

Passing by the personal life of the Sovereign,—and it would have been more gracious if comment in that regard had been less ungenerous—to attribute to the Queen whatever there has been of progress or of degradation in the British Empire within the last fifty years, is ridiculous and unfair. It may just as fairly be credited or imputed to the Queen in the House of Commons. If the Empire has prospered, the Queen does not claim credit for it; if Ireland is still misgoverned and the reproach of the British Parliament, the Queen is certainly not to blame for it. In England the Sovereign can do no wrong, whatever the inclination may be; and she can do no good with the very best inclination to do good. The Sovereign has no voice and no vote, and the country is ruled wisely or badly as if there were no Sovereign. When George III. was King, he was a madman for a good part of his life, but that did not make a pin's difference to his people; they got along all the better without him. Long ago when our Sovereigns did not get along well with the people, the people cut the head off one and chased another out of the Kingdom. Walter Bagehot puts the case roughly, but correctly, when he says that the Parliament, or rather the two Houses of it, could send up to the Sovereign his own death warrant to be signed, and that he could not refuse to sign it. But there is no doubt that a Sovereign who lives quietly in his palaces, and signs all that is put before him, may live fifty or even one hundred years. They are said to live well, to have no concern about the rent, or a rainy day, and their labours, though onerous, are not likely to undermine a good constitution. Her present Majesty has fortunately a good constitution, she has been Queen for fifty years, and so we have the Jubilee. May she live for fifty years to come!

The demonstrations in honour of the Queen are, of course, perfectly proper, and to be expected from all her subjects, and from all denominations of subjects; but it is not at all surprising that they should be, or have appearance of being intensely Protestant. The reason of this is not difficult to trace. The loyalty due to the Sovereign means a good deal to a man when the Sovereign is for him the Head of his Church as well as the Head of the State. A devout Catholic in Italy, before the loss of the Pope's temporal power, regarded the Holy Father as his temporal and spiritual Chief. An honest and sincere Protestant living in the States of the Church, may be excused from being as demonstrative on Jubilee days as his Catholic neighbour. No fair man, however, would question his loyalty, or expect him to attribute all good things within the preceding years to the accident of there being one or a half dozen occupants of the throne within that time. No good Catholic in the British Empire to-day is one whit less loyal than his Protestant neighbour, though he may not see any great cause of rejoicing by reason of the continued existence of one particular person rather than several as Sovereigns within the last half-century. The precepts of his church admonish him of rendering no less to Cæsar than to God their respective dues. He is loyal whether the Sovereign be Protestant, or Catholic, Infidel or Jew. He does not measure his devotion, as do many of the most demonstrative of Jubilists, by requiring his Sovereign to continue in his own religious way of thinking. That qualified and conditional allegiance does not go well with expressions of loyalty, and of exclusive loyalty. Gentlemen on the platform as well as gentlemen in their lodges should hesitate to impute disloyalty, and what they term Fenianism, to those who do not swear that under altered circumstances in the personal life of their Sovereign, they would be absolved from their allegiance to her. If we were all to be subjects only so long as the Sovereign was of our own way of thinking, it would go very hard with the Sovereign to keep pace with us in the matter of religion. It is a nice sort of commentary on religious freedom in Great Britain, and of that inalienable right of private judgment, so dear, so essential to the heated Jubilist. The history of the Empire proves beyond contradiction that the Catholics have been unswervingly devoted to the Crown; and in some cases when their devotion may seem misplaced; whatever their causes of complaint are at present, they complain against, on the one hand, and

look for relief, on the other, to the British Parliament, and not to the Queen. Fifty years of bad government in Ireland, is something that the Queen could neither prevent nor perhaps mitigate; it would be unjust and illogical to blame her for it. It is possibly remembered by many in Ireland that she has in a manner overlooked her Irish subjects by avoiding their country in the selection of her country seats; by never visiting Ireland, and by a trifling contribution when famine, the landlords and the land laws left many people in want. It is quite clear that if relief comes to them in her day, they will not blame her for it.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

MGR. DE SEGUR.

(From the 7th edition of "Lettres de Mgr. De Segur." For THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW)

*Lettres to Madame De * * one of his penitents.*

Versailles, 11th July, 1872.

MADAME AND MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I bless God with you for the unhopèd-for improvement in your condition which you mention; rest assured that imagination had, in spite of your will, something to do with the matter and made you exaggerate to yourself crosses which were very real crosses nevertheless. At the school of the Master of Masters, who is never deceived and who never deceives, learn more thoroughly day by day, whether in town or country, to "*be meek and humble of heart*, and you shall find peace in your soul." That is to say, the only true, solid happiness in this life. I strongly recommend you to read the works of St. Francis De Sales, and the summary of the life of that good saint and of St. Francis of Assisium, written by my brother; and also the life of St. Jane Frances Chantal, by M. Bougaud.

I beg our divine Saviour to bless you and those who are dear to you, to console you, to fortify you in your trials and to increase in your heart your zeal and attraction for holy communion.

In the love of the Divine Sacrament, I remain, Madame and my dear daughter, your servant and devotedly affectionate father.

6th July, 1874.

DEAR MADAME AND DEAREST DAUGHTER:—

Just a line to show you that you are not forgotten here; to thank you for your good and trusting letter and to encourage you to stand ever most firmly in the way of meekness and of peace.

Meekness, St. Francis De Sales tells us, is that strength and suavity in love, which establishes us in interior peace and embalms all our dealings with God, with our neighbor and with ourselves.

Let your whole being be penetrated by that perfume, of which the adorable heart of Jesus is the source, and let every one around you inhale that delightful fragrance. Nothing edifies the neighbor so much as meekness, and nothing is more truly edifying nor better.

Auray, 15th August, 1876.

DEAR MADAM:—

Let us, my dear daughter, have more faith and more Christian sense.

We are not to be swayed by every wind of the emotion, whether good or evil, pleasant or painful. No, we have within us by the grace of baptism and of the Eucharist, the sap of the tree of life, Jesus Christ, which makes of us great trees, deeply rooted in God, living by the divine life, and nourished with the very strength of the Lord. We must stand up to the storm better than that, not that suffering must not make us suffer, nor trials try us, but the peace of our good God "which surpasseth all understanding," as the Apostle St. Paul says (that is to say, which is more mighty than all sensible emotions here below), must ever keep our hearts and our minds in Jesus Christ our Lord. Another apostle, St. James, says to each and all of us: "Is any man amongst you sad, let him

A. Williams writes