

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

II.
Years are come and years are gone,
Croyland standeth fair,
Many the monks who there have been,
Saintly lives of prayer;
And in their famous choir-tronicle
Croyland kepteth well,
The names of them that brought her help,
To furnish out the times to tell.

Norman king and Norman queen,
Nobles one by one,
England's bravest soldiers,
And loyal lords and men,
Lord and lady and vassal,
Merchant, farmer, slave,
Every soul that lived,
Gave to Croyland grace.

Each is honoured and each is honored,
For each a prayer is said,
But the remembrance of his softness,
When one name is read.

"Among our benefactors
Let us not forget
Hers whose holy memory
Lives amidst us yet,
Juliana of Weston,
Who, in her misdeeds,
Gave all she had and all she could
To us in her penury:
Juliana the beggar,
Who begged her daily bread,
And with her own contributions
Brought to us twisted thread."

"The most insignificant gift coming from the humblest hand, to immortalize the benefactor, is the noblest offering of the poor, of the *serf*, of the widow, and of the orphan. The names of the benefactors of the monasteries registered in the daily prayers of the monks, and immortalized in the annals, side by side with the magnificence of the donations of princes and lords.—*Moultonbert.*"

ABLE SERMON BY THE REV. FATHER COFFEY
AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, OTTAWA,
ON THE 17TH.

He took care of his nation and delivered it from destruction,"—Ecl. 5 chap. 4th, vrs.—

GO, YE FORTH AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.—**LOVED AND DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN**—We have it on record in Holy Writ that our Blessed Redeemer enjoined on his Apostles to teach all nations the healing and saving truths of redemption. This was their charter-deed. "All power," said our Divine Saviour, "is given unto me, therefore, whosoever shall believe in me, and be baptized, he shall be saved, and he shall be able to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil." "Go, ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you, and will go forth and consume the world."—Matt. 28th chap. 19th verse.

Consummation of the world." In obedience to this command, to which is subjoined a promise of divine protection for ever, the Apostles went forth to carry the glad tidings of redemption to every race, to every clime, to every nation, and to cast, others to the west, others again penetrated the fastnesses of the north, others still the burning wastes of the south.

The hostility of princes; the indifference and cruelty of peoples; the bonds and barriers of nature; all were alike unpropitious to arrest their zeal or overcome their purpose. The greatest of the Latin poets had said of Imperial Rome, *Æque per orbem*—'Christians soon over-spread the limits of the empire and, while destined itself to live forever, saw in a comparatively short time the extinction of Imperial rule.' Within a marvellously brief period indeed the doctrines of redemption were held forth by men from the far off Ganges in India to the remotest islands of the British Isles; from the west, within the Roman Empire itself, Christians were seen everywhere to be found; in the Senate, in the army, and at the foot of the Imperial throne itself. Thus the Apostles fulfilled their commission: thus Christianity soon acquired universality. But even after the Apostles had departed, there was yet one whose people had not yet been the emblem of salvation or embraced the sweet and tender yoke of Christ.

THAT NATION WAS IRELAND, Ireland was by no means a *terra incognita* to the Romans. True, neither Caesar nor Agricola had ever set foot on its shores—but Irish valor was even then known abroad, while the enterprise of Irish traders had brought their country into notice in all the marts of the empire. The Roman Pontiffs, it cannot be doubted, must in their pastoral solicitude have often cast longing eyes on Ireland. But the persecutions set on foot by the Roman

Let us pause for a moment to reflect on what manner of man was this Patrick whom St. Germanus saw fit to recommend for a mission at once so arduous and so important. We were to accept statements which sometimes were not only untrue, but printed, the blessed Patrick was a personage whose history is lost in legendary fable. Such, however, is far from being the case. The position of Ireland's patron saint in history is too well defined, his services to mankind too great to have his name thus relegated to oblivion, and it may here be said that the Irish race now scattered throughout the world are the proud duty of ever celebrating the praises and commemorating the virtues of this illustrious man. St. Patrick, according to the most reliable authorities, was of Roman origin and most probably born in the North of France. The date of his birth is about 375, at Kilinst. Of his early years we not only find no record, but a silent annalist: "And the boy Patrick grew up precious in the sight of the Lord in the old age of wisdom and in the ripeness of virtue, and the number of his merits multiplied beyond the number of his years; thefluence of all holy charities overflowed

before their dwelling place in his youthful body. Entering and going forward in the slippery paths of youth he held his feet from falling, and the garment that nature had woven for him unknown of a stain adding a virgin in the flesh and in the power of his life. Though the divine union had taught him to be very holy, he was being come, he was sent from his parents to be instructed in sacred learning. Therefore he applied his mind to the study of letters, but chiefly to psalms and to hymns and to spiritual songs, and retaining them in his memory and continually singing them to the Lord; so that even from the power of his love he sang daily without ceasing devoutly unto the Lord. Every day from the vial of his most pure heart he poured forth the odor of many pure prayers." A great theologian has it that the highest virtue subsists, 1st, in patience under affliction. 2ndly, in labor for the conversion of sinners; 3rdly, in purity of conscience. Let us apply this text to the power of his love. The Holy Church today throughout the world, by his titles to the commendatory letters which he bore from the great St. Germanus to the Roman Pontiff? They were patience in suffering, zeal in the conversion of sinners and Godlike purity of conscience. Aye, even before he was entrusted with the Apostolic charge, Patrick displayed patience in suffering. Carried captive in his early youth by an

to be torn from his native land to the degradation of slavery in Ireland. Six years later, in 1822, the Irish, the stranger abandoned man, he daily was stronger in the fervor of his commission with God. Through divine interposition he is at length released, and returning to France in after years spent in study, in prayer and in solitude, admitted to the sublimity of the apostolic life. The gift of miracles in the early days of his ministry amply attests his saintly life, while his journey to Britain with St. Germainus and Lupus to combat and arrest the Pelagian heresy displays his ardor for the conversion of sinners. Thus tried in patience and in tribulation, his mission of saving souls was the holy priest Patrick when he knelt at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff. After due consideration, and we can make no doubt full enquiry on the part of the successor of Peter, Patrick was appointed Bishop of the province of Connaught in the Irish mission. The unexpected death of the latter occurring immediately after this appointment gave Patrick the full charge of winning the Irish to the faith. Consecrated Bishop by St. Amator in 431, this devoted Apostle of Christ, divesting himself of all carnal desires, and, with his faithful brethren, the Irish monks, went forth to relieve the Irish from the

like preaching unto them Christ crucified. Like unto the Holy Patriarch Abraham he came forth from his own land to found a new nation. The promise given Patriarch Abraham has made good his claim, that he received by Abraham from his heavenly Father: "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless and magnify thy name, and thou shalt be blessed. I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee, and in thee shall all the kindred of the earth be blessed." Now, the Holy Father, diffused from the Holy Spirit to the Patriarch Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, "Thou shalt spread to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south, and I in thee and thy seed all the tribes of the earth shall be blessed." Through Ireland regenerated by St. Patrick, the world has indeed been multiplied, and the Father of the Faithful, the happy results of the glorious apostolate of St. Patrick. These results are to-day conspicuous in the wonderful propagation of Catholicity on the American Continent, conspicuous on the vast island continent of Australia; conspicuous in India and Africa; conspicuous the world over in the happy results of the apostolic mission of the Irish race everywhere to the See of Peter. It was with glad acclaim that

The groves of the Druids were soon deserted and their mysterious rites abolished. Patrick then broke to his chosen people the bread of life and established that hierarchy which for centuries has been the consolation and the glory of the Christian church. After three and thirty years of apostolic labor, Patrick passed from

HERSEY, THE GREAT RIGHT ARM OF SATANIC POWER, disseminated its deadliest errors. Then it was that Ireland's providential destiny was made specially manifest—its shores, its islands, its coast-guard stations, its "isles of saints," to which we may justly add that of the "apostolic nation." To her shores flocked scholars from every portion of the continent, where learning had become a reproach and Christianity a peril; and there yearly went forth from these same shores bands of zealous missionaries animated with the God-like self-sacrifice and devotion of St. Patrick to re-erect the cross of Christianity on the Gulf and levelled with the dust. Through Gaul and Italy and Germany they travelled, animating the weak and encouraging the strong, besides gathering thousands of others into the field that knows but one Shepherd. Some, collecting a few

For centuries, the praises of God were sung, and His greatness contemplated by generations of saints. The labors of these saintly men, seconded by the protection and patronage of the Roman See, the centre of light and unity, went far to dispel the gloom that had beclouded Europe, and thus the second great triumph of Christianity is largely to be attributed to Irish sanctity and Irish learning. For more than three centuries Ireland, by its schools at home and its missionaries abroad, did eminent service to religion and humanity—but God, who afflicts those whom he loves, permitted that Ireland herself should be

Towards the close of the eighth century Ireland was first invaded by the Danes. From that period, for more than two hundred years, the country was harassed by endless conflicts between the invaders and the invaded. The Danes were finally defeated and completely overthrown on the plains of Clontarf in 1014. Of the effects of the Danish wars on Ireland the lamented Megee says: "The followers of Odin

though they made no proselytes to their proud creed among the children of St. Patrick, they were the cause of many wounds on the Irish Church. The schools, monasteries and nunneries situated on harbors or rivers or within a convenient march of the coast, were their first object of attack. Teachers and pupils were dispersed, or if taken put to death, or escaped to the mountains to find refuge in defence. Bishops could no longer reside in their sees nor archbishops in their cells unless they invited martyrdom.* The Irish Church had only begun to recover from the evils of Danish occupation, when the English king, Canute, the first of the II. of England invaded Ireland and took possession of a portion of the country. Then began for Ireland a period of strife, dissension and spoliation detrimental alike to learning and religion. So long, however, as England remained Catholic the Irish Church was not affected by the terrible characteristics it afterwards assumed. Early in the sixteenth century all Europe was

by the tremendous moral authority of the days when Alaric and Attila led their hordes of barbaric invaders through the fair Province of Rome's Imperial domain, effacing the grandeur and undermining the sway of that mighty empire in word, for nine hundred years Europe had not witnessed such widespread disorder, such reckless and such aggressive and such infatigable and such unrelenting and such premeditated and such systematic and such unrestrained and such unprovoked, From Picardy to Bohemia, treason and massacre walked hand in hand with heresy. The States of the Germanic Empire, so long enjoying the countless benefits of internal peace, based on unity, subordination and mutual duty, were now the scene of civil strife and internecine barbarity. When Henry VIII. of England assumed the role of reformer in his dominions, civil war and massacre became there also the order of the day, and so far as Ireland is concerned remained so for fully three centuries. In the struggle produced by the Reformation Ireland alone of the nations of the North remained faithful to the Holy See. During centuries of the most systematic cruelty ever devised by man and enforced by Government, Ireland had never swerved from the faith that St. Patrick had

was made a crime, our ancestors—brave and true—clung to their religion. By a series of enactments, disgraceful to their authors, disastrous alike to prince and people, it was declared criminal to offer up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and after that to be a priest, or a very young man. No Catholic could have his child educated at home or abroad. No Catholic could hold or inherit property. No Catholic could hold office, parliamentary or municipal in the state, or vote for the election of any person to fill such office. No Catholic could be the cause of the disabilities under which Catholics labored under these infamous enactments. But despite the enactments, so directly opposed to the fundamental principles of reason and justice, and enforced with a vigor worthy of an unconquered Catholic, to-day, dearly beloved brethren, it behoves us not to revert with feelings of acrimony to the

INVITE THEM TO RETURN

to the faith of their fathers and of ours. To bring about a result so truly desirable that it would be a waste of words to keep it intact. It is that leading apostolical characteristic of Catholic faith that it is not shaped or fashioned according to time or place. Upon us devolves the duty of seeing that it should so continue with the Irish race, so that neither we nor those who may come after us be Catholics with Catholics, heretics with heretics, or shall I say it, infidels with infidels. We and they should be Catholics in all times, places and associations. Catholics in all things, obedient and respectful to the pastors of the church, and obedient to the laws of their country. "He that heareth you heareth me," and that despatch you despatch me, and him that despatch me despatch him: that sent me." The Irish race in America has been given an influence so extended that upon the exercise depends the future of Catholicity in this continent. The future of our race on this continent is not, by any means, an easy one. For it may be truly said that in no age and in no country is virtue exposed to so many constant and pressing perils as those in which we are, where, indeed, in a great age, an age, where the world is so near the precepts of the Gospel the greatest moral and material happiness ever enjoyed since

discoveries of science and the practical concerns of life, have done much to give happiness to man. Yet, my dear brethren, there is, perhaps, more physical and then, certainly more social and moral evil, than ever before distressed and decimated humanity. This evil must be ascribed to that moral degradation now rampant in every sphere of social life. At a very early age the innocence and moral rectitude of our youth is blatant and subverted. It is, therefore, on this day an imperative duty on the part of Irish Catholic parents to resolve to practise such constant and vigilant oversight of their children, committed to their care by a just God, as will enable them to circumscribe within the narrowest limits that moral delinquency which is the bane and disgrace of our age. Let Irish American parents make it their care that if the vices of the interlopers of the past are now rampant amongst our youth, harvests so superabundant in sorrow and ruin would be evils comparatively light if not for

of the contemporary Irish literature, and they indicate the debasing tendencies. The heroic literature, of the day bears one very marked characteristic. It is anti-Catholic, and, consequently, anti-Irish. At this very time when the Irish people are engaged in a struggle for existence, and enjoy the sympathy of the right minded people of the world, the mercenary writers of the day, with the exception of a few, misrepresents the cause of the clergy of Ireland. We have already on this continent a Catholic Press established which demands our support and needs our encouragement. With its growth, will our influence grow; by its instrumentality the memory of our past struggles and our noble ancestry will be perpetuated. The more we keep in view the traditions of our noble ancestry the more will we attract the respect and confidence of others amongst whom our lot may be cast. Fidelity to God and Holy Church in this world will entitle us to a portion in the kingdom of everlasting bliss. Then when participating in the glories of our triumphs, may the countless multitudes of the church, coming from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, address their blessed Patron: "Thou hast taken care of thy nation and delivered it from destruction."

THE LAST SCENES.

**Manly and Defiant Attitude of the
Home Rulers.**

The following graphic sketch of a late memorable scene in Parliament is from the trenchant pen of Lady Wilde, the poetess:

The debate on Friday evening was more turbulent than anything as yet known in Parliament since the session opened. It began with Mr. Corbett's amendment that the women of Ireland should be enfranchised by the new Coercion Bill. This was promptly negatived by Ministers. Then the Irish Members grew excited, fearfully excited, as was natural. Mr. Dawson declared that if a policeman dared to lay his hands on his wife he would shoot him dead. On this the House jeered and laughed in their accustomed way, on which Mr. Parnell rose, pale and stern, and asked Mr. Forster if he wished to add the subjugation of the women to the list of the wrongs of Ireland to the title he had already acquired? Other Irish Members followed, with vivid and

turning denunciations of a bill by which any lady in Ireland could be arrested on suspicion. Of what?—being a Nationalist. Mr. MacDonnell, the Attorney-General, Mr. MacDonnell, the Working-man Member, spoke admirably on the Irish side; also, Mr. Metzge, who asked—"Are you going to make war on Irishmen and Irishwomen, and shoot them down like dogs?" Still the House continued its shouting, and the speaker, who sat on a bench in convulsions of merriment, and screamed and jeered, and howled and yelled, and made the most hideous grimaces at the Irish speakers, until the scene became one of the most revolting exhibitions of English brutality ever witnessed. The speaker, who was a member of at least the middle-classes, from which the Liberals spring—without one spark of sentiment, or feeling, or chivalry, or

reverence, Mr. Daly hurled a bitter truth at them when he said—"We appeal to the hearts and consciences of our countrymen as you appeal to their heads with your boots on." One could not help feeling sympathy for the pluck and courage of the little band of Irishmen in the middle of the fierce arena, like martyrs given over a prey to the passions and enmities of a hostile mob. A dramatic effect in Mr. T. D. Sullivan's appeal to Gladstone—"Hail, Caesar! we who are about to die salute thee." For these men are fighting inch by inch for their lives, and the lives of their wives and children. The speaker's words of applause were aimed against Miss Parnell and the ladies who have joined her in forming a Land League, and eighteen months in a prison simply means death. This was a true cause of the brutal mirth of the majority. They knew that the stinging allusion to the female relatives of the men before them, and they rubbed their hands in glee, and drowned the words of the Irish speakers with yells of laughter. But the Conservatives have still something left of the traditions of gentlemanly conduct. They signified to their honor be it spoken: and though they voted with the brute majority they did not join in the brutal merriment. They probably felt, as any one of high and honorable nature must, that if it were not for the necessity for a government to pass a law by which the ladies of a country could be cast wholesale into prison, such a proposition should be argued with grave deliberation, and passed solemnly, not with yells of laughter and shouts of approval. The ladies of Herod and Pontius Pilate make friends together when an evil work is to be done. But his fall may not be far off, though now he is all powerful; and the cruel and malignant smile with which he closed the eyes of the poor man, who was the new instrument of torture and indignity for Ireland from the hands of his slavish followers.

A JUST INDICTMENT.

Why England has Failed to Win Ireland.

The following forcible and just letter has been addressed to the London *Spectator*, by an Irish Quaker gentleman :

"Nothing has ever made me so realize the gulf between England and Ireland as the perusal of your article. 'An unexpressed feeling about Ireland,' in words which I have never before read, and sentiments towards you. You wonder and seek for a reason why it can be so; we should be surprised if it were otherwise. For the last forty, indeed eighty years, we have proffered you an unexpressed feeling about Ireland, of some form or another. You will have none of it—you will not even discuss the proposition; and still you wring your hands 'because no *nodus* has developed itself.' You wonder why the legal changes have not been made, and why the rights. They have never been given us, a rights, and have always been granted with such a bad grace, that gratitude (if the idea of gratitude is consonant with the theory of a People's Parliament) was im-

to prevent a rebellion. Before giving it you suppressed the Catholic Association which had forced the question to a settlement, and then you passed a law which attached a charge upon the man who had carried it for us to seek re-election; and you passed it with clauses *still in force* making the members of Catholic male religious communities liable to banishment for ever, and the members of the other religious communities have been broken up in France is an old, almost forgotten enactment. The law under which the Catholic communities in Ireland might at any day be broken up is one almost of our own day, and forms part of the greatest of our laws. Our corporations were reformed; while a petty clause, but lately repealed, prevented Catholic officials from wearing their insignia of office in their own places of worship. Tithes were converted into a charge upon the land, and no more reasonable appeals, but after a score of policemen had been massacred, and an unknown number of peasants transported and sacrificed on the scaffold. An Irish poor-law was passed, which has been rigidly administered, on the basis of the workhouse test, which has been stretched more and more in favour of the workhouse.

The difference between the two countries in this respect, especially as regards women and aged people, is galling in the extreme. You are sick for the want of moral force—principles and moral-frugation. You suppressed it by cannon and bayonets; you imprisoned him and his coadjutors. What did we get by our lethargy from 1850 to 1863, when we were oppressed by moral force? We got the oppression of the Fenian sect and the suffering of the Fenians to disestablish the Church. You talk of your generosity in that matter, forgetting that you eased yourselves of the burden of the Regium Donum and Maynooth Grant by the transaction. It also required the Fenian sacrifice and the shedding of the blood of one in accordance with you, not our, ideas, and in the face of Irish protest that it was

Since 1871 we have consistently and firmly refused to become a part of any party or reform. Persistent neglect of a question that affects our most vital interests has ended in fierce agitation; and now, instead of endeavoring at once to redress acknowledged grievances, you seek to save your dignity by coercive enactments. You would force upon us education in accordance with your own ideas. Is it not the right of any Catholic fellow-countrymen to educate their children entirely in accordance with their ideas? What immediate chance is there of this? What effect would it have? Would it be a reform? What right? You would force upon us a Reform Bill with a great flourish; our people are in the main still late of the franchise. The order of a late Chief Sur-

etary led to our citizens being bludgeoned or exercising their undoubted and immediately afterwards-recognized right of self-defence in one way or another. All the chicanery of the law was put in motion to prevent justice being obtained. He has never apologized. You wonder why we have not hearty confidence in a party tenanted by him. For a generation our daughters wept over the sufferings of Silvio Pellico; you were indignant at the horrors of the Neapolitan dungeons. You subjected the Fentons to indignities that cannot be penned; all the beneficent influence of the world would not efface the memory from the minds of the present generation.

allured at your hands treatment which
 shared the indignant protest of your
 own official, one of the most respected
 men in this State, whereupon you dis-
 missed him. The action of your large
 section of your press is enough to alienate
 us. We, and all we hold dear, are
 depicted by your comic papers, and often by
 the best of your illustrated journals, as
 everything that is ridiculous, hateful and
 repulsive. A dominant people can bear
 ridicule; it cuts a subject people to the
 heart. You might so easily win us, if you
 do not and you can not. We are unable to
 understand why all this miserable bickering
 and misunderstanding between us
 should not be put an end to by your
 managing your own internal affairs, and
 leaving us to manage ours. This you
 say we can not permit. Be it so; can we do
 otherwise? We have no power to govern
 our bodies but we can not reach
 your hearts. And great and powerful as
 the Empire is, it remains to be seen what
 the ultimate effect will be of the steady
 hatred of even so insignificant a part of it
 as the Irish people. You cannot under-
 stand why matters should be as they
 are today. To us it appears as clear as
 daylight that the same relations
 between dominant power and the
 oppressed would feed exactly as we feed
 you.

Respectfully yours, ALFRED WEBB.

THE DEATH OF VENERABLE COUNT

WALSH.

Count Theobald Walsh, a distinguished nobleman of Irish descent, died in Paris, January 29th, in his 89th year. Count Walsh was born a few months after the death of his father, an officer in Dillon's regiment, who was taken prisoner and shot by the insurgents during the insurrection at St. Domingo. Count Walsh narrowly escaped when an infant with his mother from Nantes during the Reign of Terror. He was with his brothers among the first pupils of the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, England, of which he always spoke with affection.

His mother was later "damed lionneur" of the Empress Josephine, and her son became a pupil of the Irish College in Paris. Married to his cousin, Mlle de Certain, who died twenty years ago, without leaving him any children, Count Walsh died in 1870, at the age of the arts and to good works. He never forgot Ireland, and presided a few years ago at the *dinner des anciens Irlandais*, on St. Patrick's Day. Count Walsh was the great grandson of Antoine Walsh, who in 1745 freighted two ships at St. Nazaire for the Pretender, and placed all his fortune at his disposal. He fought gallantly at the battle of Culloden, and was confined in the Tower of London. One day, he was invited to give the dinner, and, said, "Drink, my lord, to the health of the king, who esteems and pardons you." "Your king," Walsh replied, "does more than the Divinity — he pardons those who do not repent."

The Count was a charming writer, a poet, and a historian. I find the honor, says a little more than a year ago, and listened to his graphic description of the days of the Revolution, and of the First Empire, and the "Restoration," with deep interest.

The funeral sermon was celebrated in the church of St. Sulpice by M. de Launay Xavier. One of the first persons who arrived was Marshal MacMahon, accompanied by his aide-de-camp General Brocy, who was beside him in every battle and combat for the last twenty years. The Count's portrait in military dress was represented by two of his late chamberlains, the Duke of Madrid, Don Carlos, by his aide-de-camp. The chief mourners were his cousins, Count Edward and Viscount Walsh, sons of the late eminent writer, Viscount de Walsh, and a nephew, M. de Comaing. There were also his brothers-in-law, MacMahon and the relatives, Count de Wall, son of the late General de Wall, aide-de-camp of Charles X., and son-in-law of the late Count McSheehy, proprietor of the Journal *L'Union*, General Maréchal, Minister of Agriculture, M. de Larcy, late Minister of Commerce, and other distinguished men. There was a deputation from the Convent of the "*Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*," several Irish and French clergymen, brothers of the Chris-

The numerous assistants, after the celebration of High Mass, asperged with holy water, each in his turn, the coffin, which was covered with flowers. It was then lowered into the vault of the church, for interment at the family seat.

Over the church door, and over the "catafalque" in the church, were the arms of the Walshes, three pikes, or lance-heads, with the "*devise*" of the Irish Brigade.—*Semper et ubique Fidelis.*

PROSECUTIONS.—At Schneidemuhl, in the provinces of Posen, the Priest Herr Degler has been fined and sentenced to two days' imprisonment for having said Mass and assisted at a burial in violation of the May Laws. At Nieparat, in the same province, which is a vacant parish, quite destitute of clerical assistance, a night search was lately made by the police from house to house, with the object of discovering a disguised priest who was reported to be employed in administering the sacraments secretly. Dean Rezniewski, whose crime consisted in excommunicating Kuleczka, the first intruded priest in the Posen archdiocese, has himself absconded, and endeavored to himself abroad to avoid a sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment. This sentence has been lately renewed, and publicly proclaimed.

A thousand parishes are without pastors in Prussia, and miles must be traversed in some places there to find a priest to anoint the dying if this had been done to the Jews!