

row, and who knows whether I should remain faithful? Therefore I ought to be thankful that I am spared the trial.

"And where are you now going, Father Joe? Why must you leave us?" I go to seek out those faithful souls who are languishing for the consolations of our holy faith, who may be wanting the staff which is to sustain them on their perilous journey to their Maker. I go to console the afflicted—I go to weep with the sorrowful—I go to receive the new-born into the fold of Christ—I go to try, as far as I can, to fulfil the mission on which my Master sent me, before I lay me down in my turn.

"We must pray for each other, dear Grace; and should we never meet again in this world, let me have the comfort of thinking that Tom O'Malley's daughter will be a true daughter of Ireland—true to her religion—true to the practice of its benign rules."

"Dear Father Joe, surely you do not mean that we are not likely to meet again? Surely I must not think that I am to part with my second father, just as I have lost my own dear parent, and to part with you now for ever?—Oh! don't leave your poor Grace for long."

"I do not mean that I shall not try to see you again, Grace; but life is so uncertain. I am old, and God knows what troubles await me, what hardships I may be called upon to bear, and how I shall be able to endure them. But pray, my child, that I may persevere even unto the end, and that, whenever Death calls me, it may be where a good priest ought to be found—at his post."

CHAPTER V.

Grace long remembered her conversation with her father's old friend and relative. How often it made her wish that she was a man, that she might strike a blow for the regeneration of her country. Later, she would learn that woman's mission is as efficacious towards that end as man's, even more so: for has she not the forming of the mind and principles of those who are to serve and guide that country, and to fight for it?

I have never described my heroine; for, of course, Grace is my heroine, and it is her adventures and trials which are to make the interest of this tale. I suppose I must try to describe her; though, as one is always expected to make a hero or heroine something out of the common and beautiful, for variety sake I should prefer leaving it to the imagination of my reader; however, as some would be disappointed, I must just say that she was simply lovely! She was called the beautiful Miss O'Malley.

In some respects it was not the beauty that is usually seen in Ireland, and in Mallerina in particular, namely, brilliant complexion and dark hair; hers was of that beautiful brown, with a yellow tinge, that looks as if the sun was shining on it—a shade of brown so seldom seen. Her eyes were dark grey; her height above the middle size; and that is about all I can detail of my heroine.

Grace and her mother continued to live in the house we first saw them in.

The widow deeply mourned her husband, though she never mentioned his name, not even to her daughter. Sorrow had hardened her character (which had been one of those *laissez-aller* natures), and she became stern and embittered. She concentrated all her feelings on her own hardships. She felt that fate had been very cruel to her, first by spoiling her beauty, and then by depriving her of that station and those appliances which the wealth she had been so unjustly deprived of would have been able to procure for her.

She was fond of power that gave her no trouble to assert and of taking the lead in everything. What was she now in her comparative poverty? Oh! it was a bitter disappointment to her—this sinking insignificance, after enjoying, even for the short time it had been hers, the honors of such a position as that of Mrs. O'Malley, of Mallerina.

I want you to understand the kind of woman Mrs. O'Malley was; and the tone of command she would take over a being so gentle as her own daughter.

As you may suppose, there was little sympathy between mother and daughter; though Grace always paid her that duty and deference, even in her thoughts, which was never for one moment deviated from in olden days by any child well and carefully brought up, but which is so lamentably wanting now-a-days. She never for a moment disputed her mother's right to regulate her actions and dispose of her future. She knew that her mother looked upon her as a something she had to provide for—she had often told her so; and that, as long as she looked well after her worldly interest, and saw, poor as she now was, that Miss O'Malley made a suitable marriage, she should feel that she had done her duty by her. As to the girl herself having a word to say in the matter, it never entered Mrs. O'Malley's head that such a thing could be dreamt of.

This, you will say, is very like the foreign system; so it is; and the Irish had many customs (I supposed derived from the Spaniards), especially in the west, that were foreign to the English.

After all, I have my doubts as to which system is the most likely to secure that happiness the married state is supposed to ensure; and the leaving young persons to choose for themselves, or their parents doing so for them.

The Divorce Court does not speak strongly for our plan in securing happy matches! Do the French as often seek to dissolve the ties their parents have deemed best and suitable for them? *Il reste a savoir!*

(To be Continued.)

A Chicago girl recently married her lover after he had been sent to jail, and to certain matrons who ridiculed her action she retorted that she knew where her husband spent his nights—which was more than they could say of their husbands.
"Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter: is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at."

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Faith of Ireland."

HOW ITS NATIONAL EXISTENCE HAS BEEN PRESERVED.

(From the New York Metropolitan Record.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, in the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York—

Ladies and gentlemen,—The occasion of my addressing you this evening arises from the fact that many who were kind enough to take tickets for the lecture at Cooper Institute, were prevented from being present, by the great crowds of kind sympathizing friends that greeted me on that occasion, while, therefore, I am bound in justice to do my best to meet the requirements of those who were kind enough to purchase tickets for that lecture, I also wish to apologize to you for any inconvenience that you may have suffered on that evening, from being excluded. I do not desire on this occasion to go over the same subject, or the same ground as on the evening at Cooper Institute, but I will endeavor to lead you into the inner spirit that animated the great struggle for Ireland's faith and for Ireland's nationality. To these amongst you who, like myself, are Irish, the subject will be pleasing and interesting a national point of view. To those amongst you who are not Irish, the subject will still be interesting, for I know of no more interesting subject to occupy the attention of any honorable or high-minded man, than the contemplation of a people in a noble struggle for their life, both in their religion and in their national existence.

Now, first of all, my dear friends, consider that there are two elements in every man—two elements of life, namely, the natural and the supernatural, the temporal and the everlasting, the corporeal and the spiritual. If we reflect a little upon the nature of man we shall find that not only did the Almighty God endow us with a natural life, a bodily existence, but that in giving to us the spiritual essence of the soul which is our interior principle of life, and stamping upon that soul his own divine image and likeness as he tells us, it was the intention of the Almighty God that every man should live not only by the real, nature and corporeal life of the body, but by the spiritual and supernatural life of the soul. The body has its requirements, its necessities, its dangers, its pleasures, and so in like manner, the soul of man has its requirements, its necessities, its dangers, its pleasures; and he is indeed a mean specimen of our humanity who does not live more for the intellectual and the spiritual objects of the soul, than for the mere transitory and material objects of the body. Yet, between the material, and the supernatural, the corporeal and the spiritual, there is a strict analogy and resemblance. In the body a man must be born in order to begin his existence in this world, and the first necessary element of life is that birth, which is the beginning of life. Then when the little infant is born into the world, it requires daily food that it may grow and wax strongly every day, until it comes from childhood to youth and from youth to the fullness and the strength of the manhood of man. But when he has attained to this full growth and strength, still does he require food every day of his life in order to preserve him in that health and strength which he enjoys. Yet, with all this incipience of being and birth, with all this sustenance of daily food, from out the very nature of the body, from out a thousand causes that surround him, every man of us must at some time or other feel bodily disease and infirmity. Then the remedy—the cure is necessary in order to restore us to our health and to the vigor of our manhood.

Behold the three great necessities of the bodily or corporeal life in man. To begin to exist he must be born. To continue his existence in the full maintenance of his health and strength he must be fed, and to restore him whenever, by disease or infirmity, he falls away from the fullness of that existence, he must apply proper remedies. As it is with the body so it is with the spirit. As it is in the order of nature so it is in the order of grace. The soul also must be born into its supernatural life. The soul, whenever it falls, or falls away from that strength or supernatural existence, must be provided with remedies in order that it may return once more to the fullness of its supernatural manhood. And this is precisely the point where the world fails to comprehend, I will not say the gifts of God, but even the wants of man. If there be one evil greater than all others in this nineteenth century of ours, it is that men content themselves with that which is merely natural. They seek all that is required for the strength and the enjoyment of the natural life, and they do not rise, and they refuse—deliberately refuse—to rise even in thought, even in conception, to the idea of the supernatural life, and the supernatural requirements of man. The absence of the supernatural craving or appetite, the contentment with being deprived of the supernatural element, is the great evil of our day; and I lay that evil solemnly, as a historian as well as a priest, at the door of Protestantism. Not only did Protestantism assail this, that or the other specific doctrine of the Church of God, but Protestantism killed and destroyed the supernatural life in man. In order to see this, all you have to do is to reflect what are the three elements of the supernatural life. What do I mean when I speak of the supernatural element of life? I mean this, that we are obliged to live not only for time, but for eternity; not only for this world, but for the world that is to come; not only for our fellow-men, but above all for our God, who made us; and that no man can live for God unless he lives in God. Let me repeat this great truth again: No man can live for God unless he lives in God; and in order to live in God, he must be born into God. He must begin to live in God, if he is to live in him at all—just as a man must be born into this world naturally, if he is to live in this world. If, then, God in his wisdom, in his mercy, in his grace, in his divine and eternal purposes, be the supernatural birth of the soul lies in its being incorporated in Jesus Christ, engrafted upon him—as St. Paul says: let into him—and he makes this comparison. He says: "When the gardener has a wild olive tree, stunted, crooked, sapless, bearing perhaps a few wild berries without oil or without sap in them, what does he do? He cuts off a branch of the wild olive tree, and he engraves it into the bark and into the body—the trunk—of a fully matured olive—of a fruitful tree, and then the sap of the fruitful tree passes into the wild and heretofore fruitless branch, and it brings forth the fullness of its fruit, because of the better life and sap that was let into it. So, observed St. Paul, the Apostle, we, as children of nature, and in a merely natural life, are born of a wild olive tree—the sinful man; but Christ, our Lord, the man from heaven, came down teeming and overflowing with the graces of God, and then taking us from the natural stem, he engrafted us upon himself—the true olive tree—and thus we are let into Jesus Christ, until that grace which is the essence of the divine nature of God in all perfection, is participated unto us; wherefore, St. Paul does not hesitate to call grace a kind of participation of the divine life. Then, my dear friends, this engraving upon Christ is the spiritual and supernatural birth and beginning of that supernatural life that is in man. How is it going to affect him? I answer: By the Sacrament of Baptism; and here upon the very threshold of supernatural life I find, to my horror and to my astonishment, that one of the first fruits of Protestantism is the denial of Baptismal regeneration, the denial of Baptismal grace and the practical refusal to administer the sacrament. It

was not so in the first days of Protestantism; it was not so for many a long year. The necessity of a supernatural and spiritual birth was recognized even when other things were denied, but to-day it has come to this, that the genius and the spirit of popular Protestantism is opposed to the idea of baptismal regeneration. It goes now by the name of figment of baptismal regeneration. They scoff at it, and it was only a few years ago that a Protestant clergyman in England refused to baptize the children who were born in his parish, and grounded his refusal upon an avowal that he did not believe in the necessity of baptism, or that it brought any good or grace to the young soul. At first the Protestant world was in arms. The Protestant Bishop of Exeter suspended this clergyman. The clergyman appealed to the head of the Protestant church of England—namely, to Queen Victoria and her Council; she didn't mind him at all; she knew nothing about him at all. She had her family and her children, and her husband was alive at the time; she didn't mind him at all; she took no notice of him, but the council did; and they came together, these men; they might have been Jews; they might have been infidels; they might have been anything you like; and when I say this I do not mean the slightest disrespect to the Jew or infidel, but I simply say they might have been men who did not believe at all in Christianity nor in Christ. They came together, and they decreed that baptismal regeneration, or the spiritual birth in Christ, was no part of Protestant teaching. Consequently the Bishop got an order from the Council to remove his suspension, and the clergyman triumphed. There was a solemn act, a declaration of faith on the part of what they call the head of the church, and a submission on the part of the church itself to the principle that Protestantism as such, as a religion, refused to acknowledge even the very beginning of the supernatural life, which is baptism. But when a man is baptised into Christ, and begins to live the supernatural life, the next thing that is necessary for him, just as in the natural life is to receive his food. What food has God prepared for him? He has prepared a twofold kind of food; the teaching of His truth, upon which the intelligence of the child is to be fed, and His own divine presence, and the Sacrament of the Lord, which is the food of the Christian soul in its supernatural life, necessary for that life, and without which man can have no life in him. "Unless you eat of my flesh," says the Son of God, "and drink of my blood, you shall not have life in you." But even with this Sacramental food, high and holy as it is, great and infinite in its power and strength—such is the atmosphere in which we live, such is the corruption in the midst of which our lot is cast, so numerous are the scandals and the examples around us, that there is still danger that the Christian man in his supernatural life may fail, and fall away somewhat, and perhaps even entirely, from that principle of divine grace, and from Jesus Christ who is the life of us all. This falling, this falling away, is accomplished by sin. Sin is the evil; sin is the infirmity; sin is the disease, the fever of the soul, and therefore it was necessary for the Son of God, when He made himself the supernatural life of our souls, not only to give us a beginning of life in baptism, but to give us the food and strength of that life in Holy Communion, but also to provide a remedy for taking away sin, and restoring the soul to its first strength of that life in Holy Communion, but also to provide a remedy for taking away sin, and restoring the soul to its first strength and purity again. This He did in the day when instituting the Sacramental Penance, He gave to His Apostles the power to lift up omnipotent hands over the sinner's head, and apply to him the graces of Jesus Christ through Sacramental Absolution, and in that application of grace, to wipe away his sins.

One thought more, my friends. What is a nation, what a people, a State? Why, it is nothing more than a collection of individuals. The man, good or bad, the man faithful or unfaithful, the man pure or impure, is multiplied by three or four millions, or ten millions, or twenty millions, and there you have a nation. Therefore you see clearly that whatever the man—the average man—is, that the nation will be; that if the average man leads a supernatural as well as a natural life, then there will be a supernatural national life, as well as a natural life. Then the nation will live for something higher and better and holier and more lasting than this world, for the nation is only the man multiplied. And here again is one of the mistakes of this nineteenth century of ours, in our unreasoning and unthinking minds. We separate these two ideas, and we look upon a nation or a people as something distinct from the individuals who compose it. It is not so. Men are surprised to find a nation doing an unjust act, declaring an unjust war, seizing upon their neighbor's property, depriving some neighboring people of their liberties and their rights. Why, what is it? It is a national act, but it brings a personal responsibility home to every man, and the nation that does this is simply a multitude of robbers, a multitude of unjust men, and the Almighty God will judge that national sin by bringing it home to every man that took a part in it or that refused to offer his heart and hand in manifold resistance. When, therefore, we consider a nation and a nation's life we have a right to look for the supernatural as well as the natural, and if the supernatural be in the individual it will be in the nation. Nay, more, just as the supernatural life rests upon the natural in the individual man, so also in the life of a nation the supernatural will act upon the natural action of the nation—will shape their policy, will animate their desires, will give a purpose to their grand national action, will create public opinion, public sympathy and antipathy; and we may explain the life of a nation by the supernatural. And as we have seen that where in the individual man there is the supernatural life in God, and for God, and with God, there that supernatural life preserves the integrity of the man's whole being, preserves him in purity, preserves him in health and in the integrity of his body, shattered by licentious debauchery; also in the nation the supernatural life of a people is manifested in their natural action and in the public opinion and the public ideas and laws that sway them and govern them.

Now, you may well ask me, what does all this tend to, what are you driving at? Simply this, my friends: I told you that I invited you to enter with me into, as it were, the inner soul of the Irish people. I want to explain to you one great fact, and it is this: How comes it to pass that a nation, the most oppressed of all the nations on the face of the earth, not for a day, not for a year, but for centuries; a nation deprived of its rights, its constitutional rights habitually suspended, a nation in which the recognized nor enforced by law, a nation trampled down into the blood-stained earth by successive waves after wave of invasion, and by ruthless and remorseless persecution—how comes it to pass that this mystery exists among the nations of the earth, that that people has preserved the principle of its national existence; that it never consented to merge its name, its history, its national individuality, into that of a neighboring and a powerful nation. All that England has been doing for centuries, sometimes animated, perhaps, with a good intention, very often with a bad one, has been to try to mix up Ireland and England together that the Irish would lose sight of their national history, that they would lose sight of the great fact that they are a distinct nationality, humble, subject, obedient to law, bowing down under the yoke that was imposed upon them in spite of them, a conquered nation, but a nation still, and unto the end of time. How has this come to pass? Now, if you will reflect upon it, you will find that it is a mystery. You will find, my friends, if you carefully read the history of nations, that wherever one nation has succeeded in conquer-

ing another, provided that other lay upon their frontier, that after the lapse of ages the conquering nation has succeeded in absorbing the very national existence of the race that it conquered. Thus, for instance, we know that even in Rome, Rome, a single city of Italy, Rome, surrounded by a small state, that she began by conquering all the various Italian nationalities around her, conquering the colony of Greeks in Naples, conquering the nation of Tuscany, conquering the people of the Alps, gradually added nation after nation to herself as she conquered them. Thus she infused them into herself so that all became one Roman empire. It was nothing but Rome. It was never called the empire of Rome and Tuscany, or the empire of Rome and Gaul, never, but the empire of Rome. England has never been able to call the two islands by one name. It is Great Britain and Ireland, and it will be so to the end. Nay, more; we have there at our very door in that green old cluster of islands that rise out of the eastern Atlantic—we have a kingdom, not quite so ancient as Ireland, but a kingdom that lasted for centuries after Ireland's nationality seemed to be destroyed—namely, the kingdom of Scotland. They were the same race—they were Celts, as we were—the same origin. In the remotest ages Scotland derived its inhabitants from the Celtic race. The same language, almost; I have conversed with Highlanders, and almost understood every word of their language, it is so like my own native tongue. They preserved their line of kings, they preserved their magnificent nationality, splendid in its history and its virtues; they had saints in their line of kings—that glorious line of Scottish monarchs crowned in Holyrood, the ancient palace of the land, by the heroic chieftains that stood around them. Strong in her language, strong in her position, strong in her religion and in her ideas of nationality, what is Scotland to-day? A mere destroyed nation—a province of Great Britain. Every tradition of Scottish nationality seems to have perished as a distinct nation; and the only thing that a Scotchman of to-day sees to remind him of the olden time is the crumbling walls where once the monarch of the Scottish race sat enthroned. How can you explain this? Scotland never, never was subjected to the same miseries that have been the fate of Ireland. I am only speaking history, and I am speaking that history without the slightest passion. I am only analyzing and trying to explain a great fact—I am speaking history without the slightest disrespect for one people or another. If you were all Englishmen, or all Scotchmen, I would be obliged, as a truth-teller and a historical man, to state the facts as I am stating them. How can we explain these phenomena? I answer: The true explanation lies here, that the supernatural life became so much the absorbing life of the Irish people that it acted upon their natural life and preserved the principle of their nationality. Ireland was born unto Christ fourteen hundred years ago. The film of Paganism fell from her eyes, and lifting up those eyes in the eagerness of her contemplation, she beheld the transcendent beauty of Jesus Christ. She opened her arms—this nation—and called him to her bosom, and he has never quit the precious bosom of that nation from that day to this; he has been her life, generation after generation, and all her children have been born individually unto him by baptism; and so, for more than one thousand years, she lived, until three hundred years ago she was called upon to give up her life. England had already died. Protestantism arose three hundred years ago. It became the national religion of the English people, and the first principle of Protestantism was to deny the Eucharistic food—which is the principle of supernatural life and strength—and the Sacramental grace, which is the only food of the soul. Now, if we take a man, and shut him up in a room, and refuse him his food; he will starve and die. If you take a man stricken down with fever, or with cholera, or with some terrible disease, and refuse him medical assistance the man must die. The first principle of Protestantism was to deprive men and nations of the food and the medicine of the supernatural life and when the question was solemnly put to Ireland, and to Scotland, "Will you consent to die?" Scotland gave up her Catholic faith and died. Ireland clung to that faith, laid hold of that religion with a grasp firm, decided, and terrible in its clutch and refused to die. Scotland gave up the supernatural in order to preserve the natural. Ireland sacrificed the natural, her property, prosperity, wealth, let everything go for that faith which she had maintained for 1,600 years. And I assert that there, in that supernatural life, in that supernatural principle, lies the whole secret of Ireland's nationality.

Now, my friends, in these three consist the supernatural life, and you see how analogous, or how like it is to the natural. I was born into this world; I was born unto God by baptism; I was fed in my infancy, in my youth, in my manhood; I am fed with the supernatural life at the altar. I have been lifted up from the bed of sickness, from the impotency and weakness of disease, and the racking pain of fever by the powerful and skillful hand of a physician who knew how to purge and cleanse my bodily frame from the elements of that disease. I have been lifted up from the bed of sin by the wise and skillful and absolving hand of God's grace.

Let us go one step further. If a man, born into the world, an infant, a child, is denied the help of a physician or the remedies which are necessary for him, what follows? It follows that he dies. And so, in like manner, my Catholic friends, baptism alone will not preserve us in the life which it has begun in us. We must keep that life, by Holy Communion; we must restore that life, repair its losses in the Sacrament of Penance, or else we inevitably die. Oh! if I could only drive this thought into the minds and into the hearts of those Catholic brethren of mine who seem to think that a man can live without confession or communion. You would be dead after three or four days, and so I say to you, the man who neglects confession and communion must die.

Again, not only is this spiritual life of man analogous to the natural—not only is it like the natural, but it acts upon the natural. The supernatural life in man acts upon him, upon his daily actions, upon his natural desires and tendencies, shapes and influences his life, and preserves him in the integrity of his being—for, mark what I tell you, that man only lives half a life, and that the least half, who lives by the natural life, and neglects the supernatural. The integrity of man's life embraces both, and begins with the supernatural as with the natural; and that supernatural agency at work within him—that union with God, that life in God, by divine grace acts upon his natural life. Hence the difference between good and bad men. You take these two, one of them believes, the other does not believe. One bows down his head with adoration and love at the name of Jesus Christ, the other scoffs and laughs when he hears that name, and blasphemes. One restrains his passions and his natural inclinations, keeping them within strict virtue and purity, the other lets them out and lets his soul go out like water from him, lets his heart become liquefied within him under the heating influence of every evil passion, and flow from him in every form of impurity and sin. How unlike are the Protestant, and the prayerful, pure-minded father of a family in a Catholic church, faithful to his paternal obligations, faithful to the wife of his bosom, faithful as the guardian and educator of his children, living for his Church, and for prayer, and for the sacraments, and living for them and for his family, and for his children, far more than for himself. Take him and put him side by side with this man with whom we are all so familiar in this day of ours, the loose living, licentious, dabochee—the man who lives as if he were not a married man at all, neglects his wife, goes in the pursuit of every pleasure, comes home jaded, disgust-

ed, surfeited with sin, until every highest and holiest purpose of life, only affords him disgust. Home has no charms for him.—The pure-minded woman, the modest woman that gave him her heart and her love, despises him, until at last he puzzles her brain to try to break loose from his obligations as a husband, and a father. Whence this difference between the two men? The difference arises from the fact that the supernatural life acts upon the man who is united with God, shapes his life, restrains his passions, purifies his nature, directs his intentions, shapes and forms all his actions, and thus we see that the supernatural life acts upon the natural, and is, as it were, the soul of a man's true existence.

Take an average Irishman—I don't care where you find him, and you will find that the very first principle in his mind is, "I am not an Englishman because I am a Catholic." Take an Irishman, wherever he is found, all over the earth, and any casual observer will at once come to the conclusion, "Oh; he is an Irishman, he is a Catholic." The two go together. But you may ask me, "wouldn't it be better for Ireland to be as Scotland is—a prosperous and a contented province rather than a distressed and a discontented nationality?" Which of these two would you have the old land to be, my Irish fellow-countrymen? To which of these two would you prefer to belong—to Ireland as a prosperous and a contented province, never remembering the glorious truth of God, deprived of her religion, no lights upon her altars, no God in the sanctuary, no sacramental hand to be lifted over the sinner's head, Ireland banishing the name of Mary, Ireland cunning and cunning, fruitful and rich, but having forsaken her God—Ireland blaspheming Patrick's name, Patrick's religion—turning away from her grace and saying: "There is no hope any more—no hope, no prayer," but rich—cunning and rich. Can you imagine this? Oh no! The Irishman, wherever he is all the world over, the moment he sees the altar of a Catholic church he says: "Cold in the earth I would rather be, Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

Ireland a province, and a mere kneeling province. No; rather be the child of a nation, rather be the son of a nation, even though upon my mother's hands I see the time-worn chains of slavery. Yet upon that mother's brow I see the light of faith, of purity, and of God; and far dearer to me is my mother Ireland, a nation in her sorrow to-day, than if I beheld her rich, and commonplace, and vulgar, and impure, and forgetful of herself and of God.

Again, a nation does not exist for a day nor for a year, nor for a century. A nation's life is like the life of the Almighty God. A nation's history is in the past, and her life is in the far distant future.—When that future comes, and it is coming in the order of things, in the order of nature; I don't profess to say that I desire it very ardently; I am a loyal subject; I don't wish to speak treason, even though I might here in this land; but I do not wish to say a single word that might on my return to Ireland be put before me as treason—but I say that in the ordinary course of things nations as great as England is and has been have broken up in the course of time, and I suppose that the most ardent and patriotic Englishman in the world does not expect his British Empire will last forever. Greece did not last forever. Assyria, Rome, Carthage did not last. A very loyal Englishman indeed, speaking of the Catholic Church, said: "The Catholic Church existed before the British power was established, and the Catholic Church in Rome and the Pope in Rome will exist flourishing and triumphant even in the day when the traveller from New Zealand will come and take his stand upon the broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul." Now I say that when that disruption comes, Scotland wrecks and goes down, but out of that very ruin that will slake to pieces this glorious Empire of Britain, Ireland, in virtue of her nationality will rise into the grandeur and fullness of the strength and glory of that future which she has secured to herself by being faithful. To-day she is in the dust; she has been in the dust for ages; but I ask you to look into her history, look in the past. When Holofemes came down upon Judea and summoned the Jewish people if they wished to preserve their lives and fortunes to submit, be a province of the Assyrian Empire, to give up their religion and kneel at strange altars, if Judea in that day had consented, if she had said, "Well, we believed that we were the people of God, now oppression has come upon us, and we must yield." If Judea foreswore her ancient faith, if she consented to forsake her ancient ideas of nationality, if she consented to lose her distinctness of race, and to merge herself in a stronger, a stranger in blood, in race, in religion, Oh, where would be the glories that followed that day; where would be Judas Maccabeus; where would be the glory of that family who led the people of God; where would be all the subsequent distinctness of Jewish glory that followed that noble resistance, when a daughter of Judea was able to go forth, and with her woman's hand to cut off the invader's head. The Assyrian Empire broke into pieces, but Judea remained because the people had the grace to say in that day. "You say you will destroy us unless we give up our faith, unless we consent to become a province of your empire, and we look forward to the promises which the Lord hath made to that people who never changes his faith in Him." Ireland looks forward to whatever of prosperity, whatever of freedom, whatever of glory is in store for her. She will not seek it before its time with rash or rebellious hand. She has learned too well the lesson of patience. She will not seek it until God in the revolution of ages sends it to her; but it will certainly come, because that nation has preserved its national existence by presenting its supernatural life in God. It will not always be the night. The clouds will not always lie there. It will not always be that the Irishman is uncertain of the footing that he has in the land until he lies down in the grave. It will not always be, as I heard once and old woman say, weeping over her grave, "I had land, I had a place in this country, I had a house. Oh, God! they took them all from me, and nothing remains but this grave." It will not always be thus. Justice, glory, power, are in the hands of God. Glory and power are the gifts of God to every nation. To some that glory and that power is given even after they have forsaken the Lord their God, but when it comes to dear old Ireland it will be a reward for her faith, and for her love of Jesus Christ.

PERSONAL.—The Very Rev. Fr. Pius, of the Order of Passionists, late Rector of St. Paul's College Harold's Cross, Dublin, Ireland, arrived at New York on the 16th. He is accompanied by the Rev. Father Lawrence, of the same Order. The reverend gentlemen are here for the sake of recruiting their health and visiting the United States.

COLIC IN HORSES.—A Veterinarian writes.—In some cases of simple spasmodic colic, after a drink of cold water, exposure and the like, a stimulating and antispasmodic drink will relieve, and nothing further will be necessary. A good formula is one to two ounces of spirits of nitrous ether, twenty drops tincture of aconite, and ten ounces tepid water. In colic from indigestion, constipation and the like, though this may temporarily relieve it, it cannot be relied on to do permanently. It is then preferable to give a laxative (four to six drachms Barbadoes aloes) and clear away the irritating contents of the bowels, and thus remove the cause. In tympanitic colic (windy colic) an ounce of aromatic spirits of anisium may be given in ten ounces of water. In all cases alike, copious injections of warm water may be thrown into the rectum at frequent intervals.