

an intelligent looking person approached the table with some anxiety of manner, and yet with an apparent consciousness of right which excited a considerable degree of interest in his favor.

"Please your worship," he said, "Mr. Lacy I know, is a well-spoken gentleman, and his little eye will be for me, now that my attorney is gone, to take it in hand, to gain what he advanced; but still I'll try my endeavours. It was I wrote that note, surely, and it was I, an' no one else, that nailed it on the gate; an' I'll tell you why I done so. This Tobin, that they say, is dead now, come to me one day, and asked me if I'd like to have my rent of my little farm abated? I told him I would, why not? for it was that I was asking Mr. Lacy for, an' ever an' always. Because, says Tobin, Mr. Lacy wants to get an abatement himself from the head landlord, an' all he requires is just an excuse for lowering the rent to you. So says he, it would be a good plan if you an' your brother (mainly this boy here a near me) an' one or two more, would get together some night, an' post a threatenin' notice upon the gate, an' after that, to come some night an' make an attack, by way of a feint, upon the house, an' give him an excuse for saying his life was in danger on account of the rent. We did his biddin', an' we fell into the snare they laid. Tobin set the crib to catch us, and now Mr. Lacy comes to put the goulouge upon our necks."

A murmur of suppressed indignation passed among the listeners, as the man concluded, but Lacy regarded him with a smile of calm reproof and pity.

"It is very well," said he, "the case is stated with very great precision. It only remains to be seen in evidence that all this is not a fabrication."

"Have you the necessary proofs of this, Hare?" asked Mr. Leonard.

"Sure here's my brother that was by the whole time while Tobin was talking to me."

"I'll take the vestment of it," said the brother.

"My good fellow," said Damer, while they were smiling at the man's simplicity, "your brother lies implicated in the same accusation that lies against yourself, and his testimony can avail you nothing. Have you no other evidence?"

"Have you no person to produce who was present at those conversations with Tobin, besides your brother?"

"There was nobody by, exceptin' myself an' Thade," replied the prisoner.

"You have no witness, then?" asked Leonard, in a tone of commiseration.

"No witness," said the man, falling into a desponding attitude.

"No witness," cried Lacy. "No witness! and behold him standing there baffled in his vile calumny. He has no witness! not even among his gang of perjured accomplices can he find one so impudent as to support him in that shameful falsehood. This is the fate of loyal gentlemen in times like these. He has no witness—"

"Yes," cried a voice from the crowd, "he has one."

Lacy paused, while an individual made his way through the throng, and came forward to the table. The stranger was wrapt in a travelling cloak, and his hat, whether by accident or affectation, was brought low upon his brow.

"I can give evidence," he said in a low voice, "in favor of the prisoners."

"And your name?" asked Mr. Leonard.

The stranger paused a moment, lowered his face, pressed his hand upon his brow, and seemed to be debating with himself a point of vital consequence. At length he raised his person, and said, in the same subdued voice:

"My name is Riordan, Francis Riordan."

"It is I! I knew it!" cried Lacy, now for the first time springing from that attitude in which he had been interrupted, into one of more ecstatic energy. "I knew him under his disguise. 'Tis his accomplice and his old protector I demand, gentlemen, that this rebel be placed at once under arrest, and handcuffed."

"Hold!" cried Riordan, gently raising one hand, and putting back with the other the hat which had in part concealed his features. "It is true; my name is Riordan, as I said, and I am this man's friend. I have proved it well this morning. But there is no occasion for the violence which Mr. Lacy recommends. I am come here to answer for myself, if need be, before these gentlemen, who will no doubt see justice fully done without that stormy zeal which he deems necessary."

"It shall be done!" said Lacy, fiercely.

"It shall!" echoed Francis, "to your perfect satisfaction. You have laid treason at my door, and I will point it out lurking behind your own. You have called me rebel, falsely called me so, but I will make the same charge good against yourself, by evidence as palpable as matter. A double rebel, false to your king, and darkly, covertly false, to the hand that makes you what you are. That man's defence is true and literal," he added, handing over a paper to the magistrates. "I have it from the lips of Lacy's own accomplice, the betrayed, the deserted Tobin. There is his declaration."

It was read aloud, and Lacy employed the respite thus afforded him in spinning a new clue to free himself from the labyrinth in which he became so unexpectedly entangled.

"The calumny," he said, "is strongly built, and shows fairly, on the face, but there is still a flaw in the foundation. What proof is there that this is Tobin's writing?"

"My oath—A hundred oaths."

"Aye, oaths enough! They are now as plentiful as western winds. The word of Heaven is now sent far and wide, throughout this kingdom, but it is only used to multiply the opportunities of perjury. For this, good men have met, and holy men have prayed, for this, the wealth of Britain melts down before the feet of her apostles; that they may be reviled and mocked; and that falsehood and treason may need no means to give assurance to their calumnies. Such are the oaths that you can tender us, and such are the oaths against which the whole course of a life of

A forked stick, used to secure birds taken in a crib in winter.

undermining loyalty gives feeble and unavailing testimony.

"One oath at least, I have," replied the witness calmly, "which even you cannot impeach."

"Even there, even with that precious gem of perjury to decorate your falsehood, you still are foiled and baffled. This is not Tobin's dying declaration."

"How?"

"The law declares that documentary testimony is only admissible when the witness had supplied it under the firm belief that life was on the wing. What proof have we of this?"

"Is the law so merciful?" said Francis, turning to the magistrates with an appealing look.

"The document is then worthless," I do not know, myself, that Tobin had resigned all hope of life."

"And this, exclaimed Lacy, with a satisfaction ill concealed by the show of indignation he thought it useful to assume—"this is the sum of all that mass of evidence which was meant to overwhelm my character!"

"Not all," said Riordan, "I have yet one witness left. Tobin," he cried, "come forward!"

The crowd was again in motion, and Lacy shrunk back as if a lightning-flash had crossed him. Supported by a countryman, pale-faced and feeble, with a kerchief bound about his battered head, Tobin came forward trembling to the table. Had he been visibly summoned from the grave, with all its funeral suits and trappings wrapped around him, he could not have appalled the heart of Lacy with a shock of deeper terror and despair. He remained set in the attitude of sudden fear, and stared hard, as if in presence of a supernatural appearance.

"Yes!" exclaimed Riordan, pointing to the wounded man, and gazing fixedly on his persecutor; "there is the witness whose testimony I said even you could not impeach, for his was the evidence which you have most employed against the lives and fortunes of your fellow-countrymen. His oath will make that declaration good."

"Pardon me," said Lacy, addressing himself to the magistrates, "I have a word or two to offer. It was told me last night that Tobin was murdered in the hills, and I was so convinced of his death, that I have seldom felt a more singular astonishment than his sudden re-appearance at that table excited. I regretted his loss extremely, for he was a useful friend, and I owed him much which I longed to repay; I grieved that I had not sooner acquitted myself of obligations which he had long before laid on me. [These words were accompanied by a covert glance at the witness, which was withdrawn the instant the speaker saw that it was understood.] I have now to solicit that these prisoners be remanded, and that the examination be deferred for one night; a request which I think cannot appear extraordinary, considering the new turn that affairs have taken."

To this request, apparently so reasonable, Francis could offer no objection, without incurring the reproach of virulence, and it was acceded to without farther question. The prisoners were remanded; and Lacy was then asked what he had to adduce against Riordan that might touch his personal liberty? So downcast was he by the resurrection of his victim, and perplexed by his own embarrassed situation, that he could offer no accusation whatever.

"At present," said he, "I have not my evidence prepared. I will say more hereafter."

"Then you have no objection," said Leonard, "to his being abroad to-night upon his own recognizances?"

"None," muttered Lacy, in a sullen tone, as he left the session-house.

(To be continued.)

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

The writer of the marvellous article on La Salette, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, amongst many things of the like kind, wrote these words of the Catholic Church:—

"It is her deliberate policy to substitute the supposed interests of the Church for all that mankind hold sacred—the reality of things, the revealed law of God, the nearest domestic ties, the holiest social duties, the sanctity of oaths, and the law of conscience."

Calumny such as this is the staple of the Protestant press and platform, and it is generally left unnoticed by Catholics. Its very enormity, and still more, its never-ceasing flow, disposes us in most cases to remain passive, and let it take its course. There is, however, a time for speech as well as a time for silence, and when the Edinburgh Review, the organ of one of the great English parties, and generally supposed to be under the immediate influence of our present rulers—when a respectable publication like that, confided in by numbers of well-meaning Protestants, puts forth such charges, it is not fit that the slander should pass without rebuke. Our readers need not fear that we are about to waste a single line in proving the charges to be false. That would be stooping indeed. Rather may it be permitted us to express a doubt whether the reviewer himself, in cool blood, believes them to be true. However that may be, the present occasion appears a very legitimate one for recalling to mind certain facts which will show that—even though the charges against the Catholic Church were as true as they are certainly false—English Protestantism would do well to be silent upon the topics of a derogation of the nearest domestic ties, the holiest social duties, the law of conscience, the sanctity of oaths, and the revealed law of God. To do justice to this subject would require much space. Little more, therefore, can be accomplished here than simply to direct attention to a few items in a long and very unpleasant catalogue.

The value set upon "the sanctity of oaths" by the fathers and founders of English Protestantism—Wycliffe, Crammer, Hooper, Latimer, Bale, and the rest—is well known. Crammer especially excelled in the variety and ingenuity of his perjuries, including perjury by deputy. The biographers of these men, too, and Protestant writers in general, seem to think it rather a virtue to break a few solemn vows to God. With them there is no "sanctity" in a voluntary oath of chastity, obedience, and poverty; to disregard an enforced oath to a tyrant is perjury.

How highly "the law of conscience" was revered by the Anglican Prelates under Charles I. may be judged from the answers given to that monarch by the Bishops whom he consulted about passing the attainder against Lord Strafford. To sign the death warrant of his only too-faithful servant appeared to Charles to be something very like murder. He sent for five of his Bishops, and strongly stated to them his scruples. Out of the five one alone had the honesty to advise the King to act according to his conscience, and to refuse his consent to the death of a man whom he believed to be innocent. This was Juxon, of London, a very High

Churchman. One, Williams, of Lincoln (Low Church), informed the King that he had two consciences, one public and one private; and that his public conscience might oblige him to do what was against his private conscience. Three others (Moderates), Usher, of Armagh, Morton, of Durham, and Potter, of Carlisle, followed on the same side. They advised the King to act upon the already expressed "opinion" of the judges, that is, against "the law of conscience." That the unhappy Charles was to be saved, or eternally lost, by his own private conscience, and not by the "conscience" of his Parliament or of his judges, was an indubitable fact, essential, indeed, to him, but entirely disregarded by these respectable Protestant Divines.

We would not quote the author of "Hudibras" as an historical authority, though we believe his poem to contain quite as much truth as many a solemn "history." But, just to show what, in this matter of oaths, one section of Protestants did not hesitate to attribute to another section of Protestants, we will here cite a few of Butler's verses. It is to be remembered that the same charges are to be found in countless works, which are more grave, more weighty, but quite as accusatory, and not so readable:—

Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in sifter models for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and supremacy oath,
Did they not compel the nation
To take and break th' protestation?
To swear, and after to recant
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforced by those who first did frame it?
&c., &c.
Is not th' High Court of Justice sworn
To judge that law that serves their turn?
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix 'em whoso'er they please on?

impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engaged their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense
But what they ought by oath and conscience.

Want of space alone withholds us from giving more of this witty exposure of the so-called "godly" well known though it be. There are whole pages of it. We have, however, quoted enough to show what Anglicanism thought of its anti-Episcopal brethren.

Returning to the Established Church, and descending nearer to our own times, let us see what was the practice of the Clergy of that institution with regard to oaths, and what regard they had for "the sanctity" of them, at a period often supposed to be highly creditable to those officials, that of the "glorious" Revolution of 1688.

Every Clergyman of the Church of England had sworn allegiance to King James II. By far the greater part of these Divines held that nothing could justify subjects in rising against their Sovereign, and yet, no sooner did "the supposed interests of the Church" appear in danger, than the vast majority of the Clergy set at naught their principles and broke their oaths. Having broken their old oaths, they took new ones. They swore allegiance to William and Mary. But notwithstanding this oath, "the bulk of the Clergy"—to use the expression of one of their Prelates—soon violated their allegiance to the new Sovereigns, and were quite ready to take a fresh oath of fidelity to King James, which, upon occasion, they would, no doubt, have observed with quite as much regard for "the sanctity of oaths" as they had hitherto displayed. In the meanwhile, their actions appeared chiefly to be regulated, not by "the sanctity of oaths," but by the English law of treason—not by "the law of conscience," but by the 25th Edward III., at 5, cap. ii.

Nor must it be imagined that the doctrine of non-resistance to the temporal ruler was only a matter of private opinion—a mere theory—among the Anglican Clergy. Every individual of that body, Whig as well as Tory, had pledged himself to the doctrine under his own hand. "By the Act of Uniformity," says Mackintosh, "which restored the legal establishment of the Episcopal Church, it was enacted that every Clergyman, schoolmaster, and private tutor should subscribe a declaration affirming that 'it was not lawful, on any pretext, to take up arms against the King, which members of corporations and officers of militia were, by other statutes of the same period, compelled to swear.' (Works, 429.) These things cannot be denied. They are recorded by countless writers, Tory no less than Whig—by the champions of the revolution no less than by its opponents—all of them Protestants, and bitter enemies of Catholicity.

Notwithstanding, then, their oath of allegiance to James, most of the Clergy—that is, according to Macaulay, "twenty-nine-thirtieths of the profession"—took the oaths to William and Mary; "though," says the Protestant Bishop, Burnet, "with too many reservations and distinctions, as if they had taken them against their consciences"—as it is very certain many of them did. The Bishop also attributes the general corruption of principle, which at that time pervaded the highly Protestant English nation, to this kind of conduct on the part of its clergy. "It must be confessed," he says, "that the behavior of many Clergymen gave Atheists no small advantage; they had taken the oaths, and read the prayers for the present Government; and yet they showed in many places their aversion to our Establishment but too visibly; so that the offence that this gave, in many parts of the nation, was too evident; in many places it broke out in very indecent instances that were brought into courts of law, and censured.—This made many conclude that the Clergy were a sort of men that would swear and pray, even against their consciences, rather than lose their benefices; and, by consequence, that they were governed by interest, and not by principle." (Own Time, iv., p. 177.) Burnet here, in his soft way only says "many" Clergymen. In another place, however, he lets out a little more of the truth. "The bulk of the Clergy ran this way," so that, adds he—"Profane minds had too great advantages from this in reflecting severely on a body of men that took oaths and performed public devotions when the rest of their lives was too public and too visible a contradiction to such oaths and prayers." (Ibid., iv., 383.)

It is not to be supposed for a moment that all the Clergy broke their oaths of allegiance to James II. without any scruple. Some of the Whig Clergy may have done so. Some may have absolved themselves. Others may have chosen to accept the absolute of a Parliament, nearly every member of which, peer and commoner, had first broken his own oath, and then proceeded in his legislative capacity to give himself leave to do so, and likewise to extend that indulgence to all others. In the estimation of such men, to accept absolute from a forsworn Parliament was strictly according to the Gospel; to accept it from the Primate of Christendom they declared to be "impious, heretical, and damnable."—But a very large number of the Clergy had scruples about the new oaths. They had doubts; but they had strong political passions. They had misgivings; but they had rectories, vicarages, deaneries, canonries, provostships, masterships, professorships, fellowships, and curacies, besides. They had consciences; but they also had families. Whatever the causes, the fact remains, that, when it was put to the test; the Anglican sense of "the sanctity of oaths," and "the law of conscience," produced very little practical effect; though it may freely be admitted that, the Ecclesiastical of the national Establishment displayed a very keen perception of "the reality of things;" but

the "things," unfortunately, were the things of this world.

Out of a body of 10,000 Divines, the flower of pure religion, somewhere about 400 men were found to prefer their oath to their worldly advantage; or, their political possessions. From this number it would not be unfair to deduct a certain proportion of calculating Christians who had some expectation of a turn in the political tide, and the eventual restoration of King James to Whitehall. But we are content to yield this point, and to allow Anglicanism all the advantage it can fairly claim from its 400 Nonjurors. We must, however, remark that these strict observers of their oath were nearly to a man the most Catholic in doctrine, and least Protestant members of the Establishment. We must also remark, that it is curious, when we turn from the contemplation of these eminently Protestant Jurors, in number above 9,000, and these not so eminently Protestant Nonjurors, in number about 400, and regard the conduct of the Catholic Clergy of France when the constitutional oath was tendered to them during the great revolution—to find that the Nonjurors there were the immense majority of the Clergy, including 132 Bishops—the swearing minority being, without exception, the most anti-Roman section of the Clergy. The penalties there were not simply the loss of benefices; they were imprisonment, deportation, and the guillotine; but—even though the Priests might have enjoyed the abolition of the National Assembly—they preferred death to taking an oath forbidden by their consciences and by the Pope. We say, it is "curious," because these Priests belonged to a Church which (if we believe the Edinburgh reviewer) has always substituted her own supposed advantage for the sanctity of oaths, the law of conscience, and the revealed law of God.

The new oath which the English Clergy took, and generally broke, was this—"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. So help me God." The word are plain enough, but the "bulk" of the national Protestant theologians put a peculiar meaning of their own upon them. They swore to be "faithful" and they were unfaithful.

While such was the conduct of the Clergy, it was but natural that "the sanctity of oaths" and "the law of conscience" should be still less regarded by the Protestant laity. Accordingly, we find that exactly eight peers, some of whom had broken their old oaths, declined the new oaths, either from virtue or policy. And, if we believe a Whig statement made during the debate on the Abjuration Bill, the number of members of the Commons who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary amounted to two. As, however, exact truth was a quality which at that time was not frequently omitted from Ministerial speeches, it is possible that there may have been in that House a few more men of true religious feeling or nice honour.

To do them justice, the leaders of the Protestant cause appear to have had a very sincere distrust of the value of oaths, whether taken by themselves, their Clergy, their colleagues, or the mass of their co-religionists. When the Bill of Abjuration was before the Peers, the Whig Lord Wharton, a distinguished Protestant champion, said "that he was a very old man, and had taken a multitude of oaths in his time, and hoped God would forgive him if he had not kept them all, for truly they were more than he could pretend to remember; and he, for one, should be very unwilling to charge himself with more oaths at the end of his days." This hater of Papias does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of refusing to take an oath, or of keeping it, when taken. The Tory Lord Maclesfield then said "that he was much in the same case with my Lord Wharton, though they had not always taken the same oaths. . . . The truth was, he himself had made very free with his oath of allegiance to King James, but should be loath to be under the temptation of breaking any more." (Lord Dartmouth, in Burnet, iv., p. 77.) Such was the regard paid to "the sanctity of oaths" by the two great English parties at the time when they were most inveterately Protestant.

In the Commons the Bill was resisted on the ground that oaths were of no use, and that they had been proved to be of no use. Amongst other objections, Mr. Carey urged this one:—"Those men that abjured King Charles II. did they not bring him in?" And Lord Falkland declared that the proposed oath would not bind the friends of King James, saying—"If such think themselves bound in conscience to bring in King James, they will take this oath to bring him in. Those who brought in King Charles valued themselves on their abjuration of him."

It is confessed by Burnet, that, even at the beginning of William's reign, the uselessness of attempting to bind Protestant Britons by any form of oath had been seen and acknowledged by some. Experience had proved that this kind of religionist was too much given to that very equivocation and mental reservation with which he so loudly and so falsely charged others. "It was also said," the Bishop tells us, "that in many different changes of Government oaths had not proved so effectual a security as was imagined; distinctions were found out, and senses put upon words by which they were interpreted so as to signify but little, &c. Upon which words, Speaker Onslow, a Whig politician of long experience in the ways of his countrymen—as if impatient at Burnet's roundabout phraseology—asked in a marginal note:—"And is it not true? It is the integrity of Government, and not swearing to it, that must be its defence." (Burnet, Own Time, v., p. 18.) A significant comment on the value of that Anglican Christianity which fills the world with its boasts.

Of the great Protestant leader it is difficult to tell who was most utterly regardless of his oaths. Scarcely were William and Mary seated on the throne which had been won by so many falsehoods scarcely were the oaths of allegiance to the new Sovereigns taken when the anti-Catholic magnates began to assure the Monarch whom they had so lately driven from his kingdom of their undiminished loyalty to him. There was hardly a member of William's Cabinet who was not, at some time, in communication with James. The men most rewarded and employed by the Dutch Prince were no better than the rest. There is "one deep stain," says Macaulay, "upon the character of Halifax." Halifax did betray his master, but "he did not, like Marlborough, Russell, Godolphin, and Shrewsbury, betray a master by whom he was trusted and with whose benefits he was loaded." These were the men whose consciences were hurt at the idea of a King dispensing with atrocious penal laws. Marlborough had rebelled against James II., as he wrote to him, from "a necessary concern for my religion, which no good man can oppose," and Shrewsbury was Archbishop Tillotson's great convert from "Popery."

PASTORAL LETTER.

The following Pastoral Letter was read in all the churches and chapels of the Diocese of Westminster on Sunday, 27th September.

Nicholas, by the Divine mercy of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of St. Pudenciana, Cardinal Priest, and Archbishop of Westminster: To our dearly-beloved children in Christ, the Clergy secular and regular, and the Faithful of the said Diocese: health and benediction in the Lord.

When lately, dearly beloved in Christ, our country was afflicted with war, we called upon you to pray to the God of armies for victory and for peace.—They came to us in good time, and scarcely, heeding those lesser wars which harassed our eastern frontiers in Persia, and in China, we believed that we had before us a long period of national tranquillity, and of consequent prosperity.

And now so soon again we have to invite you to call aloud to the God of mercies, that He would spare us the afflicting and harrowing scenes which have

been and are probably still acted, on our own territories, of which these possibly dear to us, at least our own people, are the victims, and that He would once more give back order and quiet rule to the great continent of India.

Who, dearly beloved, will attempt to describe the terrible calamity which has overwhelmed us? "Behold, a little cloud came out of the sea like a man's foot; and while he beheld it, it turned himself this way and that way, beheld the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain," not, alas! of refreshing waters, but of gore in battle, and of blood in massacre. It has come "as a storm of hail, a destroying whirlwind, as the violence of many waters overflowing, and sent upon a spacious land." For truly, had it been merely war, with its usual array of evils, that we had to deplore, had there been suddenly commenced, the conflict of brave men in honorable warfare, it would have been enough to sadden us, and direct our thoughts to supplications for peace. But here it has been the sudden rising of an immense army, subjects as much as our troops at home to the Crown of this realm, armed, trained, clothed and fed by the power which these represents it; their rising by conspiracy which has silently and darkly included tens of thousands, to break out openly like a plague, in separated spots, under one law of cruel perfidy, and treacherous brutality. "Almost without exception," as you all have learnt, regiment after regiment has murdered the officers who had led them to battle, and who trusted in their fidelity, till the volley was fired, or the thrust was made, which laid at the feet of cowards those who living had made them brave.

For, transformed by that deed of treachery from soldiers into assassins, these hordes of savage multitudes seem to have cast aside the commonest feelings of humanity, and to have not merely resumed the barbarity of their ancient condition, but borrowed the ferocity of the tigers in their jungles, to torture, to mutilate, to agonise, and to destroy. Nay, if we had imagined to ourselves the unbecked excesses of fiendish fury, by which legions of demons let loose against a tribe accursed of God would have marked their progress of devastation, the picture would have fallen short of what has been perpetrated in a land that we called our own, and thought that we had blessed with earthly happiness, on whose whom many around us know, whom some near us may have tenderly loved.

It is not our duty, nor our wish, to detail the horrors of this overthrow of Indian civilisation, containing as they do so much of what the Apostle tells us may that no indignity, no insult, no dishonor has been spared; that nothing which cruelty, in its refinement or in its grossness, could devise or execute has been omitted from the black catalogue of committed crimes; that no regard has been had of the sacredness of age, of the helplessness of womanhood, nor of the innocence of infancy; that compassion, remorse, the ties of previous obligations, familiarity and friendship, seem to have lost their hold on these maddened contrivers of total extermination. And many crimes there have been, no doubt, too hideous for revelation—scenes of lawless license, and unbridled brutality, of which no record has been kept, save in the reckonings of Him who will one day bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and amply repay them.

At the contemplation of these scenes of wickedness and horror the mind stands aghast, and is filled with strange surmises, and perplexed with conflicting judgments, till it merges its terrors, its anxieties, and its shifting thoughts, in the depths of that ever-consistent wisdom which can weave the vilest of men's designs and the blackest of their actions into a web of providential mercies and of unstinted goodness. What expiation and what high reward may have come to many who, with patience in faith, have endured torments like those of ancient martyrs; how large a new band of Innocents may have been welcomed in heaven by their forerunners of Bethlehem, slain even through hatred and fear of the same Christ; what a sweeping away of the old and rotten basis of civilisation, that a juster and a purer reconstruction of it follow, may have been practicable only by this ravaging flood; what a purging of a foul atmosphere of hidden crime, for the shining of a warmer and a brighter sun, may have been effected by the unsparring whirl of this tempest. In fine, what a second and renewed prosperity may be in store for that empire, after the marauders have "rushed in, and taken all away and slain its servants," and "a violent wind has come from the side of the desert, and shaken the four corners of its house, and it has fallen upon its children and they are dead;" what, in fine, of beauty and loveliness God may cause this new desert to bud forth—all these things He alone knoweth, but we may pray to Him to grant and do.

Yet, however confident we may feel, not only of future but of present mercy, it is so covered with an aspect of actual severity, so mingled with signs of impending judgment, that our first thought must be that of propitiation, and of calming the Divine indignation, which visits us and that distant dependency, for transgressions and sins, which, if dimly seen by man, may be clear to God's penetrating eye. So sudden, so unexpected, so overwhelming, and apparently so causeless a calamity comes, no doubt, by the permission of God, and has its reasons buried in His unsearchable mind. Had it fallen upon our forefathers in Catholic days, one would have seen the streets of this city trodden in every direction by penitential processions, of men and women crying out aloud, like David, when pestilence had struck the people. And this is likewise our first impulse, to turn to God, in affliction and contrition of spirit, to humble ourselves beneath His mighty hand, to set our faces to the Lord God, and say to Him, "To thee, O Lord, justice, but to us confusion of face;" and then to entreat Him to show us again the light of His countenance, to "scatter the Gentiles who delight in war," and "rebuke the wild boasts of the reeds." For then, indeed, and then alone may we justly claim the mercies of the Lord, when we have sought to appease His wrath.

Such, dearly beloved, is the double object which we propose to ourselves in thus addressing you. If we have waited some time before carrying it out, it has been because a day was approaching which seemed especially suited to our purpose. Accordingly, on the 11th of this month we addressed a letter to each of our Right Rev. brethren in England, informing them of our intention to issue this Pastoral, and appoint the first Sunday in October as a day of general supplication and collections for India in this our Diocese.

On that day, known familiarly amongst us as "Rosary Sunday," the Church publicly thanks God for victories gained over great infidel powers, threatening the destruction of Christian nations. And these victories she attributes to the humble supplications of her children, coinciding in day and hour with the defeats of the enemy. Now these supplications consisted mainly in the recital publicly of that very chapter of our Lady, which that Sunday honors and suggests. Engaged in a similar contest, let us have recourse to similar means, and exert ourselves to the utmost to avert the scourges of Divine justice, falling heavily upon our Empire, and to obtain that aid which God's blessing alone can effectually give to men's prowess and skill.

I. First, then, let us turn to God, and with His Prophet exclaim:—"And, now, O Lord Almighty, the God of Israel, the soul in anguish and the troubled Spirit crieth to Thee. Hear, O Lord, and have mercy, for Thou art a merciful God, and have pity upon us; for we have sinned before Thee." "Look down, O Lord, from Thy holy house, and incline Thine ear and hear us." Before that throne which you will erect in every church, on which, as our Holy money said, will rest the King of glory, you will cast yourselves down, to entreat God, "not to remember our iniquities, nor those of our parents;"—but to deal with us according to His mercies, and according to the multitude of His mercies; and deliver us