

mined to foil his plans. Sir Philip had expected some kind of circumlocution, that the Earl would endeavor covertly to compass those designs with regard to Lucy which he felt sure that he entertained, and find some means, distinct from open violence to compel him, to yield the maiden to himself as the more powerful oppressor. But in this supposition Sir Philip labored under a very great mistake; it was by no means the intention of the favorite to vouchsafe so much courtesy towards a poor silly youth whom his Court influence would well have sufficed at any time to destroy. In truth, where he felt another to be so completely in his power as Sir Philip, there was a sort of insolence of sincerity about Lord Leicester. He did not even vouchsafe to cast a veil over the infamy of his designs, and knowing that his victim could not impugn his power, he took a kind of malignant pleasure in its display. Actuated by this motive, he immediately, and in the most direct terms, demanded of Sir Philip whether he had conveyed Lucy Fenton, and whether she were an inmate of that house. The poor Knight faltered, and made a feeble attempt to deny any knowledge of the damsel; but he might have spared himself the trouble.

"Good youth," said Leicester, flinging his fine form on one of the soken couches which adorned the voluptuous apartment, "do not put thyself to the trouble of a denial. Be assured that neither Sir Christopher nor myself bear thee any ill-will; albeit, you have shown so disrespectful an inclination to defraud us both of the liege lady of our love; for know that our own dear heart is set upon the fair Gertrude Harding, the cousin of that little maiden whom you have so cleverly spirited away. However, our potent self, and our grave coadjutor, Sir Christopher, are even well disposed to pardon any presumption, if it be only in simple admiration of the magnitude of thy vanity and ambition which could urge thee to enter the lists so boldly as a rival to ourselves, and for the love of two beautiful damsels at the same time."

"I pray you, my Lord," said Sir Philip, "believe not that I was so presumptuous."
"We will believe nought but the evidence of our own eyes and ears," answered Leicester. "Do not blame thy men, Philip; they were as cunning as thyself, and wrapped their large mantles over their liveries; but still I did perceive thy cognizance on the arm of him who cut the cable which held to my barge, the fishing boat which imprisoned the pretty Lucy."

"Be not discomposed, good Philip," said Hatton, laughing at the amazed and bewildered countenance of the knight who was not at all prepared for such plain dealing; "be not discomposed; do thou but quietly yield up the damsel, and we will even forgive the assurance of thy oddity."

Sir Philip thought, since death appeared to be quite out of the question, that he would try the effect of a little blustering on his own account; therefore he assured Sir Christopher, in a very loud tone, that to give up the maiden, was a matter quite out of a moment's consideration.

This announcement was received by his tormentors with a laugh, and an enquiry if he were mad.
"No, truly," returned Sir Philip; "but it strikes me forcibly that you are so. Death and confusion I did ever man before yield the lady of his love upon the terms which you propose to me?"

"It may be not," answered Hatton; "but though thou shouldst remember, good youth, it is as unlikely that one man ever ventured before to appear at once as the rival of such men as myself and the Earl of Leicester."

"And to settle the business without delay, our good Philip," said Leicester, "if thou dost not resolve either to deliver up the maiden, or to hold her in trust as the prize of thy gracious friend, Sir Kit, we shall be—as time is really a precious article on our hands—constrained to the unpleasant necessity of informing the royal and maiden Elizabeth of the corrupt state of thy morals. Undoubtedly she will consider so abandoned a youth a mere blot—a stain upon the snow-white and unimpeached decorum of her Court."

"Aye, do so," said Philip, with another ill-timed burst of violence; "complains of my manners or morals to the Queen—it were not, perhaps, altogether out of my power to return so undesired a favor. Think you that all which even I might tell of the Earl of Leicester, or of the sage Sir Christopher, would be palatable to the ear of Elizabeth?"

"Thou wouldst in truth bestow upon thyself a very thankless office, Philip," said Leicester; "Elizabeth will not incline to believe a tale which would mortify the magnitude of her vanity, under the blessed influence of which she most devoutly believes herself to be the sole object of my affection."

"What if I tell her," returned Sir Philip, "that which you have now said; how think you she would receive it at your hands?"

"Even tell her, my simple Philip, if thou wilt," answered Leicester, "and I will assure her that thou hast belied me, and then think thyself well off if thou escape hanging for thy pains. Be assured, good Philip, that I at least enjoy a privilege in her affection which very securely shuts her eyes to any trifling follies which the customary frailty of human nature may occasionally lead me to commit."

"Thou seest by the potent arguments of the Earl that all resistance on thy part is mere folly," said Sir Christopher; "submit, then, in due patience to the award of thy elders, nor presume to thrust thyself in their path; and it may be, when we weary of the damsels, we will, out of pure disinterested friendship, even grant thee a reversion of thy affection."

"Truly thou art bounteous," said the irritated Sir Philip.
"Thou shalt have cause to think us so," exclaimed Leicester; "rush, boy, dost thou not see that thou art embarked in a losing game; thy purse, Philip, may be a long one, but he can boast one of a greater depth who has the art to make those of other men supply his own. Do not, I pray thee, make thyself in my despite—a contributor to my wealth; I would fain leave thee in free and full possession of those bags of gold pieces and fertile lands which thou didst inherit from thy father. I am not unmindful of certain deeds of friendship which thou has rendered me ere now. This house of thine is pleasantly situated, at a most just distance from the prying eyes and busy tongues of London, and more than once it has stood us in good stead; and for a certain other service I am forever bound to thee. Therefore, dear Philip, I again recommend thee peaceably to resign all pretensions to the maiden. Be assured that it is good for thee that our love should continue; for if thou dost find that the tiger's tongue is rough when he licks thy hand in token that he is thy friend, it were well not to tempt his talons as thy foe."

"Shall I not make a most ridiculous figure?" exclaimed the knight in the heat of his vexation.
"Nay," returned Hatton, "we will bear thee in hand, Philip, against that, though thou shouldst remember it is but the natural consequence of thy folly, which imagined thou couldst set us at naught."

"And when may I bless you, grave and venerable counsellors," said Sir Philip, "to bear the damsel from this my poor abode?"

"Oh," returned Leicester, "we will leave her to thy conveyer, keeping for a few days, till it suiteth us to convey her elsewhere; but in the meantime, we betide thee, Wynyard if thou dost fail to keep faith with us; or dare molest her with thy presence!"

The most unpalatable conclusion of this speech was quietly swallowed by Sir Philip, who, though not deficient in personal courage, knew that discretion was the better part of valor; where the Earl of Leicester and Hatton were concerned.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

"Moonlight mechanics" is the name which the *Athens Journal* applies to burglars.

FESTIVAL OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SERAPHIC PATRIARCH ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISIUM, IN LIMERICK.

GRAND HIGH MASS.

Sermon by the Very Rev. Dean of Limerick.

Among the religious orders of the Church of God, there is not one that has been more popular among the Irish people than that of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi. In the worst of times the Franciscan Fathers fed the lamp of the Faith, and preserved the embers of patriotism amid a gossamer persecution and downtrodden people. Many of the Orders suffered a bloody martyrdom for the bold and generous defiance of danger when it frowned most fiercely at the hands of the tyrant; and the annals of our own ancient city are filled with terrible details of the indignities, the sufferings, the cruelties and the murders to which the Franciscan Fathers were mercilessly and pertinaciously subjected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the reigns James I., the Charleses, and particularly during the sanguinary usurpations of the ferocious Oliver Cromwell. In the 17th century, the Franciscans promoted the cause of Ireland to the utmost of their power, amid unexampled perils.—The services of the great statesman and patriot, Luke Wadding, can never be forgotten. Neither can those of other distinguished Franciscans who braved the worst in their endeavors to save the nation. During the dark, dismal, and awful times of the penal laws they never fled from their post of duty; and together with the Dominican Fathers who went hand in hand with them always, they did what they could to preserve the faith among the Irish people. Sunday, 4th ult., was the feast of the illustrious St. Francis, the renowned founder of three orders, the seraphic, as he is termed, whose influence on the world during a period of nearly seven hundred years, has been acknowledged by successive Popes and Councils, and the zeal of whose followers has never flagged. At 12 o'clock in the forenoon, a grand High Mass—*Coram Episcopo*—in the Franciscan Church, Henry Street. The Very Rev. Father Carbery, O. P., was High Priest; the deacon was the Rev. Joseph Bourke, of the Diocesan Seminary; sub-deacon, the Rev. Father Condon, O. P.—The Most Rev. Dr. Butler presided at the throne, Deacons at the Throne were the Rev. J. Mulqueen, Administrator, and the Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer, C. C. The Rev. J. McCoy, Administrator of St. John's Parish, was Master of the Ceremonies. The Very Rev. Father McDermott, guardian, the Very Rev. Dr. O'Donoghue, late of St. Isidore's, and other of the Franciscan Fathers were about the altar during the ceremonies.

The church, though small, evidences the care bestowed upon it; and the altar in particular, with its numerous pictorial accessories, its wax candles lighted, &c., looked really attractive. The acolytes, thurifers, torch bearers, attendants, &c., all wore the white robes and surplices of the Dominican Order, showing the identity of feeling in the reciprocity of these offices; and that the members of these identical traditions, prove how ready they are to declare that they have lost none of the long-standing esteem and regard which they entertain for each other. The Augustinian Fathers would have mingled in the ceremonies were they not compelled by duty in their own Church, to be absent. After the Gospel, the Very Rev. B. O'Brien, D.D., Dean of Limerick ascended the altar, and preached a very beautiful sermon, taking as text the Gospel of the day—Matthew 11th cap. verses.

"25. At that time Jesus answered and said: I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. 26. Yea, Father: for so hath it seemed good in thy sight. 27. All things are delivered to me by my Father. And no one knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither doth any one know the Father, but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal him. 28. Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you. 29. Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek, and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls. 30. For my yoke is sweet and my burden light."

The Very Rev. and able and eloquent preacher proceeded to pass in review the state of society in the world at the present moment and comment upon the doubt the scepticism, the unbelief, the contempt for the law of the Gospel which mark so monstrously many of the nations and governments of the earth at the present day, who profess never to have seen and felt those matters which their fathers, and the fathers of their fathers for many generations have seen and felt, which they have touched with their hands and seen with their eyes. What things have felt and seen; what potentates have felt and seen; what statesmen, and great writers, and the intellectual of mankind have seen and felt, and acknowledged, and gloried and prided in; but what has become ignored by those who profess not to see what they do see, not to feel what they do feel, and touch and handle. Dreamers and fools, they say that they do not see all that is visible to their eyes; that they do not hear all that reaches their ears; that they do not handle all that comes within their reach. Such is the state of society at the present moment in certain parts of the world; and such was the state of society in the times of which he would have to say a few words on the feast of the illustrious St. Francis of Assisi. The life of that great Saint of the Church of Christ was a good topic to develop the contrast between our times and those times in which St. Francis lived; and here would he make a remark in relation to the subject matter on which he was about to address them, that it was a happy coincidence and concurrence, to see the feast of St. Francis, and one of the principal feasts of the Dominican Fathers, fall on the same day—Rosary Sunday connected with the 4th of October: both feasts on the same day, giving evidence before the world of a beautiful harmony in the incidence of the day, and in the combinations of the work which one and the other early in the same age undertook, and which they both so faithfully and so splendidly went on performing. St. Francis and St. Dominic, one and the other, both proclaimed "I live, now not I but Christ liveth in me." These men appeared just at the time that their services were most sadly wanted to arrest an aggregation of evils, and an accumulation of woes, of greater magnitude, and of more alarming proportions than even those which press upon the world at the present day, and make men shudder for what is coming. In those days when St. Francis was called to do a great work, evils prevailed in all directions; there was no soundness anywhere, from head to foot, the body politic was one mass of corruption. The spirit of the times was bad, and wicked men fanned the flame of iniquity, until their threatened a universal conflagration. It is not too much to say that Almighty God made an instrument of one in particular to overthrow this overgrown, gigantic mass of corruption—a man so apparently weak and inefficient as to command no idea that he was destined to make his mark on the age, and to live for generations afterwards in the vivid veneration of millions of the human race; a man so unpretending in appearance as that he might be pronounced incompetent, and would be, by those who are ignorant that God, in his unfathomable designs, makes use of the humblest to confound the proud, of heart—a man who was selected by God to do his work, to put on the armour for the good fight, and to go out and fight and conquer; a man, thus lowly, thus humble, thus diffident of himself, and believing himself to be the most despicable and lowly of all men—destined, nevertheless, in the short space of fourteen years, from the time he commenced the work he

was commissioned by the Almighty to perform, to transform the whole face of society, to confront and conquer the enemies of the faith, by the force of his preaching and example. Surely we must raise up our hearts in thankfulness to God for the example which has been given to us in the heroic lives of His saints, who enrich the Church with the plenitude of their virtues, and teach man the value of self-sacrifice where the prize is a future of endless fruition. It wanted but eight years of seven centuries, since Francis was born at Assisi in Umbria, in the Ecclesiastical States. Thus, in 1182, Pica, his mother, gave birth to the infant who was to become great in his day, and a shining light in the Church of Christ. His father Peter Bernardon, was descended of a gentleman-like family, originally settled at Florence; but he was a merchant, given to gain, and lived at Assisi, a town situated on the brow of a hill called Assi. The parents of the saint were remarkable for probity; they were virtuous, but like many virtuous people they were given up to worldly affair, and so much absorbed were they in them; that they neglected to do their duty by their young son; they scarcely gave him a tincture of education. Their trade party with the French, they made him learn that language; and from the readiness with which he acquired and spoke it, he was called Francis; though the name of John had been given to him in Baptism. In his youth he was fond of vain amusements, and he became devoted to gain. He was social, fond of giving entertainments in return. And this characteristic of his demanded only that it should be properly directed to develop some of those wonderful virtues which shone so brightly in him. Coming home at night from these enjoyments, a snatch of a song, or a shout of joy would be heard from him, at an hour which his earlier neighbors would call late, and under circumstances which tended to disquiet their rest; and these good people were beginning to complain; but there was nothing to fear from Francis. His biographer states that he never let loose the reins of his sensual appetites, nor did he place his confidence in worldly riches. In his very boyhood he manifested the utmost generosity. He never saw an injustice done that he did not attempt to vindicate the cause of the oppressed. He never saw poverty that he did not stretch out a willing hand to give it an alms. It was his custom never to refuse alms to any one who asked it for the love of God; and one day being absorbed in business about his own affairs he let a beggar go without aid, but reproaching himself with want of charity, he ran after the poor man, gave him an alms, and bound himself never to refuse assistance to one who asked it for the love of God. Thus his generosity, the kindness of his nature, the lovingness of his character, attracted all about him; and it was that amiability, that generosity, that unselfishness that rendered him so fit to become what the Almighty destined him a preacher of the Gospel to the poor and to the rich also; and it is thus that with the weakness of the world God confounds the strong.—Francis was chivalrous too, and when duty called him to the field he was the first to face the danger. He put on armour when he was obliged by the exigencies of those wars which may be said to have been of constant recurrence in the times in which he lived. His patience, his endurance, his self-abnegation were tried and improved by the tests they were put to in those wars. In a war between the cities of Perugia and Assisi, he, with several others, was carried away a prisoner by the Perugians. For a whole year he remained a prisoner of war; but instead of succumbing to the trials he was compelled to endure, he bore them with alacrity and joy, and by his example and conversation imparted consolation to his companions in prison. And in those twelve months he had time to reflect, and reflexion brought with it a sense of worthlessness and emptiness of the vanities of life, of the fleeting nature of all mundane things; and it was during these twelve months that his heart, naturally good, benevolent, generous, ardent, became absorbed in love for God; and that his constant exclamation was "My God and my All my God and my All." In that exclamation and in those words which were ever on his lips, was compressed the philosophy of his life henceforward, the cause for which he strove, the end at which he arrived, the force and effect of the power which he wielded. "My God and my All, my God and my All," with those words which constituted the sum and substance of his wishes and aspirations, he drew souls to God, and with a devouring zeal for the glory of his creator, he sought to expand his kingdom on earth, and to bring all within the sphere of his seraphic influence. "My Lord and my God," "my Lord and my God,"—"for ever and ever—" "my Lord and my God." His object was to remove the vassal from the bondage he groined under; for at that period the lord of the soil, owned the vassal, and all that belonged to the vassal; the freedom of the vassal was not a fact because the vassal was in the hands of the lord, and he lived at the discretion of the lord's breath. When the lord went out to battle, the vassal got his arms from the lord, and was compelled to fight for his lord, no matter what was the nature of the quarrel. This was the state of society in those bitter and terrible days, all over Germany, and all over France, and Spain—indeed throughout Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of our own little island. England felt the pressure and presence of the same fatal influence, and the result of it, and from one end to the other of these countries and states and empires, the natural result flowed on, and there was war, perpetual war, unending war, and vassal went with lord, and lord cared nothing for vassal, except that vassal should do the lord's work in the field and at home—in war, in peace. Frederick I., of Germany laid waste the lands over which he ruled in these wars; but it was Frederick II, that laid the foundation of that terrible ambition which demanded that Germany should rule all over the European Continent; but Louis of France stood in the way of that ambition, smote those who would have perpetuated it for their ignoble purposes, and broke down the power of the German empire which threatened to become invincible. Then it was in those days that there was no observance of the law of God; then it was that infidelity became rampant, and the terrors of anarchy were let loose on society; then it was, as now it is, that men began to put forward hitherto unheard of theories, and frightful confusions, as if they were mad, and as if man was becoming a senseless animal, without reason, because on the brink of losing the knowledge of revelation and respect for the teachings of the ancient Church. Then it was that the bonds of society were breaking asunder, and that men began to ask themselves, and people began to cry out was the end of the world coming? Who was to mend this dreadful state of things, who was to reduce chaos to order, and to make men reflect that there was a God above, and that the ends of the earth were in His Omnipotent hands. The separation of the vassal from the lord became at length an absolute necessity. The rope of sand that held them together in a bond so long, was at length broken and frittered away. St. Francis preached—he preached in poverty, and with the marks of poverty about him—He divested himself of all things to follow God; and he brought all to God through the dignity of self sacrifice. He went among those who had known but little of God, and he preached the word of life to them, and taught them to look up and to have hope, and to see that they had an eternal destiny to fight for. He had those who went under his banners to fight the good fight, and his disciples increased every day. This man of God established order for the poor who were the objects of his solicitude. The bishops and the higher orders of the clergy were to some extent the allies of the aristocracy of the time. He preached poverty in the spirit of the God of poverty, and poverty preaching in the

hearing not only of the poor but of the great ones of the earth, was recognised in its dignity, and it won its way, and obtained the respect of all. In 1215, St. Francis and St. Dominic met together in Rome; and these two eminent servants of God, honored each other, had frequent spiritual conferences together, and cemented a close friendship between their orders, which they desired should be perpetual. With incredible pains Francis ran, over many towns and villages pointing all to divine love. The cities of Cortona, Arezzo, Pisa, Bologna, Yergoreta, Florence; and others, besought of him to found convents among them. In less than three years his order was multiplied to sixty monasteries. In 1212, he gave his habit to Saint Clare. He proceeded to the Sovereign Pontiff, to beseech him to grant a confirmation of his Order; but Pope Innocent III., to whom he went, and before whom he laid his humble petition, hesitated; he told him that he thought there were sufficient orders in the Church already, and that it needed no more. The Pope told him that there was a hierarchy, and a clergy, and orders that had spread all over the world, and he did not see why new orders should be established, and why he should confirm them. But Innocent III. was a great Pope; he was famous for many great actions, many learned letters, many pious tracts and deeds; and he approved of the Order of St. Francis and of the order of St. Dominic; and Pope Honorius III., confirmed the approbation of his most distinguished predecessor in the Papal chair, and granted the Bulls. And St. Francis went on from victory to victory achieving wonders among the poor, liberating them from serfdom, raising them to the dignity of freemen, giving them a knowledge of God, and hope in the future, inspiring every one with his words "my God and my All"—*Deus meus et omnia*—vindicating the supremacy of the Gospel of Christ everywhere. Francis did not comprehend the power which he exercised, the influence he possessed, the extraordinary strength of the grace which Almighty God endowed him. He thought meanly of himself; but he never ceased doing good. No one thought less of himself than Francis. He was the lowest among the low in his own estimation. He obtained from Honorius III., an approbation of his missions; and in 1219 he set sail with Illuminatus of Beate and other companions from Ancona, and having touched at Cyprus landed at Acre or Ptolemais in Palestine. The Christian army in the sixth crusade lay at that time before Damietta in Egypt, and the Soldan of Damascus or Syria, led a numerous army to the assistance of Meliadin, Soldan of Egypt or Babylon. St. Francis with brother Illuminatus hastened to the Christian army, and upon his arrival dissuaded them from giving the enemy battle, foretelling their defeat; but he was not heard, and the Christians were driven back to their trenches with the loss of three thousand men. Burning with zeal for the conversion of the Saracens, he desired to pass to their camp, fearing no dangers for Christ; he was seized by the scouts of the infidels, and brought before the Soldan, who remonstrated with him, and between him and whom there was a discussion on the subject that brought him to the camp. He was denied the crown of martyrdom, though he offered himself for it; and it is said that the Soldan, moved by his zeal, by his readiness to test his affection for the faith by his blood, dismissed him with a request that he would pray in order that he (the Soldan) should be enlightened as to true faith, in which it is said he died. Yes, Francis made brothers of men who had been at war with each other. The very reverend preacher then in fervid language referred to the famous general chapter of the Order, called of the Mats, because of the poverty of the place, and which was held by St. Francis near Portuacuola ten years after the first institution of his order in 1219. No less than five thousand Friars met there, according to St. Bonaventure and four companions of St. Francis, and many remained at home who could not leave their convents. The Emperor of Germany was in terror lest his empire should become undermined by the progress of the Order of St. Francis; for thus early it was said to be impossible to lay a finger on a man in Germany that did not belong to the Third Order of St. Francis. The ambition that rules the hearts of some continental rulers is the same to-day as it was in the days of Barbarossa; and the same means are taken now to enforce the behests of chancellors and statesmen and rulers as in the hey day of the most cruel and avenging tyrant that has ever fettered the rights of man, and sought to make nations their foot stools. But history repeats itself with an unerring certitude; and that which took place in the days of St. Francis in the annihilation of colossal power may take place in our own days, or in days when those who are old men now shall not be long in their graves when such events will occur as will startle the world. Having further with great force, effect, and persuasiveness dwelt on the character and characteristics of the Seraphic St. Francis, he stated that time was not left to him to shew how singularly favoured he was by God, that the stigmata, or marks of the five wounds, of our Saviour were miraculously imprinted on the hands, feet and side of St. Francis. He then referred to an eloquent peroration to the obligations which Ireland has been always under to the sons of St. Francis—those members of the Order who, in season and out of season, have always stood true to the cause of country and faith; and who, to-day, celebrate the well-nigh seven hundred anniversary of the birth of their illustrious founder.

The High Mass then proceeded to a close. The Blessing was given by the Lord Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Butler; and after High Mass Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed.—*Limerick Reporter*.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER ON THE WORSHIP OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 4th, at the evening devotions of the Church of the Guardian Angels, London, was crowded to overflowing.
After solemn Vespers had been sung, his Grace the Archbishop preached on the text—"Behold all generations shall call me Blessed." These words, (said his Grace) were spoken in the mountain country of Judea some eighteen hundred years ago by an unknown and humble woman, on whom those who saw her cast their looks without one thought of her majesty, or of the dignity that God conferred on her—and these words are the prophecy which we fulfil to this very day. To-day is the festival of the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Mother of God. To-day we have called her Blessed to-day, throughout the whole Catholic Church in all lands, this has been a festival to the ever Blessed Virgin, in which her children have called her blessed, and have given thanks to Almighty God for the graces He bestowed upon her. She foretold that her name should be blessed for ever among all generations and through these eighteen hundred years this prophecy has been fulfilled, because every Christian child has been taught to say the "Hail Mary." Every year the Catholic Church has celebrated I know not how many festivals in her honour. Every time that the Christian man says his baptismal creed, he repeats her name—every time that the Holy Gospels are read in public or in private, the glory and blessedness of the Mother of Jesus are read about, and believed in—and, therefore, the prophecy is being fulfilled at this moment. I have chosen these words of the text, because we are keeping the festival of the Holy Rosary, and because I think it well, from time to time, to answer some of the many things that are said, all the year round, about the worship which Catholics pay to the Blessed Mother of God. Now, I know that many in this country—honest men, upright men, men of truth, who would not say a word if they did not believe it were perfectly honest and perfectly fair—are accustomed to say of the Catholic Church: "I never could be a Catholic because of the worship of the Blessed Virgin; Catholics give too much honour—say, they take away from the honour which is due to God, and give it to the Blessed Virgin; Catholics put the Blessed Virgin in the place of her Son; Catholics give to the Blessed Virgin divine honour; Catholics are, therefore, idolaters—or, at least, as we are sometimes called, Maryolatry." Now, the latter word contains in it a great deal of insincerity, because it means that we pay divine honour to the Blessed Virgin. Well, now, what I propose to do is this: I propose to show what is the honour we pay, and that the honour paid is not a shade more than is her due; and I will prove that the honour is, not divine honour; and not only that we do not give her too much honour, but that we never did nor could give her the honour which God Himself has given her, and which her Divine Son is always giving her. I maintain that the honour, love, and veneration which Catholics pay to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer is a sign and a mark of the true disciple of Jesus Christ, and that no man—and no communion—and no Church—can be so called that does not give to her the love and veneration that we do. It is unnecessary to relate to our readers the plain and conclusive arguments made use of by his Grace, and which demonstrated so clearly the belief of Catholics in the worship due to Mary, suffice it to say that his reasoning was under three heads—Firstly, that love and veneration for the Blessed Virgin spring from the Christian Faith, and that no man could deny such love and veneration without departing from the Christian Faith; secondly, that such love and veneration spring from the love of God, and that those who love God must necessarily pay love and veneration to His Mother; thirdly, the worship of Catholics for the Blessed Virgin springs from the gift of piety, and that no pious soul could worship God without paying worship (though not divine worship which Catholics never gave to any one but God) to her whom God Himself has chosen, and so greatly honoured. And further, his Grace adduced the example of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as the pattern to imitate in paying love and veneration to the Blessed Virgin, and that we cannot follow His example or imitate the love of His Sacred Heart, unless we paid love and veneration to His Mother. People are shocked (said his Grace) at the word worship. This word is the old English name which expresses respect and veneration. This worship does not mean divine worship unless the world divine is put to rest. Divine worship is only paid to God by Catholics. But worship simply means respect; we call magistrates worshipful. In the marriage service it is said husbands give worship to the wives and wives to the husbands, which only means mutual respect. Next, after God, to whom do we owe respect, or worship, if not to His own Mother?

VERY REV. T. BURKE, O.P., ON FAITH AND THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

The *Limerick Reporter* of the 6th ult., says:—We extract the following telling references to the infidel scientists of the day from the beautiful discourse delivered by the Great Dominican on laying the foundation of St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown, on Thursday—

"Faith is the Divine faculty of mind which enables a man, or a body of men, or a society of men to realize the Unseen, to realize God wherever He has declared Himself to be, even though the eye may not see nor the hand touch Him. The faculty of realising the Unseen is faith; for the Apostle, inspired of God, tells us that faith is the argument—the intellectual conviction—of things that do not appear, but which really do exist. If that Thing be God, then the power of realising God, of recognizing His Presence, of bowing down before Him, is called faith. And to that virtue or that power the Eternal God has promised the victory, and all over the world that victory shall be won. You have all heard—yo Catholics—that our age is remarkable for one thing, namely, for a want of faith; that is to say, the power of realising God under whatsoever veil or guise he chooses to cover Himself seem to be lost to the intelligences of our century outside the pale of the Church. This is true. A lamentable truth it is! Oh! how it has degraded man, how it has degraded human intelligence, and its high power of knowledge, and how it has degraded humanity itself to the very slime of the earth by having lost this faculty conferred upon it by its Maker. The greatest geniuses of our age have only to present themselves as they recently did in a celebrated town in the north of Ireland, and to state scientific conclusions, for the very enunciation of those conclusions and the principles deduced therefrom, to be received with applause—albeit they are not alone insults to the man of faith, but to him who retains one particle of respect for his humanity or origin. To this has the philosophy of this nineteenth century come—Man but a developed ape; God but a cloud of matter! Before these absurd and impious speculations the intelligences of our age are only too happy to bow down. Outside the Catholic Church the very men who deny the most sacred truths that have come to us from venerable antiquity, and been sealed with the martyrs' blood, and that have brought with them all the proofs—although these proofs may in part be human—of divine origin—the men who refuse their intellectual assent to these great truths bow down their intelligence and make an act of faith in the philosophy that degrades them, and in the speculative theology that is a negation of an insult to Almighty God. But in the midst of all this confusion of intellect the Catholic Church stands to-day as she has stood for nigh two thousand years—calm, strong, energetic, and divine. With unflinching lips she says to the statesmen who persecute her—to the philosophers who deride her—to the people who rob her—and to the nations that rise up against her, "You may rail, you may storm around me, yet I must conquer all, because the conqueror of the world is Faith." Let us apply this to the ceremonial of to-day. Out of this faith of the Catholic Church arises the great fact that she alone can realise the grandeur of God and the dignity of man. She realised the grandeur of God inasmuch as each of His attributes forms the burden of her prayers, and His glory is unceasingly proclaimed by her; she realizes the dignity of man, because in Him by her Divine Faith she recognises the image of God."

"RELIGIOUS" ROBBERS.

It is only after we have felled the tree to the earth that we can tell whether the timber is sound, or rotten to the very core. The Irish Church, or rather the Church of "the English plantation" in Ireland, has now been disestablished nearly four years; she has been cut down, as a tree useless because occupying unnecessary ground; and the time has arrived when we may prudently examine the wood, and see if it be good for anything, or mere rottenness unfit for ought but the fire.

"At this juncture 'A Layman of the Irish Church' comes to our aid, and in a letter appearing in the *Times* of last Tuesday, gives us some very valuable, if very strange, information towards guiding our judgment. That his statements will be denied—indeed have been, to a certain extent—there can be no doubt; but as the leading journal says in an article on the subject, "if it be half or a quarter true, then we submit that even in Irish history, it is a dark and disagreeable chapter." Very dark, and very disagreeable no doubt, but we must, at the outset, repudiate the transactions recorded as portions of Irish history proper, and relegate them to the annals of the "English in Ireland"—a very different thing. Having made that correction, we can proceed to examine the "Layman's" letter, and see what he has to say about a Protestant sect which should never have been established in a Church