book which is already creating much sensation in Dublin, and is likely to astonish some readers here, is Mr. John Prendergast's 'Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland,' just published by Messrs. Longman, Englishmen who are puzzled to understand how the Irish difficulty arose and what the Irish people want, had better read this thrilling narrative. It is only a compilation of official documents, a bare chronicle. But it makes the sufferings of Longfellow's 'Ardians' seem slight and trivial, and indeed, when compared with the consequences of the remorseless policy which deliberately endeavored to supplant and exterminate a whole race.—Star.

The uncertainty of human life was strikingly exemplified on Saturday, in the sudden death of Mr. Edward Johnston, of the Leicester Circuit, who died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence in this city. A few days ago he addressed the electors of Dunraven as a candidate for the representation of that borough on the Conservative ticket. On the day previous to his death he was at the Courts apparently in his usual health, and expressed himself on that occasion sanguine of success at the approaching election. Mr. Johnston was much respected by his brethren at the Bar.—Dublin paper.