

Duigenan, while Ned Fennell, sharing his master's excitement, already urged his horse forward.

But fearless as was our hero, he was by no means devoid of that quality which forms the better part of valor. Leading the trio, he advanced with speed, but with caution.

Suddenly the light disappeared, and immediately after a broad glare appeared at the open door of the cottage, in the midst of which he beheld a confusion of figures.

There was violence in the scene.

Uttering a cry of rage and desperation, he plunged forward, his companions, now as reckless as himself, striving to outstrip him.

Without hesitating the three insurgents rushed at them. Charles rode down his man, and, turning upon a second who had knocked Fennell off his horse with a blow of his carbine, scattered his brains with a pistol shot.

He directed his remaining firearm on a third trooper, but it missed fire, and ere he could use its butt, the soldier, a powerful fellow, grappled with him. They buffeted each other, they wrestled for several minutes, and it was only when Duigenan, having put his opponent to flight, rushed to our hero's rescue, that the trooper, relaxing his grip, craved mercy.

Charles no sooner found himself disengaged than without further noticing the man, he dashed forward, followed by Duigenan, and by Ned, the latter having been only momentarily stunned by his opponent's assault.

They arrived to find Father O'Hanlon lying insensible on the parlor floor, blood flowing from a wound in his head, and his distracted niece bending over his helpless and venerable form.

Craddock, the pallor of his illness replaced by a glow of furious feeling, was attiring himself as for a journey, but he seemed bewildered, like one aroused from a sudden dream.

Charles looked around wildly as he dashed into the apartment.

"Where is Marion?" he cried.

"Gone," replied Craddock. "Bradley has carried her off. Collect yourself, Raymond, or all is lost. Be cool for Marion's sake."

But Charles had fallen on the threshold as though struck dead.

To be Continued.

THE CRUSADE OF THE PERIOD.

FROUDE versus IRELAND.

BY JOHN MITCHELL.

(From the New York Irish American.)

No. 6.

The reader can now estimate the value of the evidence for the "Massacre" of 1641. The Reverend Ferdinand Warner, a Protestant clergyman, gives this account of the matter—

"It is easy enough to demonstrate the falsehood of the relation of every Protestant historian of this rebellion."

It would be hard, indeed, upon us Protestants, if we were compelled to support and maintain those raw-head-and-bloody-bones histories; but fortunately there is no such compulsion upon us. Mr. Warner was not one of the "gentlemanly adventurers," he expected no lands, nor money, out of the "Massacre."

And Warner says— "Their first intention went no farther than to strip the English and the Protestants of their own power and possessions; and, unless forced to it by opposition, not to shed any blood."

"Resistance," says Leland, "produced some bloodshed; and, in some instances, private revenge, religious hatred, and the suspicion of some valuable concealment, enraged the triumphant rebels to insolence, cruelty, and murder. So far, however, was the original scheme of the conspiracy at first pursued, that few fell by the sword, except in open war and assault."

A volume was published by another Protestant clergyman, and a contemporary of the event; which Froude notices in this cavalier style—

"At that time there was a Protestant parson in Ireland who called himself a Minister of the Word of God. He gives his account of the whole transaction in a letter to the people of England, begging of them to help their fellow-Protestants of Ireland. Here are his words:

"It was the intention of the Irish to massacre all the English. On Saturday they were to disarm them, on Sunday to seize all their cattle and goods, and on Monday they were to cut all the English throats. The former they executed; the third—that is the massacre—they failed in."

It would surely be a curious circumstance, that they "failed in" the massacre, if massacre had been their intention, seeing that the Ulster Protestants were entirely at their mercy. But the Historian cannot endure Protestants, like Mr. Warner and this other "parson," who cast a doubt on the grand fact. A pretty "Protestant" indeed! who tries to make the "turning-point in history turn the wrong way! A horrible, cool-blooded massacre there was—there must have been, or else our Protestant interest is surrendered; so the Historian still stands upon his thirty-eight thousand mangled corpses. Yet he tries to uphold the story by some other evidence than that of the Adventurers who had money in it. So he gives us, in a note, a passage from Richard Belling's *Findeus Catholicorum Hibernie*. Belling was a Catholic; and the fraudulent Historian tells us that he "half confirms, in shame, Sir Phelim O'Neill's barbarities." He gives the passage in Belling's Latin; and it states that O'Neill, for the sake of revenge (or retaliation) did raise tumults and enact tragic scenes in some parts of Ulster, which are the less to be commended—if the stories are true—on the part of a man who is a Catholic. If the stories are true, we would all say that, and without "half-confirming" the truth of them. If Sir Phelim, or his people did really slaughter defenceless people, with their women and infants, unless it were in re-

taliation for the like outrages committed by the other side, every one would admit that such conduct cannot be commended, if, as Belling says, "si vera referuntur." In short the Historian of the turning-point fails entirely to produce evidence of any massacre at all, except the evidence of men notoriously living by the said massacre.

But there was retaliation, in the course of the war. Certainly, when the sword is once drawn, retaliation in kind, for outrage committed contrary to the laws of war is not only a right but a duty. It would have been cruelty on the part of Sir Phelim and the other Irish leaders,—cruelty towards their own people,—if he had failed in such a case to repay slaughter with slaughter. Even this was done with great moderation, and to a trifling extent: nor is there to be found, I think, in history, another example of an insurrection, by an oppressed and despoiled people, commenced and carried on so bloodlessly for at least two months. Here then, it becomes of vital interest to the truth of history to ascertain which side began the murdering calling for retaliation. And this carries us at once to Island Magee.

Irish writers, as well as the constant tradition of the country, have represented the slaughter of the peaceful, unarmed people of Island Magee by the Scotch garrison of Carrickfergus as the first unprovoked act of butchery. Island Magee is a peninsula, six miles long, by one and a half in breadth, attached to the coast of Antrim, and running northward parallel to that coast, from the entrance to Carrickfergus Bay. It is a fertile district and has always been thickly peopled. In November, 1641, it held not only its own permanent inhabitants, but also some hundreds more who had taken themselves to that remote place, to live for a time with their kindred, and avoid the troubles of the time. The peninsula rises gradually from west to east, and its eastern side sinks down perpendicularly to the sea in a wall of cliff four hundred feet high. On one fatal night, when the people were all in their beds, a force of Munroe's soldiers, from the garrison of Carrickfergus, issued forth in silence, and traversed the whole peninsula, gathering the people as they went, and sending them forward, unarmed men and half-naked women, with children in their arms or at their knees; and so drove them to the brink of the steep, where a pebble dislodged from the edge will fall into deep water: and then, Hurrah for the Protestant Interest! One volley and a bayonet-charge or two, and the shrieking multitude was forced over. They were all dead before they reached the water. Ferguson, himself, an Antrim Protestant, tells the tale in some verses, describing the escape of a man and woman to Scotland in an open boat, upon that same night:

The midnight moon is wading deep; The land sends off the gale; The boat beneath the sheltering steep Hangs on a seaward sail; And, leaning o'er the weather-rail, The lovers hand in hand, Take their last look of Innisfail; Farewell, doomed Ireland!

"And art thou doomed to discord still? And shall thy sons no'er cease To search and struggle for thine ill? Ne'er share thy good in peace? Already do thy mountains feel Avenging Heaven's ire?" Hark—hark—this is no thunder-peal, That was no lightning fire."

It was no fire from heaven he saw, For, far from hill and dell, O'er Gobbin's brow the mountain flaw Boars musquet-shot and yell, And shouts of brutal glee, that tell A foul and fearful tale, While over blast and breaker swell Thin shrieks and woman's wail.

Now fill thy fur the upper sky, Now down 'mid air they go, The frantic scream, the piteous cry, The groan of rage and woe; And wider in their agony And shriller still they grow— Now cease they, choking suddenly; The waves boom on below.

This is the massacre of Island-Magee, and the first real butchery of the war, as the Irish have always sturdily insisted. Whether it befel in November, 1641, or in the ensuing January; whether three thousand people were there murdered, as Irish authorities allege, or only "thirty families," as Dr. Leland declares, or thirty persons, as Mr. Froude tells us upon his own authority; on all these points there is a controversy, and, no doubt, will continue to be. Froude, following Leland, places the incident in January, that it may appear to be an act of retaliation for other outrages which, he says, the Irish had been guilty of on their side. Now, Dr. Leland is no authority at all, because he was not yet born a hundred years after. But our Historian quite complacently cites the authority of a Dr. Reid, author of a History of the Irish Presbyterians, and who cannot allow that his Scotch clients tumbled over the cliff more than "thirty persons," counting only the heads of Leland's thirty families. "Every details of that business," says Froude, "has been preserved, and can be traced to the minutest fibre of it" and in a note, "The particulars are given exactly by Dr. Reid." Now, I know this decent clergyman, a country minister dwelling in the village of Rathmelton, Donegal county,—if he still lives. If he were to narrate to me a fact which he saw with his own eyes, I should believe him; but who will accept him as authority for what happened about a hundred and fifty years before he was born? If he said he had dreamed it, or that "the spirits" told him, I should suspect his reverence of being crazy; if he cited anything from the folios of the swarzers, I should more than suspect his good faith. And is it not too audacious in Froude to pretend to stop the mouth of all authority and all tradition, with his Doctor of Donegal?

There is no compiler of Irish history more perfectly trustworthy than Dr. John Curry; and he has devoted a considerable space to an investigation of the affair of Island-Magee. I cannot hope to improve upon his remarks, nor effectively to condense them. He says— "The report that his Majesty's Protestant subjects first fell upon, and murdered the Roman Catholics, got credit and reputation, and was openly and frequently asserted," says Jones, Bishop of Meath, in a letter to Dr. Borlase, in 1679. And Sir Audley Mervin, Speaker of the House of Commons, in a public speech to the Duke of Ormonde, in 1662, confessed, "that several pamphlets then swarmed to fasten the rise of this rebellion upon the Protestants; and that they drew the first blood." And, indeed, whatever cruelties may be charged upon the Irish in the prosecution of this war, "their first intention, we see," says another Protestant voucher, "went no further than to strip the English and the Protestants of their power and possessions, and, unless forced to it by opposition, not shed any blood." Even Temple confesses the same; for mentioning what mischiefs were done in the beginning of this insurrection, "certainly," says he, "that which these rebels mainly intended, at first, and most busily employed themselves about, was the driving away the Englishmen's cattle, and possessing themselves of their goods."

"In a MS. journal of an officer in the King's service, quoted by Mr. Carlo, wherein there is a minute and daily account of everything that happened in the North of Ireland, during the first weeks of the insurrection; there is not even an insinuation of any cruelties committed by the insurgents on the English or Protestants; although, it is computed by the journalists, that the Protestants of that Province had killed near a thousand of the rebels in the first

week or two of the rebellion." And on the 16th of November, 1641, "Mr. Robert Wallbank came from the North, and informed the Irish House of Commons, that two hundred of the people of Coleraine fought with one thousand of the rebels, slew six of them, and not one of themselves hurt. That in another battle, sixty of the rebels were slain, and only two of the others hurt, none slain." Nor do we find, in this account, the least mention of cruelties then committed by the Irish; but much of the success and victory of his Majesty's Protestant subjects, as often as they encountered them.

"It is worthy of particular notice, that a Commission of the Lords Justices, Parsons and Borlase, dated so late as December 23rd, 1641, was sent down to several gentlemen in Ulster (where it is agreed on all hands that these cruelties and outrages were chiefly committed), in virtue of which Commission, Temple and Borlase confess, 'several examinations were afterwards taken of murders committed by the rebels, and the perpetrators of many of these murders were discovered.' Yet the Commission itself, though it authorizes these gentlemen 'to call upon all those who had then suffered in the rebellion, and all the witnesses of these sufferings, to give in examinations of the nature of them, and of every minute circumstance relating to them, expressly and particularly specifying every other crime usual in insurrections, and then committed, in this, viz., plunder, robbery, and even traitorous words, actions and speeches; yet, I say, there is not a syllable mentioned of any murders, then committed, in this Commission, nor any express power given by it to make inquiry into them. From whence it seems necessarily to follow, either that few or no such cruelties had been committed by the insurgents before the 23rd of December, 1641, or that these Lords Justices deemed murders and massacres less worthy of their notice, of being strictly enquired after, than even traitorous words and speeches."

"That a great number of unoffending Irish were massacred in Island Magee, by Scottish Puritans, about the beginning of this insurrection is not denied by any adverse writer that I have met with. An apology, however, is made for it by them all which even if it were grounded on fact, as I shall presently shew it has not, would be a very bad one, and seems at least to imply a confession of the charge. These writers pretend, that this massacre was perpetrated on those harmless people, in revenge of some cruelties before committed by the rebels on the Scots in other parts of Ulster. But as I find this controversy has been already taken up by two able Protestant historians, who seem to differ about the time in which that dismal event happened, perhaps, by laying before the reader the accounts of both, with such animadversions, as naturally arise from them, that time may be more clearly and positively ascertained.

"A late learned and ingenious author of an history of Ireland, has shifted off this shocking incident from November 1641, (in which month it has been generally placed) to January following, many weeks after horrible cruelties (as he tells us) had been committed by the insurgents on the Scots in the North. 'The Scottish soldiers,' says he, 'who had reinforced the garrison of Carrickfergus, were possessed of an habitual hatred of Popery, and inflamed to an implacable detestation of the Irish by multiplied accounts of their cruelties. In one fatal night, they issued from Carrickfergus into an adjacent district called Island-Magee, where a number of the poorer Irish resided, unoffending and untainted with the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty. As if, proceeds the historian, 'the incident were not sufficiently hideous, Popish writers have represented it with shocking aggravation.'"

An angry man was Sir Phelim O'Neill when he heard of the drowning at Island-Magee; but his duty to his own people called for stern retaliation; and that some acts of this nature were done, cannot and need not be denied. Sir Phelim was not naturally disposed to cruelty, and had anxiously sought to keep his men,—wild as they were with their wrongs and sufferings,—within the limits prescribed at the beginning. Yet he had to give way, to some extent; and it must be true that some Protestants were flung into the Bann river at Portadown, just as Catholics had been lunged over the Gobbin cliffs.

I am bound to maintain, after all the examination I have been able to give to the ghastly story, that the Irish insurrection of 1641 was notable amongst insurrections for its mildness and humanity; and that, if the Irish were not the most gentle, patient and good natured people in the whole world, their island would long since have been a smoking wilderness of cinders soaked in blood.

Sir William Petty, looking calmly into the whole business, shortly after, says, with his usual coolness, that, at any rate, "Upon the playing of this game, or match, the English won, and had, amongst other pretences, a gamester's right at least to their estates. As for the blood shed in the contest for these lands, God best knows who did occasion it." Ah! yes; God knows; and Petty know; but could not afford to state; for the title to those confiscated estates was at stake; not legally indeed, but morally, in the estimation of civilized mankind; and the prosperous Doctor, having a gloriously winning hand in that "match or game," was content to enjoy his good luck, and leave the rest to God. The English did, indeed, win the game, after ten years of painful struggle and carnage; for Ireland did not sink under one blow, as Scotland did, at Dunbar; and this philosophic Doctor was the principal carver at the mighty feast of spoil. The insurrection was followed by a general war throughout the island, a war which the Lords of the Council took care to make general, because then the confiscations would be general also.

In the course of the war there were some bright days for Ireland, and especially the day of Benburb; for the same covenanting rascal, Munroe, who slew the poor people of Island-Magee, had the ill-luck, six years later, on a bright June day, to look in the face the greatest of all the O'Neills, the magnificent Owen Roe. It is one of the shining points in our history, gleaming through the general darkness, on whose brightness Irish eyes love to dwell. Therefore, in this large History of Ireland, Mr. Froude takes care never to mention how, on that bright Summer day, General Munroe, marched along the northern bank of the Blackwater with a formidable army, making no doubt that he would dislodge and disperse the Irish chiefs and their clansmen. But he knew little of the soldier opposed to him,—an officer trained in the French and Spanish wars; the defender of Arras against a Marshal of France; and an O'Neill of Ulster, full of vindictive loathing against the covenanting leader who had shed the innocent blood of the clansmen of Tyrone, at Newry and at Island-Magee. The whole forenoon of that memorable day was spent in repeating attacks by Munroe's troops, which were always steadily repulsed. O'Neill kept his men well in hand, and especially restrained his impetuous commander of horse, MacNeney, who burned to launch his riders upon the squadrons of Scottish cavalry. "Wait for the sun," O'Neill said; "when the sun begins to sink towards the west, then will the Lord have delivered those covenanting scoundrels into our hands." Still the assaults continued, with loss and exhaustion on the part of the enemy; until the prudent Irish chief, who observed the sun that day, like an astronomer, saw that its rays were beginning to dart into the faces of the Scots. Now, steady, rapid, advance all along the line! And, now, MacNeney, the spur in your horse's side and the bridle upon his mane! In a few moments down went horse and foot, and there was no covenanting army anymore, only

a howling rabble rout, flying for their lives. They had need; for O'Neill, when he did move, was "hot upon the spur;" and Munroe and a party of officers betook themselves to ignominious flight. The General lost his hat and wig; but eastward still he urged his horse, through the marshes of the Montsighs, by the southern shore of Lough Neagh, across the Bann about the place where the ghosts were still shrieking; and, before morning, the Protestant burghers of Lisburn were disturbed by the gallop of horses ready to founder. They looked out of window; it was only General Munroe and staff making their entry; but the frightened shopkeepers almost thought they heard at the town's end the thundering hoofs of Owen Roe's riders. Three thousand Scottish and English men fell that day of Benburb; and the Irish nation felt that they had got a leader able to cope with the Lord-General Cromwell.

As this affair of Benburb is creditable to Irish soldiery, therefore Froude never alludes to it. The miserable "Historian" is always anxiously on the watch to find out some pretext for goading our people with a taunt; and it is really wonderful to observe how low down and how far out of his way, he will go to contrive a cutting and stinging gibes. For example, by way of enforcing his favorite theory, that Irishmen require to be used with severity, and that the more you scourge them the more they love you, he quotes what he calls a Hibernian proverb, in Latin, to the effect that if you soothe and flatter an Irishman he will stab you, but if you kick him he will be your affectionate servant. Froude knows perfectly well, that this is a French proverb, which the proud seigneurs applied to their serfs, and that it had no reference to Ireland at all—"Dignez vous; il vous poindra; poignez vilain; il vous oindra."

But our kind Historian, finding the proverb turned into a Latin hexameter, and perceiving that *Hibernicus* fits the measure, cannot resist the temptation. The Irish, according to him, made a proverb on themselves, proclaiming their own dastard servility. They say to all mankind in this proverb—"Do us the pleasure, good sirs, to kick us, that we may have the gratification of kissing your honors' boots! True, this is a small matter; so is the omission of all mention of Benburb; so is the taunt about the Irish paring their forebrows; yet these things show the vicious animus of the creature. If he cannot be always bombarding the Irish with cannon, he, at least, can occupy himself in pricking them with needles."

IRELAND DEDICATED TO THE "SACRED HEART."

SERMON BY FATHER BURKE.

On Thursday, 27th March, the solemn Triduum prior to the grand ceremonial of the dedication of Ireland to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to be celebrated on Sunday, commenced in the Cathedral Church.—Every portion of the sacred edifice set apart for the laity was crowded as early as nine o'clock, or two hours previous to the time named for the opening of the Triduum. This was owing to the general anxiety felt by the Catholic population of the metropolis of this great Catholic country to take part in a devotion which led to the closing of the churches in Poland by the Russian Government, and to the persecutions instituted against the Catholic faith in Germany by Prince Bismarck. Never did the interior of the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, present a grander and more solemn appearance than when the hour arrived for the ceremonies of the day to commence. The nave, aisles, and the return behind the high altar were thronged, and large crowds who could not gain admission within the church, contented themselves with standing room outside the open doors in the porches. The procession of students, clergy, and dignitaries, and prelates had formed in the side chapel of St. Kevin could not advance through the immense congregation that blocked the central passage of the nave, and access to the sanctuary had to be obtained by the doors leading from the vestry. The students of Holy Cross College, preceded by cross bearer, thurifer and acolytes, having taken the places assigned them, and the clergy and canons entered, and formed to the right and left of the high altar. The Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Lord Bishop of Meath, and the Most Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Bombay, having been conducted to the sedilia prepared for them, his Eminence the Cardinal took his seat on the episcopal throne as prelate celebrant, where he was robed in his full canonicals, and taking his seat at the foot of the altar steps, commenced to celebrate pontifical High Mass. The assistant priest was the Very Rev. Monsignor McCabe, V.G., P.P.; the assistants at the throne were the Very Rev. Mgr. Woodcock, and the Very Rev. Canon Murphy; deacons, the Rev. T. O'Reilly, C.C., and the Rev. P. Fee; and master of ceremonies, the Rev. Joseph M'Swiggan. The music, which was given with fine effect by a full choir under the conductorship of the Rev. N. Donnelly, and Mr. McDermott presiding at the magnificent organ, consisted of Kyrie, No 2 Mozart; Gloria, Hummel's; Mass; St. Stephen; Credo, No 2 Mozart; O Salutaris (Mozart), Gounod; Sanctus, No 2 Haydn; and Agnus Dei, No 15 Haydn. At the conclusion of the High Mass, his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop pronounced the episcopal blessing, and the usual form of indulgence having been proclaimed by the Very Rev. Mgr McCabe.

The Rev. Father Burke, who appeared to have altogether recovered the fatigues of his recent exertions in America and the subsequent sea voyage, then preached the sermon of the day, setting forth in a beautiful exordium the intention of the ceremonial and the character of the day. They were met together, he said, brethren of the Catholic Church, and of Irish birth and heart, to make an offering of their native country to the Lord. They should be thankful for the mercy and favor that had preserved to them so glorious a land of which to make an offering. If earthly realm were indeed worthy of special acceptance by the God of the Christian religion, it was assuredly the Island of Saints. Persecutions had swept over Ireland as over other lands, the light of faith had been extinguished elsewhere, the constancy of zeal, the endurance of religious inspiration had perished under the terrible pressure of tyranny; but throughout all vicissitude, in her dark hour as in her prosperity, Ireland had never forfeited the glorious heritage of her first apostle, her people had never lost by heresy or atheism their right to be called the children of God. And throughout the length and breadth of the sacred soil to-day the bishops, priests, and people made offerings of their native land to the Almighty, praying that He would preserve her inviolate, uncorrupt, in that religious purity which was her glory and her preservation. For not only had the faith of Ireland preserved her through the trials and tempests of the great centuries gone by, it was the secret of that life—that mysterious innate vitality which still preserved the Irish race through expatriation and oppression a separate and distinct people. How many elements of dissolution and decay were operating against us! How many distracting and distracting agencies worked subtly, silently, and perpetually in our midst! And yet we survived—nay, we gained strength and numbers in face of hostile influence. Of a certainty if the afflicted Irish people did not possess one great centre of union, one great rallying point, they would long ere this be shattered and scattered into a thousand nameless fragments, uncoalesced, undistinguished waifs among the nations, without personal individuality, without symbol of a distinct race—their history annihilated, all traces of their origin, of their former glory, of their long suffering lost in utter oblivion. What was this glorious centre to which tended the intellect, the energy, the aims and aspirations, the deeds and achievements of the Irish race? What was the bond of strength and union which, at this hour, when the storms had well nigh passed and the sun began at length to shine, pre-

served the Irish people throughout the world, and enabled them, a nation entire and unbroken, to offer their native land to God? It was the Faith. How glorious was the attitude of Ireland to-day! When persecution was raging against the Church of Christ, when the princes and potentates of the earth were arrayed with the powers of darkness against the stronghold of religious belief, when human learning and the presumption of man were devising new engines of assault against the institution founded by the Most High, amid the anarchy of infidel tenets, the tumult of hostile elements, and the indifference and timidity of those who faltered in the good fight—Ireland alone stood forth, fearless, resolute, unchanged, and called aloud, "On, ye peoples! let us adore the Heart of Jesus." The rev. preacher addressed himself minutely to the religious aspect of the occasion, dwelling in terms of wonderful force and beauty on the intimate union existing between Christ and his Church—a union apparent not only from her chronicles, but from her every action, in both of which the Divine guidance and inspiration are evident. He spoke of the endless love of Christ for the children of His Church, and on this head denounced in language singularly eloquent and argumentative the malign intentions of those who sought to exclude the Catholic Church from all participation in the education of her congregation. Nothing could indicate more suggestively the character of the hostility exercised against Catholicism than the rancour and bitterness with which her demand that secular teaching should be mingled and leavened with religious instruction, that moral culture and intellectual development should go together, were met by the governments and philosophers of the day. The Lord had commissioned His Church to go forth and teach all nations. These self-sufficient fools thought themselves superior to the Almighty Intelligence. Like the Scribes and Pharisees of old, they thought they knew more than their God. And so they had the Catholic Church stand aside and not presume to interfere with the instruction of youth. They had her gone from the universities and colleges of the country, nor presume to exercise any influence over the curriculum of these institutions. They warned her to retire within her own schools and cloisters, where she might, conditionally and without their concurrence, impart her doctrines. Who were they who so strenuously opposed the admixture of religion with education? They were men animated above all with a hatred towards Catholicity—towards that system whose truth was inflexible and uncompromising. They represented that advanced philosophy which questioned the creation of man in His Maker's image and likeness, but contended that we had our origin from the ape and monkey. Thus these scientific speculators degraded humanity to the level of the beast. In the ranks of those "advanced thinkers," as the miserable egotistical phrase which described them went, were men who denied the obligation of the matrimonial bond and in other respects disowned allegiance to the moral code acknowledged by believers in revelation; for it was, alas! too true that modern scepticism, modern irreligion and indifference, had absorbed some among the best and brightest intellects of our time, whose senses and capacities, instead of being devoted to the service of Him who bestowed them, were rendered to the furtherance of evil and the destruction of truth and virtue among men. What would the consequence be if the Catholic Church, forgetful of herself, her traditions, and her practices, were to enter into treaty with the enemy, were to tolerate the system of education they offered to her, and were to entrust the minds of her youth to influences directly antagonistic to religion? In one generation from the establishment of such a system our children would have lost their faith, they would have ceased to reverence things sacred, they would have learned to scoff at eternal truth, they would have become tainted with, and ultimately swallowed up in, the demoralization which is the inevitable result of absence of religious training and religious conviction. For the efforts made to exclude belief in God, and the inculcation of religion from the instruction of the people, Ireland, by the national ceremony of the day, at once offered protest and reparation. She, by the solemn act of dedication, made solemn declaration that she would never be false to her God and unfaithful to her self by accepting from any government for her children a system of education from which the knowledge of the Lord was excluded, and further that she could never relax her endeavors—made, thank Heaven, with hands daily growing stronger—till an object so dear to her heart and so vitally important to the temporal and spiritual interests of her people should be triumphantly accomplished. The rev. preacher, in further surveying the condition of the Church, said the first arrow of suffering with which the wickedness of man had pierced the heart of the Lord was the attempt to ignore Him in the education of youth. The second was the persecutions now endured by the Church. It was, in truth, a gloomy yet a glorious prospect. Everywhere—on all hands—the enemy was in arms against the eternal beleaguered citadel. The Vicar and representative of Christ was a straitened prisoner in the centre of Christianity. His foes encompassed him round about, and the head of the Church, in his old age, was compelled to suffer, like his Master, from the malice and hatred of unhappy men. Italy, once the superb centre and stronghold of piety and civilization, had passed wholly into the embraces of infidelity, with all its concomitant deformities. Italy, which, while Catholic, had given birth to the greatest among the painters and poets of the earth, had, since she abandoned the path of the truth, become a wretched land, steeped in vice, bankrupt in character as in wealth. Elsewhere the spirit of evil was active against the principle of light. Germany exerted every engine of her war power, not to crush an opponent, not to extend her territory, but to overthrow Catholicity within her realm. All the ingenuities of statescraft, all the terrors of the land were employed against peaceful priests, peaceably exercising their ministry, for no other reason than that they were Catholic priests. The members of that magnificent order, the pride and bulwark of the Church—the glorious sons of Loyola—were hunted down, not because they were Jesuits, but because they were the vanguard of that army which marched under the banners of truth. Germany, the invincible, the greatest among the nations, turned her hostility upon a bishop, whom she thrust into prison, merely because he dared to exercise his episcopal functions according to his obligations. Had he neglected to do so he would have been condemned by God; because he ventured to do so he was punished by man. This was the boasted toleration of modern civilization—that toleration which, in effect, is tolerant only in error, but which cannot endure the truth. All over the earth the Church was in suffering at the hands of men. But it was so from the beginning, and so, doubtless, it would continue to the end. That which Christ founded would have to imitate His career, that, like His, her glory after that should be the greater. For these persecutions Ireland offered reparation by the act of to-day. Ireland, where the faith knew no opponent, and experienced no hurt except from strangers to the land, renewed her vows and made fresh profession of constancy to that Church of which she was so devoted and so favored a member. Unfortunately, while the enemies of Catholicity were busy trying to overwhelm the immortal fabric, many who professed to be true children of the Church looked on with timidity, apathy, and indifference. Of old, the cry that the Holy Sepulchre was desecrated by the infidel caused Europe, in arms and mad with fiery enthusiasm, to cast herself upon the East. To-day, while the sacred places of religion and the Vicar of Christ himself are insulted,