

ng up from Margaret Chapel I suppose looking very miserable; and he told me in his simple way, you know, of his conversion; and by the time we had reached the New Road he had nearly persuaded me to become a Catholic on the spot, and he was just on the point of calling a cab wherein to convey me to the Oratory, when I stopped him. Poor Mr. Morris! he was evidently so disappointed; but I am a great deal too fond of my private judgment to yield it so easily.

'It is all gone now,' said Father Aidan, playfully.

'All gone,' said Clara, looking up. 'Yes; all gone, every bit of it,' proceeded he; 'you have given it every bit up; there is none left. You signed it away in that dreadful little bit of paper there in the sacristy.'

'Well, let it go,' replied Clara. 'I wish I could see Mr. Morris again, for I think he saw more of what was passing in my mind last night, when I signed that dreadful little bit of paper than I exactly wished.'

There was a knock at the door as she spoke and the very person they were talking of was ushered in, and happy Christmases were exchanged, while he looked round in his usual happy, warm-hearted manner, and said to Clara, as he retained her hand for a moment in his—

'You are happier than you were this day last year.'

Clara looked her answer; 'You told me I must follow you, when I said each new conversion was a wrenching away a portion of myself; and I was just telling Father Aidan how I would not be carried off to the Oratory, and I would remain and make myself miserable for another whole year.'

'Yes, I thought I had you at that moment,' he replied, smiling; 'but I was comforted by the thought that, sooner or later, you must come, and then, when I returned to London, I found you were out of town.'

But we will not weary our readers by details of this kind, which though insignificant in themselves, were deeply interesting to those whom they concerned, but quickly pass over the next few weeks (during which Clara again almost constantly kept her bed, as her cough and weakness returned with greater violence than ever), and introduce them at once to the interior of the splendid Cathedral of St. John's at Malta, on the afternoon of the 3rd of February, 1850. It was one of those warm winter days in which sunny Malta abounds, and the clean, well-kept streets of the picturesque town of Valetta were thronged with people hastening in their best costume to attend the great function in the cathedral-church. Within, all was silence, hushed and reverential awe; and as each dark form in its black faldette stealthily stole along the matted floor, and silently made the sign of the cross, every eye was raised, and every knee bent in adoration towards the brilliantly lighted up high altar. At the west door, just within the screen, stood a tall English figure, whose look of reverence was yet mingled with too much curiosity to betoken him a Catholic, and the tightly-fitting black coat and white neckcloth indicated him at once as an Anglican. The service had not begun: but the nave was thronged by a kneeling multitude, every eye turned towards the blaze of light that burned round one part of the altar, where the Blessed Sacrament stood exposed,—the men to the left the women to the right; though in some parts a few men's figures might be seen mingling among the dark faldettes of the Maltese, the flowing veils and white capotes of the sisters of St. Joseph, and the gayer costume of the European ladies. From time to time confraternities, with their banners borne in front, and their costumes of red, or blue, or white advanced up the middle aisle, and, kneeling for some minutes before the Blessed Sacrament, went forth as they came, drawing their white hoods over their faces. The 'coup d'oeil' was splendid, calculated to excite feelings of devotion and reverence in one far less likely to give it than the Englishman who stood with folded arms looking on, on that eventful day, when every Catholic heart was pouring forth its most earnest petitions for the 'exiled Pontiff,'—their 'Father and their Lord,'—who had asked their prayers in the hour of his utmost need. For no help seemed nigh, save His Who sitteth at the helm of the ship of St. Peter, and though He seems to slumber will ever awake at the call of His chosen ones, and bid the storm cease and the angry winds and waves be still. A small light figure passed close beside him, wrapped in English shawls and furs, and leaning on the arm of another older person. He looked in surprise as they both in their turn took the holy water, and slowly and reverentially making the sign of the cross, glided up the side aisle towards the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; then following them with his eyes, he saw them make their way into the nave and lose themselves among the crowd. He, too, advanced in his turn, and presently found himself, as every one made way before him, near the marble railings of the choir. Here he, too, took a chair, and knelt down like the rest; and, close to him, he again caught sight of something that attracted his attention. Just in front of him was kneeling a young Englishman (with that delicate complexion and noble features that distinguish the young scions of our ancient English nobility) without even the support of a chair, and so completely wrapped in the contemplation of what was before him, that even the fervent Maltese around could not but be attracted by the spectacle.

(To be Continued.)

DEDICATION OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH. VISIT OF THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN TO BELFAST.

(From the Weekly Register.)

The Feast of the Dedication of the Churches of Ireland (Sunday last), was appropriately chosen for the solemn opening of St. Peter's Belfast. The event (says the Ulster Observer from which we quote most of what follows) may be regarded as marking an epoch in the history of Catholicity in the North of Ireland, and all the associations, as well as the actual circumstances, combined to invest it with unusual importance and significance. Here in the

heart of this busy town, where commerce is supreme, and where, in the pride of its success, commerce claims superiority in virtue of its divorcement from Catholicity—Catholicity rears its head, and boldly assumes the rank of an acknowledged and revered Power. Not only that, but it appears in the character of an invader. As if no part of Ireland should be deprived of the glory to which, more than a thousand years ago, the country was consecrated, Catholicity is winning back all it lost. Ulster was once made a barren soil. The hand of persecution fell heavily upon her. From her bosom proceeded the waters of regeneration; and at her heart were buried the blows which made her afflicted, and reduced her to prostration. Providence, however, takes His own time for the rectification of evil. There is a strange mystery in the ebb and flow of the tides which He directs, and those who in this province keep watch over passing events, can easily discern that the flood is coming back with an argosy that will give full compensation for all the trials and troubles of the past. Who could have imagined fifty years ago, that in this year of grace a Cardinal of the Roman Church would have assisted at the dedication of a building which was erected for the purpose of perpetuating the religion which so many bitter and potent enemies endeavored to destroy? Who could have imagined that the bare tree, seared by the lightning, and all but riven in twain by the storm, would have put forth its leaves and blossoms, and given, in the hour in which it was least expected, the rich fruit, which is so admired? Truly, the Winter has passed away, and the Spring time has come, and the spouse called from Lebanon, has been crowned 'from the tops of Sanir and Hermon, from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards.'—The diocese in which St. Patrick first sowed the seed of Christianity has not been severed from him. His successors have repeated his triumph; his spirit is still represented in victories which he would have loved to claim. And, indeed, the ceremony of Sunday was a victory, or rather it was in all its bearing an event which symbolised a remarkable triumph. A new church standing upon a site, which a few years ago was a waste—that church, beautiful in design, noble in its proportions, and eminently worthy of the sacred purposes to which it is devoted—erected, too, by the contributions of those who have to fight the hard battle of life against desperate odds—is of itself a wonderful testimony of the vitality of the faith which, in so many difficulties, has accomplished such great results. But there was more than this to attract attention and suggest serious and consoling considerations. Many of the bishops of Ireland were present at the ceremony; and they came not in the dark, not in terror, not in trembling, but in the pomp and confidence which the measure of liberty that we now enjoy enabled them to manifest. For, to the credit of our Protestant fellow-townsmen, it must be said that they were not only represented in the church, but their general feeling was one of thorough amity. They appreciated fully the occasion, and, with a generosity that should be remembered and returned, they lent their valuable assistance to the success which was achieved. And a great success it was. Long before the hour announced for the commencement of the ceremonies, the spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity by a most respectable congregation. Crowds of people, who were unable to obtain admittance, lined the streets outside; and it was with the utmost difficulty that a passage could be obtained to the porch, from which so many eager applicants were dismissed.

When the procession entered the church, and the long file of bishops and priests knelt before the altar while the Litany, which besought the intercession of the saints, was being sung, it was impossible to repress the memories and ideas which the scene suggested. The memories were all of glory, the ideas were all of triumph; and, as the heart expanded and grew glad, the scene itself seemed to correspond with its elevation. It culminated when the Cardinal, in his scarlet robes, entered the church, and dispensed to the devout and reverent congregation his blessing. Then, when the sweet strains of music burst forth, and the lights upon the altar reflected the varied hues of the rich vestments of the ministering prelates and priests, and the smoke of the incense rose before the tabernacle, and the most sacred and solemn of all rites was being celebrated, even those who were strangers to the ceremony and the place felt the influence of the majesty and the reality of the power which have done so much to ennoble our nature and raise man to a close and loving communication with his Maker.

The Bishops present were— Most Rev. Dr. Butler, Lord Bishop of Limerick. Most Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Lord Bishop of Birmingham. Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher. Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Lord Bishop of Kilmore. Most Rev. Dr. Gillmore, Lord Bishop of Elphin. Most Rev. Dr. Kilduff, Lord Bishop of Ardagh. Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Lord Bishop of Derry. Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. Most Rev. Dr. McGuffigan, Lord Bishop of Raphoe. Most Rev. Dr. McEvelin, Lord Bishop of Galway. Most Rev. Dr. Whelan, Lord Bishop of Bombay. Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, Prelate Coadjutor.

The procession having made the circuit of the church and arrived again at the high altar, the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrian proceeded to the great western door to receive His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, who was alighting, in his crimson robes and cap, from his carriage, accompanied by the Very Rev. Monsignor Moran and Very Rev. Dr. Conroy. His Eminence imparted his blessing to the vast multitude outside, who gave a hearty cheer at the sight of the Irish Cardinal. His Eminence having entered the church, proceeded up the nave, imparting his blessing as he went along, and the choir singing the 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus,' to the splendid throne, draped with white and crimson satin, and cloth of gold prepared for him at the gospel side of the altar. His Eminence having vested, grand Pontifical High Mass commenced, the Cardinal celebrating as Prelate Coadjutor.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Lord Bishop of Birmingham, who, having ascended the pulpit, took the following text:—'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in Heaven; and I say to thee that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'—The Ulster Observer gives the following account of the Bishop's discourse:—'Most Eminent Cardinal, Right Rev. and Rev. Brethren, and dearly beloved Brethren,—Our blessed Lord did not build His Church whilst yet He abode with us in His mortality. He promised that He would build it; He prepared the foundation for it; He prepared the grounds by which it was to be erected; our blessed Lord did not whilst yet He was on this earth accomplish the promise which was to be fulfilled afterwards. If we look into sacred history we will find that all He did up to the time of His death seemed to be a failure. His preaching was almost a failure in human eyes; His miracles seemed to be little short of a failure. In fact the course of His life seemed like a failure. His adversaries—the scribes, the Pharisees, the Jewish men, the chief priests—seemed to have accomplished their end. They hung him on a gibbet, and seemed to have got rid of him for ever. Moreover, it is a truth full of Divine depth, that our Lord himself plainly indicated to His followers that His success should not be during His life. There two profound sentences uttered by His sacred lips, and it is almost impossible for the human mind to fathom their profundity. He said to His disciples—'It is I should go away from you. If I go not, the Spirit will not come; but if I go I will send Him unto you.' He promised that a certain power would descend on the earth; but it was plainly indicated that it would

not come down from Heaven until the Son of God should be glorified on earth. Jesus had not yet bought by his death the spirit by which the soul of man was to be regenerated. But He was hung on a cross, and it was, to use the words of St. Jerome, from the sepulchre of Christ the Church has sprung. The Church dates its origin from that day of Pentecost. Let us go further into the depths of this second text. There are two principles which run through God's providence in the course of creation and of grace. These two principles are clearly visible in the whole history of the Church of God. The first principle is that every creature of God is begun at the remotest distance from His Divine Majesty, and he begins every creature in the remotest and puniest germ. His Lordship proceeded to illustrate this principle at some length. The second principle is that God begins every great work in unity. Every work which has the grace of God begins in unity and tends to unity. The human race began in Adam, and is but a multiplication of the body of Adam, as Christ, the second Adam, miraculously multiplies His body for our spiritual life.—The entire human race is reducible to one root, Adam. Again, Noah was the germinating principle from which the human race began. Later still, God calls a peculiar people, with a peculiar priesthood and laws. He selects one man, and leads him into a strange land. Abraham was the root from which the regeneration of the human race then began. The Prophet Isaiah says of him 'Look at Abraham, your rock.' He was the rock and the root of the people of God. Again, Aaron was the rock from which the priesthood sprang. In every great work of nature or of grace the beginning is humble, and God puts the stamp of nothingness on it, so that man cannot glory in it. The right rev. preacher recalled the memory of his audience to the great vision of the empires recorded in the Prophet Daniel. The people of Israel were in exile, and God revealed to Nebuchodonozor a vision of the four great empires which were to spring up, each on the ruins of its predecessor—the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Greek, and then the Roman. They rose like a great statue on the face of the earth, but a stone, out of a mountain falls down the hill side and breaks the statue. That rock, cut out of the mountain of eternity, which was to shatter these great empires, prefigured the smallness at its beginning of another great germinating principle—the Church of God. Small as it was, it broke that great statue, and it grew and grew until it filled the whole world with its greatness. When the prophet was called on to explain the vision, he told them that a kingdom should arise which should destroy those others, but itself should stand for ever. That kingdom so prefigured, is the kingdom of God, placed on a rock cut from the eternal mountain—a kingdom against which the powers of earth shall never prevail, and which shall stand for ever. He had twice already said our Blessed Lord did not found the church, while yet he was in this mortal flesh—not until he had paid the great price of His sacrifice did He send His Holy Spirit down on earth and established His Church. Abraham had been the third rock of the human race, but still he acknowledged one greater than himself—Melchisedech, the priest of the Most High God, to whom he paid tithes of all he possessed. Now Peter was not called first—Andrew and John were called before him. Even so Judah was not the eldest of the sons of Jacob. Our Lord wanted to show that his position was not due to merit but to election. On the banks of the Jordan Andrew and John bade to call Peter and tell him that they had seen the Messiah. He went with them, and Jesus cast His eye upon him. What did He find in this man? He saw one who had a great and leading infirmity; for He selects only the lowest germ. He selects one conscious of his infirmity. But Peter was distinguished for his marvellous responsive obedience—the readiness with which he responds always to the call of our Divine Lord. He had nothing but that disposition which pre-eminently made him fit for the work allotted to him. He had that great capacity of always responding to the call of God. Still, he had one great fault. He had not that courage which would give him stability. Nevertheless, he was to be the first. As St. Augustin says, 'That is only truly strong in man which is strong in God.' When he proclaims His divinity, Christ says to him, 'Thou art a rock, and on this rock I will build my church.' Christ will build it not Peter. To draw an illustration from the science of geology, Peter is the igneous, not the aqueous, rock. The strength and power passes from the bottom rock to that which is superimposed on it. 'To thee,' says our Divine Lord, 'I will give the keys of the kingdom.' What kingdom was that? It was the one predicted by the Prophet Daniel, which was to come after the four great empires had passed away. It was that kingdom which began in the small stone falling from the mountain which grew until it filled the whole earth; and he says He will give Peter the keys of that kingdom. Now, what are these keys? In olden times keys were not made of metal but of wood, and of large size, and they were borne before those in authority as symbols of their power. It was in this sense that Christ gave this kingdom to Peter. Later our Lord began to tell His disciples how He should go up to Jerusalem, and He should suffer many things and be put to death. Peter says, 'Lord these things shall not come to pass; and our Lord who had just before called him 'blessed' now says 'Get thee behind me Satan' and calls him a scandal.—'Why? Because Peter has not yet comprehended that Christ's kingdom is to be founded on suffering. He has not yet comprehended that the spirit cannot be given until Jesus has sanctified all things by His death. The Passion of our Lord was approaching, and he tells Peter 'I have prayed for you that your faith fail not, and when thy faith is confirmed, confirm thou thy brethren.' This was another charge given to Peter—to confirm the brethren. After the marvellous draught of fishes, three several times our Lord asked him, 'Simon, son of Peter, lovest thou me?' Peter tells him he does on the first two askings, and Christ replies, 'Feed my lambs.' On the third asking, Peter replies, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.' Christ then says, 'Feed my sheep.' The right rev. prelate said there was a force in the original Greek in this passage which could not be retained in the translation. He could not expect every one to follow him into a minute train of reasoning, by which he could best show the full force of the questions and the answers; but he would attempt to elucidate it in a homely way, by way of anecdote. His object was to show how Christ had truly proved Peter's fidelity, each time in a progressive degree. He then said that the father of a clergyman, now in his own diocese, who was for twenty years an Anglican minister, was intimate with the late Archbishop Whately, of the Established Church in Ireland, and on one occasion, while they were conversing, his father took a Greek Testament, and pointed the Archbishop's attention to the passage of which the translation is given above. Then the Archbishop showed him the graduated and progressive force of the Greek version. Christ asks, 'Agapeis me?'—'Hast thou affection for me?' And Peter's answer is, 'Philo te'—I love Thee. Then using the dearer term, 'philo,' and not 'agapeis'—Christ repeats the question in the same words as at first. Peter returns the same reply. But Christ adopts the stronger and more enduring and endearing term 'philo' from Peter's mouth, and the form in which the question is put the third time is, 'Phileis me?' Thus it was that Dr. Whately convinced the clergyman's father of the rising force of the three questions, the answer to the last evoking the enlarged jurisdiction of 'Feed my sheep'—the whole adult world within the kingdom of Christ. The clergyman to whom I have referred (said his lordship) pointed out the phrase to me and said 'I examined it, and the effect it had on me when a boy of twelve years of age could not be forgotten, and finally brought me into the Catholic Church.' Then our Lord tells Peter of His own sufferings, and if

there is one special characteristic in a chief of the Pontificate, it is suffering; for when our Lord gave the keys of His kingdom, and the charge of His flock to Peter, He every time indicated to him that he should be a life of suffering, and that he should die on a cross. Referring again to the building of the Church, it was Peter who brought the Gentiles into it and built them on the rock itself, for when the Apostles appeared in the streets of Jerusalem, they are found speaking with the tongues of all nations. Peter speaks to them of the Christ whom they have put to death, and charges them with the sacrifice of his death. The apostles were brought before the priests and told to preach no more, and Peter asks them will they not rather obey God than man? On the second day of their preaching, when Peter cured the lame man at the Beautiful Gate, he spoke again, and raised the Church from three to five thousand. From the schism of Samaria he brought over subjects to the Church, and began his work amongst the Gentiles by the conversion of the centurion Cornelius. Thus Peter brought the Jews into the Church, then the Samaritans, and finally the Gentiles; and from that day to the present Peter and his successors have been building on the same rock. To sum up briefly—Our Lord has fulfilled his promise, and on Peter, as the rock, He has built His Church. As St. Olymstosom has well said—Why does he speak of Peter alone? Because he is chief amongst the Apostles. Even Paul, when he had been for some time in the Apostleship, goes to see Peter, least he may be in error. It may be asked why James's see was fixed in Jerusalem and not Peter's. It is because Peter was appointed to the chair and doctorship of the world, and, therefore, it was that he at first established his seat in Antioch, and after twelve years hastened to Rome, then the greatest city in the world, where he labored twenty five years. The other Apostles died and left no successors. Peter's exists to-day. Indeed, in the old Norman and Anglo Saxon laws the Pope was also called 'the Apostle.' It was predicted that that kingdom—that Church built on a rock, would last for ever. Such was the will of our Divine Lord. Look at her for the last 1,800 years. Wars after wars of persecution has beaten against that rock, and all in vain. Her enemies have melted away, and she still stands as firm as ever. The first attack came from Judaism, not only at home but in Rome, where the Jews used the influence they possessed about the Imperial Court to crush the infant Church of Christ. Next came the great tide of Imperial persecutions which lasted 300 years. They were followed by the great Arian heresy, which devastated the Church for many years, till it was finally subdued. After it came the wave of barbarism. Nine times has the city of the Sovereign Pontiff been sacked. Still the Pontiffs went forth with the mitre on their heads and the power of God on their brows, to meet the barbarian chief, and awed them into retiring. The Pontiffs sent forth in their turn missionaries to convert to the faith these savage hordes. That great work accomplished, the flood of Mahometanism broke loose, and the Sovereign Pontiffs banded together the great Powers of Europe to drive it back from the West. Later still, the Church itself was distracted by schism and internal divisions. They passed away, and after them, some three hundred years ago, another great error arose; but we now see it every day melting away, for it has no unity. It can have no unity when each and every one of its followers has the right to follow his own private judgment in matters of faith. They are as the sand on which the foolish man built. Never, on the other hand, was our own Church as united as it is now. Never have its high prelates and its chief pastor been so united; and never has there been a time when they looked forward with so much hope and confidence as now. If we look round us it will be seen that there ever was so marvellous a time as the present. We will find the kings and statesmen of the earth coming to a state of indifference. They have given up conscience, and are simply guided by accomplished facts. Nations are guided by the principle of 'might makes right,' and not by conscience. There has been Josephism and Gallianism, and rulers and statesmen have seemed to think that all was clear gain that they could take from the Church. But where now are the Stuarts who ruled us? Where are the Bourbons? No fewer than forty sovereigns have been deposed from their pomp and power within as many years. Look, on the other hand, to the Sovereign Pontiff, the successor of 300 others. He stands alone in his difficulties, and the sovereigns of the earth look on with indifference or are openly hostile to him. He stands alone, expecting his cross, as Peter did. But whenever the Sovereign Pontiff so stands, there is now a great fight going on between the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Church. We may soon see the Pontiff reduced to great straits, but we may rely on it, for it has been proved by the history of the Church, that all those kingdoms will fall, while this one—God's own Church—stands for ever. A good writer has truly said, 'The Pontiff is a man placed at the head of the Hierarchy, but placed there to be a Holocaust for the people.' His lordship concluded—I have concluded. This building is dedicated to him who gets the keys from Jesus Christ. But, when I look around me at these walls, there is one thing that strikes me most forcibly. In former days churches were built by the kings and the nobles, by the high and mighty for the people, and they were their offerings to God. But look now. Here is a church spacious and beautiful; and how does it rise from the ground? Stone by stone, it has arisen, and each stone is a monument for ever of the faith and the charity of one or other amongst you—the laborer, the rich man, and the widow. I would almost say it is not so much built of stone as of charity and of faith, and they will always call out to God for you. He will say to you on the last day what St. Peter himself says in his Epistle—'If so be, you have tasted that the Lord is sweet. Unto whom coming, as to a living stone, rejected, indeed, by men, but chosen and made honorable by God. Be ye also as living stones built up, a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.' Amen.

The sermon having been concluded, the usual form of Indulgence was proclaimed and was then pronounced by the Cardinal Archbishop. A collection was then taken up by a number of Protestant and Catholic gentlemen, and a very handsome sum was realized, the amount of which will be officially announced in a few days. Pontifical High Mass was then resumed, and at its termination His Eminence gave the Pontifical benediction.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Ulster Observer says that on Wednesday week, the good people of Glanary witnessed on the Chapel-hill an unusual and, to them, at least, a memorable event, for on that day the first stone of St. Joseph's was solemnly blessed by the Catholic Bishop assisted by the parochial and a large concourse of the neighbouring clergy, and surrounded by a devout and delighted throng of the faithful.

Unprincipled legislation is the curse of Ireland even to the present day. We use the words in their simple sense; instead of laws resting on some principle, we have had a patchwork of concessions and charters, dodges and decrees, based on the expediency of the moment or the political necessities of the day. The evil is of old date. Pitt, instead of enfranchising the Roman Catholics and endowing the priests, made a pious grant to Maynooth. When, in 1829, we repealed the religious disabilities, we retained as 'security' a few insulting oaths, so framed that no Irish Catholic lawyer could ever hope to attain the highest honour of his profession, nor any Irish Catholic peer ever aspire to the Vicerealty—Bulwarks against treason which are still carefully preserved.—

What soon we should heap on the Emperor of Austria if he issued a decree declaring that no Protestant should ever be Viceroy of Hungary, and if he almost invariably nominated Germans to the post! The old vice clings to the recent reform in the Queen's University of Ireland. The manner of granting it had the old hesitation and timidity invariably displayed even by the statesmen who perceive the real wants of the sister island. Those statesmen, however wishful to redress the grievances of that country, are still afraid of the latent English and Scotch bigotry which is ever ready to burst out when 'Irish Popery'—the 'red flag' for John Bull—is in any way connected with the affairs of the moment. If the Earl of Kimberley and Mr. Chichester Fortescue had taken their views of Irish wants from Exeter Hall, they would have had an easy time of it as regards Parliamentary opposition. No Scotch Radicals would have threatened to stab a Liberal Government in the back; no half-informed Protestants would have accused them of coquetting with Ultramontanism. But when a cool, sagacious English statesman, aided by an Irish gentleman distinguished for his insight into the social wants of his country, discovered that in Ireland there were elements other than howling Orangism and rapid Ultramontanism—discovered that there were reasonable men of both creeds who will welcome simple justice as if it were a personal boon—the difficulties of the Liberal Cabinet began. Bigotry of all kinds was aroused—the fierce fervour of Exeter Hall, the 'pastoral' violence of Dr. Oullen, and the excessive zeal of those professors who make the mistake of denouncing all religious teaching, and are 'nothing if not' secular. Yet the concession made to the conscientious Roman Catholics of Ireland in the supplemental charter granted to the Queen's University, was so fair, so simply just, that the opposition to it only shows that intolerance is not always religion, and that law teaching can be as narrow and exclusive as the doctrines of the worst priests.

Now, we will not stop to say one word as to the theory of united education. It may be the best theory in the world. It may be best to bring up Catholics and Protestants in the same class, and to make them listen to the same lecturer, who manages, *mirabile dictu!* to teach history without touching on religion—what a wretched, colourless 'history' it must be! Still, in Ireland the plan has failed to attract the bulk of the Roman Catholics. In defiance of it they have founded a university of their own, and Irish fathers and mothers of the national creed have the unnatural desire to entrust the education of their sons to lay and clerical teachers who profess that creed—an improper feeling which is also shared by every father and mother in the upper and middle ranks of English society. Some say, and there is great force in their remarks, that it is not the united education to which the Irish so strongly object, as to the undeniable fact that the great majority of the professors in the Queen's Colleges are Protestants, and that the Senate of the University had, until lately, an immense preponderance of Protestant votes. In this circumstance we note the wisdom of the English Government to found academies in Galway and Cork—towns where seven-ninths of the people are Roman Catholic—and then appoint Protestant professors to conduct the education, is certainly a striking example of legislative sagacity. It may be contended that Protestant teaching of mathematics, jurisprudence, or natural philosophy can give no offence; but we all know that intercourse between teachers and pupils is not confined to the lecture room and a Roman Catholic parent is well aware that the man from whom his son learns some neutral branch of knowledge, occupies his leisure hours in denouncing with his pen 'Romish bigotry and intolerance.' But whatever may be the causes, the facts are clear; the Queen's Colleges are not what they were intended to be—places to which the Roman Catholic middle classes would generally resort.

What, then, was the step taken by the late Government?—a step misrepresented and denounced in many English newspapers. In the first place, it did not in the smallest degree affect the Queen's Colleges; it left their endowments, their privileges, and their rights entire and intact. But the Queen's University—a distinct but connected institution—was so enlarged as to admit to affiliation other colleges and schools besides those of Galway, Belfast, and Cork. That is all. A simply permissive measure—a step towards free trade in education—has been attacked as if it were a terrible concession to Popery—a sop to the Ultramontane party. Hitherto the Queen's University, with all its powers of examination and granting degrees, has been a preserve for three colleges only. Henceforth it can, at its discretion, affiliate to itself any institution, or like the London University, grant degrees to individuals pupils educated at home and examined by itself. Sir R. Kane, whose name justly carries great weight, opposes such an extension of University degrees to candidates not trained in regular colleges. He contends that academic life and habits confer moral advantages as well as afford scholastic opportunities; and that though the university should open its doors to the Catholic College in Stephen's-green, or the Magee College at Belfast, or other places of the kind, it should not imitate the London University, which grants degrees utterly irrespective of the place or the manner of education. There is something to be said for this side of the question; but the point is, after all, of minor importance. The Senate of the Queen's University can do what they like upon this head, since the Supplemental Charter is not mandatory, but permissive. The main question is—Shall the monopoly of the three colleges in the privileges of the university be continued or not? The Supplemental Charter says, 'No'; its opponents say, 'Yes.' The Roman Catholic clergy said to the late Government, 'Abolish the Queen's Colleges, and let each sect educate its own members; but give us a charter, so that we may confer degrees on Catholic students.' The Government replied, 'No'; we maintain the Queen's Colleges for such Presbyterians and Roman Catholics in Belfast, and for such Protestants and Roman Catholics in Galway and Cork, as may prefer united education. We refuse to grant you a charter; but if you educate your students so well that they can pass the Queen's University examination, the senate of that body will give them degrees. We decline to give the State stamp without the State test.' Yet this act—at once just, fair, and manly—is misrepresented in England, and awakens in Ireland that dissension which is the re-echo of English partisanship. If we wanted a personal illustration, proving that there is nothing Ultramontane in the move, we might find it in the fact that one of its chief advocates has been Sir Dominic Corrigan—a man who, to learning and professional eminence, adds the higher claim of having been for years the frank and fearless leader of the independent Roman Catholics of Ireland, and the staunchest opponent of Ultramontane aggression.—Daily Telegraph.

NEW PERRAGERS.—The title to be borne by Mr. McClinton is, we understand, Lord Drumcar, the name of his seat in the County of Louth. What title Sir William Verner takes, we have not heard.—Would not Viscount Dollys Brne and Baron Battle of the Diamond be appropriately and euphonious?—Weekly Register.

The report that Mr. Butt, the well-known Irish Q.C., had joined the Catholic Church is contradicted. Hercules McDonnell, Esq., has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county of Dublin.

It is gratifying to observe that the operations of the Cork Flax Company have been attended with well merited success. The working of their new mill for little over three months, at half power, realized a profit of £3,607, out of which the directors recommended a rate of 6 per cent. per annum, leaving a balance of £2,051 to be carried to a reserve fund. The Newcastle and Rathkeale railway is at last complete.