by a heavy knocking at the cottage door, mixed with the voice of a man calling for admittance. The poor girl directly started up, panting with terror, for Sir Philip and his men were immediately present to her imagination. Presently she heard Walter open the door, when a buzz of voices met her ears, and the trampling of men's teet in the adjoining apartment, who seemed to stagger under a heavy burden; then came a lamentable cry from Cicely, and the cottage door was closed.

"My boy, my poor boy! who has murdered him?" exclaimed the woman as in a paroxysm of grief. "Be patient, nurse," said another voice; "believe

panes of glass in her chamber door, she perceived a young man extended on the floor of the adjoining apartment; his head was supported on the bosom of Cicely, who was weeping bitterly; his light brown hair fell in disorder upon a countenance which seemed already stamped with the seal of death; the upper part of his doublet was unfastened, and a handkerchief which had been bound over a wound in his side was drenched with blood. Three men standing by seemed auxiously to watch the appearance of the youth; but Lucy had no time to scrutinize their aspect; a sharp pain suddenly seized her, as though a knife passed through her head, then came a suffocating sensation, and she fell in a fit upon the floor.

CHAPTER XI.

It is my love that calls upon my name, How silver sweet sound lover's tongues by night, Like softest music to attending ears. ROMEO AND JULIET.

The shadows of a winter evening were fast descending over the little chamber in which Lucy Fenton lay when she recovered to a consciousness of her situation. A sense of langour more oppressing than any which she had ever before felt sub-jected her to its influence. She attempted to rise, but unequal even to that slight exertion she sunk back almost fainting on her pillow. Through the half closed curtains of the little bed on which she lay she could discover the light of the fire from the outer apartment, flashing and flickering on the glass in the door between the two rooms. Lucy pressed her hand upon her brow, and strove to compose her thoughts into a less confused remembrance of her present condition. The effort partly induced a return of that acute pain in her head which had preceded her insensibility. She distinctly remembered the kindness with which she had been sheltered by the inmates of the cottage, and the noise which she had heard after retiring to rest, together with the entrance of the persons bearing the wounded man. Beyond this all was a blank, yet still she had a kind of vague conception that some time had clapsed; it was the shade of evening, and not the morning light, that pervaded her chamber-of that she was convinced. Lucy now thought of her cousin, her father, and her lover; and she shed tears at those thoughts, for she felt very ill, and a sense of calamity, no less than of sickness, oppressed her .-As she thus lay, too weak to move, and almost to speak, the door between her chamber and the sitting apartment of the cottage was softly opened, and the good woman Cicely stole cautiously to her bedside. Lucy extended her hand as she approached and inquired in a faint but eager tone what was the hour, and whether she might be able to reach London that day.

"Alas, poor child," answered Cicely, "it will be well if thy strength be sufficiently restored for thee to leave our cottage in another week."

"Another week!" said Lucy, with an accent of astonishment. "My good mother, my fatigues and perils of the last few days have indeed, I find, most saily overcome my strength; but surely, if I die in the endeavor to reach it, I cannot stay from my home

another week." "Poor maiden!" replied Cicely, "you are not, I perceive, aware that you have been lying, sick almo t unto death, in my poor cottage for more than a fortnight. Praise Heaven, my dear child, that it hath been pleased to restore thy reason, which indeed we have feared was gone forever."

"Good Cicely, then, I beseech you," said Lucy, "if this be so even add to the measure of thy charity by sending to my father and uncle. I will supply thee with a direction to their dwelling, and they will contrive in some mode to relieve thee of the heavy charge of attending to a sick damsel."

The brow of Cicely now became both grave and sad; and in a tone which, though still kind, expressed a firm determination not to accede to Lucy's request, she bade her be content in the assurance that, as soon as her recovery would permit, she should be conveyed in safety to her friends; but that for them to be admitted to the cottage was impossible. To an inquiry from Lucy as to the matter in which this impossibility consisted, Cicely answered that it was one which might not be very readily explained, adding, in a tone of complaining sorrow:

"I will not judge of you so harshly, maiden, as to believe that you would return evil for good, and tender a cup of poison to the lips of those whom I regard, because I took you, wandering and a stranger, to the shelter of my 100f, and nursed you even as a child! Believe, damsel, that for a stranger to approach this cottage now would be death to the being whom I love most on earth! Ah, ask me not to sign his death-warrant, because thou art, for the sake of a few days, impatient to see thy friends."

"Think me not so ungrateful," said Lucy, tears starting into her eyes as she spoke; "believe, kind Cicely, I would sooner die on this bed, where your charity has ministered to me in my sickness, than be the cause of harm, however trifling to any person whom you love."

"I do, indeed, believe so much of you, gentle maiden," answered Cicely. Then recommending Lucy again to seek repose, she stole softly as before out of the little chamber.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

PONTIUS PILATE IN VIENNE, FRANCE HIS ACCOUNT OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul, under the Romans, is situated on the river Rhone. There, on the left bank of that beautiful stream, is the tomb of an ancient architecture, which, according to tradition. is the tomb of Pontius Pilate-Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. Passus estaub Pon-tio Pilato. It was in Viennealso that the Wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777, a most remarkable occurrence; the spot that contained the ashes of the judge of the Righteous was to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcius was pretor at Vienne, that an old man, bent with age, yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written in red letters, the name of F. Albinus. He was an old accounintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accursed be the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the fair front of imperial Rome, when the Romane, passed under the Cauding Furcula in the Samnite war. Another The state of the s

"You miserable?" asked Albinus; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienne, but for what crime? I have examined your affair at the Tabularium. You are denounced by Vitellus, Prefect of Syria, your enemy, for having chastized the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samarilans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves to Mount Garizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred to the Jews."

"No!" replied Pilate "No! by all the gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Casar that afflicts

me." "What, then, is the cause of your affliction?" Impelled by an irresistible impulse, Lucy now continued Albinus. "Long I have known you—sprang from her bed, and looking through one of the sensible, just, humane. I see it—you are the victim of

"Say not so, Albinus. Say not that I am the victim of Vitellus. No; I am the victim of a Higher Power! The Romans regard me as an object of Casar's disgrace; the Jews, as the severe Proconsul; the Christians, as the executioner of their God |"

"Of their God, did you say, Pilate? Impieus wretches! Adore a God born in a manger, and put

to death on a cross!" "Beware, Albinus, beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under the purple, he would not have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards Judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality."

On my arrival at Jerusalem, I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judea, with the High Priest and his officers. At the appointed hour, no guest appeared. This was insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that | Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge—it 18 his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the Gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conquered had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it, I had but a single centurion and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire -to extend our conquests beyond the means of defending them!

Among the various rumors which came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Gallilee, preaching, with a noble unction, a new law in the name of the God who had sent him. At first, I was apprehensive that his design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day, in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed, in the midst of the group, a young mean leaning against a tree, who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told that it was Jesus. This I could easily have expected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group and listen.

My Secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators, who encamped in Etrusia, waiting for Catalina. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence.

On returning to the Pretorium, I found Manlius, who related to me the words Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have II heard in the Portico, or read in the works of the philosophers, anything that can be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Crosar or not, Jesus replied: Render unto Casar the the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed things which are Casar's and unto God the things that me that the treasure of the Temple had been emare God's.

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have had him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious, I extended to him my protection, unknown, perhaps, to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any pretorian

mandate. Should it ever happen-may the gods avert the omen |-should it ever happen, I say, that the re-ligion of our forefathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that Rome shall owe her premature obsequies; whilst I, miserable wretch — I shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence, and

we—Destiny. But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus, revolted the Jews-not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter: and this was a political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees!" would he say to them, "you are a race of vipers !--you resemble painted sepulchres! At other times he would sneer at the proud alms of the Publican, telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

Now complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall himthat it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had stoned those who called themselves prophetsand that if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Cæsar.

This I had prevented, by informing Casar of all that happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops

after the termination of the Parthian war. Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish tranquility in the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview with him at the Pre-

torium. He came.
Oh, Albinus! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but then I was young-in my veins flowed the Spanish mixed with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of puerile emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilick, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron hand to the marble pavement .-He was calm, the Nazarene, calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and by a simple gesture, seemed to say to me, here I am.

and with awe this extraordinary type of man-a heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him at last—and my tongue faltered-"Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for the last three years, ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage.

courses a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it, and I, his humble representative in this country am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred .-Yours are doubly incensed against you, on account of your sayings; against me on account of the liberty extended towards you. They even accuse me indirectly of being leagued with you, for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left to them. My request-I do not say my order—is that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they raise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice."

The Nazarene calmly replied: "Prince of the earth, your words proceed not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain because it will uproot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whither flow the waters of the torrent. Verily, I say unto you, before the rose of Sharon blossoms,

the blood of the just will be spilt." "Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I, with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all those tur-bulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Cæsar, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiber sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My a sacted asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said, with a graceful and divine smile:

"When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of Man, neither on earth or under the earth. The asylum of the Just is there, (pointing to the heavens). That which is written in the books of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care, requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not infringe my orders; you know them. May happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace, love, and charity. I was born the same day on which Cæsar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeds not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it in obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain, therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilick.

Herod the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judea, and who died devoured by vermin, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the encmies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene. Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his regal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Cosar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium, and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those grave philosophers that great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and that the intention of Rome was, to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect, he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching; and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exultation, which always manifests itself at the solemnities of the passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace clamoring for pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted.

I wrote to the prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in a rebellious city-too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other choice than to tolerate

They had seized upon Jesus; and the seditious rabble, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing, on the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, conti-

nued vociferating, "Crucify him, Crucify him!"
Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First, the Herodians and Sadducees, whose seditious conduct appeared to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Vazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor; and although, in this instance, I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacri-lege did not appear less heinous in their eyes.— Another grievance also rankled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scowled at. The Pharisees were the svowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor; but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years, been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorde and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death. It was then that the High Priest, Caiphas, performed a derisory act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came within Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to be sent thither. The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protesting his defference to the lieutenant of Casar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

Soon my palace assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditions. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth, the towns of Galilee and the plains of Esderlon. All Judea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into the future. Weeping, and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," said she to me, "beware and touch not that man, for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision. He was walking For some time I contemplated, with admiration on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempests, to the palm trees, type unknown to our numerous sculptors, who have to the fishes of the lake—all were obedient to him, given form and figure to all the gods and all the Behold! the torrent of Mount Cedron flows with blood, the statues of Cæsar are soiled with the filth of the gemoniæ, the columns of the Pretorium have a vestal in the tomb !. Oh, Pilate! evil awaits thee!

By this time my marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought, back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a se-yers tone, what they demanded? "The death of the Nazarene," was their reply. For what crme? "He has blasphemed; he has prophesied the min of the Temple; he calls himself the Son of God-the Messiah—the King of the Jews. in "Roman justice" said I, "punisheth not such offences with death." "Crucify him, crucify him was shouted forth by the relentless rabble.

elentless rapple. The vociferations of the infuriate multitude shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the turnult. He was like unto the Statue of Innocence placed in the temples of the Euminides. It was the Nazarene.

After many fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure which at the moment, appeared to me to be the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged; then calling for a ewer, I washed my bands in presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often, in our civil commotions, bave I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude; but nothing could ever be compared to what I be held in the present instance. "It might have been truly said that, on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk; they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves, from the portal of the Pretorium even unto Mount Zion, with howlings, screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Panonis or in the tumults of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Cæsar. It was likewise towards the ides of March I, the contemned Governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilick, contemplating athwart the dreary gloom, this Theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gate that leade to the Germonz. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the Centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order.

I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which borne on the winds appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered o'er the pinnacle of the Temple and their large ruptures settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on the earth, that Dionysius, the Areo-pagite, is reported to have exclaimed: "Either the Author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."

Towards the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city towards the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifice had been consummated. The crowd were returning home; still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, sad, taciturn, desperate. What they had witnessed had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman cohort pass by mournfully, the standard-bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend,-Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the gods. Some times groups of men and women would halt; then, looking back towards Mount Calvary, would remain motionless. in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stair, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a supplicat posture, and behind him several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep. "Father," said I to him mildly, "who are you, and what is your request?" "I am Joseph, of Arimathea," replied he, "and 1 am come to beg of you, on my knees, the permission to bury Jesus of mr him; and, at the same time, ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of

A last duty remained for me to perform, it was to

tion when the day began to dawn. At that moment the sound of clarious playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eyes towards the Cæsarean gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance other trumpets sounding Cresar's March. It was the reinforcement that had been promised me-two thousand chosen men, who, to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. "It has then been decreed by the Fates," oried I, wringing my hands, "that the great iniquity should be accomplished—that, for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day !--arene exclaimed when writhing on the cross: All is consummated ["

THE GERMAN PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

The last fragments of their mask are fast falling from the features of the German persecutors, and Protestants who still retain faith in Revelation are becoming as fully aware as Catholics have been from the commencement that the real object of Prince von Bismarck and the infidels and Radicals, who direct rather than follow that statesman, is nothing in every degree. The most remarkable evidence of the oppression and insult to which all Christian denominations indiscriminately are subjected in Germany under the domination of the State which has yet appeared in England was published in the Morning Post of last Saturday and Monday, coming from the pen, so the editor informs us, of "a German Evangelical divine of the highest distinction." The name of the author is kept concealed, probably for the best of reasons. Imprisonment and confiscation are too ordinary proceedings of the Prussian authorities for this courageous Protestant minister to hope to escape vigorous chastisement were the myrmidens of Herr Madai, the Prussian Fouche, once placed upon his track. His statement now lies before the Protestant public, and though a single reiteration of the testimony of the venerable Von Gerlach, and of the numerous other Protestants of the highest repute, whose protests have provoked the wrath of Prince von Bismarck's police, it is in the main part entirely new to the ordinary British public. The abominable organization known in Germany as the "Reptile Press,"—"the numerous journals subsidized for the occasion," as the Morning Post communication puts it—helped by the careless. or oriminal complaisance of influential newspapers in England, has so persistently prevented the transgiven way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like mission of correct intelligence, that the German Cauding Furculae in the Samnite war. Another nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage.

If you wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread by the hands of the Parthians in the war. I know not whether you have read Soontes and against Arminlus. And I—miserable me in this life yirtue and learning, and against Arminlus. And I—miserable me in this life yirtue and learning where it cannot be taken away from the ourses of a Roman Senate—dread the frowns of Great Britain. "The numerous roundals which were subsidized for the occasion have done their mentarious end, often receive their reward in tranthe one thanks and the second of the second

utmost to represent the recent legislation as necessary, useful, and in no way injurious to religious life. And yet the recent legislation has been in the case of the Protestant communions, as well as of the Catholic Church, nothing else than "the abrogation of the Habeas Corpus Acts" of German Christianity. The encrosements of the Government have established that "Scriptural Christianity and Rationalism have identical rights in the Protestant Church." "A broad door has been opened to the infidel members of the community for admigsion to ecclesiastical office." "The ecclesiastical authorities must be pleased to agree that in the Church whose responsibility they have to bear before God and man, clergymen whom they have deposed shall be reinstated, and clergymen whom they hold to be blameless and proper shall be deposed." "By the imposition of compulsory civil marriage upon the imposition of compulsory civil marriage upon the entire Prussian State, upon Protestants as well as Catholics, a wide-reaching step has been taken towards the breaking up of the entire Christian Church." The Government is preparing "the propagation of Heathenism in the midst of Christian. ity." In a word, the Falck Laws have established secularist Papacy in the grossest form."-London Tablet.

DR. DOLLINGER. (To the Editor of the London Tablet.)

Sm,-Catholics will read with painful interest any particulars which may throw light upon the conduct of Dr. Dollinger, the author of the last new heresy which calls itself "Old-Catholicism." That he is at present moving in a downward direction is plain from the proceedings of the late conference at Bonn, where he showed himself willing to fraternize with Anglicanism, with whose thoroughly schismatical origin and history he is well acquainted, and which he condemned in his book "The Church and the Churches." Again, the most probable explanation of Mr. Gladstone's bitter outbreak against the Church in a few sentences in his essay on "Ritual. ism" will be found in the statesman's recent visit to the historian. But the repeated contradictions to his former self to which he is being driven may even yet startle the powerful mind of Dollinger, of whom it is literally true to say, as has just been said by the parish priest of Huhn, Munich, that "up to his 60th year Dollinger built his firmest hopes on the infallibility of the Church's teaching, and held it to be impossible that the infallible should ever fail." In confirmation of this statement I beg to place at your service the following extract from a speech of Dollinger at an assembly of Catholic divines in Munich in 1863, which I translate from a biographical notice of Dollinger's friend, the great John Adam Mohler, published in 1866 by Professor B. Werner :-

"We will call to those Germans who preceded us, and have now passed away—a Gugler, a Drey, a Mohler, a Klee, a Staudenmaier — and point the younger generations of theologians to their examole. These men knew how to unite fidelity to the Church with the freedom and independence of scientific investigation. I might say, that the theoogical excellences, which mutually complete each other, of these five men, each of whom had his own peculiar gift, could they be united in a single person, would give us the ideal of the German theologian. But they all had this in common, that, if in the course of a scientific investigation they had come to a result deviating from the doctrine of the Universal Church, they would have sought for the error, not on the Church's side, but on their own; they would have taken it for granted that some fallacy or other must lurk in the method of their investigation, which would be detected by repeated and more conscientious search, and they would at once have instituted such a search, and, with greater or less effort, would most certainly have discovered the error they had committed in the course of their scientific calculation."

Dollinger's model theologian then is one who with great learning and reasoning powers submits absolutely to the Church. Surely, Sir, Catholics, though they know how rare is the repentance of leaders of heresies, will hope against hope that such a man may even yet recover from his unhappy aberrations, and once more receive what the Church receives, and condemn what she condemns.

I am, &c., &c., James Henry Sheppard, M.A. Clifton, Oct. 11, 1874.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY COL-LEGE.

The Weekly Register and Catholic Standard gives the following account of the opening of this institution Jesus published all over the country that he had risen from the dead, as he had forefold.

at Kensington:—"After months of anxious toil and preparation, the great work has fairly begun. On preparation, the great work has fairly begun. On the morning of S. Teresa's-day the Holy Sacrifice communicate to Casar the details of this deplorable was offered by his Grace the Archbishop of Westevent. I did it the same night that followed the catastrophe, and had just finished the communical was attended by the Professors and tutors of the University College, and 17 students, all of whom appeared in academic dress. Immediately after the Mass, his Grace called on the Right Rev. Rector to make his profession of faith, which he did, in the customary form, by reciting the Creed of Pope Pius IV. He then took the necessary oath of allegiance to the Holy See. The Archbishop then delivered a discourse, of which the following may be taken as an approximate resume:—"Very Rev. and Dear Friend in Jesus Christ,-I did not intend this morning, before I arrived here, to offer any remarks upon the occasion which has brought us together, nor did Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of I make any preparation for the purpose. But it was mortals! Alas! it was but too true, what the Naz-suggested to me by others, and recommended also by the promptings of my own heart, that I should not let the opportunity pass of saying a few words to you. I shall, therefore, offer to you, very rev. and dear friend, and to the Professors and students here present, a few observations suggested by the interesting event which we are about to inaugurate .-You, very rev. friend have been selected by the Hierarchy of England to preside over the Catholic University College on account of the numerous qualifications for the purpose which they know you to possess. Animated with much hope and confidence in your ability and energy, they look forward sanguinely to the success of the enterprise on which short of the proscription of definite Christian dogma | their hearts have been long set. It is the crowning work of their educational schemes, the key-stone of the arch which they have been for a long time constructing, and the foundations of which are laid jointly on faith and reason. It is unnecessary for me to describe the magnitude of the undertaking that lay before them with respect to education.— The instruction of the Catholic laity was very deficient, both as regards the rich and the poor. The latter, however, held the first place in their estimation; they attended to the most urgent wants first. But when the most pressing needs were once satisfied, they were resolved to devote their attention to what concerned the culture of the wealthier classes. Accordingly, very rev. and dear friend, they looked out for a person to whom this great work should be intrusted, and they now believe that they have shown much wisdom in their selection. On this point I need not say more. I shall merely add that I am confident in the success of your labours, and that the Catholic University College, beginning in humility, will be exalted soon in the estimation of the public, and will receive that support and en-couragement which are necessary to maintain the permanent vitality of an educational system. To the gentlemen who have come to lay their intellectual gifts at the altar and to devote their matured intellect and ripe scholarship to the advancement of Catholic truth I need only say, that they are lay-Chancellor still passes for the veritable good genius ing up treasure where it cannot be taken away from