

strangers coming out of devotion or curiosity. Some of the monks are always to be found in the church, taking it by turns; so that the perpetual adoration of our Lord in the blessed Sacrament is observed by the community.

Those who would wish to see a farther account of the order of Camaldolese Hermits, and of its original institution, should consult Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*.^{*} That admirable writer, in a style replete with heavenly unction, recounts the wonderful manner in which God converted to his holy service their founder, S. Romuald. He was born of the royal house of the *Honesti*, who were for a long period dukes of Ravenna. Being educated in all the luxuries of a court, for some years he was estranged from God, but never lost some early impressions of piety, which he had received in his infancy. He always retained a singular devotion for the holy hermits and monks of the primitive ages of the church; and when he was hunting, he would stop in solitary retired spots in the forest, amidst rocks and caves, and spend whole hours in prayer. God showed by this his early inclination, to what things he was destined hereafter. After a vast variety of strange adventures, the holy youth at length determined on embracing the religious state; to which end he entered into the holy order of S. Benedict. Circumstances obliged him to leave his monastery, and thus an occasion was offered for him to practise the life of a hermit. It is wonderful to read what a great height of perfection God raised him to; most sublime were the spiritual favours which he received from above; and so tender was his love for Jesus Christ, that he was constantly in tears, of which his eyes seemed two fountains. But the saint was not without his trials in persecutions, both from the world, the devil, and corrupt nature. He endured great spiritual desolation, and was often visibly assaulted by the evil spirits. For five whole years he was cruelly tormented in this way; but after that, God abundantly recompensed the constancy of his holy servant with spiritual consolations. He founded many monasteries; the most celebrated of which are, that of Castro, near Ancona, in the States of the Church; and that at Camaldoli, in Tuscany; which latter has given its name to the whole order, which is, in fact, a branch of the Benedictines. Every one has heard of the monastery at Camaldoli, no less famous for the romantic beauty of its situation, than for the sanctity and austerity of its recluses. Our great poet, Milton, took up his abode, for some time, in this monastery. It is indeed a place where poets, philosophers, and saints, would love to dwell. The learned and noble author of the *Mores Catholici*; in the second book of that admirable work, has given

an affecting and sublime description of his visit to that holy and solemn monastery: a description, which it is impossible to read without tears. S. Romuald died in the odour of sanctity in his monastery at Castro, about the year of our Lord 1026: God wrought many miracles at his tomb. The monks of his order, though a branch of the Benedictines, do not wear a black habit, but are dressed in long white robes of great simplicity. S. Romuald adopted this habit in consequence of a vision, in which he beheld a vast ladder, reaching from the earth to heaven, and on it his monks ascending in white habits. This vision is represented in a beautiful picture, which is in the church of S. Romuald, at Rome. Pope Gregory XVI. our present holy father, was formerly a monk of this order; and on the medal which he caused to be struck at the commencement of his pontificate, there is a very well executed copy of this picture in basso rilievo.

To be continued.

IRELAND.

TO THE MOST REV. DR. WHATELY, PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MY LORD—In the newspaper report of your speech in the House of Lords, on the second reading of the Maynooth bill, the following passage occurs:

“He (the Archbishop of Dublin) had been appealed to by some of the writers on this subject. Something had been quoted as said by him (and likely enough it was said by him) in disparagement of the system of education at Maynooth. He dared say that he had thrown out disparagement at the very imperfect system of education given to many of the students educated at Maynooth, and it never occurred to him that in wishing the education to be improved he was thereby guilty of any inconsistency. He had had reason more than once to examine some students educated at Maynooth, and who were applying for employment in the church, being either converts or professed converts, or who were seeking for employment in the way of tuition; and he had found that a very imperfect, a scandalously imperfect, education had been given to them. It might have been their own faults; but he must confess, from what he heard from intelligent Roman Catholics, his impression was that the seminary was not well conducted. All he meant to say was, that a sufficient education was not given.”

Your opinion of the Maynooth system of education is, like many other of your Grace's opinions, one which you have held for a long time, and which you have more than once expressed, though not hitherto, so far as I am aware, so publicly. It is an opinion which was significantly enough conveyed in the exclamation! “Oh, Maynooth! Maynooth!” which you are reported to have used some years ago, on examining one of those precious

^{*} Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, Vol. 2, Feb. 7, Life of S. Romuald.