that told she had learned to place her hopes on other than an earthly kingdom.

Beside a small table, in the centre of the room, sat the king, his countenance more impaired by sorrow than by years. He had not yet recovered this second scar from the grief which his daughter's death had caused him, dying, as she did, unreconciled, and without sending him one kindly word.

Suddenly there was a slight tap at the door, and the page announced a lady.

Tall, and veiled, and slender, a female form advances; but uncovering her face as she approaches the queen, she throws herself at her feet.

King James started at the intrusion. He had not recognized the visitor. For a moment, too, the queen was equally lost in surprise, but the tones of the voice are remembered, as, exclaiming, "My dear, dear mistress," Florence pressed the queen's hands to her lips, and bathed them with her tears.

For a moment Mary Beatrice could not speak. Then she pushed back the golden locks that clustered over her brow, saying:

"Yes, it is herself, her very self; but yet how changed, the girl has become a woman, but it is the face of Florence still."

"Now, Florence, Florence, is it possible," said the king, good-humoredly, rising, as she drew near. "At least, then, you have got quit of the court, and come back like a weary bird to its nest. I wonder not that the queen did not know you; you are changed, very changed," and an admiring gaze it was that he fixed upon Florence, while his queen overwhelmed her with enquiries as to how she had at last got away from Kensington, the manner of her route to St. Germains, and many other questions.

Of course her replies involved making the queen acquainted with the visit to King Louis. It was a step rather at variance with the notions of the queen that Florence should have visited the king's court alone. But she was safe at St. Germains, and had faced and braved dangers greater than that of making *detour* in her homeward way to pay a short visit to the King of France.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER BURKE'S ADDRESS

ON

"Total Abstinence."

(From the New York Irish American.)

The following beautiful address was delivered by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, on the occasion of the Second Annual Convention of the New Jersey Catholic Total Abstinence Union, at Paterson, on Thursday, April 25th:—

My Friends,—I have more than once had the honor of addressing a congregation of fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen since I came to the United States. I have spoken to them on various subjects, all of them important, but never have I been entrusted with a more important subject than that of the Christian and Catholic virtue of Temperance. I cannot forget that most of you, if not all of you, are of my own race and my own blood. It is a race of which none of us need be ashamed. Perhaps our brightest glory, next to that of our Catholic faith, is the drop of Irish blood that is in our veins. And I have more than once asked myself—What is it that condemns this race, whom God has blessed with so much intellect and genius, upon whom God has lavished so many of His highest and holiest gifts,—crowning all with that gift of National faith, that magnificent tenacity that in spite of all the powers of earth or hell has clung to the living Christ and His Church,—what is it that has condemned this race to be in so many lands the hewers of wood and the drawers of water? "*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*"—where is the nation, or the land, on the face of the earth that has not witnessed our exile and our tears! And how is it that, whilst this man or that man rises to eminence and prosperity, we so often, though thank God not always, find that the Irishmen, by some fatality or other, is destined to be a poor man, a struggling man? Well, there may be many reasons for this undoubted fact. It may be our generosity, and I admit that it enters largely as a reason. It may be a certain,—if I may use the expression in this sacred edifice,—a certain devil-may-care kind of a spirit—"come day, go day, God send Sunday"—that doesn't take much head or much concern to the scraping together of dollars in this world. But amongst these there certainly is one and that is the fatal vice of intemperance. Now, mark me, my friends, I do not say that we drink more than our neighbors. I have lived amongst English and Scotchmen, and I believe that as a race—as a nation—the Scotchmen drink more than the Irishmen. I have often and often seen a Scotchman at it and he could drink three Irishmen blind. But, somehow or other, they have a trick of sticking to the beer or the porter; and that only goes into their stomachs and sickens them; whilst the Irishman goes straight for the poteen or the whiskey; and that gets into his brain and sets him mad.

Now, my friends, I want to speak to you as a glorious, most honorable body of Catholics,—mostly of Irishmen,—banded together as one man, for one purpose; and that purpose is to vindicate the honor of our manhood, of our religion and of our nationality by means of the glorious virtue of self-restraint, or of temperance. And I say that I congratulate you as a Society, as the component elements of a largely-spread association or society, because in this our day everything goes by association. In every department, in every walk of commercial or social life we have what in this country are called "rings," circles, associations, societies. Get up a railway; you have a "ring." Open a canal; you work it by a "ring." Start a political idea; you bring it prominently before the people by a "ring". Elect an officer to some public office; it must be done by a "ring." The world that we live in now-a-days is a world of associations; and, unfortunately for us, most of these associations are in the hands of the devil. God must have His; the Church must have hers: and men must save themselves, in this our day, just as many lose themselves, by association. And, therefore, it is necessary, for the purpose of strengthening oneself in good resolutions, and in spreading the light of good example around him, that, in such a society as this, a man should act on his fellow-man by association. Moreover, if you wish to know the glorious object for which you are associated in this grand temperance movement, if you wish to know the magnificent purpose which you should have in view, all you have to do is to reflect with me upon the consequence and the nature of intemperance against which you have declared war. Let me depict to you, as well as I can, what intemperance is, —what drunkenness is; and then I will have laid a solid foundation for the appeal which I make to you not only personally to persevere in this glorious cause of temperance, but to try, every man of you, like an evangelist of this holy gospel to gather as many of your friends and associates, and of those whom your influence reaches, to become members of this most salutary and honorable body. No man can value a virtue until he knows the deep degradation of the opposite vice.

Now, man has three relations; namely, his relations to God who made him; to God who redeemed him upon the Cross; his relations to his neigebor; and his sacred relations to himself. Consider the vice of intemperance,—how it affects the triple relation of man. First of all, my friends, what is our relation to God? I answer, if we regard Almighty God as our Creator, we are made in His image and likeness; if we regard him as our Redeemer, we are His brothers, in the human nature which He assumed for our salvation. Consider your relations to God as your Creator. The Almighty God, in creating all His other creatures on the earth, simply said, "*Fiat*," —Let it be—and the thing was made, "Let there be light," said the Almighty God, breathing over the darkness; immediately, in the twinkling of an eye, the glorious sun poured forth his light; the moon took up her reflection, which she was to bear for all ages of time; and every star appeared, like glittering gems, hanging in the newly created firmament of Heaven. God said, "Let there be life," and instantly the sea teemed with its life; the bird took living wings and cleaved the air; the earth teemed with those hidden principles of life that break forth in the Spring time, and cover hill and dale with the verdure that charms the human eye. But, when it was the question of creating man, Almighty God no longer said, "Let him be;' but He said,—taking council, as it were, with Hmself,—"Let us make man in our own image and likeness." And then, says the inspired writer, "Unto His own image He made him, forming his body from the slime of the earth"—the body which is as nothing;—and breathing from His divine lips the breath of life, which, in the soul of man, bears the image of God, in being capable of knowledgs; in being capable of love; in the magnificent freedom of will in which God created man. We know it; we love it; we are capable freely of serving Him. Behold the image of God reflected in man, uncreated and infinite wisdom. God is knowledge; God is love—the purest, the highest, the holiest, and most benevolent love—eternal and infinite love. God is freedom, "*Deus est libertas*," says the Psalmist. God's vengeance, even in the moment of His terrible wrath, yet acts in beneficence. Man has power in his Knowledge, in his intellect. Power of the highest and purest love in his heart, in his affections, freedom in action. In these three we are the image of God.

Now, my friends, it is a singular fact that the devil may tempt a man in a thousand ways. He may get him to violate the law of God in a thousand ways; but he cannot rob him of the Divine image that the law of God set upon him, in reason, in love, and freedom. The demon of pride may assail us; but the proudest man retains those three great faculties in which his manhood consists: for man is the image of God. The image of God is in him; his intelligence, love and freedom are the quintescence of his magnificent human nature that the devil must respect. Just as of old the Lord said to the demon—"You may strike My servant, Job; you may afflict him; you may cover him with ulcers; you may destroy his house and his children; but respect his life: you must not touch his life." So Almighty God seems to say to the very devils of hell: "You may lead man, by temptations, into whatsoever sins; but you must respect his manhood; he must still remain a man." *To all except one!*—There is one devil alone,—one terrible demon, alone, who is able not only to rob us of that Divine grace by which we are children of God, but to rob us of every essential feature of humanity, in taking away from us the intelligence by which we know, the affection by which we love, the freedom by which we act as human beings, as we are. Who is that demon? Who is the enemy not only of God but of human nature? Who is the powerful one who, alone, has the attribute, the infernal privilege not only of robbing the soul of grace but of taking from the whole being—from the time he asserts his dominion there — every vestige and feature of humanity. It is the terrible Demon of Intemperance. He, alone, can lift up his miscreated brow and insult the Almighty God, not only as the author of grace, but as the very author of nature. Every other demon that tempts man to sin may exult in the ruin of the soul; he may deride and insult Almighty God for the moment, and riot in his triumph; insult Him as the author of that grace which the soul has lost. The demon of drunkenness, alone, can say to Almighty God: "Thou, alone, O Lord art the fountain—the source—the creator of nature and of grace. What vestige of grace is here? I defy You, I defy the world, to tell me that there is a vestige even of humanity!" Behold the drunkard. Behold the image of God, as he comes forth from the drinking saloon, where he has pandered to the meanest, vilest, and most degrading of the senses,—the sense of taste. He has laid down his soul upon the altar of the poorest devil of them all—the devil of gluttony. Upon that altar he has left his reason, his affections and his freedom. Behold him, now, as he reels forth, senseless and debauched, from the drinking house! Where is his humanity? Where is the image of God? He is unable to conceive a thought. He is unable to express an idea, with his babbling tongue, which pours forth feebly, like a child, some impotent, outrageous blasphemy against Heaven!—Where are his affections? He is incapable of love; no generous emotion can pass through him. No high and holy love can move that degraded, surfeited heart. The most that can come to him is the red, horrible demon of impurity, to shake him with emotions of which, even in that hour, he is incapable! Finally, where is his freedom? Why, he is not able to walk! not able to stand! he is not able to guide himself! If a child came along, and pushed him, it would throw him down. He has no freedom left,—no will. If, then, the image of the Lord in man be intelligence,—in the heart and in the will, —I say this man is no man. He is a standing reproach to our humanity. He is a deeper and bitterer degradation to us even than the absurd theory of Darwin, the English philosopher, who tells us that we are descended from apes. I would rather consider my father an ape than see him lying in the kennel, a drunken man. Such a one have I seen.—I have seen a man in the streets, lying there drunk —beastly drunk; and I have seen the very dogs come and look at him—smell him—wag their tails, and walk off. They could walk, but he could not.

And is this the image of God? Oh, Father in Heaven! far be it from me to outrage Thee by saying that such a beast as this is Thy image! No; he is no longer the image of God, because he has lost his intelligence. What says the Holy Ghost,—the man blinded, when he has no honor—when he has lost his intelligence—He compares to a senseless beast, like unto them,—no longer the image of God, but only a brute beast.

And if such be the outrage that this demon of intemperance is able to put upon God, the Creator, what shall we say of the outrage upon God as the Redeemer? Not contented with being our Creator and our Sovereign Lord and Master,—with having conferred upon us the supreme honor of being in some degree like unto Him,—Almighty God, in the greatness of His love, came down from Heaven and became man; was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made man. He became our brother, our fellow and companion in nature. He took to Him our humanity in all its integrity, save and except the human person. He took a human soul, a human body, a human heart,—human affections, human relations, for He was truly the Son of His Virgin Mother. And thus He became, says St. Paul, "the first-born amongst many brothers." He who yesterday was but a worm, a mere creature of God,—a mere servant of God and nothing more, —to-day, in the sacred humanity of our Lord, becomes associated in brotherhood with Christ, the Son of the Eternal God. As such He can share our sorrows and our joys: we may give Him human pain and human pleasure. If we are all that true men ought to be,—all that Christian men ought to be,—the honor and glory goes to Christ, the author and finisher of our faith, who in His sacred humanity purchased grace for us at the cost of His most precious blood. If, on the other hand, we degrade ourselves, cast ourselves down, lie down at the feet of the devils, and allow them to trample upon us,—then, my dear friends, the dishonor falls not only upon us but through us upon the nature and humanity that Christ our Lord holds, as He is seated at the right hand of His Father. Our shame falls upon Him, because He was man; and so our honor, our sanctity is reflected back from Him, because it can only come to us from His most sacred humanity. Therefore, I add, that this sin of drunkenness has a particular and a special enormity in the Christian man; for, what we are, Christ, the Son of God, became. We are men: He became man. If we degrade ourselves to the level of the beasts of the field, and beneath them, then we are degrading, casting down, that sacred humanity which Christ took to Him at His incarnation. The Son of God respected it so much,—He respected human nature so much, —that He took it with Him into Heaven, and seated it at the right hand of God. The drunkard disrespects the same nature so much, that he drags it down and puts it beneath the very beasts of the field. Therefore, a special and specific dishonor does this sin, above all others, do to our Lord and Redeemer. More than this, the Son of God became man, in order that He might bring down from Heaven the mercy and the grace that was necessary for our salvation. The mercy of God, my friends, is His highest attribute, surpassing all His works. The greatest delight of God is to exercise that mercy. "It is natural to Him," says the great St. Thomas Aquinas—and, therefore, it is the first of His works; for, it is the first prompting of the nature of God. The mercy of God prompted Him to become man. Now, the greatest injury that any man can offer to Christ, our Redeemer, is to tie up His hands and to oblige Him to refuse the exercise of His mercy. This is the greatest injury we can offer to God;—to tell the Almighty God that He must not — nay, that He cannot — be merciful. There is only one sin, and one sinner, alone, that can do it. That one sin is drunkenness; that one sinner is the drunkard;—*the only man that has the* omnipotence of sin, the infernal power to tie up the hands of God, to oblige that God to refuse him mercy. I need not prove this to you. You all know it. No matter what sin a man commits,—if, in the very act of committing it, the Almighty God strikes him,—one moment is enough to make an act of contrition,—to shed one tear of sorrow,—and to save the soul. The murderer, even though expiring with his hands reddened with his victim's blood, can send forth one cry for mercy, and, in that cry be saved. The robber, stricken down in the very midst of his misdeeds, can cry for mercy on his soul. The impure man, even while he is revelling in his impurity, if he feel the chilly hand of death laid upon him, and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"—in that cry may be saved. The drunkard alone—alone amongst all sinners—lies there dying in his drunkenness. If all the priests and all the Bishops in the Church of God were there, they could not give that man pardon, or absolution of his sins, because he is incapable of it,—because he is not a man! Sacraments are for men, let them be ever so sinful,—provided that they be men. You might as well absolve the four-footed beast as lift your priestly hand, my brethren, over the drunkard! I remember once being called to attend a dying man. He was dying of *delirium tremens:* and he was drunk. I went in. He was raving of hell, devils, and flames; no God! no mercy! I stood there. The wife was there, breaking her heart. The children were there weeping. Said I, "Why did you send for me, for this man? What can I do for him? He is drunk! He is dying; but he is drunk! If the Pope of Rome were here, what could he do for him, until he gets sober?" The one sin that puts a man outside the pale of God's mercy! Long as that arm of God is, it is not long enough to touch with a merciful hand the sinner who is in the act of drunkenness. And this is the greatest injury, I might say again, that a man can offer to God, to say to him "Lord, you may be just. I don't know that You don't wish to exercise Your justice; but You may. You may be omnipotent; you may have every attribute. But there is one that You must not have, and must not exercise in my regard. I put it out of Your power. And that is the attribute that You love the most of all—the attribute of mercy." For the Father in Heaven sees,—Christ most of all, sees, in the drunkard, His worst and most terrible enemy. If, then, I say to you, as Christian men and as Catholic men, if you love the God who created you,—if you love the God who redeemed you,—if you respect the sacred image of God, which is in you,—and if you respect the mercy of God, which alone can save us all,—oh! my friends, I ask you for all this, not, indeed, to be sober men—(for, thank God, you are that already)—but to be zealous, to be burning with zeal to make every man, and especially every Catholic man, sober and temperate as you are, by every influence and every power which you may bring to bear upon him. I say that, in this, every Catholic man ought to be like a priest. When it is a question of confession or communion—when it is a question of any other Christian virtue—it is for us priests to preach it; it is for us to impress it upon you; but, when it is a question of the virtue which is necessary for our common humanity; when it is a question of putting away the sin that robs a man, even of his human nature, and his manhood—every man of you is as much a priest of that manhood as I am, or any man who is within this sanctuary. We are priests of the Gospel; You, my friends, as well as we are priests of that sacred and magnificent humanity, of which our God is so jealous.

Consider next the relation of man, as to his neighbor. We are bound to love our neighbor. Every man—I don't care who he is, or what he may be,—he may be a Turk, he may be a Mormon, he may be an Infidel—but we must love him; we are bound to love him. For instance, we are bound to regret any evil that happens to him; because we are bound to have a certain amount of love for all men. Well, in that charity which binds us to our neighbor, there is a greater and a less. A man must love with Christian charity all men. But there are certain individuals that have a special claim on his love,—that he is bound, for instance, not only to love but to honor, to worship, to maintain. And who are they? The father and the mother that bore us; and the wife that gave us her young heart and her young beauty; the children that Almighty God gave us.—These, my friends,—these gifts of God given to you, —the family, your wife, your children—have the first claim upon you, and they have the most stringent demand upon that charity concentrated, which, as Christians, you must still diffuse to all men.—Any man that fails in his fraternal charity is no longer a child of God; "for if any man says he loves God, and love not his neighbor, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him." Any man that hates his fellow-man, or injures him wilfully, is no child of God. And I hope that you will remember this, my friends, whenever your fellow-countrymen or fellow-citizens try to provoke you—whenever they try to put something before you calculated to exasperate you;—whenever they insult your religion;—bear with them. Remember that nothing that they can do can justify you in hatred of them. I remember once being grossly insulted by a miserable little creature,—an over-roasted snipe of a miserable little Protestant man, that a big fellow like me could have taken, and given him a shake that would have frightened the life out of him. He insulted me grossly—most outrageously—in an omnibus in the city of Dublin, where, if I had only lifted my finger I could have him pounded into a jelly;—but there was nothing of him to pound.—I said to him, "My dear fellow, I have here hundreds of friends who, if I only lifted my finger, would tear you into small bits. I could do it myself, if I wanted. I have enough in me to shake your poor little body out of your clothes; only, bad as you are, I am bound to love you (laughter). My friends, I look upon you—I look upon you as the very cream of the men whom I have the honor to address in this country—the very cream of them—their representatives — and, in your way, quietly, modestly, but emphatically, the apostles of the grand virtue of Christian temperance. And, therefore, I say to you, who assuredly will have influence amongst your fellow-men—(for there is a quiet influence, but a powerful influence, that the temperate man and the gentle man has over his fellow-men);—I ask you, therefore, not to forget this word I say to you. If, for instance, on the 12th of next July, you see a parcel of foolish fellows coming out to breathe a little air—to take a little walk amongst themselves,—they will be clubbed together, and there will not, perhaps, be a hundred of them in all;—they are the most harmless fellows in the world if they are let alone;—if they come out and say: "To hell with the Pope!" let them alone. Try to keep this in view about the Orangemen. The like of them may say, "To hell with the Pope!" but the Pope is the most likely to go to Heaven of any of them all,—King or Kaiser. The probability is that their shouting "To hell with the Pope!" will only send the Pope a little nearer Heaven! I say this simply incidentally; because, whenever I speak to my fellow-countrymen, so long as I remain in this country, I would ask them to spare me, an Irish priest, the agony of the bitter tears that last July brought to me, when I read the account of it at home in Ireland.

Well, let us return to our subject. Amongst those I say, whom we are bound to love, are the wife,—the children. And this is precisely the point wherein the drunkard, the intemperate man, shows himself more hard-hearted than the wild beast. The woman that, in her youth, and modesty and purity and beauty, put her maiden hand into his before the Altar of God, and swore away to him her young love; the woman who had the trust in him to take him for ever and for aye; the woman who, if you will, had the confiding folly to bind up with him all the dreams that ever she had of happiness, or peace, or joy in this world; the woman that said to him. "Next to God, and after God, I will let thee into my heart, and love thee and thee alone;" and, then, before the altar of God received the seal of sacramental grace upon that pure love,—this is the woman, and her children and his children, upon whom the drunkard brings to bear the most terrible of all calamities,—poverty blighted beauty, premature old age, misery, heart-breaking, sleepless eyes broken hearts, ragged, wretched poverty of the direst form;—the woman whom he swore to love, and to honour and to cherish, and to render her the homage of his true and manly affection! Oh, my friends, every other sin that a man may commit may bring against him the cry of some soul scandalized; but the drunkard's soul must hear the accusing voice of the passionate cry of misery wrung from the broken heart, and the curse laid at the foot of the altar where the sacramental blessing was pronounced when that young heart was given away! Such a one did I meet. Hear me. I was on a mission, some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England. I was preaching there every evening; and a man came to me one night, after a sermon on this very subject of drunkenness. He came in,—a fine man; a strapping, healthy, intellectual looking man. But the eye was almost burned in his head, and was glassy. The forehead was furrowed with premature wrinkles. The hair was steel-grey, though the man was evidently comparatively young. He was dressed shabbily; scarce a shoe to his feet, though it was a wet night. He came in to me excitedly; after the sermon; but the excitement had something of drink in it. He told me his history. "I don't know," he said "that there is any hope for me; but still, as I was listening to the sermon, I must speak to you. If I don't speak to some one this heart will break to-night." What was his story? Five years before he had amassed in trade twenty thousand pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars. He had married an Irish girl—one of his own race and creed, young, and beautiful and accomplished. He had two sons and a daughter—a woman. He told me, for a certain time everything went on well. "At last," he said, "I had the misfortune to begin to drink: neglected my business, and then my business began to neglect me. The woman saw poverty coming, and began to fret, and lost her health. At last, when we were paupers, she sickened and died. I was drunk," he said, "the day that she died. I sat by her bedside. I was drunk when she was dying." "The sons — what became of them?" "Well," he said, "they were mere children. The eldest of them is no more than eighteen; and they are both transported as robbers to Australia." "The girl?" "Well," he said, "I sent the girl to a school where she was well educated. She came home to me when she was sixteen years of age, a beautiful young woman. She was the one consolation I had; but I was drunk all the time." "Well, what became of her?" He looked at me. "Do you ask me about that girl?" he said, "what became of her?" And, as if the man was shot, down he went, with his head on the floor—"God of Heaven! God of Heaven! She is on the streets to-night,—a prostitute!" The moment he said that word, he ran out. I went after him. "Oh, no! Oh, no!" he said; "there is no mercy in Heaven for me. I left my child on the streets!" He went away, cursing God, to meet a drunkard's death. He had sent a broken-hearted mother to the grave; he sent his two sons to perdition; he sent his only daughter to be a living hell; and then he died blaspheming God!

Finally, consider the evil that a man does to himself. Loss of health, first. You know the drunkard's death. You hear what it is. I have, over and over again, on my mission,—twenty-five years a priest, naturally enough, I must have met all sorts of cases, —I have, over and over again, had to attend many dying from drink; and I protest to you, I have never yet attended a man dying of *delirium tremens*, that, for a fortnight after, I was struck as with an ague, at what I had witnessed. On one occasion, I attended a man. He had sense enough to sit up in the bed and say, "You are a priest?" I said, "Yes, I am." "Oh," he said, "I am glad of it. Tell me; I want to know one thing. I want to know if you have the Blessed Sacrament with you?" "I have." The moment I said so, he sprang out of the bed, on to the floor, kicked, and plunged, and reared like a maniac! "Oh! take away that God! take away that God! That man has God with him. There is no God for me!" Oh, I protest to you, he was dead before I left the room, crying out to the last, "there is no God for me!"

The drunkard loses health, loses reputation, loses his friends, loses his wife and family, loses domestic happiness, loses everything. And in addition to this, is the slavery that no power on earth, and scarcely—be it said with reverence—any power in Heaven, can seem to be able to assuage. All this is the injury that man inflicts upon himself by this terrible sin,—the worst of all, as you may easily imagine. What a glorious mission yours is. You have raised the standard in defiance to this demon that is destroying the whole world. You have declared that your very names shall be enrolled as a monument against the vice of drunkenness. You have, thereby, asserted the glory of God in his image —man. The glory of your humanity is restored by the angel of sobriety and temperance. The glory of Christ restored from the dishonor which is put upon Him by the drunkard amongst all other sinners. The glory of the Christian woman retrieved and honored, as every year adds a new, mellowing grace to the declining beauty which passes away with youth. The glory of the family, in which the true Christian son is the reflection of the virtues of his true and Christian father. Finally, the glory of your own souls, and the assurance of a holy life and a happy death. All this is involved in the profession which you make to be the Apostles and the silent but eloquent propagators of this holy virtue,—Temperance. Therefore do I congratulate you on the part of God who created you. I congratulate you for the regard that you have for the image of that God, on the part of that God who redeemed you. I, His most unworthy but anointed minister, have to congratulate you on the respect which you have for the humanity which the Lord Himself took to Him. On the part of your family and your friends, and of the society of which you form so prominent a feature, I congratulate you for the happiness and domestic comfort which this virtue will ensure to you and to yours. On the part of dear, and faithful, and loved old Ireland, as an Irish priest, I congratulate you for your manly efforts to raise up our people and our race from a vice which has lain at the root of all our national misfortunes and misery. On the part of your Bishop,—holy, loving, laborious and earnest,—whose joy and whose crown you are,—I congratulate you for the comfort and the joy that you will bring to him, to enable him to bear up the burden of the spiritual solicitude of your souls and of the Church. As a priest, for every highest and holiest cause,—for every purest source—from which human joy can come, I congratulate you, my dear friends, and I ask you to persevere in this glorious effort in the cause of temperance,—the first, the greatest of moral virtues;—the grandest virtue which enshrines and preserves in it the integrity of our humanity, and prepares that humanity to receive the high, the Divine gifts of grace here, and of glory hereafter in the everlasting Kingdom of God. Finally so deep is the interest I take in this subject, that I shall be only most happy, on every occasion, when my services can be of any benefit or comfort to you, to render those services to you in the sacred cause of temperance.

The effect of Father Burke's splendid address upon the vast congregation is indescribable. As he proceeded, the audience, by one impulse, stood up in their seats and crowded up through the aisles, as if each one were anxious to get nearer the speaker, as if to fix his very features on their memories.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE

Hibernia Rediviva.—Ireland, the Balbec of Nations, is a land of ruins, speaking to us mournfully of the past, but still beautifully, even in their decay To the antiquarian, who visits the country with a reverence for these solemn memorials of departed ages, there is scarce a hamlet, particularly in the south and west, which is not associated with some ancient shrine, the record of whose glories has long since been forgotten by the busy world. And to the man of Christian faith, who sees in every broken arch and ivied oriel the standing witness, however mute, of a religion that is to-day as it was when the Matin-bell resounded through cloister and dormitory, calling the monk to early prayer, there is hardly a townland where he may not trace the time-worn walls of some grand old monastery, or celebrated abbey, whose moss-grown relics remind him of the one unchangeable Catholic Church, "ever ancient, ever new." Wherever he treads 'tis haunted holy ground. But if Ireland be a land of ruins, it is also, thank Heaven, fast becoming a country whose stately cathedrals and crowded churches, and multiplied religious services, rival the old sanctified glories of the island, and, in the most striking manner, attest the fidelity of the people to the Church of Rome. In the old historic city of Limerick, aye, in the very heart of world-wide famous "Garryowen," the magnificent Cathedral of S. John has risen up, year after year, aided by the munificence of the rich, and the humbler, but not less effective, bounty of the poor; and now, in place of the weather-beaten, white-washed "chapel" stands a stately pile, worthy of the best ages of faith, which forcibly illustrates the vitality and the unsubdued power of recovery which exists in the religious heart of the people of Catholic Ireland. The old hoary ruins to be met with in every shady valley, and visible from every mountain-top, speak eloquently of the storied past. The present triumphs of modern ecclesiastical architecture which are again springing up throughout the land, bid us hope that the Ireland of the future will realise the visions of a glorious regeneration vouchsafed to some of her sainted men of old.—*Catholic Opinion.*

Death of the Rev. Father Daley, C.C., Kilrush.—May 1, 1872.—On last Sunday the trades and men of Ennis paid a very high mark of respect to the memory of the late Father Patrick Daley, C.C., Kilrush, who died last week in that town. A meeting having been called, Mr. Thomas Scully in the chair, the Secretary of the Trades, Mr. M. G. Considine, addressed the meeting at some length on the death of the departed clergyman, and concluded by saying that his unsullied virtues, pure disinterested love for Ireland, combined with most rare talents, were an ornament to the sacred altar and an honor to his country. A resolution of sympathy was proposed by Mr. John Clancy, brother of the Rev. Michael Clancy; seconded by Mr. Michael O'Shea:—"Resolved—That we, the men of Ennis, believe it to be our duty, as Catholics and Irishmen, to offer to the friends and relatives of the late Father Patrick Daley our deep and heartfelt sympathy in their present great bereavement, through his departure in death; and we also declare that we believed him to be a priest of the purest virtues, a scholar of most rare talents, a patriot of the noblest principle, ever anxious to struggle for the liberty and independence of his country. By his death Ireland has lost one of her most faithful sons." The resolution having been put to the meeting, passed unanimously, and the meeting separated.—"God Save Ireland."—*Irishman.*

Death of the Venerable Archdeacon Browne, P.P., Castlebar.—The *Tuam News* announces the death of Archdeacon Browne on Thursday the 2nd inst. Blessed with a singularly strong and healthy constitution, the Archdeacon enjoyed remarkably good health till within a few months of his death, when, as usually happens with the sound and vigorous, the break-up was rapid and irretrievable. At an early age he went to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, which he entered September, 1820, and matriculated for the class of physics. After half a century spent in the best missions of the Archdiocese—in his native parish of Annadown, in Tuam, as President of S. Jarlath's College, as parish priest of Balla, and afterwards of Castlebar—he possessed much less of this world's goods than could well be supposed. And we believe we are correct in stating that whatever he did possess he disposed of principally in the interests of religion and of charity. The funeral obsequies took place on Saturday last a solemn High Mass *de requiem* being celebrated in the parish church, Castlebar.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of the Right Rev. Dr. Sheil, Lord Bishop of Adelaide, who departed this life on the 1st March, 1872.

Profession and Reception.—On the 16th inst, the Feast of St Raphael the Archangel, five young ladies were admitted into the Franciscan Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, Drumshambo, County Leitrim —the ladies who received the black veil being named respectively Sister Mary Elizabeth and Sister Mary Leonard, and those who received the white veil Sister Mary Raphael, Sister Mary Paschal, and Sister Mary Stanislaus, The Most Rev Dr Conroy, Lord Bishop of the diocese, officiated, and with his usual