

her, nevertheless, sent her a moderate sum with a promise of the same amount annually, and advised her to retire to a hunting-seat of the family, which being situated in a wild sequestered glen, was admirably adapted, she said, for the gloomy practices of the Romish religion. Swallowing, as best she might, this last bitter taunt, Eveleen could not but rejoice that her mother had chosen for her residence a place so wild and solitary, where she might hide her sorrows from the harsh, cold eye of the world, and devote herself entirely to the education of her child.

Another week and Eveleen was quietly domesticated with her daughter in the old tower, and so great was her joy on finding herself securely moored in this so calm retreat, that she could almost forget the sorrows of the past in the exquisite sense of enjoyment, arising from her entire seclusion. Her retinue consisted of but one male and two female servants.

The summer was drawing to a close when the countess took up her abode in that sequestered glen, and ere yet the last five days of autumn had passed away, her little girl became the companion of her walks, though scarcely three years old. It was a wild spot, that craggy dell in which stood Eveleen's home, yet it was far from being destitute of attraction in the eyes of cultivated taste, for its wildness had in it nothing rugged, and since nature had fashioned the rocks around into strange shapes, and clothed their sides with many-colored herbage and creeping plants, there was much to please the eye as well as charm the imagination. From the height of a neighboring crag tumbled a miniature cataract, which thence ran brawling and bubbling through the narrow valley, disappearing at the opposite side in an opening of the rocks. The place seemed sacred to solitude and silence, and it was not surprising that when yearning to be alone with her sorrow, the heart of the lonely widow should have fondly turned to its deep recess.— She had received her harp from the castle, and had joyfully placed this old familiar friend in a large oriel window the entire extent of her small domain. Here she generally spent her mornings with the little Mary by her side, commencing some infant task, or perchance making joy in her mother's heart by the unrestrained outpourings of happy childhood. At eve they were wont to stroll out into the glen; often when Eveleen, oppressed by the thick-coming memories of other days, would take her station on a large stone, or some jutting fragment of rock, the child would wander on alone by the margin of the brook gathering pebbles or wild flowers, as the fancy might be. As the dusk drew on she would noiselessly approach her mother, and, resting her head upon her knee, she would ask her to speak of heaven, and her father who had gone before to that happy country. At such moments it was that the gentle mother instilled into her daughter's ductile mind the saving truths of religion, clothing them in the simplest language to suit the capacity of the youthful listener. Mary would look up at the beautiful stars as they

'Peer'd one by one, each on his golden throne.'

and her mother would discourse to her of Him who made the moon and stars to light the night, and the glorious sun to illuminate the day. The child eagerly listened, and as readily believed, until wonder grew into certainty, and her young mind was gradually implanted with the good seed which in after years fructified an hundred fold. Thus in all their walks, in all their conversations, God was never forgotten, and while Mary was yet but a little child, His goodness, His mercy, and His boundless power, were the themes dearest to her heart. By an easy transition did the pious mother lead her child to the knowledge of Catholic doctrines—once thoroughly grounded in the primary principles of religion, it was no difficult task to make her understand the most important tenets of the Church, and when at nine years old she made her first communion, her piety was truly edifying, so well had her mind and heart been prepared. In these sacred duties the countess was ably assisted by a venerable priest, who, braving the fearful penalties of the law, succeeded in administering to the people of this remote neighborhood the soothing aids of religion. He had been given the use of a small cottage not far removed from the dwelling of Lady Tyrconnell, and one of its two rooms he had converted into a chapel. Thus had God provided for the spiritual wants of the countess, and given her a powerful aid in the Christian education of her daughter.

Mary was ever passionately fond of music, and the sound of her mother's harp could at any moment draw her away from the most engrossing amusement. Often when the countess made the instrument respond to her own deep sadness, in some of those old simple melodies of our early bards which breathe the very soul of feeling, she would mark with surprise the wondrous attention with which Mary hung upon its sounds, her childish features full of melancholy meaning, and her deep blue eyes glistening with tears. After some moments, apparently unable to restrain her emotion, she would fly to her mother, and throwing her arms around her neck, say, 'Oh, mother!—mother! do not play that air—I cannot bear it!'

'And wherefore not, my child?' said her mother, kissing as she spoke the fair brow of her gentle child—'why doth that sweet old air, so full of mournful tenderness, give pain to your young heart?—for you it can have none of those sorrowful associations which fill my soul with sadness.'

'I know not, mother, why it is so, but I never hear you play any one of those old melancholy airs that I do not feel my heart swell almost to bursting. And yet I think you told me once that my dear old father used to love that air you have been playing—did you not, mother?'

'Yes, Mary!' and Eveleen dashed away a starting tear lest her child might see what she deemed a weakness. 'Yes, truly, sweet one! that old air, simple though it be, was peculiarly dear to your poor father, for whom I have often played and sung it with old Irish words, in days now far distant, when hand and voice were both inspired by the buoyant hopes of youth. It is

the composition, I believe, of one of the bards of Kinelconnal in a long-past age, and was meant to bewail the death of a daughter of the O'Donnell cut off in the bloom of youthful beauty. This may account for the exquisite sweetness which pervades the depth of its sorrow. Often have I seen the big tear roll down your father's cheek, even in days of unclouded bliss, as he sat listening to those wailing tones. Alas, Roderick! cried the bereaved wife, 'why am I alone left to recall those vanished hours?—why have I but a heritage of woe?'

'But, mother,' exclaimed Mary, 'wondering at her mother's unusual agitation, 'you have often told me, I am sure, that God afflicts His own people more than all else, and that all my father's sufferings and yours were sent by God to purify your souls—if this be so, dearest mother, why are you so very, very sorrowful?'

Eveleen drew the child fondly to her bosom—she spoke not for a moment, but she said within herself, 'Yes, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings we full often receive instruction,' whereupon she hastily wiped away her tears and assumed an appearance of composure.

'You are right, my sweet daughter, and I erred in forgetting even for a moment that the sorrows of this life are in no way to be compared with the joys which await in another world. The Christian chastened and purified in this. Oh, be assured, dear Mary mine, that such high hopes as these deprived your poor father's grief of its sting, and enabled him to go rejoicing on his way to the tomb, notwithstanding the grievous thorns with which his latter days were so thickly strewn. Be this lofty faith, then, yours, my child,' she added with impressive solemnity, 'so that resting your hope on the Eternal Rock, you may resist all allurements which may hereafter tempt you to sin, holding as nothing the joys and pleasures of this fading world!'

So passed the years of Mary's childhood, unmarked by even the shadow of change—the entire devotedness of the mother was amply rewarded in the rare virtues of the child, and she might well be pardoned if a momentary pride swelled her heart as she marked the delicate beauty of her daughter's face, and the graceful symmetry of her childish form. She looked to the future with comparative calmness, secure in the good dispositions and the lively faith of her precious charge. Thus it was that she saw herself attacked by a grievous illness, which from the first she believed would prove fatal, without being disquieted on her daughter's account.— Mary, who had just completed her twelfth year, had at first no idea of her mother's danger. It never occurred to her mind that death could tear away that mother so beloved, and if she often wept with her tears the pillow whereon her mother lay, it was but through sympathy with the sufferings she witnessed. The countess, sensible that her death approached, made several attempts to prepare her daughter's mind for the fatal event, but as often desisted, overcome by the sight of her child's affliction. She then requested to see Father Kinsella (the priest already mentioned) and to him she gave her final instructions regarding her daughter. This was during a brief absence of Mary whom she had prevailed upon to seek some repose.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONS OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS IN EMILY RECONCILIATION OF THE "THREE YEAR OLD" AND "FOUR YEAR OLD" FACTIONS.

(Abridged from the Limerick Reporter.) As we approached Emily the roads were thick with people hastening to take part in or to witness the events of the day. These were in general a better order of the farming classes; comfortable, well-to-do, intelligent, as we have said, dressed with tasteful neatness—all apparently solemnly impressed with what was about to take place within the walls of the comparatively small, but neat, Catholic Church of Emily. The hour for the commencement of the important proceedings of the day was eleven o'clock a.m.; and at this hour the Archbishop had arrived in the sanctuary, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Rafter, P.P., Emily. His Grace robed in full pontificals and soon afterwards Mass commenced; the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, C.C., Emily, was celebrant; during the sacred services the Rev. Father Schneider, accompanied by the Rev. Father Bridgett, chanted in heart stirring style several beautiful pieces of sacred music, including the "Ave Maria Stella," &c. During Mass, the Church was thronged in every part; and those who had not room within were congregated in vast numbers outside; in the avenues, in the fields, in the streets; and all were absorbed with the solemnity of the occasion. On rows of axes, in the body of the Church, at either side of the altar, were the leading members of those factions—by gone for ever—those factions, whose existence was a upas, blighting everything good, poisoning the life-spring of society, and converting men into demons. There they were, changed by the wonderful operation of Divine Grace. No longer scowling at each other with devilish eyes, but looking, as they really are, fully reconciled friends, we trust for ever! Three weeks constant attention to the incantations of the Redemptorist Fathers—to the morning, the evening, the mid-day—the night preachings—to the prayers, to the confessions—to the sacraments in fine—these three weeks were to them the beginning of a life in which peace and contentment indicated their influence in their admirable deportment—in their determination to sin no more as they had sinned. After Mass, his Grace with mitre on his head, with crozier grasped at near the altar, whilst

The Rev. Mr. Harbison addressed his Grace and the congregation. After some preliminary observations, he thus continued:—'We had those who had been mixed up in these factions—in these tangle—they came about us; they listened to our words, they heard our preachings, and yet, my lord, I must say we did not find one among them who did not seem to repent not only where the awful crime of murder followed the faction fight, but as they heard their Bishop's pastoral, they came to us at once; they said, we and all, that they were ready to submit to the voice of their beloved bishop—they said that they were ready to renounce their factions—now and for ever. A fortnight this day, two thousand of the unmarried young men of these parishes assembled here, and they raised their hands on high, one and all, and one and all solemnly promised that never more would they have to do with those factions—never more would they utter the cry of "three-year-old" or "four-year-old"—never more would they quarrel or fight; and if your Grace saw those two thousand unmarried young men raise their hands as they made the solemn promise, your Grace would be proud of your people of Emily, and that Sunday the married men came forward in the same manner; they too raised their hands on high and solemnly promised that never more would be heard from their lips the senseless shout of "three-year-old" and "four-year-old"—never more would they give expression to

these defiant words which caused ill-feeling and bloodshed—and they made this promise for themselves, for their children, for all under their control. Before they were admitted to the Sacraments, they all, in the first instance, made peace, every man with his neighbor; those who had been at enmity with each other became friends—even a man charged with the murder of one of the family of the men he is now at peace with, and on the best terms—even such cases occurred—and God's pardon was asked—and then the neighbor's pardon—and then every one who had been in these factions signed a promise, which we drew up before the mission, and all agreed to it; all signed this declaration; and if there be any one here now listening to me who has not signed it, I am sure he will do so—and if there be any one in the parish not here who has not signed it, I am positive that he will do so. And thus, my Lord, I am sure I can report to your Grace, that the spirit of faction is laid for ever in Emily and its neighborhood—that it will be no longer necessary to entertain doubts of the sincerity and the determination of the good people of Emily now happily restored to peace. Two things now remain for me to do—to ask all who signed the pledge to renew it here now—and the second thing that remains for me to do is to ask all those who have signed and will renew the pledge here now, to shake hands with each other, and to tell each other that never again will they name the bad factions of the Three-year-old and the Four-year-old (audible responses of assent from the entire congregation). And your Grace here is this solemn declaration:—

"PROMISE. "We, the undersigned inhabitants of the parish and neighborhood of Emily, moved by the paternal voice of our beloved Archbishop, and impressed by all the graces of the mission which is now being given by the Redemptorist Fathers in the Church of Emily, do hereby, in the presence of Almighty God, of his Grace the Archbishop, of our Parish Priest, of the Missionaries, and of one another, solemnly promise and pledge ourselves.

"1st.—Never again to belong to the faction called Three-year-old or Four-year-old, or to any other faction or party, which may now or at any future time exist in this parish or part of the country.

"2nd.—Never to join in any fight or quarrel, to strike with a stick or stone, and never to encourage or assist in any way those who belong to such factions already existing or hereafter to exist in any other parish or part of the country.

"3rd.—Never, as far as possible, to name the words Three-year-old or Four-year-old, and especially never to name them by way of challenge, provocation, or reproach." Now, my Lord, these are the three promises—against faction cries of every kind, against stick or stone, or even to name those cursed words, the Three-year-old or Four-year-old.

His Grace here stood on the platform of the altar, and perceiving some persons outside the church, called upon them to enter.

All here went on their knees. The Archbishop remained standing, when he called upon them to repeat, distinctly, euphatically and plainly, the words of the declaration after him, which declaration had been previously signed by the members of the two factions, not only in Emily, but in Hospital, Killeely, Oola, Ballylanders, &c.

Father Harbison—Make the declaration not alone with your lips but with your hearts. Let all of you raise your hands. Here every hand in the church was raised. Father Harbison—Let all in the church raise their hands, whether they belong to the factions or did not—not alone those, but all the people of this parish—no alone those, but people who never had any intention of belonging to them; let all raise their hands, and as they do, hold the cross in their hands. I am asking you all do what you have done before; raise up your hands the moment I call on you to show his Grace and the world that you will never again belong to factions. There are some here who did not belong to them; but there are those who brought grief and sorrow into the hearts of many—grief and sorrow to Ireland—grief and sorrow to their beloved Archbishop—and therefore I ask all to promise that they never will encourage, they never will assist they will never assist in any way whatever, those cursed factions.

Here all in the church, without exception, held up their hands, and the scene was one of a most solemn and impressive character, while tears bedewed the iron cheeks of old grey men who had grown up from boyhood in the misery of these faction fights.

Father Harbison—Yes, my lord, there is not one here—not one—who has not declared solemnly and irrevocably against those horrible factions; and it is a beautiful sight to see those people, with one heart and one soul, say and declare that they never will encourage, abet, or assist those who belong to these factions. And, my lord, lest there may be some little feeling rankling in the breasts of those who, a short time ago, were enemies, who are now friends, let me ask them, are they ready to shake hands? are they ready to give delight to the heart of their archbishop, to the heart of Jesus Christ, to the hearts of the missionaries, to the heart of their parish priest, who is accountable before God for the salvation of your souls.

Here they all cordially shook hands. Archbishop—Let one belonging to each of the parties not come up here before me.

Here two persons advanced in years—one a tall, fine looking man of about seventy years of age, a highly affluent farmer, the other apparently not in such good circumstances, but more advanced in years—approached the Archbishop, who now sat on the platform of the altar, and as they approached they knelt before his Grace, who asked them were they fully, cordially, and perfectly reconciled. They replied with much emotion in the affirmative, shook hands with each other, and then passed on, and were followed in succession, two and two, for nearly two hours, similarly; the great bulk of them were respectable, intelligent-looking, and impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Some were young men, bright and cheerful looking, others men about 35 or 40, others 50, and so on—all took the promise and shook hands. In one case the brother of one who had been murdered grasped the hand of the man who had slain his brother in one of the horrible faction fights, and said he forgave all and never more would think of what had happened. The Archbishop asked each individual who had been his greatest enemy, and he caused the parties thus brought forward to shake hands, which they did cordially.

These incidents caused general emotion among all who witnessed it.

The Archbishop then said, standing in front of the altar, mitred and with crozier grasped Reverend Fathers and dear children, never have I heard anything that gave me more pleasure than Father Harbison's reports of the results of this mission. Never have I witnessed any sight that gave me more pleasure than the one now before me, when I see you, who hated one another, joined in brotherly love. This day three weeks, when I came to the opening mission many amongst you were enemies to one another and with God. Thanks be to God, ever rich in mercy, that through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, His peace now dwells in the midst of you; nay, in your inmost hearts. O, precious peace of God, which our Blessed Lord brought us when He came down from heaven! The night he was born in the stable of Bethlehem what was the hymn which the angels chanted?—'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will.' The Light before he suffered what did he leave as a legacy of his love to his disciples?—'His peace.'—My peace I leave you, my peace I give you. And when he crossed from the dead what was his word of greeting as well as his heart's best wish?—'Peace be unto you.' O, Lord! give us this peace, and preserve it to us for evermore; give us thy peace, which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away. What is this peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding?—It is peace with one another,

coming from the heart, proceeding with mutual goodwill; it is peace with ourselves, or, in other words, the peace of a good conscience, which is better than all the riches or pleasures of the world:—it is peace with God, which they cannot enjoy who cherish hatred against a neighbor, for if any man say, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar. For, he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not? This peace of God on earth is a foretaste of God's peace in heaven, a fore-runner of the glory which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard, and which hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. O blessed peace of God which makes us not only the friends, but also, according to the words of Christ, the children of God:—'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' Yes, you were many of you, the children of the devil, whilst you belonged to those wicked factions—you were his both body and soul, and of course had no part in the peace of God. Oh! what grief of heart did it not cause me when I saw you, the sheep of my flock, torn before my face by the devouring wolf in spite of all the efforts made to deliver you from his fangs? How often did I not say, what shall I do for these misguided people to rescue them from the clutches of the devil and give them back to God?—for I saw that both the fear of man and the ordinary spiritual means of the Church had failed to restrain you; I saw that there was little use in binding you to keep the peace to one another, for no sooner were you bound to keep it than you broke it—I saw that the strong arm of the law was not always strong enough to stay your arms, to take the bludgeon or the stone out of your hands; I saw that although now and then the law was strong enough to manacle the hands and to pinion the arms of some, others remained free to carry on the bloody work of faction; I saw that neither judge nor jury, neither the jail nor the convict depot, neither the hard handcuffs nor the hard labor, had any terrors for many amongst you. Seeing all this—seeing that neither the fear of man nor the ordinary spiritual means of the Church restrained you, I procured for you the extraordinary aid of a mission, during which the Priests of God would day and night make war upon the devil and might, with power from above, at length succeed in driving him out of this place where too long he reigned over you and held possession of you both body and soul. If anything would do for you, it would under God be a mission, for, after all, God is stronger than the devil, and so long as you were not in hell there was hope of his mercy. Therefore, did I ask these good Redemptorist Fathers in God's name to come to you. In God's name they did come, with the charity of God in their hearts and the peace of God on their lips. And God's blessing has attended their footsteps; for three weeks they have labored every day, from early in the morning till far in the night: they have fulfilled their mission, giving glory to God on high, and on earth, peace to men; they have with God's help planted peace and good will in hearts where there had been strife and hatred. You here before me who have joined hands and hearts in friendship, who belonged to parties hating each other with a deadly hatred, but now belong to one and the same party, which is God's party, you are the fruit of their labors—and with such fruit before our eyes, we cannot but exclaim in the words of Scripture, 'how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace!' The Archbishop went on in dignified and impressive language to warn the factions against a relapse into the sin which they had just repented of. And he concluded—'But, if you wish to persevere, as I hope and trust you will, you must do three things. Firstly, you must keep from harm's way, from the dance, from the hurling, from the race, even from the fair, if possible, getting some other member of the family to do your business at the fair when you have business, and never going there without business, at least for some time, until all this bad work is forgotten. Shun the occasion if you wish to shun the evil. Secondly, keep from drinking. All the bad passions are inflamed by drink, and none more so than the passion of anger, which leads to quarrels, and fights, and bloodshed. I would earnestly advise all who have been implicated in these factions not to drink out of their own houses for some time to come, until they are confirmed in their good resolutions. Lastly, you must go often to Confession and Communion. It is the Holy Sacraments that have, under God, begun the work of your conversion—it is the Sacraments that will continue it and make it lasting. Think not that it will do for you to go to Confession and Communion twice a year at the time of Stations. It will not.—You want more grace than others—therefore you must approach the fountain of grace oftener than others who do not labor under the spiritual maladies and are not exposed to the same temptations.—Go often to the Sacraments, and I have no fear but that with God's blessing you will persevere. Again, let me congratulate with you upon the happy result of this mission. You have now made your peace with one another and with God, your reconciliation to-day gives delight inexpressible to all your good friends and neighbors who have the happiness to witness it; it gives pleasure and edification to the Priests of God, who weep over your misdeeds; it brings joy to my own heart, which bleeds for your past crimes; nay, more, it gives delight to the blessed in Heaven, who, we are told, rejoice for one sinner that repenteth. Much more, then, do they rejoice for the conversion of so many poor sinners, and from their thrones of glory they are now looking down with delight, and amongst them your own Albus, as you join hands and hearts. Oh! may those blessed spirits, who now look down upon you with delight—may they never grieve to see this peace broken—may it last for ever—may the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus!'

"PROMISE. "We, the undersigned inhabitants of the parish and neighborhood of Emily, moved by the paternal voice of our beloved Archbishop, and impressed by all the graces of the mission which is now being given by the Redemptorist Fathers in the Church of Emily, do hereby, in the presence of Almighty God, of his Grace the Archbishop, of our Parish Priest, of the Missionaries, and of one another, solemnly promise and pledge ourselves.

"1st.—Never again to belong to the faction called Three-year-old or Four-year-old, or to any other faction or party, which may now or at any future time exist in this parish or part of the country.

"2nd.—Never to join in any fight or quarrel, to strike with a stick or stone, and never to encourage or assist in any way those who belong to such factions already existing or hereafter to exist in any other parish or part of the country.

"3rd.—Never, as far as possible, to name the words Three-year-old or Four-year-old, and especially never to name them by way of challenge, provocation, or reproach." Now, my Lord, these are the three promises—against faction cries of every kind, against stick or stone, or even to name those cursed words, the Three-year-old or Four-year-old.

His Grace here stood on the platform of the altar, and perceiving some persons outside the church, called upon them to enter.

All here went on their knees. The Archbishop remained standing, when he called upon them to repeat, distinctly, euphatically and plainly, the words of the declaration after him, which declaration had been previously signed by the members of the two factions, not only in Emily, but in Hospital, Killeely, Oola, Ballylanders, &c.

Father Harbison—Make the declaration not alone with your lips but with your hearts. Let all of you raise your hands. Here every hand in the church was raised. Father Harbison—Let all in the church raise their hands, whether they belong to the factions or did not—not alone those, but all the people of this parish—no alone those, but people who never had any intention of belonging to them; let all raise their hands, and as they do, hold the cross in their hands. I am asking you all do what you have done before; raise up your hands the moment I call on you to show his Grace and the world that you will never again belong to factions. There are some here who did not belong to them; but there are those who brought grief and sorrow into the hearts of many—grief and sorrow to Ireland—grief and sorrow to their beloved Archbishop—and therefore I ask all to promise that they never will encourage, they never will assist they will never assist in any way whatever, those cursed factions.

Here all in the church, without exception, held up their hands, and the scene was one of a most solemn and impressive character, while tears bedewed the iron cheeks of old grey men who had grown up from boyhood in the misery of these faction fights.

Father Harbison—Yes, my lord, there is not one here—not one—who has not declared solemnly and irrevocably against those horrible factions; and it is a beautiful sight to see those people, with one heart and one soul, say and declare that they never will encourage, abet, or assist those who belong to these factions. And, my lord, lest there may be some little feeling rankling in the breasts of those who, a short time ago, were enemies, who are now friends, let me ask them, are they ready to shake hands? are they ready to give delight to the heart of their archbishop, to the heart of Jesus Christ, to the hearts of the missionaries, to the heart of their parish priest, who is accountable before God for the salvation of your souls.

Here they all cordially shook hands. Archbishop—Let one belonging to each of the parties not come up here before me.

Here two persons advanced in years—one a tall, fine looking man of about seventy years of age, a highly affluent farmer, the other apparently not in such good circumstances, but more advanced in years—approached the Archbishop, who now sat on the platform of the altar, and as they approached they knelt before his Grace, who asked them were they fully, cordially, and perfectly reconciled. They replied with much emotion in the affirmative, shook hands with each other, and then passed on, and were followed in succession, two and two, for nearly two hours, similarly; the great bulk of them were respectable, intelligent-looking, and impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Some were young men, bright and cheerful looking, others men about 35 or 40, others 50, and so on—all took the promise and shook hands. In one case the brother of one who had been murdered grasped the hand of the man who had slain his brother in one of the horrible faction fights, and said he forgave all and never more would think of what had happened. The Archbishop asked each individual who had been his greatest enemy, and he caused the parties thus brought forward to shake hands, which they did cordially.

These incidents caused general emotion among all who witnessed it.

The Archbishop then said, standing in front of the altar, mitred and with crozier grasped Reverend Fathers and dear children, never have I heard anything that gave me more pleasure than Father Harbison's reports of the results of this mission. Never have I witnessed any sight that gave me more pleasure than the one now before me, when I see you, who hated one another, joined in brotherly love. This day three weeks, when I came to the opening mission many amongst you were enemies to one another and with God. Thanks be to God, ever rich in mercy, that through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, His peace now dwells in the midst of you; nay, in your inmost hearts. O, precious peace of God, which our Blessed Lord brought us when He came down from heaven! The night he was born in the stable of Bethlehem what was the hymn which the angels chanted?—'Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will.' The Light before he suffered what did he leave as a legacy of his love to his disciples?—'His peace.'—My peace I leave you, my peace I give you. And when he crossed from the dead what was his word of greeting as well as his heart's best wish?—'Peace be unto you.' O, Lord! give us this peace, and preserve it to us for evermore; give us thy peace, which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away. What is this peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding?—It is peace with one another,

coming from the heart, proceeding with mutual goodwill; it is peace with ourselves, or, in other words, the peace of a good conscience, which is better than all the riches or pleasures of the world:—it is peace with God, which they cannot enjoy who cherish hatred against a neighbor, for if any man say, I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar. For, he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not? This peace of God on earth is a foretaste of God's peace in heaven, a fore-runner of the glory which eye hath not seen, which ear hath not heard, and which hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. O blessed peace of God which makes us not only the friends, but also, according to the words of Christ, the children of God:—'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' Yes, you were many of you, the children of the devil, whilst you belonged to those wicked factions—you were his both body and soul, and of course had no part in the peace of God. Oh! what grief of heart did it not cause me when I saw you, the sheep of my flock, torn before my face by the devouring wolf in spite of all the efforts made to deliver you from his fangs? How often did I not say, what shall I do for these misguided people to rescue them from the clutches of the devil and give them back to God?—for I saw that both the fear of man and the ordinary spiritual means of the Church had failed to restrain you; I saw that there was little use in binding you to keep the peace to one another, for no sooner were you bound to keep it than you broke it—I saw that the strong arm of the law was not always strong enough to stay your arms, to take the bludgeon or the stone out of your hands; I saw that although now and then the law was strong enough to manacle the hands and to pinion the arms of some, others remained free to carry on the bloody work of faction; I saw that neither judge nor jury, neither the jail nor the convict depot, neither the hard handcuffs nor the hard labor, had any terrors for many amongst you. Seeing all this—seeing that neither the fear of man nor the ordinary spiritual means of the Church restrained you, I procured for you the extraordinary aid of a mission, during which the Priests of God would day and night make war upon the devil and might, with power from above, at length succeed in driving him out of this place where too long he reigned over you and held possession of you both body and soul. If anything would do for you, it would under God be a mission, for, after all, God is stronger than the devil, and so long as you were not in hell there was hope of his mercy. Therefore, did I ask these good Redemptorist Fathers in God's name to come to you. In God's name they did come, with the charity of God in their hearts and the peace of God on their lips. And God's blessing has attended their footsteps; for three weeks they have labored every day, from early in the morning till far in the night: they have fulfilled their mission, giving glory to God on high, and on earth, peace to men; they have with God's help planted peace and good will in hearts where there had been strife and hatred. You here before me who have joined hands and hearts in friendship, who belonged to parties hating each other with a deadly hatred, but now belong to one and the same party, which is God's party, you are the fruit of their labors—and with such fruit before our eyes, we cannot but exclaim in the words of Scripture, 'how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace!' The Archbishop went on in dignified and impressive language to warn the factions against a relapse into the sin which they had just repented of. And he concluded—'But, if you wish to persevere, as I hope and trust you will, you must do three things. Firstly, you must keep from harm's way, from the dance, from the hurling, from the race, even from the fair, if possible, getting some other member of the family to do your business at the fair when you have business, and never going there without business, at least for some time, until all this bad work is forgotten. Shun the occasion if you wish to shun the evil. Secondly, keep from drinking. All the bad passions are inflamed by drink, and none more so than the passion of anger, which leads to quarrels, and fights, and bloodshed. I would earnestly advise all who have been implicated in these factions not to drink out of their own houses for some time to come, until they are confirmed in their good resolutions. Lastly, you must go often to Confession and Communion. It is the Holy Sacraments that have, under God, begun the work of your conversion—it is the Sacraments that will continue it and make it lasting. Think not that it will do for you to go to Confession and Communion twice a year at the time of Stations. It will not.—You want more grace than others—therefore you must approach the fountain of grace oftener than others who do not labor under the spiritual maladies and are not exposed to the same temptations.—Go often to the Sacraments, and I have no fear but that with God's blessing you will persevere. Again, let me congratulate with you upon the happy result of this mission. You have now made your peace with one another and with God, your reconciliation to-day gives delight inexpressible to all your good friends and neighbors who have the happiness to witness it; it gives pleasure and edification to the Priests of God, who weep over your misdeeds; it brings joy to my own heart, which bleeds for your past crimes; nay, more, it gives delight to the blessed in Heaven, who, we are told, rejoice for one sinner that repenteth. Much more, then, do they rejoice for the conversion of so many poor sinners, and from their thrones of glory they are now looking down with delight, and amongst them your own Albus, as you join hands and hearts. Oh! may those blessed spirits, who now look down upon you with delight—may they never grieve to see this peace broken—may it last for ever—may the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus!'

PASTORAL OF THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

To the Catholic Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Dublin.

We extract the following from the Pastoral of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, which was read in all the churches of the diocese on Sunday last:—

We are living in a period of great distress both at home and abroad. In Ireland four bad harvests have followed each other in succession. The loss entailed on the country by the destruction of the crops amounts to many millions. The people are obliged to seek for sustenance from other countries, and to consume the little capital they have in purchasing the produce of foreign lands. Trade is consequently bad in the towns, the poor are in a state of great destitution, and even the small farmers are in actual distress. In such circumstances we are called on to make great exertions in relieving misery wherever it presents itself, but always keeping in view the words of the Apostle—"If anyone have not care of his own, and especially of those of the household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."—I am frequently told that, notwithstanding the testimony of our own eyes we should believe that this country is in a state of great prosperity, and that the sufferings of our people are only imaginary. May God forgive the misinformed or deluded men, who thus attempt to shut up the currents of charity and to leave their fellow-creatures exposed to the direst privations. Such misrepresentations give occasion to an enormous and unjust increase of taxation, and encourage some proprietors of this country to extort rents from the poor which the produce of the soil will not enable them to pay; the more so as every improvement is impeded by the refusal of leases, now carried to such an extent, that in some places tenants have only a weekly tenure of their holdings. Until long leases on moderate and fair terms are granted to the tillers of the soil, leaving them enough to support themselves and families, no improvements can be made, the land will remain impoverished, and destitution and misery will continue

to prevail, leaving no refuge for a useful and deserving class of men, except in the horrors of a work-house. And here, let me observe, that one of the workhouses of this city, the seat of ignorance, inordination, violence, and oppression, is a disgrace to any civilized country—a disgrace to the government and legislature that tolerates it, and that the wanton expressions by some of the unhappy men who have intruded themselves into the management of it, would be scarcely uttered by Pagans or Turks, and their conduct is only worthy of fanatical apostates from the true faith. Dearly beloved, the wants at home and abroad are great; do everything in your power to provide for them. Curtail your domestic expenses, limit the number of your balls and banquets, abstain from theatrical amusements for a time, be not so extravagant in your dresses, remembering that with what you spend in vanity, or perhaps in promoting scandal, and occasioning the sin of others, you could provide for the wants of many poor members of Jesus Christ. Above all, abstain from all sinful dissipation, and especially from drunkenness, which not only prevents works of mercy, but frequently reduces those who indulge in so degrading a vice to poverty and disgrace, and renders them a burden on society in general. In fine, let all be economical in regard to self, that they may be generous with the widow and orphan, and be prepared for themselves the rewards that will be given to the charitable on the last day by the Eternal Judge. And whilst ministering to the temporal wants of the poor and the destitute, do not forget their spiritual necessities, and endeavour to procure, especially for the sick, all the aids and consolations of our holy religion. Your zealous clergy are always ready to visit those who require their spiritual assistance, and to visit them, not once or twice, but as often as they are required, and to do everything in their power to assist the dying in their last moments, and to secure for them a happy eternity. But let them be called at an early stage of the disease, before the mental powers are prostrated, and as an early hour in the day, when they may not be occupied by other pressing duties. To provide for the spiritual welfare of the sick and dying is one of the greatest works of charity, and in Catholic countries pious men and women show their zeal on this head by frequent visits to the hospitals, there to pour the balm of consolation into the heart of the sinner, to excite him to sorrow for his sins, and to teach him confidence in the merits of his Redeemer. A venerable lady, lately deceased, in Rome, and buried in the Church of the Irish College, the mother of the illustrious Cardinal Antonelli, who has directed the affairs of the Pontifical Government with so much wisdom during the last fifteen years, gave great satisfaction by her charitable attention to the sick. It was her practice, even when seventy or eighty years old, to visit the hospitals of St. John of Lateran every day, and there to spend several hours in ministering to the temporal wants of the poor victims of disease, or praying by the bedside of those who were about to close their eyes to this world. Undoubtedly she has obtained a reward for the charity thus displayed towards the suffering members of Jesus Christ. Would to God that the pious practice here referred to were more common in this country, which is so remarkable for its ardour in almost every other work of charity. There is another branch of charity to which I shall merely allude—the education of children, than which nothing can be more important. From the first dawn of reason they ought to be taught to fear and love God—to consecrate themselves to the service of their Creator, and to bring blessings on themselves, by invoking the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and by the sign of the Cross—the emblem of our redemption. They are also to be inspired with a tender love and respect for the Holy Catholic Church and a sincere attachment to her doctrines and commandments; and what is commenced by parents is to be carried on by masters and mistresses in the public schools, which cannot be well conducted unless the teaching in them be based upon the principles of the one only true faith, and the teachers inculcate religious principles by word and example. Fortunately, the charity of the people of this diocese has done a great deal in this important matter. Schools for the poor are everywhere to be met with, and excellent educational establishments for the youth of both sexes of a higher class, are numerous, and can compete with similar institutions in any other country. We have also the large Seminary of Holy Cross, Conclife, erected this year, and worthy of this diocese, exclusively devoted to the early education of ecclesiastical students. This seminary will I trust, with the co-operation of the faithful, be a source of great blessings to the Church of Dublin. Need I add, that the Catholic University is now beginning to occupy an important position among the educational establishments of this country. Your contributions to it for the past have been continual and generous; and you may now begin to rejoice in the success of the work of your hands. All the leading and most intelligent Catholics of Ireland, and the members of its most distinguished corporations and townships, have all declared that it must obtain a charter; whilst the magnificent array of people who assisted at the laying of the foundation stone of the new building on the 20th July last, gave a convincing proof that all Ireland is enlisted in the cause of Catholic education; and that nothing will satisfy the country but a full recognition of the claims of the Catholic University. When this establishment shall have met with that full success, which, under the protection of God and the patronage of the Holy Mother of our Redeemer, it is certain to obtain, the Catholics of Ireland will be able to say, with a holy pride, that they have performed a great work, commenced by a generous charity, without any assistance from government—without having recourse to that system of spoliation, robbery, and confiscation, to which so many Protestant educational institutions, as well as the Protestant Church in this country, owe their origin and property. Undoubtedly there are great impediments in the way of the progress of Catholic education. Attempts